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VOL. V
No. 121

MOVING PICTURE STORIES

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO
PHOTO-PLAYS AND PLAYERS



AS HE GLARED AROUND WITH A PISTOL IN HIS HAND A DARK FACE APPEARED IN THE WINDOW
"The Bombay Buddha."—Imp Film



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DEVOTED TO PHOTOPLAYS AND PLAYERS

Vol. V

APRIL 23, 1915

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The Bombay Buddha

(Imp Film)

Scenario by *John B. Clymer*

Produced by *Stuart Paton*

By **RICHARD ELLISON**



Hobart Henley
Imp Co.

DUSK had fallen upon the Indian jungle. Silhouetted against the rising moon was the temple of Buddha. Blood-thirsty beasts lurked amid the tangled foliage. There was an intrepid American traveler stealing through the temple toward a shrine. A small golden idol of the Hindoo god, studded with diamonds, sat cross-legged between two dim lamps that exhaled the sickening odor of a native incense. In the arched entrance the turbaned figure of a gaunt sentry was watching the plundering infidel's attempt to desecrate the shrine. The Hindoo's eyes glittered like a serpent's as he crouched behind a massive pillar and glared at the thief. He carried a javelin in his hand. The man was a dead shot with this weapon, but he was so intent upon killing the Christian robber that he failed to hear a stealthy tread behind him. Nor did he see the bushes part and permit the forequarters of a tiger to emerge. There was a hideous baring of the powerful fangs as the monster fastened its burning eyes upon the Hindoo and crouched to spring. As the thief reached out his hand to grip the idol, the Hindoo drew back his spear to let it fly. But at that instant a horrible yell burst from the drawn lips of the tiger. Its striped body was launched through the air, and the Hindoo went prone under the frightful blow of its massive paw. The spear fell from his nerveless hands as he felt the keen teeth sinking into the back of his neck. Within the sanctuary the thief snatched the idol from the altar as the Hindoo's death-wail cut the air. He cast one frightened glance over his shoulder at the struggling man and beast and

leaped out the window. Through the jungle he fled, clutching the precious idol and panting for breath.

There was an automobile waiting on the road beyond. He sprang in and gasped hoarsely to the startled chauffeur:

"For God's sake go as fast as you can! A horde of human devils are after me!"

The machine sped away and a number of excited natives rushed after it, yelling, cursing and threatening like madmen. But the car swiftly distanced them, and disappeared around a bend in the road buried in a swirl of dust.

* * * * *

"Barney! Wake up! There are thieves in the house!" whispered Mrs. Powers, shaking her husband with none too gentle hands.

The man hastily arose, a look of terror stealing over his care-worn features. Hastily donning a bathrobe, he took a revolver from the bureau drawer.

"What has alarmed you, my dear?" he demanded in nervous tones. "I do not hear a sound."

Barnard Powers knew only too well.

He had been followed from India by emissaries of the reigning rajah, from whose sacred temple he had stolen the golden Buddha. These dark-skinned men had trailed him night and day like fleeting shadows, with all the dogged perseverance of human sleuth-hounds.

It began to get on his nerves. It became intolerable—maddening. As the frightful espionage continued, he cursed his folly for having taken the image.

His conscience reproached him.

A vague suspicion that his secret enemies had at last penetrated his very home began to take possession of his mind. He resolved to sell his life dearly if they were intent upon murder. Gripping the pistol, he said to the butler:

"You and the housekeeper may follow and help me. I need assistance here. There are burglars in the house, and I am going after them."

He rushed into the gloomy library. The shadows cast by the street lights sent fitful images flitting across the apartment. In his nervous trepidation

in his hand, a dark face appeared in the window behind him.

"Who was it?" gasped his wife, starting up from the bed.

"I—I did not see any one," replied Powers, wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead; then he added, turning to the butler: "Turn on the lights in there, Wiggins. We will see what alarmed your mistress."

The butler was shaking with fear, but he managed to summon up enough courage to do as he was told, and as Powers stepped into the room again he caught a fleeting glimpse of the figure of a man disappearing out the window.

"There he goes!" he muttered, pointing, then his glance swept around the room. The safe door stood wide open and its contents lay scattered upon the floor.

"We have been robbed, sir," cried the butler.

"They are after the idol!" murmured Powers. "That fellow was an Indian."

"Shall I summon the police, sir?" asked Wiggins eagerly.

"No!" he retorted sharply. "You will mind your own confounded business. If I want the police I will call for them myself. You get back to bed!"

Astonished at his peculiar actions, the butler and housekeeper left the room, and Powers returned to his wife, and told her the news.

"This is the first attempt of those scoundrels to get that idol away from me," he said in conclusion, "and they will not stop until they have accomplished their purpose. I am a marked man, Laura."

Mrs. Powers was a cool, calculating woman. She uttered a contemptuous laugh.

"You are a fool, Barney," she exclaimed. "Wake up! Can't you see that you can turn the call of those Hindoos to your own advantage?"

"In what manner, my dear?" he asked in bewilderment.

"We need money badly, you know. Here is your opportunity to get enough to tide you over your present financial difficulties. But, you must keep your nerve."

"Pon my word, you arouse my curiosity, Laura. Explain yourself."

"Very well. Listen to this proposi-



They stole up behind him and applied the drug to his nostrils

"There is some one in the library," he fancied that they were human figures, and his revolver was discharged right and left with loud reports.

Then he listened, but heard no sound, and backed into the bedroom.

As he glared around with the pistol

from Bombay with that idol."

tion," retorted Mrs. Powers in low, tense tones, and she began talking rapidly to him.

When Barnard Powers retired for the night, the look of settled melancholy had disappeared from his haggard features, and he passed the first night he had in months soundly sleeping.

On the following day he made his way to the sumptuous offices of the Absolute Protection Company, and met the president.

"I am very sorry to inform you, Mr. Grant," he said to that official, "that the golden image of Buddha which I insured with you for \$100,000 has been stolen from my house last night."

"Indeed?" commented the old gentleman in startled tones. "That is bad news, Mr. Powers. Please let me have the particulars of the burglary."

Powers then explained what had happened. Mr. Grant listened intently to the recital until it was finished before he uttered a word.

"We shall, of course, try to recover the idol," he then said in grave tones. "Should we fail, present your policy within thirty days and it will be paid."

"You must find the idol," declared Powers with emphasis. "I am in no need of the money, but value that grotesque statue above all my worldly possessions. You are aware that I am an ardent collector of curios. I would not lose that rare Buddha for ten times the value of my policy."

"We shall not spare any efforts to get it back, if such a thing is possible," Mr. Grant assured him. "We will send a man to see you to-day about it."

Powers bowed and took his leave.

When he had gone Mr. Grant pressed a spring in his desk, causing a hidden door in the paneling of the wall to swing open, revealing the figure of a man standing within a small compartment.

He stepped into the room silently, and waited for his chief to speak.

"You heard all that passed, didn't you, Duval?" asked the president briskly.

"Yes, sir," replied the investigator with a nod of assent.

"And saw the man through the hidden peephole in the wall?"

"I had an excellent chance to study his features, sir."

"Very well. You understand the case. It is your job to recover that idol. Its loss will cost this company a fortune."

"I understand, and shall do my best."

"Take all the helpers you may re-

picious in the actions of Mr. and Mrs. Powers or the servants, tradesmen or friends who came and went.

That night Duval was ushered into the library and met the broker, to whom he explained that he had been sent by Mr. Grant.



He held the red-hot iron toward Powers' eyes threateningly

quire after you have looked the ground over. Better find out all you can about the history of that statue. A cable to our agents in Calcutta will bring the desired information. When we appraised it we saw that it was worth twice its insured value in gold and precious stones. A pretty costly ornament in which to tie up so much money, especially for a broker like Powers. I have heard that he has recently been squeezed hard on the Stock Exchange. The richest men sometimes get very hard up for cash."

He gave the operative a meaning look and Dick smiled and said:

"Powers is a tricky individual if my observation is correct, sir."

He then left the office, made his way to the palatial Powers residence and put the building under the closest surveillance. It was his design to get a line on the movements of the family before beginning operations inside.

On the first day he was somewhat surprised and mystified to observe that a number of dark-featured Hindoos were lurking about the premises. Otherwise there was nothing at all sus-

"I have seen a number of men looking like Orientals passing and repassing this house," he told Powers. "They all evinced the greatest interest in the premises, peering in pretty hard, eyeing the doors and windows, and acting as if they wanted to get inside. Can you explain their presence around here?"

"They may be the very thieves who got away with the idol."

"Your theory is not convincing, sir. I figure that if the Hindoos actually stole the image they would have vanished from this neighborhood. They would no longer have an incentive to haunt this house. The dread of arrest would keep them at a respectful distance."

"That is a practical way to view the case," admitted Powers reluctantly. "The very fact that they are hanging around here seems to indicate that they suspect that the Buddha is still in the house."

Duval glanced over the broker's shoulder at a mirror on the wall and saw by the reflection that Mrs. Powers was making mysterious signals to her

husband behind his back. She had evidently recognized the fact that Powers was bungling his conversation with the operative and seemed desirous of coaching him. It made Duval suspicious of the couple, but he adroitly concealed his thoughts.

"May I ask," he remarked blandly,

"Do as you please. You may have full run of the premises. The servants are away for the evening, and they will not disturb you, sir."

"I will take up my stand in the basement first. You may retire when you like," said Duval, and he left the room and descended the stairs.



A savage battle ensued between the officers and the Hindoos

"how many shots you fired at the thief?"

"About four," answered the broker promptly.

"From this weapon?" queried Duval, lifting a revolver out of a half-open drawer in the desk, and holding it up to view.

"Yes. It's the only weapon I have in the house."

The investigator bent a keen, searching glance upon the pistol. He saw that it was just an ordinary six-shooter. But, as his gaze fell upon the ends of the two unexploded cartridges protruding in the cylinder, he saw that they were blank.

"So he was shooting at the burglar without bullets!" he reflected. "Mighty strange, to say the least. When a man fires at thieves, he is usually particular to have ball cartridges in his gun. What was the meaning of such a procedure? There is some sort of trickery going on in this house!"

"Well," said the broker impatiently. "What are you going to do?"

"Remain here all night on the watch," said Duval dryly. "The crooks may return. If I can nab them I may get the idol back."

At the kitchen door he admitted several of his men.

"I need your help," he whispered. "My plan is to get Powers out of the way for a while so I can test out his wife."

"I've got some chloroform," suggested one of the deputies.

"Just the stuff! We will give him a dose and stick him in a closet. Come on."

He led the way upstairs and they crept into the library where Powers was reading under a dome-light at his desk.

They stole up behind him, and applied the drug to his nostrils.

There was a short, sharp struggle, during which the investigators wisely kept out of range of the broker's vision until he sank back limp and senseless. The men rapidly disposed of his body and scattered to various hiding-places while Duval locked himself in the broker's bedroom and extinguished the light.

"Now to see what the lady will do," he reflected jubilantly.

He had not long to wait before he heard a faint noise at one of the windows and caught sight of an Oriental

coming in through the raised sash. As the intruder glided across the floor Duval sprang upon him. A smothered exclamation in a foreign tongue escaped the man as he fell locked in the desperate embrace of the investigator. The struggle was brief but furious. Chairs and a table were overturned as they fought for the mastery of one another, arousing a tremendous din. A dagger suddenly flashed in the hand of the swarthy Oriental, but a well-directed blow from Duval's fist sent it spinning across the room before its needle-like point could penetrate his body.

In the midst of the fight there sounded a pounding at the door and Duval heard the voice of Mrs. Powers in the adjoining room shrieking frantically:

"Barney! Barney! What is the matter in there?"

The interruption distracted the operative's attention from the Hindoo for an instant and the man suddenly wiggled out of his grasp and darted away. The next instant the mysterious intruder went flying out the window.

Dick Duval arose in a fit of disgust, grumbling:

"I'm beaten. If I could only have held him, I might have gleaned some valuable information from the brown-skinned rascal!"

"Open the door!" Mrs. Powers screamed, and she beat upon the panels again.

It was an easy matter for Duval to imitate Powers' voice, and he cried:

"Keep still, Laura. There is no danger."

"What has happened?" persisted the woman apprehensively.

"One of the Hindoos got in to steal the idol. See if it is safe!"

"Good heavens! I thought you were being murdered."

"Will you hurry and see if the image is safe?"

"Yes—yes! Oh, I was so startled! Where is the scoundrel?"

"Gone. I gave him an unmerciful thrashing."

"I will return in a few minutes."

Duval heard her hurrying away, and gliding out into the corridor he shadowed her back to the beautiful big conservatory. There was an ornate fountain in the place, the water spurting from beside a metal figure in the form of a mendicant, and falling into a lim-

pid pool. He saw Mrs. Powers beside the basin, over the rim of which she was bending while she plunged her hand deep into the water, and began to dig into the sand covering the bottom.

"What in thunder is she doing there?" muttered the watching investigator.

The lady's back was turned toward him. He was, therefore, unable to see just exactly what was interesting her, but to all appearances she seemed to be rinsing her hands in the fountain.

In a few moments she straightened up and turned as if to retrace her footsteps. This action sent Duval into the gloom as fast as possible.

"She obeyed the order to go and see if the idol was safe," thought Duval, as he rushed back to the library. "If I work my cards right, I may be able to make her produce the statue before I leave this house."

"Well?" demanded one of his men coming from his covert.

"Get Powers out of the closet as quick as you can!" panted the operative.

They carried him to his chair at the desk where he showed unmistakable signs of reviving, and Duval sent his men into concealment again. He had hardly glided behind one of the portières at a window, when Mrs. Powers hurried in. Her husband was now sitting up rubbing his eyes and gaping; then he called:

"Laura! Laura!"

"Yes, I have come back," she answered. "It is all right."

The broker stared at her in utter astonishment.

"What is all right?" he asked.

"Why—the idol, of course."

"Who said it wasn't?"

"You seemed to fear it was not safe and told me to go and see."

"I did nothing of the sort," he said irritably. "How could I when I was attacked by some one from behind and was stupefied with a drug?"

"Say, Barney, what is the matter with you? Are you getting crazy?"

"I am as sane as you are," he retorted angrily. "Your imagination must have got the better of your common sense. I tell you I was drugged!"

It was now Mrs. Powers' turn to look puzzled. But upon calm reflection she began to think that her husband had

been overwrought by all the excitement.

"You are worn out," she said, sympathetically. "Go to bed, Barney, and we will talk this matter over tomorrow. I am getting sick and tired of it all."

She managed to get him to bed, and then retired to her own room. But she could not sleep from nervous anxiety, and spent an hour rolling and tossing until at length there came a sudden ring at the telephone.

"Who in the world is ringing us up at this hour of the night?" she muttered, as she hastily arose and answered the summons. "Who is that?" she called.

And then to her amazement the reply came in her husband's voice:

"It is I—Barney! Something has happened to call me out of the house. I must see you at once. It is a matter of life or death. Come to me at once."

"Why—where are you?" she asked in bewilderment.

"At a friend's house. A taxi has been sent for you. Get in and hurry here!"

Hastily dressing, as he rang off at this point, she left the house and found a vehicle awaiting her at the curb. A swift ride brought her to an unfamiliar neighborhood, and the taxi drew up before a gloomy looking building.

She had no sooner rung the bell when the door silently opened. She passed into the dark hall beset with many misgivings, and the door banged shut. Then a number of unseen hands grasped her in the gloom. She struggled and screamed, but those powerful clutching fingers dragged her forward into a room.

It was dimly lighted, and in the quick glance she flashed around she saw that it was furnished with the most exquisite Oriental splendor. A number of Hindoos thronged the place, and to her alarm she saw her husband sitting bound in a chair before a glowing brazier.

"Oh, Barney!" she cried in alarm.

"They forced me to get you here with a revolver pointed at my heart," he explained bitterly. "I was abducted after I had gone to my room. The Hindoos want to know where the idol is. They will not believe that it has already been stolen from us."

"But it was!" she cried vehemently.

The leader of the sinister group turned a cold, cynical glance upon Mrs. Powers. Then he bent over and drew a red-hot iron from the brazier.

"You both lie!" he hissed malignantly. "Confess where the idol is hidden, or I will destroy his sight with this!"

He held the red-hot iron toward Powers' eyes threateningly.

