EDITED BY
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Versatile Mabel Normand is every picturegoer’s favourite. (See "Picture Personalities," page 12.)
CURRENT TOPICS IN THE PICTURE WORLD

Getting On—Getting Off.

GEO. FORMBY, the comedian, who, we understand, has already been on the screen, and wants some more, tells a story of a stage-struck youth who once wrote him. "Can you get me on the stage? I can't dance, but if I was loved I have no doubt I could dance as well as some as is dancing now."

As George says:— "Some people think they can mount the ladder of histrionic fame by reading 'How to Get on the Stage'—nonsense! Whereas what they find more useful is my book 'How to Keep Off'—sixpence!"

Why Pictures Fascinate!

HAVE you never felt your heart sink at the sight of a villain about to commit some foul deed? Did you have no thrill of pleasure when a noble act was depicted? Have you not felt your eyes moist as you looked at the pathetic scene by the bedside of a dying child, father, or mother? You have seen (says the Belfast Northern Constitution) tragedy and comedy, love and hate, joy and sorrow, peace and war, innocence and guilt, poverty and luxury good and evil, all in a couple of hours, and for a modest shilling, ninetepence, sixpence, or threepence—all so realistic that you forget you are witnessing scenes prepared for you by actors and actresses. They lift you from the ordinary humdrum of life, and carry you to the shums, to the hospitals, to the great cities and towns that you never dreamt of seeing, over oceans on which you never expected to voyage, to lonely islands, to the desert, to the jungle, to the prairie, to the ranch, to the mountains and valleys, to the regions of eternal snow and ice, up great rivers, to the clouds, into the depths of the earth and the sea."

For and Against.

A MANCHESTER exhibitor quotes some letters recently received from his patron:—

"I was very pleased to see you show the Princes in the Tower. My children learned more history by seeing it than they would do in school in a year."

"Why do you show pictures like the Princes in the Tower?"

"What attracts me is the orchestra. You mustn't drop that."

"The noise of the alleged orchestra is unearthly—I don't mean heavenly."

What is one man's meat is another man's poison. We have never yet been able to meet anybody who succeeded in pleasing everybody.

Novel £1,000 Prize Competition.

WHAT was your funniest experience? The Selig Polyscope Company are offering prizes of £5, £30, £20, and £15 for the best stories describing the funniest experience in your life. Any of our readers may compete. The stories must be told in not more than 500 words. Your name and address must be written on a separate piece of paper, enclosed in a plain sealed envelope. Put your manuscript and the plain envelope in another envelope and address to "Contest Editor, Right Off the Red Page. Chicago Tribune, Chicago, U.S.A." Last day for receiving entries May 2nd. In order to be certain that your story arrives in time it should be posted in London not later than April 10th. The prize-winning stories will be made into scenarios, and produced by the Selig Company. No manuscripts will be returned.

Hunting the Goof.

AN American wild animal and bird picture which has received more than three years in the making is now completed by the Educational Film Company of Los Angeles, under the direction of E. W. and C. B. Salisbury.

Many of the scenes were made in the Government reserve, over fifty miles square, in the northern part of California and Southern Oregon. For weeks men lay in trenches in order to make pictures showing the habits of the birds. Captures of mountain lions, lynx, and the roping of bears, wild cats, and other animals are shown in the film.

One of the scenes made in California goose hunt participated in by seven men, who killed more than eight hundred geese in a single day.

During the run of these "Wild Life Pictures," at a theatre in San Francisco, Mr. Salisbury stood outside with a huge bear which appears in the film and made the ungainly animal go through a series of amusing feats, to the delight of pedestrians.

Although the grizzly appeared quite harmless in his playful cavortings under the control of his master, the spectators were not aware of the bear's dangerous character. The next day it was captured by a lasso in the mountains the beast attacked an Indian guide of the Salisbury party, and, grasping the unfortunate man in its huge, sinewy arms, broke the neck of the victim.

Big Film's Big Figures.

AS showing what it means to manufacture a great picture like "Jane Shore," referred to on another page, the following statistics are of interest. They were supplied to us by the Barker Company, who made this film masterpiece—Artists employed, 5,718; carpenters and stage hands, 53; costumes, 4,171; value of costumes, $5,300; silk used, 2,290 yards; velvet used, 670 yards; horses, 342; weight of armour, 7 tons; little arms used, 479; timber used, 37,300 feet; canvas used, 3,217 square yards; special trains used, 41; train miles travelled, 2008; road miles travelled, 332; cost of tares, £116; weight of snow used in winter sections, 13 cwts.

(Continued on page 14.)
OUR NEWS FEATURE: EVENTS OF THE WEEK

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHÉ'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

(For descriptive titles to these photographs see bottom of page 2, opposite.)
Vivacious, Versatile Virginia.
SINCE Virginia Kirtley joined the "Beauty" forces a few months ago, she has achieved further remarkable successes as a comedienne of the front rank. Playing opposite Fred Gamble and Joseph Harris, she completes the trio of "Beauty" mirth-makers. The merry portrait which adorns our front cover shows Miss Kirtley in "A Girl and Two Boys," a "Beauty" Comedy (released on April 8th) in which practical joking precipitates proposals.

An unpleasant Experience.
FILM realism is only purchased by the utmost devotion to their calling on the part of the artists, who face risks and undergo strains which ordinary human beings would refuse to face. No better example of this devotion has come before our notice than the following: During the production of Edison's fine double-reel drama "The Fines of Lory," Marc McDermott had a desperate struggle against a strong tide while rescuing Miss Nesbit from the waters of Rye Beach. Although a very powerful swimmer, McDermott's strength was almost exhausted when the shore was reached, but the result of it all was a scene of life-like realism.

Dorothy Gish Recovered.
SINCE her serious automobile accident, Dorothy Gish, the "Griffith" star, has received letters and telegrams of sympathy from countless admirers. One day's mail brought 372 letters and forty-eight telegrams. One evidence of her popularity was the receipt of a letter of sympathy from a little girl who addressed the envelope simply to "Dorothy Gish, Motion Picture Actress," without giving the street address or the name of the city. The American postal authorities evidently knew the young screen-actress, for the letter was forwarded to her home in Los Angeles without delay. Miss Gish is now quite recovered, and back at her work again.

Are "Thrillers" Still Popular.
THE other day two boys of about eleven and nine years of age were watching a film described as "thrilling," says a Huddersfield paper. The hero had been captured, had escaped, and been recaptured and buried alive, had again escaped, and had been again recaptured and left for dead. He had fought a leopard in the jungle, been plunged in a cave by bandits, and rescued by "friendly natives." He was at the moment engaged in an exciting pursuit of the villain; he had worn out two motor-cars in a dash across country, and had continued his chase by means of ocean liner, motor-boat, and railroad, and, finally, by aeroplane. Just at the moment when the aeroplane seemed to be overtaking the villain's motor-car the younger boy uttered a little gurgle of delight. It was the first sign of interest the boy had given, but the bigger lad turned upon him with infinite scorn: "Why, he succeeded, you're not excited by these now, are you?"

"Battleship" Made for Pictures.
THE celebrated play "The Girl of My Heart," which has been successfully toured by its author, Herbert Leonard, is now being planned for the cinema. Mr. Leonard plays a leading rôle in the stage version, and he will do the same in the film, which will be produced under his auspices, in collaboration with Mr. Leedham Bauntok. Owing to the war it is impossible to obtain the use of a battleship, so a "warship" is being built, with guns, barbettes, etc., all complete, at the Whetstone studios for the court-martial scene. Nearly three hundred players will be required for this scene alone.

As for the exterior settings, most of these are available in and around the studio grounds, though, of course, visits will be paid to the sea for the "coast" settings. The British Empire Films, Ltd., who hold the world's cinematograph rights, will handle the picture.

"The Knock-out."
THc following description of a coming "Keystone" with the above title we have taken from a programme sent us by a reader in New Zealand. It is nearly as funny as the film itself.

As a pugilist "Fatty" is more than a "White Hope," he's hopeless. He's the world's champion elephant weight and waiter. He tips the scales at 29 stones, and is quite willing to take on anybody twice his own weight if such can be found. His "upper cuts" and "chin choppers" aren't much "chop" there is too much "chin" and not sufficient "chop", about them, but his right "hooks" are "eye" openers—or shutters, while his "swings to the point" are pointedly terrific; they are a "holey" terror, for they punch holes in a whole lot of things and persons, including Charles Chaplin, the crookedest but funniest referee alive. But "Fatty" doesn't fight fair, he loses his head when anyone taps him on the waistband, and it's difficult to tap him elsewhere, for he's mostly waistband; and then the band begins to play, for he drops his gloves and howls for revolvers, whereupon things revolve quickly—it takes the whole force of Keystone police to hold him.

Made in Germany.
"M. Y." (Dublin) tells us that most of the picture-houses in that dear, dirty city are doing away with the National Anthem, because it is invariably received with hisses and boos on the part of the audience. Perhaps, says John Bolt, it is not the sentiment, but the tune that is boosed. We believe it was "made in Germany."

PLAYING WITH LION CUBS IN THE ABSENCE OF THEIR PARENTS.
A thrilling scene from "In Jungle Wilds" (Bison Drama) see "The Young Picturgoer" on page 14.
AS it had done for a week past, the rain descended in torrents and the beautiful woman who had arrived earlier in the day at the "Golden Cannon" with a numerous retinue continued to pace the general room of that inn while her servants, knowing how sudden and bitter could be her displeasure, stood aloof, discussing in whispers the pestilential floods which condemned them to remain in such a place.

Suddenly her ladyship beckoned, and the landlord hurried to her side.

"The officer who noted in with his men a little while ago," she said imperiously, "who is he, sirrah?"

"The Count de Montbrunn, a young French officer returning to rejoin his regiment," the man replied, bowing obsequiously. "I will go to him and say that a lady and a fellow-traveller would deem it a favour if he would speak with her."

She sank wearily into a chair by the blazing fire as the worthy host departed to obey her commands, and a few moments later the ring of spurs and the clank of a scabbard on the tiled floor told her that the officer had lost no time in hastening to her side.

For a brief moment her eyes sought his languid, inscrutable face, then she smiled slowly, and with that smile de Montbrunn became her willing slave.

"Monseigneur will pardon the liberty I take in summoning him hither," she said softly, "but I need the strong arm and protection of a gallant gentleman."

De Montbrunn's eyes flashed as he bowed. "Madam has but to command, and——" his hand dropped heavily on his rapier hilt, finishing the sentence.

"Nay," the lady laughed. "I have no wish at the moment for you to draw in my protection. Though of a very truth," she added petulantly, "I find these floods of greater inconvenience than the mauvlin attentions of half a dozen wine-kissed gallants."

"The floods, Madam?"

"Even so. I travel from St. Maritz, Monseigneur, on important business and must reach home without delay. I pray you take pity on my defenceless state, and see me safely through the floods."

As she spoke she allowed her white hand to rest for a second, as though unintentionally, upon his arm, and whatever scruples de Montbrunn may have had—for the times were troublous and a soldier's strict training had taught him that a beautiful woman was too often the deadliest spy—vanished at the touch. After all it was but a small matter to guide her through the floods, and he could trust himself.

"Very good, Madam," he answered, with another bow, "but I take the road almost at once."

"The sooner the better." She summoned her servants to her side, and bade them leave the wholesome cheer of the inn to one more face the perils of the road. Then she turned again to the handsome officer at her side. "I go now to prepare, Monseigneur; you will not find me ungrateful."

Half an hour later the landlord of the "Golden Cannon" watched the heavy coach with its guard of well-armed horsemen clatter out upon its journey.

All that night they fought the ever-rising waters. Often the coach swung dangerously with the tide and the tired horses, almost dead alike to whip and cheering voice, were all but swept away in the raging flood, but each time de Montbrunn saved the situation, urging man and beast to further effort, and threatening even when the weary retainers showed signs of weariness.

At last in the cold grey of the dawn, the coach and its precious burden stood high and dry upon solid ground, and, hat in hand, de Montbrunn bent over his reckless chargers' head to take his leave.

"My task is done, fair lady," he said, with almost a touch of sadness in his voice, "and now comes farewell, all too soon for me."

She flashed a quick glance from her dark eyes, and, drawing off her jewelled glove, gave him her hand. "I thank you, Monseigneur le Comte," she answered, dropping her eyes before his ardent gaze; "and one of these days you shall claim your reward."

"I shall live but for that day, Madam," he whispered, "but in very sooth the world is a wondrous large place in which to seek for a reward from one whose very name is——"

"I am the Countess Verna," she interrupted hastily as she drew her hand away. Then, without meeting his eyes again, she gave the order to proceed.

Motionless in his saddle, de Montbrunn watched the cavalcade until the crest of a distant hill hid it from his sight.

"The Countess Verna," he muttered, "the Austrian favourite of my General, the Duke de Orleans. In very truth a man can sometimes entertain an anguished mind."

Hardly had de Montbrunn rejoined his regiment than the threatening warcloud burst over the land, and, fully mobilised, France prepared to once more take the field against her ancient and hated enemy, Austria.

But, sitting alone in her palatial home, the Countess Verna, an Austrian, thought only of the French soldier who, by his blunt gallantry, had won her heart during that boisterous night's fight against the elements.

All but dead was her allegiance to the royal Duke whose munificence had surrounded her with the wealth that made her the most envied of all the butterflies that fluttered round the Court, wealth that she would gladly have bartered in
exchange for the right to creep into the shelter of de Montbrun's stalwart arms.

Then one night, as she sat lonely brooding over the grim chances that stood between her and the careness of her soldier-lover, a messenger stood before her, and by his coming reminded her of yet another allegiance.

"Countess," the message which he carried ran, "although the favourite of a Prince of France, you still owe some duty to the country of your birth. Austria needs your help, and we do not doubt that your heart is still that of a patriot, and that you will use every means in your power to aid us in the hour of our need."

The missive was without signature, but she wanted none to tell her that it came from the hand of the King of Austria himself. Gone was the last spark of her affection for the Duke, the hope of her adopted country—forgotten almost the young French officer who had won her wayward heart, as she penned her reply to the Royal request.

That night she journeyed to the French lines, apparently to visit the great Commander, who trusted her in all things, but in reality to play the spy upon those who had been her friends for years.

"And so we meet again, fair lady!"

In her apartments at the "Royal Peach Tree" inn de Montbrun once more held her hand and gazed passionately into the soft eyes raised so lovingly to his.

"Oh, blessed day, Monseigneur," she answered with a laugh that was half a sob, "the day that I have waited for—aye, I confess it even though I die of shame, that I have prayed for and feared might never dawn!"

De Montbrun laughed gaily, then a shadow crossed his face.

"As for you, I have played," he answered, "though even now that good fortune has been our friend and we have met once more, this accursed war may tear us apart again at any moment."

"Not yet, oh, surely, not so soon?"

"Tis as Heaven wills," he answered gravely, "and poor mortals that we are, we can not abide by its decrees.

Why, sweet lady," he continued, "here am I almost cursing that very thing which has brought me to your side again."

If it had not been for this very same war, the Duke would not have been beneath this roof, nor I, one of his officers, summoned to an urgent council."

A council: the Duke, the Countess faltered.

"Even so," de Montbrun cried, not noticing her agitation, and in yonder room, within ear-shot of where we stand. But come, be of good cheer; not even his Royal Highness shall separate us, though I fear did he but imagine how I had won such a priceless possession from him my head would pay the price of my temerity."

Voices sounded behind the thick curtains that screened the door at the other end of the apartment, and above them all rang that of the Duke of Orleans as he welcomed the officers thus hastily summoned to his council.

"Listen," de Montbrun whispered, "I must go now; but we long I will return. The Duke returns immediately to his headquarters near the firing-line; this much I know from a trusted source."

Hastily pressing her fingers to his lips, he strode across the room and through the curtained doorway, and more than four hours later the listening woman heard the affecting groaning of the man she was sworn to betray, as he bade her lover welcome.

Torn by conflicting emotions, the Countess paced the room. Fear of the grim man, of whom she was tired, struggled with her new love for de Montbrun; then, as a sharply uttered sentence fell upon her ear, she remembered something else—the Royal message which had brought her to the French lines to play the part of a traitor, not only in love but in war.

Crouching by the curtain, she listened eagerly.

"Gentlemen," the Duke was saying, "the truth must be faced, and the sooner we face it the better for our cause. We are running short of ammunition for our cannon, and until fresh supplies arrive we cannot hope to hold the enemy in check should they attempt an attack in force."

"And when will the supplies arrive, your Highness?"

"I fear not until September. A sorry outlook, gentlemen; but one which we must face with fortitude, exerting every strategy to prevent the enemy from discovering the truth."

Here was Crouching Tree, the messenger who had brought the Countess, her face scrunched into a frown, and who apparently had forgotten only the gifts which would be showered on her by the grateful Austrians, as she hastily penned the message that might bring overwhelming disaster on Orleans' forces.

An hour later her messenger crept through the French lines upon his errand of love. No sooner had she, a loving woman once again, waited with a wildly beating heart for the moment when her lover's arms would encircle her.

With a crash the Duke of Orleans brought his gymnastic fist down upon the rickety camp-table. "Mark me well, gentlemen," he said, harshly, "black treason is afoot, and if I can manage to trace from whence the leakage of information goes from our lines those responsible shall pay dearly for it. A week age there at the inn of Orleans this messenger is supposed to have been seen."

Hardly had he finished speaking, and before any of his staff could reply, when the curtained opening of the tent was dragged aside and an orderly officer of his bodyguard stood before him.

"How now, sirrah?" Orleans snapped angrily.

"Do you not see that affairs of State occupy our attention?"

"I crave pardon, your Highness," the orderly replied, "but matters of grave import have brought me hurrying from my post."

The Duke's stern eyes narrowed. "How?"

"Early this evening, the officer answered, with a swift glance at the ring of expectant faces circling him, "my patrol took a prisoner an Austrian messenger."

"So," the Duke interrupted, "do you interrupt me to learn what to do with such ennui?"

"Pardon, your Highness, but he was an ordinary messenger. He came straight from the King of Austria himself, and, on searching him, we discovered this."

As he spoke he placed a small, carefully sealed packet on the table before the Duke, then, stepping back, stood stiffly at attention. For a moment his leader looked at him, then, with a muttered "Thank you," tore the package open. As he read the contents his dark face grew livid; he staggered slightly, then, squaring his shoulders with an obvious effort, became the grim warrior again.

"You did right in bringing this straight to me, Monseigneur, and I shall not forget the service," he said. Then, snatching up his rapier and plumed hat, he addressed those who watched him won-
"Merciful Heaven!" he breathed, "as my sauntered mother is my witness I did not know.

"You did not know," Orleans continued mercilessly. "Since when did a soldier of France find so paltry an excuse to hide his wretched villainy. "Fare Heaven, Count, since you have allowed the woman to escape, your life must pay forfeit for you both.

With a proud gesture de Montbrun drew himself up to his full height and saluted. "It is good, your Highness," he said simply, "whenever you claim my life it is at your service." The anger died away in the Duke's eyes, and he became again the iron leader of men. "So be it," he said quietly. "To-morrow, at all costs, we must hurl the Austrians back. When the battle is over, Count, and if we meet alive, I shall claim repayment of the debt you owe to France.

All the following day the battle raged between the legions of France, and the massed horde of Austria. Man by man the flower of the Army fell, until at last the remnant found themselves in danger of being surrounded by the enemy.

"Gentlemen," the Duke cried to his weary staff, "one chance and one only remains. If I could but find an officer brave enough and men to follow him we might still break through their lines, and by so win victory from defeat." "Let me be the man to charge, your Highness," Turning, the Duke saw de Montbrun. "You?"

"I, your Highness---"

For a moment Orleans hesitated, then his hand went to the salute. "Go, Count—succeed and I, your General, will thank you for your patriotism."

Later, when the charge had been made and the enemy hurled back, they told the Duke how the Count de Montbrun had ridden forth with a smile upon his face and the glorious "Flam-de-Lys" above his head, told also how, with the same smile upon his lips, they had found him afterwards.

For a moment the iron soldier looked away, then he turned to his staff. "Gentlemen," he said quietly, "it is good to forget some things—and we—we will remember only that he was the honour to die for France."
THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH: THE DRAMA OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.

AN OLD, OLD STORY

WE clip the following from an interesting love-story appearing in a recent issue of Jack Cunneck, the popular Canadian weekly. It is the old, old story not only in the novel, the stage-play, and the film-drama, but in real life also—the story of the girl who marries the wrong partner and lives to be disillusioned. These love-stories have all sorts of endings, and the one in the story now quoted, if uncommon, is none the less delightful:

"I was well enough before this life began to eat out my heart," said the girl, bitterly. "The silence of the prairies, music to you, are to me a daily torment. You, too, have paled on me. In the moments of my passionate love I did not see you as you are. You almost deceived me with your kisses. They were my food, my drink, my raiment. I saw nothing but a big, warm-hearted man, eager to clasp me to his bosom, ready to humble himself at my feet. You would kiss my hair, my eyes, my hands, nay, you have even put your lips to the dust-stained hem of my skirt."

The man's eyes blazed the old love, as she recalled the other days. He could not speak.

"I was blind to the coarseness of your hands, your ungrammatical speech, your ignorance of literature, the arts, and all that made for culture, because I was in love with your love, not with you, with your adornment. When you crushed my little figure in your great brute arms, I felt sheltered, and at rest. Your burning kisses made me forget refinement. But I have ceased to care for animalism. I want books, and music, and young life around me. I am not mad. Only returning to myself. My whole being cries out against this starvation. Your vulgarities sicken me. I shudder at your touch. Your ignorance has created a great gulf between us. I can live with you no longer."

He rushed toward her, and would have seized the frail figure in his heavy arms, but she anticipated him, and snatched a dinner-knife from the table. "Don't touch me," she cried, vehemently. "I leave you, Ben, because I hate you. These fields, these gaunt barns, yonder cattle, and pigs, and poultry, may all belong to your world; they cannot enter mine."

Springing past the bewildered man, she fled from the house.

That night, as the strong man sat alone in his bedroom, the blind raised that he might pierce the gloom of surrounding country, he repeated again and again his heart's conviction. "It's hard; it's hard; but she's come back some day."

And she did.

BI TS FROM OUR LETTER-BAG

Hair on the Screen.

I am warning you if you could give me particulars as to where I could apply for film acting, I have a very long hair, and thought I should like to start.

E. W. (King's Heath).

A Cure for Depression.

I wish PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER was published twice every week. It is such a bright, cheery little paper, that it is impossible to feel ill-humoured after reading it.

W. H. (Baltimore).

A Year's Picture-going.

I see this week a reader says she has visited the pictures no less than 283 times in one year. I have taken the trouble to work it out in figures in the following manner:

1. Expenditure 283 visits at 3d. = 283 12s.
2. Number of films seen (the average programme consists of seven films) = 1,962.
3. Footage of films seen in programme averages about 7,000 ft. = 1,162,000 ft.

1. Time taken (reckoning twenty minutes per film) = 283 hours 20 minutes.

B. M. V. (Welworth).
"PIMPLE" PAST AND PRESENT

FUN AND FACTS ELUCIDATED BY THE EDITOR.

It was a dark and dirty night, when a week or so ago, I elected to pay a visit to Tooting. I seldom have occasion to go to Tooting in any weather, and the fact that it was a dark and dirty night when I paid this particular visit would suggest that some powerful magnet must have drawn me there. Such indeed was the case. I was making tracks for Tooting to meet that funny film fellow called "Pimple," for he had rung me up to say that he was showing his actual self to massed audiences at the Central Hall.

As I have twice said, it was a dark and dirty night, but only so far as streets were concerned. Behind the doors of the Central Hall were warmth and comfort and music and laughter, and Pimple. I did not see him at once. It were better so. There's a difference, you know. Twist a dark and dirty night and Pimple in war-paint. A sudden shock might have been too much for me. "Pimple," said Mr. Chapman, the genial manager, "is crawling around somewhere among the audience selling autographed copies of your paper for your "Cigarettes for Soldiers Fund." I'll tell him you've arrived." Boy-Scouts were sent out "Pimple"-hunting in the semi-darkness of the crowded hall, and five minutes later he was embracing me.

"I have come, Pimple," I whispered, "on behalf of my hundred thousand readers who want you to test them through pictures, something about yourself.

"Come into the office," said Pimple. We passed into a large anteroom where the comedian was using for his dressing-room. "Sit down," he said, and I sat down. I thought it was a chair. I turned out to be a bead across a box, and, missing the centre, left into a wardrobe-fret. Promise apologies followed, but I fancy—it's only a rough fellow—the artful Pimple had let me down intentionally. I pulled myself together and perched on his makeshift dressing-table, and after Pimple had also thrown a seat—erm—wasn't given to me in success. I was in chair and knees, his real face being hidden behind the groans, and when turned his features as we know them on the screen.

My first time I had discovered I was minus pen and paper, and Pimple came to the rescue. He gave me a handful of pencils, a bundle of manuscripts, some old programmes, and two or three large papers. Then I got a move on, and asked my first question—

"When did you first go on the stage?"

"Twenty-six years ago."

"How old are you, Pimple?"

"Twenty-six," came the unexpected reply.

"Good Evans!" I exclaimed, "were you born acting?"

"Almost. I was born in London, and two months later left England for France to appear in music-halls all over Europe with my parents."

"Oh, yes; who were they, Pimple?"

"My father is the brother of Will Evans. Father and mother were the famous auncles Trumper, and nice to show—yes, you remember them—good. Another was Minnie Jee, on another side—the Brothers Egbert, the four barbells, Daisy Dornier, May Hennerson, the Charleyes, the four roundways, are all related; on another side—Will Evans, the true May Evans, Brothers Hone, Five Vernons—"

"Oh!" I shouted, "what a family of stars!"

"Yes, it's some family, isn't it? Then there's Joe Evans, my brother, who is playing with me now as I write, my name is Fred Evans—"

"Yes, of course, I know that. Now let us get back to early days," I suggested. "You were touring the continent with a feeling—route, I think you said?"

"Not a memory you have! Yes, and when I was two years and nine months we returned to England, and I was given a contract by myseen to appear in the pantomime of 'Little Red Riding Hood.'"

"What a kid!" I exclaimed, "of course you remember it?"

"I do that," said Pimple, "and I'll tell you why. The sheep used for the pantomime came running towards me in a dimly-light passage one night, and I thought they were lions, and screamed my hardest. I shall never forget that night, baby as I was. Since then my whole life has been spent on the stage, except the last six years—"

"And where did you spend these?"

"Ah!" laughed Pimple, "that's tellings. I couldn't answer that question in six words, could I? It's six years ago since I first let my face for screen purposes."

"Now we shan't be long," I exclaimed. Then I asked—"And how did you come to do that?"

There was a knock on the door, and a page-boy popped his head in with—Mr. Evans, the balcony wants nine copies of Pictures."

"Nothing doing!" said Pimple, "Sold out." Shall have plenty to-morrow (Saturday) night."

Then, turning to me, he continued, "I met Cricks and Martin at Uncle's house. They asked me to play 'Charlie Smiler' (a 'dude' series), and I did for us, 6d. a day. I made a funny fall, which so pleased them (and didn't hurt me) that they asked me if I could write a film plot. I wrote and played in 'Prescribed by the Doctor,' and got 50 for it. They sold a hundred copies and gave me a contract, which ran for two years—"

"And pushed Pimple into pictures," I suggested.

"Yes, and since then for three years. I've played exclusively for the Phoenix Company. I write all my own plots and turn out an average of one a

FRED EVANS AS "PIMPLE."
"Pimple" as "Trilby"

week, which makes at least two hundred Pimples.

"Why are you 'Pimple'?" I asked.

"A lady asked me that question. She thought, perhaps, I had one, but she was wrong. 'Pimple' was my name when I worked as a clown at Sanger's Circus."

"Do you like Pimple on the screen?" was my next question.

"I do and I don't. I'm never satisfied. My ideal film is yet to come. When I first saw Pimple in a picture I said, 'If that's me, turn the lights up, I want to go home.'"

"I have noticed you go in for a lot of knock-about business. I suppose you hurt yourself?"

"Look at this leg," answered Pimple. As he wore kilts it was easy. From the ankle to the knee were bumps, hills, and dales. Is that a leg? I remarked.

"More like a switchblow, isn't it? And every s-car tells a story. That was the pedal of a bike; that was a kick from a horse; that was a super's hob-nailed boot that was a fall from a bike."

"Oh, yes; the other leg's just as pretty. I have over a hundred scars. Yes, they all made some one laugh. No, it wasn't me; but I don't mind being the martyr so long as I can amuse the dear old public."

"Funny stories? I could fill a factory with them. When producing 'Pimple and the Killies' (the film I was appearing in to-night) I had packed a tramcar with 'German soldiers' to get down to the field of battle when an old lady ran up and gasped, 'German prisoners, I suppose?'"

"When I said, 'No, they're picture-players,' she waxed indignant, and threatened to tell my superior officer. 'That's me,' I shouted, and as we moved off I heard her mumbling something like 'soul-stirring' public."

"Fancy taking me—made up as Pimple— for a British officer!"

"'Would make a cat laugh,' I murmured. "Next please!"

"Mr. W. wanted to film 'Pimple Beats Jack Johnson.' The ring was erected, but how was I to get a large crowd in a 'village' like Newhaven? Then I thought of the old local cricketer, who looked a born bump. 'To-morrow, at three o'clock,' I told him. 'A white man will fight Jack Johnson. Don't say a word to a soul. It's a secret fight. Sure enough it went all over the town, and when the time arrived hundreds of people had gathered round the ring. They believed my brother, made up as the famous boxer, was Johnson, but where, they asked, was the 'White Hope'? Suddenly a car arrived, and out jumped the camera-man and myself in fleshings. My face did the rest. The whole crowd yelled as they realised they had been cheated. But it was too funny to be dangerous, and—I got my five hundred supers for nothing."

"When this same film was being shown in the West End I am told that Jack Johnson saw the poster outside and wanted to know who Pimple was. 'I'll raise a few if he wants them,' he said. I went about looking like a jolly for weeks after that, for though I can fight I did not fancy the 'real goods.' Anyway I heard that later he saw the film, and that it tickled him so much he wants to meet me now and—shake hands."

"For another film I borrowed a house, and required a man to throw a mattress from the roof on to my head."

"We had begun 'taking' when the lady tenant rushed out. 'You can't have my house,' she said; 'I don't like being shown up before the crowd which has gathered.' But she was late. Just as she reached me down came the mattress, and down we both went underneath it. The crowd yelled. So did the lady, but what she said please do not publish."

"For the fire scene in 'Pimple's Leap to Fortune' a gentleman gave me permission to put smoke-rocket and fire-boxes under one of his front windows. I saved the daughter from a fiery furnace, my firemen dashed up, put the fire out, and cheered me for my bravery, and we all started back to the studio. Suddenly a shriek for help reached us. The gentleman of the house was shouting that his curtains were on fire. Back we dashed, and my firemen put the real fire out—without water."

"And without hose?" I suggested."

"Yes, but they had their feet and used 'em," laughed Pimple. "Now may I tell you an incident which was not funny?" he asked me, as a pained expression flitted across his grease-painted features."

"I'm ready to weep." I answered.

"I was using another house—no, it was not a public one—and in it resided a bull-terrier in addition to its mistress who, however, had gone outside to watch the fun. The scene had to show me coming out of the house. I went in. 'Come on, Mr. Evans,' shouted the operator, and I made for the door—the dog made me. 'Come on, Mr. Evans,' fifty feet of film went! I seized the latch—the dog seized me. 'Come on, Mr. Evans, one hundred feet of film gone!' The dog was now up to my collar, and looked as dangerous as they make dogs. I grappled with him for all I was worth. 'Take the dog away,' I gurgled. Then the huts, realising that this was no joke, rushed up and carried the dog on. She was only just in time to save my throat being torn to pieces."

"Nothing funny in that," I said, sympathetically, "Now make me laugh again, Pimple, and I'll go home."

The comedian thought a moment, and then told me the following, which, he assured me, actually happened:

A cinema-manager received an old 'Pimple' film instead of the new one he had ordered. He at once phoned up the renter, as he thought, but was switched on to a doctor, and this was the dialogue on the phone:

Hugo, there! I've got a Pimple!"

"A pimple? It's nothing serious—"

"I know, but it's an old one."

"Oh, you've had it a long time?"

"No, but I've had it before; I can show you to the public any time."

"Good gracious! Surely you don't show the public your pimples?"

"Don't be silly, man; that's how I make my living."

"Do you seriously tell me you charge people to see your pimples?"

"What are you getting at? Every Pimple I show the people laugh at.

(To himself) Great Scott! the fellow must be a madman; I must humour him—"So you want to get rid of it?"

"Well, I want it changed."

"Why?—oh, yes. Well, where is this pimple?"

"Where the blazes do you think? It's in my project-room."

"In your what?"

"In your operator's coat."

"I thought you said you had it! I'll send you along some ointment."

"Ointment—did you say ointment? Don't you think you've joked enough? Are you going to change the film or not?"

"Change what?"

(Shrinking) "The film! My Pimple film!"

"Oh, I think I see daylight. What number do you think you are on?"

"Jumble O Double O Gerard!"

"Then you're wrong, I am Dr. Jones."

"Jumping Christopher! You don't say so! Ring off, please?"
It was after dinner at a recent gathering at the Allingtons' house when Edward Clavering made public the fact that Ganes, a popular middle-aged bachelor, was a "card-sharper.

Early in the evening Clavering invited Ganes to join him at cards. The game was in progress for some time. Ganes continued to win all the time, and Edward became suspicious. Although he closely watched, however, he could detect no fraudulent means by which his opponent might be robbing him, but, losing patience at last, Edward jumped up, thumped down the cards, and faced his opponent.

"You're cheating," he shouted savagely; "I'm certain of it!"

The accused man winced a little at these hard words, for he knew they were true.

"Say that again, and, by heaven, I'll make you prove it," he answered, threateningly. "And that you could not do," he added, provokingly.

Edward clenched his fist and raised it to strike, but consideration for the other guests, who were being attracted by the quarrel, checked him, and feeling a little ashamed of himself for making a scene, Edward wandered from the smoking-room.

A few moments later Rupert Hartley, another guest, sat down at the table for a game of cards with Ganes. Little did Rupert know when he laughingly faced his opponent what would be the outcome of the game.

Edward, growing more and more excited, was a little wild, why not?" remarked Rupert.

"Funny thing, too, for I have played with him many times before and he has lost every penny he had on him without accusing me of cheating.

"You are ready?" was all Ganes said as he finished slowly dealing out the cards.

The Fatal Game.

The first round left Rupert well in pocket, and all thoughts of the other man ever being a cheat had completely disappeared.

With the second round, however, Rupert's luck changed, and he began to doubt the man's honesty.

The third round commenced. Slowly, but surely, the little pile of notes at Ganes's right hand grew in size, while that belonging to Rupert decreased. Rupert began to grow restless, and chewed savagely at the end of his cigar.

One by one the other guests had left the room, the majority of them, like Edward, having gone in search of their partners. But although Pauline Allington, his fiancée, was more agreeable than usual, Edward was unhappy. He could not throw off the feeling that Ganes had cheated him.

In the smoking-room the two men now played on alone, and the excitement of the game was becoming intense. The only sounds were the ticking of the old marble clock on the mantelpiece, the rhythmic falling of the cards, and an occasional curse from Rupert as one by one his notes were gathered in his opponent. At last the situation became unbearable, and Rupert, recalling what Edward had said, watched Ganes more closely. It was the beginning of the fifth round, and on dealing out the cards Rupert discovered, with an oath, that one card was missing. He rose from his seat, hurried over the table, and shouted "D— you! You are cheating. Clavering was right, after all. Do you think I am going to let you fleece me as you've done that poor devil? You've got me to deal with now. I'm going to get to the bottom of this."

Ganes made no reply, and Rupert, trembling with rage, crossed the room and was on the point of ringing the bell when Ganes flew at his throat like a lion at his prey.

"Hal— you were going to fetch assistance, were you? You've not got grit enough to square me up alone."

The words stung Rupert, and he lost control of his temper. A fierce fight ensued, and Rupert felt that, unless he made one supreme effort, all would be over with him. He flung Ganes on the floor and then caught up the first thing at hand, which was an old Irish shillalah. With all his strength he brought down this deadly weapon on the head of his opponent, and Ganes fell to the ground like a log.

"You cur!" he gasped. "I'll teach you to cheat!" But Ganes did not stir. Rupert bent over and called to him; then in a moment of terror it flashed on him that the man was no longer breathing. Ganes was dead, and he, Rupert, was his murderer.

Almost mad with fear, he rushed from the scene of the tragedy, and, with as much composure as he could muster, rejoined the other guests.

Wrongly Accused.

Meanwhile Edward, feeling very unsettled, wandered aimlessly into the empty smoking-room. Seeing the motionless form on the floor, he stooped and looked at it, horror-stricken. Then he picked up the shillalah, and at that moment the doctor (another of the guests) walked into the room.

"Hallo! What's up?" he inquired, laughingly; "been having a scrap?"

"Come here, for heaven's sake, and tell me what this means!"

Edward implored.

"The doctor approached, and, finding the man on the floor was dead, he turned to Edward and said gravely, "It means, Clavering, that you will be accused of this man's death, whether you killed him or not."

"My God!" exclaimed Edward. Like a man who had been stung, he could say no more, but common sense told him that by picking up the shillalah he had unconsciously brought the crime upon his own shoulders. That night Edward was arrested for the murder of Ganes.

A Guilty Conscience.

Rupert went home, but he had no sleep. He tried to find consolation in his library, but it was no avail. Haunted by the thought of the tragedy, his mind seemed to be giving way. He rose from the chair where he had been sitting, staggered,

It means, Clavering, that you will be accused of this man's death, whether you killed him or not.
Dawn Breaks.

It was the end of a weary night for Pauline, and dawn was just breaking. Rupert had turned insensately in his bed, and was beginning to rave again. He was speaking intelligently now, and the gentle mind throbbed wildly as she hung on every word.

"You are cheating, you can't cheat me!" he shouted, as incident by incident Rupert went through the scene which had taken place in the smoking-room on that awful night.

Pauline, feeling that relief had come at last, took down all the man was saying until length, thoroughly exhausted, Rupert fell back in his bed. Presently he mused up to the face of his nurse.

"What are you doing in my room?" he inquired.

"Rupert, you have been very, very ill, and you must not get excited," said Pauline, tenderly.

"Tell me everything," he pleaded.

Then Pauline tearfully told him how Games had been killed, how her innocent lover was in prison for the murder, and how he (Rupert) had confessed in his delirium that he alone was guilty.

During the conversation the doctor had come noiselessly into the room, and was about to leave, when Pauline with the vision of her lover always uppermost in her mind, ever on the alert for some sign by which the rightful murderer might be found.

The Confession: Pauline... took down all the man was saying.

across the room, and rang the bell—then he remembered no more.

For three days he raved, unable to recognize anyone. In her heart of hearts Pauline believed Rupert to be the real murderer, and made her plans accordingly. She obtained permission to act as his nurse, and watched by his bedside night and day, devoting all the care and attention to him that was possible, in the hope of obtaining some clue that would save her lover. She had visited Edward in his cell after the terrible affair, and there he had pleaded with her.

"Darling," he had said, "you do believe in my innocence, don't you?"

"Of course, sweetheart," she replied; "and I shall not rest until you are free again."

Then came weary days of waiting and watching for both—Pauline with the vision of her lover always uppermost in her mind, ever on the alert for some sign by which the rightful murderer might be found.

few minutes later he asked Rupert if he would be willing to sign the confession which Pauline had written down.

"Yes," he answered, "it is the only thing I can do. I have been a prig, Pauline; but you will forgive me, won't you? Tell Edward how sorry I am that I have been such a rotter."

Edward was released from prison, and both he and Pauline became more than ever convinced of the fact that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Although only one reel in length, "The Confession" is rich in dramatic action and heart interest. Chrisie White's "Pauline" is an attractive presentation, and Lionele Howard (the murderer) and Stewart Rome (the wrongly accused lover) take full advantage of exceptionally strong parts.

PICTURE PERSONALITIES

Mary Pickford as a "Super."

THE famous Mary and her director, James Kirkwood, accidentally became impromptu players in the mob scene of the four-reel Majestic Mutual feature, "The Last House." A fire scene was in progress, a fire-line was stretched around the structure, and police officers and firemen were gathered in front of the line. Miss Pickford and Kirkwood were driving along in a motor, and, seeing the crowd, alighted to watch the proceedings. They then found themselves in a line with the camera, and many who heard of it are anticipating a view on the screen of little Mary as a super!

The Versatile Picture-player.

MABEL NORMAND, the leading lady of "Keystone Comedies," has been described as "the most versatile lady in pictures." She graduated in moving-picture work with Vitagraph, then proceeded to Biograph, and joined Keystone on the formation of that Company. Her vivacity, her wonderful control of facial expression, and the possession of a keen sense of humour combine to make her easily the most possible picture-comedienne in the world. To an unusual personal charm she adds a versatility that can only be described as extraordinary. An expert swimmer and diver, she is also an accomplished horsewoman, and is equally at home riding bare-back over the prairies with a company of dare-devil cowboys, or upon the more conventional saddle. But probably what most amazes those who see her on the screen in a typical Keystone extravaganza is her ability to retain that indescribable air of cleanliness and daintiness after a series of scenes in which she has engaged in every possible variety of scurvy and tumble.

Miss Normand, you will find, has a prominent part in the coming Keystone six-reeler, "Tilly's Punctured Romance"—in which Miss Marie Dressler, the celebrated American comedienne, is also featured.

"Keystone Mabel" has been missing from some of the recent Keystone releases, but those anxious for her welfare will be reassured on learning that her absence was due to particularly hard work in some two-reel and larger subjects which Mr. Mack Sennett has had in hand. Before these she appeared in a double bill in at least two shorter films—"Mabel's Latest Pranks" and "Mabel's Blunder," both of which are due for early release, and which will pleasantly surprise Mabel's admirers that her pictures show no sign of falling off. How do you like her portrait on our first page?

Film Actresses' Good Work.

We are glad to be able to publish the following letter received from Miss Irene Vernon (of Pathé Frères), whose portrait appeared some time ago in our pages.

"Dear Sir: It may interest some of your readers to learn that picture-artists are taking part in entertaining our soldiers. As you know, the theatrical profession have done so much.

On Saturday I escorted at the Military
THERE WAS A TIME
when we wondered whether our Broncho Billy Films would swamp our other productions.

Although you all love Anderson (Broncho Billy), we think you agree that everything produced under the mark is just as interesting.

Make up your mind to see
"ANY WOMAN'S CHOICE"
— the famous Mystery Drama which the Editor of "Pictures" recommended so highly last week— it will be released on April 8th. Pass a hint to your friend the Manager. Tell him it is an

THE DOMINANT FILMS

ESSANAY FILM MANUFACTURING CO.,
148, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

ESSANAY COMEDIES.
Charles Chaplin Comedies.
Smokerville Comedies.
George Ade Fables.
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ADVENTURE FILMS.
Broncho Billy.
DRAMA.
"Mystery" Dramas.
Marginal Dramatizations.
Best Author Series.
"THE REVENGE OF Mr. THOMAS ATKINS"

Will bring a chuckle of human mirth to all, and at this time, when of necessity chuckles of mirth are rare, it is perhaps as well to have attempted a bit of fun-making. Even though the fun is at the expense of the enemy, it has been done without malice.

Exclusive Rights Controlled by

THE GLOBE FILM CO. LTD.
81-83, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.
Telephone: 5000, 5001, 5002 Regent. Telegrams: "PROPHETS."

The YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,

On another page you will find a photograph of a little child, playing with a lion cub, whilst two other lion cubs appear quite unconcerned a few yards away. This remarkable incident actually happened for the Trans-Atlantic film "in Jungle Wilds," which will be showing after April 12th. But this was not the only danger the child was exposed to. The baby is shown sleeping with tigers and other beasts of the jungle, intent on devouring it, bite and claw their way in through a barred-up window. When the father returns he shoots one of these spotted leopards, and its dying struggles are pictured on the screen.

When later this innocent child wanders into the jungle nest of the lions you will feel, if you see the film, ever so anxious to warn him of his danger, for he actually carries off one of the "pretty big kittens," the cut of the enraged mother lion, and just as he is making off with it the great lions return and see him. How the producer managed to keep the beast from killing the child must remain a mystery; but he did so.

I believe these cubs are the identical Lions which were born at Trans-Atlantic City last June. There were four, in fact, but the mother became careless, and one day lay upon one of the cubs and crushed it. To prevent the same fate from overtaking the other three, the trainer decided to remove them from the house. And whom do you think became the "mother" of these baby lions? A little fox-terrier named Fanny. Isn't it interesting?

When Fanny was first turned into the cubs' room they began to whine, and Fanny ran around the room as if she did not know what was the proper thing to do. The trainer continued whining. Then all of a sudden Fanny made up her mind. She jumped into the box with the cubs, which were almost as big as she, and began licking their faces. An instant later they were nursing, and Fanny became their mother. It seemed proved, however, that the dog could not furnish milk to satisfy them, and regularly after that the trainer's wife fed them from a nurser-bottle.

Soon the cubs were as large as the dog, and were able to eat and drink without any assistance. They were then removed to a regular animal cage, and they continued to grow until in a month or so they were twice the size of their adopted mother, and began to manifest their lion instincts.

Dear Sir, I Pamela Hughes, aged ten of No. 5 Jing Bank Sneyd Street Sneyd Green Cobridge Burslem, Staffs, say that your word of the puzzle is "postcard." This instantly runs the reply of one of the hundreds of my readers who entered for the postcard puzzle. Once again a great number of the postcards received were beautifully decorated, and these of course sent you poor old Uncle Tim into the usual bewildered and floundering condition in his efforts to pick just in awarding the prizes. The winners' names are given below.

From the mother of little Doris Moore, of Redcar, I have received an excellent arrangement for a Riddle-me-ree, and herewith tender my best thanks for same. In the names of well-known film brands are hidden the letters forming the name of a popular player. What is it?

A NEW "RIDDLE-ME-REE" COMPETITION.

My first is in Kalem, but not in Cines.
My second is in Clarence, who move with the times.
My third is in Hopworth, but not in Alpha.
My fourth is in Keystone, but not in Film. A.
My fifth is in Vitagraph, but not in Victor.
My sixth is in Selig, but not in Nestor.
My seventh is in Eclair, but not in Bison.
My eighth is in Nordisk, but not in Syncom.
My ninth is in "Flying A," but not in Barker.
My tenth is in Gaumont, but not in Turner.
My eleventh is in Crystal, but not in Pathé.
My twelfth is in London Films, but not in Photograph.

Postcards only to "Riddle-me-ree" 8, Adam Street, Strand, W.C., by Monday, April 5th. State age. The correct and neatest answers will be awarded either a prize or the Award of Merit by ETTA TH. PRIZE: E. Sydney Dale, 13, Pinfold Street, Macclesfield (16); Lavinia Preston, 7, Penkhill New Road, Stoke-on-Trent (10).

AWARD OF MERIT (Six of these will win a special prize). Byde, Proctor (Oswestry Vale), H. R. Parsons (Wandsworth), Pamela Hughes (Burslem), D. Shervelle (Birkenhead), M. J. Newton (Wimbledon), W. Brown (Birmingham), Lilian Bruce (Swansea), Gladys Turner (Washington), S. Nicholls (Torquay), Doris and Hilda Watts (Old Tooth). Nancy Cross (Poulton), E. and A. Garrett (Torquay), Kitty and Peggy Webb (Cardiff), Doris Moore (Redcar).
**Our Confidential Guide**

Films you should make a point of seeing.

**THE LOST MELODY.** For great beauty of setting and of the finer kind of acting it is difficult to find this film's equal. Mabel Trunnelle and Miss Milford figure prominently in the cast, and the story will appeal to both sexes.

---Ebanay Drama, two parts (April 3).

**SUROGE Warren's Ward.** A drama filled with complications of love and intrigue which are quite thrilling. Richard C. Travers and Ruth Stonehouse have the leading parts, assisted by a splendid cast. Powerful acting and beautifully photographed scenes predominate. Lovers of sensation will like this.

---Ebanay Drama, two parts (April 22).

**SHOOTING.** Look out for this fine educational subject. It will show you how to load a revolver and how to sight a rifle. It forms a lesson of vital importance in these days of war, and as Alma Taylor is the teacher it makes a capital picture for women. We published fine portraits of Miss Taylor in this film in a recent issue, but we make no apology for referring to it again. It's worth while.

---Heirachy Films, 852 feet (April 1).

**A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.** A war subject, carried out in convincing and realistic fashion. A smart little boy (name not published in the chip of the title), and the scenes will show how inspired by his grandfather's recital of his own deeds, the boy becomes a stowaway in order to reach France to do his bit for king and country. And he does it, though he almost loses his life, but is saved in the nick of time by the British. We shall publish the story shortly.

---Martin Drama (Harison's), 1,228 feet (May 3).

**KINETO WAR MAP (NO. 4).** It is more interesting than the last. We see the progress of the Russians in the Caucasus, the raid off the East Coast, and the sinking of the Blucher. This scene is significant in itself, as it shows the last flight of the Blucher, taken from its own deck, with its guns in action and one ship retaliating in the distance, with a band scene of the Blucher bursting into flames. These animated war maps are deservedly popular and well worth looking out for.

---Kinetoscope, limited, 900 feet (now showing).

**HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.** Tom, who loves Marie, is tricked into marrying another girl, Marie goes away, and her memory lives as a guiding spirit to the man she loves. Jeannette is extravagant, the home is sold, and the husband is on the verge of suicide. The wife is saved, too, at last, and on her deathbed confesses the deception she practised in making Tom marry her. Tom and his little girl go for a holiday, meet Marie, and find happiness again. Mary Fuller is seen at her best.

---Victor Drama (T vested-Malibu), 1,98 feet (May 16).

**THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.** The sweetheart of John Service was curious regarding the occupants of a neighbouring villa, and the young man endeavoured to solve the mystery. Late one night he entered the grounds and then a pavilion in which an old man, driven crazy by false accusations, was seeking to solve the mystery. The last ingredient necessary to establish the existence of the Philosopher's Stone was the blood of a vigorous young man. He made a prisoner of Service, and he escapes is vividly told in this thrilling picture. We shall publish the story in a later issue.

---Ornamental Drama, 2,812 feet (May 3).

**TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE.** Just fancy! a six-part "Keystone. If one reel is jolly good fare, what will six of them be like all at once? We heard that this big film is ged, and by the time you read this we shall have seen it and know for sure. Mabel Normand and Marie Dresler (a huge stage favourite) are both in the cast.


**THE TIN CAN SHACK.** Old J. Giar is made miserable in his daughter's home by everybody save his little grandson Olga, who loves only him. Unknown to the family, Giar receives a small pension and, taking Olga, he escapes to the mountains, where he brings up the child in a deserted hut. Years pass, when an accident to Giar brings to the hut Hugh Baxter, a young trapper, who has rescued the old man, and with whom Olga falls in love. Through another accident Olga's parents are stranded near the Tin Can Shack, and find the Giar family whom they had given up as lost. Ed. Cogan, Willard, Fred Greenwood, and John Stepping are very fine in this production.

---Flying J'A Drama, 369 feet (April 1).

**THE MILLION.** Henry W. Savage's famous production has won the distinction of possessing more wholesome fun than any comedy of recent years. The continuous mirth proceeds equally from the human caricatures, and situations of one of the most novel and ingenious plots ever presented on the stage or screen. If the old philosophers are right, and "laughter is wealth," then "The Million" is well named. The subject also presents one of the most remarkable examples of character acting in the impersonation of "Le Baron," the crook, by Edward Abeles. In the course of the story he is called upon to portray no less than six entirely distinct characters.

---Famous Players Farce, five parts (May 5).

---PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER---
An Offer and a Request
From the London Film Company


We offer to send you a dainty synopsis of one of these subjects if you will fill in the coupon below and post it to us. On receipt of your filled-in coupon we will get into touch with the theatre you name and do our utmost to induce them to exhibit the films. We shall file your name and address and will send you postcards of our artistes when we produce them.

Fill in the details and post to—

THE LONDON FILM CO., Ltd.,
15, Gerrard Street,
LONDON, W.

My Name is ..........................................
Address ..............................................

I go to the ............................................. Cinema.
Situated at ...............................................

(Name of Town or Suburb.)

And I would like to see "The Middleman," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "Rupert of Hentzau."
Gossip and Screen Editorial

ELISABETH RIDSON

as "Florence Nightingale" in youth and in old age. This beautiful B. & C. production was referred to in our last week's issue. It is one of the best.

If you have not began to vote, start today. The coupons are free, and each entitles you to thirty votes. They are not dated, which means that all the coupons, including those in back numbers (still obtainable), may be filled up when you choose. You may save your coupons until the closing date of the contest, or send in now those you already have, as you please. But if you are interested in the work and progress of British film-viewers for them and do not waste the coupons.

Our Eighth Volume.

This is the first number of a new volume—the eighth—and we are all rather proud of the fact. I hope it is interesting enough to make you resolve to read and enjoy every week all the numbers to come in this eighth volume, and to save each part for binding. I can hear you asking, "But how am I to save them intact for binding when I require to utilize them for coupons?"

My answer is—Buy an extra copy each week and put it away cleara for binding purposes. Let the cut copy after you have read it introduce itself to a friend who may not know the paper. Bound volumes of Pictures form a delightful record of all that is interesting to the public in the picture world.

Big Gam: Hunting at—Merton.

The other day I found myself, without knowing London, in the midst of the jungle. Surrounded by howling savages, I shook hands with an elephant and lit a cigarette between the jaws of a lion. It happened this way. Mike Murphy, of the B.C. Company, found a job at a menagerie, and, falling asleep, dreamt that he was in the African jungle. Dave Ayott, who was producing this film bowler for Martin’s of Merton, had asked me to come down before Mike woke up. Of course you all know Mike? He is a comical rascal and a good fellow besides. Before leaving the jungle for a modern motor-bus I induced Mr. Ayott to take a photo of Mike’s face, which will grace (or disgrace) a page in an early issue. The "Mike Murphy" series of comics are all really funny, and this one, with real comic "savages," ought to be a scream.

Helping the Plot-Writer.

So many plot-writers send their scripts to me for advice that I am really thankful to Hepworths for pointing out, as they have done in their advertisement this week, that all plots sent to them are carefully read and fairly considered before being returned. Authors who have their plots accepted by them should be comforted in the knowledge that their play is in expert hands, the "Hepworth" brand to-day standing for all that is best in British film production.

Brav’, Barker!

Talking of British films brings me to a mention of one of the greatest yet—namely, "Jane Shore," produced by Barker’s. On another page I have given you in figures some of the ingredients used in the making of this wonderful picture. The souvenir which Barker’s sent me is in itself a thing of beauty, but the picture is better, and all who see the film must admit that it gives the lie direct to those who assert that British film enterprise is sleeping. Let us have some more, please, Mr. Barker.

A Busy Studio.

Poor Elisabeth Risdon is never at rest. No sooner is she off with one character than she is on with another. At the moment of writing Miss Risdon is busy in John Strange Winter’s "Grip," a story of the Victorian period, 1850–1860, in which I am told by Mr. Elvey is a specially fine part for Mr. Frederick Groves. The big studio of the B. & C. Company is a veritable hive of industry. No matter when I ask the question, "prop" makers, players, and producers are always hard at it on a new production. Which is as it should be. It is a sign of the times, and a good one.

Pleasure for Nothing.

On the opposite page the London Film Company offer to send to me readers who ask a dainty souvenir of one of their latest and most artistic films. "The Middleman," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "Rupert of Hentzau." Further, they will send you, when ready, photopostcards of the stars appearing in their films. "Who’s Who in the Film Trade," No. 1, of the free gift, will please you if you have not the slightest doubt, but your greatest pleasure will be derived from seeing the three films named. As I have previously stated, they are magnificent, and no picturegoer should be without until he has seen them. For the moment fill up the coupon (it will cost you nothing) and post it to the London Film Company.

F. D.

Next week’s issue will include the story of the Famous Players comedy, "Mrs. Black is Back."

Brighter and better than ever is the Bioscope Annual and Tender Directory for 1915 (Games, Ltd.). It contains many new and useful features, preceded by "The Yearly Estimate of the Year," an historical record of film-world happenings in 1914. There are articles of absorbing interest to the trade, a legal section, a Directory of Theatres, and other branches of the industry, and some very acceptable pages, which will not doubt be more complete next year, in "Who’s Who in the Film Trade." We heartily congratulate Mr. J. S. Guns, editor of the Bioscope, upon this newest edition of an annual which is becoming more and more indispensable.

Dear "Pictures" Readers—I am writing this from Leeds, and it’s a awful cold. Pressing hard. Would you like some snowballs. What do you think of the "Drood" going down? She’s no use, nor she’s a sub marine, Good old Navy! Bye-bye.

"Pimpole."


USE OUR PLATES.

Half Plate, 1s. 4d., quarter, 6d. dozen. POSTCARDS, sets and single cards. Free.

S. E. HACKETT: WORKS: JUBLY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photo Postcards of Yourself, £2, £1, £1. From any Ph. no. 12 x 10 Enlargements, 6d. Capital and Shallow Focus.

S. E. HACKETT: WORKS: JUBLY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

The RE is not the slightest reason why "Pictures" and The Picturegoer are not obtainable to order for delivery by any local newsagent on Saturday morning. A definite order must be given to the Local Agent, e. returns are not accepted.
**THE PICTURES**' GREATEST BRITISH FILM PLAYERS CONTEST

(To be followed by a Foreign Players Contest)

30 Votes on every Coupon—Free Back Number Coupons are still good

**£10 FIRST PRIZE IN CASH.**

**Second Prize—value £9**
Graphophone £7 10s., Records 30s.

**Third Prize—value £7**
Graphophone £3 10s., Records 30s.

**Fourth Prize—value £5**
Graphophone £3 5s., Records 15s.

**Fifth Prize—value £4**
Graphophone £3 3s., Records 17s.

100 Handsome Consolation Prizes

The machines and records are manufactured by the World Famous 'Columbia' Company.

**WHO ARE THE GREATEST BRITISH FILM ARTISTES?**

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men, players, or any other kind. It is not necessary that they now play leading parts, The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST BRITISH FILM PLAYERS in this or any other country, write the names in the coupon below.

**PRIZES.** The voter who sends in a coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10 in cash. All the other prizes will go to the senders of the Coupons next in order of merit.

**THE WINNERS OF THE CONTEST** will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

**RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.**

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only the prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners' names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

2. Coupons will be returned weekly until further notice. The coupon may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope at end of contest.

3. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

4. No correspondence can be entered into concerning the contest. Two lists of British players are given on this page, but voters may vote for any British players, whether in the lists or not.

5. A voter may fill up any number of Coupons from one issue, and may send in as many of these as he may wish to. The coupon must be signed and addressed to the Editor of the paper in his name, and the contest will be valid and legal bind and, and Coupons are accepted only on this understanding.

**The Pictures**' GREATEST BRITISH FILM PLAYERS CONTEST.

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

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I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

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Signed

Address

Fill out and post to "Contest Enrl" r. Pictures, 13, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.
SMILES

NEVER run after a woman or a tram car. There will be another one along in a minute or two.

Making an Exception.

"Is this the first time you've been in a picture-house?" asked the noisy individual.

"Oh, yes," answered the doorman, "but we don't mind admitting you.

No Girl Could Do More.

"And while I'm out there trenching it you will sometimes think of me?"

"Yes, Dickie darling; when I visit the 'pictures' with other boys, I shall imagine each one is you."

No Peace for Him.

"Giles, why don't you come to my picture-house now?"

"For three reasons, lur. First, I don't like yer pictures; secondly, I don't like your miasmic; and, thirdly, it is in your picture-room I first met my wife."

What's in a Headline?

Sub-Editor: "A correspondent sends us a full account of a cock-fight film. It shows photographs of the steel spurs used, the cockfight, spectators, birds in battle, etc., with every round described."

Great Editor: "Glorious! Get it all in."

Sub-Editor (doubtfully): "But this is a moral Sunday paper."

Great Editor: "Yes, I know. Head it 'A Brutal Sport -- Where Were the Police?'"

And it was so.

They didn't want him in their film-drama, so when he walked into the studio where it was being rehearsed the producer led him gently to the door and pointed to the street.

He came back. The leading man pushed him out, and he fell and got a black eye.

He came back. The property-man rushed at him and hurled him out. He fell on a heap of stones, and sustained a broken collarbone, a cracked knee-cap, and three ribs fractured.

He picked himself up, and thought over the whole matter carefully.

"I know what it is," he gasped at length; "those people in there don't want me in their film play."

Paraphrased.

The office-boy smoothed his glossy locks.

"If you please, Miss, the Film Editor is very much obliged to you for the courtesy of seeing your plot, but he much regrets he is unable to make use of them."

The fair plot-writer sighed.

"Did he really say that?" she asked.

"Er--no, Miss, not exactly. He said, 'Take away these packs of pilule and burn 'em, Joe. They make me sick!'"

FOR FILM-LOVERS

Handsome Picture Souvenirs:

BARNABY RUDGE

The New Herbert Trees Picture Play.

Sixty Beautiful Pictures

THE FILM LIFE OF

MARY PICK-ORD

A dainty art production. 25c. each, post-free.

FOR YOUR FRIENDS

PLAY-WRITING FOR

THE CINEMA

By ERNEST A. BENCH.

Price 1s., 2s., post-free.

FOR YOUR FRIENDS

"PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER"

FEB. to AUG., 1914.

Artistically bound, price 8s., 9s., post-free.

BRONZE ENLARGEMENTS OF

MARY FULLER

Size 13 x 10 1/2, W. F. Prime Hand-crafted. Price 9d. each, post free.

New Postcard of ELISABETH BISDON. Price 1d., postage extra.

Address Orders to:

"THE PICTURES," Ltd.,

19, ADAM ST., STRAND, LONDON.

Both Had a Shock.

Mistress (suddenly entering kitchen and finding Mary on policeman's knee):

"Mary, I'm surprised!

Mary: "So am I, mum; I thought you'd gone out."

Goin'! Goin'! Gone!!!

First Man (emerging from picture palace) to second ditto:

"What's the time?"

Second Man: "Dunno."

First Man: "Ain't yer watch a-going?"

Second Man (tragically):

"Wuss! it's gone!"

A Pair of 'em.

Scene, First-class railway carriage; three occupants--navvy, knut, and an American. Navvy smokes "shag." Several times the others complain of awful smell. At length the American can bear stench no longer. Train pulls up at a station; the American ings his head out of the window:

"Say, guard, just remove this guy here; he's travelling in a first-class carriage with a third-class ticket."

The guard does as is asked. The train starts to move again.

"That was a cute way of getting rid of an awful bore," says the knut; "but how did you know he had a third-class ticket?"

"Well! I saw the ticket sticking out of his pocket, and it was the same colour as mine, so I guessed it was third-class."

S-REEEN STRUCK.

Horrible experience of a newly-married man who returns home to find his wife doing this sort of thing. After the fright he discovers she was rehearsing for a new film-drama.
Please give name and address (not for publication) when writing. We cannot reply through the post.
Letters are dealt with in ROTATION.

"Winifred" (Cardiff).—

"Oh! Winifred of Coaltown—we’re pleased to have you. But sorry you feel ‘lonely,’ and trust by now you’re better.

We have no cure for loneliness, but will do our very best.

To give you information on whatever you request.

"WORLD-BE" (Plymouth).—We have not heard of any Film Company near Plymouth, and the day’s ticket for "World-BE" at Olimpia has not yet been fixed.

"Say Girl" (Ohio).—Thank you very much for your kind note. It has just Stewart Rome, Blanche Sweet, and Norma Talmadge on our list for interviews. Yes, come and see us when you are in town, and follow up the kisso sent by a photo of yourself. You will make us blush with the nice things you say of us. Of course you may write again, dear.

"Bird" (Stoke Newtoning).—Write and ask the "Motion Picture Magazine," 16a, Dufield St., Brooklyn, New York, if you can obtain it over here. We cannot answer your other questions; no casts were given.

"Three Comic Girls" (Manchester).—Names and addresses next time please. Charles Columbia has been established at a quarter of a century, otherwise he is 25 years old.

"Jesters and Jeez" (Dublin).—"A Double Error" (Vitagraph)—Bob, Jan. Morrison; "Jone," Dorothy Keeley and Miss Lilian Burns; "G(button)"—Jack and Jack Beeler; "Jin," Chas. d’assey; "Nell," Emily Hayes; "Mel," Miss Loic Linta.

"Civet." (Wesallah).—The drawing of Ford Sterling you sent is very good, dear boy; and you only 12 years old! Talent is a wonderful thing, and so is Trans-Atlantic. The London address of the latter is 17 to 19, Oxford Street, W. We think they may be your back numbers, but he will be seen again in new films almost immediately.

"Critical." (Brighton).—Your suggestion that our readers keep a "Film" book to enter casts, addresses, etc., is fine, and so save repetition in this column. We are delighted to accept it from our readers.

"H. E. W." (Ipswich).—Jane Gall is now with the J. Mc. Company in Austin.

"C. E. C. H." (Gloucester).—Miss Huff played lead in "Love’s Long Lane" (Lubin). We have no postcards of her.

"Wallace" (Chicago).—Thanks for verses. Regret we have no postcards on her in our possession.

"Atlas." (Sorrento).—No, you’re not “asking too much.” Address Tom M‘Ly, c/o, Selig Polype, 20, East Randolph St., Chicago; and Helen Holmes, c/o, Warner Film Co., Dept. 250, 23rd St., New York City. We wish to hear from you more intimately and they may reply. "Faint Heart" never got on, did he?

"W. P." (Glengrove).—We gather from your letter you want a situation in London. Sorry we cannot help you.

"Hilda." (Leamington)—always looks through her back numbers of the "Pictures" when she is in town, is the drunkest, and so keeps smiling. Other readers please copy. Courtenay Holt has left Vitagraph or Reliance. The "Link that binds (Rev.)—"Gorilla" (MSC).

