“Realism
In the
Movies”

The Crying Need of
The Silent Drama

This Issue Starts the
Big Campaign

Your Ideas are Urgently Needed
Crowds Come and Come!

PACKED houses is the record wherever The Million Dollar Mystery is shown. The crowds come and come! The popularity of this stupendous serial production is increasing by leaps and bounds. Episode No. 14 has just been released. The 23rd Episode will complete the story. Each episode is in two reels—released every week.

You exhibitors who have not yet booked this wonderful Thanhouser attraction may arrange bookings on all episodes by applying at once to the Syndicate Film Corporation.

THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

Story by Harold MacGrath  Scenario by Lloyd Lonergan

Thanhouser's Million Dollar Motion Picture Production

Remember, $10,000.00 will be paid for the best 100-word solution of the mystery. The Million Dollar Mystery is an independent release and may be obtained regardless of the regular program being used. More than 200 leading newspapers are now running this startling story by Harold MacGrath.

Exhibitors: Wire, write or call on the Syndicate Film Corporation representative nearest you for open booking dates.

SYNDICATE FILM CORPORATION

71 West 23rd Street, New York  Room 411, 5 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago
or Syndicate Film Corporation Representative at Any Mutual Exchange in the United States and Canada

THE THANHOUSER THREE-A-WEEK


Sunday, Sept. 27th. "The Harvest of Regrets." (1 reel.) A drama of western life featuring Morris Foster, Miss Kroell, Sidney Bracy and John Lehnberg.

THANHOUSER FILM CORPORATION, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Distributed exclusively in United States and Canada through the Mutual Film Corporation
TO give you, our readers, the best possible service and quality in mechanical and editorial make-up, with a timeliness that is not forced, a degree of excellence that will always elicit a fresh and spontaneous interest and never become wearisome, and a frequency of issue that six months of intensive and expensive pioneering in the making of magazines has shown to be best adjusted to the POPULAR interest in motion pictures, "Movie Pictorial" will hereafter be published twice a month.

The publication dates are the first and fifteenth of each month.

Every subscription will be extended so that the subscriber in each case receives the same number of copies he would have received on the weekly basis.

We are in the market for—and will pay on acceptance for—ideas, articles, stories, photographs, humorous sketches, in fact, anything with a motion picture or entertainment interest that you—as a reader of the "Movie Pictorial"—have reason to believe will be interesting to other readers.

THE EDITOR.
Read About This New Department in
The Movie Pictorial
UNDER THE TITLE OF
THE MUSIC STORY
A Department for Musical Interpretation of Moving Pictures

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL believes that the best is none too
good for the great and growing nation-wide family of moving
picture patrons; that this best means better pictures, better presenta-
tion, realism, more harmonious surroundings, and better music.

How to Make Music Tell the Story of the Films

Mr., Mrs. and Miss MOVIE PATRON
—have your senses ever been shocked by
lack of harmony between the “sense mes-
sage” of the pictures and the message of the
orchestra, organ or piano? Have you ever
realized that the beauty of a film—its sharp,
well-defined action, its glamor of romance,
its note of solemnity, its pathetic chord or
adventurous thrill, are all susceptible of
proper musical interpretation? Have you not
felt that there should be no variance between
the picture story and the music story? Have
you ever felt the jar, the positive shock, attend-
ant on improper and inartistic musical inter-
pretation? Think! Then be the more deter-
mined to enjoy the moving pictures to the
fullest, by insisting on better music—the higher
appeal of co-ordination between music and
pictures! And, for guidance, watch this new,
sparkling department in Movie Pictorial.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Music Lover
—be you movie patron or not, we are going
to open up a realm of new enjoyment for you
—open a way for a more inviting feast of the
senses; a fascinating, intense study of the
music phase of picturedom; the joy to a music
lover of following the theme of a moving
picture with its true musical interpretation.

Mr. Exhibitor
—you who are anxious and determined to
give your patrons the greatest enjoyment,
take notice that we are going to help you go
farther along the path of providing your
patrons with the greatest satisfaction possible
—the trail that leads to the general acclama-
tion that it is a treat to patronize your
theatre. We cordially warn you to watch this
new department in MOVIE PICTORIAL!

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Picture Accompanist
—you who are so necessary a factor in giving
picture patrons their full measure of enjoy-
ment, we are going to aid you in making
your music better and better, by showing you
the application of this art of musical inter-
pretation in its many wonderful ways. We
are going to assist you in playing upon the
heartstrings of your audience as you play
upon the instrument that gives forth musical
sound; music that should, and can, be in
definite and heart-thrilling harmony with
the pictures—with their altering scenes and
changing passions! You watch diligently!

To Be Edited by One Who Knows
Mabel Bishop Wilson, graduate of the Chicago Musical College, under Rudolph Ganz, the
eminent Swiss pianist, teacher, student, music-lover, who has had several years’ experience as
a picture accompanist, will conduct this department. Watch, from issue to issue. Don’t
miss a single number, because you need this new department!

Commences in Oct. 15th Issue—Watch!
An Empire's Call to Arms

By CAPTAIN W. ROBERT FORAN
(LATE OF THE BRITISH ARMY)

The Gods of War have been turned loose!
No less than seven great nations of the world are simultaneously battling for their very existence—for the peace of the world. Europe is trembling under the steady tramp of fifteen millions of soldiers; the four seas are hunted by fleets of dreadnoughts, battleships, cruisers, and destroyers; the upper air hums with the song of aircraft. It is war at $12,000,000 a day—the most stupendous struggle of all the centuries.

And above din of preparation, the rumble of advancing armies, and the constant din of shells and rifle fire—Britain's call—"Wake, up, Empire! Rally round the Motherland!" The British Lion has shaken himself, roared, and called to his young. The time has come!

Some years ago King George of England—then Prince of Wales—stirred the British Empire with his slogan—"Wake up, England!" England has now awakened, grim and resolute, to the needs of the Empire. Her kingly heart is none too large, her boast of what she will do and what she will not do. She has not lost neither poise nor her balance.

"Business as usual" greets you everywhere—but always beating the sign, dashed the Earl Kitchener's "call to arms." England knows it is her hour of need, the most crucial period in her history; but she cheers not, neither does she wring her hands. The utter self-possession of England is almost incredible—and the British Empire is as England is.

As it was in the hour of the "Black Week" in the later days of 1895, when things looked bad for England in South Africa, so it is now. The Colonies of the greatest Empire on earth have seen the Motherland's need, and the British Imperial Lion is growling to some purpose. The overseas possessions of King George are rallying round the British ensign with ever-rising enthusiasm. What need for conscription, or compulsory military service, when an Empire can so easily, quickly and readily augment the paucity of its regular standing army?

The response to Britain's call has come from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa—from Boers and British alike—from India, from Egypt and all the other portions of the globe that are marked with the scarlet of the British Empire. It is not only coming in men and ships, but also in foodstuffs, money, hospital aid, and the individual handling of the colonial situation by those on the spot. The African Colonies are capturing the German Colonies in the "Dark Continent"; New Zealand is annexing the German Pacific possessions; Australia is aiding the Eastern British fleet with her own navy; Hong Kong, and all the other British colonies in the Far East are taking a hand in the grim game of war to aid the Motherland.

Let boisterous men of a nation whose people are so determined to uphold the might and majesty of their Empire! Let them take heed of the cost of arousing a people whose women do not wail at the sacrifice demanded of them, whose very boys are taking part in the preservation of a great nation's integrity. Britain's deep-seated, firm-rooted patriotism is a thing to marvel at, to glory in and yet, perhaps, not wholly to understand. It is too deep for surface displays; yet it is there in time of need.

In Canada already more than 20,000 able-bodied veterans and trained volunteers have been enrolled in the First Canadian Army Division. At the moment of writing the Dominion has more than filled the Second Division, and men are clamoring to enlist in the third, who are being organized even in the tenth division. The first regiment has already set sail for the front—the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry, which is composed of over a thousand Boer war veterans, raised as a Canadian regiment through the personal generosity of A. Hamilton Gault of Montreal. Others will follow quickly, and keep on following as long as there is need for men and Canada has men to send. For not one of them has Canada again demonstrated her loyalty as in the Boer war. She has given her small navy to the use of the Motherland; she has contributed $5,000,000 pounds of flour; the Province of Alberta, a million bushels of oats, delivered free on the Atlantic seaboard for use of the Imperial Forces; Quebec has come forward with a free gift of four million pounds of cheese; Patrick Burns of Calgary—the "Cattle King of the Western Plains"—has offered $50,000 to assist in raising a regiment of frontiersmen; New Brunswick, Manitoba, and Calgary have each raised and equipped regiments. Another Montreal citizen has equipped a quick-firing battery at his own expense; and still other patriots have equipped two batteries of artillery. And this is only a beginning!

New Zealand has already actively taken part in the war, for she has seized Apia, of the German Samoan group of islands, from the Kaiser. In addition several magnates of the island have given shipments of foodstuffs, while the Empire Defence Fund is coming in at the rate of over $50,000 a day. The New Zealand Government has placed its naval forces at the disposal of the British admiralty, and has guaranteed to despatch an armed military force of 10,000 officers and men, to be equipped, maintained and paid for by New Zealand. They have furthermore promised to duplicate this initial force as soon as it is needed.

Australia has given her navy and promised an expeditionary force of some 20,000 men of all arms as a start, to be maintained wholly by the Commonwealth. Other contingents are following as soon as they can be raised and trained. In addition Australia has prohibited the export of any foodstuffs or cattle to any ports but those of the British Isles.

Nearly every one of the overseas colonies has offered and equipped hospital ships for service with the British navy, and are sending large contingents of Red Cross doctors and nurses. In Canada the hospital ship will be
provided by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and the necessary funds are being raised by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the British Empire in Canada and the United States, so that the ship may lack no modern scientific device or comfort.

Over these colonial troops, that famous British hero, Field Marshal Earl Roberts of Kandahar, will act as Colonel-in-chief. They could scarcely be under better command, and it will cheer the colonials to know such an honor has been done to them. Many of them served under this gallant leader when he was gaining the laurels he now wears.

Then, as if this was not sufficient evidence of an Empire's loyalty and enthusiasm in time of danger, comes the news that for the first time in the history of the British Empire, the Indian Forces are to be brought over from the East. They are unquestionably magnificent fighting troops, well-equipped, splendidly efficient, and used to the hardships of war. They have often sought the opportunity to stand shoulder to shoulder with their white comrades outside of the Indian Empire. They could not understand why they were considered fit to fight alongside of British troops in India, and not to fight beside them in the Boer war. They formed part of the China Relief Force in 1899; but in the Boer war all their enthusiastically loyal offers of service were declined. Now they are to have their chance, and to be placed on an equal footing with Tommy Atkins. That they will more than justify their selection to fill the gaps in the British forces, there can be no question. No man who has seen service in war alongside of the Sikhs, Pathans, Rajputs, Punjabis, Afghils, the famous Corps of Guides, the Bengal Lancers, Baluchis, the Risaliks, and last—but by no means least—the world-famous, sturdy Ghorkas, can doubt for one single moment that they are loyal and superb soldiers. Sikhs, Brahmins, Mohammedans, Buddhists—all have forgotten caste and religion in the common cause of the Empire's need. It is, to say the least of it, a monument to Britain's just and able rule over her Indian subjects that fifty-seven years after the ghastly Mutiny, the Indian sepoys and sewaris have pleased to be utilised in her defence.

All the native rulers have set a noble example of patriotism by offering spontaneously all the military and financial resources of their kingdoms to the British government. Such whole-hearted, and possibly unexpected, generosity must stir all British men and women. It is a complete and irrefutable vindication of her humanity and civilization and of the justice of her rule. The mere fact that some of the Indian princes have made a gift of $5,000,000 for the use of the troops in the field speaks for itself. But the generosity does not stop there. Other lesser potentates have come forward with donations in keeping with their exchequers. The Indian Empire has set aside today all thoughts of religious, political and other differences to unite in one common cause—that of the British Empire's safety.

Now, having seen what the children of the Empire are doing, it is more than interesting to see what the Motherland is accomplishing. On every hand the men, calm deliberate minds in England are urging upon the public the necessity of looking the crisis straight in the eye and rising to the occasion. The British public scarcely needed this urging; it is fully alive to the need. It has realized that victory can only come through the sacrifice of many men. It is prepared to make this sacrifice without a murmur. Great Britain is by no means at the end of her resources. So far her army in the field is only a portion of her home force; she has as many or more regular troops again—in the British Isles. Overseas in foreign service she has as many or more regular troops as she has at home. Then there are the special reserve (famously called the Militia,) the territorials, the Colonials, the Indian army, the various African and other native armed forces, the Egyptians and the Sudanese, the volunteers—and now the new army, Kitchener's army.

Of all the nations at war, Great Britain can alone keep on bringing new men into the field—and she is ready to do it. As fast as they can be trained they will be sent forward to the firing line; others will relieve them continually; and in the end she will have more than two million fighting men in the field. At the rate of the present harvest of death among the Germans, the struggle must eventually come down to one of numerical strength. England can keep up this army of over one and a half million men for two years. Moreover, in his deliberate and businesslike statement on the situation, has said that the struggle will continue for three years at least. The British Empire and the flower of her manhood is ready for the ordeal and does not flinch; she is possessed by only one idea, the idea of ultimately wearing out and crushing German militarism—the menace of Europe.

The first call to the nation was for Kitchener's new army of 100,000. The answer must have been a surprise to the world, for 27,000 answered the call within twenty-four hours. The men are being enlisted for three years or for the duration of the war, and the response has been spontaneous and instant. Not only has a new army of six division been raised in a day, but all the special reserve regiments and all the Territorials have volunteered their services.

Once more the call has been sounded, "More men wanted!" and the answer has been just as surprising. And while the men are rushing to the colors to take up arms for the Motherland in the time of her great emergency and danger, patriotic employers all over the British Isles are cooperating extensively. One of the largest carriage works in England has donated the special equipment of a battery of heavy field-guns; a huge biscuit manufacturing company, instead of dismissing its 14,000 girl factory hands on account of the stoppage of the export trade, has turned these 14,000 women into garment-makers for the soldiers and their families left at home—the firm supplying in addition all the material and bearing all the expense; practically all the other large firms in the British Isles have undertaken to look after the families of those of their employees who have gone to the front. The large colliery firms have donated over 350,000 tons of coal for the relief of suffering families left bereft of support by the war.

The Prince of Wales' National Relief fund has already exceeded $10,000,000 and is steadily growing larger, even the poor people donating their miles to swell the total. From every hand come offers of fully-equipped hospitals and hospital ships, the use of historic mansions and houses for the sick and wounded. Most of these offers include the expense of maintenance and equipment, as well as personal service.

The quiet but determined rush to enlist in Kitchener's second army remains unabated. The "fine flower" of the country is responding to the call in a steady stream and so it is passed on, the enlistment board goes forth into the parks and squares to be drilled in its civilian dress by khaki-clad sergeants of the regulars. In physique and spirit these men are the equals of the first. This new army now bearing the brunt of the German attack in France. They can be depended upon to shed the last drop of their blood in the defence of the Empire. They are saturated by the same slogan, adopted by their comrades in arms in France—"Are we downhearted? No-o-o-o-o! Shall we win? Yes-ee-ee-ee!" They are keen, silent and determined.

And the women? They are silent and dry-eyed, too. The declaration

[Image 0x0 to 355x494]
of war meant desolation to most of them. Instead of crying and wringing their hands, they set their husbands, fathers, brothers and sweethearts to the nation's aid. They encouraged the men to smile; and they set to work to help the Empire in their own way—a woman's way. What they spoke to their souls only God heard.

The women forming into regiments of their own, stubborn and adamantine in their calm. Those who are too old to serve, or incapacitated through reasons of health—the rich and the poor alike—all are doing their bit for Empire. If they can't actively serve the colors, they are devoting the time and care of the aged and the neglected families of the soldiers; if the ranks of the keepers of law and order are called to the front, then actors, doctors and others take their place as policemen. Everyone is doing something for the cause; and God help the man who is not. Recognizing the need for more men, always more men, Lord Roberts and most of the cabinet ministers are rushing round the country addressing mass meetings and urging the need of service upon the people. But that the latter do not require much urging as is evidenced by the magnificent response to the first two "calls to arms."

As Lord Roberts said at one of these meetings, "The woman must not stand in the light of their sons' and husbands' duty." That is the keynote of the whole situation—women must feel that their husbands must personally sacrifice the lives of their sons. England is engaged in a life and death struggle, for defeat would mean shame, ruin and the death of the man who does not fight, or does not do his share in the time of great national need, will never be able to hold up his national honor.

And then the Boy Scouts! At last they have fully justified their organization and are being enormously useful. They have come forward to a boy and are undertaking what is ordinarily a man's work. They are not being found wanting.

But the greatest surprise of all to England, and most probably to Germany, lies in the fact that disunited Ireland is once more united in the common cause of Empire. The first offer of service came from Ulster, which unconditionally placed 20,000 armed men and machine guns at the service of the War Office. Their generous offer was no sooner made than the Irish Nationalists' Volunteers performed a like praiseworthy and generous act. All differences on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland have been laid as long as the National danger exists.

The British Empire is a queer thing, difficult of understanding by the outsider. In times of peace the integral parts of it appear ready to spring at each other's throats; but in war, what a change! "I won't take back a single harsh thing I ever said against you," says Ireland stubbornly, "but for the love of Mike O'Flannigan show me the despicable enemy that I may lick him for you." And so the round of the story goes, round the quarter of the earth which is the British Empire.

"Count on us to the limit, Motherland," the whole Empire calls with a sincerely loyal heart. But she does not rest at the shaking of her sentiments; she has acted.

Movies and the Spoken Drama

O

NE OF the first legitimate directors to abandon the theatre for the studio was Cecil B. De Mille, who, one year ago, after fifteen years of activity in the spoken drama, became associated on general with the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company.

When asked why he had forsaken the spoken drama, De Mille replied, "I've always been interested in the theatrical production with the motion picture. In the comparison the legitimate suffers. "The playgoer," says De Mille, "is so much richer than that of the legitimate. We do things instead of acting them. When a big effect is necessary, such as the burning of a ship, blowing up a mine, wrecking a train, we do not have to resort to trickery—we do it. If it is necessary to burn a house to gain atmospheric effect, we do not employ the time honored lycopodium torches. We buy the house and burn it. We do not have stage firemen with ill fitting uniforms; we engage the fire department. We secure a battalion of firemen and have the present performance mobbed in restraint, and if necessary for the effect we call out the National Guard.

"But the greatest struggle to stage in the legitimate we have to sort out the 'business' that the actors participating would not be in any way injured, as the struggle would have to be portrayed each night and at matinees. In the photoplay struggle, where the battle is fought once, the record is real, and aside from the victory being assured, the fight rings true.

"In the play, set, each actor and actress engaged with a view to fidelity to race or type to be portrayed. Every characteristic of a race must be preserved. In the case of 'The Call of the North,' eighteen Tiger tribe Indians were used. Los Angeles abounds in Indians, but the type did not fit the part, so, and Stuart Edward White journeyed to Canada, procured a Dominion permit and brought the Indians all the way to Hollywood.

"Dramatic expression can better be brought out on the screen than on the boards. This is due to the long explanation to which the dramatist is frequently required to resort, which is shown on the screen in action. For instance, in 'The Call of the North' Ned tells how he rescued Pecard from the deadly bear trap. If the peasant Ned is seen tramped and helpless, and the vivid scene of his being rescued forms a base portion of the plot. It is shown in the drama a long verbal explanation was necessary.