As the broker shrank back his wife screamed and made a desperate attempt to tear herself free of her captors' restraining hands. But she was powerless. The strain upon her nerves was more than she could bear, and she almost fainted.

"Stop!" she moaned miserably. "Stop! I will confess."

"Well?" demanded the Hindoo.

"We hid the image under the sand in the fountain pool in our conservatory."

"Why?"

"It was heavily insured. We planned to collect the money by reporting it stolen. Release my husband and we will give it to you."

"If you attempt any treachery, we will kill both of you!" threatened the Hindoo. Then he spoke to his followers and they released Powers.

The broker and his wife were taken back home and the entire horde of Orientals swarmed into the house.

When they reached the conservatory, Mrs. Powers rushed to the basin at a marked spot and thrust her hand into the sand, searching for the Buddha.

An expression of intense alarm began to spread over her features when she failed to find it, and she finally stood up, and said tremulously:

"It is gone!"

A savage snarl pealed from the Hindoo's lips, and he raised his clinched fists.

"May the curse of Siva blast your life for deceiving us!" he yelled furiously.

He pulled out his long, keen dagger, but at that instant the figure of the mendicant in the fountain seemed to spring into life.

"Duval!" gasped Powers, recognizing the disguised figure.

"You are my prisoners!" coolly answered the operative, snapping the handcuffs on their wrists. At the same instant the door of an adjoining room

crashed open, admitting a squad of policemen, who attacked the Orientals.

A savage battle ensued between the officers and the Hindoos. The dark men were quickly subdued.

"What is the charge?" asked Powers sullenly of Duval.

"Oh, drop that mask of innocence! You know. These Hindoos are wanted by the Bombay authorities for stealing the idol from the Scientific Institute.

They carried it to one of their temples, where you got it."

"You can't hold me for that!"
"We don't intend to. We have got the evidence that you tried to swindle our company out of the insurance by pretending that the idol was stolen. Don't deny it, for we got the image out of the fountain bed. You'll not only lose the insurance money, but the idol as well, as we are going to have it

sent back to its rightful owners. Besides that, I guess you will serve a term for your crooked work."

And when the prisoners were disposed of, Mr. Grant said to Duval, as he patted the smart operative on the shoulder:

"It seems to me that you are in line for a promotion, and an increase of salary, Dick. Your work was cleverly done to regain the Bombay Buddha."

The Return of Maurice Donnelly

(Vitagraph Film)

Adapted from Scenario of William Addison Lathrop

By LULIETTE BRYANT



Leah Baird
Vitagraph Co.

"USED to be a lawyer, didn't you, Donnelly?"

The "Rat," heavy-featured, brutal in every outline, looked at his more intellectual companion keenly, like an animal trying to decide whether to attack or not the new arrival.

"Yes, why?" Donnelly, having the advantage of education and broad experience, would not have met with any difficulty in classifying the gangster even though he had not known who he was.

"Oh, nuthin'," replied the Rat, "nuthin', only—"

"Only you thought my knowledge might be of some use to you and the gang?"

"Well, lawyers is expensive and they have a way of sellin' ye out if ye can't pay 'em what they want. If we had one we could depend on it would help some."

"Sorry I can't offer my services, but you see I haven't been practising law for three years."

"Why not?" There was suspicion in the Rat's voice now and Donnelly guessed the truth without any trouble. Arrests and convictions of gangsters

had been more frequent than usual for the past two months, and the Rat was evidently connecting the fact with the things which he didn't know about Donnelly.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of me," laughed Donnelly, "I'm still in good standing in the courts, it's true, having quit the game of my own free will and not through disbarment proceedings. But I'm not going back, and my working as a chauffeur is all on the level. Took me for a detective, did you?"

"Well, ye know we all like to be sure who we're associatin' with." The Rat was studying every expression of the lawyer's face.

"Suppose I tell you why I quit the profession," suggested Donnelly, "then you'll be satisfied. There was a woman in the case, a perfectly good woman. We went to law school together and graduated together. We were friends, but she wouldn't warm up to me beyond a certain point—said she was wedded to her profession and didn't want to marry any man. It struck me pretty hard, but I struggled along, hoping that if I could make a name for myself she would accept me. I won an important case and things began to come my way. She seemed pleased, but that was all. The next time I got a case that really counted she got on the other side and trimmed me."

"Trimmed by a woman, eh? That was pretty tough!"

"I should think it was. I quit the game right there and never went to see her again. Money began to get scarce and I used my car to pick up a little change. Once I got started down hill I found the going easy—and here I am, a night-hawk chauffeur, and an associate of—"

"Needn't say it. I know what ye mean. Ever do a job yerself?"

"You mean a crooked job? No, and I never will."

"But ye take the crooks to work and bring 'em back again."

"Perhaps. I don't know who my passengers are, and I don't care."

"An' ye don't consider ye're doin' anything out of the way when ye take the fellows to the house they're goin' to rob, and dodge the police when ye bring 'em away wid the swag?"

"No, I don't. What they do is none of my business."

There was a sneer on the Rat's face as he tossed his head contemptuously. "I'll tell ye what's the matter with ye," he sneered, "ye're afraid!"

Donnelly's face flushed and he clinched his fists, but rather than have trouble with one whom he felt to be beneath his level, he curbed his anger and replied:

"No, it isn't fear—I guess it's pride."

"Pride yer grandmother," retorted the Rat. "Ye're in the game as much as any of us, only ye're duckin' the danger."

Donnelly could not stand the repeated insult, and he rose threateningly. "If you say that again I'll convince you that I'm not afraid," he snapped.

The face of the Rat relaxed into a grin. "Now there's no use of fightin' among friends," he said. "I kin see you're game, all right, and I'm goin' to give you a chance to prove it. We've got a job fixed up for to-night that's a peach for a beginner. Any man wot can climb a flight of stairs and open a window kin git in, an' when he's in it's just like gittin' money from home. Nobody there but one woman, and she'll be in bed and asleep."

Jennie, the female member of the Rat's gang, drew up her chair and listened interestedly, and Kerrigan, the right bower of the bunch, looked on from behind them.

"Nothing doing," replied Donnelly, curtly, "I'm not that kind."

"Oh, say," insisted the Rat, "ye can't turn us down like that! We only want ye to do it so we'll be dead sure you're square with us. Ye won't be takin' no chances at all."

"No use, I won't do it."

"You will do it!" The Rat rose threateningly. "If ye don't we'll all know ye're yellow! I dare ye!"

"Well, since you put it that way, I'll do it." There was no fear in Donnelly's eyes, and the Rat, after one piercing glance, grabbed his hand.

"Billy-boy, ye're all right," he said. "Dress up like ye was goin' to make an evenin' call and we'll lead ye to it at twelve."

All the way from the slums to the fashionable section where the break was to be made, the mind of Maurice Donnelly was full of thoughts of Edith Dent. Even as he climbed up the fire-escape and pried open the window, her face was before him. He went at his work methodically, following closely the directions which the Rat had given him, but not being a thief, he had neither a thief's interest in the matter, nor his fear.

Stepping from the dark hall which he had entered into a luxurious library, he was surprised to see a soft light burning, throwing a mellow glow over the head of a woman who sat with her back toward him, reading a large, leather-bound volume and making notes as she read.

"Hands up!"

She turned and looked steadily past the revolver which he had pointed at her, into his face.

His hands, which had been firm and steady up to that moment, began to shake. Before he could bring them under control, both the revolver and the mask with which he was covering his face dropped.

"Edith—Miss Dent!" he gasped.

"Why, hello, Maurice!" she said coolly, "did you think I wouldn't recognize your voice? It's an age since I saw you. Now come over here and tell me about yourself."

Before he knew it, he found himself making a complete confession, while she looked on, half amused, half scornful.

"But why in the world did you give up your profession when you were making such a splendid success?" she asked, when he had brought the tale up to the moment when he had stepped into the library. He had omitted explaining that matter.

times, and you had refused me. Until that time I had hoped that I might some time have enough to offer you to win your approval."

"Maurice, the only thing which a true man needs to offer a woman is himself."

"But you refused that."

"I would not have been fair to you otherwise. So long as I love my profession above all else in the world, it would not be honest to marry any man."

"Will you always be so devoted to the law?"

"I don't know—I think not. But I have always had a strange feeling that my profession would some day be the means of saving some one—some one whom I would love above all else."

"But that could not be me, could it?" He grasped at the hope, although he felt that it must be an illusion.

"Who knows? My heart is free—we are old friends—and I have confidence in you."

"Confidence! After this?" he pointed



Kerrigan, the right bower of the bunch, looked on from behind them

"Because—because—"

"That's a woman's reason," she smiled, as he hesitated.

"Well, if you must know, it was because your victory over me in the Flood case cost me my self-respect. I loved you. I had told you so many

deprecatingly to the revolver and the mask. Edith Dent's brown eyes looked through his into the depths of his reviving soul. Her lips parted in a smile which brought from their deep recesses memories of bright days when manhood and womanhood were just begin-

ning for them. Without a word being spoken, he suddenly saw what an unnatural, unmanly, ridiculous thing it had been for him to abandon his career and bring himself down to the level of the underworld.

"To-morrow?" she asked. It was but a single word, yet he understood perfectly.

"No, to-day, I begin all over again," he answered, glancing at his watch, whose hands stood at 12:35.

In the library that evening they read and made notes together. "It is so fortunate that you came when you did," she said. "In this case I particularly need a man's point of view."

"But men's points of view differ so much!" he replied.

"For instance?" she said, inquiringly.

"For instance, my point of view and that of the Rat concerning what happened last night."

"What did he say?"

"I can't tell you—it isn't polite to use that kind of language."

stress you. I'm not hurt." She was not reassured.

"But the enmity of a gangster is a terrible thing," she faltered.

Her solicitude was not unwelcome. Altogether, it was the happiest evening Donnelly had ever spent.

The next evening Edith Dent studied absent-mindedly, listening for the bell. Eight o'clock came—nine o'clock—and about nine-thirty the phone bell rang. Langson, one of the criminal attorneys from her office, was calling.

"Haven't I heard you mention a fellow by the name of Maurice Donnelly?" he inquired.

"Perhaps so, I have an acquaintance by that name," she replied.

"Just been arrested," continued Langson.

"Arrested! What for?"

"Looks like murder," Langson explained. "He had a fight in a saloon yesterday and to-night the policeman who broke it up is found dead in the same saloon with a bullet-hole in his

men, one of whom handed a revolver with an empty chamber to the lieutenant at the desk.

"Anything to say?" asked the lieutenant.

"A frame-up," he replied. "The Rat is the man you want."

"As a witness, yes," explained the officer who had made the arrest, and Donnelly was led away.

* * * * *

"My hat is off to you, young lady," said the district attorney to Miss Dent, extending his hand after the judge, following the third trial, had denied her application for a certificate of reasonable doubt. "This is my sixty-seventh murder case and I must say I never had a harder time securing a conviction. Everything perfectly clear, too—motive, method, witnesses, nothing lacking. In spite of all that, you have handled your client's case so cleverly that I have never, until this moment, felt sure that he would be punished for the crime which it is so perfectly obvious that he committed. Every judge, every jurymen, even my own assistants, seemed determined to give you everything you wanted—in fact, I must confess that I have felt that way myself on several occasions when to yield would have been fatal."

"He is innocent, and if he goes to the chair you, and not he, will be a murderer!" Her voice was hard and her eyes dry, but something in her attitude made the district attorney begin to suspect that there had been more than a love for the law back of her desperate fight for her client's life.

"You don't really mean that!" he exclaimed.

"I certainly do. I've known the man for years—he is absolutely incapable of such an act."

"But my dear Miss Dent"—the old lawyer was genuinely troubled now—"the evidence was clear—"

"I know—I know," interrupted Edith, wringing her hands, "the gangsters planned it all so cleverly that it seems impossible to disprove it—but I shall disprove it and clear his good name if it takes the rest of my life."

The district attorney, having seen his opponent fight the long case to a finish without betraying any emotion which a man might not have felt under the circumstances, was astounded to find that



"It is so fortunate you came when you did," she said

"Well, what happened?"

"I knocked him down."

"You quarreled with the Rat?" Her face paled and her voice trembled as she asked the question.

"Quarreled is putting it mildly," he replied, calmly. Then, seeing her agitation, he added, "But don't let that dis-

back. Several witnesses are ready to swear he did it."

Edith's car distanced even the motorcycle cop as she sped to the Fourteenth Precinct Station, where Langson said he was to be arraigned. She was in time to see him, pale, serious, but unafraid, standing between two police-

back of her cleverness, back of her courage, back of her determination to win at any cost, was that one great motive which is supreme in the life of every woman. "I'm sorry," he said, "I sincerely wish there was some way in which I could help you."

But everything had been done. The fatal day came, and in the warden's office Donnelly strained his gray-haired mother to his breast, knowing that when he passed through the little green door to the death chair, life for her as well as for him would be finished.

Outside the chamber Edith waited, torn with agony, dumb, helpless. The last appeal to the governor had failed. It was her duty to be there, to identify the body of her client.

She heard the muffled tread of the men who conducted him to the chair, heard the low hum of the dynamos as they took up the task of generating the mystic current which to so many meant light, power, life, but to him the end of all things.

Five minutes later the door opened, and a gray guard beckoned her to enter. She doubted her ability to look upon the silent form without shrieking, but she followed silently. Her numbed nerves would not respond with even a shudder to the grim instrument of death which she passed as they led her gently to where the still, white face reflected only a calm peace.

She gazed and gazed, fascinated, numb, powerless. Then, just as she felt that life, as well as consciousness, must surely leave her, there flashed up from somewhere in her deep sub-consciousness a thought—indistinct, confused at first, but becoming clearer and clearer until she saw it as a picture thrown upon a screen by a powerful projector. Somewhere, some time, she had read of a scientist who, having resuscitated animals supposed to be dead, had expressed a wish to try his experiment upon a human being.

Here was a good subject.

In this awful hour, when even thought seemed paralyzed, the only thing in the world which had one ray of hope to offer had come to her as by a miracle. Even the name and address of the scientist stood out as in the plainest print.

Her eyes sought the white face. A physician was standing over the body

with a keen instrument, waiting for her to withdraw.

"What are you going to do?" Her voice returned and she stepped forward, her eyes blazing.

"Perform the autopsy," replied the physician; "it would be better for you to spare yourself that, madame."

saloon, discussing the glaring headlines spread in red ink across the front page of the evening paper.

"Well, that's the last of him!" remarked the Rat. "It sure don't pay to be a quitter."

"Mighty lucky for us that we fixed everything right," said Kerrigan, "or



... in the warden's office Donnelly strained his gray-haired mother to his breast

"Oh, is there no way to prevent it—can the law not stop when it has destroyed life—must it mutilate the body?" she cried.

The warden approached. "Is there any doubt?" he asked the physician.

"None whatever," was the reply.

"Then we will give the custody of the body to Miss Dent, with the understanding that she will arrange for its removal to the Donnelly home."

A swift motor ambulance carried the body of Maurice Donnelly to his home. Beside it on her knees rode Edith Dent. For one moment only it stopped—at a telegraph office. And when it drew up before the Donnelly home, another motor stopped beside it, and two men with a pulmotor and other mysterious looking apparatus followed the body in.

* * * * *

The Rat, Kerrigan, Jennie, and three glasses of beer, all sat about a round table in the back room of Shanahan's

that girl lawyer would have put us all in for a good long bit."

A scream from Jennie brought them to their feet.

"My God!" she shrieked, "look—it's him!"

Through the side door stalked the ghost of Maurice Donnelly! Slowly it raised an accusing hand and pointed at the terror-stricken trio.

"You have sent an innocent man to his death!"

The tones were sepulchral. The Rat fell to his knees and stretched out his hands, his eyes staring wide with horror.

"Tell the truth—for once tell the truth," the awful voice continued, "unless you want your soul to be tortured in hell through eternity. Tell the truth."

"We framed it up!" shrieked the Rat, in agony, "we framed it up—but we didn't think it 'ud mean the chair—we thought you could get out of it

somehow, bein' a lawyer!" Crouching, he shook like an aspen.

"Is this true?" The white finger slowly turned to Kerrigan.

"Yes, yes," he groaned, cowering, "we framed it up!"