"Waltin." (Bellingham).—"Dame" this son, Herbert Rawlinson; "Annas Guthrie," Frank Lloyd; "specko" (from daughter in the film) (not够).

"M. T. F." (Shanghai).—Your list of pictures with "personality" is far too short. Why omit all East Asia?

"E. L. T." (Hoff).—You are an enthusiastic reader, to be sure. Glad you liked your consular price. Hope you’ll soon own a first book. We can’t possibly complete recovery from your recent illness.

"Fezalgar" (Southport).—Thanks, but you omitted to repeat your original question, and we cannot understand them. Please send again. Glad you are a "permanent" reader; we like that sort.

"Marius" (Averton).—Dear girl, we are very cross with you. Let’s “kiss and be friends,” shall we? Your “make-believe” seems to amuse you and your friend, so if you are happy, we are too. There are several "Sunny Jim" films; which one do you want? "Bobby" Connolly plays the same part in all. You say you or your turn; the kisso sent, well here are your four back X X X X The Editor’s birth certificate got lost when he moved last year, but he has forgotten when he is.

"Miles." (Wood Green).—Your charming letter has been already acknowledged. Yes, you are very clever to play as you do; by one of our staff tries to do a half bad.—Well; that’s all. Thanks for kisses, Miles.

"Mery Fuller," now one of the Trans-Atlantic stars.

This is one of our Postcard Series.

"Annie." (Stoke Newington).—Wants to know if any of the film players are Jews. It is quite possible——why shouldn’t thar be? "Must film actresses be pretty?" Beauty alone won’t earn them bread and cheese. "Can" you write to Margarita Fischer? Yes, if your area is not the same as hers. Address her as c/o Beauty Films, American Co., Ltd., 227, Broadway, New York.

"Ankora." (Bawlinson).—"The Souvenir" of the "Film Life of Mary Pickford," from this office price twopence halfpenny post-free, will give you all the information you want.

"William." (Darlington).—Address Mary Pickford, c/o, Famous Players Film Co., 215, West 56th St., New York. We know of no producing Company with William or William, and the Like.

"Spill." (Newcastle).—Ben F. Wilson (who is now with Trans-Atlantic) pl yed hero in "What Happened to Mary." We don’t think Mary Fuller would mind you writing to her. "Love and Flowers," "Best Baby," Herbert Rawlinson have this role. We hope to give photos of Continental players soon—name present of many of the new stars.

"Bravissimo" (Ravensworth).—Milda Vale. Have your send your love to Mary Pickford, Pauline Bush is still with Trans-Atlantic. When is your photo coming?

"Many replies are unavoidably held over.

EDITORIAL MATTERS


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ANNETTE KELLERMAN IN "NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER."
the stupendous Trans-Atlantic production dealt with on page 25.
From Eggs to Pictures.

"FOWL-STEALING" has been rampant amongst boys at Carnarvon. They collar the hens and eggs, sell them, pool the profits, and spend the money at the picture show," says a Cardiff paper. "Horrible depravity!" But are we to understand that it there had been no pictures the hens would have been un-collared? And we suppose they are still stealing the eggs and selling the eggs for pictures. Perhaps they will turn the business into a limited liability company and build a picture-theatre of their own out of the profits on the eggs.

To paraphrase the swine's rhyme: "This is the house that was built with the cash that came from the eggs that were hatched by the owls that were collared by various small and strong who stole for the house that Jack built.

Fashion on the Film.

"The" gowns worn in "Young Mrs. Winthrop" by Mabel Trunnelle, the Edison player whose portrait appears on our Cover, are sure to create a large amount of interest among the gents of the sex.

One, an afternoon gown, is of grey velvet, with black velvet diamonds appliqued, in long tunic effect. With this she wore a grey velvet hat trimmed with black in narrow band and muff to match. Another afternoon gown was of taupe-coloured broadcloth, with a short jacket, full skirt, and a collar of marten, worn with a large velvet hat. One opera-coat was corned, one of black velvet striped with silver braid, with the collar and cuffs of white fox. The other coat was of gold-coloured charmeuse trimmed with white fox.

Strong Cheese and Cold Water.

YOU all know "Slippery Slim," whose other name is Victor Povel, because no real pictoeroger could say he had never seen "Slippery Slim" across a Comedy. Well, Victor has been making a glutton of himself. Instead of cheese and beer, which usually go together, he has lately been doing himself in with cheese and water, and all for the film.

In "When Slippery Slim Bought the Cheese" the plot compelled our friend to become inordinately fond of strong libations, and one day, on indulging his (Slim) fancy, he bought a cheese so strong that when he went to eat said cheese it walked out of his mouth, across the table, down the table leg, crawled up the wall, out of the window, crossed the yard, and disappeared.

In "Sentimental Sophie" Victor got a cold bath that he will remember for the rest of his life. As "Slippery Slim" he stole boots from Moustapha and his gang chased "Slim," and to escape them he jumped into a cold mountain stream. But he stabbed his toes as he was taking the jump and handed on to "Slim" to follow him over and over, and he was unable to gain his feet. He says he swallowed a full barrel of water before he was fished out, strangled, and half frozen.

Mr. Green (just up from the country): "Well, bargains! If that ain't the limit! Fancy releasing a snake 3,000 feet long! The folks 'ere must be barmy!"

IN "Charlie's New Job" Charles Chaplin drew 5,000 persons in a single day at a first show in America.

"I never miss my pictures unless I am too busy, then I send some one else for it," writes a Welsh reader.

Duncan McRae, an Edison "heavy villain," is a nephew of Sir Charles Wyndham, the distinguished actor.

"Little Willie" is or soon will be working again in the Eclair Studios in Paris, which are now extremely busy.

Look out for and see Lilian Braithwaite, the well-known actress, in "The World's Desire," a B. and C. production of exceptional merit.

An American picture-house has presented two motor-cars to the boy and girl who collected the most coupons with admission tickets.

"Standing room only" is the order of the night wherever "The Escape" is being shown. We referred to this remarkable film some weeks ago.

Whereas the film industry was almost exclusively foreign industry, the British output now shows a continued increase of exceedingly fine productions.

Mr. Green (cont): "If you don't have thrills when you're young you can't expect to have them when you're old," says a novelist. But in point of fact you may have them at any age by regularly visiting the cinema.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

Interesting topics in film pictures selected from Pathé's Animated Gazette.

UNDUE curiosity is a failing of most people. The sweet heart of John Service did not differ in this respect from other members of the fair sex, and when on a visit to her "boy's" mother she wanted to know all about their new neighbours.

"Do find out all about them, John," pleaded she, and, like a foolish young man he promised to make inquiries that very day. But by and by, he did not pause to reflect. It was enough for him—such is the logic of love—that Mavis wished to know. His curiosity was aroused, and if there was a mystery attached to the people who were most insidious he would fathom it. But the inquiries he made were of no avail, and rather than confess himself beaten John, when night had fallen, forced his way into the garden and turned towards a pavilion, the windows of which glowed with light. Inside Charles Claudel, an old shipowner, was pouring over a crucible. He was in search of the Philosopher's Stone. Gold had become an obsession, and the old man spent many long hours in the pavilion seeking the elusive. He lacked but one ingredient to win success, and as he sat poring over the recipes of old he saw reflected in the bottle before him the face of a young man.

Turning quickly upon the intruder, he said, "Pray enter, sir," and Service came forward murmuring vague excuses for the indiscretion of prying into another's affair.

"Don't apologise," replied Claudel, "it is probable you may be able to assist me in making gold. Young man, I am going to reveal to you an unimaginable thing. I have found the Philosopher's Stone. I can make gold! Do you hear? Gold!"

Realising that he had to deal with a demented old man, Service evinced a keen interest in the assertion. "I congratulate you," said he, "in overcoming the difficulties which proved insuperable for the alchemists of old."

"Yes, yes; I have beaten them all. I will show you how it is done. In this book you will read the records of the past, but first I will prove my results to you for you to see. Sit down, and you shall hear my wonderful story."

Service sat down and the old man turned to his bench, but instead of bringing forward his apparatus he rushed upon the young man with a rope and bound him securely to the chair, crying: "You are necessary to my experiment. Just listen to this—The greatest alchemists undertook the quest for the Philosopher's Stone, with which they hoped to convert the baser metals into gold and silver. It is sought for in the action of various drugs and principally in a man's blood, on condition that this blood comes from a young man healthy and vigorous. "Do you understand that? All that is required to finish my great work is blood—the blood of a young man, and you bring me yours." With a chuckle Claudel sat down and gazed at service with delight.

"The victim of his own curiosity began to remonstrate with the old man, when the telephone rung, and Claudel said, "My daughter calls me to the villa. To-morrow we will begin our great experiment."

Left alone in the pavilion, Service struggled in vain to free himself from the rope, but the old man had done his work carefully. Eventually he gave up the struggle, but he managed to reach the telephone. In the villa Pauline Claudel, daughter of the old man, heard the ringing of the bell, and wondered who could be calling. Her father had gone to bed, and the pavilion was locked up for the night.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I am a prisoner through my unwarrantable curiosity. Tied in a chair, I am locked in the pavilion."

Alarmed at such an occurrence, Pauline ran to the pavilion, and found Service exhausted and terribly alarmed. "Who are you?" she asked again.

"My name is John Service."

"The son of the journalist Philip Service?"

"Yes, madam; my father has been dead two years."

"Ah! There are some terrible accounts to settle between us. Listen. Years ago my father, Charles Claudel, was the richest shipowner in Marseilles. One of his vessels, the Belle Helene, sailed for Tunis, and the news shortly afterwards arrived that she had been wrecked."

"She carried a crew of thirty, men who had worked for my father for years, and they were all men of Marseilles. Such news, therefore, caused consternation in the harbour. There was no doubt that the vessel was a total loss, and great was the grief."

"Two days later a man, a journalist, came to see my father. He brought with him the proof of an article which was to be published that day. He read it: 'In the course of some warrants us stating that the wreck of the Belle Helene was foreseen. We can go so far as to say that Mr. C. Claudel, the owner, knew that the vessel was not seaworthy.' His agents reported this fact, but instead of repairing the vessel Claudel insured her for ten times her value and sent the vessel to her doom."

"My father, the most honest of men, said, 'Sir, this is blackmail; it is infamy."

"Having a plan of campaign the journalist was not to be frightened by promises which had been made; on the other hand, he proceeded to further and said he could produce evidence in support of the article."

"My father defied him. Knowing that he was innocent, he did not fear the production of the warrant."

"You wait and see," replied the blackmailer. Leaving the room he called in two clerks who had dismissed for dishonesty. These men swore that they had assisted my father in over-insuring the vessel, and that he had done so knowing full well that the Belle Helene was unsavoury."

"You lie, all of you," cried my father, and drove them out of the house."

"Two days later a press campaign began against my father, attacking him in honour and destroying my happiness. I was engaged to be married, but my fiancé threw me over. Because of the rumours his family insisted that he should break off the engagement, and under that cruel treatment my heart broke."

"A paper much read by the seafaring class insisted that the wreck of the Belle Helene was the work of my father; knowing the state of the vessel, sent the crew to certain death."

"Naturally this enraged the people, and around the harbour the fury of the relative and friends of the crew was raised against my father. They stormed our house, crying 'To death with the seadrum!'

"Public opinion was so strong that my father was in order to establish his innocence, brought an action against the libelling newspapers. He won, but then the people cried out that he had bought his judges. There was no appeasing the people. They believed that my father was guilty, and nothing that we could do altered their opinion."

"The instigator of this campaign was Philip Service, your father. His career began with crimes."

"Even now it is not finished. Consciences of his innocence, my father continued to live at Marseilles. He was unmolested, but events proved that the people had neither forgotten nor forgiven. Not long ago the harbour workers went on strike. Things went badly with them, and their money was soon exhausted. One day they caught sight of my father and came to our house screaming 'Seadrum, give us your gold!'"

"We had to leave the town. My father had gone off. He was abroad playing 'Gold, gold; they want gold.' It was then that we came here to live, and my
Father spends all his time trying to make gold.

Terribly by this recital, and learning for the first time of the sad chapter in his father's life, Service faltered, "But you say my father did this. He is dead; until I nor my mother have done you harm?"

"True, but justice led you here to us, and the ways of justice are sometimes inscrutable."

So saying, Pauline left the room and returned some minutes later with a rifle in her hands. She knew in the hands of her father, intent on succeeding in his search for gold, Service's life would not be safe. Should she win revenge by leaving him to his fate? Long was the struggle which right and wrong waged within her, and in the end a great pity for the young man swept over her and she returned to release him.

Not a moment too soon did she act. Old Claudel was returning to the pavilion to complete his great experiment. Quickly she nudled the bonds, and as Service jumped from the window and fled through the grounds Claudel came back. Instead of the young man he saw his daughter sitting in the chair.

"Where is he?" he cried.

Pauline pointed to the window from which her father could see his victim running out of the grounds.

With a cry of "He has stolen my secret; He robs me of my gold, my gold!" the old man fell lifeless to the ground, and the trials of the deeply-wronged shipwreck were over.

*

The story is finely depicted in a Gaumont film, and it is one of their best productions. To say more than this would be superfluous. The plot is strong, and the grouping of the scenes is capable and realistic. M. Navarre in the part of Old Claudel and Madame Renée Carc as the daughter act with their customary ability. "The Philosopher's Stone" is released on May 3rd.

THE CROSS OF ST. GEORGE FOR BRAVE CINEMA OPERATOR

The Russian war photographs which have recently appeared in "Pathé's Gazette," and some of which have been reproduced on our "Daily" page, were taken by Mr. Ercle, a cinematographer in the employ of Pathé Frères. He went to Russia five months ago, and was granted permission by the military authorities there to take these pictures, some of which were photographed under the very guns of the Prussian infantry.

Mr. Ercle is an Englishman who is devoted heart and soul to his work. According to a wounded officer now in Petrograd who was an eye-witness, no place seemed too hot for the intrepid camera-man to take his stand. He took pictures, says the officer, "hot under the internal fire of the enemy, and it was once found necessary to use force to remove him to a safer place. On another occasion Mr. Ercle placed his camera 600 yards away from the German trenches."

Mr. Ercle's intrepidity has landed him in mortal danger. In order to arrest one of the fragments buried themselves in his shoulders. For his bravery and devotion to duty he has received from the military authorities—"The Cross of St. George—the first instance of a cinematographer operator being so honored. One of Mr. Ercle's pictures, showing Russian soldiers receiving the blessing of the Church, appears on page 28.

PICTURES AND THE PICTURESGOER

NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER

Principals' Miraculous Escape whilst taking a Big Scene.

PRODUCED by Herbert Brenon at a cost of £260, in the lovely British Colony of Bermuda, this story, written by Captain Leslie T. Peacocke, is likely to prove the greatest cinema draw in Britain. Sensational scenes of marine life afford Annette Kellerman full scope for the display of her wonderful versatility as actress, dancer, and swimmer. She takes the part of Neptune's Daughter, who meets and kills a mortal in revenue for the death of her little sister.

All the principal scenes were taken in and around Bermuda, where tiny lakes, caves, tropical foliage, and a beautiful ocean helped in the making of realistic pictures. The death of the mortal (played by Mr. Brenon himself) took place under water, and nearly caused the actor's real death. For this wonderful scene a gigantic tank was erected on the beach. Three sides of it were built of cement, one of the camera being glass an inch and a quarter thick. The top was open to the air. A covered canvas passage-way, with all light excluded, was built up for the camera-men to the glass side of the tank, so that the interior was the only part that was lighted and photographed.

Eighteen tons of water and all kinds of fish and rocks were dumped into the tank to represent this scene beneath the sea. The possibility of the glass breaking owing to the enormous pressure upon it being increased by two bodies was discussed. If it happened, all knew, there would be small chance of the players escaping death, driven as they would be by eighteen tons of water through a hole of jagged glass. The suggestion, however, was eventually dismissed as improbable. In due course the two cameramen, with bagging around their arms and hands in case of accident, took their places in the passageway, and Miss Kellerman and Mr. Brenon, with almost naked bodies, entered the tank.

Outside everybody held their breath whilst the scene was being rehearsed under water, and the buzz of the cameramanhandle denoted the taking of the pictures. Six had been taken when the players came out. For they had just gone under once more for a final picture when there came a "Boom!" like the firing of a cannon; the canvas passage was swept away and tons of water rushed out through the smashing glass. It carried with it the bodies of Miss Kellerman and Mr. Brenon, fish, rocks, scenery, photographers, assistants—all were wiped away as if by magic. The suddenness of the catastrophe left everybody stunned; then all thought of preserving the players. Their bodies lay quite still among the wreckage some twenty feet away, but, to every one's relief, they were still alive. Miss Kellerman was badly cut on the right leg and foot, but not so seriously as poor Brenon, who was quite unconscious and afterwards delirious. His left arm was slashed from shoulder to wrist, and he was cut all over his face and neck.

ANNETTE KELLERMAN

The Australian Venus.
Our Confidential Guide.

Films You Should Make a Point of Seeing.

FLYING FOR FORTUNE. - An exceptionally interesting story (produced in America which) shows the daring and grit of those who work for the improvement of aviation. Thrilling scenes in an aeroplane and a railway train are depicted.

- Controlled by Glob: Film Company, Ltd., $2,000 feet (now showing).

MOSCOW IN WINTER. - The views in this film cannot fail to interest any audience. They give every one an idea of the land of the Russians and the severe winter weather they have to contend with. Many of the principal buildings and towns are also shown in the picture.

- Kineto Film, short reel (April 19).

THE WARNING. - An intensely thrilling drama. The redemption of a young man from the horrors to which his evil courses might have led him is told in novel manner, and through incidents of the most breathless description. We shall publish the full story of this film shortly.

- Pathé Drama, three reels (April 25).

THE AMBITION OF THE BARON. - Adapted from a story in the Smart Set Magazine. Lure and intrigue run riot in this romantic drama. The leading roles are in the hands of such players as Frances X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Thomas Connor, and Lester. Lctiree, and the story is so constructed to grip and hold one's interest from start to finish. Staging and photography are superb.

- Reading Drama, two acts (April 25).

ALMA TAYLOR. - Selections from her repertoire. This is a new departure in pictures. Laurel and Hardy have been prepared showing the gradual development of a player from an extra to a great and famous star. Every scene is short and vividly interesting. There are no pauses and no weak spots, and Miss Taylor's development from the beginning of her picture career, nine years ago, is clearly shown.

- Hepworth Film, 515 feet (April 22).

THE AWAITED HOUR. - Frank Colby was happily married, but his wife was also loved by his employer, who planned to get rid of Colby. He had him arrested and sentenced for forgery. The wife then divorced him, and married the employer. Colby escaped, and taking his way to his employer's house, binds and gags him, stands him on a chair, and removes the chair with a rope. He was at once arrested, led back to prison, and sentenced to death.

- Imp (Trans. Motion), 1,655 feet (May 20).

THE DEATH OF SIMON LEGREE. - Simon LeGree gives the village beauty tickets for a show. Her lover, Patsy, is jealous, and he decides to win back her affections by becoming an actor. LeGree's play at the theatre is an awful failure, and he loses all his money. He finds work as a labourer. The place is in uproar, and the Sheriffs come along to stop the fighting. Eventually LeGree is driven out of the town with his actors, and Patsy is restored. Billie Ritchie and Louise Orth do good work in this side-splitting comedy.

- L. K. Comedy, 502 feet (May 17)

GILBERT DYING TO DIE. - An unhappy Gilbert had never been successful in life, and he tries in vain to leave it. All his efforts fail; he is constantly interrupted; invariably saved just in the nick of time. At last he creates such a disturbance that the occupants of the flat beneath come up in a body to protest, only to be thrown headlong down the stairs. Luck comes to the impecunious one at last. A letter from the lawyers announces that Gilbert's uncle has died and left his nephew £1,000 - undreamed-of wealth.

Fred Graves is Gilbert.

- B. and C. Parke (Duronian's), 524 feet (April 9).

REFINING FIRES. - John, a poor man with prospects, falls in love with penniless Mary. He does not marry her for fear of losing his fortune. Mary has occasion to believe that John is tired of her, and leaves him. Weary and ill, she finds in Nina Alstrom a friend who takes her into her own home, and restores her to health and spirits. John's uncle dies, and he comes into the money. As it happens, the young millionaire meets and loves Nina Alstrom, who loves him in return. But John, though he long since has ceased to care for Mary, is haunted by his past. He confesses to Nina that he is not worthy of her love, but that he has determined to lead a clean life in the future. Mary overhears. Leaving a note for Nina, she goes to a convent, where she takes the veil.

Vivian Rich, Charlotte Burton, and Jack Richardson are in the cast.

- "Flying J" Drama, 1,980 feet (April 12).

OUR CINEMATOGRAPHIC CARTOONS. - No. 34, A FALLEN STAR

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC. - A vivid picture of the dangers and difficulties encountered during the ascent of one of the highest peaks in the world. Thus we see the famous Glacier de Don, the glorious panorama from Bionnassay, the Vallot Refuge, at a height of some 13,000 feet, where soup is made from melted ice, and, when the actual crest is reached, a view of marvellous beauty, including in its range many other noted peaks, among them Mont Rose.

- Savoia Film (New Agency Film Co.), 565 feet (May 13).

A COLD JOB AND A HOT ONE.

In "Dewdrop Braves the Floods of Maudenhall," a Birmingham Film coming on April 29th, Ernest Batley, the actor and producer, plays quite a liquor party, but he had a strenuous time producing the film. To make sure of the floods, it was all finished in twenty-four hours; and before the end of them the actor made no fewer than nine dives into water the ice on the top of which had to be broken. As a result of these frequent immersiones, Mr. Batley practically lost the use of his legs for two hours or more. Snow was also falling for some time, and all things considered, it was not one of the coldest and hottest jobs he has ever undertaken. He says so, and he ought to know.
Perhaps his love of truth had something to do with his hatred of female society, for it was the Professor's opinion that a woman could not tell the truth under any circumstances. But even the hardest-shelled bachelor succumbed in the long run, and at the age of fifty-five, when his hair was scanty and he wore glasses to help his eyes, which had been a victim to the luxuriant charms of a widow who told him that her age was twenty-nine and that she had a little son named Jacky at a boarding-school.

It was the widow's first fib, but not the last. She did not know the Professor's hatred of a lie, and knocking ten years off her age did not disturb her in the least.

One or two of the Professor's friends wondered why he had not wooed a younger woman, for they considered the widow's age deceptive and her weight prohibitive. She weighed fourteen stone, which is some weight for a prospective bride, and with the object of pulling down some of it the widow went in for fat-reducing exercises. This took the form of imitation-rowing on springs fixed to the floor, dumbbell exercises running and anti-fat foods. After three weeks of this she weighed herself again, and nearly fell off the scales in astonishment. Her weight was seven pounds more.

"I don't know what I shall do," wailed the widow to her practical sister, who was as thin as the other was fat. "I am trying to get slim again, and can't.

"Never mind," was the reply, "the Professor has promised to marry you with all your fat, so you needn't worry."

The delighted bride soon became immersed in the detail of her trousseau, and everything was arranged for the wedding on the morrow. The widow hardly slept all night, fearing some misfortune; and in the morning her fears increased when a message arrived from her son at school in England to say he was going to pay her a visit. It was about the last thing the widow wanted to happen. Jack, who was nineteen and fit, high, would hardly accord with the 'Little Jacky' of ten who was still fond of toys, which formed the Professor's mental picture. The widow was vaguely alarmed, and sent the following cablegram to her son:

"Jack Dangerfield, Hammersmith College, England—You may not start for America at once. I am getting married. Stay where you are for at least another year. Mother."

Away in England Jack weighed the words carried him across the ocean. It would take him a week to get to New York and another day to reach his own home. By that time his mother's marriage would be a thing of the past. Besides, his sweetheart Priscilla, who had relatives in the States, had left England to visit them; and the young man, notwithstanding his card-parties and, incidentally, his card debts, felt lonely. "Yes," concluded Jack, "I'll chance it."

Meanwhile, the widow and the Professor were made one, and, to quote the refrain of a Spring poet, "Like a bird on the topmost leaf of the tiniest bough, love sang in their hearts.

Chapter II.

The Professor entered the room with a box in his hand.

"This is for our little Jacky; we must be sending for the child soon," he checked.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Black, faintly.

"By the way, where is he now?" asked her husband.

"He has left school," said Mrs. Black, desperately, "and he is stopping with his aunt in Maine."

The Professor looked disappointed. "He is our child now," he added, "I hope you will send for him soon."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Black, colouring. "I shall see about it."

For the next few days Mrs. Black wore a worried look. She expected a visit from her sister Emily, and in writing her to say that her visit would be very welcome, she added in a postscript, "Don't say anything about Jack. I am supposed to be twenty-nine, and 'little Jacky' is only ten, and is staying with a mythical aunt in Maine. You will have to help me to prepare my husband for the truth. You see, I am very happy, and do not want my husband to despise me."

Sister Emily, pursed her lips when she read this missive. She did not believe in deceiving husbands, and intended to give Mrs. Black a little strong advice on the subject. She immediately took train, and on arriving at her sister's residence the pair sought the seclusion of the garden to discuss matters. Here they were confronted by a swarthy-looking Italian, who inquired which of the ladies was Mrs. Black.

"I am," replied that lady, coming forward.

"The Italian, with an elaborate bow, produced a slip of paper, and held it up to the gaze of Mrs. Black. It was an IOU for one thousand dollars, signed by Jack Dangerfield.

"Senora," cooed the Italian, sweetly, "your son play cards with me, and he lose. I wanta de money."

"This is monstrous!" exclaimed Mrs. Black.

"Senora," continued the Italian, "I come from England bout dis little matter. Your son is a fine young man, but does not pay his debts. You pay, or I make trouble."

The sisters looked at each other in dismay, and Mrs. Black, seeing someone coming from the house, pushed the man away. "Go; I will pay the money in a few days providing you do not say a word about my son to anyone."

With a sweeping bow the Italian departed, just as the Professor came towards them with a young lady.

It was Priscilla, the Professor's sister.
"My brother has been telling me about your son," said Priscilla, enthusiastically: "I am just crazy to see little Jacky. Is he at home now?"

"Not at the moment," replied the unfortunate mother, noting the grim smile on sister Emily's face.

The party returned to the house, and the Professor showed his wife the present he had bought for Jacky. It was a little box, and on Mrs. Black's desire to know what it contained, he gently pressed a spring. The lid flew open and the hairy head of a "jack-in-a-box" popped into view. Mrs. Black popped into an armchair and collapsed.

"There, there; you're frightened," cried the Professor.

"I was quite unprepared for this," said Mrs. Black, faintly. But she quickly recovered herself, and the entire party laughed; and when sister Emily got her alone in her bedroom she upbraided her for her duplicity.

You must tell your husband about your age and Jack's," commended Emily. "He will laugh and forgive you."

Fortified by her sister's attitude, Mrs. Black sought the Professor to make a full confession, hoping that he would view the matter in the light of a joke. On her way to the Professor's study she met the coachman, who looked very crestfallen. Wondering at this phenomenon, Mrs. Black knocked at her husband's door and then walked in. The Professor was standing with his hair ruffled, and a heavy frown on his face.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Black nervously.

"It's the coachman," replied the Professor, waving his arm excitedly. "I have just discharged him for lying. I can forgive almost anything in the world but that."

"Oh, dear," murmured Mrs. Black, falling helplessly into the convenient, ever-ready armchair. The Professor danced round and round in triumph, and finally seized a bottle of smelling-salts, which he held to her nose. He was beginning to think that for a lunatic woman Mrs. Black was surprisingly delicate.

She made another quick recovery, and told her husband about her little unexpected adventure in the laps. Then she retired to consult her sister in these new developments.

"It's no use," moaned Mrs. Black. "My husband will never forgive me for telling him all those lies. You just saw how he was over the poor coachman.

"Then do you intend to marry the exasperated sister. Tell another pack of lies to back up —"

Their conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door, and a maid entered with a letter. It was from Jack, who wrote growling at his enforced stay in England, and continued, "And as Priscilla, the girl I love, has crossed to America, I am coming too, so please don't try to keep me in this beastly place any longer." Mrs. Black showed her sister the letter, and paced the room like a caged tiger.

"That boy will be the death of me yet," she cried.

"Cheer up," said sister Emily. "Tell cable Jack not to come home till he hears from you."

Then to make her forget her troubles sister Emily suggested a boating-party and the Professor readily agreed, for he was growing anxious about his wife's health. The parties paired for the boat and Miss Priscilla found herself along with a lawyer who knew more about bills of costs than sculling. The entire party had reached the middle of the lake when the lawyer caught a crab, and went head first into the water. Mrs. Black bravely attempted to drag the luckless man back, but her superabundant weight overbalanced the boat and she immediately joined the lawyer.

The Professor saw the accident and threw off his coat preparatory to jumping in to the rescue of his wife. Priscilla pulled on Jack and pointed to the overturned boat. The amazed Professor saw his wife gently but safely sculling away on the surface of the water. Mrs. Black's bulk was useful. The Professor put on his coat again with a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness, she floats," he murmured.

Chapter III

Some time later sister Emily rushed into Mrs. Black's room with the news that Jack had crossed the Atlantic and was now actually at the station. Mrs. Black was thunderstruck.

"I expect Jack did not get my cable," continued Emily.

"Head him off," shouted Mrs. Black, desperately. "I'll faint and keep my husband busy.

Sister Emily put on her hat and rushed out. Half an hour later she returned in despair. "He's not there. I've missed him," she said. Then she went indoors. She was getting a bit tired of the whole business.

A young man, carrying several bards, approached. He eyed Mrs. Black on the verandah, and he eyed the house. And Mrs. Black eyed the yacht, but it was not her son. The Professor, Priscilla, and a little garden-party, which had gathered in expectation of seeing little Jacky, approached.

"Please, mum," said the young man, "I'm your son's valet. He told me to whistle when I found the place. He's a couple of hundred yards down the road."

Mrs. Black turned to her husband and the guests with simulated disappointment on her face. "This is Aunt Pru's husband," she said, indicating the valet. "She comes to tell us that she has been taken suddenly ill, and poor little Jacky had to go back.

Mrs. Black then dragged the amazed valet aside, and told him to keep his mouth shut. Going indoors, she found to her amazement that Jack was standing in the middle of the drawing-room with his hat and coat on, and his bulldog beside him. Maternal love overpowered her fears, and she clasped him in her arms.

There was a sound of footsteps outside, and several of Mrs. Black's girl friends rushed in, carrying toys, from pop-guns to Teddy bears. The resourceful Mrs. Black turned to the chandelier and pretended to be fingering it for faults.

"It's too bad little Jacky didn't come. See the toys we have bought him," said the eldest young lady, with a point.

"Yes, it is," replied Mrs. Black; "but run away now; I am busy with the gasman."

Mrs. Black secretly took her son to her room, and told him of the difficulties his presence in the house was likely to
cause. Jack grumbled unhappily, but he was willing to fall in with any arrangements his mother was likely to make. 

"I know!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Black; "we have just discharged Lizzie, the cook. You must take her place."

Jack started again, but fell into the pit with alacrity, and when he was arrayed in peculiars and hence was positively delighted.

"Now, cook, I must take you to the kitchen and show you your way about." Jack followed after his mother, and on the way they met Priscilla. Mrs. Black looked anxiously at her son.

"This is the new cook to take Lizzie's place."

Priscilla looked at the "new cook" matter-of-factly, but glanced again with growing amazement, when the new cook shouted:

"Rascal!" exclaimed the girl, falling into his arms. Mrs. Black again collapsed into an armchair.

"This is Priscilla, of whom I spoke to you," said Jack to his astounded mother.

"Yes, Jacky, and I met abroad," said Priscilla, looking at the young man's clothes and wondering.

"Oh!" weakly replied Mrs. Black, who decided that things were going from bad to worse.

But Priscilla altered a few whispered words with Jack, saw the predicament, and promised to respect Mrs. Black's secret. Jack, however, disgraced himself and pontificated matters that day. When the party were seated on the lawn discussing the absurd absence of Jacky, one of the girls suddenly pointed across the house, and cried out to Mrs. Black:

"Poor old Aunt Prue's wretch of a husband is nutting with the new cook."

It was too true. Jacky, as the new cook, was seated beside his wife pretending to make love, and the veil entering into the pit on the occasion, passed its part well. It was just a bit of Jacky's masquerade, but it proved the last straw to Mrs. Black's endurance, especially when she saw the outraged look on the professor's face.

"I've something to tell you," she said, brokenly.

"What is it?" asked her husband.

"I cannot deceive you any longer. I am nearly forty years of age, and that young man over there dresses up as a cook is my own Jacky. I know you'll never forgive me, so I am going away for ever. Farewell!"

And, turning away, the well-meaning but erring Mrs. Black disappeared round the back of the house. The professor stood still in astonishment, and the young women, after the first surprise, whispered among themselves.

Then the professor woke up. His wife's last words made him perspiring, and he feared she would do something rash. He went into the house, but Mrs. Black was not there. Then he rushed into the garden and round the back of the house, but Mrs. Black was conspicuous by her absence. He was now thoroughly alarmed, and ran towards his guests.

"I give all I possess to the one who brings Mrs. Black back," he said, turning to the young women, who had all clustered together and stood clattering like geese.

"The hushahoot that followed was remembered by the household for years afterwards. The guests divaused, and some ran out to make their escape the other. One young woman saw she saw Mrs. Black in a field some distance from the house, and tither the whole crowd ran. Mrs. Black saw them coming, and hid till they passed; then, wishing to put as great a distance as she could between her outraged husband and hersea, she went to the house and got out the motor-car. She knew very little about its management, but she got it started and steered the car down the road. One of the norriest guests saw her, and gave the alarm.

Mrs. Black does not know how she avoided the ditches. The car swerved from one side of the road to the other, and, hundreds of yards behind came the guests running as hard as their legs could carry them, with the half-deadened professor in the rear. It was an amusing scene, but the perspiring guests gave up the chase after seeing the car disappearing round a bend of the road.

The professor turned back sick at heart. He had completely forgiven, and almost forgotten the deception, and he sat down lothorn on the verandah and wondered if he had better employ detectives to fetch Mrs. Black back. There were footsteps behind him, and turning, Professor Black confronted the new cook.

"This is all your fault, you young rascal," said the Professor.

"Sorry," replied the young man, apologetically, as his dress slipped down showing his trousers underneath. The worried professor sat down again and gave up the riddle in despair, whilst Jack sat down beside him, sympathetically. It took a lot to upset Jacky's equanimity.

And there they sat. The professor with his head in his hands, thinking, and Jack coolly smoking his pipe and awaiting developments. Presently a dishevelled, dusty woman crept along looking undecided. The men jumped to their feet and pulled her down between them.

"I didn't mean —" commenced Mrs. Black, apologetically.

"It's all right, my dear," interrupted the Professor, lamely, "don't say any more about it. Just read that young rascal here a lecture for causing you all this trouble."

But Mrs. Black read no lecture, and when some of the guests returned they found her seated between her husband and son, each of whom had an arm round her neck. The guests crept away, and whispered the news to each other:

"Mrs. Black is back."

The comedy begins and ends as a comedy should with a laugh. The cast is: Mrs. Black, May Erwin; Prof. Newton Black, Charles Lane; Emily Mason, Clara Blaikie; Jack Dangerfield, Elmer Booth; Priscilla Black, Marie Pavis.

London picture-theatres in which "Mrs. Black Is Back" can be seen:—April 11th—Imperial, Clapham Junction; Grange, Kilburn; Empress, Hackney; Rink, Clapton; Royal Kineina, Richmond; Shaftesbury Pavilion, Shaftesbury Avenue, 8th—Pavilion, Edgeware Road; Blue Halls, Hammersmith; Silver Cinema, Shepherd's Bush, 2nd—Kineina, Acton. 20th—King's Picture Palace, Chelsea; Fulham Picture Palace, Fulham.
In and Out of the Studio

Three years ago Jane Gail was engaged to play leading roles in the Lubian Company. From them she went to the Trans-Atlantic released by the London Company, and now she has returned to Trans-Atlantic.

"She Steeps to Conquer," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Rupert of Hentz," and "The Magistrates" are a few of the big features made by the London Film Company in which Miss Gail has triumphed in this country.

Although very modest, her inherent attractive personality has apparently won for herself, and are evident on the screen. Impulsive, not in the schoolgirl manner, but in a way that lends vivacious charm, she is essentially a woman, not a child. She is the daughter of the late Edward G. St. John. Besides being a gifted flautist, musician, painter, and sculptor, and spends all her spare time at one of her favourite pastimes. Of course, reading is a regular part of her daily programme. She really believes that in order to become a capable player one must devote a great deal of time to study of the arts and sciences. Her acquisition will be welcomed at the Imp studios.

Just About Myself.

In his own quaint fashion we give below the result of a lightning interview we had with Frank Stannmore, a comedian who has made a "picture" name for himself in "London" Films. His portrait appears on page 31.

"Started life as medical student. Didn't like surgery; went on stage. First appeared in travelling drama at 23s. week. "Ghost" refused to walk one Friday night and left us stranded at Fleetwood. Slept in a baling-machine on beach, but it made a rotten "combined room." What with fish, seaweed, and townspeople, became tired of life, but, thanks to a public subscription, got back to London. Fortunate eventuality. Engaged by Sir Herbert Tree, and played at His Majesty's in leading parts from Shakespeare to modern comedy. Was on and off with Sir Herbert for ten years, during which, though being considerably released by Sir Herbert, I played comedy parts at nearly every West-end theatre. In consequence have been associated with all the leading stars. "Have starred in provinces in James Welch's parts, including 'The New Clown' and 'Mr. Hopkinson,' and as pantomime dame. Have toured with my own company. And I was also called in to do musical comedy reviews—'The Gay Deceivers' and 'Chasing Cynthia' having record runs. Was 'commanded' to appear in Germany five years ago before the Kaiser. Played in 'The White Horse oxide in 'Mr. Hopkinson,' supported by West-end stars. Was presented to the Kaiser after the performance. He was very proud of me at the time, but I'm down now. "While playing yes in 'Little Jack,' I joined the Queen's Theatre, I first worked for the London Film Company, and afterwards joined their stock company. Have remained in it ever since, with no wish to return to the legitimate stage, which is too precarious and 'nervy.' " You have or will see Mr. Stannmore at "The Shampoo Dick" in "The Third String." Jim Bowckett in "His Reforma-" Jesse Pegge in "The Middleman," the Dean in "Brother Officers," title-role in "The Revenge of Mr. Thomas Atkins," and leading parts in three new Lubin films to be released shortly.

A Waterplane Hero.

A BRITISH, picture-player of promise is Jack Jarman, who left the footlights last summer in order to devote his whole time to film work, which he likes better. Besides some musical comedy experience, Mr. Jarman appeared continuously for about two years at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, and whilst there he made his debut in pictures at the invitation of the Barker Film Company. He has since been juvenile lead for B. & C. Martin's, the "London," and other film companies. You will see him as the jealous husband in "The Devil to Pay" (Martin), and in "The Flame," a thrilling scene for which he went to Trouville for B. & C. to enact a thrilling scene for "In Fate's Grip," and most certainly was he in it. Besides being slightly burnt on a burning boat, he had to be and was rescued by an aeroplane from a waterplane on which, with Marie Pickering, the heroine, he found himself skimming the sea at about fifty miles an hour. French papers made quite a sensational story of the incident, which some of them thought was a rescue from accidental peril. Mr. Jarman, who is young, good-looking, and athletic, is well cut out for daring deeds on the film, and when we left us the other day we were not surprised to hear that he had undertaken to make a twenty-five feet dive into the Thames for a "Sexton Blake" film being produced by Davidson's. "I hope the water," concluded Mr. Jarman, "won't be as cold as it probably is to-day.

JANE GAIL

As Queen Flavia of Ruritania in "Rupert of Hentz," one of the London Film Company's latest and greatest productions.

Jane Gail's New Home.

As we stated in a recent issue, Jane Gail, the famous actress, has joined the forces at the Imp Studios, and will hereafter be featured in the productions with King Baggot. Miss Gail will be remembered for her remarkable work a little over a year ago in "Traffic in Souls" and other big features released by the Trans-Atlantic, and more recently as leading lady with the London Film Company.

Born in Salem, New York, August 30th, twenty-four years ago, of Scotch-Irish parentage, she was educated in the Washington Academy there, and when quite a young girl came to New York. Here she entered the Frohman Dramatic School where she graduated with honours. After this came a series of engagements in several stock companies, and when "The City," by Clyde Fitch, was produced in a Broadway theatre Miss Gail achieved her great success as leading woman.

JACK JARMAN, a British Player.
LANGUID LOVELINESS ON THE FILM.

ANNA MAY WALTHALL, the beautiful and accomplished sister of Henry B. Walthal, has, like her brother, also joined the Balboa organization of picture-players. She has had a lot of experience in spite of her youth which is measured by twenty summers—and promises to make a name for herself that will cause her distinguished brother to be proud of her. She is under the direction of Charles Hayden, and has just finished her first Balboa photoplay, “The Light of Love,” in which she played an ingenue lead. Miss Walthal is a rare type of human loveliness when in repose, but when the situation calls for it she is capable of expressing poignant emotion and displaying unusual dramatic force. Personally she is a charming young woman, and while she idolises her brother, and believes him the greatest actor under the camera, she aspirés to do big things herself.

BITS FROM OUR LETTER-BAG

IT SELLS THE HAT

What an interesting paper Pictures is! I really think it is the most enjoyable paper ever published, and this is the opinion of all the readers I know. I keep a small library up, and when customers are waiting to be served I have my hat trimmed and give them Pictures to read, and they are so dressed with it that they are delighted to buy it—indeed the Pictures, although they generally buy the hat as well!

GEORGE ADE FABLES

A Chat by the Manager of “Pictures.”

I have seen so many films that I long since believed that nothing shown on the screen would make me laugh. I said so to Mr. Spoor, the British Director of the Essanay Company, when he was congratulating himself on the arrival of his George Ade Fables. With my usual serious face I sat down to examine them, but before a minute had passed I was cachinnating as heartily as any boy who is looking at his first Picture Comedy, and a few moments later I was so engrossed that I completely forgot that I was looking at a picture, and entered heart and soul into the performance.

Since then I have made a point of going once a week to see each new George Ade Fable as it arrives. If these do not tickle you you are invulnerable.

One of my friends, who is a director of a circuit of halls, recently went to the States to find out some of the things that are going well there. He felt that the British public were quite as good judges as our American cousins, and immediately he saw how popular the George Ade Fables were amongst Cinema goers in New York he decided to run them here. I am sure that the manager of the hall you go to will be pleased to follow his example if you tell him about the George Ade Fables.

Don’t forget to mention that they are produced by the Essanay Company, for then he will know that the acting and photography are right.

WILLIAM MANCHA
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE gives real WAR NEWS. DO NOT MISS IT.

FLYING FOR FORTUNE

If a classification of this unusually exciting and extraordinary film were desired it might justly be termed an engineering romance. It is pictorial aeronautics embellished by the hand and art of the keenest of stage-craftsmen. Nothing more remarkable has been seen on the screen than the views from a flying aeroplane, and not only an aeroplane flying in the conventional manner, but volplaning and "looping the loop" besides. Truly a marvellous performance and a most admirable film.

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For Breakfast & after Dinner.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS -

Do you know who is the youngest Vitagraph player? It is Robert Joseph Connelly, known as "Bobby," who is only five years old. He joined Vitagraph in July, 1913, supporting Maurice Costello in "Caught Courting," and afterwards appeared in "Love's Sunset" with so much success that he was made a star, and the "Sunny Jim" series of pictures was especially written for him to star in. Little Bobby has a remarkable memory, and is wonderfully self-possessed. Even the eldest members of the company are often disconcerted by the presence of people during the taking of

LITTLE BOBBY CONNELLY.
In each line of stars (from top to bottom) is hidden the following:— 1. A letter. 2. One whom we do not wish to meet. 3. Not received from Wolf's Bureau. 4. Considered stupid, but often sensible. 5. News in Pictures. 6. Our Editor gets plenty of these. 7. A ring not worn as a ring. 8. The lady's name in a new film now showing. 9. The goddess of mischief. 10. A letter.

Now what is the name of the player? For correct and nearest answers I will award two prizes and special merit. Address your postcard "Kite," 18 Adam Street, Strand, W.C., and post before Monday, April 12th.

UNCLE TIM.

PRIZES: (Buried Towns). Gladys Aston, 31, Hydes Road, Wednesbury (12); H. Parsons, 161, Tramore Road, Wandsworth (11). Award: A weekly—Elsie Booth (Mor- comoon), A. Levenson (Stanford Hill), Lizzie Laxton (Edinburgh), Alice Butterman (Hollies) and H. Butterman (Newport), Molly Stanton (Wimbledon), D. Richardson (Brookley), Carrie Dennis (Bexley), Alice Butterman (Holloway), C. Barrett (Bradford), A. R. Simons (Cot-
tora), Bertha Allen (Ashford), O. Young (Reader's End), L. Alexander (Hammer- smith). Rose Browning (Leiston).

"Award" prizes—Gladys Turner, Doris and Hilda Watte, and George Stephen.

GOSSIP
SCREEN AND EDITORIAL.

ELLA HALL, the heroine in "The Master Key," the new Trans-Atlantic serial.

NEXT week I shall announce the last weeks of the British Players Voting Contest, which means that it is not too soon to begin cutting coupons from those back numbers and recording your votes. Who is the greatest artiste? That is the question. Don't run away with the idea that a pretty face or an attractive personality make the true worth of the player. You must disregard the face or the part in favours of the player's real ability. If you appreciate fine acting, now is the time to show it. Give your choice all the votes you can obtain coupons for, and help us to make this great contest a really useful one.

A Handsome Record.

I am bound to admit that our Seventh Volume, just completed, is a far-and-away better and more complete record of things cinemac than was the previous one. To make it still more useful we have added a carefully compiled Index of everything in it worth looking for. Bound in blue and lettered in silver, the volume is one which no picturegoer should be without, and it makes a nice present for a friend. Orders may be sent now with 3s. 9d., which covers postage. We do not supply binding-cases, but any newsagent can get back numbers bound to order, and we do supply the Index separately for 3d. post-free. So now you know.

A Story with a Moral.

This is one of the Little Stories for Big People which are being issued by the Hepworth Company:

"There was once a Girl who had each Week the sum of Eight Pence to spend. After Some Months she Decided that there was Only One Best Way in which to spend her Extra Income.

"When that Idea had fully gripped her Mind, she started out on a Still Search for the Right Cinema for Her Sheknew that Eight Pence was a Lot of Money and she was Going to Spend it Right.

"The first Cinema that she Tried had a Munger who spoke Kindly to the Shilling Seats, but didn't Waste his Time in the Thirpmites. At Last the Girl managed to Find him and Said: Could you please Tell me what Kind of Picture you Generally Show?

"Don't Bother me, little Girl," he re-
plied, "I am Busy.

"So am I," said the Girl, and she walked Across the Street to another Picture Palace. The moral is obvious.

Making Sure of "Pictures."

I am sorry that many readers still experience a difficulty in obtaining copies of this paper. The only remedy is to place a definite standing order with your newsagent, and so ensure a regular delivery. Why go without this?

FAMOUS WELCOMED AT SEACON.

Whenever Mr. Cotter, the busy Secretary for Turner Films, comes to town he pays me a visit. He tells me they have just finished for the Ideal Company a fine film of that old Adelphi drama "Alone in London." Florence Vernelle, of course, is the heroine, and I am assured that no film has ever been cast better. The Turner studios are not till. Some big things are coming.

- AND TWO OTHERS.

Dramas which have been London successes and have toned and re-toured the provinces seem to be making a special appeal to film-producers. The "Romney Rye," the well-known subject by George R. Sims, forms the subject of another splendid Neptune film; and Mr. Davy of London informs me that another Kinetophoto feature is on its way from New York—namely, a film version of "The Span of Life," the well-known melodrama by the late Sutton Vane. Remember seeing the film production of this play in London, the "span" being provided by a troop of athletes who, standing on each other's shoulders, flung themselves across a yawning chasm, thus forming a living bridge across which the heroine escapes. It should make some stir.

Opportunities for Screen-struck.

Countless readers desires of becoming cinema players write me for advice on the subject, and as a general rule I tell them to be most careful to whom they pay fees for "tuition" which more often than not would prove worthless. There are exceptions, however, and I am pleased to draw attention to the Victoria Cinema College, advertised on another page, because in this instance, I have visited the film studios referred to, and met the principals of the school in question. I feel reasonably satisfied that its pupils will get value for their money. The College has every chance of being a sound business-concern, and I hope that any reader who enter it will meet with the success they desire.
ARE YOU VOTING IN OUR GREATEST BRITISH FILM PLAYERS CONTEST?

(To be followed by a Foreign Players Contest):

30 Votes on every Coupon—Free

BACK NUMBER COUPONS ARE STILL GOOD

£10 FIRST PRIZE £10

Second Prize - value £9
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Third Prize - value £7
Graphophone £5 10s., Records 30s.

Fourth Prize - value £5
Graphophone £4 4s., Records 16s.

Fifth Prize - value £4
Graphophone £3 3s., Records 17s.

100 Handsome Consolation Prizes

The Machines and Records are manufactured by the World Famous "Columbia" Company.

WHO ARE THE GREATEST BRITISH FILM ARTISTES?

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old or young, leading parts, minor parts, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. The winners will be voted on by the public. You must, however, give the names of at least two players. Do not enter the names of people who are not actors in British pictures. Avoid voting for families, multiple actors or any two names which bear a close resemblance to each other. You may not vote for yourself.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only two may be used by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners' names correctly, the £10 will go to the winner of the nearest Coupon. In the unlikely event of two or more votes being sent in giving the winners' names in the order of merit, they will be divided.

2. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope at the end of the period.

3. All winners must be written in full. No alteration will be permitted.

4. No correspondence can be entered into concerning the contest. Two lists of British players are given on this page, but you may vote for any British player, whether in the list or not.

5. A voter may fill up any number of Coupons from one issue, and may send in any quantity of his or her own or friends' Coupons in one envelope and at any time.

6. The Editor's decision as to the prize-winners and on all matters connected with this contest will be final and by no means may be questioned.

"The Pictures" GREAT BRITISH FILM PLAYERS CONTEST.

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

Female Player

Male Player

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

Female Player

Male Player

Signed

Address

Fill up and post to "Contest Edit," Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.
LOTS of people get married, but some except.

Smart Boy! What?  
OLD GENT (outside cinema): "Aren’t you afraid you'll catch cold on such a night as this, my boy?"

"No, sir. Selling Pictures keeps up the circulation, don’t it?"

No Face for it.

PAPA: "I understand, sir, you kissed my daughter last night in the dark at the pictures. How dare you?"

WOULD-BE FLANCER: "Gad, now that I’ve seen her in daylight, I wonder how I dared."

Horrid Doctor.

"Why have you taken such a dislike to Dr. Jones?"

"I cured his wife’s rheumatism, so he can never tell when it is going to rain, and last week I spoiled a brand-new hat."

Wisdom.

"Is she going to marry the young man who saved her from drowning?"

"I think so."

"But is she sure that he is able to support her in the style to which she has accustomed?"

"Yes; I looked him up in Who’s Who before she fell in."

The Dream and After.

HENRY: "Yes, I reckon I’m cut out for cinema acting—especially the hero. Something noble and kingly—that’s the part I could take to perfection. Sometimes I feel that I once sat on a throne and waved a sceptre."

WIFEY: "And now you are going to stand on a chair and wave a carpet-beater."

Pays in Time.

CUSTOMER: "So you sell those watches at its, each? It must cost that to manufacture them."

JEWELLER: "It does."

"Then how do you make any money?"

"Repairing ‘em."

He Does It, Toz.

"The film detective must be doubly clever."

"How so?" asked the amateur player.

"He must disguise himself so that he will be recognized by everybody in the audience and nobody on the film."

Pictures or—?

MISTRESS: "Now, Jane, if you are strictly honest and economical when you go shopping, you shall have two nights at the pictures every week at my expense."

JANE: "Thank you, mum. I’ll think it over and let you know this evening."

Unkind Criticism.

Two actors were boasting about their dramatic exploits.

"Ah, my joy!" said one, "when I played Hamlet the audience took fifteen minutes to leave the theatre."

"The other looked at him.

"Was he lame?" he inquired gently.

The Bet was "Off."

This story has been credited to Earl Grey. A young Canadian, on a visit to London, made a bet with a friend that three out of four people in the metropolis were ignorant of Colonial affairs, and it was agreed that they should ask four passers-by in the street if they knew anything about the city of Ottawa. They decided to question a young girl who was selling flowers in the gutter.

"Excuse me," said the Canadian, politely raising his hat, "but do you know anything of Ottawa?"

"Do I know anything of Ottawa?" exclaimed the damsel, angrily. "You get along, or I’ll smash your dirty face!"

The Lap of Luxury.

FAT LADY (after seating herself in a darkened theatre) whispers to her friend: "These seats are hot softer than them at the Lyric, ain’t they, Maggie?"

FAINT MUSCULINE Voice from beneath fatter lady: "If you’re satisfied, madam, you’re welcome to your seat, but I would like to have you move your head a bit so’s I could see them pictures."

Good Advice.

President Wilson, like most famous people, is a continual prey to the "autograph mania." On one occasion when asked to write in a friend’s album, he noticed that some one bore him had written in the book the words: "Do right, and fear no man."

Without a moment’s hesitation the President wrote underneath: "Don’t write, and fear no woman."

SMILES

CINEMA ACTING.

The New Profession for Ladies.

"How can I become a Cinema Artiste?" is a question often encountered, and the reply to the query is so often unsatisfactory and not a dishonest one.

A casual visit to various studios is asking for counsel, and the art of making a damper on a man or an aspiring artist, at the in many cases, is usually somewhat, in a film of any untrained artists are apt to spoil a picture and prove a great expense, so that many foreign film-making firms are in constant that British Companies cannot afford to em. Let us bet the best articles in the production of a film.

"I see a question arise, "How are the best to be obtained?" Unfortunately there is British talent, as has been illustrated in the excellence of many British Productions. How are we to maintain this excellence? The answer, the exploitation of Artists who have been carefully trained for acting before the camera. These desiring to become Cinema Artists must train in a studio with scenery, setting, and in front of a camera with capable and an expert producer, a line of actors who are seldom obtained, but where available much talent can be discovered. The discovery of this talent is the object of the Victoria Cinema College, and its well-equipped studio, where productions are continually in progress, enables them to get actors generally a great surprise to studio artists, and to Expert Instruction—-providing him with the only available means of the discovery of artistic Talent. Lessons are given at the studio, and an IMatte students may take productions, taking part in these as actors may so. Further, art schools showing ability and professional instruction are given contracts to appear in these productions, thus blossoming with a thoroughly trained, efficient Cinema Artists. Excellent Correspondence Courses For Amateur Students With a final test may be held at the studio, have been productive of the greatest talent.

The Victoria Cinema College is devoted to the discovery of talent, and a few guides to Cinema Acting will be forwarded to all aspirants free of charge to—-87, Bond Street, W., U.K. ARTIST.

My DEar LITTLE "PictuRe" Reader—I am writing this in the studio. I wish you were here to 9:40, we d have some fun. I tow some of you to write me a letter, and I'll send you a picture of the pictures. "It's over," 15, Adam Street, Bristol, W.1., because I should love to hear from you. And don't forget to put it all on, and I love you. I think I'm going to die. And don't forget some kiss—es please. I'll do. I think they're so sweet. More news next week. Bye-by.

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S. E. HACKETT. WORKS JURY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

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THere is not the slightest reason why pictures and The Picturegoer should not be obtainable to order for delivery by any local Newsagent on Saturday morning. Will Purchasers or intending Purchasers who experience any difficulty in procuring our publication please address the Newsagent that his usual Whole of the papers on sale and the offers on the Publishers?

A definite order must be given to the Local Agent, or returns are not accepted.
**PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER**

**REPLIES**

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in rotation. When costs are required name of Company must be given.

"Worcester Saucers" (Doncaster)—Alas, Worcester is in England appearing in stage plays; in "Charley's New Job" Chaplin first played for Essanays.

At enteraining soldiers you really are suat tall, and your painting, dear, is excellent, whatever folks may say.

"Annie" (Walsh)—Let us have that "portion of your life that would make a film" and we can then agree or disagree, can't we, Annie?

"Mike" (Bronty)—J. P. McGowan played lead in "The Dream of the Bulls" (Kalem), the only player given. We have no posters of Gregory Scott, Gerald Ames, and Ben Webster. You're a good girl for sheering up our wounded soldiers—more power to you, Muriel.

"G. W. Stocke" (Manchester)—Sorry we do not know the film you mention. Thanks for recommending Pictures. Vote all you can.

"Saturday" (Norwich) —"The Locality of Sylvia" (Vitagraph) is too old for us to obtain casts of. We agree with you that good films deserve good praise. Some get it, but others don't, more's the pity. Best wishes for your success as a cinema pianist.

"Dante" (Drayton)—We do not know the firm you mention. We should advise great caution before parting with any money for this kind of venture. Your pluck and determination are big. "Dante," The best of luck to you.

"Jackie" (Burrrow-in-Furness)—Harold Lockwood played lead in "Wildflower." We do not know the firm you mention. We should advise great caution before parting with any money for this kind of venture. Your pluck and determination are big. "Dante," The best of luck to you.

"Brighteyes" (Chesterfield).—See reply to "George" in March issue. Mauro Costello is married. He is, and Costello are his children, and all three play for Vitagraph.

"Gladys" (Plymouth).—We fear you have no chance of finding your "Famous.

"Picture Play" (Manchester)—We are sorry we can't quote the film you mention.

"M. F. G." (Acocks Green).—Give us some name of Company producing the film, and we will try and answer your question. We have Universal Film Studio, 43rd Street and 11th Avenue, New York; 20th Century Fox, 6500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, and Hepworth Studios, Walton-on-Thames. So you want to become a cine-a player; well, read the notice given to "George" in March 27th issue. Do send photo, and call and see us when in town.

"Peachy" (Hampton H. B.).—We have sent your letter to Famous. A copy of your new film. We believe you try to play supply with you for your production or supply. We have not heard that "Orders Plucked" has been withdrawn.

"In the Card Room" (Kensington).—Thanks for your kindly critie, M. R. poet. From such an old reader they are doubly appreciated. We are sorry to hear you are not voting in our British contest. You are quite right—Amelio Novelli and not play in "The Second Force." -

"Louie" (Wandsworth).—Glad you enjoyed your visit. You are 100% of them to address us as "Kerry Thompson."

"Escape" (Bulverde).—We are padding a new pretty girl out of Helen Gorden, perhaps next week. We have no address of her.

"Oliver" (Durham).—Yes, Ben Webster played "footles in "Footles" Baby" (London). No poster of him arc published at present. We cannot entertain further correspondence on your subject. You should have taken the cinema act in the play you were watching, be it Helen Gorden, perhaps next week. We have no address of her.

"Peter Pan" (Durham).—Wants to know if John Bunny is dead. Almost every week we accept this rumour—you cannot read this page very easily. If you write to Tuesday, No. 6, Gerrard Street, London, W., you will be able to supply us with be production of your film, and may possibly be able to supply you with show film. Send us your jokers by all means, if you do not check them.

"Cinematograph Flapper" (Bridgwater).—We do not know the firm you mention. We should advise great caution before parting with any money for this kind of venture. Your pluck and determination are big. "Dante," The best of luck to you.

"Picture Play" (Manchester).—We are sorry we can't quote the film you mention.

"Editor" (Loeb-Kurk).—nly your film plots to say of the English Stage Co., aden—which have been produced in our house; - (London Co., St. Margarets-on-Tweed, admirals, K. C. S. Studios, allithamseon, and Hepworth Studios, Walton-on-Thames, for instance.

"Un Young Orphans" (Hockley).—Thanks for invitation to see your small cinematic, r. H. Atkinson. Are not English. If you write to the "Haskell" and the "Haskell" you will be shown in your district. Enclose a stamped envelope, and you will be supplied with the cinema film. Yes, send along your jokers.

"Craze" (Lccs).—We think Bryant Washburn is the name of the "F. the Goddess," in "Spirits of Fate," Universal, and we doubt if they will be shown in your district. Enclose a stamped envelope, and you will be supplied with the cinema film.

"Eliza" (Croydon).—We think you have lost in your life that would make a film" and we can then agree or disagree, can't we, "Annie?"

"Living in Holes" (Klagen).—"The Passage by" (Elzco).—"Mary's Husband."—"His Mother," "Miriam Norvell," a Dutch film, and "Marcia Marconsett." Yes, do send your photo.

"Alm." (Chesterfield).—Under the circumstances you mention, we strongly advise you not to part with any more money.

"Sydney" (Morley).—See reply to "M. F. G." (Acocks Green) on this page.

"Glow Worm" (Durham).—Thanks for charming letter. We can't answer you now, dear. Your friend of other films.

"Should 'Parsifal' Interfere?" (Nordisk Film). Some of the prod o.g comp's companions are unable to supply you with any more numbers. We will of course, but the mysterious letters below your request.

"Wondering" (Devonport).—In our number dated 14th March and a post in the "Battle of Eliehman Ghich." (A.B.) That's the best we can do for you, dear. English film, Old Norse, Norwegian, etc., but all that, and all things: the war their London agents have had no mail, and all the rest. We have no information. We will get all we can. Perhaps we may publish an article in our next number. What is this mysterious letters below your request?

"Kentish" (Bradford).—No, we have never met M. irice Costello yet, but hope to do so one day. We are sorry you have not received your contract. We do not know why, not try? Mrs. Costello, we understand, does not play for the films.

"Southend" (Lincoln).—Sorry, our reader is pleased when we are seeing our readers, so call in when passing.

"David" (Stoke Newington).—If you give us a cable we can tell you anything about your contract. We have no information. We will send your photo—nothing also if you have a spare one.

"专员" (Loudon).—Glad to hear from a reader so faraway. We have sent you this postcard you want, the film you have received the other, etc. Hope you will mention that you send us your photo. We should welcome a batch of Cingles readers.

"Elise" (near Bath).—No, dear girl, we do not know if the player you mention has been commissioned. We have no information. We are sorry we can't quote the film you mention.

"A. H. R." (Hove).—"Fred Sterling" has "Chief of Police" in "Happily Ever After" (Kayestowne).

"National" (Manchester).—We are sorry we can't quote the film you mention. We have no information.

"The Art film" film carded. We make no card for "The Face at the Window." (Princes');— "Jack Watson," Boyd Marshall; Tom Girl, Maye Hall, "One Leader," Kenneth Children. This is a film where they never "offer" us.

"Picture Play" (Shofil's phone book).—Bilie Biddlestiff does not "play" with Charles Chaplin in "As They Go," but he has written for the "Kaiser" and "In Wildflower." The latter is not Fred Sterling's brother, "Her Younger Sister" (Hamlyn).


"M. R." (Manchester).—We are sorry we can't quote the film you mention. We have no information.

* Many replies are unavoidably held over.

**EDITORIAL MATTERS**


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**THE PUBLISHING DAY IS SATURDAY.**

"IT'S A LONG LONG WAY TO—" MARY PICKFORD.

Mr. S. M. Baber (of London) shaking hands with Mary Pickford at Los Angeles, over 12,500 miles away.

(See page 23.)
MARY PICKFORD is the same Mary off as on, and as pretty as she is sweet.

Lotty Pickford and Jack Pickford (brother and sister of Mary Pickford) are both with Famous Players.

Roy Webster, the well-known actor, will be seen in a new Clarendon production, "In the Blood."

Leona Anderson, sister of G. M. Anderson, will be leading lady with Charles Chaplin in Essanay Comedies.

Of the world’s 60,000 odd picture theatres, a fourth belong to the United States. A tenth of Great Britain’s 6,500 cinemas belong to London.

Ernest Schofield, who organised the Cinematograph Exhibition at Olympia (postponed through the war), is part author of the comedy “The Joker,” produced at the New Theatre, London.

What has become of “Foolhead” (Little Jimmy), whose comical screen antics used to amuse us so? He is back with the Itala Company, so look out for this comedian in some more comedies.

“I go to see every film in which you appear, for I love to see your smile. A pleasant smile, a sincere smile means a lot of sunshine sometimes to others,” wrote a male admirer in Manchester to Bessie Eyton in America.

“It is 117 years ago,” says a Bristol newspaper, “since Mr. Sumpter (manager of a local picture-house) first became associated with the Biograph Company. And we thought moving pictures were comparatively modern!”

Eggs—travagance.

THREE thousand four hundred and fifty-six eggs were used in his flight with the citizens by the comedian in “Shorty’s Secret,” a Broncho film recently produced. We hope American eggs are cheaper than they are in England during wartime.

Realism, Not Reel-ism.

NOT long ago a man attempted to commit suicide by jumping off the Biograph building. He nearly succeeded twice. A would-be rescuer was thwarted in his first attempt to rescue him by a spectator, who said, “Oh, it is only a moving-picture man; you’ll see the operator somewhere.” But the operator was not there, and the rescuer was only in time to save his man.

Pictures at the Pyramids.

It is a wonderful sight, says a trumpeter with the Australian forces in Egypt, to go up one of the Pyramids and look down. It is just like a big town, and to think that a few weeks ago there was nothing there! Wooden huts, tents, and shops have sprung up everywhere; fruit shops, barbers’ shops—tailors, boot-repair shops, general stores—in fact, everything you can think of. Now they are building a cinema house! Fancy a moving-picture show under the shade of the Pyramids!

A Picture Paradise.

PLAYHOUSES are growing in capacity and splendour. Lovely flowers frame the screen. Sweet music trembles on the air. Exhibitors are doing their best to give their patrons a run for their money. They do not regard audiences as unsophisticated. They realise that old skeletons in tawdry vesture must go. The rubbish-heap is waiting for stale stories, proflanity, and barnyards. People want the uncoming (says Moving Picture World) of what is strong, sweet, invigorating, sympathetic, brave, beautiful, and up to date.