"If the star of a play is feeling ill his performance on the night is inferior to that on the preceding. This is of course eliminated in the screen play.

"In 'The Virginian' we need a deep water hole in a certain river, which upon investigation proved too shallow for our purpose. It was intended to have a stage cross, plunge into the hole and become fast in the mire. Being eighty miles from a railroad or habitation the question how to create a water hole was overcome by the cowboys stripping to the hips, making harness of their lariats and using the bowl of the camp stove. Within two hours a hole six feet deep and twenty-five feet square was made, and the scene taken with the coach submerged to the roof.

"Each actor gets a lecture once a day on the knowledge of chemistry and photography, and unless the applicant for position possesses a fair knowledge of the rudiments of the art of acting his or her application is not even considered. The same construction is used in writing scenarios as that used in the manuscript of a play. Lighting effects are easier than on the stage, for we use the moon and the sun for the required tones.

"Some idea of the extent we go to to secure just the atmosphere can be got from the following incident:"

"In the third reel of 'The Call of the North,' Virginia sends her father a plug of tobacco for Christmas. After the scene was made Stuart Edward White suddenly remembered that paper was the cheapest commodity in the Dog River district and that no one would think even for an instant of using a piece of precious paper to wrap a plug of tobacco, so the scene was retaken and the tobacco delivered in its native wrapping only.

"Wifred Buckland, our artistic director, assembles the various working crews (sixty men and women) and talks to them on art and stage dressing and the influence of stage properties on the mind. Before an artist is used in a production there are posed before 100 feet of film in every possible position, and unless they 'screen' well they are not used.

"Directors are required to go further into details in the screen production than the legitimate, for nothing escapes the camera eye, while the average theatre patron, wrapped in its dialogic action, will overlook an occasional scene or property error, but not so the movie patron, for he is as keen for detail as the producer."

Realism

IN the taking of an Esclair picture, the scenario called for a piece of business wherein a sheriff's posse had pursued three Mexicans to the edge of a dangerous cliff and, on the threat of dropping a huge boulder on them, forced them to surrender.

The scene was rehearsed two or three times and the boulder in question, which took two men to handle, was rolled into place and stopped in its descent just as the Mexicans agreed to surrender. The third time, which meant the actual taking of the picture, when the Esclair artists go to this part of the scene, the boulder slipped and the picture plainly shows that it was caught in mid-air and held by the projecting pieces of rock which jutted out from a crevice in the cliffs; otherwise at least one of the actor's lives would have been forfeited by the crashing down upon them of the huge piece of rock.
ONE of the most unique features in the world of art is the property room of a big motion picture studio. Dickens' description of the "Old Curiosity Shop" barely suggests this astonishing place. The property rooms of the large manufacturers of films would furnish many such curiosity shops.

There is hardly anything in the discard that is not welcome in the property room. A broken vase may lie on the top shelf for years until a broken vase is required in a photoplay scene, and "props" has got it. If he had not, it would take a half day for one of his assistants to go out and find one. The master of properties and the "props" are valuable acquisitions in the success or failure of a feature film production. He is the one responsible for the "properties" called for by the motion picture play director. If a Civil War drama is to be staged, the master of properties must bring forth uniforms and arms of the period of '61-'65, and the sort of furniture and the pictures that graced the rooms of the Virginia homes are "befo' th' war." All must be correct, and must be delivered expeditiously and without friction.

James Coristine is the Master of Properties for the Lubin Film Manufacturing Co. of Philadelphia. He is in complete charge of and responsible for the Old Curiosity Shop that would be worthless in any other industrial branch, but which cost a fortune to gather in order that the silent drama may be enriched.

Polyscope Company in Chicago is filled to overflowing with the materials for setting any and every sort of exterior; huge pillars of papier mache, fronts of dwellings, of stores, of hotels, dilapidated houses, log cabins. There are vehicles of every description from a luxurious limousine car to a prairie schooner; there is a fire engine, hook and ladder, box-cart—a complete fire department; and there is even a big cement pond, on the edge of which any sort of shore scenery can be set up, with property boats that sink, or break in two, or float or do any other stunt required of them. This cast is used less and less frequently as it is usually easier to ship the company to the scenery instead of bringing the scenery to the company.

Many of the Pacific Coast studios have mammoth property rooms, as have the Vitagraph, Edison, Biograph and other eastern concerns.

To inventory the Lubin property room would take up pages and pages of this magazine. There are, for instance, weapons of every age, from the cross-bows of the time of William Tell, and the carbines and Blunderbusses of Cromwell's period, down to the graceful and wonderful modern guns evolved by Messrs. Colt and Smith and Wesson. There are rapiers that have crossed and althithered in many an ancient tavern brawl. You may find a scarlet that has hung across the thighs of a Mamaluke, or a cutlass from the deck of a frigate. In the "props" you may also find kitchen stoves of latest design, as well as the andirons, cranes, pot-hooks and kettle for equipping a property fireplace of 1776. You will find, too, every kind of clock that was ever made, from a Jacobean grandfather's clock to a baby Ben alarm. Some of the clocks are very valuable; one particularly magnificent clock, I know, is worth $4,000.

And the furniture to be found in the Lubin "props" departament would delight the eye of the most carping collector! There is furniture—genuine, too—of the periods of Louis IV, Louis XV and XVI. There are carboys of the Revolutionary period in American history, and old buffets which in past years have graced the homes of many a grand Colonial dame. You will find all the furnishings for a twentieth century millionaire's drawing room rubbing elbows with the primitive benches and tables of a peasant's hut; or the simple necessities for a little Japanese lady's boudoir.

And the Master of Properties is no small factor in the success or failure of a feature film production. He is the one responsible for the "properties" called for by the motion picture play director. If a Civil War drama is to be staged, the master of properties must bring forth uniforms and arms of the period of '61-'65, and the sort of furniture and the pictures that graced the rooms of the Virginia homes are "befo' th' war." All must be correct, and must be delivered expeditiously and without friction.

James Coristine is the Master of Properties for the Lubin Film Manufacturing Co. of Philadelphia. He is in complete charge of and responsible for the Old Curiosity Shop that would be worthless in any other industrial branch, but which cost a fortune to gather in order that the silent drama may be enriched.

Polyscope Company in Chicago is filled to overflowing with the materials for setting any and every sort of exterior; huge pillars of papier mache, fronts of dwellings, of stores, of hotels, dilapidated houses, log cabins. There are vehicles of every description from a luxurious limousine car to a prairie schooner; there is a fire engine, hook and ladder, box-cart—a complete fire department; and there is even a big cement pond, on the edge of which any sort of shore scenery can be set up, with property boats that sink, or break in two, or float or do any other stunt required of them. This cast is used less and less frequently as it is usually easier to ship the company to the scenery instead of bringing the scenery to the company.

Many of the Pacific Coast studios have mammoth property rooms, as have the Vitagraph, Edison, Biograph and other eastern concerns.

To inventory the Lubin property room would take up pages and pages of this magazine. There are, for instance, weapons of every age, from the cross-bows of the time of William Tell, and the carbines and Blunderbusses of Cromwell's period, down to the graceful and wonderful modern guns evolved by Messrs. Colt and Smith and Wesson. There are rapiers that have crossed and althithered in many an ancient tavern brawl. You may find a scarlet that has hung across the thighs of a Mamaluke, or a cutlass from the deck of a frigate. In the "props" you may also find kitchen stoves of latest design, as well as the andirons, cranes, pot-hooks and kettle for equipping a property fireplace of 1776. You will find, too, every kind of clock that was ever made, from a Jacobean grandfather's clock to a baby Ben alarm. Some of the clocks are very valuable; one particularly magnificent clock, I know, is worth $4,000.

And the furniture to be found in the Lubin "props" departament would delight the eye of the most carping collector! There is furniture—genuine, too—of the periods of Louis IV, Louis XV and XVI. There are carboys of the Revolutionary period in American history, and old buffets which in past years have graced the homes of many a grand Colonial dame. You will find all the furnishings for a twentieth century millionaire's drawing room rubbing elbows with the primitive benches and tables of a peasant's hut; or the simple necessities for a little Japanese lady's boudoir.

And the Master of Properties is no small factor in the success or failure of a feature film production. He is the one responsible for the "properties" called for by the motion picture play director. If a Civil War drama is to be staged, the master of properties must bring forth uniforms and arms of the period of '61-'65, and the sort of furniture and the pictures that graced the rooms of the Virginia homes are "befo' th' war." All must be correct, and must be delivered expeditiously and without friction.

James Coristine is the Master of Properties for the Lubin Film Manufacturing Co. of Philadelphia. He is in complete charge of and responsible for the Old Curiosity Shop that would be worthless in any other industrial branch, but which cost a fortune to gather in order that the silent drama may be enriched.

Polyscope Company in Chicago is filled to overflowing with the materials for setting any and every sort of exterior; huge pillars of papier mache, fronts of dwellings, of stores, of hotels, dilapidated houses, log cabins. There are vehicles of every description from a luxurious limousine car to a prairie schooner; there is a fire engine, hook and ladder, box-cart—a complete fire department; and there is even a big cement pond, on the edge of which any sort of shore scenery can be set up, with property boats that sink, or break in two, or float or do any other stunt required of them. This cast is used less and less frequently as it is usually easier to ship the company to the scenery instead of bringing the scenery to the company.

Many of the Pacific Coast studios have mammoth property rooms, as have the Vitagraph, Edison, Biograph and other eastern concerns.

To inventory the Lubin property room would take up pages and pages of this magazine. There are, for instance, weapons of every age, from the cross-bows of the time of William Tell, and the carbines and Blunderbusses of Cromwell's period, down to the graceful and wonderful modern guns evolved by Messrs. Colt and Smith and Wesson. There are rapiers that have crossed and althithered in many an ancient tavern brawl. You may find a scarlet that has hung across the thighs of a Mamaluke, or a cutlass from the deck of a frigate. In the "props" you may also find kitchen stoves of latest design, as well as the andirons, cranes, pot-hooks and kettle for equipping a property fireplace of 1776. You will find, too, every kind of clock that was ever made, from a Jacobean grandfather's clock to a baby Ben alarm. Some of the clocks are very valuable; one particularly magnificent clock, I know, is worth $4,000.

And the furniture to be found in the Lubin "props" departament would delight the eye of the most carping collector! There is furniture—genuine, too—of the periods of Louis IV, Louis XV and XVI. There are carboys of the Revolutionary period in American history, and old buffets which in past years have graced the homes of many a grand Colonial dame. You will find all the furnishings for a twentieth century millionaire's drawing room rubbing elbows with the primitive benches and tables of a peasant's hut; or the simple necessities for a little Japanese lady's boudoir.

And the Master of Properties is no small factor in the success or failure of a feature film production. He is the one responsible for the "properties" called for by the motion picture play director. If a Civil War drama is to be staged, the master of properties must bring forth uniforms and arms of the period of '61-'65, and the sort of furniture and the pictures that graced the rooms of the Virginia homes are "befo' th' war." All must be correct, and must be delivered expeditiously and without friction.

James Coristine is the Master of Properties for the Lubin Film Manufacturing Co. of Philadelphia. He is in complete charge of and responsible for the Old Curiosity Shop that would be worthless in any other industrial branch, but which cost a fortune to gather in order that the silent drama may
be correctly produced. Mr. Coristine, as is all Masters of Properties, is an important factotum at Bentwood. He says this about his work:

"The head property man is a 'somebody,' often an autocrat. He will set the scene that the plot calls for and will often surprise the Director with, for instance, a perfect butcher shop having real 'for-sure' meats, or a section of a department store with a thousand dollars worth of the latest fabrics. The men in the Property Department must be butchers and bakers and candlestick makers. If something turns up that is not in the studio prop list, it is up to the property man and his aides to find it or to manufacture it, and they do both. They rarely 'fall down' on an order. 'Props' is one of the most valuable aids to the manager of the studio, who sometimes is half crazy with the problem of filling the requirements for a photoplay scene. The property department is called upon and very soon harmony is brought out of chaos. The most troublesome thing called for may be a church of solid gold, but 'props' quietly remarks that he has just the one wanted in his room and the studio manager gives a sigh of relief and inwardly resolves that 'props' is a wonder and his property room a treasure shop."

The masters of properties in the various film studios do not get credit on film, poster or in the magazines, but nevertheless many a film production of unusual merit would have been a pitiful thing indeed if it hadn't been for the "props" manufactured, begged or borrowed so enthusiastically by the Master of Properties and his fellow artists.

Artists? Certainly, "props" and his good men and true, are artists. It is they who set the scenes, and if they can't buy what they need they make it, whether it's a bit of statuary or a gothic cathedral. And to do this they have to be real artists!

Abduction of Annette Kellermann

MANAGER HARMHEYER of the Fine Arts Theatre, Chicago, says he is getting gray-headed because "somebody is always stealing Annette Kellermann." The abduction of this graceful and shape-ly Diana of the waves is accomplished through her striking photographs.

Manager Harmeyer nailed down the fascinating reproductions of Annette's perfect form in the lobby display frame and the big brass-headed nails convey a sense of irremovable security to the beautiful photos. Nevertheless every few days some rash and fervent admirer of Neptune's Daughter's seductive configurations steals silently and quietly up to the display frame in a moment of fleeting solitude and dexterously removes Annette Kellermann from the board to a more private sanctuary of worship.

It is a historic fiction among masculine romancers that ladies love to be snatched, seduced and violently abducted by a love-struck male, and perhaps the next best thing to the personal experience of this beatific violence is to have it done to your photographs. And so Miss Kellermann may thank both her maker and the Camera Man that she enjoys by proxy the highest feminine ecstasy in being Lechinned in the 20th Century at the Fine Arts Theatre.
J. R. Walling—
Movie Magnate
XI—The Adventures of the Red Sevens

By RICHARD J. HENDERSON

THE SPIRIT of scheming was upon Jack Walling like a hound on the scent of a fox. Financial events had swung around in his direction sufficiently to give him a breathing spell. For the first time in months, he sat before his own hearth, with the fire sputtering as the flames climbed the maple logs. One of the sources of Jack's satisfaction was that Dolly was not being bombarded by suitors. Leastwise, he was convinced this was the case, because Bobby had been stricken with scarlet fever, and had arrived at the "peeling" stage, with sister Dolly in quarantine. Dolly needed the fire from her own hearth, the difference of a admiral could call up by 'phone, but Miss Ewing's disposition was such that even a voice from outer world was a challenge to her— and the conversation was of fleeting duration. Momentarily Walling was contented. However, his intellect demanded action, and his cerebral activities took the form of planning and plotting.

Kamurakanodaka—Kam for short—the recently acquired Nipponese valet, who wouldn't eat sauerkraut or frankfurters because they were too much like his food; he licked on his steed beside the cracking logs. Kam was dreaming of an almond-eyed maid somewhere across the mighty Pacific, and his peaceful countenance soothed Jack immeasurably; and poor Dolly Ewing's enforced stay-at-home.

"As much expression as a June-bug," Walling chuckled, viewing the solidly placid face of Kam. "They can think of angels or devils and never put a wrinkle in their strange manner.

Suddenly a tongue of flame licked up the bark of a log, like a lizard on a rock. It caught the inflammable material and flaring the trail of least resistance, assumed the outlines of the numeral 7. Thrice it did this, and Jack's imaginative eyes became large.

"Kam!" he called softly. One oriental orb opened and gazed curiously at Walling. Then the other vision-skater expanded, and the Jap was awake. "When the fire forms the figure 7 and does that three times, what does it signify?"

In replying, Kam did not say, "The honorable seven," or anything else immortalized by his "school-boy" relatives. Kam was a Yale graduate—and generally carried a Yale-lock on his secretory jaw. For reasons best known to himself, he was in the hire of Walling, whom he adored next to Buddha—possibly above that dignity of the asking.

"Scientifically speaking," Kam yawned wearily, "I would suggest that the bark that had reached the point of combustion first had been fashioned in the form of a seven. However, settling aside science, which is sometimes irksome, I had almost prophesied that it portended great good fortune. To be honest, master, if there is anything I'd rather see than seven, repeated thrice, it is a maiden in far-away Nippon. Even a little brown man can feel the love-germ!" Kam sighed, and Walling rubbed his hands, because for once his own adorable lady was held fast by the law!

The 'phone summoned the valet, and he answered indifferently. Then he motioned to Walling, who stumbled over to the small table in the corner of his library as though time itself were on a holiday. "Yes," he drawled dreamily. But the lethargy departed at what he heard afterward.

"What's that, Mrs. Ewing? Dolly gone? Im-
posible! Broke her quarantine and is out with a man? Good heavens! Gone since noon? Woe is me— and us!"

Around the corners of Kam's mask, immobile mouth, there was the flicker of a smile. He knew. Where a fellow gets to gloat that over a girl, and is quite

You Indeed," Jack replied. "It Would Be Funny If We Started a Romance"

if you weren't afraid of scarlet fever, you'd come over to see me, and get quarantined here, too." Then, while Jack sought to quiet her incessant hysteria, she hung up the receiver.

He was peevish slightly, but relieved beyond computation. His measure of relief more than offset his mental turmoil—and Kam, divining the processes of thought vs. emotion, because he had been through it himself, smiled again in his inescutiable way.

All of which led Walling back to the figure 7. As they say in fiction, theron hangs a tale.

It was weeks later when Chicagoans, trundling on surface cars and elevated trains, tried to blink the ever-present, obscuring 7 from their sight. It was always a glaring red 7—sometimes taking up a 2-sheet stand, again as a street car card, or smeared in limitless quantities on fences, garages, sides of stores and wherever full-sheet and half-sheet posters could be pasted.

They read it in newspaper columns. It was printed on menu-cards at cafes—that ever-faunting 7 that was driving bookkeepers to distraction. Did a business man play with a pencil, he started to write rows of 7's. If a housewife called a "phone number, she asked for something starting with seven. The beginning and end of Arabic configuration was—7!

This infernally persistent monster had received its birth in the wandering flames of a grate that traced their way across the surface of innocent maple logs. While it endured, it was Chicago's enigma; also the city's newest madness.
School children took up the idea and spread it on sidewalks and benches. Now and then an inscription accompanied the numeral, such as, "What de duce is it?" But in any "teaser" advertising scheme, there is always a danger point. The greatest wonder can soon lose its force, and does forfeit its power as soon as the community begins to suspect it and takes it for granted. That means that the advertising value of a "teaser" idea must be utilized at the proper moment if it.

After two solid weeks of this provoker of curiosity and wrath, the bill-boards and street cars gave up and newspaper announcements went to stage-three-the legend that now appeared was this:

7

The 7 Mysteries of the Mullah

Who or what was "the Mullah"—a cigarette—a cigar—a new breakfast fodder—a politician—or what? Then the minds of the multitudes were all set on all over, seek to assimilate this most recent assault of the mystique 7. That it belonged to the original 7 was apparent. Annum was the same style of numeral, occupying the same relative position on the bill-boards. Although white was sending the greatest flood, but the mere use of black and white was sometimes sufficient to get it up and taken.

For all that, nobody missed seeing the seven motorcyclists garbed in oriental robes, with black beads on their breasts.

On the back and breast of each robed was—7.

All these "Mullahs" had to do was dart hither and thither, to tick their flaxen hair, and add to the insonmia of a great city, by virtue of their association with the mystic characters that had been on the nerves of Chico
gaco these several weeks.

After about ten days of this second step in the "progressive unholdment publicity plan," as Jack Walling christened it, the third step manifested itself.