"Is this true?" It was Jennie's turn now. Her mouth opened and closed spasmodically, but no sound came. She nodded, violently, in assent, then she fainted.

Had the conspirators not been so overcome by their superstitious inter-

pretation of the apparition, they would have seen through the glass door the faces of several men, and a woman, who looked and listened as the scene was enacted. Now the watchers entered, and the clank of handcuffs rang through the room.

"Gentlemen, are you satisfied?" Edith's question was addressed to the district attorney, the policeman who had arrested Donnelly and two reserves from Precinct Fourteen.

All eyes centered on the woman who

had conquered failure and law, defeat and death, but her triumphant glance met no denial.

"We are satisfied," said the district attorney, bowing low, and at his gesture the officers followed him from the room, leaving the girl alone with the man whom she had snatched back from death itself.

And for once in its wretched existence the back room of Shanahan's was hallowed by a scene in which every emotion was pure and true and sacred.

Wild Irish Rose

(Gold Seal Film)

Scenario by Geo. E. Hall

Produced by Charles Giblyn

By GRACE OPPEN



Joe King
Gold Seal Co.

THE carryings-on at the far end of the parish had again been reproved by Father Matthews from before the altar itself. Everybody knew whom he meant when he spoke of "the far end of the parish," although, of course, he had mentioned no names.

The people did not disperse immediately after mass, but remained in the little churchyard, standing or strolling in groups, discussing the conduct of the young folks whose irrepressible spirits had again brought them into public disfavor.

"Sure, an' I'm thinking the Father's a bit hard on the young people," said one old peasant to his neighbor. "Ye cannot expect lads an' colleens to be sober as their elders. When I was young, nary a fine night passed but we had our dance, an' niver a one would I be missin'! Ould Father Faber—Lord rest his soul—ne'er saw the wrong of it, an' sure he was one o' God's own saints."

"'Tis not a few steps in a neighbor's kitchen after the cows are milked that the Father objects to, an' that ye

know," returned the other old farmer. "But 'tis the young folks thinkin' they must meet at one house or another every evenin' in the week, an' not break up till nine or maybe nigh onto ten o'clock. An' on Sunday, after mass, they must be dancin' the whole afternoon through. 'Moderation in all things,' says the Father, an' the Father is right, says I."

"The Father is mostly right, an' sure 'tis not our place to go against what he says," returned the first of the two speakers, "but glad I am of every jig I stepped, afore the rheumatism came on! I'm nigh onto eighty year, Timothy, an' never a colleen at the far end o' the parish has come to harm as I know of, an' that's more nor some richer parts o' the parish could boast of, since the new-fashioned manners has come in. But see, there's Rose Farley herself!"

Rose, the acknowledged ringleader of the young people under Father Matthews' displeasure, stood in the midst of a little group of perhaps a dozen young people, under the shadow of a broad-leaved poplar. Well named, indeed, seemed this Wild Irish Rose, as she stood there in her soft white gown, with a stray ray of sunshine falling upon the bright Celtic hair, which straightway became a halo of gleaming, burnished copper. Newly blossoming

womanhood was suggested by every slender, gently rounded line of her lithe young body in its snowy draperies; by the soft, full throat not wholly hidden by the modest white kerchief; by the eager curves of her warm, red lips. The young girl's skin was of that wonderful creamy white, exquisitely fine in texture, found only in combination with the glorious red-gold hair which is growing more and more rare, even in the Midlands. Her cheeks were flushed to the delicate pink of the wild rose which makes beautiful the Irish hedgerows and the edges of the bog lands, and her eyes—what color were Rose Farley's eyes?

Eyes varied in hue as the sudden moods of this young daughter of old Erin, which made her a never-ending puzzle even to the boys and girls she had known from childhood. Eyes calm and gray as the softest of clouds which brought the autumn rain, when she was thoughtful; eyes bluer than the bluest sky that ever smiled down on the Midlands, when she was care-free and happy; eyes black as the blackest midnight in the valley of the Shannon, when swift anger caused their pupils to dilate with sudden passion.

How suddenly she had blossomed out into maidenhood, this madcap Irish Rose, who only yesterday had been the worst tomboy of the parish!

The lads had not forgotten how adept she had been at pitching buttons with them, and it was one of the village stories—the way she had taken a sharp knife and cut the two fine brass buttons from off the back of the coat of the police sergeant himself, one day at the Connemara Fair.

No matter how thick the hedge, she could show them the hedge-sparrow's roost, and she was always the first to find the lark's nest on the ground, or the robin's in an old shoe or a tin can. But woe to the lad who might attempt to frighten the mother bird, or to touch one of the tiny eggs! That was one of the times when Rose's blue eyes became dark, and when the withering scorn of this daughter of the Milesian race became biting as an adder. For Rose, although a penniless orphan girl, never forgot—or allowed her playmates to forget—that she was a descendant of the ancient kings of Ireland, and that to be obeyed was her due. It was many generations ago that the last of the Farley estates had been gambled away, but for vivid pride no proud lady of ancient days could have surpassed this dowerless maid, and she ruled her little band of followers like a queen, never forgetting that she was of royal blood.

When one's breakfast has been scanty, and one's work overhard, and when one's clothes are in tatters past mending, a little arrant pride may be a forgivable sin!

Eight hours had passed since Father Matthews had so openly expressed his disapproval of the unrestrained gayety at the far end of the parish. Now, after a day filled with labors of piety and love, he was returning from a visit to a sick parishioner, when his attention was attracted by the strains of a jolly Irish folk tune, coming from the kitchen of Grandma Driscoll, with whom Rose made her home. The strains were those of an old fiddle and a wheezy accordion, and the tune was "The Irish Washerwoman." Father Matthews shook his tired head hopelessly, but a tender, half-humorous smile came into his kind eyes as he crossed over to the open doorway. He stood there gazing unobserved at the scene before him.

A bright fire of peat burned in the fireplace. Half a dozen young women

in light summer dresses were clustered in the chimney-corner, bathed in the flickering firelight. Six or eight young men stood at the other end of the room, beating time with hands and feet to the tune played by two musicians in the corner. A candle sputtered in its socket on the wall. And in the midst of all, swinging and swaying, rising and dipping, the light, graceful figure of Rose moved through the figures of the merry Irish lilt. Her eyes were starry, and her cheeks flushed. Her wonderful radiant curls had fallen from their net and were flying in disregarded confusion about her laughing face. Coquettish and defiantly impish by turns, her feet twinkled and rippled, seeming scarcely to touch the bare mud floor of the cottage. She was just "snitching forward," her head thrown back in gay abandon, when she saw the grave face of Father Matthews gazing at her from the open doorway. Instantly she

"I'm sorry, Father. I clean forgot. 'Tis as you said, Satan strikes at the weakest part of us, and 'tis my feet he gets hold of, every time. Indade, and I should have waited 'till to-morrow, after the words ye said from the altar this day!"

There was genuine penitence in the tearful blue eyes, and Father Matthews knew that an oportune time had come for propounding the plan which had been taking shape in his mind for some time. So he gravely dismissed the other young people, and took the armchair by the fire, which Grandma Driscoll respectfully offered. Rose stood quietly before him, awaiting the words of reproof which she felt were coming.

"Rose, my daughter," said the priest, "I have been grieved to see you growing the wilder as you grow older, and often of late I've said to myself, 'The colleen should be sent to a school, and learn to deport herself like a lady,



"Captain Allen died last week," said the squireen

paused, and her flushed face turned scarlet, but her eyes became defiant and sullen.

"Come here, my child," said Father Matthews at length.

Slowly the defiant light died out of her eyes, under the kindly, calm gaze of the priest, and she took a few steps forward.

seeing that she comes of gentle folk. 'Tis no disgrace, my child, to be poor, but 'tis a disgrace when one who should be gently bred will content herself with rough ways. So I wrote to Robert Farley, of County Clare, your cousin, though three times removed, and asked him to send you to school. He wrote back that 'twas no wish of his that his

kin should be rudely bred, and he has allowed me to make arrangements to send you to Miss O'Hara's school for young ladies, in Dublin. Will you go?"

At first, terrified at the thought of leaving her home and friends, Rose wept and refused to think of leaving. But Father Matthews knew how to persuade her, and thus it happened that ere long Rose was fairly installed at Miss O'Hara's school. It was not easy to learn to wear leather shoes all the time, and to wear hat and gloves when she went into the street, but Rose was determined that her kinsman should have no cause to be ashamed of her. Her good spirits and ready wit made her a great favorite with both her fellow students and teachers, and before a year had passed, no one would have recognized in beautiful, modishly gowned Miss Earley the barefoot little tomboy who had so will-

"It was to Rose he bowed!" cried her mates, teasingly, "Look at Rose's cheeks; they're as red as peonies!"

But Rose, a shy new light in her eyes, did not hear their banter.

Every day for several weeks the schoolgirls met the horseman, and each time he bowed so gravely and respectfully that the teacher who acted as chaperon could find no fault. He was evidently a captain of the Light Artillery, judging by his uniform, and evidently a gentleman by birth and breeding. The sight of his erect, athletic figure, sitting so lightly and surely astride his splendid mount, always moved Rose in a new, strange way. But it was his eyes which attracted her most—dark eyes, with a shadowy, wistful look in the background—a look which vanished when she glanced at him from under her aureole of radiant curls, half shyly, half challengingly.

teachers, and talked and talked. He told her about his home, Wild Crag Manor, and about his mother and sister whom she must some day know, and about his boyhood, and about his travels. And Rose told him about Grandma Driscoll, and the gay, simple life at the far end of the parish. But their eyes said quite other things—things sweet and old as human feelings went.

Then, quite by accident, they met one day alone in the park. They sat together on a fallen tree-trunk, and Rose's shoulder touched his arm. This time they did not talk, and Rose's eyes, usually so frank and steady, refused to meet his.

"If heaven is like this," thought Rose, "I'm sure I can't stand it. I should die of joy, I'm thinking!"

Then, suddenly—neither of them knew exactly how it happened—Rose found his arms around her, his kisses hot upon her face, his lips whispering, "My own, own little Rose—my sweet, dewy blossom—"

Suddenly his hold relaxed and he pushed her from him. He staggered to his feet and stood before her, his hands at his temples, as though in utter bewilderment.

"Oh, Rose dear, forgive me," he stammered—"I had no right to—and indeed I didn't mean to. We must both be forgetting this day, dear."

The blue eyes looked deep into his, from a face white with pain.

"But why, Roderick? I am not understanding you! Is it because I am but a poor colleen, without dowry or family? Sure but you knew that before!"

"You're the Rose of all the world to me, mavourneen," he answered thickly, "but I cannot marry you, sweetheart, and 'twas cowardly of me to kiss you."

Then, in quick, sharp sentences that seemed to cut him, he told her the truth. He told her that, long ago, he had married some one whom he had thought he loved. Before long, he had discovered that she was dishonorable and cruel, and he knew that she had never even believed that she loved him. In her frequent fits of uncontrollable anger, she often told him so. Soon the effects of a hereditary weakness which had been hidden from him began to grow more marked. She be-



Rose stared down the road with unseeing eyes

ingly and gayly done the chores for Grandma Driscoll.

Then, one day, she saw—Him!

He had ridden by on his great black horse, while a bevy of gay, chattering schoolgirls were taking their daily morning walk. His eyes and Rose's had met—quite naturally, and yet with a kind of shock. He doffed his hat, bowed gravely, and rode on without turning back.

At the Queen's Birthday Ball, he appeared at Miss O'Hara's school, announced as Captain Roderick Allen. Rose's heart thumped desperately when Miss O'Hara brought him over to present him to her, and she was glad that she had on her new evening dress, and was looking her nicest.

After that, he came often to see her, and they sat in the great drawing-room under the discreet eye of one of the

came violently insane, and had to be kept under guard in an asylum. For five years her mind had been completely gone, and soon word came that he might expect her death at any moment.

"It was then that I first saw you," Captain Allen continued, "and God only knows what the sight of you meant to me. You seemed so young, and joyous, and so very sweet, as you walked there with your friends—"

He paused a moment, lost in the recollection of that first sweet vision of her.

"May the Lord grant that you never know, dear, how gray and empty my life seemed just at that time. And then you appeared. It never occurred to me that you, with all your youth, and freshness, and loveliness, might come to really care for me. You were like a glimpse of the morning sun to a man long imprisoned in a dungeon cell.

"Then, when I began to hope that you might come to really love me some day, I thought it no harm, acushla, to keep from you the knowledge of the existence of one who had long been dead to me. The doctors had said that she could not last many weeks more. I thought that you would forgive me, when it was all over.

"But last week I received word that the crisis had been passed, and that she would live. I never meant to visit or see you again—and then, this happened—"

He covered his face with his hands, and dry sobs shook his frame.

Rose sat transfixed, shuddering. Then she got unsteadily on her feet.

"Good-by, my lad," she said chokingly, and turned to leave without another word.

"Rose—Rose—you're mine! I can't let you go!" and with a bound he stood beside her and gathered her savagely into his arms. She did not resist.

Then the horror of it all came over her anew. He had a wife. He had promised before God's altar to be true to his wife to death. He must keep his word. He must not be less fine, less noble, because of herself.

"You have given your word to her, Roderick. You are a Christian and a gentleman. Good-by!"

"Rose—my Rose—yet not mine! I

can't ask you to wait for me, dear one, for I have nothing to offer you. But as God's above, mavourneen, I shall never love any one but you, and the moment I am free I will come to tell you so—to make you my very own. Until then, acushla, may heaven keep you in its care."

One day, Shaun, the carrier, brought a letter from Dublin. It was from the squireen, Terence McCoy, who lived in a stark, three-storied brick house, not far from the city's boundaries. He had met Rose while she was at school, and her young beauty had made him desire her. He had asked her to become



"I'm here to take care of Rose," said McCoy blusteringly

"May the Lord watch between thee and me while we are absent, one from the other," whispered Rose half under her breath, and turned and left him.

For several days she was very ill and even delirious at times. Then she begged to be allowed to go home to Grandma Driscoll and to her old tasks. They took her home, and for weeks she wandered about—a wan, flickering shadow of her old merry self.

"I am thinking that dying must be like this," she whispered to herself, "that the wraiths must feel about the parts of themselves they leave behind as I feel about the part of my life I left there in the park that day." And her eyes took on that far-seeing gaze which took no note of the objects around her, and which so frightened her former companions.

They looked at her wistfully, but they offered no comment. Rose had assumed a strange new dignity in her sorrow that removed her from their plane.

his wife; but Rose, who had already begun to see Captain Allen's somber eyes in her day-dreams, had scarcely listened to him, and with a little shudder—she knew not why—had refused him. Now she thought of his narrow, cruel eyes, and his thick, loose lips, and again she shuddered.

Within a few days Terence McCoy himself arrived. Grandma Driscoll had put on her best cap, and her best embroidered apron, in honor of his arrival, and boasted to her neighbors of the fine gentleman who sought Rose's hand.

"Faith, an' the poor colleen has niver a penny for dowry," she vaunted, "yet she'll have as fine a man as any in the parish."

Even before Rose had finished helping him unhitch his horse from the jaunting-car, she had asked for news of Allen.

"Captain Allen died last week," said McCoy treacherously, for his passion had enabled him to guess at the secret

love which Rose carried hidden from all except Father Matthews.

Rose stared into his face with frightened, unbelieving eyes.

"Terry McCoy," she said in dead, even tones, "it's perjuring your immortal soul you are, and may God and the blessed saints forgive you!"

Terry McCoy made no reply, but his narrow eyes became still narrower as he threw back his head and looked searchingly at her. She was keen, and he must be careful.

The result of his care was that two days later Shaun, the carrier, brought Rose a letter while she was milking the cow out in the byre. The letter purported to come from Allen's attorney, and stated that in the deceased man's will had been found a request that she be notified in case of his death.

The world seemed to reel around Rose as she read the typewritten words, and Shaun put out a friendly hand to steady her. He was thrust aside by McCoy, who spent all of his time loitering near Rose while she worked.

"Rose doesn't need your hand, Shaun," said McCoy, blusteringly. "I'm here to take care of her!"

The days that followed were like a horrible nightmare to Rose. McCoy

pressed his suit, and all seemed surprised that she did not accept him at once. She asked for help and advice from Father Matthews.