A Peg for Picturegoers.

LOOKING about for an idea that would be bound to advertise his theatre, an exhibitor in the States recently hit on the right one—a nail. Each patron was handed an envelope on which appeared the words: “Free!” Enclosed was a patented one-piece Coat and Skirt Hanger. Compliments of Lyric Pears. The envelope was found to contain a large nail and the following directions:—If you want to hang up your coat, drive the nail into the wall; but if you want a place to hang up for an evening of pleasure, don’t fail to see — at X.

Mother on the Film.

STEP into a theatre or a cinema, says the Daily Chronicle, you will find that mother plays her part almost as surely as the young lovers play theirs. She may not be cast for the lead, but she is rarely absent. When the villain has in attack of remorse he remembers the prayers which he said as a child at her knee. The picture palaces illustrates the memory in a misty corner of the screen, and the real mothers in front are ready to cry. The girl whose father turns her out of doors for refusing the rich suitor her parents have chosen for her has still a friend in her mother, who may rep- persons as “Granny” in a poor but happy home. Where, in popular sentiment, will you find the mother without her halo?

Dying for Pictures.

A aviator, who had been engaged to give an exhibition of his skill in flying at Universal City, lost his life recently while dropping bombs on fortifications for a war scene of a Universal picture. He ran into an ant-pocket, lost control of the aeroplane and fell 150ft. to his death.

Once Bit, Twice Shy.

A there came a smash and the rending of wood, she jumped upwards and seized the overhanging branch of a tree, clinging on like a mother, as she flew on under her and hurtled over the edge of the quarry. Happily, she recovered from the illness when several close personal nerve-shaking did she sustain that she could not think of returning to the work that held such hazards. Instead, she got married. Thus a Scottish actress marries an adventure and accepts a cinema actress. But married life, for sooth, is without its thrills.

From Film to Footlights.

ACTORS and actresses who have made their names on the stage have been taken up acting for the films as their new profession, but we do not remember having heard of a picture-player who has forsook the stage for the footlights.

A music-hall artist who adopts the make-up and antics of a particular film-favourite is, says the Courier, appearing in a revue which has been drawing large audiences to the Cheltenham Hippodrome, and the disguise he adopted closely resembled the face and figure of Charles Chaplin. His performance was vividly reminiscent of “Charles” even to the extent of the well-known back-turn and was greeted with hearty applause. Are we to expect grease-painted imitations of John Bunny or Broncho Billy next?

Our Cover Portrait.

BEAUTIFUL, talented, and of wonderfully convincing dramatic power, Helen Gahagan occupies a position distinctively prominent in the motion-picture art.

After graduating from the Sargent Dramatic School, Miss Gardner appeared in several dramas, but recognising in the picture-play a field in which her highest ideals might be attained, she refused several flattering offers to continue her work behind the footlights, and was granted an offer to become a member of the Vitagraph Company. After a short absence from this company during which she appeared in special features, among which were "Cleopatra," "A Princess of Bagdad," and "A Daughter of Pan," Miss Gardner returned to the Vitagraph Company, and is featured in all of the plays written by Mr. Charles L. Gaskill. She has done much in the plays assigned to her. She has made a thorough study of silent expression, and has acquired a knowledge of its subtleties, that is evidenced in all of her characterisations. Each character she portrays is a personality of its own. She is herself only off the screen; on it she is the personification of the being conceived in the mind of the author.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. MOBILISING THE WOMEN: By undertaking men's work, they release many recruits for the Army.
2. TRENCH COOKERY: Men of the Queen's Westminsters in a London park preparing their meal.
3. AUSTRALIAN ARTILLERY: The guns play an important part in desert warfare as in the other theatres of war.
4. KITCHENER'S BUSY SUNDAY: He watches in centre the men of Liverpool and Manchester who have answered the call.
5. THE CONQUEROR OF PREE YSL: General Sivianoff, Commander of the invading Russian Army, on left.
6. LONDON'S NATIONAL GUARD: The march, headed by the Lord Mayor, to Buckingham Palace.
7. THE FRENCH SAPPERS: To consolidate an infantry success they rapidly construct a series of entrenchments.
"A h, here you are, Nelson," the C.O. said as the young officer strode into the orderly room, "just fly out with your Bleriot and drop a few bombs on the rebel camp."

George Nelson saluted briskly and left the room to give necessary orders. In a few days he was due to return home on leave, and the thoughts of the welcome awaiting him in the arms of pretty Henriette caused him to whistle gaily as, some hours later, the Bleriot sped upward on its errand of death.

Over the tents of the rebel army he raised his hand, and the bomb hurtled downward. The dull roar of the explosion came up to him as he threw yet another of his deadly missiles, and as soon as it burst torrential flame he saw the native hordes rushing wildly about in hopeless confusion. Again the bombs crashed down on the disorganised forces below, and then, as a party of the enemy's snipers, more collected than their fellows, began to make things rather too warm for the airman, he thought of returning. But his satisfaction now gave place to alarm as the giant machine refused to answer the controls, and started plunging madly earthward.

“They've hit me somewhere,” he muttered hoarsely, “and it looks like being my last flight. Oh, Henriette—”

The sentence was never finished, for as the Bleriot struck the earth with sickening force his senses left him.

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"Nay, but he must not die just yet. 'Tis Hindra's command that he be conveyed to the temple, there to be sacrificed.” Those pleasant words were the first Nelson heard as he awoke to find himself hemmed in by the enemy, among whom were some men whom he recognised by their rich apparel as being priests from the temple of Hindra.

Jerked roughly to his feet, the luckless officer was dragged through the ranks of the fanatical enemy until they passed the outskirts of the camp, and, entering the city beyond, presently arrived at a flight of marble steps which led to Hindra's shrine. Up these he was hustled, untold, surrounded by a threatening crowd, he found himself looking up into the inexpressible face of the idol, which towered above the excited throng.

Glancing swiftly round, Nelson sought for some spark of sympathy, and, finding none, shuddered as he thought of the lingering fate which might be his at the hands of these blood-thirsty and fanatical captors. The next moment his attention was riveted on an old priest.

"Nay, to shed the infidel's blood within the sacred precincts of the temple at this season would be sacrilege," the old man was saying. "So! my brothers, let him be conveyed to the vaults below the altar, there to remain until such time as Hindra shall decreed the manner of his death most pleasing to her. Let this be so, for I, the High Priest of Hindra, have spoken in her glorious name."

Once more priests and congregation prostrated themselves before their deity. Nelson was dragged into the centre of the floor, where a slab of marble being raised, a steep flight of stone steps was seen.

"Dashed if I go down!" he said to himself; then, glancing again at the ferocious faces surrounding him,—"Um! on second thoughts I don't think I'd better object for the present."

He was at once forced down the steps into the vaults, and lashed to an iron ring in the wall, he was left to his thoughts.

"Pretty sort of mess!" he muttered, tugging angrily at the cords which bound him; "they've missed me thoroughly enough; oh, curse the luck!" he added bitterly.

Then his anger broke out anew as he thought of his sweet-heart and of the last dear letter she had written him from home. She had spoken shyly of their approaching marriage and of the golden future which they were opening to themselves.

The thought of Henriette's sweet face drove him frantic. Again he struggled madly to throw off the bonds that held him; but all his efforts only seemed to draw them tighter. Then, as footsteps sounded on the stone steps, he pulled himself together and prepared to meet his doom.

The priests re-entered the vault and held torches high above their heads, while the High Priest stepped up to him.

"Infidel," he croaked, "it is decreed that no blood be shed upon the altar until two moons have passed and another hath come into being; therefore art thou spared the sacrificial knife; but ye must die." One of his subordinates flung a bundle of some material into the centre of the floor.

"Then shalt die of suffocation. Once lighted, yonder leaves will fill these four old walls with dense clouds of smoke, until at length thy senses will be numbed, and unconsciousness will surely pave the way to death. In the name of Hindra I, her slave, have spoken."

In obedience to a sign of one of his followers applied his torch to the poisonous material upon the floor, and clouds of smoke arose, as they retired hurriedly from the vault.

Soon the place was full of the flames, which grew in density and pungency with every second. Beads of perspiration broke out on Nelson's chubby forehead, while the weird smoke seared his starting eyes, and he felt as though the very blood was being dried up in his throbbing veins.

"Oh Heaven," he moaned, "make an end of this torture! In thy mercy give me death, lest I forget my manhood and shriek aloud!"

Suddenly through the blinding smoke he discerned the slim, graceful figure of a girl.

"Henriette," he whispered, "Henriette—" a soft voice answered, "'tis not thy beloved, but I, Heliodora, Princess of the Temple."

Nelson groaned. "And have they sent you to torture me further?"

"Hush, stranger," the voice answered; "I come not to torture, but to set thee free." As she spoke she cut the ropes that bound him. "Listen; I am a woman, and it was the likeness of another—she even whom thou lov'st—thou saw'st in thy eyes when they dragged thee before great Hindra. It was this, and because I have a woman's heart, although forbidden to love as thy
In the temple of Hindra a weird scene was being enacted. Backward and forward before the rigid idol Heliodorax led the ceremonial dance while the white-robed priests chanted softly. Slowly a thin veil, as of mist, gathered in front of the goddess, and as it grew in intricacy the old High Priest pointed a shaking finger into its depths.

Then before their very eyes the theft of the gem was re-enacted. Amidst the waiting of the shrieking dancing-girls and the harsh cries of the men, Nelson was seen to climb the altar and wrest the diamond from its grim guardian; they also saw the scene when taking place many thousands of miles away, as the young officer chased it around his sweetheart’s neck. Then the mist drifted, and the High Priest turned to his followers.

“Behold!” he cried, “Hindra has spoken, and the fate of her desecrators shall be even as she decrees.”

That night four men set out for Hindra, while Heliodorax, woman to the depths of her warm heart although a Princess of the temple and forbidden by the law to love, was softly in a secret place, as she thought of the horrors the white man’s act would surely bring down upon the girl he loved.

Henriette shivered, in spite of the warmth of the day.

“I don’t know what is the matter with me,” she said, with a nervous laugh, “but I can’t get rid of the idea that I am being followed. Last night, as I was retiring, I heard a strange song. Going out to the balcony, I looked out into the garden. There I could have sworn I saw four dark figures watching my window; but as I looked they seemed to melt into the shadows.”

“That’s all they were, dear—shadows or perhaps lobster salad,” her girl-friend answered.

“You’re getting fanciful, and we shall have to speak to George about it.”

“No, please don’t,” Henriette interrupted quickly, “he is so brave that I shouldn’t like him to think I was burying a coward and—” She started with a cry of fear. “Look, look! there they are, watching us from the bushes.”

Search, hard her lover refused to reveal any cause for her agitation, and under the jokes of her gay companions Henriette began to laugh. But that night as she was bidding her lover “Good-night” the old fear returned.

“George,” she whispered, “as soon as we are married I want you to promise to take back the diamond. Have it cut up, or sell it. It—frightens me.”

“My, what nonsense,” Nelson exclaimed, angrily, “I didn’t mean to speak roughly. It shall be as you wish.”

Shortly afterwards he left her to join her father in the billiard-room, and, thinking only of his farewell embrace, she ran lightly up the stairs.

“Now, I wonder who left the window open,” she exclaimed as she entered her bedroom. “What carelessness! I shall most certainly—”

The rest of the sentence died on her lips as strong arms seized her and a cloth soaked in some strong drug was pressed against her face.

“Is it done,” she seemed to hear a harsh voice whisper, “now let us haste away before the household is alarmed. . . . Bring ye the gem, Isathah. . . Guard it well, lest the loss of it again bring Hindra’s wrath upon her faithful servants.”

The four priests of Hindra lowered the unconscious form of the girl from the window, and carried her with a stealthy
swiftly to the lonely sea-shore where a large mummy-case awaited them.

"Her sleep will be long and sound," their leader chucked, sardonically. "She will not wake until she goes to meet her bridegroom with her eyes shut, and her arms clasped round his neck. Her sleep will not be so warm as that of the infidel, but it will be more enduring."

In answer to their signals, a boat put off from the yacht they had chartered, and soon the four bogus Eastern merchants with their burden were on board en route for Marseilles, India, and the shrine of Hindra, where the outraged goddess waited for the consummation of the promised sacrifice.

Henriette's father and Nelson searched anxiously for some clue to their beloved one's mysterious disappearance. Nelson stood miserably by the dressing-table in her bedroom when he gave a cry of dismay.

"Merciful heaven!" he gasped, holding up a fragment of skin on which strange characters were painted, "this is a message from the priests of Hindra. . . . Our darling is in their hands, and . . ."

He faltered, unwilling to tell the older man what he feared.

"The blackguardly miscreants," Henriette's father raved; "they must be apprehended and made to answer for this crime."

"Yes, at all costs she must be rescued," said Nelson, grimly.

Setting out immediately, he traced the culprits and arrived hot on their trail to miss the Marseilles boat express by a few seconds, but, obtaining the use of a powerful locomotive, he continued the pursuit. At Marseilles his ill-luck continued to dog him, and he arrived only to learn that the boat had already put to sea, and, once again curbing his impatience, he charted a special tug and followed. This time he was more successful, and just managed to board the liner in time.

When they learned of his arrival the envelopes of Hindra were filled with dismay; but very soon the subtleties of their Oriental minds showed a safe way out of their difficulties.

"The cursed infidel sleeps soundly after his arduous journey," Isallah reported. "His cabin door will yield to the persuasion of this small key, and a few whiffs of the sacred leaf will plunge him into a lethargic slumber. Henriette must know that he has failed to save the golden-haired one whom he loves."

"And why not death for him as for her?"

"Fool!" Isallah answered, with an evil smile, "life will be his greatest punishment. Life, with the knowledge of what she suffered before death came. These infidels fear nothing for themselves, but all for those they love.

And so it happened that when Nelson awoke a few days later he found himself in hospital surrounded by strange faces. In answer to his bewildered inquiries, they told him how he had been brought ashore; then he remembered the events following his return on leave, and as the full meaning of his strange unhappy fate on his troubled mind he sprang from the bed with a cry of despair.

"Hasten!" he cried, to the amazed surgeon, "bring me my clothing. I must get to headquarters at once if I am to save my darling!"

At first they took him for a madman, but he insisted, and at last they provided him with the means to join his regiment. There his story was soon told, and an expedition was quickly formed to save the white girl from the fury of the native priests, and, at his urgent request, Nelson himself was given the command.

By forced marches the expedition approached the rebel city, and one day, just as night was falling, reached a point some five miles from its objective.

"Heavenly!" exclaimed Nelson, hoarsely, as he looked over the sleeping camp. "The new moon is rising, and when the first ray falls upon Hindra's bloodstained altar Henriette will die. No — for if the men will not follow me I will go alone to save her or to fall fighting by her side."

He lost no time in starting on the execution of his harrowed scheme, and, armed only with his revolver, crept stealthily from the sleeping camp. Trained by long experience as a scout, he found little difficulty in reaching the outskirts of the city; there was not a moment to lose.

Within the great hall of the temple the fanatical devotees chanted wildly as they prostrated themselves before their goddess, and the attendant dancing-girls, urged on by Hindra, circled with ever-increasing speed round the fragile figure of the old high priest, who stood beside the shrinking figure of the white girl whom he meant to butcher to appease the wrath of the heathen deity. Wilder and wilder grew the chant until, as a thin ray of light pierced the gloom above the altar, the brazen tongue of a great gong called for silence.

Slowly the high priest raised the sacrificial knife. "Oh, Hindra!" he screamed, "it is the hour of thy decree."

Crack! crack! — the sound of two revolver shots left the stillness and ran echoing through the vaulted roof as Nelson dashed through the dismayed crowd and sprang to his swooning sweetheart's side.

With a wild shriek the High Priest pointed to the daring soldier. "Kill, kill! Let Hindra have a double sacrifice."

The crowd surged forward, and Nelson squared his shoulders to meet the struggle which he knew could have but one finish. Then a small hand plucked at his sleeve.

"Quick!" the voice of the Princess whispered, "by the way thou knowest, 1, Heliodorax, will stay the rush while ye bear her hence to happiness and safety."

Seizing the desperate chance her words offered, Nelson dragged Henriette after him; then, as they plunged into the dark shade, was heard the voice of Heliodorax. "Back, oh people!" the Prince of the Temple cried; "if Hindra wants a sacrifice, I, who am false to my vows, offer her myself."

Hotly pursued by the enemy, Nelson and Henriette managed to reach the camp in safety. Throughout the rest of the night a furious battle raged until, with the coming of the dawn, the enemy, having leaving their High Priest a prisoner.

"Good," Nelson said, when he was brought before him; "when the sun rises high in the heavens thou shalt know as thou wouldst have slaughtered this Christian maid at the rising of the moon."

But when they came to execute the sentence the High Priest had disappeared.

"Yes," Henriette acknowledged when her lover questioned her, "for the sake of Heliodorax, who was a woman even as I am, and who gave her life that I might live, I set him free."

This drama possesses all the qualities for which the "Savonia" films are noted — perfect staging and photography, and acting which is always equal to the many dramatic situations developed from the story. The pictures of the methods of aerial warfare are particularly attractive at the moment, and rapid sensational episodes make the film appear to be only too short. Released on April 26th, it is controlled by the New Agency Film Company, 81, Shaftesbury-avenue, London, W.
AND OFF THE SCREEN

GORDON BEGG, as a thief and blackmailer in "The Underworld of London," and as a forgiving father (centre) in "What a Kiss Will Do."

Scaring the Constable.

A FAMILIAR face in British films is that of Gordon Begg, who has had a very considerable picture experience. In a recent chat with Mr. Begg he told us that he gave up the stage for the cinema after being for several years at the Gaiety Theatre, London, and also touring in Gaiety productions. He played in "Scrooge" in America, and remained there for two years, during which he fulfilled engagements with the Famous Players, Universal, and Pilot Film Companies. Indeed, it was ill-health only which brought him back to England, and since his return he has played for Kinemacolor, Pathé, B. & C., and ultimately joined the stock of what is now the Western Feature Company.

In coming "Regent" Films Mr. Begg will be recognised as the actor who goes mad in "The Dungeon of Death," as the Chinaman in "The Port of Missing Women," (a white-slave picture in which Piccadilly is the port), and in the dramatic part of Hard the Gardener in "The Man Who Laughs," a screen version of Victor Hugo's novel now being done by the Western Company.

"Adventures? Plenty of 'em," said Mr. Begg. "In the earlier days of the war we went in an open motor-car to Hendon for three days. All the men wore Homburg hats, including the operator, who, with his camera-box by his side, sat in the front seat. Near the spot selected we had to drive under a main line railway-arch guarded by a gallant member of the "Force." The hats and the camera-box must have proved too much for him on the second day, for whilst we were "on the scene" and my death-blow had laid me out in a most uncomfortable position three police-sergeants dashed up on bicycles and asked peremptorily if we were Germans and what we were doing. Of course we were able to satisfy them, and then we learnt that the constable had rushed off to headquarters and told his inspector that German spies were attempting to blow up the railway-line, the "mine" being the poor old camera-box!"

12,500 Miles to See Mary.

Mr. S. M. BABER, the London representative of Famous Players, is back after a two months' trip to America, and perhaps the most interesting visit was the one he paid to Los Angeles, a centre of such wonderful activity that no less than twenty-five thousand people there depend on the cinema for a living. In Los Angeles Mr. Baber was introduced to Mary Pickford, the historic meeting being shown in our frontispiece photograph. Her regained clothes in this show her dressed for her part in a production called "Rags."

"The theatres doing the best business in America (says Mr. Baber) are those showing productions of famous stage-plays and novels, and these are being exhibited in the larger theatres at increased prices, and the general opinion is that acts of five, six or more reels has come to stay. Newer and larger theatres are being continually built, and are everywhere meeting with great success. The new Strand Theatre, Broadway, New York, which has been built, is one of twelve months, has a seating capacity for 3,500 people—is full afternoon and evening, and all Famous Players productions are shown. The majority of the smaller theatres in America open at eleven o'clock in the morning, and continue showing all day, and I visited a theatre in San Francisco at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning and found quite a good attendance."

Actress's Forced Idleness.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUROGEOGS who remember the screen work of Alice de Winton, particularly in Hepworth productions, will learn with regret that she has been ill, but in the same breath they may rejoice to hear that she will soon be herself again. In a charming letter we have received from Miss de Winton she tells us that, although she underwent a slight operation a week or so ago, she is now rapidly recovering.

Miss de Winton, whose latest portrait appears on this page, is a well-known stage actress, and her clever performances and charming presence on the screen can ill be spared by all who admire beauty and talent. We hope soon to be able to state in what films this popular player will next be seen.

A Charming Comedienne.

A BRITISH player of undoubted promise is Dolly Tree, whom we have come across lately in quite a number of films. These, we note, have been of various brands, and it follows therefore that Miss Tree's services are in much demand. In "Shop Girl to Duchess" (B. & C.), a type of melodrama which appeals to the majority, Miss Tree proved that in low comedy, at any rate, she is absolutely "it." With Jack Webster for partner she provided these numerous comic interludes which have always been sandwiched into every real melodrama as relief from tears. We published Dolly's portrait a few weeks ago.

ALICE DE WINTON: A new portrait of this charming actress, who will shortly make her reappearance in film productions.
Adapted from George Ade's Film Fable

By MOLLIE GUYTON.

"YES! George (hasn't he a beautiful name?) had been in love with me for some time, and well I knew it too; but he is such a dear I could forgive anything he did, no matter how silly or serious it might be. I had known for ever so long that he wanted to propose to me, but I expect he thought the Pater and Mater would refuse his generous offer, unless he showed them what a chivalrous young gentleman he was; so he set to work to love them too! Now I did not care for this wholesale love-making at all, and I hinted as much once or twice, but it did not have the slightest effect upon my adored one. My hunt was like water on a k.b. back; but George is such a duck himself, I think I must not grumble.

"He used to stand for hours listening to my sister Lil's singing—I couldn't have done so, but George makes an ideal martyr; he is such a gentleman! He used to say that there was no one who could sing so well as Lil—that was because I do not sing or even pretend to do so.

"One day Lil asked him to go out riding with her. I knew when he started that he would prove his wonderful cleverness in the control of a horse. I had an awful job to push him up into the saddle, but at last he got there, and off he galloped—the horse, I mean, with my darling on his back! Lil said he was a perfect roughrider (I knew it, I knew it!), for he could stay everywhere but in the saddle; but Lil said she was quite pleased to find he was such a sport!—So—that made George's victory number one.

"Then George used to go shopping with Mater—another thing I would never do, for Mater always kids you to carry all her parcels. She is a demon when shopping, and off her parcels means a car-load.

"Well, one day he went out with Mater as usual, and she told me secretly afterwards that she had bought everything she could think of to see how many parcels he could carry; but George—he is an umpire—was just to be beaten. He staggered out of the shop and collapsed at the door. I would love to have seen him then, but anyway I let the parcels buried most of him—poor George! But Mater said she had to be serious, whereas she would have liked to have screamed with laughter at him. He gathered up all the parcels and managed to get as far as the motor-car with them. He simply dumped them on the floor of the car, and then threw himself in on top of them. Mater expected him to throw her in as well, but he didn't; and in spite of all he was not a bit crest-fallen. He brought home the Mater and the parcels quite safely—rather the car did.

"That was George's victory number two.

"There remained Pater and my brother Tom to conquer. He tackled Pater first; then the two in this vital question. Now, I must tell you Pater is very keen on shooting. Well! I know for a dead cert., George—bless his darling heart!—had never handled a gun before, but when Pater asked him if he would like a day's shooting, George just shouted 'Rather!' Tom also said 'A gun!' And off they went. When they returned, Pater said he had never seen such a rotten shot in all his life; but George swore he had done wonders. As the dear is always right, I am quite satisfied that this made his third victory.

"Now there came my big, athletic brother's turn. He was last, but decidedly not least. Tom's hobby is gymnastics, and naturally George said he was awfully keen on gym. (I believe now that he wasn't); anyhow the next morning saw George trotting off to the gym in order to make his last conquest. But Tom was not going to be hustled into lifelong friendship. From what I gather from the description Tom gave of the hour in the gym, he (Tom) and his chum gave George the hottest time of his life, and most of the time he was on the floor. (Tom told me this much—not George, of course.)

"But alas! Tom proved the last straw for poor George. That same afternoon I had a pitiful little note from him to say that he was 'fed up.' As you may well imagine, I was awfully sick when I received his epistle, so as a first resource I rang him up on the phone, and told him that if he really wanted me he must stop counting all the rest of the family. He seemed quite bucked over this brain-wave of mine, and we arranged to elope. How I got through that blessed day I really don't know, but I did, and at last the eventful hour arrived when I should fit like a little bird from my cozy nest and venture my fortunes abroad with George. Wasn't it awfully romantic?

"I left a little note on my pillow saying, 'I have eloped with George. Forgive me—Kate!' Quite a short but sweet letter, but so full of sentiment, was it not?
BIKTS FROM OUR LETTER-BAG

A New Reader's Criticism.
Why is this? I have been visiting picture-houses on and off for four years, and only yesterday discovered the existence of your picture-paper! I went last night for the first time to a cinema here, and an attendant asked me if I wanted this week's Pictures. Another new paper! I said, "No," he answered; "it's an old one, but a new number. Of course I wanted it! I have just read it through, and think it is the most interesting pennyworth published on cinema matters for the public. Needless to say I shall always have it now. But why, oh, why didn't I know of it sooner?"
ARTHUR B. (Manchester).

The British Advance.
The other day a friend of mine (who is a constant picturegoer) declared that there are more British films being shown in England at present than foreign films. I replied that whilst I hoped he was right, I thought he was a long way out in his reckoning, and don't you agree with me?
VIOLET D. (Edinburgh).

You are quite right; he is a long way out. It is not impossible to visit a cinema and find a programme without a single British picture in it. But have patience, Violet: the British producers are more alive to-day than ever they have been before. All in good time, Violet. Editor.

Are You Doing Your Bit?
I live near Aldershot, and see heaps of soldiers. Hundreds are passing by now as I write, marching along so smartly. What sin that men should be made targets of all those lives and untold suffering because one man coveted other men's land and wished to make our right little, tight little island his footstool. The rifles are cracking away on Ash Ranges, where every day thousands of boys are training to do their bit for their country.

Every day if the weather is fine the cheery wounded go by for an airing, laughing and talking, and proud of their wounds. In the evening the theatre and picture-hall in Aldershot are crowded with their khaki audiences. Truly the people in flannel and on the stage are doing their duty when they cheer our soldiers and help those who cannot fight to forget all about war, Zeppelins, blockades, and everything else which is seldom absent from our thoughts in this terrible time.
HIEA. B. (Ash).

There is always a rumpus when these three are about. These two boys are the perpetual loves of Sophie; they can't help it if neither is an Adonis. Sophie isn't exactly a Venus either. Thank goodness for that! All the Venuses we have in stock are as cold as marble, whilst Sophie is buxom, impulsive and warm-hearted. and as good-humoured as her two swains.

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The YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

If any of you have not yet seen and heard the great cinema lecture "With Captain Scott in the Antarctic," I counsel you not to miss it if ever this big show comes into your district. This complete picture-diary of Captain Scott's memorable journey was made by Mr. Herbert G. Ponting, F.R.G.S., who accompanied the unfortunate explorer on his last great expedition. It presents the most wonderful pictures of animal and bird life in the South Polar regions that you could possibly wish to look at.

They will show you most vividly the daily life of Captain Scott and his comrades amidst the wild scenery of the desolate Polar regions, together with some of the most marvellous revelations of the animal kingdom ever recorded by means of the camera, and many of their habits are revealed to science for the first time.

The other part of the world could such pictures as these have been made. The animals have no enemies when out of the sea. There are no bears or land creatures to molest them. Their only foes are in the sea—the dreaded "Killer Whales"—consequently, not knowing what human beings fear of them, the seals and birds permitted the artist to approach them. Many of the pictures were secured only after days and weeks of waiting for opportunities, and on one occasion the artist nearly lost his life through being attacked by "Killer Whales."

The Adélie Penguins are without doubt the most interesting and comical birds in the world; they breed in large colonies. Mr. Ponting spent several weeks camping amongst them, illustrating the story of their life. From the day they hatch to the time they take to the water their domestic habits are shown in these pictures, which close with a scene showing some of the sailors of the Terra Nova having a game with these curious birds on the ice.

The last scene recorded by the cinematographer was made on the Great Ice Barrier, at midnight on November 2nd, 1911. Beyond this point no heavy apparatus could be carried, as everything had to give way to food. Here Mr. Ponting bid farewell and Godspeed to Captain Scott, who is seen at the head of his little band tramping through that vast wilderness towards the goal of his hopes, whence he was destined never to return.

The final pictures are beyond doubt the most tragically interesting photographs in the world. They were taken by Lieutenant Bowers at the South Pole, and show Captain Scott and his faithful comrades at the uttermost end of the earth. The picture of the monument erected over the bodies of Captain Scott, Dr. Wilson, and Lieutenant Bowers by the search party concludes the pictorial record of what must always be one of the finest stories of devotion to purpose, ideals, and duty in the annals of the British race.

Quite a budget of letters have reached me from readers during the past week, for which will all the writers accept my best thanks? Several "new" nieces and nephews have written, and are here and now heartily welcome. The Churnham and Maud Smell sends me a beautiful drawing of Mary Pickford, which shows wonderful talent. You are truly an artist, Maud, and if you persevere you should be able to turn your hand-work to good account. Good luck to Alfred Jay, who says he has taken up bi-scoping operating, and is "on the steps to success," and also to Minnie Hatton, who says she played her first part in a film last week, and is too overjoyed for words. Although a very tiny part, Minnie realises it is a beginning.

WEEK ENDING
APRIL 17, 1915
The "Words" Competition results were enormous, which, considering the solution is "Elephant," is just what it should be, isn't it? The prizes go to Arthur Dale, 13, Penfold Street, Macclesfield (10), and Nora Kent, The Hermitage, Malling Street, Lewes (15).

Award of Merit—Mand Snell (Leytonstone), Alfred Perkin (Macclesfield), Kitty Lessels (Newport-on-Tay), Nancy Cross (Paulton), H. R. Parsons (Wandsworth), Alan Simmons, H. Broadhead (Bradford), Stanley Nichols (Tottenham), Frances Mayland (Newcastle), A. P. Levenson (Stamford Hill), Pauline Ross (Sheffield), Edgar Garner (Tottenham).

Special Merit Prizes for six of these "Awards" have gone to Mand Snell (Leytonstone) and A. P. Levenson (Stamford Hill).

"How I Spent Easter" Competition.

What did you do with yourselves during the Easter holidays? Did you go the country or the seaside, or the parks, or the commons, or the pictures? The answer should make an interesting Essay Competition. Write on a postcard "How I Spent Easter," give your age, and post to reach me not later than Monday, April 19th. Address your cards to "Easter," 18, Adam Street, Strand, W.C. The usual prizes and awards will be presented for the Essays which most interest.

Uncle Tim.

PATHÉ'S ANIMATED GAZETTE

THE DEVIL TO PAY

One of if not quite the best of the magical films we have yet come across bears this title, and was made by Martin's, and will be released on the 19th inst. Briefly, the story tells of an old alchemist who, in the midst of deep scientific experiments, sat down to study a book dealing with ancient magic, and whilst reading it dropped off to sleep. He had a dream, in which the Devil paid him a visit and invested him with Satanic powers for one hour, at the end of which he would return to claim the chemist for his own.

"Oh, to be young again!" cried the old man, and immediately he was transformed into a youth, while his other self still lay sleeping in the chair. The scenes that follow are weird in the extreme. Our hero transported himself to a boudoir and amused himself by giving sly kisses to a fair dancer, conveniently becoming invisible when she tried to discover who was taking liberties. The Devil's disciple next rescued a man who had been set upon by footpads, and, being introduced by the grateful victim to his wife, immediately fell in love with the lady, thereby raising the ire of the injured husband. The latter, armed with a revolver, set out to annihilate the disturber of his domestic peace. But while every shot he fired appeared to dispose of the chemist a duplicate of him sprang up in another part of the room.

Finally, the time having elapsed, the Devil returned to claim his victim, and in the nether world the chemist had to pay dearly for his hour of sheer delight, and was doubtful glad to wake up and find it all "only a dream."
Our Confidential Guide

Films you should make a point of seeing.

JUSTIFIED.—This firm’s artistic efforts are always notable, but some of the scenes in the above play are truly entrancing. There is a woodland gleam, for instance, in moonlight, changing to a terrible storm of rain, followed by still more charming pictures with every leaf and twig shining with moisture. Excellent acting from Edward Coxen and Winifred Greenwood moulds a strong human story.

—“Flying A” Drama, 1,500 feet (May 3).

ALL ABOARD.—Eddie is told that he is to marry his cousin Victoria, whom he has never seen. He flatly refuses. Victoria is told to marry Eddie, whom she has never seen; she refuses also. They start out to visit their mutual aunt. Through amazing complications which ensue in the sleeping-car they make each other’s acquaintance. Later they are secretly married.

At auntie’s they are introduced, and all ends happily.

—Nestor Comedy (Trans-Mountain), 1,190 feet (June 16).

TRIP THROUGH NORWAY.—An unique combination of natural charms, which have made Norway what Switzerland is today—one of the finest and most interesting countries to spend a holiday in. The scenery in the film, not forgetting the famous fjords, is not to be compared with, and the falls, although perhaps not quite so voluminous as some of the other falls in Europe, are very beautiful and have been photographed with such care that they are rendered almost life-like in this picture.

—Kineto Film, 455 feet (April 20).

THE DISORDER OF THE BATH.—Crammed with breathless vigour and “everlasting” fun. The Smiths buy a furnished house. Then they buy a bath and have it fitted. Workman, master, mistress, and maid are subsequently involved in a series of mishaps which culminate in the descent of Smith, plaster, bath, and all into the midst of the guests assembled for the house-warming. Dolly Tree as the maid, and indeed all the players in this lightning comic are just a scrap.

—B. and C. Film, Davison’s, 471 feet (May 3).

THE OTHER LIFE.—The story of an actress and an artist. The actress was a flirt and the artist was not the sort of man to put up with the treatment meted out to him. Taking a strong line, he went into the country to try and forget his disappointment, and there fell in love with his cousin, who saved him. Gratitude grew into love, and years later when the actress realised what she had lost she sought him. It was too late: the artist loved and had married a real woman, and was happy in his quiet, simple life. The cousin is very capably played by Mlle. Gaby Boula.

—Gaumont Drama, 1,670 feet (April 22).

THE SPIDER-MONKEY.—A native of South and Central America, and is fourteen species of the genus being known to naturalists. One of its peculiarities is that it passes its life among the branches of the trees. We see it in its habitual attitude, hanging by its tail. One of its distinctive features—absence of thumbs on its hairy hands—is clearly displayed. We also watch it feeding, or going about along the branches upside down; supported only by its tail. The catching of one of these animals and its pranks when in captivity close a film which will delight audiences of all ages.

—Pathé (coloured), 359 feet (April 15).

SPIES.—Penelope was very young. The post which had been on the beat with her when she returned from her school in Germany at the outbreak of war seemed to her the ideal of perfection. So she decided to elope with him, utterly neglecting the stout young suitor of her native town. They eloped, and were at once served as German spies, and the after helplessness of the post during their sequestration and escape cured her of her infatuation. Alma Taylor (the girl), Lionelle Howard (the poet), Henry Vibart (her father), and Stewart Home (the suitor) make up the cast.

—Topperthwaite Drama, 1,000 feet (April 19).

THE DANCING GIRL.—A realistic screen adaptation of Henry Arthur Jones’s world-famous drama. Perhaps the greatest incident of the play is the “staircase scene,” where Drusilla, at the zenith of her fame, having come to dance before the Duke’s own family, declares to her amazement and angry old Quaker father, who comes in search of her, that she wants to be the topmost rose on the topmost bough, and live in the sunshine—and is crushed by the terrible wrath of a father’s curse. Tidying for a moment beneath her father’s scourging censure, she faints, and falls the length of the grand staircase, and awakes to consciousness knowing at last the havoc she has made of her life and the shame she is to her people. We shall publish the story shortly.

—Famous Players Drama, four parts (May 17).

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GOSSIP
SCREEN AND EDITORIAL.

COLPONS and questions are pouring in concerning our great Contest, and in that regard to the latter I had hoped there were no questions left to answer. "How am I to ascertain who are British players when most of them play under \textit{nom de plume}?" Vote for them and they play under. If they appear in British films, they are almost sure to be British artists. "I do not think your list contains all the names of British artists." It does not pretend to do so. The names are given without prejudice to assist you in making a selection. "I suppose we shall have toumber the coupons?" No, you need not; the votes on each are registered as they come in. "I hope we can vote for the same players twice?" Of course you may. You can't make them all the cleverest. Choose your two ladies and two gentlemen and give them all the votes you wish to allow. You are now in the last weeks for voting, and I rely on you all to do your best.

A Theatrical Precedent.
Frank Stanmore, the London film-player, about whom I wrote last week, tells me he is engaged by Sir Herbert Tree to play the "Artful Dodger," his original part, in the revival of "Oliver Twist" at His Majesty's. The London Film Company have released Mr. Stanmore for the run of the revival, and Sir Herbert is acknowledging the fact on both programme and bill matter. I believe this is the first time on record that the legitimate stage has engaged a film artiste and publicly acknowledged it. The augury is a happy one.

Wanted—a Title!
An interesting competition is an-nounced, and an
to Play the "Artful Dodger," his original part, in the revival of "Oliver Twist" at His Majesty's. The London Film Company have released Mr. Stanmore for the run of the revival, and Sir Herbert is acknowledging the fact on both programme and bill matter. I believe this is the first time on record that the legitimate stage has engaged a film artiste and publicly acknowledged it. The augury is a happy one.

Mrs. "Pat's" Presence of Mind.
Percy Nash, of the "Neptune," informs me that his company are busy putting their best work into "The Trumpet Call," a drama by George R. Sims and the late Robert Buchanan, which first saw the light at the old Adelphi Theatre. It possesses many military episodes and some tender love scenes, and should be, Mrs. Patrick Campbell made her first appearance at the Adelphi in this play as Astraea, a fortune-teller, and London (including myself, then a young player), discovered one of the world's greatest actresses. Mrs. "Pat" had a remarkable experience in this part. In a big scene her skirt became unlooked and fell, and only her presence of mind saved the situation. She turned her back on the audience, raised the skirt, fastened it again and proceeded with her part as if nothing had happened.

Vanishing Letter Tricks.
"This week we were looking at a long letter, on the screen, from Edwin to his darling Angelina. Just as we were struggling with the lettering off went the scene. And the rest was left to the imagination. It reminds us of the tricks of the railway refreshment-buffs. You ask them what the tea. They keep you waiting till the 'Sunshine Express' is in sight. Then you sip the tea, scald yourself, drop the cup, tear towards the train, and leave your change behind—as well as any cakes you have bought.

You catch the train; they take the cake—
from Mrs. Tom Terries, the sister-in-law of Ethel Terries. "We are taking pictures here, in Jamaica," she writes. "Went ashore at Kingston the other day and saw you in 'England Expecting' (London film). Was so pleased. Return to work on this, and we'll send you to England until after the war. Truly the film-actor has the world for audiences!"

British Studios Busy.
Reports to hand show that film pro-
ducing is in full swing, and as the days lengthen and exterior work will naturally lengthen with them. "John Halifax, Gentleman" is being finished by Sammels; "Grip" is just finished by "B. and C."; "Martins are producing an Eastern subject; How Now's are down by the sea on "The Man Who Stayed at Home;" British Empire Films are doing "The Girl of My Heart," and Bakers are nearly through with "Five Nights," by Victoria Cross.

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A wonderful study of Pauline Bash as the statue of the Madonna in a Rex drama 'The Star of the Sea,' released on April 19th.
LAST WEEKS OF OUR GREATEST BRITISH FILM PLAYERS CONTEST

(To be followed by a Foreign Players Contest)

30 Votes on every Coupon—Free
BACK NUMBER COUPONS ARE STILL GOOD

£10 FIRST PRIZE
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The machines and Records are manufactured by the
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WHO ARE THE GREATEST BRITISH FILM ARTISTES ?

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, and in addition a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, villains, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough, if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST BRITISH FILM PLAYERS IN THIS OR ANY OTHER COUNTRY, write their names in the Coupon below.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners’ names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon.

2. The number of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

3. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

4. No correspondence can be entered into concerning the contest. Two lists of British players are given on this page, but neither may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope at end of contest.

5. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

6. The Editor’s decision as to the prize-winner and on all matters connected with this contest will be final and legally binding, and Coupons are accepted upon this understanding.

The Pictures’ GREAT BRITISH FILM PLAYERS CONTEST.

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

FEMALE PLAYER ___________________________ 10

MALE PLAYER ___________________________ 10

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

FEMALE PLAYER ___________________________ 5

MALE PLAYER ___________________________ 5

Signed ____________________________

Address ____________________________

Fill in and post to "Contest Edit r, " Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.
THE FILM OF THE MOMENT.

"MAN PROPOSES, BUT—"

An intensely dramatic story of the diplomatic relations between AUSTRIA and ITALY, it is a film everyone ought to see at this crisis.

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SMILES

THE beginning of the end of one love affair means the beginning of the beginning of another.

Quite Natural.

"Johnny, are you studying your lesson in natural history?"

"Yes, Father."

"What part of it?"

"I'm reading about 'Pimple' and the Contest in the Pictures."

Sufficient Reason.

"Why do you say he is a bird?"

"Well, he is chicken-hearted and pigeon-toed, has the habits of an owl, likes to wear a swallow-tail coat and collars with wings, he is always acting the goose, and he is a perfect jay."

Quick change Artiste.

"What a wonderful actress that lady is!" said Mr. Gibbs at the cinema.

"Yes!" assented Mrs. Gibbs, "she can change a laughing face into a sad face in a second."

"That's nothing," squeaked Tommy Gibbs, "my schoolmaster does that."

The Young and the Old.

An old but clever doctor was noted for his brusque manner and old-fashioned methods. One time a lady called him in to treat her lady, who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor-oil.

"But, doctor," protested the young mother, "castor-oil is so old-fashioned."

"Madam," he replied, "so are habits."

Not in the Picture.

A film-producer desired to bring into one of his scenes a village church noted for its beauty, and as it was near a school he did his best to get it over before the children came out. Abas! just as he had got it nicely focussed out trooped the children, who crowded round the operator, wanting to get taken in the photograph. Suddenly a bright idea struck him. He proceeded to group the children behind the camera, and then took his scene.

"Are we all taken in?" eagerly asked the children.

"Yes, you are all taken in," said the producer, as his company departed.

THE ZEPPELIN GLIDE.

As America pictures London.
Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in rotation. When casts are required name of Company must be given.

"ALL OUR READERS"—Everywhere—
Vote you must for British Players;
On the screen each day they're shown,
Try your luck in picking winners;
Enter now ere time has flown.

"WENGO" (Honolulu),—No, Florence Turner is not a Hopkins artiste. She has her own Company at W.Ho., and the Hopkins Company act as her sales agents.

"HANSHee's" (Hull).—"The School for Scandal" article and photos appeared in our Feb. 20 issue.

"CHAPLIN" (Cleethorpes).—Your question was answered last week to a reader.

"BUCK" (Halden).—If, as you suggest, Pictures may be helpful to you in your journalistic work, it is surely worth a subscription. You are welcome to quote any of its matter in return for the usual acknowledgment.

"Downs" (Birmingham) says that she believes Benny Portman is a Swedish player. Sorry we cannot answer your questions; Clues Co. seldom publish results. Have soon to give an interview and portrait of Edith Stowe.

"G. W. K." (Leith) wonders why no deaf player for the film, and also wants to know what the "Ke stone" bricks are made of. We hope and trust they are "soft"—the bricks, not the players. Deaf players would be more troublesome than useful to the poor producer.

"KIDDEY" (Gerransy).—We have not yet published interview with R. I. Travers. "Mc and Bill" (Seljuk) — "Bill Finlay," Guy Oliver; "Son & Agnes," Wheeler Oakman; "Jean Bennett Eynon; "Kitty," Eugenie Besserer; "Young Kitty," Olive Deane; "Sunburnt," Francis Novlcar. Of course you may call and see us—we are not fierce—and one of the gentler sex answers our door.

"MISS MILLIE" (Burnley).—William Garwood is an American and plays for the Trans-Atlantic Co. We have not heard of a race M., each, postage extra. Love forwarded as suggested.

"ROSALIE" (Ivy).—No cast of "Detective Craig's Corp" published. Anita Stewart is not married as far as we know.

"MAYT" (Smethwick) says that Pictures is "better than any novel. Truth is stranger than fiction; and if you give it time, it is generally right. No cast of "When London Sleeps" (B. & C.), was published. We believe Lilian Wriggles was the heroine.

"PATTY" (Leaves).—We believe the players you mentioned as "Harney Wedge" are two souvenirs we have—price two pence-halfpenny each. John Bunny is still with the Vitagraph. We wish all the best to Leo if he is coming to Leeds; address c/o. Phoebe Film Co., 6, York St., London, W.C. Have sent your love to Lilian Walker.

"MABEL" (Bromley).—You have a ripping lot of postcards for your favourite players—and we quite believe you find them a never-ending source of pleasure. Any of your friends can have a list of the players they wish writing for it.

"ANGELO" (Ciswick).—As you are an artist's model, you should photograph well on the film. Apply to Samuel Film Co., Morton Hall, Lisburn, and London Film Co., St. Margarets-on-Thames, Wickenham—both of which are near you. Don't, however, give up your present occupation—perhaps you could do both.

"NOEL" (Manchester).—The last weeks of the Voting Contest are now announced. We have postcards of Violet Hopson and Mary Fuller, price 1d. each, and of Ivy Close, 2d. each, postage extra. Address Mary Fuller, c/o, Universal Film Studio, 3rd Street and 11th Avenue, New York City. Other admirers of this pretty and talented player please note. Your algebraic sign that "X + Y = Z" is very mysterious. Write very soon.

"ELISLE" (Slone Street).—If you give a standing order to your newsagent he can get Pictures for you regularly. Hundreds of readers have done this. "On the High Seas" (Universal) ;— "Elise," Dorothy Phillips; "Jim," Alexander Gaden; "The Captain," Howard Crampton; "Sailor," Stuart Paton.

"WILLIAM" (Leyton).—Sorry we cannot oblige this time, William.

"ADIE" (London).—Full address next time, please. Adie is American and not eligible for our present Contest. Give your votes to those British players you consider the cleverest, whether of any sex.

"E. T." (South Shields).—James Kirkwood is not Owen Moore. The latter is Mary Pickford's husband.

"STELLA" (Chinaphy).—Sorry cannot give cast you want. Imp do not publish all. We have not heard of Albert McIntyre who has left the films. Tom Powers has come back to the States. Leo Debra is still with M-G-M.

"JIM" (Wolverhampton).—Real mark, learn, and comply with rule at top. We have three postcards of Eddie Lyons (ld., each, postage extra), Address him c/o. Trans-Atlantic Co., 166 Broadway, New York City.; and Mrs. E. Betley c/o. New American Film Co., M. Shaftebury Avenue, W. London.

"FRED" (Burnham).—"Robb Hood" was filmed in Burnham Boches by Barker's. Ford Sterling is now back in Keystone. Another question we cannot answer. We envy you living so near "The Dugout." Fred.

"JIM" (Liverpool).—No postcards of Charles Chaplin are published. Jim. Of course he is not deaf and dumb. How do these rummies get about? We don't think Mary Pickford played in the film you mention.

"MOLLY" (Bournemouth).—Repeat question, giving name of Company, and we will do our best. We have postcards of Mary Pickford, ld, postage extra. Have you not had our list yet?

WILLIAM GARWOOD, the famous film star who is now with the "imm" Company. This is one of our postcards.

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THE PUBLISHING DAY IS SATURDAY.

Advertising and Publishing Offices: 35 and 34, Long Acre, W.C. Telephone—Borough 2356.
ANNA KROMANN, THE CHARMING NEW PICTURE STAR,

Who makes her début with "Flying A" in "The Truth of Fiction." (See page 69.)
ARE you voting? If not, why not? Our contest is in its last weeks.

Edgar Jones’s hobby is collecting specimen butterflies.

"Miss and Men," which Sir J. Forbes Robertson made so successful, is being filmed by Famous Players.

House Peters, who will play opposite Blanche Sweet, in this picture, is an Englishman, born at Bristol, and served through the Boer war.

Pale blue collars are worn by male performers in the coming studios. White collars caused rejections which resulted in lost details in the photographs.

A café at Blyth is advertising "Keystone's peas without equal." We already had the butcher with "Bunny" rations, and the butcher with "Normandy" pipkins!

Over sixty theatres in London alone have already booked Hepworth's great film "Barnaby Rudge." No excuse this time for the parents who say they cannot find this picture and want it.

"Would you be so kind to let me know if you can find me a place in your 'Co?" I know always had my mind on Film acting. I am sixteen last birthday. Willing to do anything I am driving a car at present." —A letter to the Famous Players Company.

"No matter how small the percentage of soldiers drawn into the picture-shows on a Sunday evening," says the Home Gazette, "I ask to the hounds that the pictures compare favourably with other amusements held out to the young private or the young officer.

"Superior persons of our acquaintance," says the Stafford Fieldgraph, "have told us that our list for picture-shows is a sign either of a depraved mind or a weakening intellect—possibly a mixture of both. Well, we can't help it. We like the pictures, and we go as often as the very scanty leisure of an exceptionally busy person will allow. If we had more time (and more shillings to spare) we should go more frequently.

A WHAT? No!" I NEVER had to take any dare-devil chances as lots of us do," said Blanche Sweet to an interviewer. "The nearest I ever came to it was in 'The Louisville Operatic,' when I had to ride in the cab of a locomotive. And I have never played heavy either. After the brief mental review, I suppose because I am a blonde. No blonde can look like a villian. That is left for the brunettes. Blondes don't look the part. I have always been the heroine or the fair e-hee-id, whichever it chanced to be."

Shelling the Pictures.

A yet there is only one village at the front possessing a cinema theatre, but the films (supplied free of charge by the Hepworth Company) are immensely popular with the soldiers. Recently this hall was heavily shelled during the progress of the pictures.

The Camera Man.

YOU'LL find him wherever men are doing big things, and you’ll know him by his camera. Generally he is a gentleman, but he isn’t furtive in his language if you step between his lens and his picture. His business, says a writer in the Sunday Magazine, is the business of bottling history, as one would bottle sunshine, were it possible, to be released later, and he tells his story in writing on the wall that all can read. You have seen him. He is the moving-picture camera man.

Chicago Camera Campaign.

MOVING-PICTURES for campaign purposes is the latest fashion in the film world. The Mayor of Chicago, a candidate for re-election has had a complete set of pictures taken by the Bioscany Company. In these he is seen from the time he takes breakfast in the morning to his return home in the evening, showing him at his desk in the city hall in all his routine duties of the day. They include also the public buildings erected during his term, street and pier construction work, and a score of enterprises which the Mayor was instrumental in starting. The pictures are shown at campaign meetings where the Mayor is billed to speak.

Great "Picture" City Opened.

With cannon booming, fireworks blazing, and thousands cheering, Universal City at Los Angeles, the only city in the world built and used exclusively for the production of motion-pictures, was formally opened to the public last month. Fully 20,000 persons visited the city on the opening day, including numerous wealthy tourists.

The afternoon was most interestingly. First came a review of the Universal producing companies at work in the various stage settings on the main stage, which can accommodate sixteen producing companies at once.

Then, while crowds as large and enthusiastic as those at any big football match sat on the green hillsides, the 101 Bison Company produced a thrilling flood-scene. The contents of a large reservoir on the hillside were let loose, and swept away a set representing a Western mining town, while cowboys rescued Marie Walcamp from a band of Indians.

Universal City exceeds all anticipations. Its first hundred courses or give easy access to lofty mountains, canyons, snow-covered peaks, green hills, flowered valleys, plains, and rivers. It is a motion-picture city in appearance, government, and inhabitants.

Lady Novelist Visits Studio.

To see "The Exploits of Elaine" in the making, Mrs. Arthur Williams, who with her husband has written many popular works of fiction, paid a recent visit to the Jersey City Studio of Pathé Frères. It impressed her so much that on her return to New York she wrote:—"I was so afraid of being late that I woke at five o'clock. Well, the thing itself was deliciously ghostly and crisply dramatic. It gave me a hint of an idea for a poem walk along the Milky Way. Not that it was one bit like the Milky Way getting to Jersey City. I shouldn’t even have known that it was Jersey City when we got there, if I hadn’t recognized Mr. Theodore Wharton (isn’t he Prime Minister or Secretary of War of Pathé’s filmland?) who informed me that Jersey City is the ideal location for the building. It’s rugged round with all the best scenery in the world. If he wants Indians or smugglers’ caves, or waterfalls, rivers, or yachts, he simply has to take a short trip inland and gets back for lunch. What Nature has thoughtlessly failed to provide has been supplied by some genius or other inside the studio. There are streets and forests, temples, ancient ruins, etc., etc. You merely have to say: ‘Let there be an Elizabethan house or an opium den, and there is one.’"

A Charming "Foreword."

PICTURES have been described as the universal language of the age, which claims that music is the universal speech of mankind. By the happy combination of good pictures and pleasing music one finds the magic key which gives easy access to the great stories of every land, which unfolds to us the mysteries and wonders of countries we have never seen, which enables us to see and enjoy the world’s great dramas, tragedies, comedies. Music in word and music know no barriers of speech, no limitations.

"Occasionally there will be pictures which, by reason of a deep human interest, will put you in a serious mood, but always there will be pictures which will grip your interest, pictures which will make you laugh, and pictures, and music know no barriers of speech, no limitations.

A Cartoon from the M. T. Art Co.

ANITA STEWART AND
EARLE WILLIAMS
in "TWO WOMEN"

A Cartoon from the M. T. Art Co.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM FATHÉ'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. BOMBARDING PEZEMEL: The Russian Artillery poured a constant rain of heavy shells on the doomed fortress.
3. BOXING AND WRESTLING: Boxing and wrestling bouts aid recruits to become "fit" quickly.
4. COMFORTS FOR TOMMY: Princess Alexandra of Teck opens a new club for soldiers at Crowborough.
5. OFF FOR EASTER CAMP: The Lord Mayor of London sees convoy of National Guard leave for Brighton.
THE WARNING

Adapted from the Film by MICHAEL DEANE.

YOUNG Lester Godrich was, as he would have said "from circumstances over which he had no control," exceedingly in a blind alley—the said circumstances being a puny insolveney which formed the end wait of his particular cut-des-soe, and prevented him from joining his boon companions in a street, and the equally painful "circumstances" that his clergyman father had "got his back up," and no amount of cajolery or sulkiness would persuade him to open his fat pocket-book and face therefrom the means for the long-anticipated lark.

All Lester's strategy was of no avail against the old divine's determination, and he was reluctantly compelled to leave the study no better off than when he entered it.

However, one road still lay open, and this he approached without delay. "Mother, dear," he whispered, winking his arm around the old lady's neck. "I wonder if you'd do something for me?"

"Dear sakes alive!" she exclaimed; "what ails the lad to ask me such a question?"

But when Lester turned out his pockets to show them emptiness, she shook her head sadly. "Oh, ladde, ladde, 'tis always the same. Your father—"

"Father is busy, dear,"—Lester lied glibly—"and I didn't want to disturb him."

"Well, well, boys will be boys. Bring me my bag from the coft-cupboard ye'd ye'd."

A little later the boy joined his companions at the appointed place, and glibly exhibited the bills he had been given. "Say," he cried, "let's eat the old nest for to-night. What do you say to a supper at Bargarme's and a run uptown to finish?"

"Gee!" one of his friends answered admiringly; "you are a swell guy, and no soort!"

Lester winked knowingly as the stroll off arm-in-arm.

Hour after hour slipped by, and, as he made no appearance, his parents began to grow alarmed.

"I thought I'd managed to put the break on his nonsense," Mr. Godrich exclaimed as he paced the room. "The young donkey came to me for money, but knowing how it would be spent and with what companions, I refused to be his banker." Then catching sight of his wife's face, "Did you give him any, Mary?"

"A little James, dear," she answered tearfully; "could I see the boy walking round without a cent in his pocket?"

"Carry! bah!" her husband snorted wrathfully. "What we think is kindness is only too often cruelty. Well, I suppose I must turn out and look for him. But—" he shook a warning finger at her—"never give him a dime again unless it is with my knowledge and permission."

He soon got a clue to Lester's whereabouts, and, trying to stifle the fear that was making his heart ache, he strode into the crowded supper-room at Bargarme's.

"Sure he's right here," said the manager, none too pleased at seeing the colour of Mr. Godrich's coat in his "gay" establishment; "and, if you're his pop, I'll be mighty obliged if you'll settle the score."

A few seconds later, as he bent over the inert figure of his only son, he knew the worst. Repressing his sorrow and anger, he shook the lad until the lustre eyes were raised pitifully to his own. "Lester, I have come to take you home."

"Father!" With a sob the boy bowed his head once more upon the wine-stained table, thankful even then that the "friends" who had helped him to spend every cent of his money before deserting him were not present to see the crown of his shame.

"That's right, take him home," the manager jeered, as, the bill being paid, Mr. Godrich led his reeling son past the crowded tables; "he's getting off mighty light. If I'd done my duty I'd have given him over to the police."

"The police," the clergyman echoed, his eyes blazing; "ah, if they were only doing their duty, you would be placed where you could do no further harm to man or woman.

The meeting between mother and son was of a painful character; but Mr. Godrich cut short the intoxicated lad's protestations of repentance, and curtly ordered him to his room, where he soon fell into a heavy, troubled sleep.

Presently he woke feeling much better, and immediately began to think how he could raise sufficient funds to continue the delinquency and his pride had commenced so disastrously. Suddenly he saw the way. When getting his mother's bag from the cupboard he had noticed a well-filled pocket-book in the breast-pocket of one of his father's coats, and he knew that it was sufficient to finance a pollution which would make him the envy of his set.

Rising stealthily, he crept downstairs into the deserted sitting-room. Five minutes later he was racing down the street to once more join his friends. He was received with acclamation as before, and, the first greetings over, they set about racking what little brain they had in an endeavour to find some new and novel way of spending the night.

"I know," Lester cried at last, "let's go down to Tubby Moore's dive. Maybe we'll be able to get the "Pig."

No sooner said than done; but before long the bold gambler found that, instead of him breaking the bank, nearly all the pilfered money had passed from his pockets into those of the trickster, who was grinning amiably across the table to his equally villainous assistant.

"Now, my sportsmen," that worthy cried, "put your money on. The boss don't mind being cleared out by such straight guys as you."

But hardly had the words left his lips than a noise outside sent the colour ebbing from his bloated cheeks.

"The police!" he gasped, grabbing the money that was already on the table. "Quick, douse the lights and clear out as quickly as you can, boys."

An hour later, just as the dawn was
The following morning he rose late and delayed going downstairs until the church bells told him that his father would have already left the house. He crept down then, to find that his mother had also gone to the place of worship. Again turning a deaf ear to the haunting voice of conscience which persistently reminded him of the events of the previous night and of the theft of his father’s money, he began to lay about for some means of replacing the done by he had squandered so foolishly.

By a circuitous route he approached the scene of his father’s ministry, and, creeping round to the vestry window, dragged himself up until he could see into the room.

At the sight which met his eyes his spirits rose. “Gee!” he muttered: “but my luck still holds good. There’s enough dough in these efflorescent lugs to give me the flare-up of my life.”

Nobody was in sight, and a moment later he stood beside the table on which the verger had just placed the chant-book in preparation of the congregation.

Stealthily he crept to the door leading into the church, and listened to the faint sound of his father’s voice as he pronounced the Benediction. Then, returning, he hastily transferred the contents of the lugs to his pockets, and, climbing through the window, shirked guiltily away from the edifice he had just desecrated.

Four days since he watched the congregation depart, until at last he saw pretty little Mary Lang leave with her parents, and immediately a better idea than spending the day drinking occurred to him.

He soon caught up the little party, and beckoned the girl away.

“Say,” he said, as she blushingly followed him, “what do you say to a hearty game of out of town as far as the breakwater, for instance— it’s a bully day for a sail?”

Pretty Mary’s eyes danced. “But what about the other folk?” she asked dubiously.

“Oh,” Lester replied impatiently, you can tell ‘em you went round to read with a sick friend. Come, it’s not often we get a chance to be alone together.”

Mary, like other girls of the district, liked to think herself in love with the handsome seacourage, so he had very little trouble in overreaching her scruples, and an electric tram soon ran them out to where he could get a boat to row across to the breakwater.

“My, but this is real jolly!” he exclaimed as they stood together on the muddy verge path at the top of the high wall, “a good deal better than broiling in that wretched church.” As he spoke his roving eye rested on the ruined shell of the old lighthouse. “Some day,” he continued, “come right to the end. Here’s a bally job of work,” he added, dragging open the rickety door and peering into the dark interior of the ruin. “Come on, let’s go up.”

May hesitated; then something in his eyes warned her of danger, and she drew away from his outstretched hand. “No,” she faltered, “it is getting late, and I must get back.”

“What rot; why you’ve only just got here.”

He seized her arm, and, with a strange laugh, tried to drag her into the ruin. “Please, Lester,” she pleaded, “let me go.”

“No,” he answered, drawing her to him roughly, “you’re not going until it’s dark. Come, give me a kiss.”

“No—no—no.”

Her voice rose in a cry of terror, as, wrenching herself free, she raced round the ruin in a vain attempt to find a hiding-place, but with an ugly oath Lester followed.

“Don’t be a little fool,” he panted; but she became absolutely panic, and screaming loudly, she strove to free herself from his embrace. To and fro they struggled until, with a strength born of despair, she managed to break away; then with a wild shriek, she took the only means of escape that seemed open to her, and cast herself off the end of the breakwater into the sea.

“May—May— I didn’t mean to— I swear I didn’t.”

Wringing his hands, the wretched boy looked down into the blue waters, calling imploringly on ears already deaf to further kindness or brutality; then, as the “chug-chug” of a high-power motor came to him, he thought of himself.

“The patrol!” he gasped, as he saw a motor-cyclist racing furiously along the narrow path towards him; “they must have seen us from the shore, I must save myself. They’d never believe that it was an accident, and no fault of mine.”

Springing past the open door of the ruin, he dragged it to, and, crouching down in the pitchy darkness, listened to the arrival of the patrol, and, a second later, to the thunderous blows on the door, which told him that his hiding-place had been discovered.

“I won’t be taken; I’ll die first,” he muttered in abject terror. With a crash the door gave way, and a second later he was engaged in a desperate struggle with his would-be captor, while from the distance came the yells of an excited crowd who were already hurrying to the scene. For a brief moment the gallant patrol got the best of the fight; then he tripped and fell heavily with Lester on top of him.

The boy saw red, and snatching up a heavy stone dashed it madly on to the white, upturned face; then, hurling it away, he staggered out to meet the crowd who had arrived upon the scene.

“Lynch him! Lynch him!” they yelled.

“No; stand back there,” a strong voice cried, and as a heavy hand descended on his shoulder Lester knew that at last he was in the hands of the law.

Hastily the police examined the still form of their comrades; then, forcing the wretched murderer into their bate, they pulled for the shore.

Lester’s brain worked quickly. . . . At all costs he must escape from custody and regain his home. So, as the boat grated against the piles of the official jetty, he lowered himself into the water, and, unnoticed by the officers, who were busy making their craft fast, struck out for another part of the jetty, where he knew he would have no trouble in landing.

Meanwhile his father waited for his return, while his mother once more tearfully pleaded the cause of the son she loved so fondly. “Give him but one more chance, James,” she whispered; “remember you were a boy yourself once.”

“No,” was the stern answer. “His wild dissipations I have forgiven times without number, and would forgive again, but not this last offence against the laws of God and man. . . . Oh,
God," he added bitterly, "to think that my only son is nothing better than a common thief.

"But perhaps, dear," said Mrs. Goodrich, "it was just what he who stole from the offertory bags, found it.

"Not he," her husband retorted; "if not, who else could it be? Why, was it not you who found his still-smouldering evidence, who threatened the sorry fellow, with the cigarette with his initials on it?"

"Ah! Would to heaven I could persuade myself it was not he."

As he spoke the door was flung open, and Lester, his face hot, his eyes glowed, clad in filthy, and dishevelled, rushed wildly into the room.

"Father!" he cried, looking fiercely into the grim face turned to him, "for Heaven's sake save me from the police."

"The police!" at the word which seemed to materialise all her unspoken fears, her mother sprang to her feet. "Oh, boy, my boy, what have you done now?"

"It was an accident, I swear it. I meant no harm."

Again the door was flung open with every semblance of a police officer strode into the room.

"Mr. Goodrich," he said, respectfully, "I am sorry, sir—but your son must come with me."

"What charge?" the clergyman demanded, hoarsely, and his heart grew cold as he glanced at his grovelling son.

"On three charges," sir, came the terrible reply. "First, one of attempted criminal assault on a young girl who was his companion; second, of being concerned in her death; third, of murdering a motor-cyclist patrol who went to her assistance and tried to arrest him."

"He was what?" Mrs. Goodrich cried, her heart had collapsed with a heartbroken cry; but the father turned quietly to his unworthy son. "You hear," he said, "no, don't lie to me. Keep whatever you may have heard by sight, or ears, or what will judge you. Go, and may the law deal with you as you deserve."

Brought to trial, Lester was found guilty on all counts. He was induced into the electric chair, and the sentence was commuted to one of imprisonment for a number of years.