The announcements now read:

7

The 7 Mysteries of the Mullah

Movie Houses
7 Days a Week
Announcement in the 7 Newspapers—

At any rate, Jack Walling was discriminat ing. He was impartial when it came to newspaper. Because a speech had been rosted by the press, he is far-seeing in dealing with editors. That explains why, in different bill-board advertising, each word was given first and last place in turn. People were a lot that it makes calsed that their possessors refused to look for the newspaper announcements or refrained from reading them once they were found. Just what the ad vertisers get at it is may be interesting in passing. Anything that could raise life in the great game of the movies should be gripping, because the ordinary exhibits in the room believe that he is cramped for ways and means, whereas, he hasn't passed through the front gate. Jack Walling says so, and Jack borrowed his ideas from the mighty business of advertising, which is still an infant, but so healthy a lot that it makes ordinary giants look knee-high. This, at

any rate, was the first flaring announcement:

The 7 Mysteries of the Mullah!
No. 1 is up and is entitled:
The Mystery of the Mullah's $500 Reward for the Return of the Sapphire! For full facts, apply at the box offices of the following theaters in Chicago, after the names of which are the release dates.

This announcement appeared on Sunday, and the balance of the week, the ads were based on the $500 reward.

The idea—plot—motif—of the Mullah's adventures, rested on this foundation-rock. In the first mystery, a sapphire played the important part. This sapphire vanished—and it was hidden somewhere in Chicago. The Mullah himself told just where it was hidden. He stood face-forward on the screen and said it. That was the cue for the defaumaters. However, Mr. Walling had neglected to mention that the Mullah's language was not English! Nor was it German, French or any of the other popular tongues. It was not Greek, Latin, Sanscrit or Indian. It was sign language. Every mute who watched the Mullah, swore that he said, "Seven, seven, seven;" then paused and said, "Seven, seven." That was English, right enough, but it was a symbol language. It was a sort of code message—"Seven; Seventy-seventh street! For the time we shall pass it by, because the sapphire has long since been found and the reward was given. A girl of seventeen years solved it, which proves that we are always looking for very difficult things, and overlooking the simple affairs.

Each "Mullah" picture carried its reward. It was always based on finding something—or, more properly, some cheap article that symbolized something of greater value. But invariably the numeral 7 entered into it. Sometimes it was three sevens, again seven sevens—but 7 was the key. The person who was sure he or she had won was to go to whatever place seemed to be correct, and demand in this manner—"I am the lucky Mullah—give me seven!

It sounded simple enough, and anybody who needs five hundred dollars will say things more foolish than that to get it. But a girl and women have married one another for less likely baity.

At the end of seven weeks, the unclaimed rewards amounted to seven thousand $500 or $1,500, and Chicago was rapidly classifying Walling as a heartless grafter.

"Jack, I think it's time to play a joke like that on a whole city full of innocent per sons," Dolly complained one day.

"But I haven't played a trick on anybody," Walling insisted, and a little of his common sense.

"True, there isn't so much profit in it for us with those rewards to pay, but think of it. It will make news next production. Say, that little Japanese actress is just what we've been looking for. They have such sad faces—their passive dessaunches—"

Kam was coming towards them, so Walling ceased his levity. The Jap valet seemed to be wantonly happy. In truth, he had just viewed an exhibition of the new production and the appearance of the little Jap maiden had stirred some new madness in his heart. But what it was, Kam didn't purport to tell.

"Wouldn't it be funny if we had started a romance," Dolly mused, as she watched Kam go to remove an exaggerated gay ness to his jaunty swing.

"Yes, indeed," Jack replied, "it would be funny if we started a romance. And once, she had done, Dolly—" and Walling's voice was husky and purposeful.

"Oh!" Miss Ewing interrupted, "I've been forgetting all about my dressmaker... Good-bye, Jack; I'll see you to-morrow."

Walling gloomed after her. How did Dolly always know beforehand that he was about to make love to her? After all, wasn't his own expression more obvious than that of the Jap? He guiled hard and essayed a feeble smile, but it hurt the corners of his mouth.

That night, Walling was sitting in his apartment, because he was heavy of heart. He refer red not to be obliged to parade his forced smiles among his friends, because every last one of them would know that Dolly was his. Everybody knew it! His romance was an open secret.

"There are more letters regarding the rewards," Kam stated anxiously, as he helped Walling off with his outer clothing and into his smoking jacket. Walling nodded.

"Mr. Walling has made it too difficult, I fear," and Kam stood at attention. Jack scowled.

"No!" Dolly interrupted. "Mr. Walling has made it too difficult, I fear." In the first of the series, the Mullah said 'seven' three times and paused; then he spoke 'seven' twice. It's easy. In the second production, the Mullah wrote 'seven' four times—and then wrote the same number four times more. Besides, for fear I might die with a blackened name, remember that the answers are all in the safe."

Kam bowed. He was evidently relieved.

That night, Walling slept soundly—so very soundly that Kam awoke him with difficulty. A young lady wished to see Mr. Walling. It was past one o'clock in the afternoon, and Jack was not accustomed to sleeping late. He was to leave the theatre with some size, and she was evidently nervous.

"Mr. Walling," she began anxiously, "if one person won all the rewards, would it be honest?"

Jack's head was heavy, there was a beading in his ears so that her voice seemed to come from far away, but he was not ashamed to say it would be perfectly legitimate. At this juncture Kam hastened into the room.

"Pardon," he said politely, "but I must go to the dressing room to look after the mas ter's clothes. I had got to get on Walling nodded as the Jap departed with a twinkled smile, as though charmed at his negligence.

The room had opened the bag and begun to pile trinkets upon

Sundays are Tongues of Flame! Locked Up the Rock of a Log Like a Lizard on a Rock..."
A Rival to the Phoenicians

The Phoenicians are accoulted by some with the invention of books. Cinematography is an invention that rivals the invention of books so far as the swift development of its principles and conclusions are concerned. Some theoretical conclusions have been published lately. They appear in certain popular magazines and other publications that purport to be a history of the motion picture. The editors of these publications were long in seeing the light—otherwise the usual popular publication would have been written years ago. People who have been inspired by these publications in the past three years will be less and less in producing motion pictures and stories such as are contained in "Photoplay Magazine" which blazed the trail for the others.

We read a magazine article recently which attempted to prove in a lofty manner that motion pictures have retarded the normal growth in the number of readers of books. Anyone who is a good reader of books will be aware that the modern reader of books has a normal reading of popular novelties and is not necessarily a reader of motion pictures. The statement is not true that the number of readers of certain kinds of literature has been cut down in the number of readers of motion pictures. The editors of motion picture magazines will inform you that after the showing of a classic at the motion picture theater that requests for the book are unusually numerous. Many demand the classic which then becomes a best seller. The editorial department has been busy ever since the invention of the motion picture.

After a showing of a picture play dealing with the Napoleonic period, one librarian states that a burly call had to be sent out for copies of the "Life of Napoleon." Hall Caine's novels arose again in popularity after "The Christian" was so graphically filmed. "Quo Vadis" has been the cause of many reading the great Norwegian novelist's work, and who shall say these readers have not profited thereby? "Pickwick Papers" are rarely read by the general public. Following John Bunny's "Pickwick" films there was a demand for this work which was among the first books written by Dickens and which contains his liveliest satire and keenest humor.

A Spanish Audience

Motion-Picture theatres in the Madrid district of Toronto, Ontario, usually have a seating capacity of six hundred to seven hundred, although there are two in Toronto which seat one thousand. In addition, when the regular theatres of Madrid have any week or period of time for which no plays are booked, they fill in with a special motion-picture show.

We are told by the managers of moving-picture theatres that they endeavor to show from three thousand to thirty-five hundred feet of service at each performance when but two a day are given. If there are but two sessions per day, the afternoon performance begins at 5 to 5:30 and the evening at 10 to 11:30; otherwise a continuous performance, beginning at 5:30 in the afternoon and running with slight intermissions to 10 o'clock in the morning, is given.

Scenes from the new films are shown on billboards outside the theatre and along the streets, in order to draw patrons, but always on colored posters.
HELPs TO THE SOLUTION OF THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

Review of Thirteenth Episode: The Russian head of the Black Hundred sent a secret agent to take charge of affairs. Braine and the Countess resented this interference and were further nettled at the boastful attitude of this agent from Russia who seemed exceedingly sure of himself. The newspaper story tells of a man in a room above who listens through a small hole in the ceiling to what was going on below, meaning the ceiling of the Black Hundred council chamber. This was presumably Hargreave, Mr. Braine's old confidant, who was assured that Vronos has told Florence to beware of Olga, because she is Braine's best friend. A few days after the agent's appearance, Olga called on Florence, and while the heirs was absent from the room for a few moments, Olga glanced through Florence's mail, finding a note signed, "Your loving father," It told Florence to be in the summer house at 8:30 o'clock that evening. The country seat is not far from Florence, and he faked it. That evening, when the secret agent came to the summer house, he found a note waiting, and hurried her to the Black Hundred quarters. "I have Hargreave's daughter!" he cried triumphantly. The woman fainted in horror. The secret agent was unawed. Braine's position remained in his own hands.

In this twelfth episode, we saw Hargreave, but the newspaper story still keeps us in delicious doubt—which is as well, because where did Hargreave go after that incident on the Hargreave grounds when Braine came close to shooting either Hargreave or himself? The man who is hidden most securely is the one who is seen, but still is mistaken for some one else. The best place to hide is where there are others; and the larger the city, the easier the hiding. If criminals (or anybody else who has reason to be absent) were continually giving signs of their presence or location, then the art of detection would be much more difficult. The so-called very significant about this thirteenth episode is this factional difference has arisen among the Black Hundred. Braine and Olga have been known to speak of the Russian junta. If need be, then Braine and the Countess will place their backs to the wall and fight both the Hargreave interests and their enemies with their own order. This can not help making it just so much easier for Hargreave. His most serious opposition, according to Jackson and Felton or the common, unreasoning herd employed by the band, is found in Braine and the Countess. I stated a moment ago that the safest place to hide is where there are many others. You will recall the Countess' coaching party out at the old manor, where Meg showed the secret passage to Jones and Norton. You will remember that, after Florence had been rescued from the room, and she, Jones, and Norton were soon on horses, racing back toward home. They rode down a narrow road, over which the pursuing automobile made its way with difficulty. Jones got off his mount and walked. Then, as the car came past, he slashed the tires, and escaped. Was not this Hargreave, instead of Jones? The most important matter is the location of the million dollars. I believe that the Black Hundred are sure that it is secreted in the House of Mystery. I think it is toward that residence they will direct their attention. They are criminals who would not think of nothing—murder, smuggling, counterfeiting or thievery. Perhaps some such source is supplying them with funds.

The elusive treasure chest is still absent, but it should reappear. It would not be right to bury it for good! The money may be in that box—or in one of two or more similar chests, but the Black Hundred could not identify one from the other. Most likely, it is not in a box at all. The million may be in a safety deposit vault. Also, it may be in the Hargreave portrait—one place the Black Hundred have thus far overlooked. Will they continue to overlook it? Keep that in mind. It will not be where they look; be quite certain of that. But, in fairness to you, its position should not be changed. You should not be asked to trace its wrong position. It should be exactly where it was placed the night of the balloon episode.

Keep in mind that it is useless to try to guess all of the places where it could be, because the Black Hundred will make further search. Where they have failed to find it, then you may eliminate those possible hiding places. That money was drawn out of the banks in the form of checks of deposit (denomination, no doubt) and it should remain in the form of currency, because we have no record that it was converted into certified checks, drafts or other instruments. When the twenty-second episode has been shown, then we can say where it will not be found, and shall be better able to learn just where it is.

In hiding that money, Hargreave probably selected a place that he had already figured on. The hiding had to meet certain requirements: it had to be accessible, so that the money (or any part of it) could be procured easily in case of need, or in the event of flight. It had to be placed where it could come into Florence's possession without her being identified, and where, were she going to escape to the Mystery House, she would be most likely to have it in her possession, whether she planned it or not. It must be hidden securely from discovery. It must be secreted where the Black Hundred will not think to look for it. They think of many unusual things, but the unusual are generally the simplest things. No person who might yield to temptation must know about the hiding place. Florence's life and the mortal might alter his ideas of right and wrong if a million dollars in currency were placed in his hands! At the same time, it is not easy to change a $5,000 bill! Does Jones know where the money is located? Certainly. Jones is trustworthy enough to know all about it. Hargreave would trust the butler in a life-and-death matter (which he has done from the beginning); meaning for years preceding the date where the film story began), then Hargreave would certainly trust Jones with a million dollars. Besides, should Hargreave be killed, how is Florence to come into her own unless the butler knows the secret? The money would not have been placed in Florence's trunk or grip, because she was still away at school when the million was hidden! But it must be secured so that she would obtain possession of it. If the Black Hundred rip open the Hargreave portrait, and the money is not there, the most reasonable hiding place no longer remains; if they do not touch it, then the portrait is still a strong candidate for favors! There are four questions asked: What becomes of the millionaire? What be-
camed of the million dollars? Whom does Florence marry? What becomes of the Russian Countess? I have often won-
dered why the Than houser people did not ask, "What becomes of Hargrave?" Instead, they ask, "What becomes of the millionaires?" Is it possible that Jones is the millionaire, or have they simply wished to confuse Jones and Hargrave in our minds? They also ask, "What became of the million?" They do not ask what "becomes of" it. In other words, where did the million dollars go after it was taken from the safe? Since the Russian Countess has not, as yet, disappeared, or been placed in a position where she would have reason to disappear, we may assume that something most fearful is to happen to her. This being the case, it looks bad for the than houser people. Presum-
ably they are not going to suc-
cceed, or else Olga would not have to be embroidered in a mys-
tery of "what becomes of her!" As to whom Florence marries, let us hope it is Jim Norton. Nothing else would be flavorful. Also let us hope that Jim thinks he is marrying a petticoat a curtain. The finding of the million should occur after the romance is "signed, sealed and delivered," and not before.

Strangely enough, the Than houser did not ask us about the ultimate destiny of Jones. Should anyone find a thousand in a trash can in this stir-
ing events. Maybe the less they talked about Jones, the better it was for the mystery!

Another point: remember this: the developments will be based on the film story. The
newspaper story will close according to how the films show, and will supply the literary
feet. You can complete this story yourself, shape your con-
clusions from a scenario angle—not from a literary viewpoint. This means that the value of
the newspaper story is in helping you think.

For all that, literary plot is different from
scenario plot. A written story must have its
punch lines as a screen story, but not necessarily in the same places.

**Review of Fourth Episode: The Black Hundred**

The Black Hundred was up to its old tricks again. This time they
were going to secure the million dollars, it was high time to search
the House of Mystery, which is why they dispatched one of
their number on a peculiar m i s s i o n. That night he waited
until long after the house was dark, and then gained en-
trance to the library through a window. Taking down a num-
ber of volumes, he placed several pocket


There is Not More Alertness but Deep Resonating Power Back of the Secret

chanced to be writing at the same table. The
blotter the criminal had used contained enough
evidence to make Norton alert. Norton went out to the Hargrave mansion and told Jones
of his discovery. They searched the library
and found the spurious bills. It was planned
that the reporter was to tell the government
authorities of the discovery, but to let Jones,
Dufan and Florence be arrested, so that the
Black Hundred would later search the house.
Jones told Norton about a tunnel from the
stable to the residence. Norton arranged de-
tails with the chief and a dictaphone was in-
 stalled in the residence. The arrest occurred
as planned, and the Black Hundred, thinking
the house was at their disposal, came that night
and were soon ransacking it, while Norton
and others were listening to all they said. Among
other things they learned was the location of
the counterfeiting plant. They followed the
Black Hundred members, who left when they
became discouraged at not locating the million.
In the building to which the men went, the
oficers finally saw one of the conspirators at
the head of the stairs and called on him to
surrender, but instead, the stairs collapsed and the oficers slipped
down into a pit. The band had provided against surprises.

**MENTION of a secret past between the stable and the resi-
dence, the conviction of the Black Hundred in the
House of Mystery, the strange concern of
Florence over Norton's tale of her betrothed,
Norton. All these are extremely important items. They are getting us over the
ground—things that we have seen or heard.

You know what is meant by "a f l i g h t of the mind." It means the same as a de-
losion—believing what is not true—what never has been so! Has it ever happened
that such a "flight" runs through
The Million Dollar Mystery? Suppose you sit at chess or checkers, or at some
card game. You are to play against an unseen opponent, and you do not see. All you can pos-
sibly see is what he does. The
player is helpless. You have a great
advantage over you, because this player is Hargrave. You and he are using
children known as Florence, Jones, Norton, Brano, Voon, Olga, etc. He plays
them, but only as they are needed. You see what is done; not why it was done in just
that way. Now and then the player (Har-
grave) appears, and he tells us some-
thing else, and this something else is important above a dis-
cussion of the present situation.

You must account for his manner of life, even when he is unseen. You must assume that he is a far more powerful
than he seems to be. "If he were always—or nearly always—n your sight,
You must take up the unseen story of this
mystery and start to construct it, to yout, it will fit into the known story. Unless it does fit,
the outcome will be uncertain. To begin
with, Hargrave is a criminal, but he has always shown a desire for comforts. He
likes luxury. His home proves that; his wealth
provides him with all the comforts.
At a hotel, he might attract undue
attention. Were he to fit up an apartment, he might be exposed to
view. He does not wand the streets. He is scarcely likely to live in a quiet area.
He does not sleep in
parks. But he has to eat, bathe, shave,
sleep and enjoy clean linen. How does he do it? Why hasn't Brane learned how
much laundry work job? How does that
day has Brane never h ined u n t Harg-
gra ve's to Jones or Jones' tailor? Why has Jones never been found to show this handwriting? We
saw Hargrave's the
man who found the note at-
tached to the baby (Florence), and
again when he wrote to have Florence re-
turn home. We have n o t seen Jones' chirography. Why has't some member of
the Black Hun-
dered attempted to...
The Making of an Actress

By WILLIAM CURRY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. DEAN CORNWELL

There was nothing for Forster to do—as far as old Hazzard was concerned. That ancient reprobatet, returning, got one glimpse of the man to whom Vera, feeling, now, the reaction after her terrible day, was clinging. It was enough for him. He remembered an important engagement somewhere else; some miles away, in fact. And he made wild promises to his chauffeur depending on the speed of the cab. Exit Hazzard from the scene, from the park and—from this story!

Forster wanted to go after him, to call the police, manlike, to do something. But Vera was hysterical by now. Between sobs and laughter she managed to check him.

"Liet—let him go!" she gasped. "He didn't do me any harm! And I guess he won't come back again! Did you see the funny way he wriggled as he ran away? Just as if he thought you might be going to shoot at him? Oh—the old beast!

"Get in the car!" commanded Forster. He schooled himself to iron all the concern, all the tenderness, out of his voice. Not for nothing had he served his apprenticeship as a director. Hysterical women were not new in his experience, by any means. This time there was a difference, of course. This was no Beatrice Hazzard, having a tantrum because some minor character was being made too prominent. Yet he reasoned that the same treatment, or the available modification of it, would serve.

Vera looked at him in amazement—which was part of the treatment. She hadn't known that he could speak in such a voice at all—and that helped her to make her forget herself. Then she obeyed meekly, and a moment later she was meeting the rush of the wind in her face, which is certainly the next best thing to a dash of cold-water. Forster took chances with the speed limit and the park police, but he felt that his star was in the ascendant. He had found Vera—surely nothing so trivial as an engagement for speeding could break the spell of the night that was falling about them.

As the car rushed onward Vera still sobbed and cried and laughed. She was so close beside him, and he could feel the thronging of her body. But, after they were out of the park, and he had, perforce, to slow down in the crowded streets to the north, before he could reach the comparative isolation of River-side Drive at the dinner hour, he felt that she was gaining some measure of self control. The laughter died away; the sobs continued. But they grew fainter. And at last he felt that it was safe to turn to her for a moment.