"The man you fancied has gone to his reward, God rest his soul, and the squireen is a good match for a girl without a dowry. I've seen many a maid that was loath become a happy wife and a happier mother. 'Tis not likely you could be happy now with a farm laborer, and who but a laborer could marry a wife that brought in no nest-egg for the home! 'Tis not done in the Midlands. Marry the squireen, my daughter!" persuaded the kindly old man.

Thus it happened that, broken willed and with the life gone out from her heart, Rose stood one morning in June at the paling of Grandma Driscoll's cottage, waiting for the jaunting-car to take her and the squireen to the church to be made man and wife. A very white maid she was, in her snowy gown, and even Grandma Driscoll felt sorry for the unwilling bride, who was foolish enough not to realize her own good fortune. The old woman took the young girl into her arms.

"Mucha, mucha, acushla," she said, comfortingly, "'twill all be over in an hour, and the fears forgotten alto-

gether. Don't you be taking on so." But Rose, pale as a marble statue, stared down the road with unseeing eyes.

Suddenly a look of wonder appeared in them—then a great, overwhelming joy.

"The saints have wrought a miracle," she whispered to herself, as she recognized the figure of an approaching horseman. His erect, athletic figure sat lightly and surely astride of his great black horse, and in his dark eyes was the light of joy and of love. It was Roderick himself! He sprang from the saddle and took her into his arms before them all.

"I have come back as I promised, mavourneen," he said softly. "I am free now, and can try to atone for the suffering I have caused you. How soon will you become my own true wife?"

Rose looked around in bewilderment. There was no doubt that her lover was flesh and blood, and not a wraith. McCoy, seeing that his villainy could not be longer hidden, had slunk away. She suddenly understood, and looked half shyly and wholly joyously into Roderick's eyes. "As soon as Father Matthews can marry us," she said, as she nestled in his arms.

STUDIO GLEANINGS

Miss Virginia Pearson, well known for her excellent work in several Broadway productions in recent seasons, has returned to her first love, again becoming a member of the Vitagraph forces.

Carlyle Blackwell has secured the rights to E. Phillips Oppenheim's capital story, "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," which is now being prepared by the Favorite Players for immediate production in five reels.

Tom Forman is slated to play the male lead opposite Ina Claire in a four- or five-reel comedy by William De Mille for the Lasky Company. Tom Forman is one of the rising juveniles of the business and has been doing some excellent work for the Lasky forces, having appeared with Edith Wynne Mathison and opposite Edith Taliaferro.

Alexander Gaden, late star of the Universal Film Company, has been especially engaged by the Life Photo Film Corporation to appear with Mary Nash in "The Unbroken Road," under the direction of Will S. Davis.

Lee Arthur, the noted dramatist, who has been especially engaged to write exclusively for the Edison Company, has contributed his first three-reeler, "Greater Than Art," which will be one of the features that Edison is now releasing every week.

Billie Ritchie and his able associates, Louise Orth and Henry Bergman, seem to be determined to more than live up to their reputation as the greatest fun-makers on earth. In "Hearts and Flames," this famous L-Ko trio have shown a bagful of new tricks which are crazier and "nuttier" than ever.

Mary Charleson, late of the Vitagraph Company, has joined the Lubin forces in Philadelphia and is playing the female lead in "Road o' Strife," the new Lubin serial.

The newest addition to the forces of the Vitagraph Company is Miss Muriel Ostriche. Miss Ostriche will be seen in a number of rôles that are distinctly different from any work she has done previously.

Tom Moore and Marguerite Courtot, two of Kalem's most popular stars, appear in "The Third Commandment," a three-act drama. For once, Mr. Moore forsakes the rôle of "lead" to appear as the "heavy" of the story. Miss Courtot appears as Nell, the girl with whom the "villain" falls desperately in love.

The Streets of Make-Believe

(Imp Film)

Scenario by Anthony P. Kelly

Produced by George A. Lessey

By A. F. HILL



Jane Gail
Imp Co.

THIS is a tale of New York, a holding up of the mirror to that city where life is all a game of bluff and all are engaged in that absorbing pursuit known as "Putting on a front." A transcript from the life of that city where clerks pose as millionaires and millionaires pose as kings, where the rule obtains that if you have a five-dollar bill you're a "live one"—while it lasts—and when your money is gone you're a "dead one" and "stony dead" until you get some more. In short, this is a true story of an event such as happens many times in each day on The Streets of Make-Believe, in the city of False Pretense, where the motto of the people is, "A short life and a merry one," and their creed is, "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you die."

It was a busy day in the "dry-goods emporium" of Styles & Co., and Bert Wall was tired out from his efforts to please the many women who had patronized the dress-goods counter at which he had been waiting that day. During a temporary lull in the rush Bert beheld a gorgeously dressed fellow approaching. This personage was attired in the height of fashion. He wore a snugly fitting business suit of smart cut, pearl gray spats, a green plush hat of rakish mould, and from a heavy black silk cord which was suspended from his neck there dangled a gold-rimmed monocle. A shining white-ash stick and a cute little wrist-watch completed the attire, and when he had at last reached Bert's counter his first words revealed that he was possessed of that winsome lisp which inevitably distinguishes the gentleman of the "haut monde" from his lesser fellows.

He handed Bert a list of articles, written out in a feminine hand, and remarking, "I should like to have those things sent up to-day," handed Bert a card.

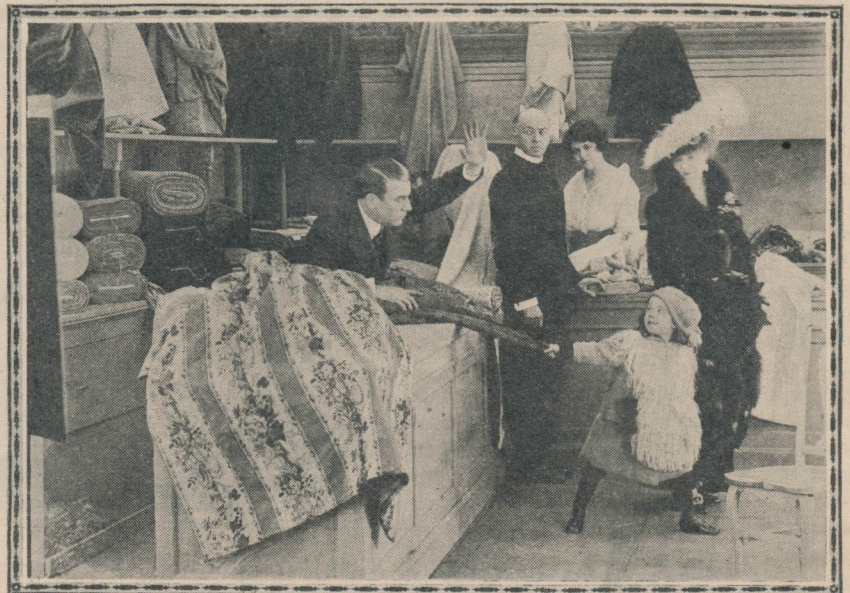
Bert glanced down at the name printed on the card, and at sight of it his manner, which had at first been rather distant, became graciousness itself. Bert was a true New Yorker. He was fully possessed of that reverence for great wealth which is the alpha and omega of every true New Yorker's religion.

"Certainly, Mr. Astorbilt," Bert answered. "I'll send them up right away, sir. Cash!" he continued, whereat a boy sprang into view. "Have these

with his eyes glued on the back of the retreating figure. "Gee! I knew he was the goods the moment I saw him coming."

The figure of Willie Astorbilt having disappeared through the wide front door of the store, Bert stood gazing at the card in his hands. His absent thoughts were brought back from Newport or Palm Beach or some such gilded place by the voice of the store manager calling: "Mr. Wall, take the bargains to-morrow."

Bert started guiltily at the sound of the manager's voice, and glancing hastily about and not perceiving any paper around, he rapidly commenced to write the next day's bargain sales on his cuff.



... she mischievously grabbed an end of the bolt of goods and gave it a tug

goods wrapped up right away and sent immediately to Mr. Astorbilt's house."

Then as Mr. Astorbilt turned to depart, Bert bowed until he almost touched the floor with his head.

"Willie Astorbilt!" Bert murmured,

In all such leading "emporiums" as that of Styles & Co., it is considered shocking bad form to have to ask the manager to repeat the next day's bargain sales.

In a little while thereafter, the day

coming to a close, Bert donned his hat, which was a near imitation of that worn by Willie Astorbilt, and taking his own stick in his hand, departed from Styles & Co.'s store for his evening's diversions.

* * * * *

In the classic language of the day, there was no doubt that Katherine Drew was "some looker." Bill Jenks, the popular manager of Scourem's Steam Laundry, where Kitty was employed, frequently remarked:

"Kitty has 'em all beaten forty ways from the barrier."

Words could never do justice to sweet Kitty's beauty.

Kitty had admirers by the dozen. Bill Jenks stood ready at any moment to confer himself and his eighteen dollars a week upon Kitty, and there was Flaherty, the big policeman at the corner, who feared neither man nor devil, who turned as red as his own hair whenever Kitty paused to chat to him, But Barney Coogan was the most successful of all her suitors. When one is chauffeur for a millionaire and frequently has at his disposal a forty-horse-power touring car, he is a sweetheart worth having.

It was on one of those fine spring evenings, which come so rarely in New York, that Kitty sat waiting in the big automobile while Barney made some purchases for his employer in one of the big Fifth avenue shops. Kitty sat lost in a pleasant reverie, occasioned by Barney's parting remark:

"Gee! Kitty, you certainly do look some class sitting there. The automobile fits yer like a frame fits a picture."

Suddenly Kitty looked up the avenue and beheld a smartly dressed, good-looking young man coming down the street toward her.

"My! what a nice young man," thought Kitty, who was by no means above a flirtation. "I wonder if I could make him speak to me." With the thought, Kitty decided that she would try.

"There's a beauty," thought the young man on catching sight of Kitty. "I'll bet she's some heiress," was his next thought. "I wonder if I could flirt with her," his thoughts continued. "I'll make a try for it, anyway," he decided.

By this time he was almost abreast of the automobile. Kitty, who was watch-

ing him out of the corner of her eye, had a look on her face of intense weariness, in correct imitation of the look worn by the members of the "four hundred." To all appearances, she was as oblivious of the approach of Bert Wall as though he had been a thousand miles away.

As Bert drew abreast of the automobile a handkerchief in Kitty's hand fell to the ground. With a little cry she leaned over the side of the automobile as Bert stooped to pick up the handkerchief. He rose, and taking off his hat, bowed low as he handed it to her. Kitty blushed prettily and gushingly thanked him for his kindness. Bert replied with great politeness. Then, affecting to be reminded of something, he looked at her searchingly and asked:

"I beg your pardon, haven't we met before?"

"I don't know," she replied. "Your face does seem very familiar."

The thought flashed through Bert's

Visions of a great church wedding, of a castle at Newport, of trips to Europe flashed through her mind. Truly the gods had been kind to her. Then her self-possession returned.

"Why, of course," she said, "I met you three years ago, just after I came out in society. I am Miss Katherine Drew, of Baltimore," she added simply.

"Why, yes, of course," said Bert. "I knew your face was very familiar. May I call on you some evening soon, Miss Drew?" he continued.

"Well," replied Kitty, musingly, "I shall have to ask mother about that." Then, catching sight of Barney just coming out of the store, she said: "I shall be walking this way to-morrow evening at this time, and if you should care to join me then, I will tell you what mother says. And now good-by. I see my chauffeur coming, and one has to be so careful before servants. You understand, of course. Good-by."

Bert raised his hat and, bowing low,



Kitty, peering around the door-jamb, saw the man who had introduced himself to her

mind that he still had Willie Astorbilt's card in his pocket. He drew the card from his pocket and, handing it to Kitty, remarked:

"Permit me to give you my card."

Kitty took it, and as she glanced at it a wave of joy passed over her.

"At last," she thought, "I've met the real thing."

turned and continued his walk down the avenue.

"Who was the swell that was talking to you, Kitty?" asked Barney, as he rejoined her at the machine.

"Oh, Mr. Astorbilt, one of my friends," said Kitty, carelessly showing Barney the card Bert had just given her. Then, stifling a yawn, she dropped the

card in her handbag and leaned luxuriantly back on the cushions. She thought to herself that she might as well get used to luxury now as later on, when she should have a dozen automobiles purchased out of the huge Astorbilt fortune.

Barney ascended to the driver's seat of the car in silence. When a man finds his best girl in animated conversation with one of the richest men in America, and he has only a salary of twenty-five dollars a week, he does not feel like talking.

Kitty, in the meantime, was busy with her own thoughts, and she had mentally spent not more than seven million dollars, when the ride began to pall upon her and she asked Barney to take her home.

The ride having proven what Barney denominated "a frost," he willingly consented, and soon Kitty was lying on a couch in her own home, busily working out the details of her own wedding to Willie Astorbilt.

The morning after his meeting with the young daughter of the Baltimore house of Drew, Bert rose and hastily dressed for his day's work at Styles & Co. It being his day to change to a clean shirt, he removed the buttons from the shirt upon the cuffs of which he had written the bargains for that day's sale. Soon he was fully dressed and departed for his work. His landlady, coming up a few minutes later, gathered his soiled clothes together and within the next half-hour gave the package to the boy from Scourem's Steam Laundry. Within another half-hour the boy delivered his bundles to the sorting-room, and one of the first things that the eyes of the sorting girl beheld was the list of bargains for that day at Styles & Co.'s big store.

"Look, girls!" she cried. "See the bargains that they have to-day at Styles & Co.'s. See, here's the date and here's the list of bargains."

The girls crowded about the sorting girl, and Kitty took the shirt from her. Holding the cuff up before her eyes, she read aloud the bargains. There were several items on the list which particularly appealed to Kitty, and so seeking out Bill Jenks, the manager, she asked for a day off.

"Why, surest thing you know," he answered to her request. "Why don't yer

become Mrs. Jenks and take every day off?"

The future Mrs. Astorbilt smiled a pitying smile and, saying nothing, turned to put on her street clothes before leaving the laundry.

Then Kitty hurried home to dress in her best for a day's outing, and as she went along her thoughts were busy

Bert, happening to glance up from some goods he was cutting, saw, to his horror, the fascinating Miss Drew coming toward his counter.

In a panic of fear that she might see him, he breathed a fervent prayer that fate might take her to some counter other than his own. He dreaded exposure of his humble job.



"Yes, it's me," answered Kitty, who realized that she already had the upper hand

planning what she could buy with the little money at her command. It is a rather hard task to make one dollar do the work of two, as many New Yorkers are obliged to do.

"But, after all, it will be only for a short time now," thought Kitty.

Looking very fetching in her best gown and smiling happily at her thoughts of the great future, Kitty tripped lightly along on her way to Styles & Co.

Arrived at the great store, Kitty sought out the dress-goods department.

"I must have a new dress," she thought, "if I am going out hereafter with Mr. Astorbilt."

Mr. Smith, the distinguished-looking store manager, answered Kitty's request for information as to the location of the dress-goods counter.

Kitty being a pretty woman, and Mr. Smith having a weakness for pretty women, he personally conducted her to the counter she desired.

Nearer and nearer she came and, at last, Bert became convinced that she was really coming to his own counter. In desperation he looked about, and then, no other hiding-place revealing itself, he dropped down on the floor behind the counter.

The horrified gaze of the manager caught the dreadful sight of a counter seemingly unattended.

"Mr. Wall!" he cried. "Mr. Wall, counter!"

Bert, seeing that discovery was inevitable, slowly rose from the floor, holding a piece of dress-goods shieldingly before his face.

"Show this lady some messaline, please!" said the store manager sharply, as he turned to answer another lady's inquiry as to the location of the children's rompers department.

The child for whom the rompers were intended accompanied her mother and, looking on Bert's efforts at concealment as some sort of game, she

mischievously grabbed an end of the bolt of goods and gave it a tug.

Down came the dress-goods from before Bert's face, and the next instant Kitty was gasping in horrified tones: "You! You! You!" while Bert, with the expression of a dazed fish, repeated after her:

"You! You! You!"

Kitty was a good little actress. When the store manager turned to her with some jesting remark, she picked up a piece of goods and, pulling herself together, answered him with a smile.