At first his conduct as a prisoner was exemplary, and soon he was transferred to a penal settlement within a few miles of his old home. The long smouldering but carefully concealed desire for freedom was unểwist, and one day whilst with a gang of convicts he was repairing some waterworks, he thought he saw a means of effecting his escape. "Listen," he whispered to his mate, as the warden, thrown off his guard by their seeming good behaviour, turned his back on them for a minute, "we've only got to draw up the water-gate and the torrent will sweep away the few officers who are there, and the rest of the gang working below will go with them. Every one will think we have perished with the rest, and the path to freedom will be clear."

Thus contrived as the other convicts, he revolted at first against a deed which would cause so terrible a loss of life, but the longing for liberty was all powerful, and the next morning, stilling the promptings of his better nature, he agreed to the immediate execution of Lester's villainous scheme. "Quick, then there is not a moment to lose!"

Frantically they tugged at the heavy iron levers, and before the startled warder who guarded them could shout a warning to those who worked below the released water thundered down, carrying him to certain death as it surged over the edge of the rocks sweeping all in its path to instant destruction.

"Hush!" in the dead silence of the night Mr. Goodrich gently roused his sleeping wife. "Do you hear anything?"

"Ah!" There it is again. . . . B gauche!"

Hastily scrambling into some clothing, the worthy clergyman descended the stairs, and entering the study came full into a noise that he was engaged in riding his bureau. The little door was short and stern, then, as Mr. Goodrich turned up the lights, he staggered back with a cry.

"Lester! My son! Oh, heaven! has it come to this," he moaned, "that you return here in the dead of night wearing the uniform of shame to rob your parents' trust."

"Ah! by the sound of the struggle, and fearing some ill might befall her husband, Mrs. Goodrich had followed him downstairs; now she sprang forward with outstretched arms, only to be waved aside.

"No," her husband cried, "forgetful of our loving kindness, devoid of the slightest spark of gratitude, he has returned to commit yet another crime, and it is our duty to see that he returns to prison."

"Father," Lester whined, "not that, not that. I say you must not send me to prison. There would be no escape from that, that would stain your name for all time."

"What?"

In whining sentences the convict poured the story of his escape into the horror-stricken ears of his broken-hearted parents.

As he finished the shameless recital Mr. Goodrich drew a long breath.

"He is right," he said hoarsely, as he dashed the beads of perspiration from his brow, "we cannot send him back."

With a cry of joyous thankfulness Lester sprang forward, but the old man held him and staid him back with a firm hand.

"No, the law might make the mistake of showing you mercy, as it did before; it might save you from paying the price of your infamy, and—and this time there must be no mistake. You hear, wretched this time there must be no mistake!"

"James," the trembling mother whispered, "what are you going to do?"

"Mr. Goodrich squared his shoulders. "I am not the only one who duties to humanity," he answered quietly.

Swiftly he gagged and bound his son.

"Take your last farewell of him," he said when the sinister preparations were complete. "Then go and pray for one whose ruin you have helped to bring about by yielding to his extra-
gant demands."

Shudderingly the terrified old lady left the room, and, falling on her knees by the side of the bed that had once been the boy's, she prayed that even now, while the knees were cold, some hope might be saved for repentance. But in the silent study, the old clergyman re-examined the bonds which bound the criminal, and then having found every thing safe in his absence, he picked him up, and strode with a firm tread from the house. Soon they arrived at the scene of the boy's attempted crime against the poor girl who had trusted him and, forcing him, with his masterful, capricious executioner removed the gag.

"Pray to just Heaven for that mercy which cannot be shown you here on earth," he said hoarsely. "Pray, Lester, pray for your time to be very short."

His father's grim words struck terror into the boy's heart, and an upward glance into the stern set face, down which tears of agony slowly trickled, for the first time, into the tears that followed the -vainly he tried to pray—half-forgotten fragments of prayer learned long ago at his doting mother's knees came hailing upon the lips. He wished to be power to utter them, then a hundred-told horror seized his soul as slowly, meaningly, the spectres of his victim rose from the depths of the moonlit sea and demanded his soul.

"Come," they seemed to chant, "come to that Judgment beyond which there is no appeal, no escape. Come to that torture-filled existence hereafter which is the ordained price for an ill-spent life on earth. Come!"

With a shrill he shrank back, trying in fact to close his ears to the dread summons; then he heard his father's voice, more, felt himself grow short, on high, to be hurled far out over the edge of the breakwater to the very feet of the beckoning spectres whose voices rang in mocking triumph as the icy coldness of his knees and he sank down, down, and ever down.

With a wild cry for mercy he thrust the tangled bedclothes from him, and, staggering to his feet, looked round around, the faces in the flickering light were the hundred and one familiar objects of his room. His head ached terribly, bringing a vivid memory of the events of the previous evening; then, as he staggered from the room to seek his parents' loving guidance, he knew that the horrors he had gone through were but phantasies, a vision sent by Providence to warn him of the fate in store for him. He turned to the window and turned a deaf ear to the voice of conscience that was for ever urging repentance and pointing out the path of honour and of happiness.

This intensely powerful story with a moral is a three-act Elective drama made in America. It will be released by Pathé Frères on the 23rd instant. The acting is quite as powerful as the plot and the photography is magnificent. Creighton Hale as Lester and M. O. Pollard as the repentant boy are given masterful interpretations, and are players who have already made a name for themselves in screen art.
The American Cinema

THROUGH BRITISH EYES.

I WOULD like to be paid for the number of times I have been inside English cinema theatres. The war, however, transferred my activities to the United States, where I have taken full advantage of the opportunity of making a first-hand investigation of its cinemas.

Although I am not the first to say so, I can at least present some original data to prove my assertion that British cinema theatres are superior to American. I have been inside a good number in New York and Brooklyn, and these may be set forth as typical of the chain of twenty thousand extending for a distance of nearly four thousand miles from Maine to California.

The exteriors of the theatres are not so pretentious as some of the modern halls in Britain, and when you get inside you notice the difference as well. The seats are wooden tip- ups, the projection is sometimes indifferent, and the "orchestra" is seldom more than a solitary piano. Some theatres go one better and add a violin. What pleases me, however, is that the orchestra is not hidden from the audience by a high screen, as many I have come across in London. The exhibitors do not attempt to make you believe that they employ more musicians than there actually are.

At one high-class show I have been in an automatic piano is manipulated by one man. It not only plays all sorts of tunes to order—it also produces effects. I favour the piano proper. The other is too much like a gramophone trying to improve on the human voice.

What I fail to understand is why the theatres here should adhere to one price. There has been a lot of discussion about raising the prices of admission, there being two sets of shows, respectively five cents (2½d.) and ten cents (5d.). The suggested increase applies mostly to the nickel-dragons, as the five-cent theatres are dubbed. They are, for the most part, of small seating capacity that it is a wonder to me they are paid at all. I think it would mean the ruin of the industry if double the prices were charged at this time. Yet it strikes me that the halls here can learn much from the progressive British exhibitor who enlarges his theatre and fixes three admission prices. But here and there the side are solving the difficulty by asking twice as much for admission on Saturday and Sunday, when they put on a slightly longer and better programme.

Five reels are usually shown for five cents and seven for ten cents. The latter price houses go in for big features, and show the best and newest of the ordinary photo-plays.

If the daily change of programme has had a curious effect on me, then it no doubt accounts for the enthusiasm displayed by the American picturegoer. When I was in England I never went to the picture-theatre more than four times a week, but since I have been here it has mostly been six nights per week. The week just gone I broke the record, and went seven times in as many evenings. Where I reside in Brooklyn, America's fourth largest city, there are no less than a dozen cinemas within the radius of a mile, so there are plenty for a fastidious person like myself to choose from.

Instead of saying "I am going to the pictures," Americans use the word "movies." Cinema is exclusively European.

They have a queer rule in and around New York which is that no child under the age of fourteen may be admitted to a "movie" theatre without being accompanied by its parent or guardian. This works hard on the exhibitors and children themselves, but the former know how to evade it. The other evening when purchasing my ticket at the box I was asked if I would take small boy in who was waiting for some good Samaritan to come along. I could not, of course, refuse.

At some of the cheaper shows they hold what are known as "Premium Nights." At a stated hour an attendant comes around with a box of tickets. He hands this to one of the children in the front rows and a ticket is picked out. He calls out the number, and the person possessing the ticket hearing it receives the prize, usually a masterpiece statue.

The art of bullying is practised to a greater extent here. A theatre will frequently announce the personal appearance of some popular player in connection with a film being shown. But every time I have been there he or she is announced as being absent through "illness," or some other plausible excuse.

Just a few days before showing "The Battle of Waterloo," the proprietor of a Brooklyn show addressed his patrons and said that it was made last winter on the actual battlefield. As you know, this picture was produced in 1913 at a village in Northamptonshire, and not in Belgium.

I award the palm to America for producing the best photo-plays, but Britain must have the credit for possessing the best theatres.

ERNEST A. DENCH.
A STUDY IN REFLECTION: CHRISIE WHITE, OF HEYDEWORTH’S.

An Unwelcome Encore.

THE comedian, in female attire, had to descend a flight of twenty steps in order to enter the small bath room. But he stubbed his toe on the top step and instead of a light fall plunged clean to the bottom.

"Did you get that fall?" he yelled, when his breath had returned.

"No," was the reply; "you will have to do it over again!"

The comedian’s mouth opened on strong language. Then he saw the camera man’s face. Then the film registered his second fall. "It’s all in the day’s work," groaned Wallace Beery, who was playing the title role in The Countess Savoyette. Essanays like realism;

Those Wonderful Tubes.

Mr. CHERRY KEARTON, whose fascinating pictures of Central Africa are referred to on another page, is starting on a fresh journey to the Dark Continent in a few days, but this time not on his own business. As an officer in the 25th Royal Fusiliers (the Frontiersman’s Battalion) he is leaving London with that regiment for active service against the King’s enemies in Africa.

Ernest, Mr. Kearton’s faithful Swiss-Finn guidebear, who has shared his master’s dangers in these expeditions, is now in London preparatory to accompanying him on active service. The other day Ernest was asked if he would describe to his parents the wonders he had seen in London, particularly those of the Tube railways, which seem to have impressed him more than anything. "No, boss," he replied, "if I tell them that I get in a moving room, and go down under the earth, and then travel many miles under ground, and come up again in another room, they will say I am mad."

Happy Days!

"ARTISTES are always asked for interviews," said Joan Ritz to us on this one of her pictures upon which seem horrible bursts of egotism," she continued. "Who wants to know what one’s hobbies are—riding, shooting, tennis? What does it matter? You are asked when, how, and where you started your stage career? Some start as children, and some when they are old enough to know better. Well, I was once a child (I hope no one will say ‘really!’), and it was always a craze with me to act. At school I always had to play the sickly heroine, doing my best to look pretty, and minus just that devilment which I longed for. But the opportunity came with a French play (no sickly heroine, thank goodness!), and I was cast for the miserly French king. My! How I jumped into those pant’s, wig and beard; how I revelled in peering coins over my neck and head, and in my mouth. When the applause burst forth (I make no apologies for the egotism, I am asked for it) I ran into the wood at the back of my school, still in those delightful pants, and cared nothing for ‘curtains’ and repeated bows. The fact was I had a midnight appointment to keep at the lighthouse, and it was getting near the time, and a school midnight meeting is of some importance.

"To get back to the subject. All parts I have tried—musical comedy, pantomime, and Folly turns—I have revelled in them all. Then came the cinema. It is delightful work this picture making, so free and healthy and interesting. No end of novelty is to be had, but though you can be as happy in your work as others it is wise that you be not to be taken very seriously. I am sure,” concluded Miss Ritz, “there are no studies built yet where you can be happier in your work than those of the Neptune Film Company at Elstree."

Every Inch an Artist.

A DELE LANE, for so long one of the Selig leading actresses, has joined the Trans-Atlantic forces, and will be featured in photo-plays produced at Universal City.

Miss Lane was born in New York, and started to carve her own way in life when at six years of age she played Edith in "Edi’s Burglar." From that time she has gone steadily upward, and was a leading lady at fifteen.

Vaudville claimed her for many months, and when, one day, a wire came from Lubin with a good offer for motion-picture work, she took it gladly in order to settle down for awhile. For nearly two years she was identified with the Lubin pictures, and then joined Selig’s, where she remained for more than a year and a half.

Adele Lane is petite, but her work is very powerful; she is retiring and modest, and a hard worker, and she puts her whole being into her presentations. She has not so many inches, but she is every inch an artist, and a lady. We reproduce her portrait, a charming one just received from America, on our front cover.

Successful "Juvenile Lead."

ONE of the best juvenile leads we have seen in the picture world is Thomas H. Macdonald, who, for two and a half years has been playing continuously in Barker productions. Some of his best parts with him have been in Lights of London, The Last Ronde, London by Night, and In the Hands of London Crooks. He was Lord Hastings in the recent great production of Jane Shore, and when we had the pleasure of talking with him just before Easter he was busy as the “artist” in the coming Barker version of Fire Nights, by Victoria Crowe.

Mr. Macdonald had some seven years’ dramatic experience (including three years as juvenile lead in McVille dramas) and two years on the Halas. "But playing for pictures," says Mr. Macdonald, "means something; it is the real theatrical work that I don’t think I shall ever return to the stage. The pay is better and the work is constant. The picture-actors’ duties may be many and arduous, but the work is conditioned necessity for an in and out door life are good for both health and temper." For Mr. Macdonald’s portrait see page 61.

Charming New Star.

In "The Truth of Fiction" Anna Kromann makes her début with the American Company, and plays May Burton, the rancher’s daughter, a character into which she puts just the required spice of willfulness, and in which she has opportunity to ride a horse and make use of the "Flying A" can ride a horse. Our frontispiece portrait shows her and her beautiful mount just previous to a cross-country run in the film. Miss Kromann is a beautiful girl type, with dark-lashed grey eyes, most expressive under the broad brim of a sombrero. As the picture shows, she has a keen sense for costume. Her tan corduroy riding-
Let's be Fair

By H. A. Spoore,

of the Essanay Company.

GOOD American Picture Plays make the cinema possible. The screen gives the best of the world’s life, and American scenery, American horsemanship and acting, and American photography help to give the patron a good sixpenn’orth. The broad prairies and gorgeous scenery of America, and the brains and pluck of its people, inherited from British ancestors, make an evening at the pictures worth while, especially to those who like to see daring deeds acted rapidly on the screen.

In “Pictures,” April 17th issue, our British friends, Hepworth, ask for help against “the cut-throat prices of the large American producers.”

That’s not quite fair—there are both British and American “cutters”—the firms whose films are not good enough to win on quality.

But Essanay films are sold on their merits at a fixed price—the top figure—and this has always been their policy.

I admire the firm of Hepworth, and believe that their policy is similar to our own. Therefore I am the more surprised that they have not attempted to discriminate, but have stigmatised all American firms as “cutters.”

Think again, Hepworth. Hadn’t you better say there are some straight American Companies, especially as you have the good sense to hire some excellent Yankees yourself?

‘Essanay’ Really ARE THE DOMINANT FILMS.

E. A. Spoore

Essanay
Our Confidential Guide
Films You Should Make a Point of Seeing.

**THE LAW OF THE WILDS.**—In the wilds there are laws that rarely come to light. In this drama they are vividly portrayed, and prove once more that the best laid schemes of mice and men often 'gang agley.' Jack Richardson and Vivian Rich in the cast.

—Flying A Drama, one reel (April 20).

**THIRD HAND HIGH.**—Based on a story by Duffield Osborne in the Smart Set Magazine. E. H. Calvert, Ruth Stonehouse, Bryant Washburn, Camillie D'Arce, Richard C. Travers, and Sydney Ainsworth are names found among the cast. The production is a fine one, and turns ways above the ordinary. A big play for suspense has been successfully made, the photographic quality of the picture is excellent, and the action free and easy.

—Science Drama, Two Acts (May 6).

**BROWN'S DAY OFF.**—An alluring handbill, setting forth in glowing terms the attractions of Margate and the amenities of the Husband's Rest by means of which one reaches it. A handbill suggestive of unthinkable joys, a few short, glorious hours away from business cares and Mrs. Brown—is it surprising that Brown succumbed to this subtle temptation and thereupon embarked upon a course of subterfuge and deception which was to end in—but here let us draw a curtain! This splendid farce-comedy has been reviewed.

—Lost's Head (Burton's), (May 6).

**EVERYDAY.**—An allegorical story which personifies Everygirl, her mother (Truth), Love, Work, Pleasure, Council, Time, Passion, Vanity, Folly, Vice, and Frivolity. It tells how these allabies and virtues in turn visit Everygirl, how she sometimes listens to and obeys them, and sometimes rejects them. Finally she marries with Truth for Love, and after she has learned the false and the true pleasures of life, accepts the true and is wedded to Love. Mary Fuller as 'Everygirl.'

—Victor Drama (Trans-Mountain), 2,029 feet (May 24).

**TINY TIM KICKED TO DEATH!**—Tim, attached to a gipsy caravan, was chief beggar, and called upon Old Grumpy, who declined to assist the gipsy crowd and drove Tim out of the grounds. He returned to the orchard and helped himself to cherries. Grumpy detected the theft, and gave chase to the boy, eventually overtaking him. In his wrath he kicked Tim, who fell to the ground, apparently dead. Grumpy's nieces took him home, and later Tim's parents demanded a bag of gold to keep their mouth shut. But next morning Old Grumpy saw Tim pass the house. He was not dead.

—Gumnut Film, 1,192 feet (May 3).

**ITALIAN BOY-SCOUTS.**—A capital picture showing the importance of the Boy-Scout movement in Italy. The boys in camp are visited and inspected by a Commission appointed by the King. Tents are examined, the boys being at attention the whole time, and deporting themselves with true military precision. A visit is paid to the Red Cross section, where a boy is supposed to be wounded, is rendered first aid and carried away on an ambulance to the hospital tent. An inspection of the food is made, and concluding scenes show the celebrations attended by the King's sister, when the Boy-Scouts line up in the public square and take the oath of allegiance to King and country in the presence of the King.

—Cines Film, 629 feet (May 10).

**MISTRESS NELL.**—For the first time during her association with Famous Players, Mary Pickford will be seen in the costume of the romantic period of English history in a film adaptation of the celebrated play "Mistress Nell," a drama of the days of gay King Charles II. Mary Pickford plays the role of pretty Nell Gwynn, the favorite of the King, and during the course of the play she appears in various guises—first as the orange-girl, Nell Gwynn, then as Mistress Nell, the sweetheart of the King, and finally as the Cavalier, in which disguise she circumvents the plots of the King's spies. This picture provides the first opportunity in several years for Miss Pickford to appear on the screen as a boy.

—Famous Players Drama, June parts (May 9).

**JILL AND THE OLD FIDDLE.**—She knelt on the floor before the old granter, and as she played his fiddle her soul dreamed of fairies. The man who was to marry could not and would not understand agley. He only knew that she neglected kitchen work, and when the old man died he was glad because he thought that Jill would dream no more. But the witchery of the fiddle held her the night before. They scorned her and stole the fiddle, thinking that she would forget. And, though they buried the old fiddle in the swampy lake, Jill still heard its call, and followed it to death. Alma Taylor is Jill, Stella Adams the old granter, Mrs. Pilkington the woman who would not marry, and John Andrews the old granter. The story of how Mr. Andrews became a cinema player at the age of ninety-seven was told in our issue of June 10th last year.

—Hepworth Play, 755 feet (May 3).
THE HOUSE OF TERROR. Described as a "soul-electrifying" picture of a lifted and imaginative woman, the picture is the result of two polished but cold-blooded writers out for wealth and a young lawyer who frustrates all their planning and plotting. It is all this and more, and it is an "Irving" production which means much. Honesty and love win in this tale of territory other than Lancashire, Cashire, Ireland, and Isle of Man. The film is controlled by

A. L. Film Co., Ltd., Reequals.

BULL-DOG GRIT. A Burlington Film produced by Mr. Ethelio Bailey. Although not a long one, it tells a powerful story, in which the yellow-dog is one of the principal actors. In the fire scene particularly the bull-dog is nothing short of revolting. A gaping caravan containing a child is accidently set on fire. Seeing the terrible prospect the bull-dog goes for help, returns ahead of the rescuers, climbs a ladder, and gets into the burning caravan. Not an instant is lost! Surrounded by deadly flames, the dog first mates the kid, then wades the caravan door, and leaps out with the child just as the burning caravan collapses. Full story next week.

-The New Agency Film Co., Ltd. (May 20.

THE TRAITOR

As the title implies, the story is thrilling. It tells of a colonel who fell in love with a beautiful girl in a quiet village where he lived and married her. Two years later war was declared. The colonel's wife spent as much time as she could at the East Coast headquarters, but her husband had to leave her much of the time to a lieutenent-friend of his. He taught her the Morse code, and they became close friends. One stormy night he signalled to her from his room on the coast. He asked her to run away with him.

A German saw the signals notified the military guard and secured the lieutenant's arrest and trial. At the court martial he was sentenced to be shot at dawn.

Two things happened. The German was proved a spy. The colonel's wife had fled previously that night, heard and came. She arrived just at dawn.

The story is treated by some of Hepworth's best players. Stewart Rome is the husband, Alna Taylor the wife, Tom Powers the lover, Henry Vintcent the father, and William Pelton the German spy who had sold his country. The film is an All-British Exclusive of the Hepworth quality perfection.

ALMA TAYLOR IN "THE TRAITOR."

VITAGRAPH

BROADWAY

STAR

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN ALVAREZ

Wainwright is sent by his father's company to look after his interests in Argentina, where he is persuaded by Bonita to be a spy to join the rebel forces. The plan is upset by Toro, the President's spy, who, acquiring a man of mystery with the rebels, advises him to leave the country. Wainwright happens on the best ship, but secretly returns. Under the name of Captain Alvarez he wins distinction in the rebel camp, with the aid of the Foreign Minister he plans to capture a large convoy of gold, and again Toro intervenes. Alvarez is taken prisoner, but on his wonderful horse Neptune is present from his lady love manages to escape. They capture the gold, and Alvarez returns with it to Bonita's house, where, not knowing that Alvarez has returned, photo to Lithop Bonita, and Alvarez unites has arrived and kills the spy. Wrapping the lady in Bonita's clothes, Alvarez calls in his men, who take it away. They are met by a band of Frenchmen, who recognise the holy, repentant Alvarez, but a gala for a dinner and saves him from death, and he and Bonita are happily united.

N.B.-If you have not seen it, ask your Theatre Manager if he is going to screen it.

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LAST FOUR WEEKS! OUR GREATEST BRITISH FILM PLAYERS CONTEST

(To be followed by a Foreign Players Contest)

30 Votes on every Coupon—Free BACK NUMBER COUPONS ARE STILL GOOD
£10 FIRST PRIZE IN CASH. £10

Second Prize - value £9
Graphophone £7 10s., Records 30s.

Third Prize - value £7
Graphophone £5 10s., Records 30s.

Fourth Prize - value £5
Graphophone £4 5s., Records 15s.

Fifth Prize - value £4
Graphophone £3 3s., Records 17s.

100 Handsome Consolation Prizes

The Machines and Records are manufactured by the World Famous "Columbia" Company.

WHO ARE THE GREATEST BRITISH FILM ARTISTES?

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player of your second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old man players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the GREATEST BRITISH FILM PLAYERS in this or any other country, write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES—The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10 in cash. All other the prizes will go to the senders of the Coupons next in order of merit.

THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the names in the winners' names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon.

2. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

3. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope at end of contest.

4. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

5. No correct approach can be entered into concerning the contest. Two lists of British players are given on this page, but players may vote for any British player, whether in the lists or not.

6. A voter may fill up any number of Coupons from one issue, and may send in any quantity of his or her own friends' Coupons in one envelope at any time.

7. The Editor's decision about the prize-winners and on all matters connected with this contest will be final and legal. Any player or coupon to which a voter may apply will be accepted only on this understanding.

"The Pictures" GREAT BRITISH FILM PLAYERS CONTEST.

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

FEMALE PLAYER.

NAME.

Male Player.

NAME.

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

FEMALE PLAYER.

NAME.

Male Player.

NAME.

Signed

Address

Fill in and post to "Contest Edit 1," "Pictures," 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.
GOSSIP SCREEN AND EDITORIAL

ELISABETH RISDON, in Her Nameless Child, showing at picture theatres after May 3rd.

On the opposite page is announced the last four weeks of the Contest which is to decide who are the greatest British artists playing for pictures. In spite of the fact that voters may await the closing date before sending in coupons, thousands of votes are reaching these offices and being registered every week. Each coupon entitles the holder to thirty votes, and you are entitled to as many coupons as you can become possessed of. If your friends are readers of Pictures who do not wish to vote, ask for their coupons and use them.

Popular Mary Pickford.

A voting contest recently held by the Ladies’ World in America has proved Mary Pickford, who was twenty-one years of age on the 8th of this month, to be the most popular motion-picture artiste. She polled, I am informed, nearly half a million more votes than the next nearest contestant, Miss Pickford’s total votes being 1,147,550. The other successful candidates in the order of their votes were Alice Joyce, Mary Fuller, Blanche Sweet, Clara Kimball Young, and Norma Phillips.

Delightful Domestic Drama.

For scenic effects and acting generally, Her Nameless Child, adapted from the well-known melodrama, and produced by Maurice Elvey, ranks with the most successful of recent "B, & C" films, Elisabeth Risdon is very fine in the dual role of mother and daughter, and is now, in fact, quite famous for dual roles; Fred Groves, Gray Murray, and A. V. Bramble take full advantage of the plentiful scope for acting which the story provides. Look out for this film and note the wonderful realism of the village smithy in day and night and summer and winter scenes.

A Suicide that Was—

The other day I met Jack Jarman on his way home to bed after committing (film) suicide in the coal waters of the Thames at Windsor for a scene in a Scott-hanke film. Preferring this (im) death to arrest by the (im) police, Jack had thanked heaven that "Mother and Mabel would never know," he was a drunk, and had gone under the real water, when a real soldier, mistaking the act for real suicide, prepared to dive in and frustrate it. Mr. Davidson, who was directing, only just managed to stop the brave rescuer in time, by calling him a "swine for the camera."

And One that Was—

Isn’t it funny? But the incident has reminded me that sometimes the most vivid forms of realism and realism have its tragic side, as was the case one day last year, when a poor woman jumped into the Thames and tried to make its depths the usual crowd gathered and saw her struggling, and at one least man was for jumping in after her, but some one said, "Don’t worry, guv’nor: it’s a boomin’ picture. I expect, and so they all watched and whilst so engaged the poor soul was drowned, nor that happened that on this occasion there was no boomin’ camera.

Through Central Africa.

Millions of ants, giant crocodiles, the black rhinoceros, baboons, giraffes, vultures, snakes, lions, eagles, jaguars, and caninpanis kept me fascinated for two hours one day last week at the West-end Cinema. Although apparently all very much alive, they were fortunately only on the screen. The picture, however, had dared them in reality in order to obtain the wonderful films which I was witnessing. There are pictures of animals never before photographed in that a patent the film which you can see in the world is the best I have seen. They provide a truly wonderful and interesting lesson in natural history. The West-end Cinema is now entirely British in ownership and management. Congratulations to Mr. G. F. Sexton, the proprietor.

A Novelty—Gratfs.

A tip for exhibitors who read this paper—almost all of them are readers! Any exhibitor who cares to apply to the American Company, Limita, 180, Wells Street, London, and mention Pictures and The Picturegoer, can have, hold, and enjoy one of the damniest memoranda-books ever made. Gift-edged, ruled pages, and players’ perforations between leather covers make this handsomely "Flying A" and "Beauty" pocket novelty worth using and keeping. So, Mr. Exhibitor, will you please ask for it?

From the Studios.

After a short Easter vacation, Thorne Pictures returned busy on a big production in which real and very thrilling race scenes will predominate. They recently finished As You Repeat, a drama by Florence Turner, who cast the role of an Italian girl, and which, I understand, has been taken over by Miss Empires, Limited. The Hepworth Company tell me they have now finished their version of The Man Who Neglects at Home, with the stories of which I have ready for these pages. By the way, the new bound volume will be ready in a day or two, and all the orders for same will be executed as quickly as possible. In case you have the question to you before, are you voting in our greatest British players’ contest?

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SWEET READERS OF "PICTURES:"—Do you remember my asking you to write me occasionally? Well, here I am, and I am myself in for a huge parcel came to day from the "Pictures'" office, and what do you think it contained? Letters, Letters, Letters! Letters to several of you. All addressed to me. I am busy on a new film, but am busy to get these and you yours. I did open one and found it packed with sweet nothings. Ah well! Happy days! But how I am writing and trying whilst the cam-ron is empty in some-where else. So now to work, and after that, dear readers, I read your letters. Good-bye.

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The YOUNG PICTUROEGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS-

I am always keen to tell you of clever child-actors on the film, and one such I have just come across in a Martin picture which will be showing from May 3rd onwards, entitled“A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.”

I do not know his name, but I know he is a wide-awake, good-looking English boy, who is sure to make headway. He’s, of course, the “chip” of the title, and the story introduces the boy Jack to listening to his grandfather’s glowing story of the great deeds of years gone by, and looking at medals which tell their own tales of heroism and devotion. They make Jack long to do his bit for our King and country’s sake, for he is already a Boy Scout, and so he tries secretly to enlist.

“You’re a bit too young yet, my boy,” says the kindly recruiting-sergeant, “but your time will come,” he adds, when he sees the lad’s downcast face.

In reality, however, Jack is not exactly downcast. With fixed determination we find him creeping along the dark quay that night where the transport-ship is moored. It is due out tomorrow, and when it goes it shall take him with it; he will win his spurs or die. Fortune favours the brave, and France is reached at last. At nightfall, when the steady trump of men is silent, Jack leaves his hiding-place on the ship and makes good his escape. At a quiet little French village he obtains a much-needed meal, and sets out again determined to sleep another night within hearing of the guns.

With awful suddenness Jack finds that he has penetrated the German lines. On his left a British soldier is riding at breakneck speed. Even as he watches Jack sees a movement among the bushes ahead of the rider, a spurt of flame, and the soldier pitches headlong to the ground. Jack is soon by his side. The man’s wound is serious, “Don’t worry about me, sonny,” he whispers, brokenly, “this dispatch must reach the General to-night.”

The Boy-Scout summons up all the courage at his command and successfully carries the dispatch to the astonished officer. “Let me take the reply back, Sir,” the boy argues: “I know the way through the German lines.” The officer hesitates to send the Scout back on such a perilous enterprise. But the boy might succeed where a soldier would be almost sure to fail. In the end Jack has his way.

For some distance all goes well. Then, emerging for a moment from a sheltering wood, the Scout is observed by a German patrol and captured. The boy is dragged to the officers quarters in an old chateau. There the commander and his staff are busy enjoying themselves in historic fashion.

The chief officer turns on the boy with an angry snarl. “Repeat the message you are carrying,” he says, levelling a revolver at his helpless prisoner. Jack steadfastly refuses, and the officer orders him to be shot at dawn.

In the cold light of the morning the lad is marched out to his death. But his heart is still undaunted; a vision of his old grandfather haunts him up and helps him to face his murderers with stolid indifference. And he is not killed. Just as a dozen German rifles are levelled to shoot him down, crack! crack! crack! come the bullets from those in the hands of a hundred British Tommies. Jack has won his spurs, and is afterwards thanked by the General in person.

There is no need to tell you that the Riddle-me-ree produced a phenomenal crop of postcards, because, as I have said before, these competitions are always popular. The solution to the last one was “Mary Pickford.” The prizes go to: Lonnie Oakdene, 30, Meadow Road, Shortlands, Kent (15); John Howard, 21, Norcoete Road, Walton, Liverpool (15).

AWARD OF MERIT (special price for six of these): Gladys Turner, Bolton; Bertha Allen, Ashford; W. Knight, Watford; Lilian Burgess, Swanscombe; H. Broadhead, Bradford; A. C. Weed, Halifax; Lilly Bird, West Norwood;
Khaki Appreciation.

I went to the Medina Picture Hall the other day (Isle of Wight), and it was surprising how the two parts of the audience were khaki-clad. During a thrilling drama you could have heard a pin drop, but when a comedy was shown the hall was filled with shouts of laughter. A few nights before I saw Biille Ritchie in a comedy. He simply brings it home, the sense of irritability, hump, or the blues go and leave a Billie Ritchie comedy. (T. J. (Isle of Wight).)

Echo Appreciation.

Can you tell me why it is that the repetitious words shown on the screen before each picture at nearly all the picture-palaces I go to are visible for so short a time that it is quite impossible to read the whole of it, and consequently the plot is not properly understood. Is it the fault of the operator, or of the way the film is made? I do think it is silly, because it half spoils my pleasure not to know all about the film, and so my sisters and I thought we had better write to our dear old Pictures about it.

E. H. (Surbiton.)

Some Kids.

I am only a kid of sixteen, but I've one or two plots in my head which I think would make rattling good films. (Don't laugh, there's a good chap. It may sound funny, but I assure you I'm in dear earnest.) I can't bother you to find me a purchaser; I guess the world of films will sell like hot cakes. If not, they can be ripped up, and I'll have a shot at some other hobby, and no harder luck. If you should like to have me do is just to tell me how to set about the job. Do you write up your story in the form of a book or in the form of a play, like Shakespeare and Macbeth? 'Tis full of "exits and "exempts." P. H. B. (Leicester.)

Everybody's Doing It.

My two sisters, my mother, my brother, who is at the Front, some of my cousins, three girl-friends of mine, and, of course, the humbler writer are all writing in your British Contests, which, I think, is the best competition for British films. We are all of us doing it for a useful purpose, for I am sure it will make British players here and abroad. We give them our best work, and I am not unparticular enough to wish the Contest would finish quickly, but I am quite as enthusiastic about them as the average of the audience, and long to vote also for some of the clever artists who are not British.

Mrs. E. (Highgate.)

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. When casts are required name of Company must be given.

P. F. G. (Murfeld.)—Sorry we have no record of the cast you want. Let us know your address and we will send it.

Lena (Pitnan).—We now have postcards of Lena's new work at the Ideal Film Co., 23, West 28th St., New York City. Thank you, Lena.

Froby (Tottenham).—Our new Moore play is "PrinceCharming" in "Cinderella." Mary Pickford played the same part.

Interested Two (Birmingham).—(Suppose you are "IT".) Read rule 10. We have no poster for Feed Paul. Address the Picture Film Co., Worton Hall, Islington, Mid-North.

V. W. (Birmingham.)—We do not publish handling cases for 10 o'clock. The last one can be had from our office, price 34s. Write again, certainly.

Frad (Birmingham).—The Carl Shapiro is in a Domino film. Chaplin and Mack Sennett played in "The Fatal Miller." Other one given.

E. W. (Paddock.)—You seem to have lost your voice, we are in with a vengeance, but "thirteen" guests on the menu. Address the M.borough Co., M.borough House, Upper St., Martin's Lane, W.C. Percy Moran has just joined the firm. The Harkover Film Co. is in business, to sell films. Address the Eubank Co., 24, Loyd St., London, E.C. We must hold over.

Alec (Haw.)—Montague Love played "Prince Flora" in "The Sacred Child." (B. and S.) No "trouble" at all, Alice.

C. G. (Brighton).—We are in with a vengeance. Address into the Two. The Union Film Publishing Co., 17, Old Street, Wardour St., W., and Alexandra Palace.

P. S. (Bewdley.)—How can our power have been "arrested again"? It has never been stopped. Raffles! The film in which Gaby D'Alcy played will not be released until the autumn.

Dag (Notting Hill).—We have no postcode of Charles Chaplin yet, "t'ere O'Grady's Chorus" (V.L.), "Snow," Neil Finlay, "B," Edith Storey, "Chapel," Logan Paul.

(Continued on next page.)
It's a waste of time to contradict the average woman. Give her time and she will contradict herself.

A Black Example.

"There is no such thing as luck!"

"There isn't, eh? Did you ever see anybody upset an inkstand when it was empty?"

A Cinema Crier.

"What do you suppose makes that baby cry so awfully loud?"

"Why, both of its parents are hard of hearing, I expect."

Shutting Him Up.

"It's the things we haven't got that make us unhappy," remarked the philosopher.

"How about the toothache?" suggested the mere man.

Modern Church Architecture.

"But," said a member of the Building Committee to the architect, "you have built the entire structure on the church!"

"No. In these days of advanced civilisation it is better to build your churches in war-proof."

The One Exception.

He: "Confound it! Here's my film plot returned as no use."

She: "You have never done anything really clever in your whole life."

He: "You seem to forget, my dear, that I married you."

A Poor Picture Show.

New Attendant: "Heavens, man! That wasn't a collector you threw out there—he was a patent!"

Old Attendant: "It was the second time I saw him here. A patent never comes here more than once."

The Love Test.

Mary (describing a film-play): "In the first reel he nearly strangled her and then throw her down the stairs to show his love for her."

Mollie (interrupting): "Ain't it grand? There ain't no earnest love like that in real life, is there?"

Charged for Two.

At Brighton during the honeymoon: "Why do you look so unhappy, George? Don't you know that we are one now?"

"Yes, darling, I know that, but judging from the hotel bill I've just had handed me, the manager doesn't seem to think so."

A Howling Failure.

The new baby had proved itself the scourge of extraordinary hum-power. One day baby's brother, little Johnny, said to his mother:

"Dal little brother come from Heaven?"

"Yes, dear," answered the mother.

"I don't blame the angels for singing him out, do you, ma?" was Johnny's next remark.

"Yell into this, you brat, and when you grow up you'll know what a nuisance you were to your parents."

Preferred It Outside.

Sister (a picture-actress): "Come and take your powder like a little man. You never hear me make any complaint about a trifle like that."

Willie: "Neither would I. If I could don't hit on your face like you do. It's swallowing the stuff that I don't like."

Mirth and Mud.

A humorist of the Coldstream Guards was singing in a second-line trench a parody of "Tipperary." It was a funny parody, and in the midst of it a young sergeant shouted to the singer:

"Heer makin' me laugh till I cry, Bill! Won't yer stop it? The tears are makin' me face all muddy."

Lieutenant Rhinoceros!

The company went through their drill so badly that the captain shouted indignantly at the soldiers: "You knock-kneed, big-footed idiots, you are not worthy of being drilled by a captain. What you want is a rhinoceros to drill you." Then, sheathing his sword indignantly, he added: "Now, lieutenant, you take charge of them."

Nothin' Doin'.

A favorite story of General Booth's related to a certain drunkard who fell into the hands of the Salvation Army.

"He had been drunk so long, said the General, "that he was able to give us very little information about himself. Eventually, however, we discovered that he was married and that his deserted wife lived in a town in the Midlands. We immediately telegraphed to her: 'We have found your husband.'"

"In a very short time we got the reply: 'You can keep him.'"

Unnatural Drink.

"Now, Sikes," said the speaker, "I want you to be present when I deliver this speech.""

"Yes," said Sikes. "I want you to start the laughter and applause. Every time I take a drink of water you applaud, and every time I wipe my forehead with my handkerchief you laugh."

"You better change those signals, boss. It's a heap more liable to make me laugh to see you standin' up dar delibately takin' a drink o' water."
"ONE OF OUR GIRLS"—BEAUTIFUL HAZEL DAWN

In this Famous Players production; in which she made her Pictures début.
Filming the Pope.

In spite of the tradition which first held him back, Pope Pius X. has subjected himself to the process of being filmed. His Holiness held out for a long time, and his final submission to the demand of the age was the result of a remarkably patient and persistent propaganda inaugurated by an American named James Slevin. The story of his triumph is told in the April Strand.

Dorothy Gish Busy.

The distinguished film actress Dorothy Gish has been awarded an opportunity to display her remarkable versatility. It is the intention of the Reliance and Majestic studios to star Dorothy Gish in a reel feature photo-plays, and in each picture her part will be somewhat different from her previous one. Miss Gish pledges the best she can give in enacting the parts.

Mem for Plot Writers.

NEVER write a one, two, or three reel photo-play, says the Script. Merely write your story straight through, numbering your scenes from one until the close. If you have switchbacks and less than twenty scenes, make it a single. If you have eight or twelve scenes, time it and arrange for a two-reeler. Continue to estimate on this average. By this method you will have nothing but screen action in your production. But be sure your plot sufficiently strong for its length.

The Post and the Portraits.

Two letters recently reached the Essanay studios, one from Atlanta for Francis X. Bushman, and the other from Cincinnati, for Charles Chaplin. The letters were stamped, but the only indication as to whom they were for and to what city they were to go to was indicated by the photographs of Mr. Bushman and Mr. Chaplin respectively on the envelopes. The two Essanay players were so well known that the letters went through the mail without a hitch.

Our Cover Portrait.

The pretty Essanay actress Beverly Bayne often performs daring feats for the camera which few would dare attempt and none could successfully accomplish without Miss Bayne's nerve and physical strength, born of continuous devotion to her Art. In the Audition of the Harrow, released this week, she leapt from a second-story window, where she was supposed to be imprisoned, into the arms of Francis X. Bushman, her rescuer, without a slip. Then she scaled a fifteen-foot wall, covered with ice and snow, and jumped from that slippery pinnacle to the top of a hansom cab, where Mr. Bushman again caught her.

Shakespeare Minced.

The Rudolph Amateur Dramatic Society in standard plays will provide the necessary series of comedies in the film world. Under the title of Shakespeare Minced, Crick and Martin are producing these burlesques, which Davidson's Film Sales Agency will handle. The first film, named Shakeshe, in which the butcher, the baker, and the candle-stick-maker, and other villagers each do their own bit in the presentation of the immortal tragedy. The series should be responsible for much laughter.

The Cost of the Industry.

Los Angeles! The centre of the picture industry. The hub of the photo-play with its world circumference. Here you get a real impression of the industry's size; you take new pride in its present, and are fully inspired in its future. In Southern California (says Motion Picture News) is produced 75 per cent. of America's motion-pictures. There are sixty studios turning out 125 reels per week, and producing seventy different brands. In one year 24,000 miles of pictures go from there to the other side.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

Interesting Topics in Film Pictures Selected from Pathé's Animated Gazette.

1 and 4. LOYAL IRELAND. Mr. John Redmond, M.P. (centre picture), reviews 25,000 Irish Volunteers in Phoenix Park, Dublin. With the Russian Army (first pictures from Poland).

2. Russian "Tommies" enjoy their meal, despite a blizzard.

3. The Tsar with Archbishop of Poland, visits the area devastated by the Germans.

5. The Tsar and the Grand Duke Nicholas inspect the Army in the Field.

6. SUBMARINE WARFARE: A Dutch ship with name painted in huge letters to prove its neutrality.

7. AIR RAIDS ON PARIS: One of the many lights which search the sky for Zeppelins.
"A Man Proposes, But..."

Adapted from the Film by IVAN PATRICK GORE

At last—at last! The thunder of the explosion shook the windows of the laboratory, but Phillip, with the enthusiasm of the inventor who, after years of struggle, sees the successful consummation of his life's work, would not have cared had the frail building been wrecked.

"Yes, to you, alone—have the secret of an explosive which will revolutionize warfare, and make Astoria invulnerable."

He hurried off to report his success to the War Minister, and was immediately taken to the Prince.

"Good! I congratulate you, Monsieur," his Highness said. "We will give you every opportunity to prove the value of your invention, and if success...."

"It cannot fail, Your Highness," Phillip interrupted eagerly.

The Prince smiled at his enthusiasm.

"Let us hope not, for your sake as well as for our dear country's," he answered. Then he turned to General Aulan.

"See that everything possible is done to secure our friend's success."

A week later extensive military tests proved beyond doubt that Phillip's explosive was the wonder of the world. Already his name rang throughout the land, and on every side men and women hailed the man whose dreams they had laughed at as the saviour of their country. And on the day appointed he himself introduced him to the highest in the land.

"By Heaven, Monsieur!" General Aulan said as they stood apart watching the brilliant scene. "I, for one, doubted, but for those doubts I apolo- gise, and will make amends. It is superb, magnificent, but it puts us in a position to treat our Austrian neighbours. They haven't been asking for solon. Ah," he added as a beautiful girl approached, "permit me the honour of presenting my daughter Sonieska to you, alone—"

A second later, as he looked into the frank blue eyes turned up to his, Phillip almost forgot his newly found fame as he tried to stammer a suitable reply to her congratulations.

"You will excuse me, will you not?" General Aulan said hastily, breaking in upon their conversation, "but here is Captain Ardengo, to whom I wish to speak."

"Ah, Captain," he took the officer's arm, and, unconscious of the jealous glance Ardengo cast at the couple they were leaving, hurried him away.

But Phillip had seen the look.

"Can he be Sonieska's lover?" he asked himself. "He's not the kind of man I should care to quarrel with."

The next moment, as Sonieska's slim fingers tightened on his arm, he forgot the soldier's angry looks, and eagerly agreed to her suggestion that they should take a stroll in the grounds. Nor did he notice the man who followed them stealthily, prepared to risk all in obeying the orders of the country that was Astoria's deadliest enemy.

"So," the spy muttered, "that is the inventor whose discovery bids fair to put an end to all our hopes. Well, there's a slip twixt the cup and the lip, my young friend, and at all costs this wonderful formula must be ours."

In the weeks that followed the friendship of Phillip and Sonieska grew apace, until at last one bright summer's morning, as they stood beneath the ruined portico of the Temple of Diana, the inventor discovered that all the world could give him was as nothing, unless it brought with it the love of the laughing girl whose life almost imperceptibly had become interwoven with his own.

"Sonieska!" he whispered, hoarsely.

With a start she raised her eyes, and the colour fled from her cheeks; then she flashed crimson, and as she placed her trembling hand in his, answering his unspoken question.

"Phillip—"

"That was all; but both of them knew that their boats were burned; that for good or ill they were pledged to one another. And Jose, the dumb shepherd, to whom they had both been kind, smiled knowingly as he watched, and wished that they were happy; because, in his lonely quarters, Captain Ardengo tried in vain to smother the love which was firmly rooted in his heart, the love which he knew could never be returned.

"Oh, Sonieska!" he cried aloud, "it was not to be—but one thing I will do—I will guard him for your dear sake."

The spy, on his part, was jubilant when he heard the news.

"Give me a man in love to deal with," he chuckled, "and my work is as good as done. Love will take the soldier off his guard; will make the most subtle diplomat little better than a fool."

The days sped by all too swiftly for the lovers, and every moment Phillip could snatch from his laboratory was spent in the sunshine at Sonieska's side. Then one day he received a note.

"Meet me at once at the Temple of Diana," it read.

"Hello!" Phillip whistled, "a good hour earlier than usual."

The writing looks as though Sonieska's in the clene of a hurry.... Ah, well, my experiments can wait, they're only of secondary value now.

Calling his faithful dog, he hurried off to keep the tryst, but when he arrived at the appointed place he found no one but that Jose, who sat dozing in the sunshine. Backward and forward Phillip strode; then, hearing stealthy footsteps on the stones behind him, he turned swiftly, but too late. Strong arms seized the inventor, and swiftly fingers forced a rough gag into his mouth, then he was carried swiftly to a waiting car which immediately set off for the frontier at headlong speed. Soon they reached the landing place, and Phillip was dragged out and thrust aboard a motor-launch. Then it was that he knew his abduction was a boldly executed coup with international diplomacy behind it.

Soon the launch grated among the rocks on the opposite shore, and, having been dragged ashore, he was thrust into a small stone building, the door was locked, and of the new explosive to look into the evil face of one man whom he knew was the leader of his captors.

"Where am I?—Who are you?" he demanded furiously.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "It is sufficient for you to know that you are in my power," he answered, "for me to know that you are Monsieur Phillip, the most famous scientist in the world of science.

"The note I received from Made- moiselle Sonieska—"

"An artistic bit of work, was it not, Monsieur? I spent much time on it. I regret that your experiment is not palatable as it might be; but alas! here you must remain until—you make up your mind to give me the formula of that new explosive."

Phillip laughed piously. "Then, Monsieur l'Espion," he answered, "I am here for life. What do you take me for," he continued hotly, "a craven who would sell that which his country needs to a man whose only knowledge is how to bring disaster upon the traitor's native land?"

"I am empowered to offer you riches such as Astoria has not got, honour also, such as an land whose agent I am."

"Austria? And the alternative?"

"Death! Death!" he repeated slowly. "To let you go if you refuse our offer would only bring disaster upon us."

I chose death. I have given my word, and neither you nor your blackguardly employers can make me go back upon my oath."

"Think of the beautiful girl who—"

Then he latched me; I was the vile traitor you would have me become. No argument is useless."

"The Man Proposes, But..."
"So be it." The spy clapped his hands and soldiers entered the apartment.

"Bind the prisoner to that plan."

In a minute Burely was carried off, but was seen overpowered, and having carried out the spy's orders the men left him alone once more.

"No," the man said, looking down on his prisoner. "Are you ready to say "Farewell" to all that is best and most beautiful in this world?"

Philip looked into his evil eyes unflinchingly. "Yes," he answered, "I wonder will you be as ready when your time comes.

"Fine words, Monsieur," he sneered, "we shall see how you live or die up to them. . . . else, from this knee of your master I wish you to make a little leap from which a train stretches to the leg on which you rest—trust comfortably?"

Philip refused to be drawn into replying to the man's sneer, and after busying himself about the chamber the Austrian returned to his side.

"A through a hole," he said, pointing to the wall, "the smoke streams into the turret. Now, with the aid of this telescope, which will act admirably as a burning-glass, we will be able to concentrate the rays upon the end of the tram.

"You fired?"

"At noon," the spy continued, ignoring the interruption, "the sun will be at its zenith. Its rays through the burning-glass will ignite the gunpowder, the fire will run along to the barrel, and then—proof—and good-bye to the passionate kisses of Sonieska. Thrice surely happen, Monsieur Burely, unless you care to make use of the telephone beside you. I shall be waiting, and you have only to phone your readiness to give me the intimation I require to save yourself from a death that the hardest soldier might shrink from.

A moment later the heavy door clanged to, a key grated in the lock, and the sound of retreating footsteps told Philip he was alone.

Sonieska, her arms full of freshly-gathered roses, tripped briskly down the road to keep her daily appointment with her lover. As she walked along she found herself wondering how it was that of late the sky had seemed bluer, the birds sang more sweetly, and even the flowers that she loved seemed doubly fragrant and a deep flush rose to her sunburnt cheeks as her heart cried the answer, "Philip.

Arriving at the trysting-place, she looked out along the dusty road down which she expected to see him striding, but the minutes crept swiftly by and still he did not come.

"The wretch," she ponted. "I have a good mind to return, and so punish him for keeping me! As she spoke a hand touched her arm, and turning she saw the dumb shepherd. "Why, Jose," she began; then, as she saw the look in the poor man's expressive eyes, "What is it?—what is wrong?"

Throwing down his crook, the man began to tell her what had happened in rapid pantomime.

"He came here early," Sonieska said, following his dumb show, "waited and walked about, then men several men crept up and took him unaware. There was a struggle, and he was overpowered. How and which way did they go?"

For a moment Jose was at a loss, then scratching up a scrap of charcoal he drew the outline of a motor-car upon the surface of one of the pillars.

"He was taken away in a motor-car," Sonieska followed. "Mother of All Mercy, in which direction?"

Jose pointed to the North, and in a flash the girl remembered how she had heard her father warn Philip that in all probability a neighbouring and unfriendly power would stick at nothing to obtain possession of the secret that would make their own little country of Astoria an enemy to reckon with.

"You must come with me, Jose," she exclaimed, "we must follow, and who knows we may be able to save him.

Philip would either make himself an outlaw by virtue of his treachery, or die sooner than reveal his great secret, and in either case the road would be left open to the confinements of the ancient courtship his coming had interrupted.

"Please, please, Ardeugo," the sweet, fearful voice pleaded, and, at the sound, the soldier trampled his new why thoughts underfoot once and for all.

"Yes," he answered, his mouth setting grimly, "he must be rescued for Astoria's sake."

Hastily he told Jose to take his place beside the chauffeur, then, having helped Sonieska into the car, he ordered his man to drive on to the frontier with all speed. Soon they came to the place where the road ended at the water's edge, and, springing down, the dumb man pointed in triumph to some newly-made tracks in the moist sand.

"True," Ardeugo cried, and we are not a long while behind the scoundrels either. See, Sonieska, where the car pulled up and the men alighted to board a waiting boat, and, by St. Nicholas of holy memory, they did not get him aboard without a struggle either.

Ordering his chauffeur to return with a message of explanation to General Auban, he speedily commanded a boat, and soon the three of them were standing on alien soil, where again they found traces of the raiders.

Following Ardeugo's lead, they carefully examined every nook and cranny, even pushing outside the small stone building which, had they only known it, hit the object of their search. "It is no good," Ardeugo said dejectedly, "we must wait for reinforcements. Why, where is your dumb friend?"

Sonieska looked round, but no sign of Jose was to be seen. "Confound it!"
the Captain exclaimed irritably. Then he added with sudden suspicion, "Are you sure that he is a friend?"

"Sure," she answered; "I would stake my life on his faithfulness."

"Hoi!"

The single word cut through the stillness like a revolver-shot, and swinging round, the adventurers found themselves in the midst of the paroles of the rifle held by a grey-clothed patrol who had crept upon them unawares. Ardengo swore lustily, but his anger only caused the officer to charge and smile as he dealt out his smart sword.

"Hill-oumour will avail you nothing, Captain," he said, tucking the surrendered weapon under his arm, "and it would be unwise in you ever to think of the occasion as to your being upon our coast for my commander. Fall in! March!"

Bidding Sonieska be of good cheer, Ardengo took his place at her side and prepared to yield the secret of his long story when they found themselves in the presence of the Commandant of the fortress. "Welcome!" that worthy cried.

A truce to idle words, Monsieur le Commandant added, "What do you intend to do with us?"

The Commandant's eyes narrowed. "Pie, Captain; you a soldier and ask such a question—you, a soldier, taken in a house where you live. For once we have one end—one only. As for the lady, we must ask headquarters how to dispose of one so beautiful."

"Unless," a quiet voice said, "she agrees to help us, as?"

"As Monsieur thinks fit," the Commandant answered deceptively.

"You hear, mademoiselle, the spy, for it was he, continued, "it is in my power to open the prison-doors for yourself and your companion. I only ask a slight service in return for my goodwill. What do you say?"

She turned to him sharply. "I say that the daughter of General Aulan declines to treat with spies and traitors!"

The man laughed. "Ah! I see you recognise me. Bah! you are a stiff-necked little bird if you added, with a sudden show of anger, "but I think I can make you change your mind. Look," he pointed through an embrasure as he spoke, "you see that small building on the hill over there? It is gunpowder, mademoiselle, and across an open gap, to which a train is laid, lies one in whom you are deeply interested. Unless by noon you telephone me that he is not to be harmed, you will be blown to atoms."

Sonieska paled. "What, would you murder him?"

"Necessity knows no law. The hour approaches, and it will be too late."

A word or two from you would doubtless persuade him to speak."

But no argument of the spy's could persuade her to do as he desired, and the sunbaked general turned his back, but her tears soon gave place to grim determination. "We must escape," she whispered, "if only to avenge him a hundredfold.

Then turning to the embrasure, she looked out toward the building where her lover lay. "Oh! Philip, Philip, my beloved," she moaned; "if I could only hear his voice!"

Suddenly Ardengo, who had come to her side, gave a cry of joy. "Look, look, it is the flag of Astoria!"

Following his glance, Sonieska's heart leaped as she saw the naval cutter racing through the water, and recognised the unform'd figure of her father in the bows.

"Will they be in time?" she whispered. "Hoi! Holy Mother, grant that they may be!"

Soon General Aulan and his men stood at the foot of the tower, and in answer to the prisoners' signals, a small sailor-boat descended, and the next moment a rope hauled upward, only to fall short. Again and again the sailor tried without success, until, recognising the futility of the effort, the captain gave way to despair. Then a sudden thought came to Sonieska, and, stripping off her knitted sports coat, she hastily unravelled one of the sleeves until a little hollow, formed by capaciousness of limb; then, tying a taut thread of stone to it, they lowered it to the landing-party, and a few moments later were able to draw up the rope. Dashed, but still retaining the confidence in their craft and in their power to save one in the name of wood, Ardengo passed Sonieska over the parapet, then, watching her reach safety, he followed.

"Good-bye," he gasped, as he stood once more among friends, "Monsieur Philip is in the magazine yonder, and unless we hurry he will enter, put Astoria into Austria's power or die."

"The General nodded gravely. "In which case Austria will pay heavily," he answered sternly, "now to the boat."

Standing beside the fluttering flag in the stern of the cutter, Sonieska and her betrothed saw when the magazine exploded, and the thunderous explosion, and when the clouds of smoke cleared away they saw that the magazine was no longer in existence. "Philip—Philip, oh, my beloved—" she gasped, "he died as a patriot should —then, turning swiftly, he caught the slim figure of the girl as she fell."

Days slipped into weeks, weeks into months, but no sign came from the man whom Sonieska mourned as dead, and at last she consented to reward Ardengo's constancy by becoming his wife.

"If the possession of a woman for whom the word no longer holds any joy will content you," she said, sadly, as he urged his suit, "I will be your wife."

On the 15th July the marriage of General Aulan gave a great reception in honour of the event. The crowd of Astoria, headed by the Prince, assembled to wish all joy to the girl whose sad face spoke more of the cheerful than of the unquiet kind of laughter; she stood so proudly at her side. Music and laughter were the order of the night, but in the midst of it all a started servant whispered in Aulan's ear.

"Hastening into the great hall, he gave one glance at the two men standing close together, then sprang forward with a cry:

"Philip!"

Forgetting of all else, he grasped the young man's hand, while the guests who had crowded out at his cry looked with surprise and resentment at this ragged figure who accompanied him. Suddenly a murmur arose, and, hearing it, Philip flung his head up proudly.

"I am no traitor to Astoria," he cried; "and you who have followed me, listen! When the Austrian spy left me with not a few short hours between life and eternity I was tempted—God! who among you would not have been? But I chose the night between my love of country and my life of love."

Ardengo, who had turned his back, returned smiling.

"One more he looked at the fair face of the girl he loved, at the haggard one of the man who had returned from the grave to rob him of the prize; then, satiating, he turned upon his heel and passed out into the night."

The staging and acting of this sensational story are of a remarkably high standard, the makers of the film being proved by the fact that they are a three-year Exclusive, just released by Lionel Gilling, The Omnifilm Co., 131-133, Wardour Street, W., who control the film for London and the South.
Edison's Boy Comedian.

ANDY CLARK is not the mischievous boy he usually plays in the pictures, but the busiest of boys for one only eleven years. Andy carries on with a will in the studio, but never lets it interfere with his school work, attending to that every day. And when he is "resting" he takes violin lessons. A model boy, but a terror in pictures.

A Player in Pickle.

WILLIAM WADSWORTH-"WADDY"—of the Edison comedies, is a patient and forbearing man. He has been godfather by mail to innumerable babies—run a sort of male order business in a way—and has loaned his name to so many new-born picketers that he fears he will have to change it, as being the worse for wear. "But I must decline," he writes us, "without any undue sourness, the honour offered by a manufacturer of pickles in Charlestown, S.C., who wishes to name a new pickle after me."

Rival to "Fatty."

THE scenario said, "Get a fat man for this part." It happened that Inceville hadn't any fat men, as Roscoe Arbuckle, of the Keystone, couldn't make it convenient to lend his services. Stanton, the actor-director, determined to scout for an individual of suitable proportions. A day or two later he was whizzing through the streets of Venice in his car when he saw the ponderous form of "Bill" Cavanaugh, former Chief of the Venice Police Force. "I've always wanted to be an actor," said "Bill." "So you shall be," replied Stanton. They piled into the machine, rushed to the Inceville studios, and half an hour from the time that "Bill" first mentioned his ambition, he was raising laughter with his antics before the camera.

A Crowd and a Camera.

HOW Richard Stanton, actor-director of the Ince (Kay-Bee, Broncho and Domino) forces, recently solved a difficult problem. Engaged in the production of "A Political Foul," he wanted realism for an election scene; a seething crowd buying newspaper accounts of the triumph of one of the candidates. After many anxious moments Stanton assembled a half-dozen newsboys, and supplied them each with an armful of dailies. The company went, where a big Saturday crowd was enjoying the various attractions. Into the thickest of it the director escorted his youngsters. "Extra! Extra! Extra!" yelled the kids. "Great Britain declares war on United States—extra! Great Britain declares war on United States!" Two thousand people turned, startled by the news. Two thousand pairs of eyes fixed themselves on the newsboys, two thousand throats called eagerly for copies of the extra, and two thousand hands stretched forward to grasp the printed announcement. Stanton and his cameraman, hidden in a building, watched intently as the machine recorded the scene. Anger enveloped the faces of the mob when the noise was discovered, and Stanton had to clear quickly; but he got his scene.

ERNEST WESTO AS "MIKE MURPHY"

the hero of the J. H. Martin films of this title.

Mirth-Making Murphy.

MOST picturegoers have a more or less screen acquaintance with Mike Murphy, who, as his portrait indicates, is one of the drollest of British picture comedians. Mike's proper name is Ernest Westo, and if you turn to our Contest page you will see that "Mike" is really fairly good-looking. He is the hero of the famous Mike Murphy series of comic films which some time ago originated and are still made in the studios of J. H. Martin, Ltd., of Merton.

Mr. Westo has been seven years on picture-work, starting with Cricks and Martin, of Croydon, and first made his appearance on the music-hall stage at the age of nine. He is the son of Lient. Travis, the well-known ventriloquist, and when only eleven years of age young Ernie, or "Mike" as we now know him, was himself a ventriloquist, with curly locks and a velvet suit.

As Mike Murphy is the screen version of-day, as well as in other comic films, Mr. Westo is one of the drolllest of the droll, and, no doubt, his long training during thirteen years with Fred Karno's Companies went far in making him a successful comedian. When he is not busy making funny films he is writing songs and sketches, and has just written a revue called "All Eyes," for Mr. Kitchin, the music-hall comedian. Some of the best of the "Mike Murphy" series are Murphy and the Magic Cup, Love and Riches, Murphy's Marathon, and Murphy and the Zeppelin, the last two to be released shortly.

Mr. Westo has had many adventures during his career, and told us of one that impressed itself on his mind more vividly than any other. When quite a lad he was traveling with Gume, his father, who was taken ill in the railway carriage. The train pulled into a station, and the boy, eager to fetch brandy, jumped out of the carriage, to find that he had opened the wrong door and was on the wrong side and was on the railway-line. Warnings shouts reached his ears from the opposite platform, and, looking up, he saw the huge front of an advancing engine, which seemed to be almost over his head. He actually felt the hot steam on his face as he staggered towards the platform to be dragged from the jaws of death by willing hands.

Busy Bunny's Beano.

IF there is any doubt in the mind of any man of the prevalence of moving-pictures as the one great factor of the amusement world of to-day, the visit of John Bunny to St. Louis would for ever dispel it. Bunny came to St. Louis for one week, says the Moving Picture World. The people went down and packed the American Theatre from pit to dome at every performance. The elect and bon-ton of the city vied with one another in their efforts to entertain him; he was carried around to receptions and teas and what not of a social nature. The City Club, an organization of 1,400 lawyers, doctors, bankers, business men, and millionaires, placed the club at his disposal. Committees took him to the children's hospitals, where he spent an hour playing and telling stories to little kiddies with tears in his kindly eyes and joy in his big heart for the little shut-ins who were bent and twisted by disease or so firmly held in plaster casts that they could not go down to see the great Bunny in person. Always the great Bunny was the special writers to interview him, and gave the stories special spread on the first page. John Bunny will resume studio work in October.

(Continued on p. 75.)
THE lawyer finished reading the will of his client, the late Mr. Arbuthnot, and slowly folded up the parchment. The moment it was done she was much distressed. Mrs. Arbuthnot, the young widow of the deceased, and her cousin Gerald had not expected to hear the news that “All Mr. Arbuthnot's property is left to his baby son,” a child of whose existence not even she was aware. From the grave, the estate would descend to his cousin Gerald Openshaw.

Mrs. Arbuthnot, rose hurriedly, and left the room in a rage, but back in her home with her baby, she considered the position more seriously, and at last realised that her husband had found the only son - the son who had brought happiness to both of them.

The cousin, however, did not regard the matter so favourably. The knowledge that a mere baby stood between him and fortune tormented him, and a few days later, when Mrs. Arbuthnot was out with the child and its nurse, Gerald saw them. “Curs the kid,” he muttered; “if only... .

Two gipsies - a man and a woman - approached, and asked him to buy some of their goods; but Gerald told them to go to the devil. The next moment it occurred to Gerald that he might represent his Satanic majesty, and turning towards the gipsies, he invited them into his house.

"Certainly, guvner," said the man, as, wondering what was in store for them, they followed him indoors.

You saw that child pass us with his mother just now?"

He pointed to a man and a woman, in fact the kid to disappear. Here's a little on account; but I'll come down handsomely when you've done the trick. You understand - disappear.

And Gerald pressed some gold into the man's dirty hand.

"Right o', guvner; me an' yer will manage that orrith, won't we, dear?" he chuckled, with a wink at the woman.

The Plot in Progress.

The next evening Mrs. Arbuthnot was dining with Gerald at his special invitation. Their mistress being out, her two maidservants were taking an airing in the grounds of the house.

"Would you look yer fortune told?"

"A slatternly dressed gipsy woman advanced cautiously with a pack of cards, and the maids became interested.

"Oim afraid ye'll be disappointed. The cards won't speak unless there's another female present," said the woman slyly.

"Get and fetch Mary," said the master of the girls. "Baby is sure to be asleep."

Mary was hurried away from the cot-side of the baby-heir. The instant she had left the room, however, the lattice window was pushed roughly aside and the gipsy man silently entered. Snatching up the baby from the cot and wrapping it in a dark cloth, he left by the same way as he had entered. But he had not counted on Mrs. Arbuthnot's pet bulldog.

"Boy" had been resting peacefully on a mat in the adjoining room, and, hearing strange footsteps, he flew into the child's room, jumped up to the cot, and found that its occupant had left it. The dog tore madly about the room, but nowhere could the baby have found. He even ran to the telephone and barked furiously. Then he followed up the scent of the kidnapping.