"Feel better?" he said. "Air pretty good? Lord—you're thin, child!"

That was all. Not a question as to where she had been, nor why she had gone there. And therein he showed his wisdom. For that, and all the other questions that must be asked and answered between them, there was time and to spare. Some men might have assumed it at once, not only without question, but with reproaches. Feeling, now, that it was over, the strain of what he had gone through while he searched for her, Forster might well have snapped, and, for the moment, been almost ugly. But he was not.

For a time she did not answer. When she did speak, her voice was almost normal. Not quite; little sobs still caught her breath, from time to time. This time she used it as she used to frame a word with her lips. But mentally she had recovered; she knew, at least, what she wanted to say.

"I—I'm all right," she managed. "I was awfully tired. The store—the air was so bad—and I was on my feet—they were so tired—they hurt so much.

"Yes," he said. "The store? It was a bad day—even in the air."

So that was it! She had gone back to the store—and he had never thought of it! The very thought of it made him sick—and yet he could not begin to guess what it had meant to her. No man could do that. No woman, even, who had not shared the experience. And still he waited, for her to speak. Still he damned the floodgates of the speech that was in him, demanding release.

She said no more for a time. They sped along the quiet roads now. The air, as they got out of town, was better. She sank back and enjoyed it; let herself go. And with the clean, fresh air that poured into her lungs came healing. Somehow the weariness slipped from her. The sharp, shooting pains ceased to stab her feet. They were still sore; she knew, from experience, that they would be for days, even if she rested. Yet she could not help the feeling that his presence gave her. She felt secure; that was it. It seemed to her, now, that her troubles were over.

Perhaps new ones were beginning. One thing she knew; she had known it all along. He had found her, and that meant the end. She had lost her old strength, her old power of resistance. Hazzard, despite the doubts that had assailed her, she had never really feared, nor any of his kind. No matter how bad things were, she could have coped with him. Even the momentary surrender implied by her letting him take her in the cab had meant only sheer physical exhaustion; at the moment of need she had been able to rally and fight him off.

But Forster was no Hazzard. She had known, from the first, she felt, that he was not; that he was different. And she had certainly known it when she had hidden herself from him. That was why she had taken refuge in flight. Now that it was over she was not sorry. Not really. As she turned to steal a look at him, while he sat, looking intently at the road ahead, his mind on the task of steering the car, she knew that no other man had ever affected her as he was doing. She had made her flight; she had lost it. Well.then—why struggle? Why ape a foolish bird, beating out his wings against the cage from which there was no escape?

"Where are we going?" she asked, at last, in a small, meek voice. And inconsequently: "That was old Hazzard—did I tell you? He promised to take me home—I was so sick! And the beast—the beast—you saw where he took me—"

"We're going to dinner, just now," said Forster, cheerfully, but firmly. "We're going to the same place where we had dinner that other night—and we're going to have the same table we had then, if I have to take it away from some one else and throw them out to get it!"

"Oh!" she said, contentedly. "I—I just wanted to know."

Silence, again, until they drew up outside the inn she remembered so well. He helped her out; then ran the car around to the side, and joined her, on the porch, where she was waiting for him.

"Go inside—wash your face," he commanded, in the same tone he had used ever since she had recovered herself. "You've been crying—and you're not as pretty as you ought to be. I always insist on having pretty ladies with me."
at dinner, you know—especially in a place where I'm known. Hurry—I'll get the table.

A few weeks before that would have drawn her into it. Forster had been testing her. But now she only smiled, a rather wan little smile, too, and turned to other things. He said something beneath his breath as the head waiter approached; something that would have startled her with its discreet boldness. He was consigning Haz-

zard, Gudge, Bartlett, Beatrice Brewerst, and all others, known and unknown, who were in the house, to her present fate: to permit. What he did not know, you see, he could make fair shift to guess.

She stopped him, her cheeks were shining. Her color was high, yet she had scooped the air of the powder she had found rather too much out of him. And she held her head high, too, as she went with him to the table they had had that other night, the night of the accident that had had such momentous conse-

quences. There were not many diners at the tables they passed; it was late. But there were enough there to make a woman think of her clothes, and Vera thought of her's. Yet she did not flinch, though the garb pre-

sented for the sake of the admiring ladies of Gudge and Bartlett's is not of that of the suburban road house. Still—what did it matter? There were other things than clothes to be settled at that table! That was, at least, Vera could under-

stand.

She watched For-

ster as he gave the order. He did not express her at all, least he tried. We had never been grateful to that. She wanted a chance to see him in the light. He hadn't changed. Not much, at least. For the first time there crept in to her mind a doubt. She wondered, then, if she had not been too absolutely right. His face was cer-

tainly more mature than it had been.

There were new creases that had not been there before. And Angeles surely could not be her fault. He could not have been worried about her; not enough, at any rate, to show it in his face.

"I prescribe a cocktail," he said, as the waiter slipped away. She muffled a protest; before she could speak he checked her. "Oh, I know you don't!" he said, quickly. "But this time it's different. I said prescribe—it really is medic-

ine. You need it."

"All right," she said, and he laughed aloud at the change in her. That braced her a little; would it be, perhaps, a last effort? Wasn't he pushing her—almost too hard? But she only looked at him.

"Why," he said, setting back in his chair, when the cocktails had been brought, "Sup-

pose you tell me all about it? Where you went—what?"

She hadn't expected that. His voice was still even. There was no hint of reproach. He meant to put the whole burden on her, then, to tell her the truth. And merely, without knowing why, she was at a tremendous dis-

advantage, and knew it. For there were rea-
sons behind, and compelling one, for what she had done, that she could never put into words, with him sitting there, opposite her. She could murmur a why since the last time she had sat here with him. And yet—not far enough for that! Could she tell him that she had been fighting a war? And—why? At the very thought the color rushed into her face, and it was a crimson stain as she regarded him.

But he waited, inexorably. After all—he

was entitled to the explanation he had asked. His question was the simple one, the normal one, the one she should have expected. She should have been preparing herself for it while they came. But she was fairly caught. She began confusedly, falteringly.

"I—didn't know what to do," she said. "I—was—wet. I was worried about you. Re-

signing that way. There was no need for you to do that. And—oh—I don't know! I didn't want to bother you. I didn't want you to feel that you had to keep on doing things for me the way you've been doing. I know, you see, just what you had done. I understood that you were doing an awful lot for me. And I—"

She stopped, abruptly. No matter which path she took toward the explanation, it seemed to bring her to the brink of a precipice. How could she have finished that sentence? Told him that she knew why he was doing what he had done—and that she could 'not give him what he wanted in return? She began again.

"I thought you had an idea you had to see

me through," she said. "And—so—and I wanted to show you that that wasn't so. I wanted to show you that I could look after myself."

She looked at him, hoping for some com-

ment, some word that would give her time, at least. None came. But there was an inter-

ruption that saved her, for the moment. Even in the restaurants about New York food that has been given, will be brought, some time. The waiter appeared. His presence enforced silence—or talk, at least, on other topics. They had none, and watched him, quietly, until he had served them. Then she found his eye up her.

"I was back to the store," she said. "I found there was a chance—so things were just as they had been, you see. You thought, at the start, that it was Miss Brewer's fault that I'd been fired—and you were sorry for me. So you tried to get me something else. And when I got the chance to go back, you see, it was just as if that had never happened. As if you and she had never come into the store that day. It was all right again. Don't you see?"

Still he watched her. But this time he could not get no more words from her. There was noth-

ing more she could say—unless she told the truth. And that she could not do. Not all of it. Some of what she had said already was true enough; all of it, in fact. The motives she had given had influenced her. But that was all. She knew—and she felt that he knew it as well as she—that they would not have been enough, in and of themselves.

"So that's all!" he said, finally, when he saw that she had no intention of saying any more. "That's all you've got to say to me—after all these weeks?"

She nodded her head, helplessly.

"Isn't it enough?" she asked, pitifully.

"What more do you want me to say?" He ignored that.

"I told you I wanted to see you, didn't I?" he said. "That I was so far from being sorry for what had happened that I felt you had done me the best turn anyone had ever done me in all my life? I don't believe me, I suppose?"

"Oh—how could I?"

"It was up to me, I think," he said, rather grimly. He reminded her, now, of one of those black thunder-clouds that pursue the river at the end of a blazing afternoon. "I wonder if you've any idea of the trouble you've nearly made for me? I've found you just in time!"

She had no answer for that. She felt that it was coming now; the explosion she had

invited.

"I counted on you," he went on. "I planned certain things—and they depended on—Do you know what I am? I'm one of the best producers in the movie business, and I make my word for that." He laughed.

"I couldn't have said that a few weeks ago. I didn't know it myself! It took the trouble at the climax to make me see it myself. I found it out when you began coming after me! But —you know something else?

"A director is as helpless by himself as an expert automobile driver who has never had a car. He's got to have the sort of people who will do the things he wants done. And if he's any good he's got individual-

ity—he isn't just like all the others. That means that everyone can't act for him—th at he's got to have just the right people. Well—I grew to un-

derstand that. And I made my plans, and my arrangements. They failed— and then you disappeared! Do you un-

derstand what that meant?"

"But—that's important," she stammered. "You don't mean that. How could it be so?"

"I don't know!" he said, angrily. "Why is it that you've got just the peculiar type—I've always looked for—and never found before! People who've grown up with this game haven't got 'em—you have. That's the answer. You've got lots to learn—Lord, you've got so much to learn that there'll be days, while you're learn-

ing, when you'll wish you were back in an old job like selling ribbons or whatever junk you did sell! But when you've learned! That's when you are going to realize the difference. Listen, Vera. You're peculiar—of the great big, fixed stars. Beatrice Brewer-

ster! Pah!

He wiped Beatrice Brewerst from the earth and the water bottle from the table with one sweeping gesture. The catastrophe made them both laugh, which was just what they ought to have done. And while the waiters repaired damages, they had a chance to pull themselves together. By the time they were left alone together Vera sighed.

"—I—guess I've been an awful little fool," she said. "But I never dreamed the thing was really as good as that. I did think that if I kept on, and worked hard, I might be able to—I never thought you could really need me!"

"You won't run away again?" he said. "You won't be foolish any more?"

"Never any more," she said, faintly. "I couldn't—after this."

(Continued on page 39)
DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ON THE BATTLEFIELDS

The Belgians burned countless cottages and other buildings in front of the Antwerp fortifications to prevent the Germans from approaching too close to the besieged city.

A bridge across the Meuse River at Vise dynamited by the Belgians to hamper the advance of the Germans.

The horrors of the war. A photograph taken after the Battle of Hasten showing the effect of a Belgian shell.

The Germans burned numerous villages in Belgium. In Menin Square not a roof was left standing.

A Belgian village shelled by the Germans during their advance on Liège.

An ambulance train composed of all manner of vehicles carrying the dead and wounded into Brussels before that city was evacuated.

The residents of Waelhem, a suburb of Antwerp, cheerfully destroyed their houses in order that the fortifications of Antwerp might get a clear sweep of the enemy's lines.
On the Battle Lines

Troops of Four Nations in Action

A line of French Infantrymen Awaitiing to Destroy One of the Germans' Zeppelin Bomb-Throwing Balloons

Belgian Soldiers near Dienst Cooking a Scanty Meal on the Firing Line between Engagements

A Reconnaissance of Cossacks "The Rough Riders" of the Russian Army. These Troops are the Mainstay of the Russian's Advance on Berlin

Belgian Riflemen on the Road Leading to Louvain Waiting the Coming of the German Uhlans

The Fighting was So Continuous that the Belgian Troops had to Snatch What Little Rest They Could between Engagements
Scenes In and Around Paris

A Continuous Stream of Refugees in All Sorts of Vehicles Rushed Out of Paris as the German Army Neared That City

French Soldiers were Placed on Guard on All the Railroads

French Soldiers were Also Put in Charge of the Trains Even to Driving the Locomotives

The Owners of Thousands of Private Automobiles Offered Their Cars to the French Government for Red Cross Service.

Soldiers Rolling a Barrel of Oil to Aid in Quickly Destroying Cottages on the Outskirts of Paris. It is Interesting to Note That the End of the Barrel Is Lettered "Standard Oil Company, U. S. A."

Burning Houses in the District in Order That the Defending Forts Might Have an Unobstructed View of the Enemy's Approach. Hundreds of Houses were Destroyed in This Manner

Soaking a House with Oil near Paris. The Territory around the Forts was Cleared in Record Time by This Method
HOW THE RING-TAI OVER RAYMOND

By WILLIAM M.

The exterior scenes of "The Ring-tailed Rhinoceros" were shot on Long Island, and the gardens of the homes of divers and sundry millionaires were utilized. I think they've got everything on the Hitchcock estate," says Mr. McCloskey in speaking of the new picture. "Mrs. Hitchcock—Flora Zabelle—Mr. Catherine, and the Weeping Princess. You will notice 'The Counselor Bird,' Hitchcock has two macaws at his residence and I couldn't refrain from getting one of them into the picture because 'Hitchie' does a great stunt of talking to the bird.

"Yes, most of the people in the town parties are real society folks, residents of the 14 K Colony on Long Island. 'Hitchie' and I noticed over the island and we had exclusive locations galore—the residents were willing to do anything for Raymond. 'Mr. Hitchcock is a serious man with big ideals,' continued McCloskey, "and he now looks upon movie writers and the movie world with a changed perspective. His old attitude was a natural one—many of the stars of spoken drama and opera have it—but they're changing, they're changing."

It was at Raymond Hitchcock's Summer Home, Bellmond, on Long Island, that Laurence McCloskey read Alain Resni of "The Ring-Tailed Rhinoceros" and won that Famous Communion Over to the Movie Men.

"MO MOVIES for Mrs. nostrice!" Raymond Hitchcock, comic opera star, said as his pretty wife, known as Flora Zabelle, nodded her pretty head approvingly.

The head of the Lubin Film Manufacturing Company appeared despondent—naturally enough. His arguments, intended to tempt Raymond into filmmaking, had been many and varied; he told of other popular players who have acted for the motion pictures; he spoke in attractive terms of contracts and of valuable publicity; in a nutshell, the Lubin people wanted Raymond Hitchcock and his wife in motion pictures and said so in their most effective and appealing way.

Nothing doing with Hitchcock.

As a final effort, Laurence S. McCloskey, editor of Lubin photoplays, was sent to "Bellmond," Mr. Hitchcock's beautiful home on Long Island Sound. McCloskey and Hitchcock are warm friends.

"Well, Larry, I'll contract with you and we'll do one of my best known vehicles," genially conceded Mr. Hitchcock. Pretty Flora Zabelle softly patted her little hands. And then came the argument.

"Hitchie," pleaded McCloskey, "you know that this stage stuff is the old story of about ninety per cent comic repartee and ten per cent action. Let's do something original; a hit-men-between-the-eyes, so to speak.

"This original dope is all O.K., Larry," replied Raymond. "But you know this movie stuff; cod-fish and onion and me cheryl sort of dope. I know the sort of stuff you movie writers put over, and I'll never do for us. Eh, Flora Zabelle?"

Mrs. Hitchcock shook her curls in a decided manner.

"Two-thirds of you actors think the script writers either steal their stuff or write it stereotyped. When I say we'll put up a scenario that will hit-men-between-the-eyes I mean just that," asserted Larry McCloskey impressively.

The argument was taken up again at the Lamb's Club; then in Hitchcock's dressing room at the Astor Theatre. All the while, McCloskey was getting a good line on Hitchcock's personality and his ideas, and was more ambitious than ever to write the star into something new.

"Gimme a week, Hitchie," beseeched Larry, "and I'll show you something." Now Raymond Hitchcock was in vulgar parlance as a good sport. He finally agreed to McCloskey's fervent wish but with the understanding that any original play would have to be good enough in itself to offset the advertising value that would go with one of the known Hitchcock successes.

Raymond Hitchcock, as John Carter, Tells Little Rhine the Story of the Ring-Tailed Rhinos

McCloskey hurried back to his office at Lubinville, and burned the midnight oil in putting on paper an inspiration that he thought would prove a clincher with Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock.

"You'll never win him over, old top," predicted members of the Lubin editorial staff in the usual manner. "Just you wait," averserated McCloskey in his most obstinate manner. And so it might be said that Raymond Hitchcock was won by waiting—and by the "Ring-tailed Rhinoceros."

In a week's time, McCloskey beat it back to New York with the "écriture" of the Rhinos. Mr. Hitchcock took his guest to the beautiful Hitchcock home over Sunday. Before McCloskey had spoken a word, his hostess was acting the part. In another week McCloskey had completed the scenario and, to make his happiness complete, George Terwilliger was detailed to produce it.

Now the name "The Ring-tailed Rhinoceros" has been switched for something else, but the original name should have stood, at that. The idea of the five part comedy-drama is simply that John Carter is a "good fellow." In fact, his good fortune in catching a Long Island, and, for the highballs and cock-tails which go with it too frequently make him forget his more serious obligations, and are cause for real anxiety to his charming fiancée, Marybelle. Marybelle's father and Carter's friends warn him against playing Marybelle's little brother, Billie, asks Carter what is making Marybelle so sad. Carter, pressed for an anser, replies evasively saying: "It's a Ring-tailed Rhinoceros." Billie takes
LED RHINO WON
HITCHCOCK
HENDERSON

The little fellow's seriousness touches Carter more than all the warnings and scoldings. Taking Billie on his knee, he tells him they will kill the Rhino—and they begin to plan how to do it. Billie falls asleep and so does Carter. And Carter dreams—

In his dream Carter becomes what a harsh creditor had once predicted—a tramp. He finds himself penniless on foreign soil. He is shanghaied by pirates. The Ring Tailed Rhinoceros appears and leads him to the Captain's room. Goodbye rum! The pirates chase him around the ship and finally make him walk the plank. Carter swims and swims endlessly and finally crawls out on an island. A guard appears and chases him. Others appear and Carter falls at the feet of the little Prince (who looks remarkably like Billie) and begs to be saved. The Prince saves him from the soldiers and takes him to see his sister, "The Weeping Princess," "who weeps and weeps and never sleeps." (The Princess greatly resembles Marybelle.) She is fated to weep forever until the Ring Tailed Rhinoceros has been slain. Carter promises to kill the Rhino, so, although the Proving King and Queen trust him not, the Prince gives him an eight-hundred horse, a coach, and, and Carter starts on his hunt. He meets the Rhino, but, sad to relate, instead of a killing, they have a quiet party together in the King's wine cellar. This continues night after night for some time, Carter deceiving the royal family into believing he is after the Rhino until the "Counsellor Bird," failing to make Carter ashamed of himself, tells the Prince about it. They plan to cut Carter's head off, but the little Prince ceases more intercesses for him and at Carter's pleading sets out with him to kill the Rhino.