Kitty went through the pretense of examining some dress-goods for a few minutes. Then turning to the manager, she remarked:

"You have a splendid store here, sir, and such very distinguished salespeople."

She shot a scornful glance at Bert, turned, and majestically swept out of the store.

It was a week later, and Bert's things had just come from the laundry. He was glad of their arrival, for he wanted to make a particularly careful toilet that evening, and there was a shirt which he was very fond of in the bundle that had just come home.

He was all dressed except for his shirt and collar and tie, when he opened the bundle of clean washing. Hastily he sought out the shirt he wanted. When he drew it forth he howled out an oath, for there on what should have been the shirt's snowy bosom was the imprint of an iron scorch. It was forever and indelibly burned into the shirt. A blind rage took possession of him, and he fumed up and down the room, swearing vengeance on the laundry and particularly on the person who had thus ruined his shirt.

It was too late that night for the laundry to be open, so he was obliged to put off his plans for vengeance. But the next morning found him outside the laundry a very short time after it was opened.

Inside he strode with an angry scowl distorting his face and slammed the shirt down violently under the astonished nose of Bill Jenks.

For a full minute the two men glared at each other. Then Bert burst out:

"Say! Do you call this a laundry?"

"Finest in town," answered Jenks.

"It's rotten! Look at that shirt! Do

you see where one of your clothoppers burned the whole front of it? That's going to cost you money. Let me see the fool that spoiled that shirt. I want to tell him what I think of him," and Bert attempted to pass behind the counter.

"Hey, you! Nothing doing on that business!" cried Jenks, blocking his path.

"I want to see that man and have it out with him," Bert persisted.

"We don't allow no one behind the counter in this store. Where do you think you are?" answered Jenks.

Meanwhile, the girls in the work-rooms of the laundry, attracted by the loud, angry voices outside, had crowded to the door. Kitty, peering around the door-jamb, saw the man who had introduced himself to her as Mr. Astorbilt in angry altercation with Jenks. She saw the burned shirt lying on the counter, and a guilty spasm shook her, for she recognized the burn as her own handiwork. Outside the two men continued to wrangle. Then Bert gave Jenks a sudden push which sent him sprawling to one side, and the next moment Bert was in the room among the startled girls.

When Kitty saw him coming she pulled down her cap and screened her face behind it, much as Bert himself had done when she came upon him in the dry-goods store.

Bert seized the first girl at hand and, holding his linen up before her, roared:

"Who burned that shirt?"

The frightened girl knew who had burned it. Trembling with fear, she pointed a shaking finger at Kitty and answered:

"It wasn't me, sir; honest it wasn't. It was her."

Bert leaped at Kitty, and as he did so the other girls fled in fright from the room.

"Did you—" he started to roar, when Kitty lifted the cap from her face, and he stopped short, staring.

"You?" he muttered. "It's you!"

"Yes, it's me," answered Kitty, who realized that she already had the upper hand. "Yes, it's me, Mr. Astorbilt," she added, with a mocking laugh.

"Oh, stop that," said Bert, with a foolish grin. "I'm very glad to meet you again, Miss Drew, of Baltimore."

"Well," flared back Kitty, "my name

is Drew, really, even if I'm not one of the famous Baltimore Drews. But your name is not even Astorbilt."

"That's right," answered Bert. "I guess I'm caught with the goods. But say, Miss Drew, I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll call off our past deception if you say the word, and make a clean start. Are you game? My right name is Bert Wall. I'm a clerk down at Styles & Co. You're the slickest little laundress in Scourem's laundry, even if you did burn my favorite shirt. I know where we can get the best table de hotel dinner in New York city for thirty cents—five courses. Will you come and try it out with me to-morrow night?"

"All right," replied Kitty. "Come around to our house at seven to-morrow night, and you'll find me waiting for you."

And that was how the romance began, which ended in their marriage.



A Reel Fan

By Dorothy Harpur O'Neill

"Where are you going,
My pretty maid?"

"I'm bound for the Pictures,
Sir," she said.

"And what may I call you,
My Movie Maid?"

"Oh, just plain 'Fan,'
Kind sir," she said.

A Man and His Money

(Rex Film)

Scenario by Francis Willey and Ida May Park

Produced by Jos. de Grasse

By FREDERICK R. DENTON



Pauline Bush
Rex Co.

W A R R E N looked fixedly at Helen's bright eyes across the table as she took the white carnation which he had extended to her, but he did not speak until the waiter was gone.

"My first gift," he then said, meaningly. "My heart goes

with it, you dear girl. I am a man who speaks directly to the point. Tell me, Helen, is my love returned?"

A deep blush suffused Helen Clay's cheeks, but she hesitated in her reply, for she was one of the unemotional sort and had trained herself to reflect before she spoke.

"Have you thought well of what you are saying?" she asked, after a full moment of suspense.

"Absolutely!" cried Warren. "Can you doubt it?"

He spoke with an energy which was almost fierce, but Helen remained perfectly cool.

"Herbert," she continued, "I will admit that in our brief acquaintance—remember it is less than a month since we met at the ball—I have learned to love you, but you must not forget our respective social situations, you—"

"Your social position is as good as mine," he broke in hotly. "Are you not the daughter of the late Reginald Clay, of Eastford—a man looked up to and respected by the entire community?"

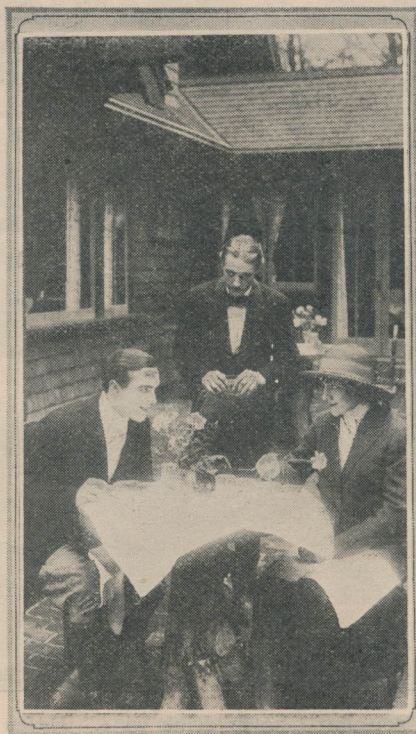
"True, but my father at his death left barely enough for mother and I to live on, while you are the owner of the Warren Manufacturing Company's great mills. You are supposed to be worth millions."

"I am. That makes no difference. Helen, dearest, I stand ready to share my millions with you."

She gave him a look that told Herbert that he had won.

Next moment he was behind her chair and had turned her beautiful face up to his own.

"You will never regret this, little girl," he breathed. "You have made me the happiest man on earth. From this time forward my one thought will be to deserve you."



Warren looked fixedly at Helen's bright eyes across the table

"Sit down," replied Helen, calmly. "We have come to an understanding, and now I have a word to say."

There was that in her manner which chilled him and decidedly cooled his ardor as he resumed his place on the opposite side of the table.

"I accept your offer conditionally,"

continued Helen. "I don't know that you are aware of it, Herbert, but you have been talked about here in Eastford."

"Talked about!" he stammered, reddening. "In what connection? Just what do you mean?"

"It is said that you are very extravagant, that you throw your money right and left and that at times you are not over-particular as to the company you keep when you go to Boston. There must be a change in all this if you expect to hold my heart, Herbert. That you possess it I freely admit. I love you and will marry you, but I want my husband to be a good, clean man. There! I have spoken out. Now how does it stand between us?"

It stood just as it did before, and Herbert made it very plain to her.

By all that was good and holy he swore to amend his ways and be worthy of her.

Truth told, they needed mending, and he knew it.

Helen might have said a good deal more, and Herbert found himself wondering how much she really did know as they rode their horses back to Eastford, where the engagement was formally announced to Mrs. Reginald Clay.

"So you got him," said the widow, after the young millionaire had finally departed. "I was sure you would."

"Don't talk that way, mother," flashed Helen. "One would think that I had proposed to Herbert. I love him dearly, but I gave him to understand very plainly that I could not be his wife unless he mended his ways, which he has promised to do."

"Pshaw, Helen! How absurd! Young men will be young men, and wild oats have to be sown. You might have missed your chance. Think what it will mean to us both for you to be the wife of Herbert Warren."

"Yes, mother, but I don't propose to be the wife of a man who drinks too

much champagne and associates with men and women whom I cannot entertain. I haven't forgotten the talk there was about the dinner he gave to those actresses at Marini's in Boston. All that sort of thing has to end if I am to be Herbert Warren's wife."

"It will end automatically with your marriage, of course, you silly girl," retorted the widow. "Meanwhile, you want to be sensible and let the boy have his fling. He's a great catch, and you know it. We've got barely enough to live on. You want to make hay while the sun shines."

Helen made no answer.

She was a perfectly sincere girl and as good as she was beautiful. Her coolness, inherited from her father, was something she could not help.

Everything had to be weighed and measured with Helen Clay; she had even weighed and measured her love. In a way, Herbert felt this as he rode home, and he found himself wondering what it might mean for the future if she became his wife.

But Helen was right and her worldly mother all wrong.

Herbert Warren sadly needed a monitor and had much to change before he could hope to be a success as a husband.

For a few weeks the young man put a check on himself, but he soon began to drift back in his old ways.

He was idle by nature.

To the great business he had inherited he paid scarcely any attention. He drank more than was good for him and to the gambling table he was no stranger. On the nights and days when he knew he was to meet Helen he put a restraint on himself, but at all other times he continued to have his fling.

From many sources rumors of his wild extravagances reached Helen's ears.

She said nothing.

Helen was weighing and measuring.

"I must analyze him thoroughly before I'll marry him," she told herself. "I am not marrying him for his millions, and mother shall not force me to it, what's more."

One day while they were horseback riding Helen got an insight into another

The boy retorted. Herbert rapped back and got as good as he sent.

Suddenly raising his whip, he gave the boy a vicious cut across the face and rode on.

"Oh, Herbert! How could you!" exclaimed Helen. The boy's cries rang in her ears.

"It'll teach him a lesson," snapped Herbert. "I don't propose to be swindled nor talked to as he talked to me."

"But for two cents!"

"The amount makes no difference. What I did was done on principle, that's all."

It spoiled the ride.

Herbert apologized before it was over. Helen had made him ashamed by her silence.

She forgave him, but she did not forget.

About this time he began to talk of immediate marriage. Helen put him off. She had not done weighing and measuring yet.

"I see by the paper that you are going to give one of your dinners at Marini's on Thursday evening," Helen said to him one day. "Why haven't you told me about it? Am I to be invited?"

Herbert was nonplussed for the moment. He had supposed the affair was a profound secret.

"Confound it! Some of the girls have been babbling," he thought. "Now, what shall I do?"

There was but one thing to do, and he did it.

On Thursday night at the head of the long table, surrounded by vaudeville actresses and their male friends, Helen sat with him cool and collected listening to a line of talk which filled her with disgust while the guests were busily filling themselves with champagne.

Herbert rejected the wine at first, but finally allowed the waiter to fill his glass.



"Thank you, but I never drink wine," Helen quietly replied

phase of her lover's character—his insolence and cruelty.

As they were passing through a neighboring town and stopped to water their horses, a newsboy came up crying "extra." Herbert bought a paper, handing the boy the usual price.

"Dat's an extry, boss. Two cents more," was said.

"Not from me," flashed Herbert. "Go on about your business."

"Now you must have a drink with me," he said. "It will be our first."

"Thank you, but I never drink wine," Helen quietly replied.

He made no response, but tossed off his glass, and others were emptied as the evening advanced.

Helen never said a word.

At the back of the table was a large floral heart supported by two ropes of flowers.

Helen had supposed this to be a mere ornament, when suddenly it opened and there stood a young girl with too few clothes on to be worth mentioning, who began to dance on the table.

Helen was horrified.

She sprang to her feet and turned her back.

"Herbert Warren, take me home or I shall go alone!" she sternly said.

Herbert bit his lip in vexation.

"Why, that's nothing, what a prude you are," he growled.

Helen instantly left the room. Herbert found himself the laughing stock of his guests.

But he truly loved Helen after his own fashion and was ashamed, so he followed her to the dressing-room, where he made a half apology. They returned to Eastford in his car.

Helen made no further allusion to the matter, but she was very silent during the entire ride.

"Are you coming in?" she asked, when her home was reached.

"Why, yes, if you want me to," he rejoined. "I didn't know but—"

"I do want you to," she replied, gravely.

Herbert entered the parlor with a nonchalant air.

He suspected what was coming and was trying to make himself believe that he did not care.

As the wine still had him in its grip this was not so difficult. His intention was to return to Boston and finish out the night.

There was a fire blazing on the hearth. Herbert, putting a cigarette in his mouth and pulling a five-dollar bill from his pocket where he always carried money loose, touched it to the blaze and started to light the cigarette, when Helen snatched his hand away, extinguishing the bill before much of it had burned.

"For shame!" she cried. "A man who can make no better use of his money don't deserve to have any. For shame!" Just then her mother entered the room, but did not speak.

Herbert stood abashed as Helen turned her head away.

"It is all over between us," she pursued. "Herbert Warren, I have weighed and measured you thoroughly. I can never be your wife."

"Suit yourself, Miss Clay," he retorted, "but mark what I say. The day will come when you'll regret this."

pale. "Whatever do you mean? Aren't you half-owner in the stove factory at Chelsea?"

"Helen, it has failed. I received a letter from Mr. Gardner after you left. Everything has been swept away."

The news shocked her.

Helen sat silent for many minutes.

"Even so, I do not regret my action to-night," she finally said.

"And yet you love him?"

"I do indeed, mother. If you only knew."

"And can let him go without shed-



Herbert stood abashed as Helen turned her head away

Without another word he left the house.

"The day has come already," said Mrs. Clay, coming forward. "Oh, Helen! what have you done?"

"Broken my engagement because it was my duty, not because I don't love him," the girl replied.

"What happened?"

Helen briefly explained.

"You would have done well to have overlooked it," said Mrs. Clay, gravely. "Now I suppose it is too late."

"Indeed it is! But what did you mean by saying that the day had already come, mother? Explain yourself."

"Sit down," said Mrs. Clay. "I've bad news to tell. My dear child, we are ruined!"

"Ruined!" gasped Helen, turning

a tear? You're a queer girl, Helen, but then that was always your way."

"What shall we do?"

"We still have this house. It will have to be sold, I suppose."

"And I can find work. Don't worry. It will all come out right."

The house was sold and the money soon went.

Helen took a salesgirl's position in a Boston department store and worked hard.

For two years she managed to support herself and her mother after a fashion. Then came illness to add to their misery.

Mrs. Clay was taken down with typhoid and for weeks hovered between life and death. When she finally recovered it was to find herself a hope-

less invalid, a nervous and physical wreck.

She needed constant attention, so, of course, Helen had to give up her place at the start.

One by one their possessions were sold or pawned; lower and lower they sank, until two years from the date of Helen's broken engagement they found themselves living in a single room in a Boston tenement on the verge of actual starvation.

And Herbert?

Money begets money.

Herbert Warren was richer than ever now.

He had stuck steadily to his old habits, but they were beginning to pall on him.

Many a time he asked himself if he would not have been happier if he had cut it all out and married Helen.

Was it too late?

He loved her still. He had always loved her from the first moment he set eyes upon her.

But where was Helen?

Nobody in Eastford could tell him.

Of course Herbert had heard of Mrs. Clay's financial reverses.

On several occasions before the mother and daughter left town he had been on the point of trying to make it up with Helen, but pride stood in the way.

Now it was too late.

They had disappeared.

On the second anniversary of the broken engagement Herbert's resolve was taken.

He vowed never to touch another

card, to quit drinking and get down to the personal management of his business.

It was about time, as he very quickly discovered.

The young millionaire was being robbed by his manager, who upon discovery fled.

Herbert took his place and worked hard for weeks when one day Joe Billings, who collected rents for the Warren estate, which owned many houses in Boston, turned in with his cash a five-dollar bill which had been partly burned.

"What about this bill, Joe?" demanded Herbert. "I suppose it can be redeemed, but you ought not to take such money. I—"

He paused with a start.

He had recognized the bill as the one with which he had started to light his cigarette.

The full memory of that night came over him with a rush.