He had a long run, but at last overtook his quarry with the precious charge in a field. "Boy" flew at the man's coat, and endeavoured to wrest the bundle from his arms, but the man seized both boy and lady, and dragged them off to the carriage nearby. Here his wife joined him and in a few minutes they were all on the road.

Mrs. Arbuthnot returned lastly from her cousin's house in response to a telephone message she had received from the maids. When she arrived she found the nurse prostrate with grief, and, nearly mad herself, the mother ran from one room to another; but her darling baby had indeed disappeared. For days and weeks the search went on, but all was in vain, and at last the poor woman felt it was hopeless to expect to ever see her only child again.

Two Years Later.

Gerald, now sole possessor of the Arbuthnot estate, sat writing at his desk, when he upset the inkpot, and the dark fluid soaked into the blotting-pad. Soot after sheet of paper was released from its place, but there still remained the wet stain. As Gerald lifted the last sheet from its slot he discovered beneath it an envelope, on which was written, “the last will of David Arbuthnot,”

"My God!" he gasped. Opening it with trembling hands, he read the contents, only to discover that at the last moment Arbuthnot had changed his mind, and that instead of his son coming into all his possessions, everything was to descend to his wife, with the exception of a legacy of £20,000 for Gerald.

He lit a candle, and a part of the parchment was already in ashes when his startled ears heard the words: "What's that you're burning?" He turned and saw his lawyer, who had quietly and suddenly entered the room.

"Nothing worthy of your attention," snarled the man, in as calm a manner as was possible under the circumstances.

"I may see for myself, I suppose, at any rate?"

Gerald refused, but the lawyer was too quick for him. He snatched away the document, and quickly scanned the lines.

"By George! its another will," he exclaimed; "and may I ask what was written on what you have burnt?"

"If you think you ought to know, it was a legacy of £20,000 to myself," came the reply in sullen tones.

Early the next morning Gerald visited Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"I have come to tell you how very dearly I love you," he began. "It has been on my mind for many a long day, but I have never been able to confess my love for—"

"Don't listen to that man; he's a lying cad," interrupted
the lawyer who, being a great friend of Mrs. Arbuthnot’s, had popped in unannounced to warn her of the good news.

"I think I found proof enough," continued the lawyer, as he fluffed up the remnant of the will before him. Mrs. Arbuthnot looked inquiringly at Gerald, but he had nothing to say, and, taking his amen of the young widow, he left the room.

Life-Boat Gilt.

It was a glorious Spring morning when the country returned to its vintage.

The gipsy husband went on a visit to Gerald to try and obtain more money, Jim went into the wood to gather sticks, and the old woman, taking advantage of their absence, took more drink than was good for her, and lashed hopelessly drunk against the side of the caravan. She had rently treated Bany Arbuthnot, who was tied to the bed of the tiny bed within, and "Boy" has seen secrecy lashed to a tree in the morn. But, recognising the ownership, the dog managed to break loose and scampi away home, reaching his destination just as Mrs. Arbuthnot and the lawyer were entering the grounds of the house. "Boy" bounced up to them, and Mrs. Arbuthnot started to make a great fuss of him, but "Boy" would not rest. He pranced along in front of them, and following the nag, they came at last within sight of the gipsy caravan, which, to their amazement, was on fire.

The gipsy-woman had carelessly set alight the straw which formed its carpet. "Boy" must have realised the baby’s danger, and, leaving Mrs. Arbuthnot, he dashed out to the little house on wheels that had been its home for so long. After many futile attempts to gain an entrance to the caravan, the door which was locked he managed to climb through the tiny window. Though beaten back by flames and smoke, the brave little dog reached the side of the bed, and, gripping the ropes which held the child a prisoner, he succeeded in bursting the woodwork and dragging the helpless baby to the feet of his mistress. By this time Jim, attracted by the flames, had also come upon the scene.

"Oh! sir," he cried pitifully, "my mother is inside; save her for me."

The sad appeal was too much for the lawyer, who dashed into the van and brought the woman out of danger.

It did not take long for Mrs. Arbuthnot to recognise in the busy boy her long-lost son. The meantime Gerald and the gipsy man came up, but their rage was cut short, thanks to the forethought of the lawyer, who had gone for the police, into whose hands the man and his accomplice passed.

*A*
The wonderful acting of the dog cannot fail to appeal to all picturegoers, but the cast of this thrilling one-reel Bur-}

Life Without Mystery is Almost Death

To-morrow is always brighter than to-day—it holds the joy of anticipation and hope, and is full of the mystery of the unknown. Without mystery life would be dull and flat.

A book is worth reading only when it carries you in doubt almost to the end. So with a film. Yet the only "Mystery" dramas (those which have unusual endings) are the 'Essanay’s.' The latest and best is "THE GALLANTRY OF MR. JIMMY ROGERS".

If your picture-house manager knows of it he will surely show it—if not, will you please tell him about it, adding that it is an

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ON AND OFF THE SCREEN

(Continued from p. 7.)

Versatility Spells Success.

An all-round, useful actress on stage or screen is Ruby Belasco, who for four years has been associated with the Hepworth Company. In comedy or drama, it matters not which, Miss Belasco, who is a cousin of the famous David Belasco, has always come through with flying colours, and, as a consequence, she is now one of the most popular of our British picture-players. I have been a member of the theatrical profession for a great many years, as you know,” she told us, “and am familiar to playgoers as Ruby Hamilton—Belasco.”

Although adopting a Spanish name as a nom de théâtre, she is the daughter of the late W. H. Sharpe, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and belongs to a highly-esteemed old Irish family, many members of which have served as officers in the Army and Navy.

Miss Belasco has played in hundreds of films, and her most recent part was the gipsy-woman in Bull-Dog Girl, a Burlington film (in which she played as Ruby Hamilton), the story of which appears in this issue. “The fire scene was warm,” she added. “I had to wait to be rescued from the caravan and narrowly escaped being licked by the flames; but I love film work, and don’t mind what I have to go through in order to make a successful picture.”

Burning at Burnham.

Three men in flames and a capsized boat in a mad effort to escape an explosion were unhearsaid incidents of a film-taking enterprise last week, when the Burlington Standard Film stock company went to Burnham-on-Crouch to burn a yacht for a picture produced by Ernest G. Batley.

The yacht was towed up the river, several tar-barrels were emptied in the hold of the cabin, and decks and sails were soaked with gallons of petrol, but the difficulty came in getting the boat alight and getting away before the explosion.

Martin Valmour and his fiances, Miss Merry, were placed afloat on the yacht and told not to jump into the sea until the cameras were going. “Three petrol tanks, hermetically sealed, were to explode when heated by the flames,” “Throw in the fuses,” shouted Batley, “and get out of the picture.”

Something went wrong for the fire did not start. cautiously, in a yawl, Batley, and his assistants swung back alongside of the yacht to see what was the matter. She was well afloat after all.

Bang! bang! and there was a roar of flames on all sides. “Get out of the picture!” shouted the camera men.

Choking with the smoke Valmour and the girl, their clothes burning, leaped into the sea. Batley, Jimmy Russell, and Jack Mullins, who can’t swim, were also on fire.

In the effort to get as far as possible from the flames the three men working the explosion all reached the far side of the yawl, which took water and then turned over. Fortunately the accident cleared the picture, and the camera man began turning and caught the big explosion when the deck went into the air, and the sails fell in pieces like an infernal rain of fire.

“Will the firm buy me another overcoat?” groaned Batley. “How about my hair and burned neck?” whined Mullins.
Our Confidential Guide

Films you should make a point of seeing.

TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE.—From all accounts this great Keystone six-reeler is going great guns. Wherever you may live you are sure to be able to see the film sooner or later. And it’s worth while—if you’re fond of a long laugh, and who isn’t we should like to know?

Globe Film Co., Ltd. (nine superimposed).

KINETO WAR MAP No. 5. Better than one to four. It entirely monopolises the battle at Neuve Chapelle, forcibly portraying the struggle of the British to hold this position against the heavy fire of the enemy’s batteries. Will inspire every true Briton who sees it.

-Kineto Film, 384 feet (May 10).

MAX SEES LIFE. Scenes in which Max Linder represents a young man who has partaken not wisely but too well, and so delicately performed that they cannot offend the most fastidious. It is Max at his best—Super-Max! If you sit through this film without laughing, let your next place of call be the doctor’s.

Pathé Comedy, one part (May 27).

THE LIEUTENANT-Governor.—Intrigue interwoven with love and jealousy. Will strike scenes and a sensational shooting incident in the last act. Powerful situations have been used to good advantage by Joseph Byron Totten, Eugene O’Brien, Ruth Stonehouse, Lester Carmack, and Sydney Ainsworth.

Roadway Drama, 1,877 feet (May 13).

THE TREK.—Fine romance of the South African veldt. Cattle disease necessitates a trek to another part of the country. Zululand is entered by one party and resisted by the natives, who attack the intruders. Thrill follows thrill, not the least exciting of which is a fast-spreading praise fire. —D.F.S.A. (Harriots’), 1,220 feet (June 3).

PRODUCING A NATION’S PRIDE.—You are all interested in the big guns that are playing havoc on land and sea. Here is your opportunity to see a gigantic 42-inch gun (hurling a projectile over a ton) in action. And more—this film will show you its birth from the crafting of the ore to the finished article on a modern floating fortress.

—Flying A’s Interest, 1,000 feet (May 13).

TILLY AND THE "NUT."—Do you remember the famous Tilly girls—Alvin Taylor and "Chicke White?" In spite of the years which have elapsed since their first appearance, they are just the same in this film to-day. The "nut" paid them a visit, and the Tilly girls had a lovely time. It was a much-bedraggled, very wet, and certainly worse "nut" after the visit, we can assure you.

—Heptworth Comedy, 725 feet (May 10).

THE MIGHT OF THE ALLIES.—One of the most comprehensive films ever issued, illustrating many phases of the armies of the Allies. It has a story to tell in vivid fashion of the hatred of the nations in the call. In review pass before us Belgians, Russians, French, and British. Each nation contributes its quota to the film, which is certain of a big success.

—Gazette Film, 1,112 feet (May 24).

THE LITTLE STREET PERFORMER.—A theatre fire, a wonderful scene of panic and burning, causes the disappearance of the little son of a marquis. The boy becomes a wandering street performer, and after much suffering a chimney-sweep. Many exciting adventures take place before he is united to his aristocratic but fond parents.

—Ambrosia Drama (H. A. Brown and Co.), 1,800 feet (June 2).

THE AVENGERING DENTIST.—This film is funny from the word "Go." Billie takes his girl out. Deserted her for another girl, and quarrels with the latter’s escort. Billie knocks out some of his teeth. He is later introduced as the father of another girl. Billie knocks out rest of teeth. Toothless one visits dentist. lo! this same dentist is Billie, and poor Pa is carried off on a shudder. Billie, thinking he has murdered him, disappears down a manhole! Billie’s other name is “Ritchie.” "Nuff said!

—LeRe Comedy (Trans. Atlantic), 1,092 feet (June 10).

THE MORALS OF MARCUS.—Had William J. Locke written his famous novel and play "The Morals of Marcus" for Marie Doro, he could not have improved upon the theme or the side, with their vast treasure of opportunity charmingly congenial to the talents and mannerisms of the youthful star. The picturesque originality of the play is further illuminated by the sweet, winsomeness and captivating personality of Miss Doro. Her delicate beauty and appealing tenderness make her an ideal interpreter of the role of Carlotta, the slender and fascinating little heroine from a Turkish harem, and the central character of the play.

—Famous Players Comedy, four parts (June 7).

ARE YOU BINDING your back numbers? If so, you must have the “Index” which we have prepared for Volume VII. It will be sent from this office post-free for three penny stamps.

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Fourth Prize - value £5
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Fifth Prize - value £4
Graphophone £3 3s., Records 1s.

100 Handsome Consolation Prizes

The archives and Records are manufactured by the World Famous "Columbia" Company.

MINNE GREY,
In London and Martin Films.

BRITISH FILM PLAYERS:

B. & C. Films:
Elsie贈don
Fredk. Groves
A. V. Braund

Barker Films:
Blanche Forsyth
Rachel de Vola
Maud Yates
Ray Travers
Hozie Leslie
Tom Caveney
T. MacDonald
J. Hastings Watton
C引流don Films:
Lilac, Rose, U.N.
Burghley Retey
Jack Spratt

He- worsh Films:
Ala Taylor
Chrisie White
Victor Hugion
Ruby relsen
Stewart Rame
Lianelle Howard
William Felton
John MacAndrew
Tom Batt
Arthur Stables
Henry Vilea
Harry Buss

London Films:
Mary Brough
Gwynne herbert
Christine Rayner
Charles Beck
George Abbey
George Bellamy
Frank Stannard
Stephen Emerton
Windham Guest
Ben Webster
Gerald Ames
Flyn, Gifford
R. Jude & eeu
Dunne Mura
Helred Willis

Magotroph Films:
Babs Neville
Nyn de Henry
Austin Car
Ray Laurence
Jean Morgan

Neptune Films:
Babs Call
Joan Riz
Gerald Lawrence
Grocery Scott

THE BATTLE OF THE BALLOT'S COES MERRILY ON

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they NOW play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the COLUMBIA BRITISH FILM PLAYERS IN TELS OR ANY OTHER COUNTRY, write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES—The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10 in cash. All the other prizes will go to the senders of the Coupons next in order of merit.

THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST

will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent.
2. No correction can be entered concerning the contest. Two lists of British players are given on this page, but voters may vote for any British players, whether in the lists or not.
3. A voter may fill up any number of Coupons from one name, and may send in any quantity of his or her own friends' Coupons in one envelope at any time.
4. The Editor's decision as to the prizes-winner and on all matters connected with this contest will be final and absolutely binding, and Coupons are accepted only on this understanding.

Ernest Westo,
"Mike Murphy" of Martin's
BRITISH FILM PLAYERS:

Norton Films
Dunlais Hayes
Brian Bay
Bentley Cox

John East

Parker Films
"Pimpi" (Fred Evans)
"Baffles" (Joe Evans)

Clayton, Stowell
James Reed

Samuelo Films
Agnes Gynne
Fred Paul
Bernard Vaughan
Donald Young

Turner Films
Bartholomew Run
Manly Nutt
Clifford Poundbrooke
Arnold Reynolds

Regent Films
Woolf-Fish
Cissie Eilen
Howland Moore
S. J. Isaacson
Frank R. G. Woot

Guitar Travers
Guy Rupert Leue

Various Commons

"The Pictures" GREAT BRITISH FILM PLAYERS CONTEST.

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

Female Player

Male Player

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

Female Player

Male Player

Signed

Address

Fill in and post to "Contest Editor," Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.
prize offer from the one and only "Pimple," who is so delighted with the letters you have written to him, that, like Oliver, he cries for more. "Pimple," has discovered that many of his admirers are some letter-writers, and by way of encouragement he has arranged through me to run a little Prize Competition. For the most interesting letters received by him he will present three enlarged portraits of himself, autographed and nicely framed, and twelve other "Pimple" portraits as consolation prizes. Now then, picturegoers, if you love "Pimple" you will love to possess his portrait. So please, put pen to paper—Heavens! what a lot of p's! Address your letters to "Pimple" care of the Editor, at this Office.

Potash Burns Player.

When I visited the studio of J. H. Martin, Ltd., a few days ago I was witness of a most extraordinary accident. Sid Butler, a comedian of the Martin Company, whilst cycling to the studio from Wimbledon Station, reached his destination with his trousers on fire. Willing hands put out the flames, and a doctor attended to a pair of badly-burned legs, and then we were told how it is supposed the fire originated. Mr. Butler, it appears, had some potash lozenges loose in his waistcoat-pocket and the friction caused by pedalling the machine must have set afire the potash and, fanned by the breeze as he rushed through the streets, caused the flames to spread. If you must carry potash-lozenges, carry them in a box.

The Stone Age.

Talking of Martins, they have just produced what must surely make the merriest of merry comics. It deals with love in the Stone Age; when hair-cutting and shaving were unknown, when clothes as we know them were not worn, and when hung on the head with a stone hammer ended every argument. I saw the huts and some of the players, and had my head struck with one of the hammers, and feel sure that the film will prove a striking success.

Official Bunny News.

To all who wish to know if it is true that John Bunny is dead, and to all who are worrying as to whether or not Bunny has left off picture-making for good, the information I have just had-red-hot from the studios will be of interest. Bunny is alive and quite well. Bunny is on a most successful music-hall tour in America. Bunny will return to act before Vitagraph cameras in October.

The Cry in the Night.

Funny things happen sometimes at the cinema both off and on the screen. The other evening some of the regulars were seated at a cinema into which I had popped for a brief spell of pictures. During the progress of a drama a baby somewhere in the balcony cried loudly, as babies occasionally do, but note carefully the sequel—before its cries had died down a sub-title which belonged to the story then being screened was flashed on, and this is what we read: "John: Let me kill him; and then we will go out and kill ourselves!" I left and was still crying we did not hear it, for the house rocked with laughter.

F. D.

GOSSIP SCREEN AND EDITORIAL.

THIS issue begins the last three weeks of the British Players Contest. In reply to many who have asked the question, the Foreign Contest will begin as soon as this one is finished. But why worry about the Foreign Contest yet? Vote now for the cleverest "British" players. Don't see any reason why they won't, but don't save your votes for those whom you think are by their talent and artistry worthy of them.

For the Thirteenth Time.

If a British artiste is playing for a foreign company he or she is entitled to votes in the present Contest because he or she is British: but Tom Powers, although he recently played for Hepworths, is not eligible yet because he is an American. I have told you so probably a dozen times previously, but the constant stream of questions by post on the subject keeps me telling the same old story.

Serious Subject Appreciated.

During a chat with Florence Turner the other day I was glad to learn that scores of picturegoers have written to her in appreciation of her recent production Shop Girls. "I am delighted with the reception which is being accorded to this film," said Miss Turner, "as the subject is one which I thought over very deeply, and as you know, I spent a month behind the counter in a big New York drapery store in order to obtain first-hand information. But—never again! The experiment gave me quite enough of a shop-girl's life, thank you."

Pimple's Prize Portraits.

Portrait prizes for Pimple-loving picturegoers! It reads like a modern music-hall chorus, but refer to a tree.
TURNER FILMS

Are written, acted, and produced for you.

THAT IS, FOR THE GREAT PICTURE-LOVING PUBLIC.

From the day the plot is first thought of to the completion of the final scene we study your wishes. The resources of the studio, the skill of the writers and the players, the genius of FLORENCE TURNER and LARRY TRIMBLE—all are devoted to one object—the making of a Picture that will please you.

"Shop Girls" is a recent Turner "Picture-made-for-you." Have you seen it yet?

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

Dear Girls and Boys—

A lady whom I know took her little girl to a cinema the other day. They saw a film in which another little girl was the principal character. She was an only child, but not a welcome one, nor parents taking no interest at all in her welfare. One day, when the girl asked them if she could do a certain thing, she was told to "run away and not bother" them. The result was the little girl went out into the streets and was accidentally knocked down by a motor-car and killed. The poor child's only friend at home had been a beautiful collie dog, and a final picture showed the faithful creature stretched across the little one's grave. I have not seen the film, and may be I have not told the story correctly, but it is near enough. When the last scene appeared my friend looked down at her little daughter and said, "Do you like the picture, darling?" But the child was quietly sobbing, and could not answer. The next moment another picture flashed upon the screen, showing the "dead" girl laughing, with her arms clasped around the neck of her only friend—the dog; and underneath this picture were the words, "Don't cry; it is only make-believe." * * * * *

Grace Wheatley, a prize-winner, has sent me a charming little portrait of herself. She says she goes three times a week to the pictures, and Mary Pickford is her favourite. Many delightful letters have reached me lately, and for which I now thank all the writers, with an extra special "Thank you!" to Violet Sims for a box of lovely primroses; to Ruby Sheppard, for her interesting letter, too, Ruby, you are now one of my "nicees"; to W. G. Banks, for his photograph; and to Nora Kent, for a new "word-making" competition.

Which reminds me—What was the matter with the "Kite" puzzle? Was it too hard for you all? It is the only one that has not been a success. The hidden player was Jack Spratt, the comedian whose name is on the Contest Page, but only two out of a fair number of cards sent in were correct, and have therefore won the prizes. Their names are: Harriet Barlow, 35, St. Luke's Road, Bayswater; and E. S. Dale, 93, Pinfold Street, Macclesfield.

Awards of Merit (Special Prize for Six), Stuart Morgan (Swansea), Gladys Finch (Glasgow), Mary Williams (Scarborough), Eric Whitman (Humpshead), Winnie Bristow (Cwes), Leslie Courtenay (Brighton), Cyril Booth (Lowestoft), Elsie Longworth (Rachibon).

Before announcing my next Competition I want to deal with a grumble which comes from Emily, of Kennington. She writes:—"Many children are more gifted with their brains than their hands. So do you think it quite fair to those who are not artists in painting and drawing to judge competitions, meant for writing only, by the drawings that accompany so many of them? I have already got three competitions correct, and because they were thrown out on your hands just plain, sensible cards, and not elaborate paintings, they were not considered." It is very wrong and unkind of Emily to make these assertions, because they are untrue, and if they were not so Emily is not in a position to know, and therefore should not speak.

Let Emily and all my readers be assured that every entry received (and sometimes there are many hundreds in one week) is carefully considered by me, and the best correct replies, both simple and elaborate, win a prize or award of merit.

Uncle Tim's "Picture Limericks."

There was a young lady named Taylor;
Who played the film part of a sailor;
The result was: a scream,
But the girl was a dream.

Complete the "Limerick" by writing your last line on a postcard. The last
**BITS FROM OUR LETTER-BAG**

**Mixing his Reels.**

In view of an extract in a recent issue of the *Pictures* re the projection of the reels of a film in the wrong order, it may interest some of your readers to know that I owe such a "spartacus" (four parts) projected in the following order: part one, part two, half of part four, part three, second half of part four.

It is true that a Monday night, however, which may explain the operator's carelessness (I suppose he was tired or had just been paid). It would be awfully unfair of many of your readers to have the same thing.

Moral Lessons in Finland.

I read in a recent number of *Pictures* and The *Picturegoer* the story about Shop Girls. Now I would like to say that I may say it is finer than the story led me to expect.

I only wish a few more Companies would have the courage to make a film of a subject, give the character, a chance and give it the treatment it would deserve. I have seen many films only without in any way adopting a "preaching" tone or sacrificing the interest of the story.

E. M. (Blackpool).

**Publicity for Picture-players—Please.**

Isn't the Contest ripping? But there is one thing I would like to mention about publicity and that is that half the British players are not known.

Personally I take great interest in everything British, and so look out for British films (through the papers) but if it were not for *Pictures* I should have known nothing about British Players. In America the agents and publicists talked about as much as, if not more than, the legitimate stage artists, but over here—no. I will express my disgust in words if I may offer some of the well-known British firms who are just starting up the fact that the public wants to hear more about their players.

**A "Picture" Hat Tragedy.**

Won't you please sympathise with me? Everyone every so far has laughed at me, but it all started in a rather unusual way.

Two sisters and I had been across to the mainland to do some shopping, and we had bought two lovely spring hats each (or rather mother had bought them for us), and we were coming home by an afternoon boat, but one of my sisters suggested stopping in town and going to Hatland. We found the big hat-box on the roof of the cabin on the steam-launch, thinking it would be quite safe, but alas! and alack a big gust of wind came, and now—we are hatless. Two hats tried to rescue a very lovely hat, but only managed to land the stupid box. And that's what we got (or rather what we didn't get) for staying to see the "picture show."
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

Week Ending May 1, 1915

MEALS FOR MOTHS.

A reader asks: "What shall I get for moths?"

We should not get anything; but if you are fond of moths, a very acceptable present would be a sealskin jacket.

A DANGEROUS READ.

GUARD (as train passes over bridge): "Keep your head in there, can't you?"

PASSENGER: "Why should I?"

GUARD: "So's you won't damage the ironwork of the bridge, of course!"

Keeping it Warm.

CAPTAIN OF LOCAL FIRE BRIGADE (to zealous fireman): "Here I say, old chap, don't put the fire out too quickly. The Mayor's coming along, and he'll be awfully disappointed if it's out before he gets here."

A TWO-FOOT COMEDY.

JANE PICTUREGOER: "Confirmed it, sir! You have stepped on my wife's foot. I demand satisfaction."

GENIAL DITTO: "Oh, certainly. My wife's coming along behind; get up and step on her foot."

Comedy and Tragedy.

"I am thinking of touring in South Africa next season," remarked the comedian. "Take my advice and don't." replied the villain. "An ostrich egg weighs from two to three pounds."

A Picture's Picture.

MISS FREDERICKS (indignantly): "Jane, whatever did you mean by wearing my low-necked dress at the pictures last night? Really, you ought to have ashamed of yourself!"

JANE (mockly): "I was, mam. You never heard such remarks as they made."

SOLD AGAIN.

"My wife sent ten shillings in answer to an advertisement as a sure method of getting rid of superfluous fat. And what did she get for the money?"

"A reply telling her to sell it to the soap man."

CAUSE FOR DOUBT.

The young lady pianist at the cinema had fallen in love with a new picture star.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "he's just grand! So square, so upright. So finely polished. Why, even in his nights there is such a sympathetic tone that sometimes I wonder if I am not reading the music of the gods."

"Mercy's sake, child!" interrupted mother, "are you talking about a young man or a piano?"

EDITORIAL MATTERS


SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

United Kingdom and Abroad — 8. 6.

One Year (post-free) — 6 6.

Six Months — 3 3.

Three Months — 1 2.

The Publishing Day is SATURDAY.

Would you like to make this charming young lady's acquaintance?
She is Pearl White, a Pathé Star. *(For further information see page 92.)*
Earle Metcalf has bought a racing hydroplane.

Vivian Rich has taken up target shooting as a pastime.

Owen Moore—husband of Mary Pickford—has joined Keystone, and will play opposite Jewel Norman.

A famous sculptor is engaged on a statuette of Courtenay Foote. It will comprise a bust of the popular actor garbed as a monk.

A tank to hold 80,000 gallons of water has been built by the Keystone Company. Some bath for some of 'em. Moscow Avenue, for instance.

Edith Story has bought a Bleriot monoplane. Already she sits, rides, drives, golfs, yachts, plays tennis, and motors. Some of us are never satisfied.

Another Double for Baggot.

With King Baggot in the dual title rôle, The Corsican Brothers, a four-reeler, is just completed at the 16th Street Studio. Can he play both brothers? His decomposed ones, O. C. and J. C. Baggot—thanks to the marvellous dual-exposure effects possible in photography. Jane Gail has played the leading female part in this film, which is said to be a most sensational one.

A Chance for a Star.

"If you can't get me a moving-picture actor, a Texas cowboy will do, as he readily love to ride the broad plains." This is part of a letter from a hard-working, red-haired, blue-eyed, twenty-seven-year-old, 140-pound weight girl of New Mexico, who badly needed a job. The request was addressed to Eleanor Woodruff, who has just joined the Vitagraph.

Better than the Play.

The Trumpet Call, the famous drama by George R. Sims and Robert Buchman, which has successfully toured the principal theatres of England, Ireland, and Scotland for years, has now been completed as a film by the Neptune Company. It is actually better than the play, as it affords many opportunities of pictorially describing scenes with greater effect than they were by word of mouth in the stage version.

Where are the English?

A BRIGHTON reader, fond of statistics, is looking up particulars of all the films he sees, and in the matter of nationality they work out as follows for the first three months of the year: 112 American, 14 English, 6 Italian, 5 French, 3 Danish. "Why the preponderance of American," he writes, "is only too obvious; and I think my experience is a fair average, as the visits were distributed equally among five houses in Brighton and Shoreham."

Snake's Last Sleep.

"Steve," the famous Thanbenser snake, is dead. In The Mystery of the Perpetual Glove, the fifth episode of the new serial Zadoff, the wizard of the studio use a powerful contrivance of mirrors which, by concentrating the sun's rays on an object, is capable of setting it on fire. On a recent Saturday Steve decided to take a sun bath while the sunning was good. He selected a spot on which the machine was concentrating. The warmth had a soothing effect, and Steve passed into a sound sleep. While he lay unconscious, the sun's rays had their long, shining body for a target, and when he came to himself a terrible burn so crippled him that he could barely crawl. Here the property man found him. It was decided to end Steve's theatrical career for ever.

Eoca Arden in America.

I wonder if there's a schoolboy who hasn't had all he could do to keep them back when he read "Eoca Arden"? Yet was a sweeter story ever told than in Lord Tennyson's poem? How simple and direct and wonderful it all was—enthralled, yet very beautiful. With me, writes H. E. Aitkin, President of the Mutual Film Corporation, when I saw the film at the Majestic Studios today, were half a dozen pictures hardbacked. I think, and the old New England fishing village seemed like the re-tuning of some dim recollection. For nearly an hour no one had spoken; then the wonder of all things came—

Not a Sumptuous Meal.

A FAREWELL dinner was given recently by James Kirkwood, a Famous Players' producer, by Mary Pickford and Al Kaufman, manager of the studio, at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. The guest of honour was introduced as a parasite from the Irish bog, and during the dinner the waiter made numerous mistakes. The cocktails proved to be worthless; fruit was served before it was cut, and no tools were supplied. The oysters were all closed, and in this instance in the whole shell. The dinner course consisted of corned beef and cabbage.

Chinese and Th. Cinemas.

It is said that the Chinese living in the interior, who are not in touch with Western people, are scarcely aware of the existence of cinemas. There are fifty theatres in all China and Macao, and all of these are in the Treaty Ports. In Hongkong and Kowloon, with a population of over half a million, there are only four theatres in actual use. The admission charges are said to be beyond the average Chinese. Quite recently an American company working in China had a curious experience with a movie actor, who, in one scene was strongly averse to being placed in a coffin. He was astonished to find himself alive after his incarceration, and, in fact, was so pleased with his restoration that life that he indignantly spoiled the film in its most tragic part. Feature subjects, such as Antony and Cleopatra, &c., are preferred by picture audiences in Hongkong. Dramas of the type described are said to be outside the knowledge and understanding of the average Chinese.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. THE TRAIL OF THE ZEPPELIN: House destroyed in Essex, where the casualties were—three horses and one hen.

2. THE RUSSIAN RED CROSS: The care of the wounded at the Front.

3, 4, and 5. LIVERPOOL DOCK LABOURERS who have now become soldiers of the King.

6. AUSTRALIANS IN ENGLAND: Sir George Reid visits their camp at Romsey; "Three Cheers for King and Country!"

PICTURES AND THE PICTURESGOER — PICTURES AND THE PICTURESGOER

THE DANCING GIRL
The Famous Players' Production from the Famous Emotional Drama by

HENRY ARTHUR JONES
Controlled by J. D. Walker's World Films, Ltd.

ADAPTED FROM THE FILM BY
PATRICK GLYNN

DAVID IVES glanced with displeasure at the rose in his daughter's hat. "Drusilla," he said, severely, "you know what the Apostle Paul said of the sin of vanity. Women should comport themselves with modesty and be not given to finery.

The rose matched Drusilla's face for colour and loveliness. Conscious of her charm, Drusilla knew how to enhance them by tasteful additions to her Quaker cloak and bonnet, which made elderly Quakeresses lift their eyebrows in pious surprise. But Drusilla stood in awe of her straight-lined father. It was the first time she had seen a flower in her bonnet.

"Vanity is a snare to women," he said, harshly, as he pulled the rose from her hat and threw it on the ground. "Let me see no more of thy deceits. Take a pattern by thy sister Faith."

David Ives walked towards the house. He was a good father, but, as his daughter often thought, he had not the heart, the rose-coloured vision, and the vitality of a young girl. With a sigh, Drusilla picked up the rose and replaced it in her bonnet. By this time her sister Faith and John Christison, a friend of the Ives family, had reached her. Both had seen the incident and suspected the meaning of the curtailing act. Faith looked more frail than her sister, but her nature was more steadfast, whilst John, although a young man, possessed all the narrow ideas and severe simplicities of the Quaker creed. He looked a little uncomfortable at this moment, for, whilst he agreed with the strict notions of her father, he was as much in love with Drusilla as any unsophisticated Quaker could be. The situation was further complicated by the fact that Faith loved John, and did not treat him with the capricious banquets that her more capricious sister made him suffer from.

The Isle of Endellion, upon which the small body of Quakers lived, was one of the most charming retreats belonging to the Duke of Guisebury, who, however, spent most of his time in London, where life was more feverish, if not as healthy as Endellion. The few of the island people who had ever seen the

HENRY ARTHUR JONES
The celebrated English Dramatist.

Duke looked with disfavour on reports of his fast life. Lady Bawtry, the Duke's aunt, who kept house for him, recruited her domestic staff from the Quakers of Endellion. The Duke often laughed at his aunt's penchant for Quaker girls; but, as they looked as pretty as any of the London variety and gave an air of novelty to his establishment, he was quite satisfied with the arrangement.

One of Drusilla's companions had arrived from Guisebury House to Endellion on a holiday, and the stories she brought of the gayety of London fired Drusilla's imagination. Her delight was unbounded when her friend told her that Lady Bawtry wished to engage another housemaid, and Drusilla immediately made application for the place, and was accepted. She had great difficulty in persuading her father to let her go, but at last succeeded.

"Shall we never see thee again?" asked John Christison, a pathetic little catch in his voice.

"Perhaps—perhaps not," replied the girl, lightly; "go away, friend John. I desire not to talk of love. She turned and faced the sea across the horizon, where she could conjure up the light of the greatest city in the world. She threw out her arms and cried joyously—"I am going to London."

Poor John turned away with a shudder, London, to him, was the city of sinners.

CHAPTER II
Almost the first thing Drusilla did after settling down to her new duties at Guisebury House was to go to a dancing-school with her companion from Endellion. These lessons had all the zest of forbidden fruit to the young Quakeresses; but youth will not be denied, and after several weeks Drusilla found herself making marked progress. Several times she had seen the Duke, but he struck her as a blase, bored man, who took little interest in things around him except for its clever display he had for the gardener's little daughter.

Drusilla and her companion were practising the latest step in the large hall when a curtain at the other end parted, and a pair of amused eyes watched the girls' antics. Drusilla's companion was the first to discover the presence of an audience, and with a stifled scream turned round in astonishment. Drusilla stood as if rooted to the floor. The Duke was walking towards her.

"A curious occupation for a Quakeress!" remarked the Duke, chuckling. Drusilla blushed, looked quickly at the Duke, and then hung her head.

"Would you like to be a dancing-girl?" continued the Duke, after a few moments' scrutiny of the girl's face and form.

"Yes, Your Grace," faltered Drusilla.

"Then you shall," said the Duke, decisively. "I could see by the way you moved about that you had the real dancer's art in your blood. You danced with your whole body as well as your feet. By the way, how did you learn?"

"Drusilla told him of the secret dancing-lessons. The Duke laughed heartily. "I wonder what my aunt, Lady Bawtry, would think of your straying from the fold. Never mind. I'll do what I can to forward your little ambitions." By the end of the week Drusilla had secured her connection with Guisebury House in the role of a housemaid. The Duke's influence secured her a small part in a musical comedy company noted for its clever dancing parts. This was the opportunity for Drusilla, who changed her name, and in six months—through the good offices of the Duke—became famous as "Diana Valkrose, the dancer."

She paid one visit to Endellion and found John still pining for her. She smiled at his love-making, and contrasted his simple eloquence with the polished compliments of the smart set.
the Duke cuttily. "I am not in the habit of being addressed in that fashion, by addle-pated Quakers."

"Who are you?" roared John.

The visitor repeated the opinion expressed of him by Drusilla's father, and did not want any repetition. "I am the Duke," he said, simply. Then he turned and walked towards the village.

CHAPTER III

The Duke and Drusilla returned to London almost simultaneously, and after their departure David Ives learned that his daughter and Diana Valrose, the dancer, were one and the same. The old man was dumfoundered, and decided to go to London and reclaim his daughter from her "perilous" position.

He arrived in time to witness the last reception that the Duke of Guisebury intended to give his friends. Strange as it may sound, the Duke was getting tired of his existence, and the knowledge that all his money was squandered and that the only property now left to him was the Isle of Endellion filled him with despair. In this pessimistic frame of mind he decided to commit the "happy" dispatch, and though his friends knew it not, this was to be the last as well as the best of his receptions.

The Duke had induced Drusilla to dance for his guests, and inflicted those present that Diana Valrose would obligate them with a performance of the most sensational dance of the day. David Ives pushed his way amongst the crowd that thronged the great reception-hall, and demanded to see his daughter.

He encountered her as she stood on the topmost stair of the great staircase after the dance. Drusilla caught sight of him at that moment, and her old terror of her father revived. David Ives stood at the bottom of the stairs and, careless of the strange circumstances of his presence, beckoned to her sternly.

"Take off the clothes of the woman of Babylon, and dress thyself as becomest a Christian maid," said her father, fondly.

Although Drusilla felt inclined to smile, she descended the stairs. Then a rebellion impulsa seized her, and she turned back again.

"I won't come," she replied. "I am the topmost rose on the topmost branch, and I love the sunshine."

For the first time in her life her father cursed her. It was no mere explosion of profanity, but a solemn curse couched in old Biblical language that froze the veins of the girl, who listened as though in a trance. Then, with a glance of contempt on his surroundings, David Ives stalked out of the house as Drusilla, with a piercing shriek, tottered, and, falling on her face, rolled heavily and incoherently to the bottom of the staircase.

The alarmed and mystified guests rendered first-aid, and the fainting girl was revived and taken to her own flat. For the time being, at any rate, her spirit was broken, and she sickened of her vulgar Bohemian associates who crowded her flat with their insalubrious compliments and expressions of sympathy. The Duke kept away for he was once more attacked by a fit of the blues, and it was said afterwards that an attempt to poison himself in his study was frustrated by the timely visit of the gardener's little daughter, who, with the freedom allowed her, had run in to show him some flowers she had gathered. The Duke accepted the intimation as an omen and tossed the poison away. Meanwhile he decided to leave London and reside in Endellion, the only property left out of his vast estate.

His reception was a warm one, especially when he encountered David Ives, who, with his stout Quaker independence of landlords and titles, told the broken-down Duke what he thought of him.

"Don't think you ought to be so hard on me as all that," replied the Duke, sadly. "I love her as well as you."

"T'ainst not proved it," retorted the Quaker, contumaciously.

A few days later it was rumoured in the island that Drusilla had returned, and that her father had refused her a welcome. Everywhere cold glances met hers, for her story was now known; but
Drusilla determined to live down their hostility, and engaged apartments for herself. There was one, she thought, who would welcome her, and that was John, her old lover, and meeting him on the cliff, she smiled coyly, and engaged him in conversation. But he replied to her remarks indifferently.

"John, why are you so cold?" she asked. "You loved me once."

"Yes, once," replied John, steadily; "but that is past."

"Oh, no," continued Drusilla, winningly; "true love lasts as long as life."

John smiled grimly, and when Drusilla placed her hands tenderly on his shoulders, he gently extricated himself from her attempted embrace.

"I know now what true love is, because I am married to thy sister Faith," he said quietly;

Drusilla drew back in amazement. At this moment Faith approached carrying a baby, which she held up for her husband and her sister's inspection.

Drusilla turned pale, and for several moments she looked wan and cold, controlling herself by a violent effort, she admired and praised the baby, and leaving the happy pair together, retired to an old retreat amongst the rocks where she had been wont to go in the old days. Here she buried her face in her hands and wept.

She hardly heard the sound of footsteps, and it was not until she felt a hand on her shoulder that she realised that the Duke was standing beside her. He looked almost as wretched as herself as she remarked:

"Are you finding life rather hard?"

"Most people do!" replied Drusilla, quietly; "I suppose I am only getting my share of the disappointments."

"Drusilla," continued the Duke, earnestly, "almost on this spot you asked me to make you the Duchess of Guisebury, and I told you it was the only thing I could not do. Afterwards at Touraine, you told me the sad offer of marriage, and you answered me in the way I answered you. Can't we get further than that?"

Drusilla looked at him. There was no doubt of his sincerity. There were alone with only the shrill cries of the seagulls and the low murmur of the sea to remind them still more of their isolated position.

"Drusilla," continued the Duke, "will you be my wife?" The girl drew nearer. "We are both wrecks on these rocks; let us rebuild our lives together." And he folded her in his arms.

The story of the film follows:—Drusilla Ives, Florence Reed; David Ives, Fuller Mellish; Faith Ives, Lorraine Huling; John Christian, William Russell; Duke of Guisebury, Eugene Ormande; Lady Haviury (the Duke's aunt), Minna Gale.

London theatres at which this film can be seen are:—May 7th, Empire, Hackney; Rialto, Clapham; Royal Cinema, Richmond; Pelican Theatre, Wigan; New Palace, Newcastle; Belle Vue, Sheffield; Balmoral, Plymouth; Gaumont, Charing Cross; Palace, Scarborough; Rialto, Palace, Stockton; Palace, Middlesbrough; Empire, Blackpool; Limelight, Leicester; Maple, Reading; Kings, Manchester; Palace, Burnley.

For provinces, write to J. D. Walker's World Films, 124, Dale Street, Liverpool; at the Clarion Films, 61, Cavendish Street, Manchester; the Cofa Film Service, Royal Street, Barnsley; for Leeds and district, and the Leeds Film Supply, Lord Street, Westgate Road, Newcastle upon Tyne; the Chester Film Supply, Cross House, Westgate Road, Newcastle upon Tyne.

**THE INDIAN MASSACRE OF A COMPLETE WAGON TRAIN.**

This is a film to see and wonder at. We will not say it is the best that Selig has ever given us, but it is one of them. Indeed, we have seldom, if ever, seen finer Indian battle-pictures than those presented with this story, the action of which moves among majestic mountains and rolling prairies. The scenes which contain so much excitement were filmed on the great ranch of "Pawnee Bill" in Oklahoma, where over seven hundred Pawnee Indians maintain their tepees, and where one of the biggest herd of buffalo now existing roam without restriction.

The action is laid in the days when the intrepid frontiersmen battled with the Indians for supremacy, and when the scalp of man, woman, or child of the white race was the token of an Indian's bravery. Thousands of frontiersmen made a precarious livelihood by hunting the buffalo. During the action of the picture herds of buffalo aid in a material way to create the picture.

The Story of the Film.

Tom Mingle, a pony express rider, whose adventures across prairies infested by buffalo have made him famous with settlers and Indians alike, arrives at the settlement where pretty Sally, a settler's daughter, lives with her lazy brother Luke. In the mail which Tom has brought is a letter from Luke's father, Colonel Madison, who is in the Californian goldfields. He writes that he has discovered a rich gold vein, that the mother is very ill, and Sally must reach her bedside with all possible speed. He also encloses a bag of gold-dust as proof of what is in store for them.

Lazy Luke, however, is afraid of Indians, and declines to take his sister to the gold-fields and their parents, but brave Tom declares that he will take Sally, and other settlers agree to join the party. Thus it was that several hundred men, mostly mounted, fifty wagons, and provisions for all including the women and children, begin one of the most eventful journeys the West has ever witnessed. At night the wagons are entwined in a circle, while sentries are appointed to prevent the approach of warlike Indians.

One night, while Tom is acting as sentinel, a silent arrow wings its way within an inch of him, and buries its head in the trunk of a tree. An Indian creeps up and springs upon him. They engage in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle until Tom, at last victorious, hauls his assistant over the precipice. He then rushes to the settlers camp and gives the alarm.

But the Indians are there in great force. They surround the circle of wagons, shooting their arrows until, one after another, the settlers are shot down. At last only Tom and Sally remain alive. The Indians dash into the camp, and proceed to scalp their victims, while Tom and Sally pretend to be dead. But Chief Swift Wind, who is in command of the party, notices that the two are alive, and has them taken to the camp and made prisoners.

The Indians determine to compel Tom to run the gauntlet, a frightful ordeal, which consists in compelling the prisoner to dash at full speed between two lines. (Continued on page 91.)
WHEN the Editor sent me down to Walton-on-Thames with instructions to interview Dorothy Rowan, I doubt whether he realised what he was letting her in for. I don't mean that I am a terror as an interviewer—far from it. But Miss Rowan is one of the very few young ladies who have secured, at first trial and without previous experience, a position on the stock company of a leading producing firm. As "Answers Man," in the dim and distant past, I discovered a countless host of young people longing to tread the same path, and fear therefore that Miss Rowan's post-bag will be inundated, and her life made miserable by many—ah, how many—requests to "tell me how you managed it."

Well, as the lady herself did not appear to realise this aspect of being interviewed, and as the Editor is without heart or conscience in such matters, I can only assure her of my sincere sympathy when her hour of epistolary trial arrives, and—(Get on with the interview!—Ed.)

"I believe, Miss Rowan," I commenced, "that you had no stage experience before making your début in film work?"

"Practically none," was the reply, "if I omit a few appearances in amateur theatricals."

"Then how did you come to take up cinema-acting as a profession?"

"I had always been interested in both the stage and the screen; and when I saw the announcement of a competition for would-be cinema-players, in connection with the Glasgow Cinematograph Exhibition, I decided—quite on the spur of the moment—to go in for it."

"And you were successful?"

"Well, I suppose you would call it that. I knew I had to act the test scene quite a number of times—first in the open competition, then in the semi-finals, and ultimately in the final. And I can tell you that the surprise of my friends was nothing to what I experienced myself when I heard my name announced as the winner of the gold medal!"

"What were your sensations during the competition?"

"Well—mixed. In the first round I regarded the whole thing as a huge joke; but when I was requested to attend for the semi-final I began to take it more seriously, and when I was selected to compete in the final—well, I meant then to do my very best.

"It was in the final, by the way, that I had a rather disconcerting experience which nearly cost me my chance of success. The test scenario required competitors to read a letter and to display the various emotions aroused by the contents. Well, I had made my entrance on the stage and gone through all the preliminary business, and I looked around towards the table, intending to 'catch sight' of the letter. You may imagine my dismay when I found that the master of ceremonies had forgotten to leave it for me!"

"I had worked myself up pretty well for the scene, and I knew that if I broke off and commenced fresh my performance would be utterly flat and unconvincing, so I just made up my mind to act in every respect as if the letter were there; I broke open an invisible envelope, read the invisible letter, and went through the whole business just as if everything were as it ought to be.

"When Miss Florence Turner presented me with the gold medal she was kind enough to express appreciation of my acting and to wish me well. A producer who was present was also rather favourably impressed, and offered me an engagement. When I arrived in London, however, some weeks later, I found that this gentleman had given up producing. Having gone so far, I decided to try elsewhere for an engagement before returning to Glasgow."

"Just as I had come to this decision, whom should I meet quite unexpectedly but Miss Turner. She recognised me at once, and, learning what I thought of doing, she very kindly gave me my first engagement then and there—and that's how I came to be here now."

"And you like the work?"

"Like it! I love it! It is full of interest to me, not only as regards acting in the film, but all the work connected with it, especially reading plots, which comes within my province as scenario editor."

"And do you think—?"

"Sorry, but you really must excuse me now. I'm wanted in the studio. Thanks so much for coming to see me."

THE BIGGEST HERD OF BUFFALOES IN THE WORLD.

*(See "In the Days of the Thundering Herd" opposite.*)
IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO

VIOLA ALLEN
Who has just been engaged by the Essanay Company.

A New Essanay Star.
VIOLA ALLEN, the famous actress—after years of success on the legitimate stage, playing leading classical, Shakespearean, and comedy roles, has decided to make her début in photoplays. She is engaged by Essanay at an enormous salary, and soon will start the production of The White Sister, the novel by F. Marion Crawford. The dramatisation of the novel will be filmed at the Chicago studios.

Viola Allen is declared by photoplay experts to be an excellent photogenic subject, and with her beauty and genius in acting there is no question but that she will make a phenomenal success in photoplay work. The White Sister will be one of Essanay’s great multiple reel special features, and bids fair to surpass any drama yet screened.

Miss Allen had a long and successful stage career. She made her début in Boston in Rise and Fall at the age of fifteen. She played leading roles with Joseph Jefferson, Lawrence Barrett, Tommaso Salvini, and William J. Florence. She starred in Hall Caine’s The Christian and The Eternal City. Later she took up Shakespearean plays, reviving the old English classics.

Did You Ever -
See such rippling, bubbling, rambunctious fun in any film, before Billie Ritchie started to pour it in with a large-sized ladle? Did you ever rise up and roar half so loud as you do when Billie Ritchie is wrecking hearts and breaking heads, and having the time of his life in one of those 1-Ko comedies that are choked to the lid with the breeziest, happiest, most joyous, and abandoned mirth? Originality fairly oozes out of every pore of “Bill.” Every joint is a chuckle. Every single inch of him, from his rickety “fit” right down his jellyed spine to his twinkling, twittering toes is one long happy laugh. The very latest production of the 1-Ko Company in which Billie appears is the two-reeler entitled, “After Her Millions.” It will keep you on the bubble from beginning to end, and the number of new tricks and stunts and antics will make you feel that Billie Ritchie has inaugurated a new era in picture comedies.

Mary’s Sister in Prize Play.
LOTIE PICKFORD, sister to the “Lovely Mary,” will play the lead in “The Diamond from the Sky,” the $4,000 prize novel now being picturised at the “Flying A” studios for the North American Film Corporation. Miss Pickford, the exact type wanted by the author, was selected after more than twenty-five of the best-known women of the screen had been under consideration for the part. Working opposite Miss Pickford, in a dashing young heroic rôle, will be Irving Cummings, who has created big parts in Reliance, Thanhouser and New York Films.

When the Pickford sisters were working together under D. W. Griffith at the Biograph studios, Lotte was considered the better actress. She is Mary’s senior by two years. Small, like her sister, she is as dark as Mary is fair. Her big, soft brown eyes are full of appeal. Her personality is peculiarly gentle and winning. Since severing her connection with the Imp, two years ago, Miss Pickford has appeared but once on the screen. On this occasion she created the leading rôle in The House of Bondage, a six-reel feature picture-play.

How Pearl White Started.
On a certain broiling hot day in July, 1894, a travel-soiled, perspiring, and weary traveller on horseback in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri hailed his stumbling nag in front of a lonely log cabin some fifteen or twenty miles from the nearest railroad station. It was the first habitation he had seen in six miles. The cabin door opened, and a tow-headed little girl dashed out to the traveller, and, looking up at him, invited him to “light for a while, stranger, an’ rest yo’self.”

The traveller complied, and thus was initiated into the mysteries of composure, "beguilely,” and chicory coffee. That night, in response to the questions of his kindly host, the traveller informed them that he was connected with a company of Uncle Tom’s Cabin players.

The eyes of the tow-headed child snapped. “Mister,” she piped, “I can act,” and then the astonished traveller heard her repeat a scene from Hamlet, word for word. It was crude, very crude, but it made a deep impression upon the theatrical man. He turned to the child’s parents, and at once offered the fabulous salary of five dollars a week and grub. The next day as the traveller ambled away behind him perched a little girl. Pearl White had embarked upon a theatrical career.
For a year she played "Little Eva" with the wandering company. Then she heard from her parents that they had moved to the metropolis of Greenridge (population 287), and wanted her with them. She left the stage for the circus, and put in six years in school. One day a circus came to the county seat, and the White family took it in. The smell of the sawdust and the pink fashions and glittering spangles aroused the old fever in her heart. She slipped away from her parents, and at the end of half an hour came back with the news that she had asked for and received "a job with the big men." That same night when the circus men left Pearl was with them to put in several years as a bareback rider. Then came an opportunity to go back on the stage. The inevitable picture-work followed. Pearl White, whose delightful portrait forms our frontispiece, is now a Pathé star, and the heroine of a coming big serial film, *The Perils of Paradise*, which we shall refer to again later.

Blind Through Film Acting.

The newest addition to the forces of the Vitagraph Company is Muriel Ostriche, who will be seen in a number of roles that are distinctly different from any work she has done previously. Miss Ostriche recently was stricken blind while at work on a film, and for a time it was feared that she would never recover her sight, but she is now prepared for active work. She has made quite a reputation for daring among her feats of bravery before the camera being a climb across a 200 ft. cliff, 350 ft. in the air on a narrow strip of board.

Dainty Player in Coming Films.

THOUSANDS of readers have probably already seen clever Marguerite Clark in the Famous Players productions of *The Crucible* and *Wildflower*. The success of this popular actress in both films was so great that it is good news to learn she has appeared with greater success, if possible, in *Green Green, The Goose Girl*, and *Miss and Men*, the latter being the film version of the celebrated play which took London by storm some years ago. All three of these Famous Players productions will be released in this country at an early date and are films to look out for. Miss Clark's latest portrait forms our cover picture in the present issue.

Wild Animal Life.

MOTION-PICTURES have furnished much in the way of interesting entertainment to the public in the course of the past few years, but seldom has the opportunity been afforded to witness a more remarkable collection than those taken last year of Paul J. Rainey's *African Hunt*, and now shown for the first time in this country at the Photographic Hall, London.

The pictures that Mr. Rainey has brought back with him on this occasion are the most remarkable wild-game photos that have ever come out of British East Africa. Some were taken while the animal was actually in the act of charging, at a time when a poorly-placed shot or an instant's delay would have meant death or maiming of the men behind the camera. Others were snapped when some huge jungle beast, brought to bay by Mr. Rainey's famous Mississippi bear-hounds, scarcely half a dozen yards away snarled and clowed his dying defiance of the weapons of civilization. A big lion only received his final coup when a scant sixty inches from the lens of the camera which later snapped his carcass.

In physique, Mr. Rainey is the ideal hunter, lithe and agile as the great cats he has conquered. He stands six feet and over in his stockings.

"Next to lion hunting," said Mr. Rainey, in speaking of the results of his expedition, "bagging the cheetah or hunting leopard was the best sport, for here our Mississippi hounds were given their full chance. In one morning the pack brought down three of these splendid creatures, and were prevented from tearing them so that their skins were perfect for the specimen case.

"We got quite a number of these leopards, and in every instance we let the dogs finish the job. They never failed, and the fighters of the pack would have torn the beasts to pieces had we let them. The leopard puts up a game fight for a time, and cuts and tears with tooth and nail, but our dogs went into them without hesitation, and never failed to come out victors."

OUR CINEMATOGRAPHIC CARTOONS. No. 35: WHY IS IT?
THE FAD OF THE HOUR!
The "Master Key" Bracelet

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To advertise the great Trans-Atlantic Film Serial, "THE MASTER KEY."

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In deference to hundreds of requests from the civilian public, who would otherwise not get an opportunity to procure one, we are offering them post-free to all Readers of "Pictures & The Picturegoer" who will send 6d. (stamps or coin) to

THE PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT,
TRANS-ATLANTIC FILM CO., Ltd.,

We are able to offer this surprising value solely because of the large orders we have placed with Birmingham manufacturing jewellers.

IN THE DAYS OF THE THUNDERING HERD
(Continued from page 90.)

of Indians armed with tomahawks, spears, and clubs. If he succeeds in passing through the lines of Indians, he is permitted to escape. But very few prisoners accomplish such a task as this.

Starlight, the chief's sister, becoming enamoured of Tom, notifies him of the fact, before he commences his task, that she has hidden horses where he can find them.

Tom attempts successfully his escape, and takes Sally with him. The Indians go in hot pursuit, but cannot find them. Tom and Sally are offered the hospitality of a camp of buffalo-hunters. But at night, while they are sleeping, an Indian creeps up, recognises them, and hurries off and informs his chief that he has discovered their two prisoners. However, Starlight comes and warns Tom and his party. The Indians approach at full speed, and before many minutes the hunters are in the midst of a terrible conflict. A great flight takes place, and many of the hunters are killed. Starlight overhears the medicine-man tell of an ambush of white men over the ridge, and, once in possession of this good piece of news, shesoonconveys it to Tom, who thereupon decides to let Sally go for help. On horseback she rides fast and furious. The daring girl is encountered by buffalo, and in her hurry to escape the beast she falls from her horse—a truly wonderful fall. She picks herself up, and climbs a tree to await their departure, and at last arrives at the other camp, and, bringing them along, the Indians are soon accounted for. The situation is saved, and Tom and Sally make their way to the land of promise, where her father receives her with open arms, and Tom is awarded the prize of her hand.

Tom Mix and Bessie Eyton are the heroes in this Solig three-reel masterpiece, which all readers should make a point of seeing on and after May 13th.

WHITSUN SUITS FREE! ASTOUNDING BUT GENUINE OFFER!
ALL READERS MUST TEST REMARKABLE CLOTHING BE ONE WHITSUN.
Just fancy, read art! Whether a blacksmith, carpenter, engineer, labourer, farmer or clerk, could possibly by solid grading work, wear a small housewife, a 3s. 6d. pair of trousers, or is 3s. 6d. Suit in six month! Remember, six months of solid grading, hard work! And while reader can do this, he can get another garment free of charge!

Now, there are only a few weeks to Whitsun, so before buying your new Suit get patterns of the remarkable new cloths that will not wear out or tear, that are sent Free trial this reader, who just sends a postcard to the Holeproof Clothing Co., 56, Theobald's Road, London, W.

They are amazing! Try your hardest, you cannot tear them, yet same in appearance as the very finest tweeds and serge sold at £3 & 4s. And the price for trousers is only 3s. 6d., and for simply 1s. 6d. you get a real well-made, smart-fitting Suit. In every parcel a written guarantee is sent, simply stating that if the smallest hole appears within 3 months (no matter how hard you wear go-as) another garment is sent absolutely free of charge. See advertisement below and send postcard before rush for free patterns, measure form, and fashions, but mention "Picture."

HOLEPROOF TROUSERS 46

GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS.
WEAR PAIR OUT AND WE GIVE ANOTHER FREE.

A most remarkable absolutely Holeproof Cloth, exactly same as finest tweeds or serge, suitable for best or rough wear.

BREECHES, 6 - SUITS, 14/9
As a trial we send pair Gent's Trousers for 3½, Breeches, 6½., or complete up-to-date Suit for £1 4d. made from our remarkable newly-discovered Holeproof Cloth. Guarantee in parcel if hole appears in 6 months another pair free, Send price and 6d. postage, with waist and length, also colour, or postcard for free patterns (say Breeches, Suit, or Trouser Patterns), to the

HOLEPROOF CLOTHING COMPANY,
(Department 32), 56, Theobald's Road, London, W.

A fine study of Stewart Rome in his strong dramatic part in the emotional Hepworth drama, The Corner of Jobloney, now being shown. Mr. Rome is one of our foremost English picture actors, and in parts like this one he would be hard to beat indeed.
THE CHEAPEST HOLIDAY

Now, when the sun gets hotter every day, the tired worker longs for the cool and shade of the quiet countryside, or the fresh, salt breezes of the sea. But there's still a long wait till holiday-time, a lot of hard work has to be done meanwhile, and this year most of us haven't more money than we know what to do with. But, courage, my friends, you can always have a calm, quiet holiday for sixpence and visit the happy, mythical land of SNAKEVILLE.

There's such joy in the "Snakeville" Comedies that life has a happier aspect after seeing them.

Put on your hat and look for the nearest cinema showing a "SNAKEVILLE COMEDY. If the one in your district doesn't show them, send us a post-card, and we will try to fix it for you.

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ESSANAY FILM MANUFACTURING CO.,
148, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.
The Creator of ‘Colonel Heeza Liar’

THOUSANDS OF DRAWINGS REQUIRED FOR A SINGLE REEL.

MENTION the name of “Colonel Heeza Liar” to almost any one and you'll see his or her face light up with a smile spread all over it. Who doesn’t know the funny little Colonel? Who hasn’t laughed at his antics as he hunted wild beasts in Central Africa, outwitted cannibals on the River of Doubt, cultivated his farm with the aid of some strange assistants, and hunted ghosts in Castle Clare?

J. R. Bray is the originator and creator of these drawings, and he was the first to put motion into the drawing itself. Mr. Bray started his experiments over seven years ago. To-day he is the head of an organisation devoted to making his pictures, has a corps of artists working under his supervision, and has patents on his process which cover the use of transparent material or material made transparent by any agency whatever in the making of animated drawings.

Few persons would have the patience to do Mr. Bray’s work. It takes between four and five thousand drawings to make 1,000 feet or one reel of film. In addition to the colossal toll of the art-work, it takes a week to photograph the drawings one at a time. Great speed, united with unvarying accuracy, is essential. Every stroke of the pen must count.

Mr. Bray works so fast that he is able to keep four trained artists “inking in” the outline drawings which he makes. The necessity for accuracy is evident, for the drawings are magnified on the screen to at least twenty-five times.

In *The Police Dog*, a coming comedy by Mr. Bray, Officer Piffle is taking the Pup, securely fastened by a leash, on his rounds, when the dog spies a suspicious character in the shape of a cat. The cat goes like a streak—and so does the dog, dragging with him the poor “cop.” Through a sewer-pipe into a muddy pool, over the rocks, the strange procession dashes. The cat gets up a tree, and the Pup, in chasing round it, puts too

great a strain on the leash, and the policeman flies off at a tangent. A little later, seeing a beggar seated on the pavement with a card saying: “I am blind,” the dog sees his opportunity. Holding up the beggar’s hat in his teeth, he “legs” the passers-by for alms. The “fake” blind beggar sees the resulting harvest with joy. But vengeance is near. Officer Piffle approaches and confiscates the ill-gotten gains.

Mr. Bray was born in Detroit, Mich., and has lived in New York since 1901. He was for seven years a newspaper artist, being also a steady contributor to the humorous American weeklies, such as Life, Puck, and Judge. He took his ideas to Pathé Frères over three years ago. They at once saw the value of his work, and from that day to this he has dealt only with Pathé. Millions of persons have laughed at the cartoons by Mr. Bray, who has truly originated a new school of art.

RED

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

&

BLUE

For Breakfast
& after Dinner.
A JAPANESE FUNERAL. — A remarkable film which pictures the Japanese funeral, as it is presided over by a Japanese gentleman. The procession, with its white flowers and silken streamers, its robes of mourning, its music, its sounds of wailing, all adds to the picturesqueness of the occasion. The film is one of the finest ever made.

AN ORIENTAL ROMANCE. — Everyone knows that King Baggot is a past master in the art of make-up, and in this subject he takes the part of a wealthy Chinese merchant, and plays it to the life. The pictures are full of colour, the story is fascinating, and there are heart-squealing situations. The settings of the play are beautiful in the extreme.

A QUEEN'S DOUBLE; or, From Cabaret to Palace. — Another of those romantic dramas for which Pawpati is so famous. It deals with the love affairs of a Queen and the impersonation of the Queen by a dancer who resembles her, and introduces a thrilling rescue by means of an airship. The acting, acting, and quality of the film are beyond reproach.

CHARLIE'S NEW JOB. — "Every foot contains a laugh." Have you heard it before, haven't you? But really it exactly describes this comedy, in which Charley Chaplin makes his début in the Essanay programme. He is the same old Charley in this screamingly funny attraction that he always has been, which means, of course, that you will all wish to see him.

THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE WEST. — One of those rare-devil Western subjects portrayed by only Jack Richardson and Kerrigan can create genuine excitement. If a fight between cattle-thieves, cowboys, and ranch-girls, daring leaps from high rocks, a struggle on the crest of a mountain, and thrilling horsemanship appeal to you, see this picture. And Pauline Bush is in the cast!

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN ALVAREZ. — Because so many readers have written to say how much they enjoyed seeing this splendid picture we refer to it again to invite others to make its acquaintance. It is one of the best of the Vitagraph Broadway Star productions so far produced, and Edith Storey and Robert W. Wainwright, the leads, are towers of strength. Did you read our story of the film in the January 9th issue?

THE PENALTY OF FAME. — After receiving a charming letter from his old sweetheart, Gigetta, now married to a jealous old Colonel, a famous cinema star decides to visit her and his native town at the same time. He lives to regret his decision, however, for once there he is received by the old friends and admirers, who make such a noise in his honour that, although he means to be sweetheart, he gets kicked out by the old Colonel because he has time to explain who he is.

THE MISSION OF MR. Too. — Six months were spent in collecting the settings alone for this real Chinese play, and many more months in inducing real Chinamen to appear in it. Carlton King as Mr. Too gives a wonderful interpretation of Chinese character and cunning. In his underground abode he conspires for the overthrow of the Chinese Republic. He loves a young white girl, and hires her to his home, presenting her with a priceless jewel which, in the end, gives him his death-sentence. The Chinese effects are beautiful and weird in the extreme.

THE SMALLEST WORM. — A poor creature had to bring in breakfast to his stepmother each morning before going to the office. At the furley of the serving bell he would always come promptly, even though he might cause a bit on the way. And at the office, when he was ordered to bring in the ledgers of the manager, the other boys piled them high out of his reach in the park, when he met a beautiful girl and was winning her favour, the boys from the office rudely tore him away. At last, in desperation, he enlisted. And then... the worm turned with a vengeance. But in the end, Mr. Too and his four staples is the worm, and Ruby Belasco is the terrible stepmother.

WHAT A BOUNDER! — Hetty Milly in the park, and loved her. They went to a picture-show, and what did he see on the screen? Nothing less than his adopted made love to a man — and a horrible man... she was garbed in the most part of Grecian drapery. The sight was too much for Bounder. He dashed at the picture, and met — flesh and blood. The film-actor dashed at him, hurled poor Bounder into the midst of the audience, which in turn hurled him back at the screen. Bang through it he went, and through the theatre wall as well, landing head first in a barrel which stood in the yard below. The audience followed pell-mell, and Milly, spotting Bounder's legs, slid down a convenient ladder and dragged the miserable wretch, minus most of his clothing, into an upright position once more.

PATRÉS ANIMATED GAZETTE gives real WAR NEWS. DO NOT MISS IT.
LAST TWO WEEKS OF OUR GREATEST
BRITISH FILM PLAYERS CONTEST

(To be followed by a Foreign Players Contest)

30 Votes on every Coupon—Free
BACK NUMBER COUPONS ARE STILL GOOD

£10 FIRST PRIZE £10

Second Prize—value £9
Graphophone £7 10s., Records 30s.