When the Pirates Discover that Carter Has Run Away with All of Captain's Rum, They Are Very Much Annoyed to Say the Least. Like All Good Pirates They Like Rum Themselves. Wherefore It was Necessary to Chase Carter All Over the Ship and Finally Make Him Walk a Fine—But the Prince for the End of Carter, But it Wasn't

He shanghaied by pirates. The Ring Tailed Rhinoceros appears and leads him to the Captain's room. Goodbye rum! The pirates chase him around the ship and finally make him walk the plank. Carter swims and swims endlessly and finally crawls out on an island. A guard appears and chases him. Others appear and Carter falls at the feet of the little Prince (who looks remarkably like Billie) and begs to be saved. The Prince saves him from the soldiers and takes him to see his sister, "The Weeping Princess," "who weeps and weeps and never sleeps." (The Princess greatly resembles Marybelle.) She is fated to weep forever until the Ring Tailed Rhinoceros has been slain. Carter promises to kill the Rhino, so, although the Proving King and Queen trust him not, the Prince gives him an eight-hundred horse, a coach, and Carter starts on his hunt. He meets the Rhino, but, sad to relate, instead of a killing, they have a quiet party together in the King's wine cellar. This continues night after night for some time, Carter deceiving the royal family

into believing he is after the Rhino until the "Counsellor Bird," failing to make Carter ashamed of himself, tells the Prince about it. They plan to cut Carter's head off, but the little Prince ceases more intercesses for him and at Carter's pleading sets out with him to kill the Rhino.

The Rhino and his cronies plead, threaten and cajole with Carter, but the Prince's influence is too strong. Through the Rhino's domain they journey, firing at their tempters and not even stopping to "weet up" at the "River of Drink," which is almost irresistible to Carter. Seeing that Carter is at last in earnest, the Rhino calls his crowd together and they attack the castle. Carter and the Prince hasten back to the rescue of the beleaguered royal household.

On the way, Carter finds a bottle of wine—and Oh! how good it looks. Just as he is about to put it to his lips, the Prince commands: "The Rhino is here. Kill him!" and as the dreaded beast plunges into the throne room, Carter sends the bottle hurtling at its head. The Rhino falls dead.

The Princess stops crying and, her beautiful face radiant, throws herself upon Carter's manly bosom. The King, Queen and all the Court hail Carter as a hero and beg him up in wonderful silken garments and the little Prince says: "Now, you are going to be happy ever after."

And, although this prophecy is made in a dream, it is fulfilled in real life, for Carter awakens a saner and a sober man and tells Billie and Marybelle that he has killed the Ring-tailed Rhinoceros "good and dead." Oddly enough, time proves that he has. "And they all live happy ever after."

In this day of slap-stick buffoonry a photo-phantasy such as this is distinctly unique in every way. I predict that this photo-play will create a sensation and blazes a new trail along originality's pathway. Proof of the kind that brings the smile with the tear, and lively humor, are found at every turn of the story, and the action abounds in delicious little bits impossible to describe in words.

The cast is a notable one, including Raymond Hitchcock, Flora Babella, Raymond Hackett, Ida Wateron, Edward Motzait, Herbert Portier and others. The costumes and scenery are exceptionally beautiful. Best of all, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock have been won over to the screen and will undoubtedly prove as popular in photoplayland as they are behind the footlights.

"The Ring Tailed Rhinoceros," it is said, may be adapted from the screen for a comic opera, starring the Hitchcocks. It is not unlikely that, instead of motion picture adaptating plays from the stage, that soon the stage will be borrowing from the once humble movies. This fact opens more possibilities. Movie actors, notably John Bunny, James Lackaye and others are already leaving the movies for the spoken drama in obedience to the popular demand. Authors of the photoplay will soon, we predict, be drawing royalties from stage and film for their successful photoplay plots. "The Ring Tailed Rhinoceros" won Raymond Hitchcock. What more could a photo-play do?}

For the Panama Exposition

The use of motion pictures in demonstrating the results that are being obtained by the United States forestry service is the latest publicity feature to be taken up by the department of agriculture.

Some of the features of national forestry that have been included in the motion pictures are lumbering, the pictures covering everything from the signing of the government contract to the sawing of the boards; planting, greasing and protection. In the northern one film of pictures traces the water supply of a great city from protection of the watersheds on a national forest to a point where it flows from a bubbling fountain on a city street. Seven thousand feet of film will be used in making the pictures, but this will be reduced to 5,000 feet for exhibiting purposes. The pictures are being made chiefly for the Panama-Pacific exposition, but duplicate films will also be released throughout the country at the same time.
Realism in the Movies

A Department for the Discussion of Films Possessing or Lacking Realism

Conducted By Our Readers

Any faults that might be condemned or overlooked in fiction, stand out in films. The power of the cut and cut-away, the fundamental appeal in the movies is the way it takes place. It is this magnified proportion of reality that places a definite obligation on the producers, with only rare exceptions. To illustrate, we quote the following from a correspondence, giving also our own comments.

Objects to the Fantastic

Realism Editor, Movie Pictorial.

Dear Sir:

I recently viewed a film, the name of which I cannot recall. However, the idea was founded on a vision. A young girl fell to her death, due to some great shocks, and she saw angels and many other sights that I deny are real. I wish you would take this kind of production to task. It is an insult to one's intelligence.

Yours truly,

H. E. K.

The "vision" or religious film is not supposed to be a reality, nor does it appeal to intelligence. It is sentimental, theatrical, and pretends to be nothing else. It seeks to picture sentiments and emotions and not actual circumstances. Through a religious or an emotional vehicle, it attempts to point a moral. This same answer applies to all fantastic productions. They are not necessarily "insults to intelligence," because they do not pretend to be real, and they should not cause resentment among those who view them. Even if they appeal only to 20 per cent of the audience, that 20 per cent is entitled to them. Such films, however, do not predominate nor are they growing in number.

"Seven Sealed Orders"

Realism Editor, Movie Pictorial.

I recently viewed "Seven Sealed Orders," an Essanay mystery drama. Permit me to say that it was not "according to Hoyle." For instance, an A. D. T. boy comes in with an envelope containing $10,000 in currency. Usually, a bank messenger, trusted employee or expressman bearing a "red sealed" package, would attend to so important a mission. Again, when the young man buys the hotel and adjoining property, he might add that as grievous usually be no abstracts. Also, the vault in the bank was robbed. We did not see it blown open. Do not vaults have time-lock attachments even in small-town banks?

Respectfully,

MOVIE FAN

We viewed "Seven Sealed Orders" ourselves, and admit that the above criticism merits consideration. So long as "the papers" are present, the scenario writers and the director assume that is sufficient. Still, there was no gross breach of realism. The film that carries just to carry out details of realism may lose its story interest. But so long as the facts can be shown with no more effort than the fancies, why not use the facts? "Seven Sealed Orders" could have had an express employe call with the money, with no more effort than using the young man. People who are accustomed to sending money, usually exercise some reasonable degree of precaution, and ought to do so even in the films. We think that it would have been quite as easy to secure an abstract of title along with the deed, as it was to rush in with only a few facts. The film might have been in property knows that "the papers" must be correct or there might be a flaw in the title. We might add that as grievous usually are accompanied by their servants. The oriental is "longer" on ceremony than the occidental. The rajah in question may have been the exception. Otherwise, the oddity of "Seven Sealed Orders" held the audience and had many points of merit.

Says the Train was too Slow

Realism Editor, Movie Pictorial.

My Dear Sir:

I raise my protest against the "fast express" scene in the eleventh episode of "The Million Dollar Mystery." The train moved too slowly. It must have been one of those "safety first" railways!

Yours respectfully,

J. M. E. M.

This being a technical question, we submitted it to a "traveling engineer" of a great railway system. The objection of John E. M. is not well taken. The scene showed a considerable stretch of straight track. The train could have seen a Norton on the rails for a considerable distance—maybe the best part of a mile. He could also have seen the Florence Co. and might have known something serious was wrong. He would move his brake-handle over to "emergency," if the train was going forty or more miles an hour, and would close the throttle-valve. A heavy express train would require only a minute more for stopping, were its speed considerable. Florence ran to the switch and threw it. The train was gradually slowing down. I arise with my objections: Who left the switch unlocked? Even though a life was saved, the risks in all lines to lock the switch should have been fired!

"Yours for Realism,

JAMES ALEXANDER"

Really, we had not looked at it that way, but we are convinced that while "John E. M." is wrong "F. M. D." is right. Let them fire the employee who had locked the switch.

A Tight-Rope Walker Laments

We can see that this department is going to reach into all manner of strange places, and dig down deep into all trades and professions. We promise caution only where a fight might result.

This is a sample of what we may expect. It comes from "An Old Circus Man," and here is what he says.

"I saw 'The Fruits of Vengeance,' which, I believe, was a Vitagraph production. The story springs on a tight-rope walker's love for another man's wife. That part is nice of my business, because I have been married happily three times. But this is where I object: The rope is nearly cut through—it is tied to a steel beam—the rope has been in bad condition for days, but the 'artist' has not thought enough of his food check to examine it. Now, I'd like to see any aerial performer who failed to look over his trapeze and called it a change. Besides, ropes are not tied that way. They are fastened by block-and-tackle rigging, so that the tightrope walker, if any rope walker were as careless as that one, the sooner he met death, the better. I'm 'agin' his method."

Maybe so! It sounds reasonable, at least. Come to think of it, that rope idea might have been better. What if the Vitagraph people know there would be an old rope-walker in the audience? Rope-walkers are not the plentiful crowd that are most easily detected concern the law, medicine, etc., but of 20,000,000 movie patrons, it is quite likely there will be some. We must try to shield the producers against unjust criticism, because they wish to have everything just right, and usually call in experts if they are uncertain.

"A Miner says 'Nay'"

"I saw a film called, 'In Golden Gulch.' I don't recall the name of the producing company. There was a miner's daughter, the cast, and she had a love affair with a hero and a villain. The villain was after the old man's gold, and the girl was donned as an old fellow with a squirrel gun. Lizzie, the daring daughter, was determined to foil him. There was a blow-up and a die-off, with a pick-axe and shaved, dug in the hills a few seconds and yanked out a nugget. Now, it makes me half angry and half happy to see such a foolish stunt. I was trammed in the 'A. & M' in Leadvale, pounded steel in the 'Vindicator' at Cripple Creek, wore ore at the 'National' in Cripple Co., Colo., ran a machine drill in the Goldfield Consolidated, and have prospected from the head offices of the Yale & Towne Mill, too. Who in thunder is going to drive a pick-axe into solid rock? Besides, nuggets are associated with placer mines, and not with hard-rock workings! If gold could be mined as easily as that, this country would have several hundred thousand people be one of them. If you've ever seen the prospectors' skeletons along Bright Angel Trail, you'd know that what Gen. Sherman said about work applies to mining!

"Yours for Realism,

JAMES ALEXANDER"

Mr. Alexander is probably right. Maybe the scenario writer took his cue from a mining story, but the picture was truly paid and forever non-assessable, and in which was John Inglis' poem on "Opportunity." Mining in granite with a pick-axe is not of the best way. We hope the miner's daughter wore gloves, for otherwise she might have blistered her willing hands!

Scenario Writers Invited

Scenario writers are asked to join in this discussion. If we publish a criticism that calls forth a defense, we shall be glad to have the scenario writer come forward and defend himself. We have the idea of this section that not only the faulty plots are no good. They may be exceptionally clever. At the same time, is it not possible that the films may be more or less educational? If we view a film as our everyday life, it should utilise the materials at hand. Many of the film productions fall in this respect. They create methods, manners and customs that are unreal. Hence, they give the public wrong impressions, and, therefore, strike at education's progress. To take the broad view, there is a reason for realism in the movies, and though pride may suffer in this altar of film "vivisection," we must continue it.

"F. M. D." Wins the $5.00

Wishing to be fair—meaning impartial—in our judgment, we are awarding Chicago, Mexico's $5 prize to "F. M. D." We think that his technical point is the closest to realism, and that the other had no right being unlocked.

Each issue, we shall make a award to the person, in our opinion, has presented the best criticism; not necessarily the best written, but the most logical. Why not go after the $5 award for a "Y. & M" in New York? Even if there is some fun in keeping the Realism idea moving—and also some amount of good. Your name will be published under the scenario writer's name in the award. It. Also, no employe of The Movie Pictorial or Photoplay Magazine can win a prize. It is for the scenarists and the producers. Have your letters! Address them to Realism Editor, The Movie Pictorial, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
“The Aztec Treasure”
And the Part It Played in Many Lives

By MINERVA MARTIN

ILLUSTRATIONS: FROM THE ECLAIR FILM

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

23

DICK HENSBAND had a number of reasons for being in Mexico. One was that he had nothing in particular to do. He had enough money to make it unnecessary for him to toil for a living in the manner in which he was raised, and the necessity imposes upon most young men; he had, also, an intense desire to feel that he was somewhere near the center of the most important and interesting activity that was open to him. Some elder man, seeing him in college, had once remarked that Dick had been born a hundred years or so too late.

"The time for him," said this wise man, "was when a youth who wanted to go out and fight, as a more or less continuous performance could be accommodated—and could get something for doing it. Glory or wealth, or both.

As it is now—"

He had finished with a shrug of the shoulders. But that was because the Mexican troubles began to be really interesting. Dick had followed the adventures of Madero, the idealist, with a deep and a restless interest. There was a little more than the last for which to drive him. He had vague dreams of a time when people should be governed by themselves, and as they chose. And it seems to him that Madero was imbued with the same ideals. And so the rising in Mexico City, and its culminating point in the murder of Madero, had finally stirred him to the point of interest, when it became plain that the work Madero had begun was not to be abandoned.

But at first he was disappointed. He didn't find the sort of fighting he had looked for, or, rather, had hoped for. There were no armies, in the real sense of the word. There was plenty of fighting, to be sure, but it was rather hard to distinguish it from plain theft and pillage. In those days Villa had not begun the work that will make him live in the military history of Mexico—he had yet to prove that Mexican soldiers could be taught to storm fortresses, and, above all, to obey orders, even if those orders involve fighting at night, which every Mexican of the days before the second fall of Torreon regarded as not only dangerous, but the height of bad manners. Didn't the enemy want to sleep at night, like other people? Well, then?

In the days Villa wandered about the country, with little more than a fixed idea in his head. Now, there is no greater thing in all the world than a fixed idea, the right man has it. But it was hard for people to see that Villa might be the right man. So Dick was more than once on the point of giving up, and waiting for a chance to do some real fighting.

That he didn't have little to do with other ideas is evident. It was a Clayton. In a far higher degree, to one Dolors. The father of Dolors was a Mexican. But, in spite of that, she had a perfectly good excuse for making Dick stay in Mexico. In the main, there is little of either romance or beauty about the vellied and mysterious "beauties" of Mexico. But—Dolors was not like the rest—partly because her mother had been an American. She saved Dick's life, one day, when he was riding with the troopers, and some of the Federals of the district surprised it. She bid him first; then she fed him. And after that Dick managed to do a good deal of his fighting in the neighborhood of the great hacienda of Mescalite.

Her father, Juan Agramoto, was not the overlord of that hacienda. He was the humble servant of that overlord, Miguel Perez. And Miguel was a great man. He had influence—what, north of the Rio Grande, would have been called a pull. That was why the strategy of campaigns was upset in order that the Mescalite hacienda should be saved from destruction by the rebels. Battles had been lost that the troops might not be withdrawn from their task of guarding the estates of Miguel Perez.

The troops were content. Miguel saw that they were paid, that they had their way of the estate. Anything they wanted he put at their disposal—especially if what they wanted happened to be the property of his peons. Usually it was. The wants of the troops were few and relatively simple. For them drink, tobacco, and—the daughters of the peons, or, if there were not daughters enough to go around, the wives. Juan Agramoto was not a peon. Nor was he one of those; strange theories had brought him into disfavor with that venerable scoundrel—Porfirio Diaz. He had freed his peons. Instead of holding them as chattel slaves for unpaid debt, he had canceled the debts and taught them how to keep their heads above water. The cientificos, men of his own caste, had been unable to see that their only chance of ultimate prosperity lay in the creation of an educated and prosperous working class. And so charges had been made against Agramoto. In one way and another he had estates vanished. Now—he kept the books of the Hacienda Mescalite. In return for which he had food for himself and Dolors, and a little house—better than the hovels of the peons, poorly cared for by their master, he could have. Perez despised him. It is the habit of those who have stayed up to scorn those who have been pushed down.

Dick was never one to hold doubts. He had seen Dolors, upon the occasion when she had saved his life, for less than twenty minutes. Yet the time was enough—for him. Not a month passed, after that, without seeing her rise up to her door. He was safe enough; if some one betrayed his connection with the insurgent, there was no uniformly to betray him. In those days the soldiers of the tropas wore no distinguishing garb.

He wooed Dolors from the beginning, ardent, She was less swift. She liked him; that much she was ready to admit from the beginning. But, even when she had reached the point of surrender, when she confessed that, after all, she did love him enough to marry him, she refused absolutely to leave her father.

"All right—we'll take him with us," said Dick, practically.

But she shook her head. "He will not go," she said, sadly, "He is a little mad, I think. What can he do—he, poor old, friendless—for the peons? Yet he swears that he is afraid for their sake—that at any time Don Miguel may turn to excesses of which even he has not yet been capable. You see—he has given up his whole life to these poor people. He says they are the only hope of Mexico—that only when they are freed and begin to take a hand in governing the country, can it look to a real future, free from strife and bloodshed."

"He's right enough there," said Dick, grimly. "I've seen enough of what he is surer than ever of that. But—what can he do?"

"I don't know," said the girl. "Still—he will not leave. Now, even, fresh trouble is brewing. There are more soldiers than ever, and there is talk of trouble about the taxes. The war has stopped so much—they cannot pay. My father fears that they may be sent to the salt mines."

No need to explain that to Dick. He knew what it meant. Exile from their homes, for all of them. For such of the men as agreed to enter the army, a certain freedom. For the
rest, death. The salt mines take their toll infallibly. The authorities know how long a man or a woman will last.

"Tell me that," said Dick. "But—is there no way of persuading him that he can't do any good by staying?"

"It was not—for it would not have been true. In the queerly twisted brain of old Juan one precious secret was locked up. He was poor, but he did it only because he would not touch a store of wealth almost boundless. In the region there was a legend, that told of the discovery, in the days of Spanish rule, by a lord of Mesquite, of the buried treasure of the Aztecs, hidden since the days of Cortez. This treasure Juan's ancestor—for in those days the Agramonte ruled in Mesquite—had found, as a matter of fact, as well as of legend. He had brought it north, in secret, to his own estate, waiting for a chance to smuggle it out of the country, for in those times the crown would have confiscated the gold he had told of it. And then he had changed his mind, and decided that the secret of his hoard should be handed down, from generation to generation, so that, in time of dire need, it might be available.

Juan Agramonte's need had been dire enough. And yet he had not used the treasure. For he was wise enough to realize that his ruin had been definitely decreed, by powers too great for him to resist. He was not, indeed, the only thing that would tempt them to leave him alone, in some sort of peace, and with a chance to carry out his destiny, was to make them think that he was utterly crushed. So he had submitted to everything, knowing they would never let him fly the country with his gold, and had waited.

This, however, when he heard that the decree of banishment for the peons was settled, was, he felt, the time for which he had been waiting. Late at night he went to his store; he got enough gold to pay the taxes. Upon the peons to whom he gave it, he gazed with enjoyment secretly.

But it was not in them to be secret. The gold in itself aroused suspicion; it took little to make the people realize its source. And then Juan was dragged before Don Miguel, resplendent now, in a new uniform, for he had used his power of arrest to have himself proclaimed general and governor of the district, with the command of the federal troops within.

"Where did you get this gold? It is old gold—strange gold!" said the governor. He gripped Juan by the throat and shook him, as he spoke. But Juan was silent. Threats were of no avail.

"It is the treasure the legend tells of—the treasure—your own—of an ancestor's side!"

The peons were poor folk, without much spirit. But Dick Henshaw, alighted by the fact that Juan had saved them from exile, was able to arouse them. They rose. The officer Don Miguel from his horse and killed a few of his servants.

The troops were all far away, and they rescued Juan. The old man was dead when they cut him down. But he had not told.