Inwardly Herbert cursed himself for being a fool.

"Why, I got the bill from a poor girl," replied Joe. "She got it from a pawnbroker, she said. It was all he would give her for some jewels she pawned. Her mother is an invalid—Mrs. Clay."

"Clay!" gasped Herbert. "What house does she live in?"

"They live in one room at No. 9 Billerica street."

"Do you happen to know the daughter's first name?"

"I've heard her mother call her Helen. They are miserably poor. I'm

afraid I shall have to put them on the street."

"No!" shouted Herbert, springing up.

"Sir! I—"

"Pardon me, Joe. I was thinking of something else and didn't realize how emphatically I was speaking. It's all right about the burned bill."

He was out of the office in an instant.

Hurrying to his garage, he ran out his car and headed for Boston.

And now his heart began to fail him.

He had located Helen, but how would she receive him?

After all, might it not be better to reach out secretly and aid her before making himself known?

He could not determine.

Herbert was the same fickle-minded fellow still.

A dozen times he resolved to turn back, but still he ran on and on until at last Boston was reached.

"I'll stick it out," he decided. "After all, she can but turn me down."

Helen, wasted to a shadow, her old beauty gone, was busy with her housework when she heard that knock at the door and opened it to find herself facing her discarded lover.

"Herbert!"

"Helen! Can you forgive me, dearest? If I had known where to find you I should have asked forgiveness long ago."

He stretched out his arms.

Helen sank into them with one deep sob.

She had done with weighing and measuring.

Relief had come at last.

Movies Spread Over World's Fair Grounds

Moving Pictures, which to-day play such an important part in the amusement of the world, have been favorably considered by the foreign and state commissioners at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Reels depicting the leading industries, principal cities, scenes, buildings and other points of interest are shown in almost all of the state buildings and foreign pavilions, while many of the big exhibitors in the palaces have Moving Picture theaters in connection with

their exhibits. Approximately one hundred and fifty thousand feet of film is used in the various buildings. Most of the buildings which have daily exhibitions have a continuous performance.

In the California building, each county is represented by some special film. Some of the buildings show comedy films in addition to scenes of agriculture, horticulture and other industries. The Oregon, Idaho, Illinois, West Virginia, Washington, Massachu-

setts and New York buildings have already proved popular on account of the interesting films which are shown. The Great Northern Railway exhibit includes a film which shows the Glacier National Park and other views of interest.

At present the following state buildings and foreign pavilions are giving daily Moving Picture shows: California, Illinois, Oregon, West Virginia, Washington, New York, Massachusetts, Japan, New Zealand and Norway.

Saved by a Dream

(Victor Film)

Produced by Harry C. Myers

By GEORGE W. ROGERS



Harry C. Myers
Victor Co.

LUCIEN ARCHER, second of the name, should have been happy. He had rather more money than he could easily spend. His father was one of the richest men in the city, and he was an only son. He had never, since his birth, had anything

to worry about. Everything had been made easy for him. In school and college he had been brilliantly successful in every way—in scholarship, in athletics, in his social life. Now, to cap it all, he was engaged to Mary Barnes, who lived next door. He had known her since they were both children; he could not remember when he had not been fonder of her than any one else in the world, except, possibly, his father.

His mother had died when he was a baby; he had never known her, but then he had not known the grief of losing her, either. And, for that reason, probably, he and his father had always been very close to one another.

Yet in spite of these things, as he walked along Fifth avenue on a sunny day in early spring, Lucien Archer was not happy. He realized himself how absurd it was for him to be discontented. He scarcely knew, really, that he was not happy. He wondered if it might not be the spring in his blood that had upset him. Perhaps he needed a change. Yet he did not like to go away. Preparations for his marriage were in full swing. Mary could not get away just now; otherwise he would have suggested that he take a trip with her and her mother. But she had to stay at home. Dressmakers took up much of her time. And he knew she would not like him to go away without her.

He looked about him as he walked. On the sidewalks, in the automobiles that thronged the roadway, he saw many of the most beautiful women in the city. All sorts were there. He knew many of them, of course. They smiled and bowed as they saw him— young married women, girls, matrons.

there were others, with painted cheeks and heavy-lidded eyes, that glanced at him boldly, seductively, invitingly.

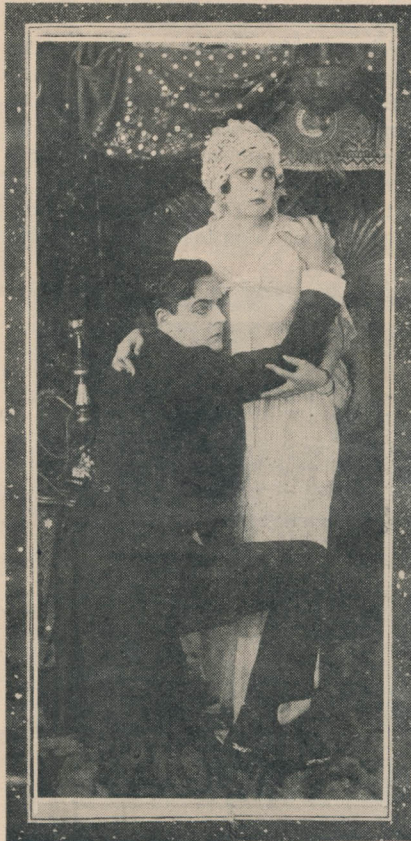
"Come and play with me!" those eyes seemed to say. "You have behaved well long enough. Let me show you a side of life you have never touched!"

That was it! There was a whole side of life of which he knew only by hearsay, only by an occasional story or book. And he had a sort of curiosity, normal enough, to know something of it at first-hand. Was he never to have his fling? Was he to pass from his sober, trammled, unexciting youth into maturity of the same sort by means of the most ordinary and conventional of marriages?

Suddenly a woman passed him, one of the sort he did not, could not know. As she passed she shot a strange look at him, a look not so bold as that of her cruder sisters. She seemed to be appraising him, studying him. He divined, somehow, that this woman, no matter in what circle she moved, and he guessed that it was of the half-world, would have no need to invite men to seek her; that they would come to her of their own accord, eagerly, as moths fly to the flame of the candle. He himself was drawn to her; so much so that he turned, after he had passed her, and walked back that he might see her again.

This time she did not look at him; he got no chance to see her eyes again. Yet he knew that she was conscious of him. Somehow, though he was too well-bred to stare at her, he felt that she had smiled at him for a moment. Angry at himself for yielding to so vulgar a curiosity, he hurried his steps. It was not until twenty minutes later that he missed his wallet.

Money mattered very little to him. Yet this was annoying. His father had a curious custom of giving him his allowance always in cash. It happened



He went down on his knees to her then

They all liked him. Then there were others whom he did not know. And these fell into two classes. There were many pleasant, sweet-faced women and girls among them whom he might have known, who were his sort. Then

that Lucien had been carrying, in the wallet that he had lost, the whole of his month's allowance, which he had meant to deposit in his bank. It was a considerable sum to lose; there are few men, no matter how rich they are, who do not resent the loss of any large sum of money.

Lucien had no means of telling how or when he had lost the wallet. His pocket might have been picked; he might simply have dropped it. However, that didn't matter. What counted was that it was gone, and that, as he very well knew, his chance of recovering it was of the slightest. It was so slight, indeed, that it did not seem to him worth while to make any effort to do so. His card was in the wallet; if an honest person found it, it would be returned. If it had been stolen, or if some one who was not honest was the finder, it would be a waste of time to search for it. So he dropped the matter. But he could not forget his loss, because it meant that he must ask his father for more money, and he felt that

had begun badly enough was worse at the end than in the beginning. And he was ready for almost anything when he left his fiancée and went next door to his own home. He was greeted by a servant as he entered.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man. "A lady just called you on the telephone. I was looking to see if you were in, sir. She prefers not to give her name, sir." Archer nodded silently.

The idea intrigued him. Usually he would have refused to answer such a call. But now he went to a silent closet, soundproof, and answered the call.

"This is Lucien Archer, junior," he said, pleasantly. "What can I do for you?"

"Why, nothing, thank you," came the answer, in a voice that made him start, so familiar was it, but familiar in a strange way. It was as if it were the voice of some one he knew well, but a voice, too, that he had never heard. It went on: "But I think I can do something for you. You lost something this

terious voice. "You may come to the address I shall give you, and ask for Miss du Ford—Miss Cora du Ford."

Then, while he racked his brain for some memory of that name, she gave him an address and, abruptly, the click that showed she had broken the connection sounded in his ear. He was vastly puzzled, considerably amused. The prospect of recovering his wallet was pleasing; it helped to restore his good humor. He remembered that Mary was engaged that evening, and that, therefore, he could not see her in any case. Decidedly he would go, after dinner, to see Miss Cora du Ford!

Go he did—and found himself, at one step, across that border between two worlds that he had longed that afternoon to cross. For Cora du Ford was the mysterious woman of the avenue. He knew her at once. He knew—or he guessed—other things, too. Her house was in a mean, shifty street near Broadway. Yet it was a wonderful house, richly furnished, with rare pictures—all of a certain sort—and rarer rugs and carpets. The smell of incense was in the air; the whole effect of the place was Oriental and mysterious.

Everything conspired to woo his senses—the place; above all, the woman herself. Her dress rather revealed than concealed her. Her manner was as different from that of Mary as it was possible to be. She breathed sex, passion. Yet she ignored him in a way. She seemed to feel that, when she had restored his wallet, there was nothing else to keep him with her. And, in spite of that, when carried away by the spell she cast upon him, intoxicated by the atmosphere of the place, he began to make love to her, she did not stop him. She smiled at his suddenly aroused passion; she stroked his hair languidly. He thought her wonderful—but she seemed to be bored.

Could she have chosen a surer way to bring him back? He came several times. He asked her, at last, how she lived.

"Do you really want to know?" she said, with lifted eyebrows. "Aren't you content that I play with you? Well, come."

She showed him a room where men were playing roulette, baccarat, faro. It was a gambling-house that she con-



He went to his own room and got a bag

it was a ridiculous confession that he must make.

His loss, naturally enough, did not improve his mood. He was rather gloomy and distracted when he saw Mary. She, sensitive to such variations in his mood, was unhappy because he was. So an afternoon that

afternoon. I have it. Will you come and get it?"

"My wallet?" he asked. "You are very good! I may come to you to get it?"

Even yet he did not recognize the adventure that was beckoning to him.

"If you want it—yes," said the mys-

ducted, but one unique, since, save for one watchful man, all the attendants—the ones who presided over the various games—were women. At her suggestion he played—and lost heavily. He drank. Later he grew ugly, reproached her, taunted her with this gambling-house that she conducted.

"You would know," she said, stirred to a languid anger. "Go, will you? And please don't come back! I amuse you—isn't the laborer worthy of her hire? Pah! I believe you have no money—that you are dependent on your father for every cent you spend! You haven't the spunk even to make him settle a decent income on you! Oh, go away before I get angry! I can't waste my time with you!"

It was safe to treat him so now. There was a furious scene. But he was utterly infatuated, completely under her sway by now.

"I'll show you!" he cried. "I'll come back—and I'll have money then!"

He snatched a photograph of her from a table. She cried out at that, but he was gone before she could recover it. She frowned thoughtfully. She did not like people to have her photograph; the police, of course, had the two conventional likenesses that are taken of all those who are arrested. But she had changed greatly since those pictures had been taken.

Greatly to his surprise, Lucien, reaching his home, hot and angry, found his father waiting for him. There had been talk; it had reached Mr. Archer. And now he upbraided his son bitterly. He saw the picture.

"Good God, boy!" he said. "Do you know this woman's character?"

"I can guess what people say about her!" cried Lucien. "But that doesn't make it so, does it?"

"No, but it is so," said his father. "Have you no shame? Don't you think of—Mary?"

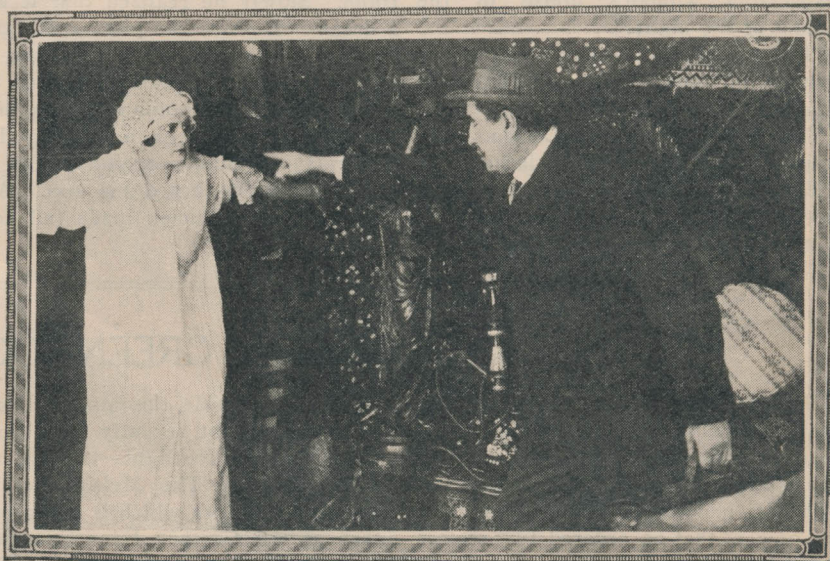
"Leave her out of this," said Lucien, angrily. "I know what I'm doing. I've a right to see something of life like other men, haven't I?"

They quarreled bitterly, furiously. For the first time Mr. Archer denied a request of Lucien's for money. They parted with more bitterness between them than had come in Lucien's whole life before. For the first time he had met opposition; for the first time he

realized that he could not have everything he wanted. Angrily he flung himself on the bed in his room. His youth asserted itself; he slept, despite the turmoil of his thoughts. But it was not a clean, true sleep. It was strangely affected by a dream. He dreamed . . .

her. And the thought of losing her was more than he could bear. She gave him a revolver, a mask and a dark-lantern. And, so equipped, he broke into his own home like a thief in the night. He went to his own room and got a bag.

Then he crept down to the library.



Her arms were spread across the door, but in a moment the officer would be in

He dreamed of another and worse quarrel with his father, in which, for Cora's sake, he was turned away from the house, told that he was disinherited. He saw himself, in his dream, going to Cora.

"You fool!" she said to him. He saw her, suddenly, as she was—rapacious, conscienceless. "Why didn't you lie? Didn't you know he wouldn't stand for me? Oh, you fool! What do you think you're going to do now? Do you think I can stand for you unless you're rich?"

He went down on his knees to her then, pleading with her. And at last, reluctantly, she listened to him.

"If you want me, if you care for me," she said, "you must get money. Listen. It will be necessary. Go back to your house. You know the combination of your father's safe. He always keeps a great sum of money there. Get it—then come back to me!"

He was horrified at first, appalled. But gradually she won him over. He saw that he must do this thing or lose

To get into the safe was easy; he did know the combination. He got the money, stuffing the great mass of bills that he found into his suitcase. And then, as he was about to leave, he was interrupted. A man sprang at him. There was a furious struggle. In the midst of it his revolver went off, and his assailant sank groaning to the floor. He did not wait to see what he had done. As quickly as might be he got out of the house and made his way to Cora's.

"There's your money!" he said, strangely. "I killed a man to get it for you!"

She screamed. "And came here—to get me mixed up with it?" she cried. "Oh, you fool!"

But she had the money. The thought of that softened her. Even when there came a heavy knocking at the door she decided to stand by him as best she could.

"Hide—in my bedroom," she said. "Quick—they're coming!"

He went into the room. He listened;

he could even look through. A detective came in.

"Hello, Cora," he said. "Hope you can clear yourself. A nasty mess! Where's your young Archer?"

"Archer? How should I know?" she asked shrilly. "Where's your warrant? What right have you coming into a respectable woman's house in the middle of the night?"

"I've got the right—don't you worry about that!" said the man. "That lad's killed his father to rob him!"

The words stunned Lucien. He gasped and cowered. His father!

Then terror clutched him, for, in a voice of triumph, the detective was

shouting: "Stand aside! He's in your room! Here's his suitcase that he took the money away in!"