Third Prize—value £7
Graphophone £5 10s., Records 30s.

Fourth Prize—value £5
Graphophone £4 4s., Records 16s.

Fifth Prize—value £4
Graphophone £3 3s., Records 17s.

100 Handsome Consolation Prizes

The machines and records are manufactured by the
World Famous "Columbia" Company.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALLOTS NEARS THE END

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the greatest British film players in this or any other country, write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES. The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10 in cash. All the other prizes will go to the senders of the Coupons next in order of merit.

THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST

will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners' names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

2. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope at end of contest.

3. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

4. No correction of address can be entered into contest. Each coupon received, whether in the lists or not.

5. A voter may fill up any number of Coupons from one envelope, but may not send in any quantity of his own or any man's. Each Coupon is one envelope, and at any time.

6. The Editor's decision on the prize winners and on all matters connected with this contest will be final and irrefutable, and Coupons are accepted only on this understanding.

"The Pictures" GREAT BRITISH FILM PLAYERS CONTEST.

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

FEMALE PLAYER

MARIO LEMM

MARGARET LOCKE

JENNY LEE

AIMEE SEMPLE

JUNE MILLER

BETTY HETFIELD

MILLIE REID

MADGE HANDS

AUGUSTA VICKERY

SUSAN KEAN

FEMALE PLAYER

MARIO LEMM

MARGARET LOCKE

JENNY LEE

AIMEE SEMPLE

JUNE MILLER

BETTY HETFIELD

MILLIE REID

MADGE HANDS

AUGUSTA VICKERY

SUSAN KEAN

MALE PLAYER

HANDLEY SMITH

WILLIAM MACDONALD

THOMAS TEMPLE

ALFRED MAPLE

THOMAS HAWKES

HANDLEY SMITH

WILLIAM MACDONALD

THOMAS TEMPLE

ALFRED MAPLE

THOMAS HAWKES

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

FEMALE PLAYER

MARIO LEMM

MARGARET LOCKE

JENNY LEE

AIMEE SEMPLE

JUNE MILLER

BETTY HETFIELD

MILLIE REID

MADGE HANDS

AUGUSTA VICKERY

SUSAN KEAN

MARIO LEMM

MARGARET LOCKE

JENNY LEE

AIMEE SEMPLE

JUNE MILLER

BETTY HETFIELD

MILLIE REID

MADGE HANDS

AUGUSTA VICKERY

SUSAN KEAN

MALE PLAYER

HANDLEY SMITH

WILLIAM MACDONALD

THOMAS TEMPLE

ALFRED MAPLE

THOMAS HAWKES

HANDLEY SMITH

WILLIAM MACDONALD

THOMAS TEMPLE

ALFRED MAPLE

THOMAS HAWKES

Signed

Address

Fill us and post to "Contest Editor." Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

Ethel Bracewell, of Stage and Screen Fame: BRITISH FILM PLAYERS:
Neptune Films (Con):
Bunty Payne
Laura Baly
Douglas Cox
John East
Phoenix Films (Gus Evans):
"Ruggles" (Joe Evans)
Geoffrey Ross, Maxwell
James Reed
Samuelson Films: Anne Gayne
Fred Paul
Bernard Vaughan
Donald Young
Turner Films:
Dorothy Hovnan
Bessie Pembroke
Arnaud Reymour
Regent Films:
Winfrey Pitch
Elsie Allen
Rowland Moore
E. Scott Armstrong
Frank R. Graweit
J. C. Gago
Ralph Rand
Various companies
Charles Christian
Ernest Halley
Harry Bricel
Belle Hithe
Daisy Close
Nellie Waltham
Alec Warrester
Harold Hailey
Rose Ralph
Lester Tree
James Russell
Hire de Winton
Pierre Moreau
Ethel Bracewell
Harry Boyston
Harry Briers
Daisy Tree
Vera Carlyle
Gladys Gallup
Eric Desmond
Jack Nuttall
Wilfred Dunbar
Martin Veiinion
Nancy Vestington
George Foley
Irene Vessman
Jack Collins
Jackie Collins
Harry Grenville
Winnie Grey
"Mike Murphy"
Brian Christies, no matter where they are playing, are good for this Contest.
GOSSIP: SCREEN AND EDITORIAL

A PICTURE WITHIN A PICTURE. The cinema scene in What a Bander. (See "Guide.")

PRODUCING IN WAR-TIME.

To build a coastguard-station as a "prop" on East Coast cliffs for a film drama in war-time would seem to be asking for trouble. Yet this is what Frank Staber did for The Silent Secret Cove, a said-to-be fine recruiting film. From a chat with him I gather that, although he obtained permission from the military authorities, he had anything but a smooth time of it. From one occasion at least, through stealing out to a lonely spot to gaze at a wreck by moonlight, he came within an inch of a laymen-point. Although, as I have said, Mr. Staber had a proper permit by the time he had finished two of the three reels the police gave him and his company and cameras and props two hours to get out of the town. And he "got." Now he is arranging to complete the drama nearer London, and says it is to be a real thriller. It deserves to be.

The "Bracelet" that Binds.

Not many young ladies can resist the alluring charm of the bracelet, and thousands of readers I am sure will take advantage of the offer which the Trans-Atlantic Film Company have made on another page. And there is a pretty sentiment about this bracelet which once it is locked can be opened only with the master key. (The Master Key is the title of the great new Trans-Atlantic serial.) The lady has the bracelet and her best boy has the key. He must get to lock it before he leaves for the Front, and when he returns covered with honour and glory the key will come with him. It will fit your bracelet, and he will arrange for the wedding. Send your eightpence to the Company at 37-39, Oxford Street, W., before the bracelets are all sent out, I have one on my wrist now. It is wonderful value, but how I'm to get it off again heaven only knows, for the "Answers Man" has stolen the key!

PUBLICITY "CHASED BY "PIRATE."

A Lady has just arrived from Mr. George Stevenson, the Trans-Atlantic's publicity chief, who, by the hye, conceived the bracelet idea as well as the happy notion of offering it to my readers. He is well and sunburnt, having adjourned for a month in sunny Spain, and thrilled me with particulars of how his luck on the return journey was chased by the inevitable German pirate, but was fortunate enough to show him a clean pair of heels. Mr. Stevenson says The Master Key is building up the biggest publicity campaign in which means that all will have an opportunity of enjoying this remarkable film drama.

HUMOUR IN "HAMELT."

I congratulate Crickets and Marlin for thinking of the funny notion of burlesquing the plays of Shakespeare and turning even his tragedies into comedies for the amusement of picturegoers.

And, without disrespect to our greatest dramatist; the fact being that farcical situations are found in Hamlet, for example, only because it is murdered by the Mudford Amateur Dramatic Society. Davenport gave me a private view of the first of the "Shakespeare Minced" Series, and for once in awhile I laughed. Fancy seeing the village doctor as the part of King Claud, with one of his assistants as Mrs. Jones, a local patient, and changing his crown and robes for every-day clothes on the stage. Fancy seeing the Ghost, in an effort to sink through the floor, but falling, stumping towards cameras, and让您 made trapdoor. Fancy seeing the lack of the palace-wall collapse and expose the fair Ophelia in a dressing-room before she has got into her gown, or getting the actors for a second scene on stage being pelting eggs with an enraged "gallery," or trying to stab himself with tin daggers, or—at why go on? "The Film's the thing" to see.

VICTORIA CINEMA COLLEGE,
47, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, W.C.

We discover talent for acting for the films, from it in our well-equipped studio, under usual working conditions, and with an export producer, and ensure proficient students for our productions.

EXCELLENT RESULTS ARE NOW BEING OBTAINED, MANY STUDENTS APPEARING IN FILMS, SHOWING THAT THERE IS ENGLISH TALENT FOR PICTURE ACTING.

THE PICTURES, in issue of April 16th, 1915, again being visited for the first time by the Proprietors of the School, and met the Proprietors of the School, I feel reasonably satisfied that its pupils will get value for their money.

STUDIO COURSES TO SUIT ALL, ALSO CORRESPONDENCE COURSES. WRITE FOR FREE GUIDE.

My dear "Pictures" Readers—I saw an awful accident yesterday. A girl slipped on her — and a doctor came up and said, "Dear, dear, she's broken a—" "Auntie," said the child; she fell, and said "Oh, no!" They took her away on —. The doctor said, "That's a bad one!" Next day they called the doctor a — and a —, also a —, and said he was —. The doctor went red with anger and said "You're a —!" A policeman came up and said "You're a —!" — At the police-court next morning they got — day and a half of them — 1

Part of the above was deleted by the Press Censor.

Are you getting "Pictures" Regularly? If not, a standing order with any local newsagent will ensure every morning's delivery. Let us know if you experience any difficulty.
TURNER FILMS

"PICTURES MADE FOR YOU."

We told you last week of the efforts we make to please you.

NOW WE WANT TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE HELP YOU HAVE GIVEN US.

In the past many of our pictures have resulted directly from helpful suggestions made by our friends the picture public.

We appreciate these suggestions, and would like them to be continued.

Will you write us about any topic connected with pictures that may interest you? It may be a criticism of a film already issued, or perhaps a suggestion for a new subject. Whatever it is, be assured we shall welcome your letter.

Address it to J. A. C., The Turner Films, Ltd., Hurst Grove, Walton-on-Thames.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

Poor "Shep," the famous collie dog of theThanhouser Company, is no more, but you can see him in The Barrier of Flames, a film to be released this week, and with him that popular child-actress Helen Badgley, who is known around the studio and throughout the picture-world as the "Thanhouser Kidlet." In this fine two-part drama clever Helen and intelligent "Shep" share honours, as indeed they have often done before in previous pictures. As it is a film which I am sure you will all enjoy, let me tell you in as few words as possible the story.

Helen was the only child of the Mayor of a little country town. One day the family went out for a motor drive. The engine of the car broke down, and whilst it was being repaired Helen wandered idly away from the others until she had lost herself. The child's predilection became known to a number of politicians who happened to be looking for some means to force the Mayor to comply with certain of their wishes, and they thought they saw in the lost girl the very means which they were looking for. In short, they stole the child, and intended to keep her in a secret hiding-place until her father the Mayor became reasonable. Then one of the politicians acquainted the Mayor with what they had done.

Helen's playmate was Shep, a collie dog, who when his little mistress did not return home became restless and trotted out to try and find her. And, what is more, the faithful creature actually traced her to the house in which she had been made a prisoner. Helen had been put to bed by the housekeeper, who, taking advantage of the absence of the rest of the household, slipped out to discuss the latest news with a neighbour.

It never entered her mind after leaving the house that a light was burning in Helen's room close to an open window, for although the housekeeper was a very careless woman I am sure she would not wish to make possible a tragedy. Whilst Helen slept the wind blew the curtain to the flame, and in a few moments the room was on fire. But fortunately for Helen her dear doggie was at hand. Shep raced for help, and as soon as the fireman's ladder was put to the side of the blazing house the sagacious animal climbed up and led the way to the burning room where his little playmate sat sobbing...
with helpless fright. A kindly freeman carried Ellen out to a safer place, and her parents were hurriedly brought. The little girl was soon in their arms again, whilst Ship, the hero of the day, received all the honours he deserved.

I was greatly amused the other night when visiting a picturehouse to hear the remarks of a little girl who got in front of me. "Why can't we hear what they're saying, mamma?" she asked, after several scenes of drama had been flashed on the screen. "Because they're only photographs, darling," came the answer. Evidently it was her daughter's first visit, but the question serves to remind us once again what a truly marvellous invention the living photograph is. This particular film was of splendid quality, and was being shown on a perfect screen, with the result that the little girl actually thought the moving figures were real flesh and blood.

You rather disappointed me in the "Easter" Competition. The entries were plentiful enough, but the quality of the Essays was not particularly brilliant. I am hoping that "Américus" will prove so much more to your tastes that I shall be hurled in "last lines." The "How I Spent Easter" prizes go to: May Searby, 61 Thomas Street, Dunmore; Mrs. Searl, 15 Limes, B. Hopton Road, Streatham (14).

Awards of Merit (Special prize for six). A. P. L. P., (Stanfield Hill); H. S. Davy (Clapham Junction); Hilda Wattle (Selby); Edgar Garner (Tottenham); Mrs. Smith, 30 High Road, Bradfield (Bradford); Lilian Burgess (Swanscombe); C. M. Jennings (Bromley); Norman Telford (Bradford).

Award Prize—H. Broadhead. Now for another limerick. I gave you one last week, but can't resist giving you another, even if you do accuse me of being a "post," which I am not.

UNCLE TIM'S PICTURE LIMERICK.
To the pictures a youth took his pa,
For there was a thing he wanted to see,
When on a con he was flashed,
Talked of the things he had done.

I want your best line to the above verse on a postcard. The last word must rhyme with "pa" or "star." Give your age, and post to "Last Line," 18, Adam Street, Strand, W.C., by Monday, May 10th. Two prizes and usual merit awards for clever and amusing (and, if funny, it matters not) will come from UNCLE TIM.

NOW READY.
Five Hundred and Fifty Six Pages. Handsomely bound in blue, cloth, decorated in silver, including a Four-page INDEX.
Price 3s. 9d. post-free.
The Index can be had separately, 1d. each.
Address all orders to "THE PICTURES," Ltd., 18, ADAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.
I am absolutely in agreement with Mr. H. A. Spoor, of Essanay's, when he says in "Pictures" of the 24th April—"there are both British and American Cutters"—the firms whose films are not good enough to win on "Quality." But why does he, of all men, take up the cudgels for nasty, and therefore cheap, American films?

Read accurately, friend Spoor, and you will never find in anything that I have written a single word derogatory to Essanay.

Then you don't quote me correctly either! I said "cut-rate" not "cut-throat." There's a lot of difference between those two phrases when you come to think of it—especially if it's your own throat!

Anyhow, if anything I said could possibly be construed into pointing at your Company, I'll apologise here and now. It's my personal opinion—and I've had many years to form it in, haven't I?—that there is no "straighter" firm in the world than Essanay's.
Accurate!

Epworth Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

Come now, don't you ever feel a bit sore that your good films are squeezed off the programme to make room for cheap rubbish because you won't cut prices? Can't for the matter of that if your quality is not to suffer.

You won't give dishonest discounts to buyers: you won't give illicit commissions to viewers, but you know some "big" American Companies who will—and do, and so do I. And you know that, for that one reason, neither you nor I sell quite as many films as we should if merit were the only test.

Of course you are quite right: Hepworth Policy is the same as Essanay's. Just make the best films always and let them as won't pay a fair price, go without—and bust!

[Signature]
A FREE TOILET OUTFIT.

For a limited period THE OATINE CO. will send, absolutely free, to any reader of "Pictures" sending name and address and 3d. in stamps (1d. stamps preferred), to cover cost of postage and packing, a Dainty Simple Outfit containing a trial size of five delightful OATINE preparations, including Oatine Cream, Snow, Face Powder, a 2d. Shampoo Powder, also a 3d. tablet of Soap.

Our readers will welcome this generous offer—especially as the Oatine preparations are splendid.

Address applications to THE OATINE CO., 200, Oatine Buildings, Borough, London, S.E.
FAT ON THE FILM: FRANK A. LYON AND JESSIE STEVENS

Though "Heavy" Players they are both exceedingly popular in light Edison comedies.
OUR CINEMA PIANIST:
No. 4. Preparing for a Six-Reeler.

A NOOTHER important studio for London! It will be opened by Jesse L. Lasky—after the war.

So all you pretty readers who want to be leading actresses be prepared. But London Offices of the Company ask us to beg you not to fight when the time comes.

Myrtle Stedman’s smile is bigger than ever, for she has won the popularity contest at Augusta, Georgia. Lucky Myrtle!

A film has arrived called The Devil. It has a wonderful cast, including Bessie Barriscale, an American actress. We hope to presently advise you to go to The Devil and have a good time.

Anna Little has a dress fad which is—furs. She is the happy possessor of wonderful fur coats, collars, and mufffs, some presents from Canadian admirers.

We have heard of a prison being used as a cinema. Now a studio is to be used as a prison. The Union Film Company are vacating their studio at Alexandra Palace in favour of German prisoners.

“Is it worth risking one’s life to carry into the war zone one of the greatest inventions of all time—the motion picture camera—and therewith depict the diabolism of war,” writes an American camera man at the front.

“Record attendances have greeted the ‘screaming’ of the ‘Ideal’ exclusive Fairy Woman,” says our good friend the Gramo. We have come across talking pictures but films which scream,—well! What say you “Idealater”?

It is stated that Bessie Eytom and Kathryn Williams spend about £200 a year each on their wardrobes. We are just going out to buy a new collar.

PLAYWRIGHT HONOURS PLAYER.

MARY RIDER gave a dinner recently in honour of Miriam Nesbitt, the Edison star, and a number of persons of note were invited to meet her. The dinner was given as a testimonial to Miss Nesbitt’s work in two virile criminal scripts which Miss Rider wrote especially for her.

Only One Right Way.

A NUMBER of people write to Edna Devon asking her how she pronounces her name. Her real name is Maisonneuve, and she pronounces her stage cognomen as follows: “Pronunciation? Don’t you know? It’s really most amusing. I think you’re really taking me; pray say, is that the reason? There’s only one way of different wrongful ways on the pronunciation of my name—it’s simply Edna Devon!”

What Next, We Wonder?

An American picture-house manager has organised what he terms “Rooster Nights,” giving away to the lucky patron a live rooster. He says it is the biggest stunt he can procure each time. He also gets out a little pamphlet which he calls Rooster Cookler, in which he reviews the funny jokes he happens to hear, together with short, snappy film-notes, and advertise, of course, his next “Rooster Night.”

LEAPING SALMO FILMED.

EIGHT hours in the saddle, a fifteen-mile ride over the mountain trails, and a delightful night-camp in the hills, is what Henry Otto, of the American Company, did when trying to leap over the base of the Gibraltor Dam on the Santa Inez River. This dam precludes the fish getting to their usual spawning-places, and it is predicted that next year construct a fish-ladder. Meanwhile Otto’s fish-films are ‘ot stuff.

Seven Stage-Players in One Film.

I N addition to Miss Tittell-Brune (whose portrait appears on our cover) as the heroine, the cast of Iron Jawed by Sidney Morgan, includes Miss Sydney Fairbrother, who is making a hit in Quinney’s at the Haymarket; Julian Royce, now appearing at the Lyric; Alfred Drayton, with James Welch, at the Coliseum; Cecil Fletcher, in Betty at Daly’s; Harding Steerman, at the Lyric; and Miss Marguerite Delova until lately at the New.

As Others See Us.

ELsie JANIS, the popular variety theatre star who, during his last visit to the States, played for the film, was asked for her impressions when she saw herself on the screen.

“I can best illustrate my emotions,” she replied, “by a little story. One afternoon I paused in a shop beside two women, one of whom seemed to recognise me. ‘Look,’ she urged her friend surreptitiously in the side, ‘to the left of you—that’s Elsie Janis.’ The friend wheeled about to look at me, turned, and she adjusted her spectacles. ‘Why, for lan’s sake, ain’t she plump!’ And that’s just the way I felt as I saw a few reels of Elsie Janis.”

WHERE THE CINEMA COMES IN.

The French War Office is arranging an expedition of cinematographers to centre throughout the whole of the French lines, that neutral countries and others may learn something of the work of the French Army.

“I hope the example will be followed in other countries,” said a leading recruiting official recently. “A picture palace audience is very largely composed of young men in multi of eligible military age. There can be no denying the fact that the realities of the war are not adequately realised by people in this country. Official accounts of battles do not grip the imagination of the masses; and that is where the cinema comes in.”

Buck Up, British Films.

“THE picture-play patron will be the other side more likely for four and five reel plays, including dramas, comedies, and historical subjects,” said Mr. Zimmerman (of Apex Films), just returned from the States, to the Film Company. American manufacturers are meeting this demand and supplying subjects, the acting, quality, and beauty of which cannot be surpassed. Money is spent lavishly on these productions, and thoroughness in detail is made a strong point.” Now please, Mr. British Producer, get busy, and at least one foot (and leg) into the American film-market.

PITY THE POOR RULIN’.

DEAR Sir Editor—On our Empire this week their is a picture and Stanley says that it is Charlie Chaplin what is on but i say no because I say that Charlie Chaplin can make you laugh more than he, if you can tell me hoo is write will we an good bet and settle a bet what we have got on. I saw you wen you were at this town horato bottomly and i no you will anser this question betty. I do not say i will stick to my own opinion because i dont not think you no everything.”—From “John Bull.”

FAMOUS PLAYERS THIRD ANNIVERSARY.

APRIL 12th marked the third anniversary of the Famous Players Film Company. Founded by Adolph Zukor, Thomas H. Ince, and Edwin S. Porter in April, 1912, this concern has steadily grown to a position of importance in the industry.

The number of Famous Players releases has gradually increased to thirty-six a year. They have further introduced to the motion-picture picture public not less than thirty-five prominent stars, many of whom, such as Margarette Clark, Doris Duke, Fred Stone, and John Hamby, have through this medium also become international film favourites.

Under the management of the Famous Players, Mary Pickford has attained the greatest distinction of her career.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

2. Our Gallant Indians: Cured of their wounds, they are off again to the Front.
5. Heroes of Neuve Chapelle: In gentle hands at the Queen's Canadian Military Hospital, near Shorncliffe.
7. The Nautical Battalion: Preparing the Alexandra Palace for the reception of German prisoners.
“Well, well,” Charlie soliloquised, as he hurriedly left the apart-
ment and hurried over to his headquarters after an interview with
the owner, who had just promised him the “Order of the Boot” un-
certain obligations were met forthwith. “Things are pretty rough,
Evan,” he said, as he stepped out and found himself sud-
nered by the first rays of the sun, rapidly moving with a readiness I
shall find unpleasant...”

He paused to strike a match on the bowler hat of a hurrying
postman.

“What’s work?”—a her! Good! there we will botanise.”

He strolled blithly down the crowded street, meeting the angry exostations of three foot-pads who had been dis-
moved off with scorn or affability, ac-
cording to the sex and age of the
assaulted. He never lost an oppor-
tunity. His eyes sharpened by sus-
sitivitiy were fixed on two men to left in search of the rare herb he sought. Then sud-

Kean interested all else from his
brave eyes. “Tis the goods,” he mur-
mered. “If only—hah! Why if? It has to be...” Slowly he inau-
minated his way through the crowd, who peered
open-mouthed into the windows. Then a smile twitched the corners of his
mouth as he caught sight of his own reflection in one of the window-
silts, and why not? he said aloud, regardless of the growing
sensation his appearance caused. “There
is money in it—money, another elusive
herb. Money and fame. These people”—
he took the crowd into his confidance
as he waved his hand gracefully towards the portraits—“get hundreds of dollars. With a face and form like mine, thou-
sands should be within reach.

He made his way through the
street he made for the entrance, and,
having acknowledged a cheer which fol-
lowed him, strolled past the uniformed
custodian and at last found himself in the out-
line offices of the “Lodestar Motion-
Picture Company.”

“Not this side,” a clerk exclaimed,
rising wrathfully. Charlie waved the
obnoxious insinuation away with becom-
ing dignity. “I’ve been seconded
on your shop-window,” he said,
haughtily, “I gather that you require
people of appearance and talent?”

“We do, but—

“We do not have buts, young man. Go,
inform your superior that that for which
he seeks is here. I thank you.”

Ignoring the clerk’s apologies, he took
a vacant chair and glanced idly round.
Then romance warmed the coals of
his heart, and his unfortunate ladylove
was forgotten as his eyes fell upon the
dainty girl who occupied the chair next
to him. Their eyes met, lingered, drifted apart, came together again.
Charlie gulped hard, and the fair un-
known smiled. It was the glad eye
with a vengeance.

His hat shot several inches into the
air, then settled down upon his luxur-
ious curls. “Fancy meeting you!” he
murmured. “Why, upon my word and
forth, it must be—!”

“Next please!”

The cold official tones cut ruthlessly
into what gave every promise of being
an affair after his own heart, and, with-
out giving him a chance to elaborate the
lie he had almost invented, the little
beauty glass and passed through a door
marked “Private.” But, even as it
closed upon her, she looked back, and
Charlie noticed that she was struggling
to suppress a smile.

“Alas!” he grieved, “she has gone,
and we may never meet again. Still, in
the few short moments which have been
at my disposal I have undoubtedly
printed a lesson on her hasty mind
which only death will efface.
I know it. I saw it in her eyes, read it in
her chocking sobs when yonder hired
myrmidon called her hence. Alas! she
waved that—her eyes must be worth quite a lot. Hunlum, whom have we here?”

An alien presence made itself felt, and,
turning to the seat his inamorata had
left vacated, he discovered a little man,
who had entered the office unobserved,
and at the same moment the stranger
became aware of Charlie. His eyes—
strange eyes, that worked on a swivel
and maimingly reminded his hero of “Ruddy-tongued Rube, the
Great Opera Detective,” his favourite charac-
ter in contemporary fiction—looked
Charlie over carelessly, then their owner
waved and, turning away with studied
negligence, rested his feet over the arm
of his chair. For a second or two
Charlie stood it, then, taking the tinder
of the unknown between his finger and
thumb, he carefully removed the offend-
ing limb.

The act was equivalent to a declara-
tion of war. “How—how dare you, sir,”
he of the swivel eyes gasped, “do you
know I—I am Mr. Ben Turpin.”

His eyes whirled ferociously, and
Charlie instinctively looked to see that
his retreat was not cut off before grasp-
ing him firmly by the face.

“Indeed, sir, I am not tightening my
grasp on the other’s features,” and let me
tell you—let me—!”

“Next, please!”

Again the official voice cleft the
air, and, releasing Mr. Turpin, Charlie strode
toward the private office, but his
antagonist was there before him.

“Excuse me—I’m next.”

Charlie saw red. With an agile move-
ment worthy of a Pavlova or Genee
he pirouetted, and seizing the leg of
the man who would have surpised his place, flung
him backward. A moment later and
Charlie stood before the great man who
for the time at least, was the arbiter
of his destiny.

“My dear sir,” he began hastily, in his
most honeyed tones, “I understand that
you require men of talent and—eyes—a
certain percentage of physical attrac-
tion. I am here. Ah! say nothing,” he
continued, as the manager made a
frantic sign, “as to emolument.” He
scratched his head gravely. “Well,
of course I don’t expect the salary of a
Bushman to commence with, but—

He became aware that the manager
was holding a receptacle toward him.
and, delighting at the courtesy of his
reception, Charlie knocked the ash
from his cigarette into it, and continued—

“As I was remarking before you so
kindly offered me the ash-tray, I don’t
think—well, I mean...—yes, I shall be content with a few
paltry hundred dollars. What?”

The manager had become purple in
the face. Again he was making signs
which meant disapproval, as he
endeavoured to remove the fragments
of cigarette with the manager’s fountain-
pen, “and fancy me thinking it was an
ash-tray—deary me!” As I was saying,
my dear sir, although now I am aware
that you could not hear without the aid
of your personal telephone installation,
I am here to offer myself and my
services. I am prepared to remain on
your staff—should we say—I am flattered.

“Indeed, sir, I am not tightening my
grasp on the other’s features,” and let me
tell you—let me—!”

“Next, please!”

Again the official voice cleft the
air, and, releasing Mr. Turpin, Charlie strode
toward the private office, but his
antagonist was there before him.

“Well, what about it?” he added
aloud.

“About it—about it”—the manager
stammered. “See here—we’re short of
staff just now, and—I guess you can
start off right away as an assistant-
carpenter.”

Charlie left the few bars of the
musical comedy he was humming in-
complete. “I beg your pardon—
You heard. You get busy right
away as an assistant-carpenter.”

Charlie reeled, and in that dread
moment his castles in the air crashed
I repeat, Mr. lion certain -le-respect."

"Sanguinary Properti— thirst on PI FFT ht-to When Charlie. tin babel [hen, hurry intended,"

"I beg your pardon—"

CHARLIE OFFERS HIS SERVICES.

"Pardon be—be——"

Charlie looked round at the blushing maidens. "Thut, tut—oh, fie!" he said in mild reproof; "and gentleman how—how—"

"Who are you?" his interrogator thundered, filling in the time with a few steps of his war-dance.

"I'm—I'm—" Charlie's hat rose gracefully as he caught the eye of the Queen—"I am—yes—"

The bucolic one exploded. "Go—get your part," he howled.

Charlie got. Passing over the still raging forms of Mr. Turpin he re-entered the office. The desk was littered with manuscripts, and among them one exceptionally imposing-looking roll. Without a moment's hesitination Charlie made his choice and returned to where the bucolic one was waiting.

"Proulously, that worthy roared when Charlie handed him the fruits of his successful raid on the managerial desk—hust!"

Again Charlie "got."

In the property room he met and quickly formed an armed truce with a threatening-looking son of toil who, waking from a formal reverie, Charlie's appearance had plunged him in, lads him get hold of a plank. Charlie obeyed, and a few moments later, owing to a certain amount of natural sin in the said one, the experience of the say one and himself began to show signs of leakage. However, with the aid of a heavy mallet he soon readjusted matters, and they once more arrived at an understanding. Abandoning manual labour for a time, he ambled carelessly into the studio once more, where he found himself an interested spectator of what promised at any moment to develop into a sumptuous battle. Anticipation cheered Charlie up, and he allowed his way into the front rank of the audience.

"You're incompetent! You're a wasp—false!" the bucolic one with the tin trumpet was shouting at a heavily mustached individual, who seemed to receive his homely remarks with a certain amount of bored interest.

"Do you hear me—you're incompetent! By jinks!" the trumpet was floridly contemptuous. "Don't you dare to answer me back or—"

"When you want something worth answering," the mustached individual spluttered, waking up to the fact that he really had some show in the argument, "I may deign to waste my time—"

"You—you?" the producer spluttered.

"You—you?" Montachin answered curtly.

The producer gathered himself together for a fresh frontal attack. "You call yourself an actor?" he screamed; "you think you look like a soldierly hero! Oh! my aunt—get out of it—you—you—I!" Words failed him. For a moment apoplexy seemed on the point of interposing. Then he saw Charlie, and his urbanity returned. "Thank Heaven, in this studio we have no lack of talent. His unoccupied hand rested lightly on Charlie's curly head. "This song and dance will play the part as it should be played," Charlie blushed in spite of himself.

"You, ladde, the producer continued before he could speak, "you have played heroes?"

It was a thrilling moment. Charlie hesitated; then he caught the Queen's eye and saw that she was smiling at him with a smile which could not be described. "Hundreds," he answered frankly, "hundreds."

"Then go and dress for the Prince."

Again the tin trumpet was waving in the air. The exquisite hands of the highest gentleman with the new limp smashed. "You—you go find that cashew. Your name is Mud, and your telegraphic address is 'Outer darkness,'"

Turning his back on the rejected one,
he addressed the Queen. "I may be short-sighted, my dear, but mark my words, that new lad will surprise us all. What a face! What carriage and address!"

Alone in the "star" dressing-room, Charlie got to work. As he had sanninged out of the studio—he knew too much to show any signs of undue haste—the producer's words had fallen on his ears, and he knew that at last he stood a chance of recognition—knew also that it was up to him to "make good"; not that he had the slightest doubt as to his ability to bring the whole industry to his feet. He was to play the "hero," and he had a natural inclination toward the heroic—even the literature he indulged in showed that—and even if for a brief second he hovered on the brink of the bottomless pit labelled "Failure," he knew that one "heart to heart" glance flashed from the Queen to himself would bring him through the ordeal with flying colors.

Quickly he completed his simple toilet—shako, tunics, breeches, sabre—

but in the midst of it Charlie, having to the best of his belief achieved all his antagonist's spare cash—saw the curtains behind him flung, and, with a sudden return to art mixed with a vague memory of Handel and the Cleoet scene, he drew his sword and leaped heartily at the portals. The result was immediate. A piercing cry rang out, followed by a violent convulsion of the curtains; then, as one hammer sprang aside, they were torn apart, and the producer dashed wildly through the opening. Foaming at the mouth, he removed his hands from the hindmost district of his trousers for just as long as it took him to grasp the unfortunate carpenter by the slack of his clothing and hurl him out into the street; then, comforted in heart if not in body, he returned and saw the "Prince."

"There you are, my boy," he cried, heartily, though the warmth of his greeting was somewhat marred by the events leading up to the eviction he had just superintended. "There you are. We're waiting for you."

"Now, the Producer cried, 'You be the Prince, and You love the Queen.'"

then, after one swift, final glance at himself in the mirror, he saluted forth.

"Double sizes!"

The mystic words were upon his ears, and, forgetful of his new-found dignity, he turned to see from whence the interruption proceeded, and presently discovered his erstwhile comrade, the alcoholdrinking carpenter, deeply engaged in a game of dice against himself.

Charlie hesitated, rattled the few coins he possessed, made a determined move to where he knew the beauteous Queen was waiting him, looked back again—and fell.

"Four—two!" murmured the thirsty soul in a tone of concentrated bitterness.

Greed of gold triumphed over high art, and, dragging a pair of dice from his pocket, Charlie sank upon his knees, "Four live!" he exclaimed ecstatically, as he raked in the money the carpenter had staked against himself.

The game became fast and furious, but when the salute came, he staggered back.

"What is it?" the producer yelled, without pausing in his dance.

"My head—it's bent!" Charlie answered, rushing the frightened words then, with some difficulty, he managed to return the twisted sabre to its scabbard.

"Never mind, go—go on. Let it go."

Charlie gave one glance that fact that her train remained beneath her lover, proceeded regally onward clad in an airy costume that was reminiscent of the neger advertisements in ladies' fashion papers. Then, on the producer's stool, his back rose to crescendo, and his stage directions were mumbled with weird and only half-articulate threats.

But Charlie saw triumphs through it all, numbed by the bitter agony of the parting. Tears rolled down his cheeks, and he mechanically mopped them up with the Imperial train, which had been left in his possession; then, with a last mournful look in the direction of the now stark-mad producer, he gathered up the dear relic his love had left behind him, and, pulling himself together, passed through the curtained doors.

"You!" A harsh and furious voice broke in upon his grief, and rough hands seized him. "What do you do with your uniform?"

Charlie gave one glance to the flushed, angry face of the man who towered over him, then he let out, The newcomer dodged nimbly, and the producer, who came rushing out to find his new "hero," caught it on the rebound. After a last scornful look in the direction of the now stark-mad producer, he gathered up the dear relic his love had left behind her, and, pulling himself together, passed through the curtained doors.

"Now, the producer cried, 'You be the Prince, and You love the Queen.'"
ON AND OFF THE SCREEN

ONE

Face was his Fortune.

After an illness of only three weeks' duration, John Bunny, the world's best-known picture comedian, has passed from his millions of admirers forever. And the world is the poorer for his absence. As all the world knows, poor John succumbed to diabetes in New York on Thursday, April 4th, and not many weeks before his death, as we stated in a recent issue, he was having the time of his life at St. Louis, where the elect and bon ton of the city vied with each other in their efforts to entertain him.

John Bunny was born in New York City September 21st, 1885 and died at the early age of fifty-two. He was John, the ninth. His father, George Bunny, and several generations of his ancestors, came from Penzance, England. John, the ninth, was the first actor in the family and the first in the nine generations that had not been a deep-water sailor. His mother's people are Irish.

John, the ninth, was educated in the public schools and the St. James High School in Brooklyn. His first professional work was when he was about twenty years old, as end man in an obscure minstrel company. His stage career, covering nearly thirty years, included engagements with Maple Adams, Annie Russell, Sol Smith Russell, and many other equally important stars.

He joined the Vitagraph Company about Christmas, 1910. His face was his fortune. In three years his salary increased from $20 per week to $200.

He was married January 23rd, 1890, to Clara Seallen, a non-professional. He leaves two sons, John (the tenth) and George Henry.

Mr. Bunny played in about 150 pictures, and was probably the best-known man in the world. His pictures are as popular in the Orient as in New York City.

John was a very modest man, but he was plausibly gratified by the attention he caused when he visited London in the summer of 1912. He was even recognised by people as he passed along the Strand in a taxi cab.

One Sunday he went down Petticoat Lane. Five minutes after he made his appearance he was surrounded by a great crowd, every member of which wanted to shake hands with him. When he had short distance, every one in the crowd was about to stand and play a comedy he was cheered all the way down, and whenever he stopped to play a scene a crowd, sometimes numbering thousands, made a ring round to watch him.

His mail was perhaps the most remarkable any man ever received. Letters of admiration came to him from every part of the world, and were often accompanied by gifts.

Thanks to the wonderful invention of moving photographs John Bunny will continue on the screen to make us laugh for years to come, though his pictures will never fail to remind the youngest to the oldest of us that their creator was alas! no more in the land of the living. Dear old John Bunny! R.I.P.

The Late John Bunny.

Film-Daring Frigthsnt Passengers.

PASSENGERS on a Southern Pacific train bound for San Francisco the other day were thrilled by a mad race between two motor-cars on a long roadway bordering the track. The first car was a low, rakish roadster and the power, helped it across to safety. Then, but not till then, the engineer discovered a little group of men gathered around a motion-picture camera, the operator of which was unconcernedly grinding the crank.

And then as the Pullmans-pounded past, each window was filled with the "Flying V" daredevil company, making "The Diamond from the Sky," gave a lusty cheer to tell the tourists all was well.

Irvine Cummings was the driver of the freight who risked his life.

This is the film in which, as we told you last week, Lottie Pickford plays a leading part.

Facts Worth £30,000.

CHARLES CHAPLIN, the Essex comedian, is declared to have the most valuable feet of any one in the world. He has just insured each foot for £15,000, or £30,000 for both. That is, he is reimbursed by the insurance company £15,000 for the loss of either one and £30,000 if he loses both. What he will get for the loss of a big or little toe we know not.

"My feet are my fortune," said Chaplin. "What kind of a photo-play comedian do you think I would be without my feet? In fact, I think £30,000 is a very small amount for the loss of both feet. It would cost me out of my salary for the next twenty years to get the feet back." As Chaplin is the highest-priced comedian in the world, the insurance company would not go far towards his salary. Chaplin critics declare that Chaplin's feet are one of the most valuable assets he has. Without the Chaplin walk, the Chaplin kick, and other antics he pulls off with his pedal extremities, they say it would not be a Chaplin comedy.

It is these little tricks with his feet, as well as the comical facial expressions, that keep spectators in roars of laughter. These great chum-looking feet, that move with such deftness and quickness, spell nothing but fun.

Without the make-up the Chaplin feet are much smaller than the average. He has them massaged and cared for after every performance to keep them supple and in excellent condition, so that he can pull off his tricks.

They are wonderfully strong, and have the grace that comes with strength, which shows to advantage when clad in pumps. Mr. Chaplin is one of the finest of fancy dancers, and can put on dances that are the envy of many a ballet-girl. The dancing and all other steps combined he has originated many a fancy trot.

"Stolen Goods."

REALISM for motion-pictures is being secured at the expense of German prisoners in Paris, according to reports that have reached the
Making a Night of it.

HOW these players do enjoy themselves! This other night a big American exhibitor visiting Los Angeles gave a banquet to the Keystone players, and after it the players gave an impromptu show of their own. Fatty Arbuckle sang several selections, Ford Sterling recited a German dialect story, Syd Chaplin gave a Cockney dialect recitation, while Mabel Normand demonstrated the latest society dances.

Appropriate favors were at each guest’s place: Mabel Normand being given a miniature divinity Venus; Ford Sterling a stuffed doll; Roscoe Arbuckle a doll representing a fat boy; Chester Conklin a saw and saw-back; Harry McCoy a “snookums.” His nickname among the players: Miuta Durfee, a kewpie doll; Mark Swain a miniature ambrose, and Syd Chaplin a k’nit.

Famous Artiste Helps Belgians.

A CHAT WITH ELISABETH RISDON.

I had heard that Elisabeth Risdon was making picture-public collections for Belgian Relief, and thought I would learn the truth about the matter together with any interesting facts in connection therewith from her own lips.

In a cozy apartment the windows of which commanded a fine view of Hyde Park in all its Springtime loveliness, Miss Risdon informed me with that winsome smile of hers that the news was quite correct.

“Good,” I said, “now please tell me, for the benefit of a hundred thousand readers, how, where and when it happened.”

The money goes to the Daily Telegraph Belgian Fund, said Miss Risdon to the accompaniment of more smiles.

“Then again and again collecting at some of the London picture-houses immediately after the showing of Florence Nightingale.” — “Ah, that reminds me,” interrupted, “your part in that picture will ever stand out as concrete evidence of your wonderful versatility. The beautiful story of Miss Nightingale’s life and devotion and heroism makes an ideal introduction to the work you have so thoughtfully and earnestly undertaken.”

“Yes, and I am glad to say my little efforts have already borne more fruit than I anticipated. I soon had three boxes filled at public hall I have visited.”

“Who could resist your appeal?” I ventured, “after seeing your marvellous screen impersonation of The Lady with the Lamp?” “Tell me how you actually make the collection, Miss Risdon.”

“Well, when the picture is finished,” she replied, “a slide announces that I am present in the flesh to collect for the Fund. Then I sweep round in the darkness and flash a little torch on my box and myself. I cannot reach all in this way, however, so as the audience file out, I make a final collection at the door. And, would you believe it, the people come out with the money ready in their hands. I have noticed, too, that the poorer people often give more than the better-class patrons. Silver falls into my box from people whom I am sure could not really afford coppers.”

“Miss Nightingale’s life as they see it on the screen is playing on their heartstrings and opens their pockets,” I suggested.

“Yes, the drawing power of the film is wonderful. At Chelsea an old pensioner solated me with tears in his eyes, and cried, ‘God bless you for the sake of our Lady.’ Nurses, by the way, are specially interested in the picture, and some of them have doubted that I played all the parts. Did you really? I am after you for the money.”

“Had any letters on the subject?” was my next question.

“Drawers full!” answered Miss Risdon. “Do you know I spent the whole of last Sunday answering letters—and let me whisper a secret. Heaps and heaps of letters come to me from readers of Pictures.” All who have written about the Florence Nightingale film seem to take the same view, and appreciate the fact that this glorious woman has not been made the cheap average sentimental film heroine, but portrayed as the iron-willed woman she was.”

Miss Risdon left the room and returned with a huge box of letters, in part proof of what she had been telling me. I peeped into a few of them, but we were only in a half-hour’s chat. I could not peep far.

“Isn’t it astonishing,” remarked the actress, “such a number of people, including boys and girls, should write to me. How do you get on with the money?” Some of them think they have only to walk into a studio to draw £10 a week?”

“Do you disillusion them?”

“I do as far as possible. Sometimes I ask for their preference, but invariably I tell them not to look to film work as a money-making proposition. One in a thousand succeeds, and it is more than likely that my correspondents do not include that one.”

“You have been with B. and C. for some time now,” I remarked.

“Just over a year; and during that time I have played lead in several pictures and a half big films—three-reelers—besides dozens of little ones. And all were produced by Maurice Elvey.”

“Quite a record in footage and success for you and Mr. Elvey also. Can you give me the names of some of those ‘big’ films? They may help my readers when voting in our contest.”

“Don’t know if I can think of all of them off my head. It requires thought, I fear.”

“Gladly.”

“Him,” I interrupted, “that reminds me. I am due there now.”

“Little Joyce Templeton,” continued Miss Risdon, “is so charming as the time goes on, and reminds me of a wreath of the liner, and to see this child, bound to a raft, fearlessly braving the open sea, will thrill every one.”

“And who supports you in your new rôle of the patriotic lassie?”

“Fred, Groves,” replied Miss Risdon, “as the young fisherman, whom I eventually marry, and Mr. Bramble, that dour old sea-dog, his father, while Compton Cotterill is portrayed the feelings of the rejected suitor for my hand. One thing that happened while we were away I must tell you, for it is exceptionally funny. Mr. Groves had ordered some prawns from the fishmonger, Miss Risdon and I tackled we were using. The fisherman’s little son, however, did not care at all for the camera, and when he came to deliver the prawns at our house, insisted that they were not for Mr. Groves, but for what he called ‘The Daft People’.”

Laughing heartily, and thanking Miss Risdon for passing my time so pleasantly, I seized my hat and was about doing the traffic in Piccadilly.
It hardly seems credible that the above characters are taken by the same charming actress whose portrait appears on the opposite page. Yet such is the case. They are photos of Miss Risdon in the title-role of Florence Nightingale, the beautiful B and C film produced by Maurice Elvey, and show her as England's noblest heroine at the ages of 17, 22, 32, 34, 36, and 37,
WANTED—A TITLE!

Adapted from the Film, for a title to which a price of £5 is offered.
See end of Story.

SIGNOR ELENE TIERIO RODOLFI
who plays Rudolphi

MLLE. MORANO LUIGLIA
who plays Gigetta.

On a glorious June morning, when the birds in the grounds of the château seemed to sing more sweetly than usual and the flowers seemed brighter than was their wont, Rudolphi and his wife sat alone and contented at breakfast, their window open to admit the fresh air and the scent of the flowers.

"Gigetta, dear, I like these rolls better than anything; they're delicious," exclaimed Rudolphi, breaking the silence.

Gigetta looked up from her coffee.

"But, Rudy dear, you like me better than bread, don't you?"

For answer, Rudolphi stood up and kissed his wife on both cheeks, then, finishing his morning repast, he went for his fishing-tackle.

For many years now, had these two lived together in their own little world undisturbed by shadows often cast by undesirable friends, for they had no friends—at least, none in their neighbourhood. Left to themselves, they had always lived just entirely in their own way, and one of the things it pleased them to do was to pass their days in what they considered were ideal costumes.

Rudolphi generally dressed pyjamas were good enough for him, whilst his wife usually wore a loose and unbecoming sort of dressing-gown.

A Light Breeze Blowing.

On this particular morning, Rudolphi wandered down to the edge of the river, which ran through his grounds, to fish. He had been sitting lazily on the rocky bank for some time when his day-dreams were disturbed by footsteps. Gigetta approached.

"A letter for you, darling," she cried, "but I don't know the writing. I wonder who it's from?"

Rudolphi looked uneasy. "Oh! I don't suppose it's anything important," he said. As he took the letter and opened the envelope, a look of great relief came over his face.

"It's from my old pal, Guillaume. He wants to come and see us, and bring his wife with him."

"Oh! how ripping," exclaimed Gigetta. "Let's write and ask them to come at once. I wonder what she's like."

The Breeze Increases.

Mr. and Mrs. Guillaume had arrived. The after-dinner-hour on the first day of their visit found Gigetta singing Mr. Guillaume to sleep, while Rudolphi and Mrs. Guillaume pretended to play cards

had just begun the rocking entertainment when Gigetta came suddenly upon the delighted couple.

"So you take advantage of my temporary absence by flirting with another man's wife!" she exclaimed, angrily.

Rudolphi looked and felt uncomfortably, "I was only giving Mrs. Guillaume a rock in the chair," he stammered.

"Sit down and I'll rock you as well, dear."

This invitation proved too much for Gigetta, and she flung herself into the other rocking-chair. Poor Rudolphi little knew what he had let himself in for, but his perseverance calmed Gigetta's ruffled feelings for the time being.

A Storm Brewing.

The following morning Mrs. Guillaume and Rudolphi were strolling through the garden. A wonderful change had taken place in Rudolphi. He was now dressed in a smart swallow-tailed coat and immaculately-pressed trousers. "You're the sweetest woman I have ever met," he was saying dotingly. "No one will see us here. May I have just one kiss . . . ?"

"Help, help! I've sprained my ankle," came in pitiful tones from the other end of the path. The voice was Gigetta's. "My poor little wife, how did you come to do it?" said Rudolphi as they helped her into the drawing-room, and Mrs. Guillaume ran off to obtain some bandages.

"Ha, ha, ha! I have not sprained my ankle at all," shouted Gigetta as soon as she had departed, "but I'm just angry with you and jealous. Yes! Jealous! And if you can't behave decently to me and stop flirting with that dressed-up woman I leave this house within twenty-four hours."

Rudolphi's knees began to shake, but he pulled himself together. "My dear jealous little goose, let me explain."

(Continued on page 116.)
ENGLISHMEN are noted all over the world for their integrity and fair play—indeed, in some parts abroad the phrase "Word of an Englishman" is the local equivalent of "upon my honour."

Therefore, when Mr. Cecil M. Hepworth, who represents all that is best in the British film business, says that there is no "straighter" firm in the world than "Essanay" I feel a natural sense of pride.

I agree that those firms, whether American or British, which sell "cheap and nasty" films at cut rates are a great deterrent to this great business.

We know that Hepworth's, like ourselves, try to live up to the highest standards of the film trade.

This is the only policy which will ensure a lasting, solid success—there's no honour or credit in any other kind.
(Continued from page 114.)

That woman fascinates me simply because she knows how to dress and dresses herself as a beautiful woman should dress. I like her clothes. The sight of her has made me tired of a rag doll than which you have been nothing better for months past.

"You said you liked my simple dress," faltered Gigetta, "and I came extraordinary.*"

"That's easy. I swear it," replied her husband, as he proceeded to take his reward.

**Ti Sun Shines.**

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Guillaume departed in peace. Their hosts stood on the doorstep and waved them adieu.

"Thank goodness," exclaimed Gigetta, as the taxi rolled out of sight.

"Rudolph looked at his pretty wife. "I'm glad they've gone," he said, "but I'm very glad they came. We are going to wear sensible clothes in future, Gigetta." And for once she agreed.

* * *

This light and bright one-reeler is an Ambrosio Comedy, handled by H. A. Browne and Co., Ltd., of 294, Charing-cross-road, W. They are offering a prize of £5 to the picturegoer who sends them the most appropriate title for the film. Two guineas will also be awarded to the manager of the theatre at which the winner saw the film. The principal players are:— "Gigetta," Signorina Morano Luigi; Mrs. Guillaume, Mlle. Madelaine Celfat; Rudolph, Signor Eleuterio Rodolphi. The picture will be showing on and after May 24th.

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VOL. VII. Aug., 1914, to March, 1915.

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*There's Pure Delight in Every Bite.*

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"PROPS"

IN PICTURES

Saving Everything from a Pin to a Piano for Picture Production.

WHAT is the most important element in the manufacture of motion-pictures?" was a question recently put to H. M. Horkheimer, President of the Balboa Company, whose studios are at Long Beach, California.

"Props!" came the answer, promptly. "We know we cannot take photographs without good cameras, skilled operators, and perfect negative. We know we must have competent directors and experienced actors. We know we must have scenery and a stage. We can decide exactly how many or how much of these we need, but we never have enough props.

"There are two buildings packed to their roofs with props; and we think we shall never have to buy any more, the collection is so complete; but the very next photo-play that comes out of the Scenario department may call for a dozen little things we have forgotten. And it is the little things that furnish the finish and often the most artistic touches to a photo-play."

"We do not rent props, as many motion-picture makers do. We buy everything outright, and our investment runs into a lot of money. We have furniture of every period—some new and some showing signs of long usage. Both are indispensable, as are also the many contrivances for home adornment that have gone out of vogue, such as what-nots, the old-fashioned combination hat, coat, and umbrella rack, floral wreaths in fox frames, mother of pearl and the various knick-knacks that were near to the hearts of our mothers and grandmothers. We have cottage organs, melodeons, pianofortes, accordions, concertinas, zithers, and many musical instruments that will remind you of the dear, dim past. We have those quaint chairs, armchairs, and beds of from fifty to one hundred years ago. The old stuff is as necessary as the new. We have traveled to the further ends of this Continent to make our collection of antiques complete, and we are still searching for the missing links.

"With the furniture we have we could equip a great modern hotel, while our objects of art are so numerous that they require a number of stockkeepers to keep track of them. The assortment comprises genuine mahogany and marble statuary, reproductions of famous sculptors, and thousands of pieces of Chinese, crockery, earthenware, cut glass, hand-hammered brass, hard-wrought iron and hand-made copper vessels, vases, vases, jars, drinking jugs, and practically everything that man has devised for use and embellishment since the world began. There are thirty different work-baskets filled with needles, scissors, thimbles, and sewing materials. There are lamps in two hundred designs, from the kerosene burner up to and including gas and electricity, and enough clocks to start a clock store. Notice the flower-pots and jardinières—a cartload of them. There is hardly a thing you can think of that isn't here, and yet we are buying more every day. I doubt if we will ever have enough props.

"After our essentials have been provided the props do the rest. We are afraid to throw anything away in case we may want it any moment for a scene. Books, magazines, newspapers, used envelopes, nails, string, tin cans, bottles, corks, boxes—all the junk that usually goes to waste finds a place in the prop room. And the funny part of it all is that there is eventually an important niche for each thing to fill. On one of my recent trips to New York I bought a pair of bollows because the top and bottom were curiously and artistically hand-carved. When the ancient fire-stimulator reached the studio in Long Beach there was a big laugh at my expense, but the very next week we were producing a feature that called for an English living-room of one hundred years ago. We could have provided the big log fireplace, but couldn't have made the picture right without that pair of bollows.

"And so I got my laugh back at them."

"On another occasion there was a retired farmer living near the studio who had a dilapidated buggy in his front yard that was on the verge of falling to pieces. It was so crippled and decrepit that it got a smile from every one who saw it. The owner had a 'For sale' sign on it, and to amuse himself changed the price every day. In a reckless moment he dropped the price to a mere song, and I bought it. When I had it dropped into the Balboa grounds it so tickled the actors that a serious scene was held up. They kidded me until I was forced to seek refuge in my private office, but a little later I turned the joke on my tormentors. That rhenmatic buggy was just what I required in a strong dramatic picture, and when the production was projected upon the screen the aged vehicle was the hit of the play."

"Props! Plenty of props, and I'll have no difficulty in making good pictures."
WHITSUN SUITS FREE!
ASTOUNDING BUT GENUINE OFFER!
ALL READERS MUST TEST REMARKABLE CLOTHING BEFORE WHITSUN.

Adventures in Making a Suit for a Heroine, or Clerk, etc., by solid grading work, earn a small hole in his 6d. pair of Trousers, or is a fit. Suit in six months! Remember, six months of solid grading, hard work! Many are doing this, so why not you? A simple, easy task, with guaranteed success! Now, there are only a few weeks to Whitsun, so buy your new Suit now and get the remarkable new clothes that will not wear out or tear, that are made Free to all those readers who will send a postcard to the Horseproof Clothing Co., 56, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

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WEAR PAIR OUT AND WE GIVE ONE FREE.
A most remarkable absolutely Horseproof Cloth, exactly same as finest tweeds or sergees, suitable for best or rough wear.

BREECHES, 6/- SUITS, 14/9
As a trial we send pair Gent's Trousers for 6d., Breeches, or complete up-to-date Suit for 14s. made from our remarkable newly-discovered Horseproof Cloth. Guarantee in pair or if hole appears in 6 months, then send free. Send price and id. postage, with waist and leg length, also colour, or postcard for free patterns (say Breeches, Suit, or Trousers). To the Horseproof Clothing Company, 528, 56, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.

IS THE MANSION OF LONELESS,
I know you will like it, because the story shows how a little girl's action causes a man to lose his hatred for children, and it's not nice to be hated by anybody, is it?

Surrounded by every luxury, young Mrs. Lane's life was thoroughly wretched because she herself was passionately fond of children whilst her husband was not. One day he was called out of town suddenly, and the picture again shows the house of the Lanes. The unexpected return of her husband terrifies Mrs. Lane, for she is entertaining a horrid of children. Like the old woman who lived in a shoe, she certainly did not know what to do. Much to her surprise, Mr. Lane says never a word. He just leads her gently into his study, and there, sitting in his chair, she finds little smiling Betty. The mystery is soon cleared up, and as Mrs. Lane fondles and kisses the child as if it were her own, she realises that, "The Mansion of Loneless" is no more.

I must thank all my little friends who have been sending me such nicely-worded letters of thanks for prizes and awards, but why does Dolly Hale grumble because she has had two awards and no prize? If Dolly had read her page carefully, she would know by now that a prize is given to those who win the "Award of Merit" six times. Alice Reed, aged five, has written to say that she thinks "Uncle Tom's paper is the better paper than what I have ever seen." Dear little Alice has not seen many yet, but I appreciate her pretty criticism, and hope she will grow up and read Pictures and scores of other papers for many a long year to come. Josephine Hitchcock wants addresses of film companies who would care to buy some stories for the screen. It is difficult to advise you, John, without first seeing the stories. There are so many doing it badly that the companies have to return many more stories than they can make use of.

Now we will have a little fun by getting on to the "Funny Film Title" Competition. As it was fairly easy, the stocks of postcards to hand have not given me any shock.

The prizes go to:
Doris Powley, 135, Frederick Street, Birmingham, for "Three Weeks Coming in a Fortnight." W. Twist, 80, Victoria Street, Birkenhead, for "When London Sleeps Twice Nightly." (Continued on page 12.)
HAMLET. The first of the "Shakespeare Minced" comes, just imagine this tragedy as a farce. It often is when handled by incompetent players, and as played by the Mudford Amateur Dramatic Society it is fun with a vengeance. Did you read what the Editor said about it in last week's gossip? — "Leon's Head" (Division's), 395 feet (June 7).

LENA. Mrs. Muggles' servant troubles end; but the fun begins when she finds Jack fancying the new maid. Invited to speak on the subject of his choice, Mrs. Muggles is astounded to hear Lena, her maid, presiding. Lena is the wealthy Miss Brewster, and reformer. Her real name is Miriam Nesbitt.

THE DECISION. A clean-cut, crisp comedy, involving two lawyers and an heiress in a curious case of cash and craft coupled with Cupid's cantion. Plenty of G's, you will say, but it would take all the letters of the alphabet to properly praise this precious picture. W. Woodruff Greenwood and Ed. Coxen are in the cast.

THE CAFE SINGER. A café singer met an artist. She did not tell him of her occupation, and fell in love with her. A rival's father in time told him, and, as he hated the work, he took her away from him. The father then tells his partner, who persuaded him to stop the girl. She had come to recognize him, and this act won the mother's heart, who consented to her marriage.

GARFIELD DRAMA. 2,020 feet (May 20).

HARBOUR LIGHTS. We hear that this fine Neptune production is meeting with approbation everywhere. If you did not see the stage-play you will like the film. If you did see the stage-play you will like the film better, for many scenes and incidents are introduced that are not possible on the stage. It smells of the sea and the brave British Navy, and is a picture to be seen. We published the story in our issue of November 14th.

GLOBE Film Co., Ltd., three parts (now showing).

MISTRESS WHEEL. We have now seen this film, and can speak as we find. It is superb. You must all see Mary Pickford as a dashing young Cavalier, the guise of which she assumes to save the King of England. Her tricks at the hunt, at the theatre, and at the little supper party at the old inn are bubbling with fun, and in a word, Mary is the whimsical, impulsive, and pictorial little favourite of the days of gay King Charles II.

FAMOUS PLAYERS DRAMA, four parts (May 31).

THE MERCENARY. A notable play, richly and picturesquely staged, the medieval atmosphere of turbulence and ferocious passions being well imparted and well sustained. Needless to say, the celebrated French actor, M. Ravet, as the soldier adventurer—ready to sell honour as easily as his services—is in a rôle thoroughly suited to his fine physique and unique talents. The quality of this drama in colour has warranted its re-issue.

PATHÉ Colour Drama, 950 feet (May 29).

MY LADY HIGH AND MIGHTY. Old Sir James White is scornfully refused by Lady Mary. Harvey loves Mary, but is not accepted. The Earl tells Lady Mary she must marry Sir James. At midnight Lady Mary visits the Island where Harvey discovers her. They are observed by the Earl, so she puts on her mother's wedding-ring. Thinking they are married, the Earl gives his blessing. "Now," says Harvey, "you will have to marry me." She consents. My Lady is Mrs. Fuller.

VICTOR Comedv-Drama (Trans-Atlantic), 1,125 feet (June 24).

WHO STOLE PA'S PURSE? At seven that night he was to address the delegates. With notes in hand he practised vigorously. Then— he had turned away but a second—his notes were gone. Frantic, he offered a five-shilling note to whichever of her two suitors found the purse with the notes in it. Poor Wallie Whatnot called in a detective bureau. But his efforts only secured his ignominious arrest and the triumph of his rival. As for the purse with the previous notes, mother had gone shopping with it. A jolly little comedy.

HEPWORTH Comedy, 275 feet (May 17).

THE WHEAT INDUSTRY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA. Anything which illustrates the resources of distant parts of the British Dominions is of special interest just now. In this film we are shown hundreds of square miles under wheat cultivation; taken through all the processes which precede and follow the harvesting of the crops: see the remarkable machinery which is now employed in cutting, binding and stripping the crop, and taken to the wharves and shown the gigantic elevators in operation, which load the bags of grain on the ships which will carry them to the English market.

New Agency Film, 885 feet (June 10).
LAST COUPON FOR OUR
GREATEST BRITISH FILM PLAYERS CONTEST

FIRST FIVE PRIZES VALUE £35
100 HANDSOME CONSOLATION PRIZES

PARTICULARS OF PRIZES APPEARED IN PREVIOUS ISSUES

BRITISH FILM PLAYERS:
B. & G. Films:
Elisabeth Risdon
Frank Lackey
A. V. Bramble
M. Gray Murray

Barker Films:
Blanche Forsyth
Rachel de Soja
Maud Yates
Roy Travers
Rolfe Leslie
Tom Glover
T. MacDonald
J. Hastings Batson

Clarendon Films:
Leant, Rose, R.N.
Dorothy Bellott
Jack Spratt

Hopeworth Films:
Alan Taylor
Chrisiss White
Violet Hopson
Ruby Belasco
Stewart Rome
Lionel Howard
William Felix
John MacAndrews
Tommy

Arthur Stables
Henry Victor
Harry Bass

London Films:
Mary Brough
Gwyone Herbert
Christine Hayner
Charles Rock
Henry Alley
George Bellamy
Frank Stannum
Laughorne Burton
Wintnam Guise
Ben Webster

Gerald Ames
Lewis Gilbert
R. Judd Green
Douglas Moreno
Hubert Wilks

Molograph Films:
Babs Neville
Sydul de Bray
Austin Cage
Harry Lorrain
Joan Morgan

Neptune Films:
Dudley Court
Joan Hitz
Germaine Lawrence
Gregory Scott

FOR LAST DAY FOR SENDING IN COUPONS, MONDAY, MAY 24.

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player also a second choice of each, the players to be chosen from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST BRITISH FILM PLAYERS in this or any other country, write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES.—The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £20 cash. All the other prizes will go to the senders of the Coupons next in order of merit.

THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST:
1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners' names correctly, the £10 will go to the winner of the nearest Coupons. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.
2. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope at end of contest.
3. All unused must be written in full. No alteration will be permitted.
4. No correspondence can be entered into concerning the contest. Two lists of British players are given on this page, but voters may vote for any British players, whether in the lists or not.
5. A voter may still place as many numbers of Coupons from one issue, and may send in any quantity of his own or friends' Coupons, one envelope and at any time. The Editor's decision as to the price-winners and on all matters connected with this contest will be final and legally binding, and Coupons are accepted only on this understanding.

"THE PICTURES" FREE VOTING COUPON

I desire to cast Ten Votes for
FEMALE PLAYER
Male Player

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for
FEMALE PLAYER
Male Player

Address

Fill up and post to "The Contest Editor," Pictures 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

LAST DAY FOR RECEIVING COUPONS MONDAY, MAY 24.

BRITISH FILM PLAYERS:
Neptune Films (Gen.):
Douglas Payne
Brian Day
Douglas Fox
John East
Phenix Films:
Pimlee (Fred Evans)
Vance (Ray Evans)
Geraldine Maxwell
James Brough
Dumpling Films:
Agnes Glynn
Fred Paul
Bernard Vaughan
Donald Young
Tunner Films:
Dorothy Rowan
Maud Stuart
Clifford Pembroke
Arnold Round
Regent Films:
Winifred Pitche
Clissie Elly
Rowland Moore
E. Scott Arundell
Frank H. Croxton
Gordon Begg
Guy Herbert Lane

VARIOUS COMPANIES:
Charles Chaplin
Ernest Balley
Billy Billich
Ivy Close
Alec Worster
Dorothy Batley
Rose Ralph
Midge Tree
James Russell
Alice de Winton
Ivy Montford
Albert Bracewell
Harry Hotson
Mary Manns
Dolly Tree
Vera Carlyle
Claudio Galliot
Eric Desmond
Jack Hulce
Willard Dunbar
Martha Vlinchour
Nancy Belington
George Fother	
Trecia Vernon
Jack Collins
Jeff Barlow
Jack Jarman
Harry Cranborne
Minnie Grey
"Mike Bubby"

British artists, no matter where they are playing, are good for this Contest.
FINDING PICTURES!

The following are a selection from those sent in—Home New Home, Standing Room Only: Tiny Tim Kicked to Death Three Times Nightly; A Tale of an Ass 3,000 Feet Long; The Indian Wife Will Split your Sides in Two Parts; The Fire on the Bar-room Floor—80 Feet now Showing; Too Right to Die in Two Parts: A Happy Marriage, Monday to Wednesday Only: For Ever Yours Up to the 15th; Kitchener's Army Exclusive to this Weatherly (Bentford). Alan Wood (Halifax), Josephine Hutchison (Streatham), Francis Douglas (filey).

Special Prize—Alan Wood, Green Mount House, Hanson Lane, Halifax.

We will drop the Limerick for this week and return to those Hidden Names, the digging out which I know you are so fond of.

HIDDEN PLAYERS' NAMES.

The letters contained in twelve surmises. If the players run straight on in the following surmises:

1. Maud ate some, and Tommy ate some.
2. She was charmed by the scenery; but he felt only hungry and thirsty.
3. It is a pretty sight in Kent to see the hops on the poles.
4. Her lover is Donald; not his friend.
5. Will you come at one o'clock, please, as the baby is in a fit?
6. We stood on the pier and watched the ship depart.
7. Will an egg do for your breakfast this morning?
8. I went for a walk, and took my dog Abel as company.
9. In modern warfare it seems that in addition to a rifle for shooting the soldier needs a pick for digging trenches.
10. Her voice was something to be heard of in choral singing, if not in solos.
11. We turned down a side lane, yellow flowers lining the way.
12. He said he would pay next week.