Don Miguel escaped. And he returned, in two days, at the head of troops enough to overawe the peons. First he hung a score of them, to satisfy his vengeance. Then he looked for old Juan.

"You killed him?" he shrieked at his servant. "Bah! You fooled! Then his secret died with him? Could you not have let him live until he had given that up?"

For an hour he raged. But then he remembered that the dead man had a daughter. An officer reminded him of it. This officer, if chance, knew Dick as an insurrecto. He knew, too, that Dick had been coming to see Dolores.

"The daughter—you!" said Miguel, his eye lighting. "Let her be brought."

It was easy enough to find her. He received her alone. But, if she knew the secret of the treasure, she would not tell him. And the governor, indeed, forbore to press her. Looking at her, memories of his evil youth rose in him. And with them the desire that he had felt so much better than he did the treasure. He made her an offer—an offer too shameless to be set down, but fair enough, as he looked at such things, she struck him in the face. And for that she was taken away, a prisoner.

And then, because she could not warn them, they caught Dick. He sought her; two soldiers were waiting. Miguel had need of him. He had a plan. And his evil old eyes twinkled merrily as he thought of it.

Dick was brought before him. He was scornful until he saw Dolores. He struggled to be free; across the guns of the guard she tried to reach him.

"So," said Miguel. He looked at the girl. (Not long since he had offered an oath. I talked to you to come here to stay—to be well treated so long as I did not tire of you. I promised, even, to find a lover for you when I was tired. Now—come, and your lover shall go free. Refuse—and he shall be shot, at once.)

Despite the guards Dick freed himself for one long moment—a moment long enough for him to send his fist crashing into the governor's face. Then, indeed, Miguel said.

"I will have you!" he shrieked at Dolores.

"And he shall die, as well! I will be merciless no longer! Take him out—shoot him!"

The soldiers promptly obeyed his order.

"Let her see him die!" commanded Miguel, with a fierce oath.

There was no delay. Five minutes later saw the firing sound ready. An officer, holding his handkerchief, its fall would be the signal to fire. And then, suddenly, Dolores broke away and seized herself in Dick's arms.

"If you shoot him you will kill me!" she cried. There was a sudden stir among the soldiers. The rifles dropped.

"Fire!" screamed the officer.

But—this girl, after all, had been kind to them. And there was another thing. These were the soldiers Don Miguel had quartered on his peons. They had known the woman of the peons. They had heard the secret of many of them must have spoken first. What he said no one could remember, afterward. But in a moment, whatever it was, there had been a mutiny.

"Viva el insurrection!" they cried. They stormed toward Dick and freed him.

"Be our captain!" they pleaded. "Lead us to Villa!"

"First—let us catch Don Miguel," said Dick. After him, my men!"

They scattered. And he took Dolores with him, away from the fighting that followed. Some of the officers rallied other men; they could hear shouts and shots, yelling, and the thud of the fight.

"They will win," said Dolores. "The men who saved you!"

"They're about ten to one—so they certainly ought to," said Dick. He had seen them, they had fixed them, they threw him up his hands. A bullet had reached its mark in him.

"All about that gold—and even now no one knows where it is!" said Dick. That was a week later, and he had established order, in the region of the rebel government. His wife was by his side.

"I know where it is," she said. "I did not come to you empty handed, after all!"

Fugitive Flickers

The movie operator evidently believes that one good turn deserves another.

What has become of the old-fashioned movie exhibitor who used a megaphone to call in his audiences? Limburger figures prominently in the war dispatches and would doubtless make strong atmospheres in Finland.

One rift of sunshine in the present war clouds is the fact that no one has announced exclusive running fees. As a result, Laura Jean Libbey's novels. To the best of our knowledge and belief there will be no tenor drums connected with the name of movie orchestras in heaven.

All current currency that he manages to get hold of is emergency currency by the playshop author.

Now that the war has well started we confidently look forward soon to many Belgian hairbreadth escapes on the motion picture screen.

The Shortcut Film Company wishes to announce that the Siege of Liege will be released just as soon as the stage carpenters can build a first-class rumford armistice as described in dispatches.
Lloyd F. Lonergan, his brother Philip Lonergan, and their sister, the attractive Miss Ethel Lonergan, have collectively written 1,125 produced motion picture stories. These stories have borne the trade names of almost every producing film concern in the universe. The Lonergan family circle can confidently claim the championship belt for the number of feature plots they have given to the great motion picture business.

It is a mighty hard undertaking to obtain any decisive information about the wonderful work that is being accomplished by these versatile brothers and sister. They believe in saying nothing and writing scripts. Here is the record up-to-date:

Lloyd F. Lonergan, 800 photoplays.
Philip Lonergan, 225 photoplays.
Ethel Lonergan, 100 photoplays.
Making the grand total of 1,125 movie stories—and the end is not yet!

We recently assigned John William Kellette (associate, versatile photoplayswright, by the way), who "neighbors" with the talented Lonergan family at New Rochelle, N. Y., to get us all the details possible regarding the wonderful literary labors of this wonderful family. After much difficulty, Kellette delivered the goods, and much of the following information was gathered by him.

Lloyd F. Lonergan—champion scenario writer of the world. Yet, had one's eye, along in the late 80's, been good, Lloyd F., the creator of "The Million Dollar Mystery," would never have written a scenario, because he would now be one of Uncle Sam's sea fighters with capalets, gold braid and an arming sword by reason of his entrance into naval affairs at Annapolis, Maryland, where he went from Hackensack, N. J., after winning his way through a long list of candidates in a competitive examination.

One thing good against bad eye sight, because Lonergan as an author has done the world more good than would Lonergan as a sea fighter.

Lloyd F. Lonergan was born at Chicago, Ill., on March 3, 1870, and graduated from the public and high schools. After a short time at Annapolis his father shielded him and took him to Jersey, where his trenchant pen began to bring him forcibly before the public. His work was noticed in his newspapers, in his connection on the Portland Oregonian as New York correspondent, simply from sentiment.

His first story, written for Ed. Thanhauser, his brother-in-law, creator of Thanhauser films, ordered him to New Rochelle because he could not find a scenario editor, was produced, but, according to Lloyd, never released. "Aunt Nancy Telegraph" was its title, and it must have been good to have been produced, but it never saw the commercial screen. This was in December, 1899, and since that time 800 stories have been projected, which undoubtedly makes Lonergan the greatest scenario writer that the world has ever produced. It is safe to say that before December, 1914, his fifth anniversary as a screen writer, his total will be about 1,900, while making the average of 200 stories a year look like hard work. He considers "The Million Dollar Mystery," 46 reels, as his greatest achievement and properly so, because in no other serial affair have been, as it were, so skillfully woven into a single story. He has written, personally, comedy best, but drama, he claims, goes better if properly done.

"What are your best hours of work, Mr. Lonergan?" the scribe asked.

"Any old time when the spirit moves me. I have written at every hour of the day."

"How do you work?"

"My method is simple. I get an idea, 'dope' it out roughly, smooth off the rough corners, then diate to a stenographer. I often work on more than one script at a time. I find that while working on drama, it rests me to dash off a comedy between."

Mr. Lonergan holds the distinction of being Director of productions at Thanhouser, which makes him chief of about a dozen directors, who confer with him daily. He has no many men of his own to work with now, but his work has appeared in Sunday's, Top Notch and others, but because of his diversified studio he quit writing short stories. For several years he was publisher of the Hearst New York papers, and

Philip Lonergan, director of Production of the Thanhouser Corporation.

Lloyd F. Lonergan, Director of Production of the Thanhouser Corporation.

Lloyd F., his brother Philip and Miss Ethel, have been in the movie business for years. Lloyd has written more or less in the reflected glory of his "big" brother Lloyd F. Lonergan, but while that is true in most cases it is not true of the recent editor of the Thanhouser, who is now editor of Thanhouser Motion Pictures.

Phil was born in Hackensack, New Jersey, May 18, 1885, and is a graduate of the Commercial High School, Brooklyn. He was some smart at that time because he came through with honors at the age of 17 and immediately forgot business and launched into literature.

He had no newspaper connection, but the magazines attracted him, and Short Stories was his vehicle. His best story, according to a recent chat the author had with him was "At the Switchboard," which appeared in All Story Magazine.

His entrance into the script game was fraught with peril. It is said that Lloyd F., his brother, didn't believe he could do it, and discouraged him, but he freelanced for Thanhouser while illness kept the chief away, and Phil's first story, "The Million Dollar Next Door" went over big. That was in May, 1912, and since that time he has rolled up 225 scripts. Of that number he claims the first, "The Article 47," the best liked. Of original work Phil likes "The Lackey" best. This was a single he wrote while director of productions at Los Angeles in the Majestic plant. He finds drama his best vehicle for screen expression, but takes a flyer a comedy and works from a synopsis and upon one more than one at a time.

It is said of Phil that he is a "beaver" for work. When he went to New Rochelle he began to install system and eighteen hours a day was nothing for him. At the Thanhouser plant he is responsible, now, for four wheels a week, or three distinct stories, and he is about two months ahead of his schedule. He can see a story in anything and everything. It depends upon what angle he sees it whether it is drama or comedy, which is some considerable gift. All of his stories have the "punch," and he believes suspense to be the best element in a picture.

He finds night the best time to work. While the earth is breathing and the gas meter is busy, he is not. It is the middle of the night, half past one, that finds him perfectly happy. He likes his work, he likes to do it.
Betty, Dear — September 3, 1914.

Things are happening to me here in Chicago that make Danville seem so far away. I haven't felt like a letter writer—

I wish that you were here, so that I could tell you things, instead of writing letters. On second thought, I suppose you'd probably not—it's such an unreal world I'm living in. It's all right for me, I guess, for I know how to take care of myself, but I'm glad you're safe in Danville, anyhow.

I think I'm going to get along all right as a movie actress. At least Carl Weber says so. He set me up and I wired you around. Mr. Weber? He is the only person around here who has treated me like a human being. The rent doesn't pay much except for me. You know, I'm nothing but an unknown extra, and, with dozens of other extras to choose from, far prettier and better, I'm even coming, why I'm not noticed at all. In all towns there are dozens of girls like me, who think that they would be the Sarah Bernhardt of the movies if they could only get a chance to do some of their poses in front of a camera. If they came up to Chicago and saw the hundreds of girls who live at home, usually near the studios, who don't have anything else to do but hang around studies with an intermittent being in a picture once in a while, why maybe they'd change their minds.

One of the extras here at Triple Tew owns a hat shop on Broadway, an up-to-date, good-looking, paying hat shop. But she's movie-mad and every day she comes up to the studio and sells her wares to the dozens of other extras waiting to be picked out for a picture. She's no beauty, but she looks pretty well in the films so far. Occasionally she goes in for emotion. Occasionally she goes in for emotion. Occasionally she goes in for emotion. Occasionally she goes in for emotion.

Some of the extra girls are really in society, not the exclusive Lake-Forest-Northshore society, of course, but in a own-your-home-and-car set, and they hang around in order to be extras, too. Other extras are out-of-work chorus girls and some perfectly good-looking girls who much need extra. I want to show up on the films. Being an extra is a fine thing for amusement, but a mighty poor way of earning a living. I've sold saliages every week for selling ribbons and men who can persuade their employers that they are really worth the fifteen cents they are paid every Saturday night had best keep their jobs instead of trying to get in a moving picture company. They may have a future as a star, but they've had an awfully hard time to be so prove it.

I thought by the time I'd be in Chicago this long I'd be a real star or, if not a star, at least a principal, with important roles and a maid in white cap and apron. None of the principals here have maids, except in the pictures, and—why I'm still an extra.

After being in one of the two pictures I wrote you about I felt quite encouraged. You see, if I could be in two or three every week I'd make enough money to pay for my room and buy my meals, especially if I'd be lucky enough to "graff" a meal, occasionally. The other extras here are always talking about "graffing" meals and don't think anything of it. I've never done such a thing as "graff" in Danville, but here in Chicago, it's different, I guess. Maybe I'm getting broader.

I thought sure I'd be able to get in two pictures at least, in a week, but it didn't seem that way until now—but that's what this letter is about.

The week after I wrote you I was only in one picture. I walked around a fountain with some girls, waiting for Jack LeRoy, you've seen him in the films, I know. He's one of the stars, here at Mr. Webber's. We extras were supposed to have answered a matrimonial advertisement in a paper. All we had to do was to stand around, and giggle. It was easy to do, of course— anybody can giggle.

The week after that I wasn't in a single picture all week. It was just bad luck, I suppose. The directors would choose a few extras, but they wouldn't choose me. No big scene requiring a lot of extras was being made and that's one reason I didn't get in. You see, a lot of even important pictures call for only a few characters. As they are taken by the principals, the extras don't even get a look-in at those pictures. (Do my letters sound slangy? I'm absorbing a lot of Chicago and movie slang, I guess.)

It's lonesome, being an extra. For I've nothing to do, all day long, after I know I won't be in a picture. I read and walk and go down town and look in the shops. But doing things alone, when you haven't any money to spend, isn't a lot of fun.

I'm a regular extra, though. This is how you get to be a regular extra: You talk to the manager and he takes your name and makes notes, like he did to me. Then you send in your pictures. He looks you and your pictures over and if he thinks you are hopeless, the next time you call he tells you how sorry he is that he can't use you, and a lot of stuff like that. If he thinks that you might "fit" well, well, you get a "try-out," that is, you are put in a nob scene with a lot of other girls and men. When, after the scene is shot and developed, it is shown at a little studio that is right here at the Triple Tew plant. Only the managers and executives inspect this little box of pictures. Mr. Webber told me about this try-out. The directors look at the extras and make comments about them. Sometimes, you know, a perfectly beautiful girl takes a horrible picture, without any expression or grace. And sometimes plain girls look perfectly lovely on the films. Why, right here at Triple Tew one of the principals is positively ugly to look at and she is a darling on the screen. Well, I had a pretty good film-face, I guess, for in the first picture I was in they passed me and now my name is on the list to choose from.

It's not to the producers. Each producer can pick out the girls he wants for extras. Then, as the extras become better and better, a producer can pick out the same small part. If she makes good, she gets more and more important parts and finally is chosen to be a real princess in a salary. That's what I want to be—if I can.

I got mighty blue, the week I wasn't in any pictures. You know I didn't have much money when I left Danville and that I had grown less and less, though I tried eating as little as I could and didn't spend a penny of it for clothes. I got so low on a job discharged and the days seemed so long, going over to the studio every day and sitting around chatting to the extras and then coming home again, that I almost decided to go back to Danville, though goodness knows I didn't want to.

Mr. Weber has been mighty nice to me during the blue spells. You know, I didn't trust him at first, for he has sharp eyes that look cruel and he talks tough specifically to people who are under him. But I guess I misjudged him. He can't help his looks, you know. He took me to town to shop, and guess what, my money was running lower and lower, and "graffing" is a lot cheaper than buying meals, I guess.

Last Tuesday, when I went with Mr. Weber, I felt just as unhappy as I could. I never saw a picture where the rent wasn't paid and I had only two dollars left, a little loose change. I knew father would send me my fare back to Danville, but I wanted to stay here in Chicago and hang around trying to get a job some place, but I'm "unskilled labor" and couldn't earn but a few dollars per week— if I did get a job discharged and the days seemed so long, going over to the studio every day and sitting around chatting to the extras and then coming home again, that I almost decided to go back to Danville, though goodness knows I didn't want to.

Mr. Webber ordered an awfully nice little dinner but I couldn't keep eating this thing about not having any money. Just after the salad had been served a tear came into my eye and fell to my lap. I said: "What is the matter, little girl?" he asked. He has a nice voice, rather deep and low, when he isn't angry.

I tried not to tell him. I smiled and said everything to not have but the smile didn't last very long. Then he leaned across the table and took one of my hands.

"Miss Carter," he said, "I know something is wrong. Have you had bad news? Won't you tell me? Maybe I can help you." He was sympathetic, and you know that sympathy means when one is discouraged and lonesome: So I told him all about everything, about father and Danville and about father marrying again and that his wife didn't understand me, exactly, and how I came to Chicago to be a movie actress and how, after all, how my money was gone and that I was afraid I'd have to go back to Danville again.

"Is that all?" asked Mr. Webber, with a smile. I didn't like his smile at all. He didn't notice it, right, because my eyes were full of tears. When I dried my eyes and looked again, it was a kind smile.

"All," I echoed, "isn't it pretty nearly everything to not have any money and be all alone in Chicago.
September 17, 1914.

DEAR BETTY-GIRL:

The movie principals are all quite pleasant. They pay absolutely no attention to me. Remember Hilda Scott? Well, off stage, she's big and loud and calm and still rather bored. But she never tries to take over anyone and the directors all like to have her work in their pictures for she does just as she sees fit and doesn't do with any suggestions or marks. Laura Trudell is rather snippy when she doesn't like folks and is awfully jealous. I'm trying to be nice to her so she's the sort you'd have to have at your table.

Movie actors are a lot more human than you'd suppose. No lobster or champagne or fast living for them. They lead quiet, domestic lives. Bruce Spalding has an automobile, painted bright green, and he spends all of his spare time in it. He's one of the few actors who like to be with people. He likes parties and they dress in conservatively, but I wish they'd have a little more fun. I think they're too self-conscious.

The way I got to know most of the principals was in "A Trip to the Country." In this picture, some silly people go out for a walk and I was one of them. I was the assistant producer of it. We left in three big automobiles and the Trip Tee had brought all in the bus, but there was no room for me so I rode in an automobile with Hilda Scott, Trixie Gertings, and a photographer. We drove out to a big, old-fashioned country house. We took some pictures and played in the yard and climbed up the trees, a big picnic lunch. It was lots of fun.

After lunch there was a scene in which some boys were running around in a small car and I was afraid for them on quite dress-up clothes. My Danville clothes never had any style, anyhow, and they were about worn out so I climbed it. It's a good thing I was a tomboy when I was a little girl. I would have died of humiliation if I'd have tumbled down. But I didn't. I climbed and then jumped up to a little apartment near the Trip Tee studio. Trixie Gertings used to be a chorus girl and Mr. Gertings was once an actor and they were married. They dress in the most conservatively and I wish they'd have more fun. I think they're too self-conscious.

The day I got to know most of the principals was in "A Trip to the Country." In this picture, some silly people go out for a walk and I was one of them. I was the assistant producer of it. We left in three big automobiles and the Trip Tee had brought all in the bus, but there was no room for me so I rode in an automobile with Hilda Scott, Trixie Gertings, and a photographer. We drove out to a big, old-fashioned country house. We took some pictures and played in the yard and climbed up the trees, a big picnic lunch. It was lots of fun.

After lunch there was a scene in which some boys were running around in a small car and I was afraid for them on quite dress-up clothes. My Danville clothes never had any style, anyhow, and they were about worn out so I climbed it. It's a good thing I was a tomboy when I was a little girl. I would have died of humiliation if I'd have tumbled down. But I didn't. I climbed and then jumped up to a little apartment near the Trip Tee studio. Trixie Gertings used to be a chorus girl and Mr. Gertings was once an actor and they were married. They dress in the most conservatively and I wish they'd have more fun. I think they're too self-conscious.

The day I got to know most of the principals was in "A Trip to the Country." In this picture, some silly people go out for a walk and I was one of them. I was the assistant producer of it. We left in three big automobiles and the Trip Tee had brought all in the bus, but there was no room for me so I rode in an automobile with Hilda Scott, Trixie Gertings, and a photographer. We drove out to a big, old-fashioned country house. We took some pictures and played in the yard and climbed up the trees, a big picnic lunch. It was lots of fun.