Her arms were spread across the door, but in a moment the officer would be in. He raised the revolver, pressed it to his temple and—

He woke up, shivering, in his own room. Slowly he realized that it was a dream. He saw the picture of Cora. With a gesture of utter revulsion he tore it again and again. He made his way to his father's room to assure himself that it had been a dream. His father lay sleeping peacefully. But he awoke when he heard his son. And then and there Lucien made full con-

fession. He told of his dream; he told everything that had happened from the day he had first seen the temptress.

"It's bad enough, boy," said Mr. Archer, "but your dream shows you how much worse it might have been!"

Lucien never saw Cora du Ford again. She telephoned to him the next day, repenting her anger. But it was his father who answered. And what he said made Cora understand that New York was too small to hold her. She was afraid of Mr. Archer. And so Lucien went back to his Mary, understanding that the life he did not know held none of the happiness that she promised him.

FROM THE GREEN-ROOMS

Burton King, of the Universal, has been somewhat delayed, owing to the weather and the big "U" celebration, in his production of the Arabian series. The first instalment was so good that the powers-that-be ordered two-reelers instead of one-reelers.

Marc MacDermott (Edison) has just received word from London that Harold Shaw, the film actor and director, though an American by birth, has joined the cause of the Allies in becoming a private in the Twickenham Volunteers.

The producing end of the Universal Company will be greatly enriched by the addition of "The Smalleys," as the combination of Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber is known. The makers of such remarkable films as "The Hypocrites" and other masterpieces will produce a succession of three to five-reel Photoplays written by themselves or from well-known novels.

Have you noticed that the local police are well represented at Photoplay theaters which show the various episodes of Kalem's Girl Detective Series? This is due to the fact that the stories are taken from incidents which have attracted country-wide attention. "The Voice from the Taxi" is said to be the film version of a kidnapping case which baffled the police for many months.

Walker Whiteside, the famous Broadway star, has but recently been lured away from the footlights to play the leading rôle in "The Melting-Pot," a new special feature which is being produced by the Centaur Film Company, Bayonne, N. J., by the J. Cort Film Company.

In the three-part Vitagraph Broadway star feature, "Lifting the Ban of Coventry," picturized from Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady's story, permission was obtained from the War Department to film scenes at West Point Military Academy. Director Wilfrid North with Lillian Walker, Darwin Karr and other Vitagraph players, spent several days at the famous military training school and succeeded in obtaining many scenes that add interest and realism to a dramatic story.

Andy Clark, radiant as a perfect little lady, blossomed out in a girl's dress—a sort of a Buster Brown suit with lacy pantalettes—at the Edison studio for his part in the forthcoming "Snap Shots." Andy didn't relish the part, nor the banterings he received, especially when he was lifted into the baby carriage and tried to curl up his length of limb therein. Some one let in one of Andy's playmates to see the sight. He nicknamed him at once "Annie" Clark. Andy says there is a fight in store for his nicknamer.

Lloyd V. Hamilton, the Ham in Kalem's "Ham" comedies, doesn't think much of pig-chasing contests. He had to take part in one in "The Pollywogs' Picnic," and was used as a door-mat by the other contestants.

Hereafter, Julius Stern announces, Mary Fuller will be cast only in three-reel features written by famous authors. Although many well-known American authors have been signed up by the Universal, Mr. Stern, manager of the Universal Imp studios, is not in a position at present to make public their names.

Edison has released the film which they made in connection with the United States Civil Service, designed to show, through the weave of a love story, how the Civil Service holds forth great opportunities for the youth of the country. "Won Through Merit" shows Secretary McAdoo and a number of the high and honorable officials of the Civil Service Commission, who act like seasoned film fellows. Pat O'Malley and Gladys Hulette are the principals. One scene shows a novel double exposure successfully done by Horace Plimpton, Jr., camera man, with the two actors on either side telephoning to each other with a panorama of Washington in the center.



Ella Hall

Playing Ingenue Leads With the Rex Company

ELLA HALL is the ideal ingénue. She has the most childish, the most innocent, wondering expression when the part calls for it; she is full of vivacity and quick to make the most of a comedy situation, and again she can be most doleful and apparently suffer the tortures of a broken heart in serious drama.

"Yes, I went on the stage when I was a very little girl," she said. "And I am not sorry, either. I may have missed quite a lot by not going to school regularly, but I haven't discovered it yet in my work. I believe when one is to follow a profession, he or she should start young and grow up in it. Now, acting looks awfully easy. It is only those who have been at it for years who realize how difficult it is very often to act naturally or to express an emotion so that it seems genuine."

"Do you find Moving Picture acting more difficult than the stage?"

"Yes, I do," she replied, reflectively. "Dialogue is a great help. And if you get nervous and fidget with your hands or make jerky movements, it isn't so noticeable on the stage. But if you do it before the camera, it looks terrible on the film. Then, here we have to work in a very small space and at times it makes one feel cramped and awkward. It takes some time, too, to get used to doing one's very best without the applause of an audience. Any stage actor who joins the Movies misses the audience terribly at first. But like everything else, we get used to it, and, almost without exception, we prefer Moving Picture acting."

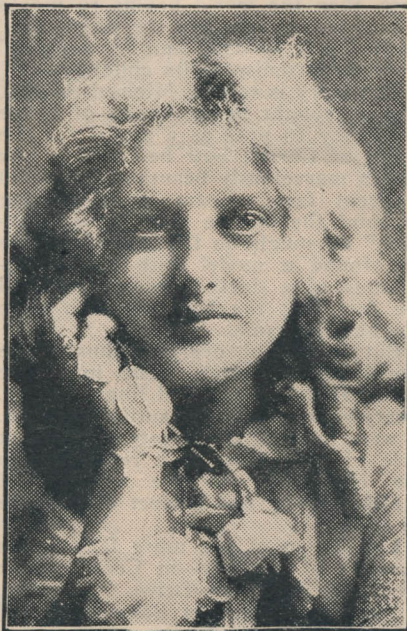
"You say you went on the stage very young; was it in the legitimate?" I asked.

"Yes, in one of Mr. Belasco's companies, 'The Grand Army Man,' in New York. Mr. Belasco picked me out to play a little girl, one of the principal parts. My next engagement was with him, too. I understudied Mary Pickford in 'The Warrens of Virginia.' Then I played with Isabel Irving in 'The Girl Who Has Everything.'"

"How did you happen to go into the picture work?"

"While I was playing with Mabel

Taliaferro, we were talking about Moving Pictures one day and she said she thought there was a future in them and that I would be a good type for the camera. I liked the idea and so did my mother; so we went to the Biograph Company to see if I could get in there. They gave me a trial and I made out all right. I staid with them two years, working under David Griffith."



Ella Hall

"Did you jump from there to the Universal out here?"

"Oh, no; from the Biograph I went to the Reliance Company. I was under James Kirkwood's direction for one year. Then I had a short engagement with Kinemacolor and another with the Bison Company under the direction of Fred J. Balshafer. After that I joined the Universal and have been with them ever since."

"Weren't you with Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley for a while?"

"Yes, I am happy to say I was. It was a wonderful experience for me. Both of them took such an interest in me and taught me so much that I feel I can't be grateful enough to them. I really don't think I should be where I am now if it hadn't been for Miss Weber's kindness and patience when things seemed difficult for me. She is a great artist and a marvelous woman, and she makes you feel that your art is the greatest thing in the world."

How thoroughly little Ella Hall has imbibed the valuable instruction and suggestions of her competent directors can be seen in her excellent work in that great serial, "The Master Key," in which she was a co-star with her present director, Robert Leonard.

Having talked unremittingly of work, I bethought me that such glowing youth must have other and lighter occupations.

"But what about your leisure hours?" I asked. "Surely you must play sometimes."

"Yes, I'm still fond of play," she replied, with a merry laugh. "I am just crazy about horseback riding and canoeing. And I am very fond of music—piano and singing. I amuse myself many an evening playing and singing."

"Do you go often to the theater?"

"Yes, quite frequently. I consider it an actor's duty—it is one form of study. And, do you know, I go oftener to see Photoplays than spoken plays."

"Can you tell me of any exciting experiences you have had?"

"Well—I have had several. One that comes to my mind first happened when we were producing 'Olaf Erickson, Boss.' Mr. Forrest and I had a scene in a canoe. We had to tip over and sink in the water. I rather enjoyed the sensation. But when we rose to the surface, we had to struggle and fight—and that part I didn't enjoy one bit. In fact, I thought I should never get out of that cold water alive. When I did, with wet hair and wet clothes sticking to me, I felt so miserable I was almost willing to give up and die. Afterward, though, when I saw the picture on the screen, I was glad I had been through it all. That's always the way—we all feel the same about it."



Photoplays for Children

By a Scenario Editor

A FIELD that is almost entirely overlooked is that of producing Photoplays for children. It is recorded somewhere that the immortal Barnum said that he would "rather please a child than a queen." A great deal of his fame was undoubtedly due to pleasing children.

There is a fundamental psychological truth underlying this matter of writing or entertaining to please the little ones. We men and women are, after all, "but children of a larger growth." Both Shakespeare and Barnum realized that "the child is father of the man."

Enshrined in the heart of every man and woman is the memory of childhood. Even as the mother can see in her big-bearded son only the baby she crooned to sleep in infancy, so in the heart of every man and woman in whom the soul is not dead, lives the child they once were.

That man or woman is indeed forlorn who cannot enter into the joys and sorrows of children. "Before ye can enter into the kingdom of heaven ye must become even as a little child." That is a text seldom expounded, for the reason that all can grasp its meaning. Whoever would "grow young," who would know real happiness, know the true meaning of life, must become as a little child.

The child, as yet unspoiled by the knowledge of good and evil, brings into this beautiful yet topsy-turvy world (made so by man's ignorance, greed and selfishness), a hint of the promised heaven beyond. Innocent, artless, trusting and loving, is it any wonder that they creep into our hearts and make of us willing slaves?

A soft little dimpled hand snuggling against your face, a little curly head nestling in confidence on your shoulder (with one hand rubbing the back of its head, a sure sign that the "sandman" is coming), and you will walk the floor softly for hours with the blessed darling in your arms and see heaven's peace reflected in its face, even as the universe is reflected in a dewdrop.

When its eyes again open after its visit to the angels, how like a rosebud unfolding its awakening. We wait for

recognition and are rewarded with smiles and prattle of mighty meaning if we but knew; but, hardened by the world, long exiled from heaven, we chatter back in meaningless jargon, pretending that we know whereof the baby talks, knowing that we are hypocrites unworthy of the blessed one's confidence.

For a while we have the child with us in all its beauty and spiritual freshness, then the world begins to mould it into an individuality too often, alas! warped and debased and far removed from the promise of its childhood.

The story is told of Michael Angelo, that he sought in the choirs of Rome for a boy to pose as a model for the youth of Christ; how he found a boy with a marvelously beautiful, pure, and innocent face. Years later, desiring to paint the picture of a "fiend incarnate," he sought in the lowest prisons and found a model with all the attributes of a devil. Inquiry revealed the fact that the boy and man were one and the same.

But 'twill not ever be thus! The world grows better. The innocence and beauty of childhood linger longer. Everywhere we find beautiful children. A walk through the streets of the East Side of New York is a revelation to the child-lover in the number of healthy, happy and perfect children to be seen.

Equally so of the more fashionable quarters of the city—in Central Park or along Riverside Drive. However, in the recent "Perfect Baby Contests" held in New York, the prizes were awarded, not to the children of millionaires, but to those in humbler spheres.

In the early days of the Moving Picture wise producers realized the value of pictures for children, and a number were produced. Among those now recalled was "The Sandman," made by Edison, which was well received; another, "The Three Teddy Bears," by the same company was very popular. Many others that might be mentioned brought out by the different companies testified to the liking for children's Photoplays.

A Photoplay that many will recall with pleasure was entitled "Bobby's

Baby," a picture for both old and young. This was produced on the coast by the old Rex Company. It was written by Lois Weber, who also assumed a leading part. A clever writer, stage director, and capable actress with magnetic personality, she knows how to reach the intelligence and the heart. Her latest masterpiece is "Hypocrites," now running at the Long Acre Theater in New York.

Those who make a study of the screen have noted that babies and children are always accorded a welcome. When a dimpled, laughing, chubby baby "comes on" it brings down the house, if it just acts natural, and of course it always does.

Photoplays for children are a "safe proposition," for they not only please the "youngsters" but invariably the "grown-ups." Melodramas have been burlesqued with children in the cast with toy "props" and effects that proved popular. The seriousness of the "kiddies" in grown-up clothes and wigs, the funny situations and bits of business, added a piquancy to the play that made it the most delightful comedy.

Fairy stories that have been produced have proven so successful from every point of view that it is a wonder that producers do not put on more of them. "Snow White," "Cinderella," "Jack, the Giant Killer," and "Puss in Boots" were all moneymakers. Fairy stories do not seem to be the style just now, however. Everything appears to run to "Society Dramas," melodramas and "Parlor Comedies."

These are all right, but we should have more variety—more trick pictures; children's Photoplays and fairy stories. Something should be considered for the "good of the business" as a whole. Trick pictures were well liked, but of course they take time and cost more. But children's Photoplays do not, and besides, they have a two-fold value in that they please young and old alike.

Writers, directors and manufacturers might learn much that is profitable by watching the children at play. They are usually born actors and mimics. Aye, and dramatic creators as well.

(Continued on page 31)

SPECIAL ARTICLES

Successful Scenario Writers

Catherine Carr



Catherine Carr

A LARGE number of women have been recruited to the ranks of the Photoplay writers and they are making their mark in this new field of endeavor.

The ideas of the gentler sex are usually of a higher order than those of men.

They have a more delicate touch, a subtler perception—a keener insight into the human emotions.

Once a woman writer becomes addicted to a habit she usually entertains very positive views on that particular subject.

They have a knack of bringing out the underlying ideas in a play, and when spurred by the proper incentives, flashes of wit and wisdom of the most brilliant kind.

In the galaxy of stars in the scenario writing firmament are many familiar names, such as Hettie Gray Baker, Margaret Bertsch and Maibelle Heikes Justice.

Woman in the drama-writing field is

no innovation, as may be attested to by the past successes of a number of brilliant playwrights for the legitimate stage who have won fame and fortune with their versatile pens.

The lady who figures in this article has won a distinction at script writing of which she may justly feel proud.

In response to our request for material upon which to base this article she kindly sent us the following notes:

Catherine Carr was born at Austin, Texas, and spent her girlhood at "Blithewood," the plantation home of her parents, near New Orleans.

She received her early education in private schools in New Orleans and then was sent to a girls' school at Washington, D. C., where she passed several years in study.

After the death of her father she and her mother lived in Washington, where she was a popular member of the Army and Navy sets.

She began her literary career as a writer of short stories, which found favor in the eyes of many magazine editors.

These stories, the form of which later won her a place among Photoplay writers, were little tales true to character and life and embodied incidents in the everyday lives of those about her.

Moving Pictures attracted her attention about three years ago and she began to send scripts to the scenario editors of several companies.

The result was an offer from the Vitagraph Company to come to New York as a special writer.

With that company she gained an enviable reputation as one who could write scenarios around the particular talents and personalities of various photoplayers.

In this way she turned out scripts in which many prominent screen stars appeared.

Her screen stories, as was the case in her magazine stories, dealt with the everyday doings of her characters, with enough of the romantic injected to make them full of heart interest.

When she had been with the Vita-

graph for two years she got an offer from the Kinetophote Corporation to take the position of scenario editor, which she accepted. She now holds the same position with the Cort Film Corporation.

She has been a very prolific writer of Moving Picture plays.

In response to our request she has furnished us with a list of a few of the stories which she has written, as follows:

"An Official Appointment"; "Her Sweetest Memory"; "The Portrait"; "Local Color"; "The Curse of the Golden Land"; "The Spirit of the Poppy"; "The Awakening of Barbara Dare"; "In the Old Attic"; "A Lucky Fraud"; "For Love of a Yellow Dog"; "Beyond the Trail"; "The Lesson of the Narrow Street"; "The Tinsel Lady"; "The Spirit of the Bayou"; "The Strange Case of John Marvale"; "The Trail of Chance."

The majority of these stories have been produced by the Vitagraph Company. "The Spirit of the Poppy," "The Span of Life" and "The Intruder" by the Kinetophote.