Write the names on a postcard, and send to Hidden Names, 18, Adam Street, Romford, Essex, by Monday, May 17th. Prizes and awards will come for the best as usual from Uncle Tim.

"WONDERFULS" (Debropolis)—Your previous letter was answered in April 9th issue. Sorry "Eva," you made lady too dear. Jack. Arthur Jack and Lottie. Hm it sweet—not Mary P.—played in "Ragging a "Consolation," at London. Address to the "Bobbies." Tiny Tim now showing; People's Great Feet 1,000 Feet Long; Wanted a Title 1,300 Feet Long; Tiny Tim Kicked to Death by Gaumont; A Napping Wife Continuous Programme; Hearts Adrift In Four Parts; and The Glass Coffin, All Seats Guaranteed.

AWARD OF MERIT (Special Prize for six of these)—H. Broadhead (Bradford), Irene Cooper (West Norwood), E. S. Lude (Ripley), John Howard (Waltham), A. P. Levenson (Stamford Hill), H. Lux (Kennington), Ruth Newman (Stamford Hill). H. R. Paro (Wandsworth), Eva Preston (Stoke-on-Trent), W. R. Smith (Middlesex), Alex Brown (Brixton), Alan Wood (Halifax), Josephine Hutchison (Streatham), Francis Douglas (Filey).

Special Prize—Alan Wood, Green Mount House, Hanson Lane, Halifax.

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"MILDRED" (Blackburn)—16 years old, wants to know the age of Marion, of Accrington (answered in April 3rd issue). Small portraits of Stewart Home appeared in issues. March 14th, 1914, and March 30th, 1915. Owing to your kindness you were unable to see certain films. It's the old tale, Mildred, truly charming with inclination, but truly dow. Yes, we had half a Easter Egg.

J. H. (Wellingtom, S.E.)—We have a rule at the top of this page. If you will put at question, and comply with it, we will answer you.

V. V. (Westcliff)—See reply to "Betty and Navy." Alice Joyce is Mary Pickford's sister-in-law. Call in and see us when you are passing. Hope you will be more successful in America.

"RICHARD" (London, S.E.)—We thank you most from Valma Pearce, the Keystone Player. Almost all British Players not under their own names. The list we give each week is not intended to be a complete one.

"FILM" (Hull)—Alice Joyce is "lovely," as you say. We are trying to get the information you require of "Barbe of Grand Bay," not up to the present have not run it to earth. Like "Charlie's Aunt" we are not "still running."

"A PICTURE READER" (Gateshead)—Dear boy, we are sorry to have to say it, but your returns in the Kaiser are not poetry. Give up try; to be a spin, poet. Have you tried the Cinemat melodie for it?

"M. F." (Bradford)—Yes, you can vote for the same player as the current comics as often as you like. The British comics are now putting out some good films, and there is plenty of room for them. Ben Weisleder we thank you most from Valma Pearce, and there is still a film called "Temperance," Cast of "Dot's Baby"—Boothe and Barrow, "Gover Glicks," Meniscus Johnson (the Ladies), J_ACTIVITY, Minnie Yonem, "The Colonel," Lewis Gilbert; "Harrington," Lanchomor Burton; "The Adjutant," Hubert Willis; "Helen Gore," Edna Fingeath. So glad mother and Malley came through.

"AIDS ON" (Isleworth)—Reject question, giving the name of Company and we will help you.

(Continued on next page.)

VOY E LIKE FORD STERLING

Portrait of a Burnley reader amusing himself and others by making up as the great comedian.
"Flora." (Boreham.)—Edna Flugrath still plays for London Films. "Rebecca" and "Miss Light-ning" do not play for Transatlantic. It is not true that "Fly" (was) has been to the Front as a nurse. "St. Elmo" was filmed in America by Halston Co.

"Eric." (London, S.E.)—Thanks for nice photo, but we can't judge it alone if you are "suitable for cinema work." The primary requirement is some talent for acting. Hundreds of stage actors and actresses are only too anxious to obtain work for the screen—due to the difficulty in getting your chance. The best we can do is to wish you success. We do not know of any studios at Bromley.

"A New Reader." (Huddersfield.)—Hope you have come to stay. Edna Flugrath played "Alice: Hilton." In "The V.C." (London Film) we have no postcards of her. Pictures and The Picturegoer were amalgamated in February, 1914, but the two papers were going separately before that. Yes, we see the players—lots of them—and are often present when pictures are made, and once or twice our Editor has been accidentally photographed in them.

T. J. W. (Harrington.—Address Florence Turner, c/o. The Tunnel Films Ltd., Hurst Grove, Walton-on-Thames. No need to write her c/o. Hop- worths, who are the selling agents only for her productions.

"A. F. L." (Plymouth)—says that "Cinema Acting has no fascination" for her. However, you all the others plus 50 who are not. Your prize is the reward of cleverness and unambitiosity. Your collection of 283 postcards is immense.

"Many replies are invariably held over.

A FREE TOILET OUTFIT.

For a limited period THE OATINE CO. will send, absolutely free, to any reader of "Pictures," sending name and address and 3d. in stamps (3d. stamps preferred). to cover cost of postage and packing, a Dainty Sample Outfit containing a trial size of five delightful Oatine preparations, including Oatine Cream, Suov, Face Powder, a 2d. Shampoo Powder, also a 3d. tablet of Soap.

Our readers welcome this generous offer—especially as the Oatine preparations are splendid.

Address applications to THE OATINE CO., 200, Oatine Buildings, Borough, London, S.E.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER 124

WIFE: "How do you like my new gown, dear? It's the last word, you know.

HUSBAND: "Well, being a woman, I suppose you had to have it."—Judge.

IT doesn't cost much to entertain hopes.

Which?

BROWN: "I sat at your wife's back at the picture show last night.

WHITE: "How did you like it?"

BROWN: "Charming."

No Proof Required.

ADOLPHUS: "I've written a new film-play and it has just been typed. Come in and I'll show you the proofs."

FRIEND: "Proofs! Why, old chap, I don't doubt your word in the least!"

Making Sure of Peace.

MRS. SMITH (engaging a new servant): "I hope that you had no angry words with your last mistress before leaving."

"Oh, dear, no, mum; none whatever. While she was having her bath, I just locked the bathroom door, took all my things, and went away quietly."

Fair Words or Nothing.

"George," said the wife to her unappreciative husband, "how do you like me now?"

"Well, my dear," said George, "to tell you the truth—"

"Stop, George! If you're going to talk that way I don't want to know."

A Fishy Place.

"Jane," she said, "I want you to put on your things at once, and go out and see if you can get me a place."

"Yes, mum," replied Jane, with a sigh. "And while I'm about it I may as well look for one for myself. I'm blest if I can stand master any more than you!"

A Personal Application.

"Say, Parson," said Elder Berry at the church board meeting, "here are the resignations of all of the choir."

"My! my!" said Dr. Fourthly, in distress, "what is the trouble?"

"Your announcement Sunday morning," replied Elder Berry sternly; "you know you said—Providence having seen fit to afflict all our choir with bad colds, let us join in singing 'Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

Proof Positive.

"Is she pretty?"

"Pretty! Why, any one-legged man would offer her his seat in a tube train.

Plenty of Time.

An uninitiated musician applied to a City constable with the request that he would "do something with that boy.

"I was coming along the road in a hurry," said the musician, "when the boy stopped me and asked the time. I said, 'It is ten to three.'"

"Very well," replied the boy; "at three o'clock get your hair cut."

"Well," repeated the constable, languidly looking at his watch, "you're all right—you've got a good eight minutes."

A Good Idea.

The serious picturegoer stood the restless baby in the row of seats in front of him as long as he was able. Then he leaned forward and, touching the mother on the arm, said: "Has your baby been christened yet?"

"Why, yes, sir, do you ask?"

"Merely because I was about to suggest that if he had not been christened you might name him 'Good Idea.'"

"And why," said the woman, "because the man struggled hard to express his feelings—it should be carried out."

Slow and Sure.

A youngster had been permitted to visit a boy friend on condition that he was to leave there at five o'clock. He did not arrive home until seven, and his mother was very angry. The boy insisted that he had obeyed her orders.

"Do you expect me to believe," said her mother, "that it took you two hours to walk a quarter of a mile?" She reached for the telephone. "Now, sir, will you tell me the truth?"

"Ye-es, Mamma," sobbed the boy. "Charlie gave me a tortoise—and I was afraid—to carry it—so I led it home."

LITERAL.

A painter of the "impressionist" school is now confined in a lunatic asylum. To all persons who visit his studio he says, "Look here; this is the latest masterpiece of my composition." They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask, "What does that represent?"

"That represents the passage of the Jews through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where—"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

"Will he come directly. That's the sort of painting I like; simple, suggestive, and unpretentious."

EDITORIAL MATTERS


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"JANE SHORE"—THE DEATH WARRANT.

"SHALL YOUR HUSBAND LIVE—OR DIE?" King Edward IV., Roy Travers; Jane Shore, Blanche Forsythe.
(See page 126.)
NEARLY 20,000 members of the cinema industry have, according to a Glasgow newspaper, joined the Consuls since the commencement of the war.

Good news for all who want more British films. It is stated that there are now seventeen film-producing companies within the Greater London area.

Look out on June 17th for the first release of the new "Pimple" comics. There will be some big things in these Pimples, according to that comedian's own phone whispers.

The collar-band of a new shirt shrank in the water and nearly strangled Edward Coxen whilst rescuing a drowning girl for a "Flying A" comedy. It didn't make Coxen laugh.

Real Chinese actors and rare specimens of Chinese antiquities, which took six months to collect, will be seen in The Mission of Mr. Foo, an uncommonly good Edison film coming on June 7th.

Carlyle Blackwell, who has just joined the Lasky Players at a big salary, will first be seen in The Jovial Crusader, an Edison film, with Ira Claire in the principal female role. They will make a great couple these two, for both are young and attractive.

Wide-awake Picturegoers.

It is stated by an ingenious trade statistician that three million people have already seen the film When London Sleeps. It shows how wide-awake the rest of the kingdom is, although we suspect that some of said millions are Londoners. Picturegoers in every city sleep better after a good film. D'you follow?

Fims Profit Florists

The best customer of Santa Barbara's florists is the American Company who make Flying A and Beauty films. For these there is a constant stream of orders, wedding scenes and elaborate interiors being a daily occurrence in which real cut flowers are always used for bouquets and decoration. It recently happened that the florists had to send away for a bouquet of orchids for a "millionaire wedding." scene, but as a rule the orders are filled from locally grown blooms.

The Death Warrant.

"THE King changed countenance, then endeavoured to rally her from her resolve, but she was inflexible. He paced the long, splendid apartment with unequal steps, then approaching a table, wrote a few words on a slip ofvellum, and, handing it to Jane, exclaimed, 'Shall your husband live or die?'" These words describe the powerful scene pictured in the preceding page.

June Store, we are informed by the Walturdaw Company, is being booked up everywhere, and we counsel our readers not to miss this truly wonderful British production. What next, Mr. Barker?

Drama will Hold Its Own.

A critic's view of the cinema are always interesting. Leonard Boyne, the famous actor (not yet succumbed to pictures), is stated to have told an interviewer that—"Cinema, go into the cinema, not like the real thing. Any one can grimace and gesture, like this, and that—now pretending to weep, now dropping her head on the hero's shoulder—but the art of acting, with all its eloquent attributes and impressiveness, is different. The cinema is a great triumph of genius, but the drama—acted and spoken by living artists—will hold its own for ever."

Our Cover Portrait.

This pretty picture is really the portrait of Betty Brown, whose clever work on the screen in Essanay films has long been conspicuous to English picturegoers. The portrait has just arrived from Miss Brown herself, who in a charming letter has drawn our attention to the fact that the portrait we published on our cover of March 29th issue is not hers at all. We regret the mistake, for which, however, the person who titled the original photograph is responsible. Miss Brown has been with Essanay for three years and is surely a coming star in the film world.

The Chinese Picturegoer.

When a Chinaman buys a ticket to go into the cinema he wants to feel that he has bought something substantial. Paying over his money and getting a little "scrap of paper" doesn't agree with Mr. Chinaman's sense of proportion. He must receive something that looks like merchandise. This is the reason why an exhibitor in Hong Kong had to often refuse tickets, as the entire house had sold out of planks. Now every Chinaman, when he goes to his picture-theatre, instead of a paper ticket gets a wooden paddle about eight inches long and three inches wide, with Chinese hieroglyphics painted on both sides.

Pleasant for the Players.

In Niles Canon, on the western edge of the forest, surrounded by mountains and with a mountain stream rushing through its midst, is the Western Essanay studio which was completed in the summer of 1913. It was more than a year before that Mr. Anderson left the Eastern studios at Chicago, and after trying several places in Colorado and various parts of California, decided on Niles Canon as the ideal location. The result is a studio is a great steel shell, with brick facing, with an immense glass dome. The indoor stage is 60 x 40 feet, long by more than 300 feet wide. Surrounding it are bungalows, occupied by the players. There are nearly one hundred of these, as all of the Western players live on the grounds. Many own their homes, and have farms, vegetable gardens, orange groves. There are baseball grounds and tennis courts for the amusement of the players, who sometimes take to outdoor sports when not involved in hair-raising risks for photo-plays.

The Comedy Field.

There is a very decided change going on in the kind of photo-plays now wanted. The slapstick has had its day; refined comedy is now getting the votes.

The early comedies didn't have a plot, but merely had a man carrying a ladder. The more people he knocked down the funnier the picture; if he knocked a baby-carriage it was considered a scream.

These days are gone. The ladder school of humour has graduated about its last pupil. The tendency is away from burlesque to plot, . . .

When you get hold of a comedy idea, retire to a quiet spot and masticate it thoroughly. Turn it over and over until you have squeezed every bit of humour out of it. There are a lot of angles you can approach it from; a lot of things you can put into it before the big laugh.

"The Enemies of England."

We have just read a copy of Hull's story of this title, and find it one of the most thrilling type imaginable. It tells of the methods of a secret society to obtain the plans of a naval waterplane, their efforts being frustrated by a young naval officer. This writer, whose works we have enjoyed for many years past, has the knack of ending every chapter with a mystery, and explaining it in the next. You can't put the book down when you start it. The Enemies of England contains enough wonderful situations in it to make several creepy film dramas.

(E. Warner Laurie, Ltd., 6s.)
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. The Night Watch: A fine picture of our Tommies at rest.
2. The Herdric Canadians: Their bravery saved the situation at Ypres.
3. The Sniper Peril is greatest whilst the trenches are relieved or provisioned.
4. The Soldier Boxer: Pat O'Keeffe, the middle-weight champion, under whom many recruits are in training.
5. Another Air Raid: Two bombs dropped in East Anglia by a Zeppelin which did but little damage.
6. St. George's Day: F. R. Benson (smiling), Marie Corelli, and others en route to lay a wreath on Shakespeare's tomb at Stratford-on-Avon.
7. Women War Workers as conductors on Glasgow trams.
The OUTCAST

Based on the Famous Story by Thomas Nelson Page.

Adapted from the "RELIANCE" Film

BY JOHN PATRICK GORE.

THROUGH the tense silence of the crowded Court of Justice the District Attorney's voice rang, now sinking softly as though in kindly sympathy with the unfortunate prisoner who cowered back under the gaze of the men and women who were herded in the public space, then again rising to a pitch of angry scorn as he strove by subtile or brutal vigour to tear down some frail barrier of the defence and bring her nearer the dread punishment for the crime it was alleged she had committed.

"You are an outcast, are you not?" he demanded, harshly.

The frail, shabbily-dressed figure shrank beneath the blast of the tormenting words, the white lips trembled pitifully as they tried in vain to frame some words which would save her.

"You are an outcast, are you not?"

"With a sub the wretched girl broke down and buried her face in her trembling hands, while her legal torturer made haste to follow up his advantage.

"You decoyed the dead man to your room with the sole purpose of robbing him? Did you not?"

With a despairing cry the girl tried to rise. "No, no!" she cried, brokenly; "oh, believe me, gentlemen—he followed me. I am a good girl—really I am.

"With a sneering smile the District Attorney swept her trembling denial to the four winds.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "on the night of February the 10th, as you have already heard, a man known to his associates as Orleans Joe was found shot, murdered, in the apartment occupied by the prisoner in a common lodging-house. After a chase over roofs, the patrol-man fired as the laws direct, wounded, and took this girl into custody, but the man, her craven accomplice, escaped.

He paused and looked sarcastically at the prisoner.

"This girl before us—an outcast of the streets, a creature of the night shadows—was employed as an entertainer at a low night resort, of which the dead man was a frequenter. Night after night she exhibited herself to the public, bore the taint of that leathsome atmosphere, returned smile for smile with those her youth and innocent appearance attracted—and yet, gentlemen, she would have us believe that she was a good girl and honest, very poor, but beyond reproach. Although with every chance of obtaining other work, she chose to lead the life of a dancing-girl in a haunt of ill-repute—still, she was honest.

He paused to allow his sarcasm to sink into the minds of the jury.

"Her beauty inflamed the fancy of a notorious evil-liver, Orleans Joe. Determined to keep her honesty intact, she resisted his advances, turning a deaf ear to his passionate overtures, scornfully to accept the money he so freely offered to bestow upon her, for, mark well, gentlemen, although very poor, she was as Caesar's wife. One night this infatuated libertine followed her home, entered her room by force, and assaulted her. Then, as her strength was giving way, and sheer weakness was compelling her to yield to him, a knight-errant appeared opportunely upon the scene. He fought bravely to preserve her precious honour, but his strength was as nought compared to that of her assailant, and to save him from strangulation the girl drew the gambler's own revolver and shot him down in defence of the man who was fighting to save her virtue.

This story, gentlemen, is the one the prisoner and my learned friend

THE "UPRIGHT" JUDGE.

her Counsel would have you believe—you, who are level-headed men of the world?" The jury nodded knowingly, while a buzz of conversation, instantly suppressed by the stern-faced judge, rose from the body of the court.

"Let us now look on the other side of the question—that side which common sense tells us must be the true version of that dark night's sordid tragedy. This girl—you know what she was and how she earned her wretched livelihood from her own lips—is it not more than likely that she led on and inveigled Orleans Joe to the sordid room where her accomplice waited to rob—aye, to kill if needed be—her infatuated admirer? All went well—the robbery was all but consummated when the man awoke to a sense of his danger. He resisted; a struggle ensued, and he fell with a bullet in his heart. Then, before the guilty pair had time to rifle his pockets, the alarm was given, and they sought safety at flight, leaving that for which they had stained their hands with a fellow-creature's blood unaccomplished. The pursuit was swift, the girl was wounded in the ankle and captured—but her accomplice, acting up to that standard of chivalry which is usual in these gallants, escaped—leaving her to her fate. That, gentlemen of the jury, I put to you as the true story of that night's work. Whatever the dead man's career had been, whatever his character, whatever his object in accompanying the prisoner home, he was fairly done to death, and in the name of justice I demand that the full punishment of the law—"Stop!"

The cry rang shrilly through the court, and a second later the District Attorney found himself hurled aside, while the startled officials sprang forward to ward their prisoner from the arms of a youth.

"Danny, Danny," the girl whispered. "Oh, thank God, you've come!"

"Remove that young man," the Judge ordered, angrily.

"No," the new-comer answered: "if there's justice here you'll let me take her place. I was the fellow who was with her on that night."

"Your Honour, I protest," the District Attorney cried, wrathfully: but his opponent was already on his feet, grasping at the slightest thing that might affect his case. "If what the lad says is true," he said, determinedly, "he is right in demanding to be heard."

"In spite of the District Attorney's expletives, the judge allowed the Defence to have its way, and the young man who had come to his sweetheart's aid took her place in the witness chair.

"How is it you have not surrendered before?"

"I was down in the country, sir—hiding. Then when I saw in the papers that my girl was up against it and alone—I let out for here as quick as I could. But travelling isn't cheap, and I had to go easy."

"Another poor but honest citizen," the District Attorney sneered.

"Never mind my friend there; such remarks are a habit of his," Counsel for the Defence nodded smilingly to his angry opponent, and walked over to the witness-stand. "Now, my boy you have been sworn and you know the nature of your oath.

"Danny nodded. "Sure, sir—"

"Then tell the court the story of that night. Don't get flurried, but tell it in your own way, and tell the truth."

"You see, it was like this," he began, fixing his eyes upon the face of the girl. "She and I are sweethearts, and have been since she pulled me through a dose
of fever. I was a waiter at the dive where she was on as a song and dance artiste, and—she glared at the sneering District Attorney fiercely—'she was good—aye, by God, she was—as good as any lady in the land—but I can tell you. On the night it happened—we'd arranged an outing for the following day, sir—I remembered something I hadn't told her, so, when I'd finished, I nipped round to her place. Just as I got on to her landing I heard her holler out, 'Danny, Danny!' she cried; 'for God's sake, Danny.' I knew something was up, for she's not one of your frightened sort when she gets fair play. So I burst her door in to find her—with her clothes torn and her hair all down, struggling in the arms of a flash guy who'd been hanging round the café after one gal and another for some time. He was big enough to come to my breakfast, but I went in. Soon I found it was all up—the hate I had in my heart weren't no good against his strength. He got me up against the door, and was nigh strangling me when I saw Netta—the gal there—staggers up from where he'd flung her. She came behind him—then, as he turned to attack her, there was a shot, and he went down, and out. We were frightened then, and tried to make 'a bolt for it. She was shot, and I—'

"You left this girl, your sweetheart, to her fate," the District-Attorney jeered. "Would you mind telling the court why?"

"I was frightened," Danny answered.

"Indeed, frightened when, if your story is true, you had so good an answer to any charge which might be preferred against you," the tormentor went on. "Come, my dear sir, do let the rest of us into the secret of your fear."

The outcast half rose and stretched out her arms to the lad, whose eyes had taken on the expression of a scarily-hunted animal, while judge, jury, officials, and audience leaned forward entirely engrossed at the spectacle of two souls upon the rack.

"Answer me!"

Again Danny looked at the tear-brimmed eyes of the girl he loved, then, sweeping back the hair from his forehead, he faced his questioner. "Well, you see," he faltered hopelessly, "I was a prisoner under suspended sentence!"

The District-Attorney laughed outright; then, like a flash, he attacked the new evidence for the defence, and in a few biting words tore the lad's story into discredited shreds. In vain the girl's Counsel struggled to undermine his speech and the damning effect of Danny's fatal admission, but he could do nothing. While sitting together at the lawyer's table the poor sweethearts clung to each other's hands as they listened, only half-understanding, to the curt words which slowly but surely built a prison-house around them.

"Gentlemen of the jury, do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

A second of silent, hideous suspense, then the answer—"Guilty on all counts of the indictment."

Netta screamed wildly, clinging to the boy whose self-sacrifice had been of no avail; then strong arms tore them apart, and they were hurried from the court—she to await judgment for the wilful killing of Orleans Joe; he to come up for the sentence which only a few weeks before had been postponed.

And outside in the glorious sunshine gaily-dressed men and women discussed light-heartedly the magnificent drama Justice had just staged! But the young lawyer who had fought so earnestly against such odds to secure Netta Thorn's acquittal was not satisfied. In his heart he believed the story..."
his—this is his picture.

The moment the attorney looked at the photograph, and the pictured face swam before his eyes. Memory carried him swiftly back to a summer's after-noon when in an hour of leisure he and several others had sat and talked in a great man's private room.

He remembered how the conversation had turned on sport, and how, proud of his well-preserved old age and his almost youthful strength, the old man had talked of his bygone feats in the playing-fields and hunting-camps, and had even shown them an old portrait taken in those days of golden youth.

The album fell to the ground in a crash, and he gripped the old man's shoulder as the full force of the revelation dawned upon him.

"Merciful Heaven," he cried, heartily, "that is a portrait of the judge—the judge who, all unknowingly, has tried his own daughter for her life; whom even now may be passing the last dread sentence of the law on her!"

Again the crowded courtroom. As before, the idle crowd of morbid sightseers thronged the public seats, sitting and standing. You see, sir, the young prisoner appeared before the upright judge for sentence. Some there were who tottered to the bar and held forth feeble arms in a frantic appeal; others cursed and raved in their old wrongs for authority alike, essentially being forcibly removed, with their harsh curses still pouring from their twisted lips; others, again, stood shame-faced, inpatient of their poor appeal, while their terrified eyes searched the grim face of the judge for some sign of that mercy which was at his command. Mercy! there was no mention of that word on the poor lips of the judge. Silence again; then the judge raised his eyes from the desk before him.

"Netta Thorne," he said, with a grave gentleness which would have deceived any one but a veteran artist of his court, "after a long and patient trial, you have been found guilty of the most awful crime known to our penal code. This is not a court of morals, but on the clearest evidence you have been found guilty of the murder of the man whom you lured to your room on that dreadful night of February the 10th. If it were possible to believe your story that you were living and read—oh, God! the dead man followed you home with intent to maltreat you, only to be shot down by you in protecting the youth (your acknowledged lover) who came to your assistance, we would only too
gladly believe it. Alas! the evidence is conclusive. You are an outcast, and the awful position in which you now stand is solely due to your own choice of a life of viciousness and sin. No matter how the hearts of this count might yearn towards leniency, it is our sworn duty to protect society from such as you. I will not add to your misery by pointing out how different your life might have been. That is not my duty, but my duty is to pass upon you the only sentence the law allows.

He was interrupted by the amazed expression of the elders as a young man fought his way through them and made his way to the attorney's table. "Mr. Dillon, the angry justice exclaimed sharply, "this is most unseemly. However zealous you may be in your client's interests, you have done all that you can do, and I refuse to allow the business of this court to be interrupted in the theatrical manner which appears to be a feature of your conduct of the case for the defence. Withdraw, sir!"

The young attorney stood his ground. "With all respect to you and this court," he said firmly, "your sentence, I swear, shall not be passed until I have been heard." Leaving his place, the young Counsel for the Defence strode to the Bench. "Your honour," he said, quietly, "further facts concerning this poor girl's birth and parentage have just come into my hands. When you have heard them you will be the first to agree with me that a new trial is imperative."

The judge went livid. "Absurd," he cried; "the evidence is conclusive. There is no precedent to such a precedent"—the young lawyer leant forward—and what precedent is there for a father trying and passing sentence on his own child?

"A father—his own child—"

"Yes; your own child," was the merciless reply. "Look, have you ever seen this old man before? Look again, and tell me whether you remember when and where you gave this portrayal?"

Slowly the staring eyes of the upright judge looked from the sadly arched face of the old farmer who walked towards him to the portrait that lay upon his desk. Then, with a harsh cry, he rose and staggered from the court.

In the dead quietude of his own room, he stood swaying beneath the horror which had just descended like a pall upon his honoured life. Slowly the autumn sun, whose flood had seemed to fade away. It was growing dark, and he staggered, groaning blindly.

"Merciful Heaven!" he muttered thickly, tearing at the judicial robe that clung around him and seemed to be dragging him down to where the darkness knew no end; "after all these years—my sin! Yes, yes; Vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord; in My own good time—I will repay."

Suddenly he seemed to listen; then some of the horror left his eyes, his lips framed a smile such as had not been on them for many years, as he staggered forward with outstretched hands. "Mary! forgive me, girl!" he did not know. His foot caught on the rich hearthrug, and, without any attempt to save himself, he fell heavily to the floor. Terrified officials rattled on the closed door calling aloud his name, as the idler hastily dispersed to discuss the new sensation the day had brought them.

At the new trial Netta and Danny were triumphantly acquitted, the verdict being that her act was justified.

And so it happened that one day the good Counsel stood with them waiting for the express which would carry the old man and the lovers away to the old farm in the country, where the appleblossom was just beginning to burst.

"When vacation comes along," he said, "I'll see what sort of sport you river and the hills beyond held for young-town-bred man,"—his eyes wandered to Netta and Danny. "I think I shall be just about in time for the wedding."
Big Themes for Photo-Plays

Are screen plot-writers in danger of being displaced by noted fiction-authors?

By RUSSELL E. SMITH

Business Manager of "The Script," the official organ of the Photo-play Authors League, California.

Many photo-playwrights are complaining that the fiction-author of note is taking in more money for his plots, in proportion, than the strictly photo-play writing author.

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

The average photo-playwright does not seem to be able to furnish the producer with really big ideas or themes; at least, he doesn't do so. Whether he cannot or whether he doesn't find it worth while and prefers to keep his big themes for a play or novel is indeterminable.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cahira? A spectacle, big only in that sense, and an adaptation at that!

Quo Vadis? An adaptation!

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

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

The Clansman has proven that people will sit through twelve reels of a really big subject and pay two dollars a seat and stand hours in long lines day and night in New York, Los Angeles, and our emotional pianist when—

No. 1. Charles Chaplin Walks.

San Francisco for the privilege. Thus it has at last been shown that there will be a market for big original themes for pictures, and that the screen is worthy of the highest possible effort to supply it with subjects and stories worthy of the newer literature.

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

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

Are you going to let the fiction author heal you at your own game? Has the average photo-play "plot" been so easy to evolve that you have been lulled into a sense of security from invasion? Isn't it a fact that very few plots on the screen would be strong enough original enough to sell as first-class short stories? Isn't it a fact that the fiction author has not given his best to the photo-play? That he has saved his best stuff for the magazines, which pay him better and advertise his name?

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

Now that it will be worth his while financially and artistically, isn't he going to use his trained mind—trained to think big plots and themes—for the benefit of the screen?

And will he do better than the average photo-playwright once he gets the grasp of picture needs, or will the photo-playwright be forced to develop a sense of bigness in theme?

These are questions to be thought over in your own mind, and not for me to answer for you. But it is gossip! One more question for you to worry about: How many present-day photo-playwrights ever wrote a plot big enough for a saleable four-act play or a 90,000-word novel?

We await a list.

We publish the above article for the benefit of our many readers who write, or are thinking of writing, photo-plays, but do not agree with the editor of "The Script" that the average producer does not seem to want photo-play authors to furnish him with big ideas or themes.

"The producers aren't a rat!" he says. "Exceptions? Yes; but exceptions that can be counted almost on the fingers of one hand. The average manufacturer has a set idea of the type of story he wishes to place on the market—a small-idea, conventional type that has been in vogue for the past three or four years. The photo-playwright who submits to these manufacturers stories that possess novelty and bigness of theme and treatment is invariably met with:

"Pigeon-hole that rot. We want the hero, the heroine, the villain; blood-and-thunder, knock-down-and-drag-em-out action, with a hag-and-kiss finish.

"If the photo-playwright is brave enough to point out that the public seems to want the big ideas and themes of real life on the screen, then the manufacturers, nine times out of ten, will come back with: "The public, he d — d."

"In the course of time, it is more likely that the manufacturer will reach that state of damnation when the less suffering but powerful public refuses to pay good money to view the said producers' atrocity product.
Pity the Poor Producer.

One of the most exasperating things that ever occur to a producer is to have a scene with which he has taken very great pains suddenly spoiled by the interruption of some thoughtless person. It rarely happens, of course, within the studio, where there are four walls—at least in England—to protect him. But when the poor producer is busy on exteriors the risks he runs of this sort are considerable, especially when he has to work in a busy street.

The Hepworth North Devon Company recently had a complex difficulty, which involved a well-known lady of title, and, in addition, a member of their own plot department. With the aid of a hundred coppers (coins we mean) the producer in charge succeeded in getting a large group of school-children into the proper spirit. The scene was being taken and was progressing to every one's satisfaction when a lady, who had been watching the children from round a corner, suddenly decided to ascertain why the children were behaving in such a strange way. And the result? Well, of course, she got her head well into the picture, and consequently ruined a length of very valuable film.

The temper of the producer and company combined had just begun to cool down and a new scene was proceeding smoothly when the before-mentioned member of the plot department, who was in charge of the script, gave everybody a second shock. Wearing a cheerful smile, he suddenly bobbed into the working camera's focus of a solemn and dramatic scene between "Sir John" and "Madge."

Nothing was then too bad in words which were hurled at the unfortunate man, who hurriedly jumped out of the way only to find himself beside the lady who had ruined the first attempt to get the scene taken.

Naturally the two victims of thoughtlessness felt bound to commiserate with each other, and the plotman soon discovered what he was beginning to guess—the identity of the lady. She was a well-known Countess. She has made herself very popular recently in connection with a certain charity, and has been notoriously difficult for photographers to reach. After a little manoeuvring he obtained her permission for the Hepworth Company to use the bit of film in which her photograph appeared in any way which they chose.

With this stroke of luck the plotman hoped to make his peace with the producer, and, what was better, he made it. The Countess very kindly took a great interest in the picture being produced, and finally consented to take part in a few more scenes, and these were hurriedly improvised for her.

So far so good. But that same night the film was seized by a coastguard, and has not been seen since. It happened thus wise—The camera-man, with full permission from the Admiralty, was busy taking coast pictures, when up came the coastguard. Of course one friend had left the camera permit behind, and, failing to produce it, the guard promptly seized all the film, including that taken in the afternoon with the Countess in it!

Next day, when the company returned to the village in the hope of taking the scene again, it poured rain!! And by the next day the Countess had motored out!!

It's all in the day's work, but such are some of the sorrows of the poor producer when he roams away from the studio, And war time does not improve them.
A Spring and a Bump.

We had been wondering what had become of James Russell, who has done much good work in B and C and other films, when a few days ago he looked up to say that he has been busy of late falling down cliffs, getting shot or drowned or burnt, and having a good time generally, in Burlington Standard films. "Of course, you have seen War is Hell?" he said. We replied we had, and that we had said so in these pages. "I was the German officer, Von Shultz," he went on, "and they say the fight and my fall were really wonderful. I know I wonder how I managed to stand up and breathe after it."

We congratulated him. It is one of the most realistic fights between two men we have seen in any war drama.

"What became of you before the Burlington engagement?" we asked.

"Oh, I had a lovely pantom season at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham. I was the 'Old Man of the Sea' in Sinbad the Sailor, and had the pleasure of working with George Robey and Fred Emney, and that reminds me—"

I made my first entrance through a trap. At the dress rehearsal I stood on the trap under the stage waiting any cue, and at the right moment gave the word 'Go!' And I went, I remembered nothing until I found myself lying on the stage, with George Robey anxiously feeling me for broken bones. 'Dear chap! it might have killed him,' said someone, and later I learnt that just as I had shot up into mid-air a scene-cloth had shot down and met my cranium. It never happened again, though. A little thing like that doesn't worry me much, anyway."

"As you know, I have been used to getting knocked about in pictures, especially during the time I played as Lieutenant Durin."

At the time of his visit Mr. Russell was engaged in A Cry in the Night, a coming Burlington film, in which he played the part of a man-and-woman and wore a fearful and wonderful dress of his own making. He was also one of the players referred to in the "Burning at Birmingham" incident which we described in a previous issue.

"Big Bob" and—

"Big BOB" LEONARD, who plays John Dore in the Trans-Atlantic serial, The Master Key, which he also directed can boast only twenty-six years' acquaintance with this world, although the cleverness of his acting and the general excellence of the production of the serial would make him as a man of enormous experience. When an undergraduate, "Big Bob"'s shock of heavy light-brown hair could always be found exactly in the centre of a football scrimmage, or instantly ready at the starting gun in track events. He developed a splendid baritone voice in his university days, which led to three years' engagements in musical comedy. Whilst singing in Los Angeles, Mr. Leonard visited some of the picture-producing companies, and when the Universal Company offered him a position, he cancelled his musical comedy work, and entered the new field.

It was not long before he was leading man and assistant for Otis Turner, known as the "dean" of cinema directors. A few months of this training, and when Mr. Turner was called out of the city by business, Big Bob Leonard was requested to undertake the task of directing Mr. Turner's Company and he made a great success of it.

Then he started directing for himself. Now he has had the honour of directing a great serial, and one which the critics declare is the last word in clever handling. It is the sequel of Big Bob Leonard's remarkable versatility, and places him right in the van of moving-picture actor-producers.

"Little Ella."

ORN in California, Ella Hall, or "Little Ella" as she is affectionately called, arrived at the age of seventeen a simple, romping, merry little girl. Fond of the cinema, she became interested in the work.

"I just know I could be a picture actress," said Little Ella to her mother, who, being wise, and, moreover, believing that every girl should develop along the lines for which she is best fitted, acquiesced.

"Little Ella" became an "extra" woman—that is, she gave her name to a picture company and waited and waited until she was needed. Sometimes it was days, sometimes weeks. Then somebody suddenly "discovered" the child. She was given a real chance, and soon "Little Ella" Hall was a regular member of the company.

"I want a leading lady," said Big Bob Leonard one day. "I want one who is not too big, who looks sweet because she is sweet—audiences can tell the difference—one who has good eyes and an expressive mouth, and long, slim hands and small feet, and one who hasn't been spoiled by flattery."

He saw "Little Ella. "She'll do," said Bob. So Ella Hall, aged eighteen, plays the character of Ruth Galion in The Master Key. She smiles and cries and dances about and teases her way right through to the middle of your heart, and she's worth a double exposure for her smiles and tears, her sorrows and joys are true ones. She's the kind of little girl you want to pick up and put in your pocket, and her mother is her constant companion and dearest chum.

The Lady and the Lion.

I recently decided that "King," the most vicious and dangerous of the lions in the Trans-Atlantic Zoo, would have to be killed. Such a lion could not be wasted, and accordingly the scenario department was instructed to write a play in which the killing of a lion was to be the feature. Marie Walcamp was told that it would not be necessary for her to do the actual killing, as a "double" could be substituted for her at the critical moment. But she seemed the idea, and made it plain that she intended to do the killing herself. All the members of
the "101 Bison" Company took part in the picture, and were witnesses of the unique test of Miss Wakecamp's nerve. In the drama she was to be attacked from behind by "King," who was kept without food for three days in order to make him more vicious.

Miss Wakecamp walked away from "King's" den with her back toward the cage and her face toward the camera. The camera-man himself was securely shielded in a barred cage, but Miss Wakecamp had no protection whatever. Out of the camera's range, however, were posted four crack shots with rifles. Their guns were focussed on the cage, when Director McCae gave the word to open the cage doors.

For a moment "King" crouched in the door of his cage and then sprang straight for Miss Wakecamp, who, while he was still in the air, stepped quickly to one side, and let fly with her rifle. The bullet entered "King's" head squarely between the eyes, and, taking a slanting course, passed completely through the lion's head and buried itself in a brick wall fifty feet away.

Miss Wakecamp is an enthusiastic sportswoman, and likes nothing better than to shoot wild duck. She attends all the meets of the gun clubs around Los Angeles and can break a bottle-neck at one hundred feet unerringly.

A Doubtful "Hero."

RECOUNTING some of her earlier picture experiences, Vivian Rich tells of a sea story in which she was to be upset in a boat and rescued and brought to shore by the hero. Vivian duly upset, but the hero was in no hurry to rescue. He took time in selecting a safe place to jump from, and when he did reach Miss Rich she was so cold the scenes had to be cut so that she could be taken into a boat and hurried to land at Venice for restoration. The other scenes were delayed. The "hero" was not popular.

Charlie in the Crowd.

WHEN Chaplin made his first attempt to take scenes in the Essanay comedy, "Charlie's Night Out," he found it almost impossible on account of the hundreds of people who recognised him and wanted to shake his hand. The camera was set up and Chaplin attempted to perform before it, but every move Chaplin and his company made was encored, while the comedian was compelled to acknowledge his appreciation time and again with a bow.

Film-player Eager to Fight.

THOUSANDS of men connected with the cinema industry are now doing their bit for King and country, and one of them, Frank Fuller, who is now a trooper in the 3rd Surrey Yeomanry, has just written us that he hopes to be shortly leaving for the Front. It is of interest to note that Mr. Fuller has had eight pleasant years of cinema-work, and will never regret his connection with it. His first theatrical engagement in London was at the London Opera House during its opening season. The failure of that enterprise caused him to think of pictures and join Cricks and Martin, since when
of the peace, so he pounced upon them as prowling "gun men" from New York, and rode them off to the village "cooler. It took a lot of explanation to prove that thoroughly-dressed actors, for the "painters" in Their Happy Little Home, were not daylight burglars in disguise.

A Narrow Escape.

MIRIAM NESBITT and Marc McDermott were returning from Chicago a few weeks ago, and while seated in the dining-car some bandits fired revolver-shots through the glass windows at the passengers. Fortunately no one was struck, but Miss Nesbitt received some cuts from the flying glass. She gathered a few fragments of it to preserve as a memento. This is the life for film players!

Hot Work for the Film.

ALTHOUGH Anna Little loves to put on overalls and do a bit of gardening, she is not always calmly occupied. A fortnight ago she rode horseback across a bridge which was almost lost in smoke and on fire. She came through it splendidly, but the actor who rode with her was searched. Anna does not yield for these deeds of daring, but tackles them when they come along, and she would do much on horseback she would not do on foot.

Making Sure of "Pictures."

"My word! What a sale your dear paper must have. It did not matter where I tried, or how early I was always just a little too late; in fact, I was so tired of hearing 'Just sold the last one' that I determined to place my order on picture stock far from the house, and now I get it every Saturday morning as regularly as clock-work.

MABEL (Edleston)

The Same Old Story.

"At a picture-house I was in about ten days ago I was told that an announcement had been made from the platform earlier in the week that Charles Chaplin had been killed in the war, and that he was a French officer! As I have seen his name mentioned in all your latest issues, I should be glad to know that this information about his death is not correct."

G. D. (Hyde)

A Tonic for Depression.

"Isn't Charles Chaplin a dear! I was very miserable the other night, and so went to see the pictures. The comedy, The Rounders, was thrown on the screen—at once there was a great silence in the house—a silence of great anticipation. Five minutes later you could not have heard yourself speak. My misery disappeared, and by the time the comedy was finished my sides ached, and tears were running down my cheeks with laughing."

F. G. (Horne Hill)

A Soldier's Resolution.

"We may soon leave here, so if I send you on my new address you can manage to send me a copy of your paper each week. It is without doubt the best paper I have ever seen in connection with the cinema world, and I might tell you when this war is over I'll get tron you—that is I pull through all right—the pictures and the papers."


"Music" Not Wanted.

"Recently I saw a Trans-Atlantic picture called The Leisure Hour which was right through that picture the pianist, who believes in "appropriate music," played 'the hat music'—if you make music. You know how it is played on the piano—the bass is usually composed of C and G, and the 'twinkle-twent' bits within a dozen notes."

"This was played continuously until the finish. Can you suggest where I can get some nice overripe eggs to present—broken to his heart."

"You might tell your readers that the picture Nymphel's Daughter should not be missed."

SAH (Ilanbradach)

Soldier Reader in Greece.

Writing from Salonica he says:—"It's a quaint old town, and, of course, up to the 1912 Balkan War was Turkish. It has been improved, of course, for a new Greek town has been built, and some almost modern trains and trams introduced. The old Turkish town is an awfully series of filthy unclean, dirty huts, which almost overlap each other in a quite haphazard fashion. They look like the grotesque giants and divas of the fairy tales. The steep, winding streets of large cobble and slabs are scarcely more than a yard wide, and in some places you have to squeeze through a cap almost a foot in width. These old streets, old hovels and walls remain the same as they were thousands of years ago, for this is one of the oldest towns in Greece.

BILLY B. (Salonica)
TO MESSRS. HEPWORTH AND ESSANAY

Permit us to congratulate you cordially on the happy settlement of your recent controversy in "PICTURES," and, at the same time, to express our recognition of the fair spirit and honest trading that characterises the business methods of your respective houses.

As the Premier Film House—whose principles have been always those of honesty and fair play, and will continue so to be—we deplore with you the means by which "cheap rubbish" is foisted on the market by "dishonest discounts to buyers, illicit commissions to viewers," and other questionable methods, which are not entirely confined to big American Companies.

The EDISON policy, as you know, is to market a product of the highest uniform quality at a fair price, and to meet competition by square methods of dealing only.

Furthermore, EDISON pictures are noted for their clean, wholesome character, as well as for the absorbing interest they possess for all sections of the public, and for young and old alike—this is simply the reason they are becoming so increasingly popular.

As an illustration of this we refer to such subjects as—"Oh! Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?" "Her Husband's Son," "From a Life of Crime," "The Mission of Mr. Foo," "The Portrait in the Attic," and "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," all of which are typical EDISON subjects that will be on view shortly.

[Signature]

Thomas A. Edison, Ltd.
TILLIE’S PUNCTURED ROMANCE
A KEYSTONE COMEDY IN 6 REELS.

THE rollicking adventures of an unsophisticated country girl (Marie Dressler) who, on a holiday, is picked up by a “sharp” man (Charles Chaplin). Tillie makes the most of the fact that she is in niece to Banks, a well-known millionaire, and Chaplin, with an axe to grind, makes the most of Tillie, though he has already a girl (Mabel Normand). Tillie, “turned out” by her uncle, secures a situation as waitress. Charlie read of uncle’s death, digs Tillie from the restaurant and marries her. They take up their abode in uncle’s mansion, and things bus with bis’ s and similar functions. But there is the devil to pay when Mabel turns up as a waiting wench and is followed by the appearance of uncle, who is not dead after all. Charlie and Tillie are utterly disappointed, and Charlie, with true manly inflexibility, again turns his affections to Mabel.

WANTED A TITLE!—We have already drawn attention to this, and last week published the picture. Now you have to see the picture and invent a title. It is not much trouble, and you may win $2.

THE TWO SENTENCES. A powerful story of a judge’s vengeance, and how he thwarted his own ends by ruthlessly ignoring the morality of the facts. The case of Vivian Rich and Jack Jarvis. Play leading parts is equivalent to saying that the acting is perfect.
—Flying A Drama, 1,383 feet (May 27).

PRESSING HIS SUIT. King Baggot’s genius runs both to drama and comedy. This is a jolly comedy arising out of the changing of a parcel of flowers for a pair of brakes. The complications produce roars of hearty laughter.
—Imp Comedy, Trans-Atlantic, 583 feet (June 7).

HER HUSBAND’S SON. When a middle-aged man marries a young and beautiful girl about the same age as his son, what happens? This film will show you what does happen, and how it all comes about. The unreeling of the story in all its beauty of setting and tragic story will thrill you and make you glad you have seen the film.
—Edison Drama, 2,182 feet (May 27).

YOUNG ROMANCE. A drama of romantic youth founded on the stage-play, and rarely have we seen such a thrilling and moving play as this. There is no natural beauty in the story, the characters in which are the highest order. It marks, too, Edith Taliaferro’s first screen appearance, and her ability is as pronounced on the screen as it is on the stage.
—Luscious Drama, four parts (June 7).

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. The Biscuit-Box Company failed, and the bachelors lost their money. So did the company who was the village terror. But the bachelors didn’t know, and the manuscript didn’t know. So each had a scheme: to restore their fortune by marrying the other. You may imagine there is fun to follow, and if you see the film you will enjoy the film referred to.
—Hereworth Comedy, 830 feet (June 3).

THIRTEEN DOWN. The clever art of combining and controlling the elements of a story so that they converge in a forceful climax at the close is very happily illustrated in this perfect feature photo-play. The story is directed by Jack Logan, the interest at high tide, builds up to an exciting end to its surprising ending. The acting of Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Thomas Commerford, and John H. Cesar in the leading parts is without a flaw.
—Essanay Feature, two parts (May 31).

WHEN ROME RULED. The spectacle of this enthralling Eclectic picture of life under the Caesars will quickly perceive that no pains have been spared to obtain the most sumptuous scenic effects. Every situation is performed amid surroundings that convey a vivid picture of the atmosphere of the period with which it deals, while the actors are of the best. Not the least of the thrills is the heroine’s ordeal amid wild beasts at the arena.
—Pathé Frères, 2,700 feet (May 25).

LEONCE BEAUTIFULLY “HAD.”—It just served Leoncé right. That’s the judgment one feels compelled to pass when the film is through. Strolling aimlessly about the town, he was attracted by the many charms of a lady passing by. Having a keen appreciation of beauty, either of face or figure, preferably both, he followed the lady. In fact he forced his company upon her, and she determined to be revenged. And she was. In the end he was introduced to her husband and large family.
—Garrnond Comedy, 622 feet (May 27).

THE KAISER’S PRESENT. A farcical topical comedy. The German War Lord sends the Sultan a phial, bony maid (made in Germany) as a wife for his services rendered. But what he didn’t know was four wives by law, and in order to accept the new arrival he must sacrifice one of them. Lots are cast, and fate decrees that his favourite must be thrown into the Bosphorus. But she isn’t. Instead the German article goes there accidentally, and “Sulty” dances with glee. The oriental scenes and dances help to make this comic an engrossing picture.
—Martin Film (Harivian 3), 655 feet (May 31).

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS OF ALSACE (1870-1914).—Probably no district in the war on the Western front are so severely interested in the outcome of the struggle as the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. Wrenched from France as a result of their defeat in 1870, they have remained almost entirely French in sympathy. The high-handed methods adopted by Germany have only served to deepen the attachment of the inhabitants to their original mother country. This “Film D’Art” film is founded on the strong sense of patriotism which pervades the inhabitants of the lost provinces. The action begins in 1870 and in 1911 at the outbreak of the present war. Stirring scenes and powerful acting make it a picture to be seen.
—New Jersey Film Co., 1,385 feet (June 7).

See this thrilling three-reel drama at your own theatre. It strikingly depicts the machinations of those skilled in political intrigue.

MAN PROPOSES, BUT—!
The picture which powerfully treats of Austro-Italian diplomacy and secret service.

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CONTROLLED BY
The World's Oldest Actor

In the long life of "Daddy" Manley there seems to have been no rest. It has been work, hustle, and bustle from the early days of his boyhood until the evening of his old age. But "Daddy" never complains about it. Quite the contrary; his happiest moments are those when he is working. And some of his busiest have been in the production of the new serial The Master Key. It is strange, too, that Robert Leonard, the director of this huge production, and under whom "Daddy" is working, is only twenty-four years of age.

Though not remarkable that a man of age should accept the direction of one a quarter his span of life, it is exceptional that a big corporation should choose from among over a score of capable artists a man of such youth for such a big undertaking. Suppose we take a "little journey" with this genial pair and watch them at their work.

It is seventy years since Charles Manley first put grease to his face. Smooth then, tanned now by many suns and wrinkled by both winds and years, he still loves the smell of the paint. Often at the noon hour, that breathing-spell in picture-land, "Daddy" will be found sitting on the grass of a hillside, or perhaps on his chair on the studio stage, gathered about him a group of his fellow-players just like a bunch of youngster grandchildren. It is then that "Daddy" turns backward in the flight of years and tells stories of the days when he was young and a star like his "boy-director" is now.

"Yes," he will begin, "I was one of those who played with Booth and Barrett, Keen and Forrest, great in their day, and loved by all. No"—anticipating the half-formed query—"it isn't fair to compare the art of motion-picture acting with that of the stage, nor the stage of past generations with that of to-day. We've progressed, and will continue to progress. Of course, there are better actors to-day than there used to be. But greatness always stands the test of time. It lives through the ages. Guess that's why I'll be dead when I die. Whereat "Daddy" langhs with the rest.

"Yes, siree! I'm the oldest living actor, and I'm working for the youngest living director, and I'm proud of it. Bobbie, here—putting the letter on the back—is the keenest youngster I've ever worked for, and he's got what few of us ever attain—a future ahead of him, and one right close behind."

"Dad's" looking for a day off next week, and "Bobbie" winks knowingly. "By the way, 'Dad,' you say you're the oldest living actor?"

"I am." Whereat the white-haired veteran bristles as if anticipating a denial.

"How about Matt Snyder?"

"Matt—pshaw! Why, he's a youngster. He's only seventy-five." And "Daddy" rises and walks off briskly, shoulders thrown back, his cane hitting the stage emphatically. Twenty feet away he turns, waves his stick as a parting salute, and cries back:—"And remember this—there's only one youngster 'Daddy' will take orders from, and that's 'Bob' Leonard!"

Have you had our new Postcard List?

THOUSANDS OF PORTRAITS OF THE PLAYERS,
And we are constantly adding to them.

Address "Postcard Manager," 18, Adam St., London, W.C.
Our Greatest British Film Players Contest

THE LAST VOTING COUPON APPEARED IN LAST WEEK'S ISSUE.

LAST DAY for SENDING in COUPONS, MONDAY, MAY 24


British Artistes, no matter where they are playing, are good for this Contest.

Last Day for Sending in Coupons, Monday, May 24
Pictures and the Picturegoer

CHRISSE WHITE (centre) in "The Sweater."

GOSSIP: SCREEN AND EDITORIAL

Our British Artists

Contest has attracted the attention of British artists and their admirers, who have been sending in their uiances. The contest will be open to all who are interested in this field of art and who wish to participate in it. The contest will be judged by a panel of experts in the field of art. The prize for the winner will be a share of the proceeds from the sale of the entries submitted.

The One to Follow

On Tuesday, May 25th, the contest will be held at the art gallery in London. The contest will be open to all who are interested in this field of art and who wish to participate in it. The contest will be judged by a panel of experts in the field of art. The prize for the winner will be a share of the proceeds from the sale of the entries submitted.

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We are looking for applicants for our courses in acting, photography, and stage management. Our courses are designed to prepare students for careers in the entertainment industry.

EXCELLENT RESULTS DESCRIBED AS "TALENT FOR FUTURE ACTING"

THE PICTURES, in issue of April 28th, 1915, were described as "Talent for Future Acting." The critic praised the performances of the students and noted their potential for future success in the film industry.

STUDIO COURSES TO SUIT ALL, ALSO CO-RESPONDENCE COURSES.

WRITE FOR FREE GUIDE.

My DEAR Friend—You remember when I got your letter, and took it to press in the pictures? I escaped the other day, and saw a scarecrow and stole his clothes. At a little inn I watched the man drinking beer until my mouth watered, so I started to sing, and the man asked me what I was singing for. I told him it was the future past, and he asked me if I would tell him my life-story. I told him my throat was too dry, so he brought me a glass of water and I told him about being an engine-driver and a myrrh-sweet woman, and how he had been a man and how he had thrown his horse on the house, and how this villain carried his wife down to the beaten path and took in the money and met her in the nick of time. We finished with a mug, in which I stuck him in seventeen pieces. When I had finished the mug they got me more beer. I was drinking it do you think come up? The beastly writer who was looking for me, so I told them I was working for the Government, and that he was the foreman who had come to fetch me back work. Look out for this picture—"Pimple's Pact." I shall be up to more Pimples next week—Yours truly,

"Simple"

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Half Plates, 1s. 6d. quarter, 6s. 6d. POSTCARD, 3s. 3d. 2s. 6d.

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Are you getting "Pictures" Regularly?

If not, a standing order with any local newsagent will ensure delivery every Saturday morning. Let us know if you experience any difficulty.
Turner Films

"Shop Girls" has been shown in hundreds of Picture Theatres.

BUT WE ARE STILL RECEIVING ENQUIRIES BY EVERY POST AS TO WHERE IT CAN BE SEEN.

IT IS SHOWING THIS WEEK (MAY 17-22) AT THE FOLLOWING THEATRES, AMONG OTHERS:

MONDAY, MAY 17th.

Elephant and Castle Electric Theatre, Walworth Road, S.E.

THURSDAY, MAY 20th.


When you have seen it, tell the manager what you think of it. Tell us, too.

The YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS-

A fine war drama by the famous Gaumont firm is "Spring the Fort," which you will be able to see at your cinemas shortly. In it a child's illness is indirectly the means of spoiling the wicked plot of a spy; but let me give you the story in outline.

With a sad heart the husband left his inn (somewhere in France) to go to the war, and the future was clouded for his wife and child when a few weeks later the authorities closed the inn because of its nearness to a fort. In case some of the "tourists" visiting it might be treacherous. In spite of the inn being closed, however, a German spy two months later induced the wife to allow him to occupy a room formerly belonging to a lodger who had also hurriedly gone to the war. The fact that the room contained plans of the neighboring fort was unknown to the good innkeeper and his wife, but the spy knew of their existence, and as a part of the German campaign was the destruction of the fort the papers he found made that duty an easy one.

The inn was built near the edge of the cliff, and the view obtained of the sea and rugged coastline was a grand one. Down below among the rocks, lapped by the waves, were the foundations of the fort.

The spy overlooked nothing. He found instructions how to reach the exact spot of the fort required for his purpose, and he found also the box, carefully hidden by the former lodger (whom you will guess was also a spy), containing the explosives.

Having mastered all the details and rehearsed the part he had to play, the spy chose the first dark night to put the daring plot into

execution. It so happened that the innkeeper's little girl was unwell, and the mother, instead of being asleep in her own bed, sat watching by the child's bedside when a noise disturbed her, and, looking out of the window, saw the new lodger going stealthily out of the gateway. In alarm she followed him to the fort. She was too late to prevent the first act in the drama. The explosive charges had already been placed at the base of the fort, and the fuse lighted, but the plucky woman was just in time to cut the fuse, and when the spy came to see why the explosion had not taken place he was astounded to discover that the woman had discovered him! A terrible struggle took place between the two, but it was quite short, for the spy fell over the cliff and was killed.

The story in cold print may not seem to suggest anything very wonderful in the film, but I can assure you that the story as acted on the screen is very, very thrilling whilst the child's part in the drama helps to make this a picture that you really must not miss if you can help it.

What was the result of the "Limerick" Competition? I can hear some of you asking. The "Last Jests" sent in were not, on the whole, so clever as I had hoped for, but some of them were quite good.

My Limerick in question was as follows:-

"There was a young lady named Taylor,
Who played the film part of a sailor,
The result was a scream,
But the girl was a dream."

As usual many of the cards bore coloured designs in flags of all nations, or sketches of Alma Taylor, but in this case it was "last line" only (not the illuminations) which merited the prize.

MAURICE COSTELLO.

Caricatured by Allan Morley.
Some last lines received:

"And I heard she eloped with the tailor.
With all I might, we effects by her
As by casts to the mast they did mail her.
So becoming that suit of a sailor,
So the public was pleased with Miss.
British 'made' not a friend of the Kaiser.
For the part she played didn't avail her.
If you write — Care of Hepworth's, you mail her.
And looked very chic in a whaler.
So more work for me, said the tailor.
Petrie has gone to — Corrie Denning, 134 Clarence-street, Bolton (14); Doris Richardson, 178, Drakeford-road, Birkley, S.E.

Award of Merit (special prize for six of these): Margaret Walsh (Highbury), Gladys Turner (Lewisham), L. Oasden (Shortlands), Florence Pollitt (Cheetham-hill), Lilly Bird (West Norwood), H. Breadhead (Bradford), Autoine Robison (Folkestone), Nora Kent (Lewes), Dorothy Bird (West Norwood), Doris Moore (Redfern).

How do you like the little caricature of Maurice Costello? How would you like to write a little verse about him? How would you like to win a big bound volume of Pictures and the Picture Goer for doing so? To encourage my poetry-writing nephews and nieces, and I know they number hundreds, I will present two bound volumes — each to the boy and girl sending me the cleverest verse of not less than four lines containing the name of Maurice Costello; postcards if you like, and please address to "Costello," 18, Adam-street, London, W.C. and post before Monday, May 24th. All verses will be read, judged, and enjoyed by your poetry-loving

UNCLE TIM.

REPLIES

Name and address (not for publication) will be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in rotation. When casts are required name of Company must be given.


"ROMANCE" (Chapman, Carlisle, Blackett, c/o. Famous Players Co., 20th St., New York; Ben P. Wilson, King, Higgott & Herstell, Hawkins, c/o. Universal Film Co., 1,600 Broadway, New York; and Blanche Newell, c/o. Jesse L. Locky Co., Long Acre Theatre, New York.

"D. C. O. "(Burnley).—Write Father's, 1, Wardour St., London. You might get what you want through the advertisement columns of the trade papers. Don't know the firm you mention.

"ROMANCE" (Chapman, Johnstone, Charles Chapin is English. Surely the one person to tell him you like him so much is yourself. He is playing for Eversley. Yes, he acts in Fred Karan's "Mummery Birds." If your answer is on the stage she can most likely help you.

"TRUBBER" (Leicester).—Write your film plots in scenic form. Read "Play writing for the Cinema," by E. Dene, price is 2s. 6d. post-free, from this office. Delighted to help you. Phil.

"ALEP" (Haspaldon).—The cast of "Wake Up" was not published.

"STRESS" (Manchester).—So far as we know, Edith Stowry is not married to Earl Williams. Immediately the opportunity occurs we shall have an interview with the former.

"AUBRET" (Chiswick).—Thanks for interesting letter. Audrey. Yes, Marshall Dillan is the name at Marshall Dillan. "When the West was Young" (Vit.). "Black Hawk" (the Indian), Geo. Stanley, "Tom Bowles" (Frontierman), Geo. Sankey, "His Little Son," Genevieve Elloitt. Glad you passed your exam. We note that the little girl thought John Hummel wrote Peggie's "agogo;" also that you have three relations playing for the cinema.

"PEER" (Birmingham).—See reply to "Physie." Address Florence Turner, Turner Film Co., Walton-on-Thames, and Stewart Rone, c/o. Hepworth Film Co., Walton-on-Thames. The best of luck to you. Yes, send photo.

IS THIS IN YOUR ALBUM?
It is a portrait of Florence La Badio (Thomeau Co.), and one of our stock of thousands of postcards of players.
A WOMAN simply has to love something, even if it is nothing but a man.

His Brain Wave.

SHE: "How are things going now?"

YOUNG OFFICER (a knout): "Oh, er, something may happen any minute, you know!"

Their "Pet" Aversion.

SHE: "That woman next door is going to the pictures tonight."

HE: "Then we'll have to go as well. Her dog will bark the whole evening."

The Good in Them.

VISITOR: "My name is Scribbler. I sent you several picture-plots. Is there anything among them you can use?"

EDITOR: "Yes, the postage-stamps."

A Nosebag Story.

A company of mounted recruits were on a route march, the men carrying halt a feed of corn on their saddles. One lad was nosing in his hand.

"What are you doing with that bag?" asked the inspecting officer.

"Bag was loose, sir," an' I was afraid the seed'd fall out."

"Seed! What seed? Do you think you're riding a canary?"

PICTURES AND THE PICTUROGEOGRAPHY

WEEK ENDING MAY 22, 1915

"DAISY N."

"Flamendy."

"See reply to "Ferdy.""

Sometimes disappointed in getting Pictures? Why not place your order weekly on Form No. 2?

"A LOYAL Reader" (Gloucester)."The cast you want is not published. What about your name and address?"

"HUBBY" (Caldwell)."Tell the man what you want."

So try "Ferdy."

"ELLE" (Manchester)."How are things going tonight?"

"ELLE" (Manchester)."Harry Tullard is a man."

"Vitagraph;"

"them puddin." Write "pictures,"

Mary Solla (8) Kovston (28x379) "Irish." A

"screen!"

"You'll never get tired. Doncaster will feel lonely when the khaki has departed."

"D. A." (Halesowen)."You have eleven autographs of players, some of our readers can beat you."

"D. A."

"The Samson Film Co. is at Worton Hall, Ilthworth, Middlesex. No cast given of the film you mention, which we believe was French."

"MILLEROIES" (Sheffeld)."There is always a demand for good film plots written in proper scenario form. Paying for the Cinema, 1s. 2d. post-free from this office, would help you."

"So the man is a little hoy. You certainly look the liveliest in the group. Is your victim "Joe C"? Yes, there are two Chaplins (brothers), Charles and Cyd. The former, late of Keystone, is now with a. Nazmy, Harry directed your care with Warren Kerrigan and ourselves. We cannot find information you want without names of him and its producers."


"Address: Picturegroer,"

"pictures,"

"Surely he is an old friend of yours."

"DEL" (Parents)."—Althral firearms, you write an uncommonly good letter, old chap, and we're pleased to have it. Write to London Film Co., in Gerrard St., London, W., and ask them when "The Prisoner of Zenda" is coming to Bath. Enclose stamped envelope for reply. Your man is not married. We understand you tell your artist everything.

"Grace" (Bath)."—"The Prisoner of Zenda" was released this spring. So you think having lunch at 12 in a great nuisance?—'Well, some people don't get any at all, you know."

"MARCELLE" (Glasgow)."—Although French, you write an uncommonly good letter, old chap, and we're pleased to have it. Write to London Film Co., in Gerrard St., London, W., and ask them when "The Prisoner of Zenda" is coming to Bath. Enclose stamped envelope for reply. Your man is not married. We understand you tell your artist everything."

"MARCELLE" (Bath)."—We put "we because we are "we"; got? How nice to walk out with a guinea pig! Don't hold him up by his tail or you lose his eyes, sars.

"MARCELLE" (Bath)."—Although French, you write an uncommonly good letter, old chap, and we're pleased to have it. Write to London Film Co., in Gerrard St., London, W., and ask them when "The Prisoner of Zenda" is coming to Bath. Enclose stamped envelope for reply. Your man is not married. We understand you tell your artist everything."

"FRED" (Burnley)."—The Thanhouser Twins are Machine for Marion Fairhurst. We have postcards of them together, 1d. each, postage extra. They are Americans. If you write to them ncey, they will surely reply.

"FRED" (Burnham)."—Cast of "Harbour Lights" was given in our Nov. issue. One Mix played in "Saved by a Watch" (colig). Charles Caplin is not dumb, Freddy. "He德国 many film Companies? We know not and caer not."

"COLENS" (Westcliff).—Apply to Victoria Cinema Cinema, 17, Bedford St., Strand, London, for "pictures,"

"BROTHERS" (Gusmay)."—The particulars you ask for are unobtainable.

"P. W. C." (Colley)."—All the recent films in which "pictures,"

"THE INFLUENCE OF KHAKI."

The old boy doesn't know himself since he joined the "not too old at forty."" —Jack Canuck (Canada).

Passing a Cinema.

"Do you believe there is any truth in signs, he asked.""

"Oh, yes, I'm a Jolly!" she answered, pointing to the one that said, "Save 3d. 6d. and 1s."