After lunch there was a scene in which some boys were running around in a small car and I was afraid for them on quite dress-up clothes. My Danville clothes never had any style, anyhow, and they were about worn out so I climbed it. It's a good thing I was a tomboy when I was a little girl. I would have died of humiliation if I'd have tumbled down. But I didn't. I climbed and then jumped up to a little apartment near the Trip Tee studio. Trixie Gertings used to be a chorus girl and Mr. Gertings was once an actor and they were married. They dress in the most conservatively and I wish they'd have more fun. I think they're too self-conscious.

The day I got to know most of the principals was in "A Trip to the Country." In this picture, some silly people go out for a walk and I was one of them. I was the assistant producer of it. We left in three big automobiles and the Trip Tee had brought all in the bus, but there was no room for me so I rode in an automobile with Hilda Scott, Trixie Gertings, and a photographer. We drove out to a big, old-fashioned country house. We took some pictures and played in the yard and climbed up the trees, a big picnic lunch. It was lots of fun.

After lunch there was a scene in which some boys were running around in a small car and I was afraid for them on quite dress-up clothes. My Danville clothes never had any style, anyhow, and they were about worn out so I climbed it. It's a good thing I was a tomboy when I was a little girl. I would have died of humiliation if I'd have tumbled down. But I didn't. I climbed and then jumped up to a little apartment near the Trip Tee studio. Trixie Gertings used to be a chorus girl and Mr. Gertings was once an actor and they were married. They dress in the most conservatively and I wish they'd have more fun. I think they're too self-conscious.
Taggart Says Goodbye to England and the Lady Spy

...
you are the Llama or a submarine or what not!

Taggart, to complained. And before they went to the Ritz he had visited the London office of Taggart's company, aroused the man who was there on night duty, and developed enough film to know that they had wasted little or none. Then, with a new outfit to take the place of the one they had abandoned in Switzerland, they went to the Ritz and to sleep. The Ritz had turned away two hundred that night, but it made room for them—such was the potency of the lines scribbled on Miss Cleveden's card.

Try to picture the comfort of that bed! The delight of the luxury that succeeded what they had endured since they left Rotterdam for the wild dash along the borders of Alamein and Lorraine, the trip through Switzerland, the adventurous journey through Germany back to Holland and the final crowded crossing of the sea to England! I doubt if you can do it. Taggart got up once, in the night, at a sound in the street that required explanation. He looked down. Pall Mall was full. Down the street, in perfect time, men were marching, men in khaki. They had neither the volatile manner of the French, nor the heavy, stolid march that typifies the Germans. But they looked deadly; they looked like men who were off for the front because they wanted to go. They were Taggart of a college football team, at home, running out to take the field before its great game of the year.

"Good luck!" he cried, softly, from his window. And then he went back to bed, and to sleep—to be aroused, hours later, by the insistent ringing of the telephone by his bedside. He answered sleepily; the girl's voice, as fresh as if she had had nothing to tire her, was in his ear.

"I made them keep going, she said, "It's a shame—but it's really important. Can you be ready, and have had some breakfast in an hour? If you can I'll come to the hotel, and meet you in the lounge. I have news for you."

"I can," said Taggart, briefly. "An hour, you say? Good—because I'll take most of that to wake Reynolds up.

He did a little better than that with Reynolds. If there was a scarcity of men, he didn't, as the papers in Berlin had said, the Ritz did not show it. They had a breakfast fit for the gods, though, to be sure, they were in no mood to be critical. So many mornings, of late, had passed without any breakfast at all! And they were waiting for the girl; when she appeared, she had changed a good deal; it was plain that she had found comforts, too.

"We are to go to the war office directly," she said, without prelim. "They were quite pleased with what I brought them—though, of course, it was the man who got the information who really did the work. And they're very grateful to you for the way you helped me through. Do you know, Mr. Taggart, they were looking for you? They've heard of you, it seems. Didn't you try to get permission to go with us?"

"Yes," said Taggart, flushing a little. "And they were so infernally polite I almost thanked them for ringing me down! Quite different from the French. They would only have told me if I tried it—so, of course, I knew just where I stood."

"Yes," said the girl, with a smile. "Well, it seems they thought you might try to get your pictures, anyhow. You did something at an office in Victoria street last night, didn't you? I think you'll find aSentry there now!"

Taggart started.

"That's one on me," he confessed. "One gets to thinking England doesn't know how to play this war game—except in the field. But I guess that's wrong."

"You mean to say they've swiped those films?" said Billy Reynolds, interrupting suddenly. His face was red and there was a fierce gleam in his eyes. "I won't stand for it! They belong to us!"

Taggart suppressed him. And then, leaving Billy behind—not being a diplomat, he was considered dangerous—Taggart and Miss Cleveden betook themselves to the war office.

"You're going to see Lord Kitchener," said Miss Cleveden, impressively. "He knows all about you and what you've done, so don't try to tell him anything. Answer his questions—and as briefly as you can. He'll decide about your films, you see. We're not quite sure of anything in England—except him."

And just now he's the king and prime minister and police and the customs and law, all rolled together. He's the most absolute dictator we've ever had—because we all know that he can and will decide things by himself. It isn't legal and it isn't constitutional, but..."

"I know," said Tag-
gart. "He's all right, too. I'll stand for anything he says, because I'm pretty sure he'll be fair."

Taggart went alone to see the man who was at the heart of England in the time of trial. Subordinates were entering every moment, and Kitchener listened attentively to those who made verbal reports. Taggart he turned inside out in five minutes. He learned exactly what the movie man had done, for Taggart felt it was a time for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The keen, blue eyes, like points of steel, never wavered in their expression. Just once did he make a comment.

"Bit of an ass, that German colonel, wasn't he?" he said. "You should have been shot at once, of course. Anyone could have developed your film—later."

That wasn't cheering. Yet, when he had finished answering questions, Kitchener nodded. "I'll see your films," he said. "I think I can lend you them to America, too. You will be under surveillance as long as you remain in England. Please don't try to escape it."

That would do. For forty-eight hours after that Taggart and Reynolds had the novel sensation of having nothing to do. Billy Reynolds, following his usual custom, went to the cinema that dot London—that being the British term for a movie house. Billy was like the majority of baseball players, who, having a day off, are usually to be found at a baseball game. When the films were returned, with a note saying that they had passed the censorship, Taggart saw them off on a steamer that flew the American flag. And then he grew pensive. All Northern France was ablaze. And Taggart, while it was full of life and color of a sort created by the war, palled upon him. He and Reynolds consumed most of its picture possibilities in two days.

"He told me not to try to escape surveillance," explained Taggart. "I don't want to. I don't think it would be healthy. But he said that I was to do that as long as I stayed in Kitchener's right. I'm going home—but he didn't say that. Billy, let's you and I cross the channel!"

"We can't," said Billy, resignedly. "I looked it up. There aren't any boats running—except for soldiers. And if we enlist they won't let us take any pictures."

"Right used, dear," said Taggart. "But I didn't say we were going in a steamer, did I? There are other ways. You wait."

He went to see Miss Cleveden. He had done that several times, chiefly, as he explained to Billy, to pass the time. This may have been true. Baseball players, however, when they are permitted to share. She was a charming girl; moreover, she was very grateful to Taggart for the liberty in her life, or, at least, for her liberty. And he was just as grateful to her for having given him a chance to do it. This was not likely on business. Miss Cleveden grew a little white when he made his suggestion. But she promised to see what could be done. And when he went to her for news she was very grave.

"They say you'd be taking a desperate chance, but that they won't stop you," she reported. "They assume no responsibility of any sort. You'll have to sign some papers to that effect. And if you—if you get away with it—that's not your phrase?—I think you'll be able to go any way you like afterward."

And now came a curious illustration of the complex psychology of Billy Reynolds, who pretended to hate war and all its risks.

"Divisible, eh?" he said, when Taggart explained his new plan. "Why didn't you say so before? I always did want to take some stuff from one of these things?"

And so it came about that a British transport carried the two Americans to Calais, and that there they met one Lieutenant Leighton, who piloted cheerfully at them, and told of the risks he ran as an air scout.

"They'll get me sooner or later, of course," he said, indifferently. "Maybe this one, maybe another. But I think it would be ripping to have you chape along. It's hard to carry all of us on your head."

So they rose with him in the dirigible. And a flight of two hours brought them over country where they were already much fighting. This machine had been especially selected; it was equipped with a new stabilizer, a secret of the British war office. While it floated, like some brooding eagle, Billy's camera worked.

After all, there was no great danger. The machine was high; so high that the naked eye what was going on below looked like the operations of an army of ants. But Taggart had learned, on the Drins, with the Servians, that the camera's eye, reinforced by his telescopic device, could see many things that were supposed to be securely hidden.

And so it proved in this case. Below, facing a heavy German fire, were French and British troops. To the west, hidden from those below, but plainly in sight of Taggart and the others in the air, was the silver flash of the sea. From the east came the muffled but incessant roar of the heavy guns where the center was engaged. And, somehow, Taggart was stark by a feeling that all was not right. He spoke to Leighton, and the officer nodded. In a moment the dirigible was gliding into the north and west, heading straight over German territory.

"We're all right—unless we run into a German 'plane or two this time. The pilot. "As long as we stay up like this they can't touch us. But what are you after, anyhow?"

"Germans, off to your left," said Taggart, cocking a wise eye at the country below. He told, briefly, of the affair upon the Drins. And Leighton laughed.

"We heard of that, of course," he said. "Good little fighters, those Servians. But we wondered how they found out. You think there may be something like that here? Our Intelligence department isn't quite as bad as the Ser- vian, you know. I fancy we'd hear of it."

And yet, four hours later, films developed in Calais showed that two German army corps had been silently moved to the extreme right of the German line. Within a minute the wireless was crackling; three hours later the Franco-British left had begun to swing around, ready to face the reenforced Germans on a new line.

And the fact that the despatches never mentioned why that movement was made didn't prevent Taggart from receiving a brief note of thanks signed by the personal aide of the French chief of staff.

He got something more, something he prized much more highly. He got permission to make pictures, with his headquarters in Paris, of anything fighting there might be about the capital. What he did would be subject to the censorship, of course. But he had more than any other photographer had been able to get.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

While the Airship Floats, Like Some Brooding Eagle, Billy's Camera Worked

A Week at Sea

TO SPEND a week on the high seas in an antique, wooden bottom ship is not the most pleasant vacation to anticipate. However, Frank Crane (S. P. D.) and his Imp Company, including Alexander Gaden, Dorothy Phillips, Howard Gumpston and Stuart Paton, have just returned from such a trip—and it was anything but a vacation. The players slept in rat infested berths, cooked their meals—or rather had them cooked by an "old salt"—over a smelly ollstove and suffered all the pangs of an unruly stomach. And they worked. "On the High Seas" is the title of the two-reel play Frank has been producing. It is from the pen of his assistant, Stuart Paton.

One of the interesting incidents of this trip—an incident that forms one of the thrillers of the play—was the fall Paton took from the bowsprit forty feet into the briny deep. Be it said that Paton held the sprint swimming championship of Scotland (his birthplace) for four years. Director Crane states that the picture will stand as one of the best melodramatic romances he has ever produced.
The Movie Pictorial

Helps to the Solution of the Million Dollar Mystery

(Continued from page 14)

secure the writing of both men? Would it be different at times, and again be the same?

Hargreave is undoubtedly living in comfort. We might say that he is living in his own house—but, in the twelfth episode, he did not enter the residence through some secret channel. He ran out on the lawn. Maybe he was agitated—or his secret way was blocked. Perhaps he had seen Brain and Olga coming in the taxi. Despite these inconsistencies, Hargreave is living a well-ordered life, has money and enjoys comforts. Probably he has detectives employed. He may consult capable lawyers. He comes into possession of considerable knowledge regarding the movements of the Black Hundred. If he knows all about "enemies’ plans," why did he not trap the secret Russian agent in the thirteenth episode? Was the secret agent somebody Hargreave knew in Russia, and was he afraid to be seen? If Hargreave has remained within the Black Hundred all these years, could it not have been because the American branch consisted of newer members than the old, original Russian council? Is that why Brainde depended upon the photograph to identify Hargreave? If these are the facts, then Hargreave could have continued all these years as a member, but would have abandoned himself when the secret agent appeared, particularly if Hargreave and that agent were old acquaintances. In this case, Hargreave would have preferred to listen from a room above the council chamber, as Mr. MacGrath says he did. He would not dare be identified as a member.

During the next eight episodes, you would better decide the manner of life Hargreave is living when you see him. The truth will be better able to determine what he would be most likely to do. To help you, I shall present two good hints. These are not given to you as final. They are simply intended to help you reason: Hargreave Theory No. 1: Hargreave and Jones may be twins or "doubles." Sometimes Hargreave is doing duty as the butler; again Hargreave is absent. Hargreave may live in the House of Mystery, a large residence that may have a secret room or two. While Hargreave is in the residence he may have his meals smuggled in by Jones, or, if he is posing as Jones, he sits at the Hargreaves’ table. He may have a secret stairway that connects with Jones’ room, going and coming as he likes, keeping his clothes in Jones’ dresser or his umbrella in Jones’ closet. He could flee forth to suit himself, attending Black Hundred meetings, or assuming disguises and looking after any danger that was threatening. Hargreave Theory No. 2: Hargreave may have long kept up an apartment, if not in his home town, then in New York. He may even have had an office and pretended to be a lawyer or a detective. He could have made his business colorless and obscure. He could have called himself Smith, Jones, Brown, or what he chose. He did not have to cultivate friends. In a great city, a man can be more alone than he could ever be in a small town. With a good business head on his shoulders, Hargreave could have invested in real estate, or could have owned a line of ships and the world would have been none the wiser. He may have had a steady income, amounting to much more than his expenditures, thus giving him a tremendous advantage over the Black Hundred. His attorney may have known the facts, or not known them at all. Hargreave could have provided for the welfare of Florence in the event he disappeared. At all times, he may have been hedged in with possible explanations. If he did not appear at his office for days at a time, he could be "out of town" so far as his office force, landlord or housekeeper knew. An occasional "phone message to his lawyer would have been sufficient.

Remember these are only theories. I could construct several of them, but the idea I wish to convey is this: Hargreave must eat, sleep, bathe, shave and follow out some well-ordered existence. Desirous to be a lawyer or a detective, he has not permitted himself to let him remain as a "fragment of the mind." So long as you use these theories to regard him as an unknown quantity behind a curtain—as an unseen player—playing against you for ten-thousand-dollar stakes—just keep on testing your theories regarding him be hazy.

I am now going to help you trail Hargreave by setting down some Hargreave clues: 1—He had long expected trouble with the Black Hundred; eighteen years before it occurred, he had placed Florence in a boarding school; therefore, being far-sighted, he was always ready for a surprise—knew where he was going to live and what he was going to do. 2—He had business connections, though under an assumed name; no man can carry a million dollars in banks and still be an unknown quantity; these commercial connections no doubt included a capable lawyer, or a number of them, and possibly a trust company that knew all the facts about Florence, as well as about any money or securities for her upkeep—such as an annuity, for instance, which would keep the principal absolutely safe from Black Hundred greed and intrigue. 3—He had access to his own home at all times, through his likeness to Jones. 4—He had some "inside" information about the plans and deeds of the Black Hundred; he did not possess all the facts, as is proved by his surprise regarding the counterfeit money, by his inability to protect Florence from the conspirators in numerous instances, and by his failure to discover the plots hatched by Brain and Olga in the Countess’ apartment. 5—No matter how well justified he may have been, still Hargreave was a traitor to the Black Hundred; hence, he had great cunning and was the sort of man who might have been a great criminal had circumstances warranted; a succeeds in secrecy he had so willed. 6—He did not care to dig up the past and make it public, but suffered in silence and fought in the shadows of the background. 7—At all times he had every convenience and facility at hand, chief among which was plenty of money. 8—His love for Florence, being greater than all else, is a pretty safe index that he will come back in due time and "live happily ever after;" in real life he could easily meet his death; in the pictures, that would not meet with the favor of the public. 9—When the time arrives, he should say, "Florence, my daughter, here is your million dollars; it has been right here all the while!" 10—Every time the Black Hundred members are routed, Hargreave is a little nearer his opportunity to come back. Once this is achieved, there will be no longer need for the story. That means that it will probably not occur until late in the twenty-second episode. What happens in the meantime will give you the working basis for your solution. Can you make it a good ten thousand dollars’ worth?

(to be continued in the next issue)

Movies as an industry

The HBEF are from sixteen thousand to twenty thousand motion picture theaters in the United States, writes Frederick C. Howe in the Outlook. They entertain from seven million to seven hundred million people in a year; fifteen million dollars is invested in motion picture productions, upon which the American public spends approximately 300 million dollars a year. The average cost of films is one dollar a foot. It may run up to eight or ten dollars a foot. The production of the film "Richard III" cost $30,000. One thousand actors, two hundred horses, a three-masted warship crowded with soldiers, and five battle scenes were included in the production. "From the Manger to the Crown" cost more than $100,000.

The largest film plant in the world is in California. It turns out fourteen complete plays every week; it employs 220 regularly salaried actors and actresses and six directors. In addition there are over five hundred to six hundred other people employed. The company uses 1,200 acres of land in the staging of its productions, and sends out fourteen thousand feet of negatives every week, which are shipped to studios in New York, where from 150,000 to 200,000 feet of positive films are made.

In Dallas, Texas, it has been estimated that one of the population goes to motion picture shows daily; that in Cleveland, Ohio, one-fifth goes each day. In Chicago there are 600 motion picture theaters, and fifty vaudeville houses in addition which show films.

What Purpose is Back of This Wandsheild?
and Street & Smith and Munsey's publications are the mediums of distribution. He is a charter member of the Photoplayplayers, Los Angeles; Photoplay Authors' League, Los Angeles, and Ed-Au Club, New York City. But best of all he is democratic. He likes to move about the studio and chat with everybody when he finds time. He listens to directors and actors about production improvement with a willing ear and everybody likes Phil. To have been "invited" to write a scenario, while all the rest of us "real and near" have pried open the doors of an editor's sanctum in getting in, has been the unique record of Miss Elizabeth Lonergan, long known as a special writer of magazine calibre. Phil Lang of the Kalem Company was responsible for Miss Lonergan's entrance into the game, and he was not sorry, for the result was "The Counterfeiter's Confederate," recently released by Kalem.

Suspense and heart interest, to Miss Lonergan's mind, are the two greatest elements in a photoplay. "Her Old Teacher," Biograph, has both elements and made a good release, and Miss Lonergan believes it to be her best story, but Phil Lonergan when he bought "The Shoemaker and the Doll" thought he had her masterpiece. However, that is simply a matter of opinion.

But Phil never bought but one script because he was afraid he'd be accused of showing favoritism, and the other nineties of the twenty the gentle member of the writer family wrote, easily found lodgment on editorial desks. Just now Miss Lonergan is not writing scripts, but expects to continue later, her entire time being taken by her writings for magazines.

She was born in New York City and is a typical New York City girl. She graduated from the Girls' High School, a convent in Illinois and Pratt Institute and since then has made a big name for herself as a special writer, although she has had newspaper connection of no small concern, the New York World and others claiming her services.

Perhaps her best known work was with the Strand, where she did a series of ten articles on Grand Opera Prima Donnas. Her work has appeared, also, in Cosmopolitan, Ladies' Field, Harper's, Munsey's and others.