In answer to a question, she said:

"I consider the success of a manuscript dependent entirely upon the director. I have had a number of my scenarios beautifully done under the hands of directors of education and imagination. Much depends upon the treatment given the characters by the actors and actresses, too.

"At the present time I consider that very inferior prices are paid for good manuscripts. Novel stories and plots are so rare that I think a substantial check should accompany the acceptance of a clever story.

"The modern audience has become severely critical and demands that its mentality is not offended by inferior offerings. Personally, I have had the pleasure of submitting my plays to manufacturers who have considered the originality of the play and shown their appreciation accordingly.

"The rage at the present time of feature films will die a natural death, and clever one-, two- and three-reel pictures will be revived to the joy of many, including myself."

Moving Picture Actresses' Fashions

By AGNES KESSLER

A FINE costume shows in the accompanying photograph of Pauline Bush. This is simplicity itself and yet there is beauty in every line. Miss Bush appears in this gown, which by the way is of black satin and chiffon with a velvet bodice.

Like a glorious springtime parade were the beautiful stars at the opening in Universal City, Cal., which took place on March 15.

They were all there, commencing with Cleo Madison, Grace Cunard, Edna Maison, Anna Little, Pauline Bush and continuing right on down the line to their latest recruits, Peggy Pearce and Billie Rhodes.

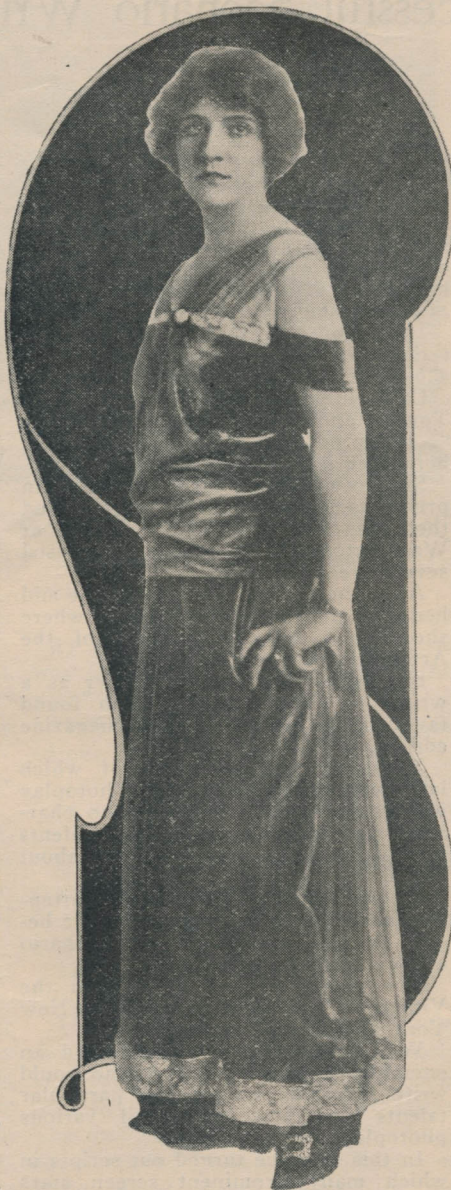
Can you imagine Victoria Forde in a taffeta of bisque color with narrow plaiting at the bottom of the skirt, adding a demure little air? Vicky, you know, designs and plans all her gowns and she is proud and happy as a peacock in this, her latest creation.

Next to her was lovely Cleo Madison in a charming spring costume. It is a black and white striped silk. The new bolero evidently appealed to her as well as the comfort of the white chiffon blouse with its long sleeves cuffed in the silk. And the pointed overskirt is most becoming. Fruit and flowers brightened the blue hat. Altogether Cleo was a picture.

Pauline Bush was a vision of loveliness in a white batiste lingerie frock, quite pretty enough to wear to any party. She dressed up the little full skirt by a checkerboard design outlined in white opaque beads, the same design appearing on the bodice. The cream Milan hat was caught in the back by a large pink bow and roses. Grace Cunard looked more attractive than ever in a gorgeous creation of cream taffeta and broadcloth. A "Wall of Troy" design in broadcloth weighted the gathered skirt and the peasant bodice of the cloth was brightened by revers and collar of yellow. The guimpe and long sleeves of chiffon made the gown comfortable even on the warm afternoon of the big party. A prune-colored Milan straw hat with yellow

and prune flowers completed this beautiful picture.

There was Anna Little, who said she stole away from the studio long enough



Pauline Bush

to buy the prettiest frock imaginable. It was a restaurant frock with which she fell in love. Bianchi brocade over the black background on which was

scattered colored designs formed the foundation for this marvelous creation. The overskirt was of blue velvet falling over a white chiffon petticoat outlined in jet and the quaint draping of the brocade in the back gave a queenly grace enhanced by the Louis Phillippe bodice with the square décolletage softened in chiffon. In your wildest dreams did you ever see such beauty?

Golden-haired little Ella Hall of "The Master Key" fame was sweeter than ever in her frock. Youthful and yet with a grace and dignity so like her demure little self it looked as though it might be designed after the drawings made during the early Italian period. The veil of tulle swathed the arms and fell into the tunic of lace. A border of the same lace showed to excellent advantage on the moyen age tunic, the back of which fell in cape-like folds. Ella was very happy and contented.

Now who ever saw Edna Maison when she wasn't looking lovely? Her wonderful dark eyes, her winning smile enhanced by a happy choice in her gowns are quite enough to turn any one's head. And she did. As usual, Miss Maison was dressed simply, but well. Her gown was of mauve taffeta de soie with a perfectly plain skirt and yet displaying all the new spring earmarks. Equally novel was the pointed girdle, the high Henry Clay collar lined in white chiffon and the unusual cuff arrangement. Then her Empress Eugenie hat of black crochet straw dotted with red and yellow and green roses was the finishing touch to an entrancing picture. It was wonderful to watch the bright eyes and happy, smiling faces of the girls in their new spring gowns, and I am sure they will wear them in the films so you, too, can see them soon.

I wish I had space to tell you how pretty Gertrude Selby, Peggy Pearce, Billie Rhodes, Vera Sisson, Marie Walcamp and all the other stars looked, but they were there and looked pretty as pictures.

Surely the Universal stars cannot be beaten for elegance of costumes.

PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS TAKE NOTICE

"MOVING PICTURE STORIES" contains the following articles on Scenario Writing. Do not fail to read them.

- No. 5. Introductory.
- No. 6. How a Scenario is Written.
- No. 7. How to Sell a Scenario.
- No. 8. Faults of Amateur Writers.
- No. 9. How to Reach the Editors.
- No. 10. Requirements of Different Companies.
- No. 11. How a Photoplay Is Staged.
- No. 12. Writing Around the Leading Players.
- No. 13. How Photoplays Are Censored.
- No. 14. The Directors and Their Work.
- No. 15. Why Some Scenarios Are Rejected.
- No. 16. What to Write.
- No. 17. The Best Points in a Good Scenario.
- No. 18. How to Get Your Scenario Accepted.
- No. 19. Moving Picture Scenery and Props.
- No. 20. How to Write a Comedy.
- No. 21. Sources of Ideas for Scenario.
- No. 22. Humorous Side of Scenario Writing.
- No. 23. Prices Paid for Scenarios.
- No. 24. How Scenarios Are Passed.
- No. 25. Dissecting a Scenario.
- No. 26. How to Write a Drama.
- No. 27. Camera Trick Work.
- No. 28. How to Get Results.
- No. 29. The Perfect Scenario.
- No. 30. The Multiple Reel.
- No. 31. Colored Moving Pictures.
- No. 32. A Model Scenario.
- No. 33. Seasonable Scenarios.
- No. 34. Feature Photoplays.
- No. 35. Amateur Writers' Errors.
- No. 36. The Scenario Market.
- No. 37. New Companies That Buy.
- No. 38. Method of Working.
- No. 39. Who the Scenario Editors Are.
- No. 40. Directors' Difficulties.
- No. 41. The Greatest Scenarios.
- No. 42. Interior and Exterior Scenery.
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- No. 45. The Scientific Value of Moving Pictures.
- No. 46. The Best Types of Plots.
- No. 47. Ideas That "Get Over."
- No. 48. How to Write a Two-Reel Scenario.
- No. 49. Working Out a Photoplay.
- No. 50. The Demand for Writers.
- No. 51. Winter Scenarios.
- No. 52. Visualizing Pictures.
- No. 53. Dialogue in Scenarios.
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- No. 77. How to Get Scenario Plots.
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- No. 86. Unworked Fields.
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- No. 88. A Play That Will Sell.
- No. 89. The Complete Scenario.
- No. 90. The Personal Touch.
- No. 91. Bringing Out Character.
- No. 92. Values from Illustrations.
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- No. 99. Freedom in Writing Scenarios.
- No. 100. Experiences in Plot Hunting.
- No. 101. One Writer's Methods.
- No. 102. The Call for Comedies.
- No. 103. The Value of Simplicity.
- No. 104. Hints on Scenarios.
- No. 105. Importance of Characters.
- No. 106. Suggestions from Scenery.
- No. 107. Present Outlook for Scenario Writers.
- No. 108. The Sensational Film.
- No. 109. Romance and Reality.
- No. 110. Plots from Newspapers.
- No. 111. Underwater Scenarios.
- No. 112. Present Standard of Features.
- No. 113. Scenario Bookkeeping.
- No. 114. Small Casts in Photoplays.
- No. 115. Stories from the Bible.
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Scenario Hints

(Continued from page 28)

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The baby mentioned in a preceding paragraph, "with a dimpled hand snuggling against your face" (and by the way, she is a little "pedigreed" flaxen, curly-haired, blue-eyed "queen of hearts") and the writer often play for hours together. She is two and a half and the writer "fifty years young."

A torn-up newspaper for snow, which is showered on her; a tin pie-plate for a sleigh; a couple of dressed clothespins for the "Royal Couple" and away we go to "make-believe land." We return to reality and "the cares that infest the day" in time for supper. But the tonic of the journey remains with the writer until perhaps a week later, when we start together for another trip—this time to more genial climes.

Next week we will tell all about Indian and Western scenarios and what is called for in that line.

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Moving Picture News

An important announcement by the Vitagraph Company is the lately re-joined Maurice Costello-Van Dyke Brooke combination, in which Mr. Costello will be seen in pictures directed by Mr. Brooke. Mr. Costello is giving up directing that he may devote all his time to the interpretation of characters.

In producing "The Second Commandment," the Kalem director in charge succeeded in securing an old-fashioned carriage which is said to have once been owned by Queen Victoria. The authenticity of this is said to be beyond question. The present owner is a resident of Jacksonville, Fla. He purchased the carriage at auction while on a visit to London.

A representative of "Moving Picture Stories" had the pleasure of a visit with the advertising department of the Universal Film Mfg. Company the other day and was shown a copy of the advertising campaign book on one of the Universal's big features, the famous Williamson Submarine Moving Pictures. The writer, being a lover of high-class advertising matter, found a great deal of pleasure in looking over this masterly advertising book. Everything is made so clear, plain and simple in this book and it is so cleverly arranged as to make booking, exhibiting and money-getting mere boys' play for exhibitors.

Judging from the many productions of the Universal Film Mfg. Company's advertising and publicity departments, and the extremely high class and character of the work, it is safe to say the Universal is miles in the lead and in a class entirely by itself in the helps and assistance offered to exhibitors through these departments.

The advertising and publicity departments have a number of big things under cover to be sprung shortly, any one of which and all of which will create nation-wide interest among all classes of exhibitors and especially among wide-awake exhibitors. Credit is due Nat G. Rothstein, advertising manager, and R. Cavanagh, his able assistant. Both of these gentlemen are old-line Chicago advertising men.

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Where the
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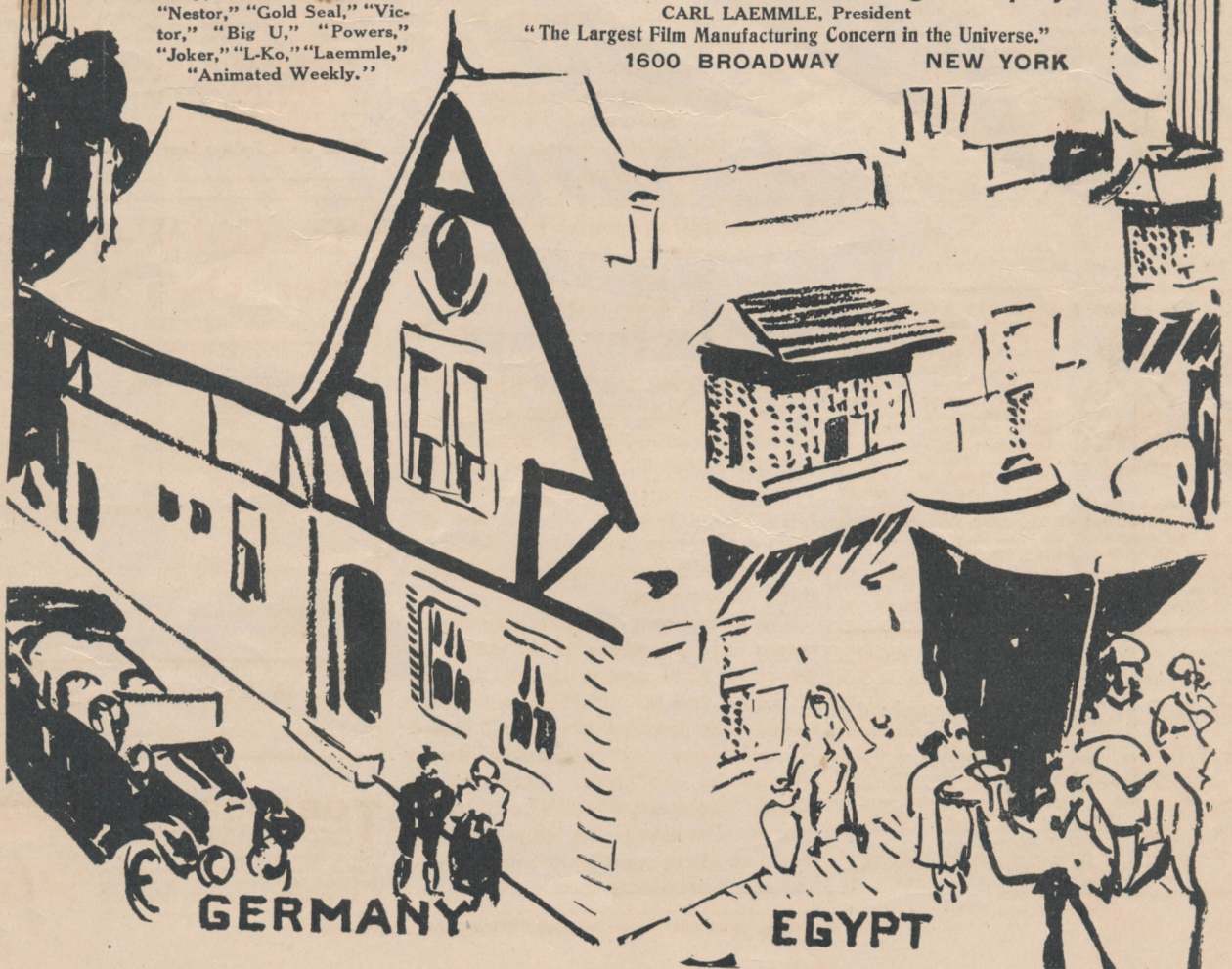
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"I have noticed that children who have chewed gum from an early age have well-developed jaws, even, regular teeth, and well filled-out faces. The chewing of gum also develops the salivary glands, which is very necessary for proper digestion at any age."
From an article in The Mother's Magazine by Walter Peet, M. D.

17 Gold Medals and 20 Diplomas

awarded in open competition with other brands prove what the pure food committees of Europe and America think of the purity and flavor of Listerated Pepsin Gum. No other gum can even approach this quality record. *Isn't this the gum you want YOUR children to chew?*

CONTAINS AROMATIC, ANTI-SEPTIC OILS IMPARTING A DELICIOUS INDIVIDUAL FLAVOR

IT COSTS THE SAME AS COMMON GUMS

1 cent per slab; 5 cents per package. Sold everywhere.

COMMON SENSE GUM COMPANY

BOSTON-NEWPORT-NEW YORK