Her work in the screen field has been all original subjects, and she finds the morning hours her best working time and writes continuously. She works from an outline, usually, and sticks to the one script until it is polished up, finding it better than to work on more than one at a time. She now contributes, in the newspaper line, to New York World, Chicago Tribune, Boston Herald and is an officer in the Women's Press Club, New York, and a member of the Illinois Press. She is a rapid worker and her working time is not gauged by the face of the clock. She believes in letting the writing of comedy go to the masters of the Keystone staff, devoting her exceptional talents to drama, and although she has not written but a fraction of the number of scripts that the Lonergan family has produced, she is as well known in the literary field. Her latest connection is with the New York Star of which she is motion picture editor under the signature of "Lonergan." The world owes a lot to the Lonergans—Makers of Movies and Mirth, and the aspiring play- righter would do well to peruse them. They have done so faithfully as they have done and realize that merit, not pull, was responsible in putting them upon plains where they stand today and shoulders above others in the screen field.

The Making of an Actress

(Continued from page 10)

The world owes a lot to the Lonergans—Makers of Movies and Mirth, and the aspiring playwright would do well to peruse them. They have done so faithfully as they have done and realize that merit, not pull, was responsible in putting them upon plains where they stand today and shoulders above others in the screen field.

He laughed at her. And, as he had done that other time, he reached out and covered her hand with his. But now she snatched it away.

"No! Not here!" she gasped, in a startled tone.

"Wait—please! Wait until we are away from here.

They did not linger over their coffee. Vera wanted to. She was in deadly fear of him now. She knew what she had been trying to hide for herself all those weeks of her flight. She was in love with him. And she was not of those who can withhold when once they love. They were not to be her mercy. She had known that, and she gloried in the knowledge, even while she was afraid.

"I'm a congenital liar, you to sign, by the way," she said, with a studied sort of indifference, while the waiter went for the change. "I've been carrying it about for weeks. A hundred and fifty a week—with a provision for readjustment of the terms after six months. You can look it over later. But it's a pretty good contract. I had my own lawyer work on it."

She looked her wonder. And then he broke out.

"Lord!" he cried, "I don't believe you understand, even yet! You don't owe me anything! It's all in you! Do you suppose I could get you a contract like that because I wanted to do you a favor? The first work, with the Climax—you! I could have done that for anyone. But this is different. You're not dependent on me. You don't need to consider me at all. Do you get that? You can quit at the end of the six months—and they'll be falling all over one another trying to sign you up!"

There was something shameless about his procedure when they were in the car again. He turned off at the first side road that looked as if it might be property desired. He had the lights—there was only a faint moon. And within half a mile he stopped the car. He turned to her, then, and found her waiting. His arm went about her.

"Ah!" he cried, with a sort of exultation, as she yielded her lips. "Ah!"

"You're not afraid?" he said, a moment later, wonder in his tone. "After all the things I used to say—all the low, sophisticated things I tried to make you believe—"

"I don't care!" she sobbed. "I'm what you've made me! Why should I care? You've done everything for me."

"Oh, my dear!" he said, gently. "You've pulled me up by the roots! You've dragged me away from the weeds that were choking my growth, and planted me in clean soil again! It's who owes everything to you! And I want to owe more. I want you to marry me to-morrow—I'd say to-night, only we can't! Will you?"

(Tex End)

Anna Luther, the pretty Lubin leading Lady, lately won a tango contest at the Hotel Shelburne in Atlantic City, and intends to compete in the maxixe and tango contests at the Hotel Shelburne in which the prize will be a Palce runabout. She is practicing daily in hopes of winning the car, and her friends are daily asking, in case of her hopes coming true, that each of them shall be the first to runabout with her.

"I AIN'T MAD AT NOBODY"

With Apologies to Briggs
West Coast Studio Jottings
News of the Photoplayers in Southern California

By Richard Willis

I

HATE to tell tales out of school, but this is a fish story and therefore exempt from ordinary etiquette. F. A. Kelsey, Eddie Morgan, R. A. Walsh, Bobby Harron, Donald Crisp, Arthur Ward, Jack Adolfi, Eugene Pallette, F. A. Turner, and Sam De Graasse went fishing last Sunday—spent all day at it and came home too late to be able to buy any trophies at a market. Nearly a bite had they and, what is more, several of them enjoyed acute seasickness—no, I will not mention special names.

The war is claiming some of the actors from Los Angeles, and this week C. Bhyr Pryce, a familiar figure around the studios, and Anthony Hammond of the Kalem company left for Canada, where they will join the residuals for the front.

J. Francis Dillon is now directing Carlyle Blackwell.DVDing it very effectively and his first picture is finished and already comes "The Man Who Couldn't Lose" from the story by Richard Harding Davis. Carlyle is tickled to death to be back in Los Angeles again. He does not like New York any more—says it is "dance mad," so you can't have any real fun.

G. P. Hamilton is expected back again soon and the Albuquerque Company will be at it again, which means that they are going to stop everybody who comes flowers and riding Hell Cat into the mountains. Pardon, Hell Cat is a pet horse who once had a vicious nature but who now eats out of Dot's hand.

Lee Moran is a bright young comedian with the A. E. Christie, Nestor Comedy Company, was in Chicago for a visit recently. It is the first time in five years that he has been home, and it is to be regretted that the occasion was the funeral of a brother. Lee was young when he left home to go on his way, and he had a joyful reception from his immediate family after these five years. If it hadn't been for Nestor comedies, which he never misses, they wouldn't have known him.

Harold Lockwood writes me that he has had to draw the line at a certain gift, or rather at a certain prospective gift, and that he mortally offended the would-be donor. The gift happened to be a full-blooded Newfoundland dog. New Harold the dog, in apartments, none too large, and even if he could see turning the bathroom into a kennel, the dog couldn't have got in, hence the refusal.

Margaret Fischer 'phoned me that if I did not go up to Santa Barbara and get lots of news about Alice Bracey, she would cut me off her visiting list, so I'm off and will have lots of Santa Barbara news next week.

I found E. D. Korkheimer back at the Balboa studios, whilst H. M. is in New York. The former has recently returned from Europe and believes that the war will greatly help American films. The home market must be supplied, and when the war trouble is over there will be a rush of films to the other side and exports will continue, anywhere.

Everyone knows Ben Deely and Marie Wayne, who have been trotting around the country for ten years now as "The New Bellboy." The Deely person has ideas of doing the adventures of Ima Simp, detective, in a series with Marie opposite himself. The films will be made at the Balboa Studios and released through that company. William Wolcott, who directed and Charles Dudley will be a member of the company, and is the man who acts and draws rude pictures of those who sit with him.

William D. Taylor continues his policy of advancement at the same studios and is putting on one feature after another. He is at the present engaged upon a story of seven or eight times and talked with him, for she is always ready with the sympathy which means so much to all who are suffering. Miss Bracey has been away for two weeks, he said, as she walked up to him, "Here is your paper, Miss Bracey. It must have come to know the sound of her footsteps."

Poor Ed. J. Le Saint, he seems to be cursed with talk of luck, as far as he is concerned, he has made a trip to San Diego and all went well, but it took over twelve hours to return—what with runabouts and sand dunes and a venomous sandbank. The machine is in the shops again and Ed. is walking to the studio mornings.

Lloyd Lonergan, Thanhouser production chief, was forced to abandon his contemplated trip to Yellowstone Park and return to New Rochelle because of the tragic death of C. J. Hite. Mr. Lonergan had reached Chicago before the time the news reached him. The rest of the company, including Mignon Anderson and Morris Foster, continued westward.

In one of the features of the Alice Joyce series soon to be released the popular Alice will wear a gown valued at $3,000 and Jewels to the value of $2,000. The costumes for the picture were as staggering as its total value. Miss Joyce would have to be helped into those jewels by the Jeweler at the Fifth avenue jewelers, and the gown is being made by "Lucille" (Lady Duff-Gordon), and is one of the greatest creations of that fashionable modiste.

One recent Saturday night Clara Kimball Young attended Proctor's Fifth Avenue Theater with the intention of seeing "My Official Wife" (in which she plays the lead) from the spectator's point of view. But, unluckily for her purpose, she was discovered and applauded for fully three minutes. She finally responded by ascending the stage and making a short speech, much to the delight of the patrons.

Dustin Farnum has lately been a familiar figure on Broadway now that "The Virginian" has been completed at the Lasky Hollywood Studio. The West has always been acknowledged as possessing beauty in its pure, unadulterated form, but as soon as the stage folk are through with their work there they hasten east with just one outwitted idea—to see old Broadway, and Mr. Farnum was no exception. His first few weeks in the East, he spent in shaking hands and trading tales of the Old West with his many New York friends.

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw is now busy at the Lulu Philadelphia and Betzwood studios working in "Threads of Destiny," in which she is to be seen with Donald Crisp. The well-known producer, William D. Mac, has signed a contract with her for the production, and it is being made at the Lulu Studio in special arrangement with Siegmund Lubin.
Hasek, K. P., Seattle Wash.—Grace Cunard and Princess Ford are not married. Each is supposed to be single. Most of the successful photoplay stars are graduates of the legitimate stage, but they learned their art through years and years of actual experience.

Willa H., Hutchinson, Kan.—None of the four players you mention are married so far as we know. A chat with Vera Sisson will probably appear in some future issue of either Movie Pictorial or Photoplay Magazine.

Wilfred MCA, Stracys, N. Y.—The player you refer to in that picture was Leo White.

Blak P., Wilmette, Ill.—"Gold Seal" is the name of one of the Universal brands of film and the pictures released under that trade mark or name are made at the Universal Film Manufacturing Company's studio located near Los Angeles, California. Address a letter to Miss Cunard's care of the Universal Film Manufacturing Co., Los Angeles, Calif.

Zor G., San Antonio, Tex. — Kathlyn Williams' name is now Kathlyn Williams again, for she recently secured a divorce from Mr. Moore, her second husband. No, you are mistaken about that little girl in the Rex pictures. Don't think Francis Ford and Victoria Forde are any relation. One's name is spelled "Ford" you will note, while the other writes it "Forde."

George H. J., Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mary Pickford is working now only in Famous Players releases. The Biograph and Imp releases now being exhibited in which Mary plays the leading roles are reprints of old negatives, made when Mary was in the employ of the Biograph and Imp companies. Some of them are two and three years old, but the prints are new ones, so they are as clear and free from rain as new films would be. The actress appearing as "Shirley Rossmore" in Lubin's "The Lion and the Mouse" is Miss Ethel Clayton. Her photo has been published and probably a chat with her will appear in some future issue.

Temple St. C., St. Louis, Mo.—In answering a question of yours in a recent issue of your paper, attention has been called to the fact that through a mistake on our part you were told that "The Million Dollar Mystery" will appear in 28 parts, each of two reels, or 56 reels in all. We would now explain that the story is to run in 22 parts and a twenty-third release later on, so that but 46 reels will be released.

Trineke S., Omaha, N. B.—Francis Bushman can be addressed care Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, Chicago, Illinois. James Cruze is the husband of Marguerite Snow in private life. We don't reply to questions by @, so that is why your answers appear as A.

Toddy L., Baton Rouge, La.—Grace Cunard's name is Grace Cunard. A photo of her can doubtless be obtained by writing the New York office of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, 1699 Broadway, New York City. Her address is care of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Los Angeles, California.

Mrs. Isa F. G., Vancouver, B. C.—It is Owen Moore, not Tom Moore, who is Mary Pickford's husband. Yes, Owen, Tom and Matt Moore are all related. Mary Pickford can be reached by addressing her care of the Famous Players Film Company, New York City.

Homer H., Mineral Point, Wis.—Jack Richardson is still appearing in American films, made at Santa Barbara, California. You are right in thinking he used to play villains opposite Jack Kerrigan. Kerrigan is now with the Universal, but Richardson is still with American.

Ralph E. H., Sturbridge, Mass.—No, Florence LaBadie is not married. Can't give you the names of the players you ask for. They were just supernumeraries and their names do not appear in the cast sheets.

"Zealous," Asheville, N. C.—No, Annette Kel- lerman is not a "regular" motion picture actress, if by regular you mean one who earns her living by appearing in the films. She was specially engaged for the one production "Nep- tuhn's Daughter," in which she played the title role. You are mistaken about Anita Stewart and Billy Quirk.

MARRY RICH

Big list of descriptions and names of manufacturers and dealers in music books, accessories, etc.

STANDARD CORR. CLUB, GRAYSLAKE, ILL.

**How to Write Photoplays that Sell**

**HERE IS A NEW BOOK**

**fresh from the press that will tell you**

—how to write strong, red-blooded scenarios that laugh at the rejection slip.

—how to express your photoplay ideas in that crisp, clean-cut, magnetic English that makes your scenario speak action—that's what the editors want.

—how to become the editor's friend and always know just what and when the different sorts of ideas are wanted.

Above all Else this Book is Practicable

For could any advice be more practical than that coming from men who have been doing every day for years the very things they tell about? Could any advice be more practical than that which comes from the editors and writers who have earned hundreds of dollars through doing the very things, schemes and ideas this book will appear? Could this advice be more dependable, more reliable, than that which is being used by hundreds of photoplaywrights with success? For here are the very success secrets of photoplay writing that have netted its compilers hundreds of dollars through the sale of scenarios. This book is a plain, easily understood volume; the best book for individual study, and is in advance of any other work on the subject.

This Book is a School Within Itself

The object of this book is to give, in the easiest understood form, the information necessary for the proper instruction on how to write photoplays that sell—photoplays that contain the big rival punches and dramatic situations that the editors demand. It is good for old timers as well as beginner.

**COSTS BUT ONE DOLLAR**

The price for 10,000 worth of knowledge is but ONE DOLLAR. The book isn't bound in limp leather and decked edge—it is just a plain dollar value.

Wrap a dollar bill in your letter, together with your name and address and send your order today—or you will have to get a money order—send an ordinary dollar bill at our risk. The book will be sent you the same day the order is received.

Don't put this off until tomorrow, but do it today, while you have the dollar and your order is on your mind.

The Enterprise Publishing Co., Dept. A, 3348 Ave. L, Chicago'

**INTERESTED?** Florence LaBadie has been a member of the Thanhouser Company for more than three years. James Cruze, in private life, is the husband of Marguerite Snow.

Alice, Antonia, Orl.—Dorothy Davenport is now appearing with a new film manufacturing concern known as Thistle Photoplays. The pictures are being made in Los Angeles, California. Ethel Grandin, in private life, is Mrs. Smallwood. Marguerite Snow and Florence LaBadie are really the best of friends. You mustn't imagine that just because Marguerite is trying to kick you in our studio in "The Million Dollar Mystery" she treats her that way outside the studio.

FASCINATING CROCHET DESIGNS

For beggars of all sorts. Hundreds of clear, beautiful designs. Richardson's Book, in the following colors: natural, rose, crimson, burnt orange, black. Also, in fine linen and other silks. (Specially designed by Art. See inside for full prices.) Also, in crocheted lace, satin, damask, and organza. Richardson's Book, 40c. Richardson's Book (Extra), $1.50. (Sold by retail and manufacturers.)

ST. LOUIS FAMILY CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Authors and Scenario Writers

Write Plays, Sketches, etc., for publishers, etc. Great demand for dog story, historical, and adventure stories. Send revised manuscript with 25c for revision. Richardson's Book, 40c. Or write for catalog, etc.

E. L. GAMBLE, Author, East Liverpool, O.
Why Don’t You Write Photoplays?

You know nothing about what is required? Have you imagination? Are you willing to study simple facts if the reward is worth while? Don’t you wish to get into a new field—one that is not overcrowded? Why spend years learning a profession that may never be profitable, when there is a way open to learn this most recent business in a short while?

Not Necessary to be a Fiction Writer

It makes no difference whether you have ever written fiction or know anything about it. Some of the greatest novels and short stories contain no film possibilities; few have ever been worth filming. Scenario writing is altogether different; no knowledge of grammar required—no newspaper or magazine experience needed.

You Need No Theatrical Knowledge

It makes no difference if you do not know one theatrical term from another. You may never have seen the rear of a stage. Moving pictures are entirely different—the plan of staging them is different. Few dramas have any film value. It is a different kind of profession. Dramatic playwrights do not necessarily make capable scenario writers.

Scenario Writing Means Financial Independence

Scenario writers make big money—some of them many thousands of dollars a year. No investment in materials or equipment; no stock-in-trade—nothing but a good head and ambition—no costs such as a business or professional man has. Men and women making good—succeeding without regard to age or circumstances of life. People in all trades and professions are making money. Why can’t you do the same?

Mr. A. W. Thomas and Mr. William Lord Wright Tell You How

These men are acknowledged to stand at the topmost pinnacle of scenario writing, teaching, criticism and editing. Mr. Thomas was editor-in-chief of the Photoplay Clearing House, New York, and is now Editor of "Photoplay Magazine." He was the organizer and is now President of the Photoplaywrights Association of America. Mr. Wright is Photoplay Editor of the "Dramatic Mirror." Both have written and sold a tremendous number of scenarios; both are successful authors.

Thousands of New Scenarios Are Needed

Thousands upon thousands of scenarios are needed yearly. The film companies cannot get enough to fill the demand. Better scenarios are the rarest of all productions. And among the most successful photoplaywrights are those who never had any previous experience in scenario writing. This is the heyday of a mighty industry, and if you ever intend to enter this field, now is the time to learn all about photoplay writing.

A Copy of This Book Sent FREE!

This great book, "Wanted: More Photoplays," by A. W. Thomas, telling about the requirements of photoplay writing—going into detail—is yours FREE if you ask for it at once. Write a postal or letter. Say, "Without cost to me, please send a copy of Mr. Thomas' book." Sign your name and address plainly. Send no money—not even return postage. But above all else, write at once. The very first edition of this book is just due from the printers. Get a copy before it has been circulated. Take advantage of this rare opportunity. Send at once! It is free!

ADDRESS YOUR REQUEST AT ONCE TO

Photoplaywrights' Association of America
8 South Dearborn St.
CHICAGO, ILL.

FREE!

A copy of this book:

“Wanted—More Photoplays”

By A. W. THOMAS
Editor of Photoplay Magazine and President of the Photoplaywrights' Association of America
He has reviewed our course and system of instruction in photoplay writing and recommends it to you.

He has acted leading roles from many hundreds of scenario scripts.

He knows, from his wide experience in motion picture acting and directing, what the scenario script requires.

He knows our course and method of instruction and knows that we can teach YOU.

$250 for One Photoplay

Mrs. Cordelia B. Ford, a student of The Author’s Motion Picture School, won the $250.00 prize offered in the Amateur Photoplaywrights’ Contest, conducted by Photoplay Magazine. She saw her opportunity and grasped it. She capitalized her imagination by learning the simple technical rules of the photoplay. You can do the same if you will let us show you how.

Demand Increasing Daily

Do you know that your ideas are worth money and that Producers want to pay you money for them? Do you know that they are advertising in the open market for photoplays that we can teach you to write as we have taught others? We base our claims upon performance. Our instructor is a well known photoplaywright whose plays you have seen. He gives you personal instruction and helps you make your photoplays salable. His help insures your success.

Literary Experience Not Necessary

The result of the Sun-Vitagraph Contest proved this statement conclusively. People who had never had any literary experience, some who submitted their first scripts, sold their photoplays. Miss Elaine Sterne, winner of the $1000.00 First Prize, had been in this interesting and profitable work only 10 months. Like Mrs. Ford she grasped her opportunity.

Fame and Fortune Await the Ambitious

You have imagination—You have had interesting experiences—You see something out of the ordinary in your newspaper every day. Let us give you the easily mastered technical training that will enable you to convert these Experiences and News Items into $$$$$$ during your spare time in your own home.

Send for our free illustrated catalog and learn why prominent actors and authorities lend their prestige to our institution.

Author’s Motion Picture School
Box A, 122 S. Michigan Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.