A Wooden A-gument.

"Every time I see Grandfather's sword I want to go to war.""

"Well, and why not?"

"Every time I notice Grandfather's wooden leg I don't."

Daddy Neptune in 1915.

"Shiver my timbers!" exclaimed old Father Neptune, coming to the surface and waving his hands in the ambient air, "what with mines and submarines! I've fair got the stummin'ach. In happier days I got to come from up top was all non-explosive. No, it's a cruel business, hope; foot ball, I think; shrapnel-shell, by Jingo."

Circumstances After Cases.

The other morning a boy offered me one of two can-hats which is below.

"That's right," said the driver, "always be kind to dumabanimals. Look how the old horse enjoys it! But does your mother always give you big lumps?"

"No."

"The youngest; Mother didn't give me it; I found it in the van."

"Wot?" yelled the driver. "Why young imp, that's my breakfast!"
Who not only stars in Selig picture-plays, but is a champion swimmer and holds many medals for her skill.

This popular actress has never appeared in other than "Diamond S" productions.
A BERLIN firm is offering to supply French cinema theatres with films of Malines Antwerp, and Louvain. How’s that for impudence?

Marie Dressler has signed on with Lubin at a large salary. Have you seen the Mary Marie in little’s punctured romance?

"Please send me the Mary Pickford Booklet. I enclose 24d." every morning letters like this arrive at our office. Have you had your copy yet?

In Boston (U.S.A.) the new statute of Truth had to be covered before the film in which it appeared was passed. Now if it had been in Germany we could have understood it.

"Suspended during the war. Will reappear after the Victory," advertises a French cinema trade paper whose editor is fighting. A safe return for him is everybody’s wish.

Who’s Your Lady Friend?

"WITH one arm she hurts him through the door of the hotel and afterwards drags him home by the ear." The ear-dragging wife was Margaret Joslin, and the owner of the ear was a marvelous comedy "husband" but we have known wives almost as affectionate out of pictures. If you must flirt, don’t marry an athlete!

A New Death.

THE Universal Company recently offered a prize for a scenario which contained an absolutely original way of killing a man. The reward was won by a writer, who suggested that a python should drop from a tree and coil round a horseman passing beneath. What a python! And couldn’t we do with a few gross of the same in Flanders for passing German-bats?

Real Riots for a Film.

IN Hull Caine’s work The Eternal City there are Socialist riots in Rome and the soldiers charge the rioters. Speaking of his visit to Rome, Edwin Porter, who with Mr. Ford produced the film for Famous Players, says that although they met with many difficulties they had one slice of luck. "The day after we arrived in Rome a big strike took place. It was supposed to be engineered by street railway employees, but in reality it was nothing more than the Socialists using the men’s grievances to upset the Government, who promptly nipped the amateur revolution in the bud. The shops were closed, the soldiers called out, but not before the mob had burned down some depots. Oddly enough, this fitted in with our plans, and while the Socialists raised every rumour we got some dandy pictures of the soldiers charging the rioters."

Neatly a Tragi-dy.

IN the rehearsal of The Tragedy of the Rails, an Edison railway drama, the gasoline handcar ran wild and nearly did more damage than the "wild" engine in the play. The handcar broke away from Gertrude McCray’s control, throwing her to the ground, and started down the track and toward the train to be used in the play, which was coming fast in the opposite direction. Three camera men made a leap at it as it flew down the track, and the engine, like a mastiff running away from a terrier, was attempting to back up and away, at full speed. Augustus Phillips, the "engineer" of the play, made a run and a jump, landing on the car, which he stopped in front of the pilot, but not until he ‘had been dragged a considerable distance.

OUR EMOTIONAL PIANIST WHEN—

No. 2. Betty Nansen Weeps.

Inappropriate.

SOME people have a curious idea of the appropriateness of things. The other night in a picture-theatre in Ottawa, says a Canadian paper, a picture of Prinz Eitel-sailing into Newport News was shown on the screen. This was followed by a picture of the German crew lined along the decks, smoking their pipes and wearing their devilish grin, which seems to be characteristic of all the squareheads. The climax wasn’t reached, however, until the orchestra, with great vim and gusto, played, “For they are jolly good fellows.” Perhaps it was for the “Saucerkratns.”

Foolish Faults in Films.

ONE often crosses silly errors in foreign films, but the British films are not free from them. Recently we saw a man rush out of his bed to an upper floor, where a fire was raging. When he came down two minutes later his bed was made! In another film we saw a woman in a garden in summer and the same blooms on the same old stems in the middle of winter! On another occasion we noticed a young lady in a particularly smart hat and jacket, and “five years later” said young lady still wore same hat and jacket, which would still be in style, but perhaps the silliest mistake we have yet discovered was in a scene showing the departure of a family from an English farm fifty years ago, when a woman in old-time gown went to bed. She buried her baby in a modern perambulator!

P sst, the Invasion of Britain.

THE Edison producer, John H. Cowles, has put some of his best work on a medicine show, The Invasion of Britain. Mr. Cowles has made a study of the struggle between the old China and the new Republic, with an underground setting. Chinese curio-shops were searched, and the Japanese actor T. Tamamoto was enlisted in the campaign for “real” atmosphere. The result is that Mr. Foo’s home, in the picture, is more of an antique shop than many shops parading as such. Rare Chinese antiques and red and black lacquered tables and chairs in odd design, richly embroidered dragons on hangings and tapestries, cases seldom seen, and immense swords with carved ivory handles and scabbards are the order of the day in old China. One of the chairs is an oddly shaped, beautifully lacquered “Priest’s Chair,” which, in China, is borne in a funeral to the grave for the priest to sit upon—a custom extremely difficult to secure out of China.

The World’s Loss.

AND is old Bunny dead? Alas that it is. Though vast mobile countenance (say’s Mr. Smith) or, to put it technically, the battlefield of the emotions—fear, triumph, surprise, morbidness, glee, despair. But so has it been decreed, and John Bunny, the hero of countless cinema comedies, is none too, cut down in his prime. For years he had been the favourite big funny man of “the pictures,” and though he has left countless imitators there was no one, while his greatest rival in publicity and popularity, Max Linder the reckless and debonair, fights for France. Wherever a picture palace exists, whether at Hollywood, Paris, Cairo or Cape Coast Castle, Vladivostok or Littlehampton, Hobart or Dunblane, Bahu Bianca or Archangel, there the features of John Bunny are as familiar as household words. "Vast multitudes of human beings who do not yet know what the Kaiser looks like are intimate with Bunny’s every expression."

"War" in Five Reels.

The filming of this big subject at the Selig-Jungo-Zoo is now completed. It is intended to show the horrors of strife between nations. One great scene shows the destruction of a building in which five hundred troops and women are supposed to be housed. Planted under this edifice were 350 pounds of dynamite, and 500 lbs. of black powder. For this subject many articles of modern warfare were specially made, including armored motor-tractors. All the late patterns of motor transportation for field service will be seen. Director Martin aims that this shall be a lesson to humanity, teaching the meaning of war.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. GIBBALDIANS HELL RECRUITING: Warriors of 1867 at the head of a recruiting march.
2. FOR BRAVERY: One of many French officers decorated at Versailles.
3. TOMMY'S A SPORT: Wounded soldiers enjoy a day's racing at Chester.
4 and 5. OUR DESTROYERS do a good work in the North Sea.
6. THE OLD BOYS' CORPS: After a long route march the "Boys" enjoy their meal in camp.
7. ROYAL FUSILIER: Recruiting at the Guildhall for this famous regiment.
ELLA sat alone in the sitting-room of her suburban residence. To her the glorious sunshine seemed but a mockery, for her outlook on life was gloomy indeed. With wet eyes she gazed at the photograph of her sailor-lover Jack, the only being in the world for whom she had ever had any real affection—her Jack of whom the wretched lad robbed her for ever.

A fortnight previously Ella had received a letter from the Admiralty which contained the dreadful news that her lover had been drowned at sea.

"Oh, why has he been taken from me?" she sobbed. "Oh, Jack, Jack, come back to me—"

As if in answer to her prayer, she was rudely interrupted by the noisy entrance of John Morgan, her husband. She had married him by force of circumstance only; for she had never really cared for the man. He was rough and cruel, and her dislike for him had rapidly changed to positive hatred. All her hopes of future happiness had been centred in Jack, but now...

"That's that!" John grunted, as he snatched the precious photograph from her grasp. "So you still drop tears on this idiot's portrait?" he sneered. "But you shan't do it any longer, d'y'hear?" And as he spoke the words he tore the photograph into tiny pieces and flung them at his wife.

"You answered her brutal husband; she just sank on to a sofa and sobbed as if her heart would break, while the man whom the world lawfully declared was her husband laughed at her loneliness.

He left her, but Ella did not stay long in the room. She wandered through the house in an effort to get away from the creaking noise in the hall below attracted her attention.

Leaning over the banister very cautiously, she was just in time to see her husband disappear through an opening in the panels of the hall.

She waited in amazement until the panel was replaced, and then, descending the stairs, she searched carefully for what was obviously a secret spring. For some time her search was in vain, and she was giving up as hopeless when she accidentally touched a small joggle, and the panel sprang open, just as it had done many times before without her knowledge.

The Coiners' Den.

Instantly Ella passed through the aperture, and stumbled along a dark passage. Trembling with fear, she at length reached a door. She listened with bated breath, and distinctly heard voices on the other side.

Like Peeping Tom of Coventry, she could control her inquisitiveness no longer. With great caution she opened the door about half an inch. The scene which met her gaze revealed her husband to her in his true surroundings—those of a coiner. Although a rush of hot, evil-smelling air rushed from the narrow space through which she was looking, the poor girl turned cold with terror. There were about half a dozen other men besides her husband in the room, his employees, who were all engaged in preparing the base coin—the coin on which John and his wife had been living. The awful discovery made Ella feel sick, and unable to stand the tension any longer, she slammed the door and flew down the passage, knocking herself against walls and boxes until she reached her own room.

A Husband's Brutality.

Meanwhile the scene which had been going on within the den was anything but pleasant. John, on hearing the noise, hastily helped his men to secrecy all signs of their fraudulent business, and then swung open the door and looked out, but no one was visible.

"I could have sworn someone shut this door," he muttered, "but I suppose I must have been mistaken. Anyhow—"

He was turning round to re-enter the room again when he caught sight of a handkerchief lying on the ground. He picked it up, and instantly recognised it as the property of his wife.

"So that little fiend has discovered my secret, has she?" he hissed. "By heaven, she'll pay for her curiosity!" and without further hesitation he strode out to tackle his wife.

He found her sitting calmly in her room. All signs of grief had completely disappeared from her face, which now wore an angry expression.

"You need not sit there like an innocent two-year-old," shouted her husband. "I have proof that you followed me, suppose you don't recognise this handkerchief?" he added tauntingly.

Ella blanched with fear. "John," pleaded her husband with tears in her eyes, "do forgive me. I did not mean to pry into your business; it was quite an accident."

"Accident be d—d," snarled John. "I never take excuses from any one, especially a woman. So you've got to take the consequences, my pretty one."

Ella endeavoured to make further excuses, for she well knew how brutal her husband could be when he was roused. But he paid no heed to her words. He instead fetched a strong leather horse-whip. Advancing towards his wife, he dragged her from the sofa where she had crouched, and began to whip her as only a brute could whip a woman.

"Mercy, mercy, John! O Heaven, have mercy!"

"Mercy on a sneak—never!" he cried, and with greater energy he again started to whip the beautiful girl whose life he had long made so terrible.

A Timely Interruption.

"Take that, you devil!" shouted a strong, fresh voice, as with a resounding crash John fell to the ground like a log. Ella, too dazed to recognise any one, stood weeping bitterly.

"Ella, dear." The soft tones of her sailor boy's voice brought her to her senses. Then, with a mighty effort, she realised that before her stood her lover—not dead, but very much alive.

"Jack's where—why—I thought you were drowned. Explain quickly." She became almost hysterical.

"No, I'm not drowned. I was picked up by a passing steamer, had brain-fever, came home, met Tom in the town. He told me where you were, and I have come straight. Just in the nick of time, too, wasn't it? Now you see, lie down while I tackle that cur; I've not done with him yet!"

Seeing his victim more, Jack hastily carried Ella to the adjoining bedroom. When he returned Jack, recovered from the shock, and on his feet, flew like a madman at his wife's deliverer.

A fierce struggle ensued, for, although Jack was the smaller man, he was quicker on his feet than his opponent. Round and round went these two men—struggling like wild beasts. One moment John would have the upper hand, then Jack, by a sudden effort, would seem to be winning. Then both would be rolling on the floor gasping for breath.

A Fight for Life.

Unable to gain any advantage, and almost mad with rage, John suddenly thought of his revolver, but after two shots had been fired Jack managed to wreat it from him. Now John
OUR CINEMATOGRAPHIC CARTOONS. No. 37. "LIP-READING."

She: "Oh, do not tempt me— you forget—"

He: "I forget nothing, but—"

Blinky: "S-shh—S-shh—!"

Nabbler: "S-shh—Go easy—S-shh—!"

The Villains (hoist by his own petard): "Oh, help—help!"
The Hero: "As a Brit's' er I cannot see a fellow-man grumble!"

The Heavy Father: "What are you doing at that safe?"
The Hero (wronged or otherwise): "N-nothing, Father."

John's men try to break through the door, and saw also that her husband determined to enter the room by the window. When Ella realised what he meant to do, she hurried to the floor above and gained the verandah without being noticed. She heard John rush into the room below, heard revolver shots, and then, with her limbs practically paralysed with fear, she saw her Jack again in a death-struggle with her husband on the verandah below.

Quickly she obtained some rope from the attic, and lowered it to her lover's feet as a hint crack told her that the iron-work of the balcony had given way. A muffled curse, a dull thud on the flagstones, and her hated husband was no more. Thanks to the rope, her Jack was safe, and happiness was in store for both of them.

The chief feature of this sensational one-reeler is the real fight between the sailor-boy and the villain. It is so thrilling that you think every minute that one fighter at least will be really killed. Edward Sydney plays the part of Jack. The film is one of the "Lion's Head" brand. It will be released on June 28th by Davison's.

TURN TO PAGE 160 FOR OUR NEW VOTING COMPETITION.
Royal Cinema Actors

Monarchs who have posed for Moving Pictures.

EVEN Kings at times thirst for a new sensation. They weary of having their fitting words and anecdotes chronicled in the Press, and, although one would think differently, it is by no means a new thing for a King to be advertised by the cinematograph.

Operators whom the writer has met with gleam many amusing incidents connected with their work of filmimg royalty. One of the vainest of these sensation-loving royalties is King Louis of Bavaria. The picture had a special feature erected in the woods of his country estate, and on it he stood in the act of shooting at wild boar—wild after a manner of speaking only, for they were forced to rush past where he stood in absolute safety, and as they charged across the clearing King Louis let fly!

If truth be told—and it seldom ever is in Germany these days—Munich laughed itself black in the face when the film appeared at their local picture palaces. The picture of their King having the nerve to shoot wild boar—it was too funny!

The craze for being cinematographed seems to be as pernicious as militarism in the German Empire. The Kaiser, always out for "puff" advertisement, is extremely keen on this form of publicity, and on all his Court and public appearances, inspecting regiments and bestowing decorations—and iron crosses!—he is ever careful to have an official invitation sent to the film man just before the ceremony, and he fixes his moustache and his smile for the ready camera. Rumour says that he is doing the same kind of thing during the war.

Even Pope Leo, has been filmed! Pope Leo had some excellent photographs taken for use in the public picture theatres, and after his death Pius's acts were also very well depicted.

A story is told of one King who, being filmed in the act of shooting on a friend's estate, lost all interest in the sport and became fascinated with the camera man and his machine. The pictures taken on that occasion are still in existence—and are funnier than the funniest knockabout comedy ever filmed. They show the King a nervous young man, dancing very hard for a few seconds when he was amusing to see if the picture was being taken. Now this monarch always takes a cinematographer with him wherever he goes, and the pictures are sent back to the capital of his country to be witnessed first by the Royal Family in their private picture theatre and then by the King's subjects.

In singular contrast to these monarchs who have pictorial representation of themselves is the attitude of the President of the United States, who regards the cinematograph operator as his greatest enemy, and has often been known to glare viciously at some inoffensive camera-man attempting to film him unawares. Nevertheless, it is well known that one of his most precious possessions is a little strip of celluloid picturing his late wife at a social function which she attended but a few days before her death.

King Christian of Denmark is a frequent subject of the cinematograph; but he is always seen on horseback. Many people may have wondered at this; but the explanation is quite simple. Being very tall, his Royal legs are somewhat long, and when he walks he takes very long steps. It is a peculiarity of the camera that some movements are exaggerated in the taking. For instance, if a man were to walk very fast in front of the camera, he would not appear on the screen as simply walking fast, but would simply flash past. If one sits down normally, he appears on the screen to sit down with an idiotic jerk. Actors and actresses have to be trained to moderate their movements considerably; but as a Royal personage could scarcely be expected to undergo this training, or to accommodate his steps to suit the whims of the camera, King Christian found it more convenient and dignified to be "taken" on horseback, and, being tall and of smart, military bearing, he makes an heroic figure, and inspires the wholehearted admiration of his subjects whenever they are privileged to see him on the screen of their local theatres.

It is said that King George, although not objecting to being photographed on special occasions, is not a willing "victim." Only on one occasion has he been known to pose for the camera, although, of course, he had been filmed hundreds of times. It was on the occasion of his last visit to Oxford, when he addressed a large crowd of students in a large room. The camera was concealed behind a curtain on the platform, and the fact that he deliberately posed is betrayed by his glance of inquiry towards the camera-man upon appearing in the doorway leading to the platform. In the picture he is Majesty is seen to stop for a moment in apparent confusion before the camera, and to look directly at the lens as if at a loss as to what to do next.

A very amusing story comes from Mexico. The incident occurred during a revolution there. A cinema man went to Mexico City on purpose to film General Huerta and his army, but when he arrived the President told him blandly that he would have to take his family as the army was busy. But the camera-man was not satisfied. He insisted that the president of the army must be taken, so Huerta, his sense of humour coming uppermost, had every soldier lay his hands upon file past the palace, on the balcony of which the operator was standing with his machine.

Hours came, hours went; still they filed past, with the luckless photographer bending, almost a broken wreck, over his machine. Several times he attempted to "pack up," but the President stood grimly at his side and refused to let him go until the last soldier had passed.

That film was nearly 5,000 feet long—and there wasn't a private missed!
MISTRESS NELL

The Famous Players Production. Featuring Mary Pickford.
Controlled by J. D. Walter's World's Films, Limited;
Adapted from the Film by PATRICK GLYNN.

PART ONE.

KING CHARLES II. slipped away from his courtiers at the hunt in the Epping Forest when he descried the supple form and piquant face of Mistress Nell Gwynne bending her mount to a secluded and quiet glade.

"Ah, Nell!" said the King, reproachfully, as he caught up with her, "I would have you know that this avoidance of me is not quite to my taste. Why so elusive, sweetheart?"

"I am tired," replied Nell, indifferently. Nell Gwynne was the only individual in the kingdom who could treat her Sovereign so cavalierly, which sometimes exasperated the King but more often made him laugh. But Nell's coyness soon disappeared when Charles, with the lighthearted abandon that made him so popular, notwithstanding his vices, took Nell in his arms and kissed her on the lips.

"Why tired?" he continued. "Is it of me?" he asked, with a humorous smile.

"No," replied the ex-orange girl, who was now one of the leading actresses at Drury Lane Theatre, and the most popular woman in England. "It is not of you, my friend. But to-night I must appear at Drury Lane, as you well know, and I must not tire myself out with the hunt."

"Then do not," returned the King, dropping easily on to the grass, and picking idly at the flowers. Nell sat beside him, and the pair chatted about the approaching play, while the members of the hunt, haying missed the King, dashed hither and thither over the forest in vain search for him.

"I hear the Duchess of Portsmouth will be at the play," said Nell, watching the King's face narrowly.

The King's chief fainit was his faithlessness, and the question raised a momentary shadow on his brow. "Well, yes," he replied. "It is policy to be on good terms with her. You know the influence she holds with Louis of France."

At this moment a huntsman discovered the King and Nell, and, with a discreet smile, allayed the fears of the others. The pair rose, mounted their horses, and rejoined the hunt, but it could be seen by the frown on the face of the Duchess of Portsmouth that the King's partiality for the ex-orange girl did not please her.

That night at Drury Lane was one of the gala nights of the season. The King arrived in state and took his seat in the Royal box. He was speedily followed by the Duke of Buckingham and the Duchess of Portsmouth, both of whom were secret agents of the King of France. The theatre rapidly filled up with the great lords and ladies of the Court. Mistress Nell appeared, and received the applause of the gathering. But her eyes were alternately fixed on the King and the Duchess of Portsmouth. Mistress Nell had many ways of gaining information that Charles II. did not possess, and she distrusted the Duchess, whilst the Duchess, on her part, heartily disliked the King's favourite, whom she sometimes referred to as "that orange girl whom the King packed up out of the gutter."

Mistress Nell with her sharp eyes intercepted meaning glances between the Duchess and the Duke of Buckingham, and the silent telepathy filled her with such presagings that she almost forgot the lines she must deliver. The first Act finished, and Nell acknowledged the delighted applause of the multitude; but in the few subsequent moments in her dressing-room she thought over the apparent alliance between the Duchess and Buckingham. "For England's sake—and my own—I must keep that woman away from the King," she murmured.

The call-boy reminded her that the second Act was about to commence, and Nell returned to the footlights. Her next lines seemed to Nell to be appropriate to the occasion, and she delivered them with peculiar relish:

"A traitress will our land to sorrow bring,
Making a victim of our worthy King."

As she spoke, the lines, the young actress looked pointedly at the Duchess in her box, who flushed and shifted uneasily. Feeling decomposed, she waved her fan with an attempt at indifference, and left the theatre. Mistress Nell smiled. She intended to "rub it in" to the Duchess at every opportunity, and one came the very next day.

It took the form of an invitation from the King to dine at an old inn outside London, where he and Nell often met without prying eyes to note their movements. Space won't permit me at the Blue Bear Inn—Charles was all the note contained, and when Nell read it a mischievous smile curled her lips.

"This night will I make a fool of the Duchess," Calling her page, she said, "Take this note to the Duchess of Portsmouth, but do not say who sent you."

The first to arrive at the "Blue Bear" inn was the King, who, disguised in an old uniform belonging to one of his officers, bade the servitor order a feast at once. The old servitor glanced at the faded uniform doubtfully, but he was quickly assisted in his progress to...
The Royal Performance at Drury Lane Theatre.

Nell Gwynne is centre on stage; King Charles and the Duchess are in their boxes on the right.

The angry Duchess fled in such haste that she left her cloak behind her. The King turned to the girl reproachfully, "Nell, when will you control your passion for practical joking?"

"Come, don't be angry," she said, slipping her arm round the King's neck and kissing him. Charles thought that it was not until the landlord presented the bill for the repast that his humour changed. He had no money. Mistress Nell had none either, and the pair looked at each other in comical dismay.

Mistress Nell's glance encountered the rich cloak left by the Duchess, and her face creased in smiles. Taking the cloak, she handed it to the landlord with the remark, "We find we are without money. Take this handsome cloak in payment."

Charles smiled. It was an adventure after his own heart. He smiled again later when he heard that the Duchess, having missed her cloak, had returned for it, and was refused its possession until she had paid the landlord for the feast.

PART TWO.

A week later the Duchess gave a ball, but, for obvious reasons, no invitation was sent to Mistress Nell. That irrepresible young lady, however, determined to be present at the ball, even as an unexpected guest. She also knew that the time had arrived when she must come to close quarters with the Duchess if she were to be successful in exposing her.

A young cavalier, wearing a mask over his eyes, announced himself to the Duchess's servants as a young Irishman, named Bean Adair, said to be a friend of Roche, who was in league with the Duke of Buckingham and the Duke of Portland. The disguise was given admittance, and made his way to the ballroom just as the King was announced.

There was something familiar in the movements of the stranger that caught the eye of Charles, who turned to the Duke of Buckingham. "Who is this young dandy?" he asked.

"His Majesty would know your identity. Will you please unmask?" the unknown smiled, but he had no intention of revealing his identity. "I dare not jump at the wrong stranger."

There was a ripple of laughter round the King, and the Duke continued chaffing. "Perhaps you have come for a visit of your beloved. Is she in the gathering?"

The disguised visitor bowed. "The one I love best is named Neil, and I go to her at night.

Every one looked at the King. It was well known that he could be jealous on occasion, and the words of the stranger, which he no doubt overheard, annoyed him.

But he did not show his anger. He turned to one of the couriers. "Go—watch Mistress Nell's house and inform me if any one enters."

Then, turning to his couriers, he went towards the Duchess's boudoir, being followed stealthily by the young cavalier, who hid himself behind a large curtain. Meanwhile the King had entered the Duchess's boudoir. After seating himself, the Duchess placed a paper, a quill, and ink before him. He glanced at the paper and frowned.

"What would you?" he asked, coldly. "Your signature, sire," pleaded the Duchess. "It is drawn up in the interests of your kingdom. You know you can rely on Louis of France if we go to war again."

Rather unwillingly Charles perused the document, and, succumbing to the endearments of the Duchess, affixed his signature. The King then returned to the ballroom, just as the stranger emerged from his hiding-place and faced the Duchess. To her he handed the following letter:

To Her Grace the Duchess of Portsmouth—I recommend to your service my young Irish friend, Bean Adair. He can be relied on to serve Louis of France faithfully. Rochet.

The Duchess looked at the disguised cavalier doubtfully. "Can I trust you?" she asked.

The other bowed. "I hate the King as I love you. Put me to the test," was the reply.
Nell deceives the Duchess.

The Duchess appeared satisfied, and handed him a note, written by her own hand, as follows:

"Convey these papers with secrecy and haste to Louis of France. They mean the downfall of the English - LOUIS."  

The young cavalier hurried out, and, passing through the ballroom, remarked to the circle round the King: "Now I go to Mistress Nell." Before the Royal circle could recover from the shock of this audacious announcement the cavalier fled down the stairs and disappeared.

Half an hour later the King was informed that the young Irishman who had been seen in the ballroom had indeed gone to Mistress Nell's house. The angry monarch immediately set out to visit the house and confront the faithless lady himself. He found her seated in her boudoir, apparently engaged in the innocent pastime of reading. Charles put this down to duplicity. "You have a man hidden here," he said, sharply.

"Sir," replied the girl, demurely, "you have been deceived."

"Search the house," commanded the King, turning to his personal attendants, who had followed him.

The next moment the Duchess of Portsmouth had arrived. Hearing that the King had suspected Nell of having a lover who had been traced to the house, she determined to be in at the exposure of her hated rival. The two women were to each other coldly, whilst the King stood aside with flushed face, and inwardly fuming.

In an alcove of the boudoir was a large curtain, at which the King fancied Nell glanced every now and then with apparent anxiety. Charles prided himself on his astuteness, and, calling his attendants, remarked: "You need search no more. I think I know where the gallant is hiding." Drawing his sword, Charles advanced to the alcove and was about to pull aside the heavy curtain when Mistress Nell ran towards him.

"I entreat you not to look - else you will see the man I love."

Charles smiled sourly, and without another word pulled the curtain aside and dashed in. To his amazement he found nothing more suspicious than a large mirror, in which his own angry face was vividly depicted. A ripple of laughter from Nell convinced him that

he had been cleverly hoodwinked. "How dare you mock your King," he exclaimed, now thoroughly offended.

"You saw the man I love," replied Nell, still laughing at her joke. "Are you satisfied?"

"Then where is the young Irishman who was seen coming in here?" said the bewildered King.

"I am, " replied Nell. Lifting her dress a little she showed the cavalier's uniform, which she had not had time to change before the King and his courtiers had burst into the house. The Duchess turned pale.

"I owe you an explanation," said Nell, turning to the King. "This woman has been conspiring against your person and your kingdom. Here is the evidence," and Nell turned out the pocket of the cavalier's breeches. The Duchess and the Duke of Buckingham immediately matched at the incriminating documents, but they were too late. The King was reading the damning evidence, and the Duchess judged it wise to make her exit as quietly and as quickly as possible.

"You see, I did not deceive you," said Mistress Nell, tenderly, when all had departed and they were alone.

"Whilst others have made profit out of you and deceived you, I have always regarded you as my own King as well as King of England.

"Sweetheart," replied Charles, folding the beautiful and wilful girl in his arms, "I know all the falseness that surrounds a King. There is none in all England whom I regard with the same trust and love as you."

It is not necessary to dwell on the fascination of this four-reel story. It is enough to say that charming Mary Pickford plays the title-role as only Mary can play it, and Owen Moore impersonates King Charles. Other leading players are Arthur Hoops (Duke of Buckingham) and Ruby Hoffman (Duchess of Portsmouth). The film will be showing from May 31st onwards.

*This woman, Nell, has been conspiring against your person and your kingdom.*
JUST ABOUT MYSELF

BY HAROLD LOCKWOOD.

HELLO, Johnny Bulls! That Editor person who runs your fine paper The Pictures has asked me to write something about myself. Not so easy to write about one's self, is it? However, here goes:

As he—that Editor, I mean—told you a few weeks ago, I am a recent transfer from the American studios to Santa Barbara now, and I came here from the Famous Players Company for several reasons. I liked being with the Famous Players, and enjoyed playing with such prominent actresses as Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark—two wonderful artistes—but in this company they say that money talks, and I was offered a lot of money to make the change. Of course, money is not everything, but it is a lot; and, apart from the cash consideration, there were other things which influenced me. I am having special photo-plays written for me, and am being featured in my pictures, and they will go all over the world (German submarines permitting), and I will be constantly on the screen, which is good for an artiste, you know.

I am an Easterner, and was born in New York, but I have spent such a lot of time in the West that I am almost a Westerner.

Most actors' parents have outlined a business career for their sons, and mine were no exception. Why is it that we always want to go on the stage? One's always seeming to object? Why, I have met the best people on earth in the profession—always ready to help a fellow when he is down, always ready to give half of what they have got if necessity arises. In any case, my people objected strenuously and made me to go into business, but I couldn't see it their way. My father owned a number of trotting-horses, and as I love horses I was fairly well satisfied for a time to be racing them; but there was the thought of the stage all the time in my heart, and one day I persuaded a manager to let me appear in the chorus of an obscure comedy company, and he let me go on. That was all I wanted, and I practised singing and dancing all the time and invented a lot of new steps, which brought me to the attention of the manager of another musical comedy show, and I started out to make real money—the first fifteen dollars a week, if I remember rightly. In any case, I thought I was getting a fortune. From that day to this I have either acted for the stage or the screen, and while I like the former I love the latter more. That is one of three reasons why I guess I will stay on the screen. The second one is that people tell me that my personality and appearance are suited to motion-pictures; and the third, I can earn more money at the mimic drama.

I first acted for a company called the Nestor, and at that time they had a small stage with a made-over cottage as a studio. When we appeared in the streets we had curious crowds around us, and it was deemed a privilege to be allowed to come into a studio to see some of the scenes taken. Now that tiny cottage and small stage are gone, and in their place are huge modern stages and a regular manufactory, and over the way are other big stages and bigger buildings, and the people of Los Angeles are quite used to going to the studios, and when a company acts in the street they are not worried by sight-seers; there are too many companies there to excite the least bit of curiosity now.

It is very beautiful here in Santa Barbara, which is on the coast. I get plenty of opportunities for lathing and for exercise generally, for I am a great believer in the benefit of exercise and in keeping fit; it is the only way to give the public the best there is in you—that and hard work and some ability of course.

I have a big car and like touring the country in it, and I live in the jolliest little bungalow surrounded by flowers and palms. I have a number of splendid friends on the other side—that is, your side, you know—and am glad of it, and I have a lot of English friends here also, for there are quite a lot of them in the profession in Los Angeles.

I have worked for the Nestor, New York Motion Picture Corporation, Selig, Famous Players, and American Companies, and have always been fortunate enough to have played all the time. I started out with that determination, and stuck to it until it was no longer necessary to stick to it. They just follow suit now, those "leds" I mean.

Well, goodbye, folks, for the present. I hope to have another chat with you some other time. I will be glad to hear from any of you, and will promptly answer any letters received from friends across the pond. So now you know. Goodbye!

HAROLD LOCKWOOD.

A BATTLE AUDIENCE.

On a recent Sunday Universal City (the home of Trans-Atlantics) was thrown open to the public, thus enabling two thousand people to witness a battle scene in The Campbells Are Coming. More than a thousand men and seven hundred pounds of powder were used during the day. The Scotch Highlanders' band of Canada played during the entire afternoon. And strange to say, no one was injured. The scenes taken were at Lucknow Gate, and show the fight on the walls. Nets were spread out of the camera's vision, and Sepoys and Scotchmen were thrown over the wall, while through the gates the city was besieged and buildings fired. The results are as sensationally effective as anything yet seen on the screen. Francis Ford (directing the production) and Grace Cunard were two very busy people. The Campbells Are Coming is a masterpiece of realism.

Page 160 should interest you!
**A TRUE STORY.**

The news from the Front had worried us a bit, and the family circle was looking glum, especially Mademoiselle, our young Belgian refugee. Suddenly father looked up and said "Shall we cheer Mademoiselle up and take her to the Pictures?" In a minute hats and coats were on, and we were wending our way to the Cinema.

A "Snakeville" Comedy ("When Slippery Slim went for the Cheese") was being shown, and hardly had we taken our seats before laughter chased dull care away, and Mademoiselle was looking as bright and young as in happier days at Antwerp.

That's the way to chase away troubles—go and see a

**"SNAKEVILLE" COMEDY.**

**Essanay Film Manufacturing Co.,** 148, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.
The rollicking adventures of an unsophisticated country girl (Marie Dressier) who, on a holiday, is picked up by a sharp 'un (Charles Chaplin), Tillie makes the most of the fact that she is niece to Banks, a well-known millionaire, and Chaplin, with an axe to grind, makes the most of Tillie, though he has already a girl (Mabel Normand). Tillie, "turned out" by her uncle, escapes a situation as a waitress. Charlie reads of uncle's death, drags Tillie from the restaurant and marries her. They take up their abode in uncle's mansion, and make things by with la is and similar functions. But there is the devil to pay when Mabel turns up as a waiting maid and is followed by the appearance of uncle, who is not dead after all. Charlie and Tillie are utterly discomfited, and Charlie, with true manly infidelity, again turns his attentions to Mabel. 

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The Saved and the Lost.

IT was good news that Rita Jolivet, the Lasky star, who will appear in their production The Unraided, was one of the passengers who escaped death when the Lusitania was sunk, but countless people mourn the loss of poor Charles Frohman, many of whose plays have been filmed by the Famous Players Company, and who was naturally becoming more and more interested in the film industry.

Although late in the day, it is worth while quoting a Daily News interview, in which Miss Jolivet said when recounting her terrible experience:—"My brother-in-law took hold of my hand, and I grasped the hand of Mr. Frohman, who, as you know, was lame. Mr. Scott took hold of his other hand, and Mr. Vanderbilt joined the row, too. We had made up our minds to die together. Mr. Frohman played a perfectly calm voice, said: 'They've done for us; we had better get out.' He knew that his 'beautiful adventure' was about to begin.

'The had hardly spoken when, with a tremendous roar, a great wave of water swept along a deck. We were all divided in a moment, and I have not seen any of those brave men alive since. Mr. Frohman, Mr. Vanderbilt, and my brother-in-law were drowned. When Mr. Frohman's body was recovered there was a most beautiful and peaceful smile upon his lips."

An Actress for a Day.

FOR one whole day Gertrude M. Price, of the Newspaper Enterprise Association of Chicago, was a picture-actress. It happened in this way. Some one suggested that Miss Price couldn't get a job if she tried. She felt that she had been dared, and when a lady of her temperament is dared to do a thing, somehow or other that thing has simply got to be done.

So Miss Price started out to get a job, and the first field of activity she determined to try was the pictures. She called at the offices of the Universal Film Company, from whom the Trans-Atlantic are sole European selling representatives.

"Looking for some one?" she was asked when she got inside the doors. "Is it about employment? Then you want the employment office over the other side of the building." So she went over to the employment office, stepped up to the open door and looked inside, where she had the good fortune to discover Mr. Don Menny, to whom she explained her errand.

"Any experience?" he asked.
"No."
"Ever study for the stage?"
"No."
"There's only one chance in the world for you, I'm afraid, and that's if Director Jaccard will put you in to make 'atmosphere' in the Western picture he is putting on out at the...
“Warren Kerrigan’s the star of this company, you know,” said Mr. Meany, “and you'll be in real luck if you get in there.” Well, I’ll bet I don’t get the job, was all Miss Price could say, but she took her courage in both hands, made her application, and to her astonishment was accepted and told to be at the studio at 8.30 the next morning. She went home in a dream, wondering at her good fortune. She could hardly believe that she had really and truly been engaged to play a part in a real motion-picture drama. How fully she justified the confidence of the director next day you will realise when you see the Victor drama *Smouldering Fires*.

**Film Favourite’s Pretty Romance.**

**Pauline Bush,** leading lady with Trans-Atlantic, was married on Saturday morning, April 22nd, to Allan Dwan, the famous director at present with the Famous Players. The union is a notable one. There is probably no better loved picture-player than Pauline Bush, and no more highly-regarded producer than Allan Dwan.

April 22nd has been a “lucky” date for Pauline Bush. She played in her first picture on April 24th, met her husband on the same date, met Father Sullivan some years back on April 24th, and was married by him at the San Capistrano Mission on this same joyous date. Allan Dwan shares in two of these dates—the day he met her and the day he married her—and he is content.

Mr. Dwan was for a long time directing Pauline Bush, this at the time they were both with the “Flying A” forces and when J. Warren Kerrigan was playing opposite to Miss Bush. Then Dwan joined the Famous Players as producer, and Miss Bush stuck to the company she was appearing with. The professional pairing and Dwan’s sojourn in New York only tightened the bonds of affection and sympathy which had existed for so long, and when the absent one returned they quickly agreed upon a date, and one of the greatest romances of the picture world has passed may, it has but started.

The short honeymoon is over, and Mr. and Mrs. Dwan are busy going over the telegrams and letters of congratulation, for there is not a man, woman, or child who does not wish them health, wealth, and contentment.

**Hard Work and Happiness.**

ANY letters for me?” she asked of a clerk near by. “Only a few,” and, with a hidden smile, he handed her the “few” (exactly ninety-four).

“Well, I guess I’ll have to read them through and start answering them,” she said, and with a merry little laugh she was off to her dressing-room.

It was just Marguerite Clayton back at the studio after a few days’ absence; happy, unselfish, lovable, and heart and soul wrapped in her work with the Essanay Company.

Miss Clayton has been found to be one of the most valuable of picture stars, principally because she has talents, exceptionally good looks, and an unusual faculty of obeying instructions.

“I decided when I went into motion-pictures,” she said, “that I didn’t know a thing about them, and that I would do just as the director told me. I have always followed that rule. No matter what the director says, I do it. In motion-pictures I have found that one must obliterate one’s own ideas as to how a certain part should be acted. That is the trouble with most girls who enter screen-work. They do not understand the word ‘obey.’

There is absolutely no foundation for the rumour that Miss Clayton has left the Essanay Company, nor is she likely to do so for at least another year.

**Our Loss *America’s Gain.***

All who know Thomas Bentley, and thousands of our readers are familiar with the name of this celebrated producer of Dickens films, will wish him God-speed and good luck when he leaves these shores to take up his engagement with the Universal Film Company of America. Mr. Bentley’s wonderful Dickens films have won him recognition throughout the world, and it is natural that Universal City, which holds some of the world’s best artists, should have tempted him to cross the herring-pond.

For the last ten years Mr. Bentley has been touring the music-halls with impersonations of Dickens characters, including in 1912-1913 an extended tour of Australia. Although he had previously done some of his character studies before the camera for Pathé Frères, it was not until 1910 that he really entered the cinema world. His first picture was the version of *Oliver Twist* produced for the Hepworth Company, and since followed by similar versions of *David Copperfield*, the Old *Curiosity Shop*, the *Chimes*, and *Barndale Rudge*.

We understand that before he leaves Mr. Bentley will produce a film for the Trans-Atlantic Company, who represent the Universal on this side.
Films you should make a point of seeing.

WAR IN CHINA.—It’s the china they sell in shops, and you cannot tell the story in cold print. Lively players make the film fast and furious. The quaint make-up and comical police alone will make you laugh.

—B. and C. Comedy (Vaudeville), 475 feet (June 14).

CHARLIE’S NIGHT OUT.—Proves that Chaplin has lost none of his ability to the film since he joined Essanay. The film is a farce at his funniest. The company support him as though they were used to him. Get away with that silly rumour about his being dead. He’s very much alive, we can assure you.

—Essanay Comedy, two acts (June 3).

SHOULDER’S FIRES.—The picture idol, J. Warren Kerrigan in a curious rite. Browbeaten by all, he is sheltered by a woman who mothers him. The woman’s daughter is molested by a bully, which raises the smouldering fires of the wanderer’s manhood. Then you get the real Kerrigan touch.

—Vester Drama (Trans-Atlantic), 1,769 feet (June 11).

WHEN THE FIREBELL RANG.—Fun in a firestation and false alarms drive the fire chief mad. His daughter (in love with a fireman) obtains his consent to marriage in a most novel manner. A picturesque Virginia Kirtley is the merry maid in this fiery comedy, her presence alone making it worth your while.

—Beauxy Film, 957 ft (May 31).

THE FRINGE OF WAR.—Perhaps you have never seen this powerful “London” film. Those who haven’t must. German spies and thieves who steal plans of siege-guns are bad enough, we know, but as principals in a film drama they make good characters. And this extra from Gaumont features Jane Gail, best strong film features Jane Gail, besides other celebrated players.

—British Rights controlled by Global Film Co., Ltd. (now showing).

A CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.—Tom Mix again—and Tom’s appearance on the screen always means a thrill or two. There are many dare-devilisms in this sensational picture, one of which shows Tom overtaking a team of runaway horses and rescuing the helpless heroine only an instant before the buggy is overturned and smashed to atoms.

—Setly Drama, 2,148 feet (June 19).

NEPTUNE’S DAUGHTER.—Have you seen her? She is creating enthusiasm wherever she goes; and no wonder, for Annette Keller- man is one of the most beautiful women in the world. In this film she is more beauteous than ever, and the story is crowded with interest and thrills. When you see Neptune’s Daughter poster outside your picture-house go in and see the film.

—Gannott Film Hive Service (now showing).

MAKING SHELL AND SHRAPNEL.—Special permission was obtained for the taking of this extremely interesting film, dealing with the making of the shell and shrapnel used by our military. Every detail is clearly shown, from the moment the raw material is brought into the factory until the finished article is packed in boxes ready for dispatch. It is the first film dealing with this subject.

—H. A. Beacome and Co., Ltd., 500 feet (June 13).

CHILD OF THE SEA.—Out of the sea she came bringing joy to the lonely fisherman, and when she grew up she was loved by a young man of her own age. Then the fisherman’s niece from London came to pay them a visit. The sea-girl’s lover fled with the town-bred girl, and the other would have thrown herself into the sea she came from, but the old fisherman saved her, and proved to her that her place was with him.

—Hypprich Play, 499 feet (May 31).

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—No tragedy nor romance of the film holds one like The Life of Abraham Lincoln, wherein the low-cabin boy fights his way through poverty to the highest honours in the land—tobe assassinated. Every little detail of this great personality, great President, great man, is faithfully pictured. In this film mystery and intrigue, tragedy, pathos, and tense dramatic action and affection: and it has come at an extremely opportune time, for on Friday, April 15th, the anniversary of his assassination was celebrated not only in London, but also throughout the world.

—Edison Drama, 2 acts (June 21).

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DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

It is good to know that so many of you are patronising pictures in these days and nights of awful warfare.

The screen today is happily responsible for most of the pleasure which is helping the young and old alike to forget the horrors, and long may it continue to do so. From reports to hand and from the evidence of my own eyes of children flock to the pictures just as much now as they did before the war. I looked in at a crowded London cinema in the early hours of evening a few days ago and found half the audience were children, and any hurried at the comic pictures and applauded the heroes. Gilchrist and the villains just as they have always done. You cannot do better than keep on doing it, my dears, and getting your young friends to do likewise.

I have always said that we want more educational pictures, and hope the day is coming soon when we shall have more. They are wonderfully instructive and intensely fascinating to the grown-ups as well. The great firm of Edison, which, as you know, is controlled by that master of science and invention Thomas Edison, has just finished two such films, and although they will not be showing until July you must take my advice and look out for them. I have just seen both subjects, and my only regret is that they are such short ones. The first will show you the making, habits, and beauty of Crystals, which is what the film is called.

There are many causes for the formation of crystals, but surely the best specimen are those formed by Nature's own work from mineral substances, and this picture proves that samples of high beauty can be produced under man's guidance. No better demonstration could be given to you of the harmony and regularity of the laws of Nature.

The boy chemist who is seen gravely at work in the kitchen has selected interesting experiments, and he will illustrate how simple substances like salt, Epsom salts, and gunpowder when dissolved in water can produce the most beautiful and fairy-like effects in the shape of crystals. The remarkable thing is that each compound has its own particular formation, the results being distinct and different from each other. I can only liken them to a wonderful display of fireworks; the effects cannot be explained on paper.

The other film, equally interesting, is entitled The Wonders of Magnetism. Shall I tell you something about this marvellous invisible force?

The "lodestone" attraction for iron was known to the Greeks as early as 800 B.C. It was the first magnet, and was followed in course of time by a suspending needle which had been touched by a lodestone in order to give it magnetic properties. This was our first compass, and was used by Chinese mariners about 1000 A.D. At that time people considered these two magnets as bewitched, and it was not until William Gilbert, a scientist, in the year 1600 A.D. announced it that the earth itself was an enormous magnet, that people began to realise the possibilities of magnetism.

To-day there are two kinds of magnets in common use, the electro-magnet and the steel magnet. This last is a bar of steel that appears to hold its charge of magnetic force indefinitely, although the force actually is diminishing. This magnet is used for light work, but steady, heavy work is done by the electro-magnet. In its simpler form it is nothing but a bar of iron around which a current of electricity is passed. When the current is on the magnet possesses magnetic force, but when the current ceases the bar loses its attraction. The Edison magnetic pre-separator is an example of the electro-magnet performing the seemingly impossible task of separating magnetic from non-magnetic ores on a large scale.

In the Edison film I have mentioned we see both of these modern magnets used for different kinds of work, and are taught in a few minutes more of the principles of magnetism

(Continued on page 168.)
OUR SECOND FREE VOTING CONTEST!
THE WORLD'S GREATEST FILM ARTISTES

EXCLUSIVE OF BRITISH-BORN PLAYERS.

30 VOTES—Free on Every Coupon—30 VOTES.

£10 First Prize in Cash £10

SECOND PRIZE, Graphophone £5 10s., value £9

THIRD PRIZE, Graphophone £3 10s., value £7

FOURTH PRIZE, Graphophone £2 4s., value £5

FIFTH PRIZE, Graphophone £1 3s., value £4

100 Handsome Consolation Prizes

WHO ARE THE WORLD'S GREATEST FILM ARTISTES?

Although the British Artists Contest is a success beyond all our expectations, our new World's Contest, which concerns probably twenty times the number of players, will no doubt be four times as big. Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they NOT play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the GREATEST FILM PLAYERS IN ANY COUNTRY (excluding British-born Artists) write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES—The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10. All other prizes will go to senders of Coupons in order of merit.

THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST

will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners named correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

2. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope at end of contest.

3. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

4. No correspondence can be entered into concerning the contest. Some of the best known female players are given on this page, but voters may vote for any player, or cohort British-born) whether in the lists or not.

5. A voter may fill up any number of Coupons from one issue, and may send in any quantity of his or her own or friends' Coupons in one envelope at any time.

6. The Editor's decision as to the prize-winners and on all matters connected with this contest will be final and irrevocable. Some of the Best-known Female Players:

- Anderson, Mignon
- Beddoe, Helen
- Bish, Pauline
- Conroy, Charlotte
- Baird, Leah
- Briscoe, Lettie
- Brynn, Evelyn
- Clayton, Marguerite
- Cumar, Crac
- Clayton, Ethel
- Dresler, Marie
- Drew, Lillian
- Eaton, Bessie
- Fairbanks, Madeline
- Forde, Victoria
- Flugel, Edna
- Fischer, Margarita
- Finch, Flora
- Fuller, Mary
- Gardner, Helen
- Greenwood, Winifred
- Gauntier, Cune
- Clazum, Louise
- Cail, Jane
- Hall, Ellis
- Hulette, Gladys
- Holmes, Helen
- Hawley, Ormi
- Josin, Margaret
- Joyce Alice
- Kirtley, Virginia
- La Dade, Florence
- Lester, Louise
- Lawrence, Florence
- Lear, Bessie
- Little, Anna
- McCoy, Gertrude
- Melford, Bliss
- Madison, C. E.
- Manson, Edna
- Nesbit, Miriam
- Nelson, Janine
- Nason, Betty
- Normand, Mabel
- Ostreich, Muriel
- Philips, Dorothy
- Pickford, Mary
- Price, Kate
- Payne, Edna
- Rich, Vivian
- Roland, Ruth
- Sweet, Blanche
- Sisson, Vera
- Schaefer, Anna
- Swanne, Julia
- Storey, Edith
- Stewert, Anna
- Snow, Marguerite
- Stonehous, Ruth
- Tinchener, Fay
- Turner, Florence
- Tubby, Rees
- Theby, Rosemary
- Talmadge, Norma
- Thomsen, Edna
- Truncellia, Mabel
- Williams, Corsa
- Williams, Kathryn
- Walsch, Lillian
- Weston, Mildred
- Young, C Kimball

"The Pictures" FREE VOTING COUPON: WORLD'S CONTEST.

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

FEMALE PLAYER

MALE PLAYER

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

FEMALE PLAYER

MALE PLAYER

Signed

Address

Fill up and post to "Contest Editor," Pictures, 10, Adam St, Strand, London, W.C.
ARE you a voter? Have you sent in all your voting coupons? Have you noted that Monday next is the last day for doing so? The voting has been tremendous. Fat envelopes filled with coupons are flowing in by every post.

We are going to discover who are the greatest British Film Artists, and next week I may be able to give you some sort of an idea when we shall know.

The "biggest" Contest.

For particulars see opposite page. I know this new contest will be far away greater than the last, and readers and those in the trade know it, and say so. You see for every one British player there must be at least two dozen foreign players, and stars at that. I have kept my promise, and made no interval between the two contests, because so many of you were anxious to vote for your foreign choice. And now you may do so. Start with this coupon, keep on, and tell your friends to do likewise.

A Move in America.

"There's been a lot of hustle and bustle and noise. I've missed the classes all morning with all the trouble! I've been a human dray-horse, hoisting packages an' things; and I must say that movin' day a lot of trouble brings! When ma gets carpets out again it'll be a successful thing. But when a movie company moves right in the gentle Spring—well! I must say there is no gay distraction wid the sight—but we're gettin' nicely settled in th' high new Garland Block. You'll find me right upon th' job here-after as evy one, and we all will be right glad to see you on our new thirteenth floor." This poetical effusion has reached me from the Selig office-boy, and gently intimates to all who read that the famous Selig Company of Chicago have moved into bigger and better offices.

And another in London.

But not only in America have Seligs made a move, for they have gone one better and made a move also in London. And it is a move which marks the enormous strides the company's films have made in this country. From dingy and inadequate offices in Gerrard Street Mr. E. H. Montagni, their sole English representative, and his busy staff have just gone into the big and gorgeous new Selig building in Wardour Street. "It ought to be O.K.," said genial Mr. Montagni (who is, rightly, very pleased with himself) when showing me over the building, "for it has taken over two years—from strikes and other causes—to complete." Light oak furniture, panelings and fittings, and handsome frontal arrangement for the offices a joy to those who enter them, and the private projection theatre is absolutely the last word in comfort. One could go to sleep beautifully in the long, voluptuous armchairs provided therein, though from what I know of Selig films one never will sleep in that theatre.

The Centre of the Industry.

Another big firm which has migrated from the heart of the City of the West is Edison's. Again the chosen ground is in Wardour Street, which is fast becoming the hub of the cinema industry. Next door to the palatial premises occupied by the Famous Players Company is the new house of Edison, whose work is now in full swing in handsomely-appointed offices, and in addition the building possesses one of the costliest projection theatres, wherein films are shown to the trade, that I have yet come across.

A Pea-ing Pond Picture.

"Come and see a trapm throw a pretty girl into a pond" phoned Producer Dave Aylott the other afternoon. It was such a fine day I felt sure the girl would enjoy herself so went to confirm my suspicion. I found the "pond" a big one too, some twenty feet deep in the middle—and around it were the Martin Comedians, Mr. Martin, Mr. Aylott, the camera, and the girl, and most of them were gasping for the water. Then came the dirty work. A couple of traps seized pretty Gladys Nolan, who was dressed as a schoolgirl, and (it was a shame) slung her right out into the depths. Her shrieks attracted a schoolboy (Ernest Westow), who plunged into the icy waters, clutched the fair heroine's dark tresses, and brought her safely to the muddy shore. On another portion of the mud, however, the Martini "police," the schoolmistress, the fat boy of the school, and others had arrived, and rushing on to a narrow landing-stage, began an argument long enough to allow the girl to drown six times over. The upshot of it was they all fell into the water, and—well, you never saw such a mixture. How these players do enjoy themselves! I wonder how many thousands will laugh at the film when it is shown?

GLADYS NOLAN, the heroine of the pond picture.

A Useful Player.

It was Gladys Nolan's first part in Martin films. Rather a wet one, yes; but as a matter of fact she is an expert swimmer and diver, and loves both. She has been playing on-and-off for pictures for two years, and first appeared for the Hepworth Company. She has had considerable stage experience, she tells me, and I have no doubt we shall see Miss Nolan in strong, not merely watery, parts in the near future.

Tom Power's Writes.

On another page I print his letter, which reached me from New York five days after the sinking of the Lusitania, and here's a coincidence: The envelope was marked "per s.s. Lusitania," but as the letter reached me it obviously was not. For some unknown reason it came on a more fortunate liner, and just missed going to the bottom of the ocean. Tom, I am sure, has no sympathy in the loss of his mother, and our heartfelt wishes for the future.

F. D.
Turner Films

"Pictures made for You."

A week or two ago we invited correspondence on topics of "Picture" interest.

We have received hundreds of letters, and are doing our best to reply individually to each. But we take this opportunity of dealing with a question which has been frequently raised—"Where can I see this or that Turner Film?"

The answer is, in every case—"At your favourite Picture Theatre, provided you let the manager know you want to see it."

For the manager is a business man. He knows that it will pay him to show the pictures the public want. And he will be grateful to you for helping him to a realisation of the public's wishes. Further, he knows that the association of Florence Turner, as leading lady, with Larry Trimble, as producer, is the surest possible guarantee of the excellence of a picture.

Will you do your favourite theatre a good turn? Tell the manager to-night of the films you want to see.

NERVE PARALYSIS

Even Speech Lost—Yet Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

The All-British Remedy.

The following account of a remarkable cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets is given by Mrs. I. Hanson, of 57, Macaulay Road, East Ham, London, E. She says—"My illness came on with laryngitis. After a time there was a prickling sensation all over me; thru my knees used to give way, and soon I was quite helpless. All use had gone out of my arms and legs, I could not move by myself, could not even speak. I had no power at all. Everything was done to restore power; I underwent electrical treatment and massage, but not the least benefit resulted. I had been helpless for about six months when my husband got me Dr. Cassell's Tablets. They did what nothing else had been able to do. Gradually power returned to me. I learned to walk, and speech came back. Rapidly I became my old self again, and at the present time am well and strong."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a genuine and tested remedy for all forms of Nerve or bodily weakness in old or young. Compounded of nerve nutrients and tonics of indisputably proved efficacy, they are the recognised modern treatment for:

- Nervous Breakdown
- Neurasthenia
- Kidney Disease
- Wasting Diseases
- Nerve Paralysis
- Nervous Dehility
- Indigestion
- Pneumonia
- Infantile Paralysis
- Anemia
- Stomach Disorder
- Paralytic Decay
- Malnutrition
- Brain Fog

and are specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Prices: 10½d., 1. 1½d., and 2s. 9d.—the 2s. 9d. size being the more economical.
than the ancients discovered about the bewitched melodies, as they called their magnets, a millennium.

The second Limrick has produced piles of last lines, but I have not space to repeat more than a few. The verse runs:

"To see the pictures a youth took his pic
For the first time to see a film Star,
When on screen he was fleshed,
Father cried,
"Well, I'm dashed...!"

The winning lines are:

"I must go home at once and fetch ma."
"That's the chap I saw courting your ma.

and prizes for these have gone to Mary Shaw, Gresham Street, Lincoln, and S. Nichols, 3, Winchelsea Road, Tottenham, N.-

Other lines are:

"I ran over that man with my car;"
"It's a good job I didn't bring ma;"
"My twin-brother's come back from far;"
"That's splendid! Thumbs up! Hip, hip;"
"He's too handy at shooting by far!"
"What a scream it would be to bring ma;"

AWARD OF MERIT (six of these win a prize):—Alan Wood, Halfax; Phyllis Hall, Wandsworth; Gladys Turner, Lewisham; E. Dale, Maidstone; Charlie Wright, Newport; Ivy Neal, Watford; Luan Burgess, Swansea; Bobby Hunt, West Norwood.

Award prize—Bertha Allen, Ashford.

A VOLUME OF "PICTURES" FOR NOTHING.

Here is a chance for all who can draw. Think of the quickest thing you have ever seen in a cinema, either on or off the screen, and picture it on a postcard. The two best efforts will win a copy of "New Volumes VII. of Pictures, one each to a boy and girl, and the Award of Merit will also be given to all who deserve it by

UNCLE TIM.

NEW VOLUME

"PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER"

(Vol. VI., Aug., 1914, to March, 1915

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PICTURES AND THE PICTUROEOER

WEEK ENDING
May 29, 1915

"Gypsy." (Derby.)—We cannot recall any proper corneu, at least, from a Derby, but there must be a worthy T. H. A. M. to whom we have written to the last two or three. The principal of "Gypsy," Miss Alice Munroe, of "Gypsy," Miss Alice Munroe, Julia Swanson (Gordon) and Anita Stewart.

D. H. H. (New Eltham).—We have heard nothing about the "Gypsy," Miss Alice Munroe. The female orchestra players in the chief London Picture Theatres earn a living quite a week.

The remark you refer to is the usual to Canadian cinemists. Thanks for kind wishes, etc.

S. T. B. (Sutton).—You are sent us the "Sylva's" a loss! (Vigilante.) "Man," Maurice Costello: "Sylvia," Cara K. Young; "She," Miss H. Murray; "Housekeeper," Kate Price.

Bosley (Purwistle).—Glad you get our paper regularly! We send it through your new system. Yes, Mary Fuller is with Transatlantic and has been for some time.

Marti (Walsall).—Write our Postcard Manager for a list of postcards, which includes quite a number of new ones.

M. R. (Northfleet).—We say that James Pporten is a German star from Hanover, about 21 years old, and has played in "The Spectre of the Sea," and "Facing the Footlights." Virginia Pearson played "Helen Blandathan," in "After Hours" and Maurice Costello ("Goney") was "The Unwilling Mrs. Duck." Thanks for kind wishes.

Hand Kent (Brighton).—Glad you are recovering from your long illness—you will find our new vol. No. 1 ready to cheer you up. Price 15s. post free from this office (6s, Adam & Co., St. Ianni, Lsoud.)

Fred (Maidenhead).—If you think we incapable of answering questions, why waste your time and post in asking them?

R. H. (London).—We have no letter. There is much truth in your criticisms of English producers. Hepworth's "Barnaby Rudge" was a splendid production and the London Film Co. are turning out good work, as are others.

Marx (Accrington).—All picturegoers like yourself mourn the loss of James Hanley, an international favourite.

G. D. (Hyde).—Charles Chaplin in English. As the letter is written in playing for Essanay how could he have been killed in France?

Jock Jack Tar (Harlaxton).—The Studios of the British Empire Film Co. are at Whaddon, Middlesex.

"Alice." (South Hackney).—Thank you for returning duplicate card, Alice, it was very sweet of you.

D. H. H. (New Eltham).—Wishing Miss Mary Pickford could be had from this office, (n-see: half, easy, post free; her address is c/o Famous Players Co., 2-3, West 29th Street, New York.

P. R. & G. (Grimsby).—Unless you have had some experience you can't write for the films are too strong. See reply to "Doreen" ( Preston) in May Issue.

Marty (Bromley).—See reply to "Winnie" (Grimsby).

"Inimitable." (Putney.)—Is it so, because someone has imitated Charles Chaplin in a film he or she desires it? The saddest costings, near read r—"imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Rosey (Southwark).—"Jane Shore" has quite recently been released. Ask your picture manager where he can be seen. Postcards of Editor autographed (desired) are 2d. each, postage extra. Why not send for list?

Minnie (Grandy).—We cannot suggest a non-de-plume for you, though I'm still think you are not "Frivolous." Thanks for kind inquiries. Send them that photo. See "Romola."

Ivy (Birmingham).—Send your film plots to any of the leading Companies. Here are a few—London Film Co., St. Margaret's, Precincts; Hepworth Film Co., Walsall on, Thomas; Summoners; L. B. M., L. B. M., (Sheffield), 1,600, 5th Street, Middlesbrough. You have no cards of either.

S. R. P. (Manchester).—We are arranging to publish a book on Cinema Acting ourselves.

"Living in Holes." (Ipswich.)—Thanks for clarifying Charn, Marie McDonald has early had a good week at the box office, but as of Geo. Lessey, giving your box numbers of Pictures to the soldiers is an ex equin plan.

"Harvey." (London, E.C.).—Sorry we cannot find the notice you refer to. We are arranging to publish a book on Cinema Acting ourselves.

Duck (Blackpool).—Clara Bow was the original funy "lute" man to play for Keystone.

Dans (Southampton).—Most of the Tham- house players can now be had on colorful black and white postcards, one penny each (postage extra), from our Postcard Department.

"Max." (Southend).—The Answers Man rather prided himself on this poetic re- lie, and now you come along and steal it? "What a come down!" Thanks for s Mutiny.

VJ. (Hammer-Smith.)—Address Mary Pickford, c/o Famous Players, 2-3, West 29th St., New York, and Cole Madison, c/o Trans Atlantic Co., 60, Broadway, New York. "Raps" will be sold and August 9th, "Serenade" is not yet completed. If we divide your "seven lonely stars" and stuff from you "something seems to me bad for the audience."

We'll tell you when you call to see us, VJ.

Donts (Epsom).—Yes, Florence Turner did fine for a month behind the counter in order to gather materials for their picture, "Shop Girls." We couldn't get "Queen of the Desert" for age, etc., to borrow a phrase from a well-known con temporary Picture, "If you see it, it's just right," "everybody's doing it."

"Annie." (Walsall).—We don't know what it is you want us to do—-we have returned manuscript.

Cherrie (----).—Where's your perch? We have a place for anyone, please, to put you. Let Mrs. Costello does not, we believe, now play for pictures. It is difficult to say whether the London, W. C. Murray, and mention this paper, they will send you "The Prisoner of ZENDA" synopsis.

* * * Many replies are unavoidably held over.

EDITORIAL MATTERS

Address: The Editor, "Pictures and The Picturoeroer," 18, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C. Telephone—Bceot 455.

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Useful Information.

INDIGNANT OLD LADY (in seat behind): "Young man, you have your arm around that young lady's waist!"

YOUNG MAN: "Thanks! I've been trying to keep it away from her and her spot all the evening, but with these new gowns a fellow hardly knows where he's at."

Singing and Boiling.

The Vicar's family had just seated themselves at the table when the strains of "Rock of Ages" sounded through the house.

The Bishop, who was a guest, remarked "how sweetly the hymn sounded."

Then said the Vicar's fast-born, "That's the cock, Father!"

The Bishop expressed pleasure.

"She always sings 'Rock of Ages' to boil the eggs," continued the child; "three verses for soft-boiled, five for hard."

The Biter Bit.

A man left his umbrella in the stand in a picture house recently with a card bearing the following inscription:

"I am engaged at the cinema house with two seats, next two seats."

On returning he found in its place a card thus inscribed:"

"This card was left here by a man who can run (twelve miles an hour). I shall not be back at all."
"THE BLESSED MIRACLE": A Lakhut film of rare beauty to be released by the Gaumont Film Hire Service. Ethel Clayton, who appears as "Gail Bowman," is seen above with the baby.
FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN has returned from a flying visit to the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

A pair of chopsticks formed a recent present to Ruth Stonehouse. She uses them as knitting-needles.

"I’m going a-milking, sir," she said. Cleo Madison has bought a cow for a pet. She milks it herself.

The Labin Company have just begun the filming of the famous Drury Lane melodrama The Great Ruby.

Matt Moore, brother of Tom and Owen, is now playing opposite Mary Fuller. The Moore the merrier.

Do you like to listen while the fleshy lady reads aloud the film sub-titles? Neither do we! She seldom has time to finish them, though.

Anna Little is having her face massaged every day to take out the woes gone look she has to wear most of the time in The Black Box serial.

"Your journal is delightful. I know it is read by many British photo-playwrights."—Extract from a letter from one of them. All others please copy.

At the playing of the "Marselaise" in a Peckham cinema a Belgian jumped up in the audience and sang it right through in French. Didn’t they like it?

Peter Lang weighs 250 lb.! George Trimble weighs 250 lb.1 Acting in a Labin film recently they both sank in a swamp. Who pulled them out? A team of oxen!

Grace Cunard is furnishing the scenarios for the coming Broken Coin serial, and playing female lead in it. Acting all day and writing all night! She says: "I am so tired."

More and more interior scenes are being taken from actual homes, mansions, and halls by means of artificial lights. Nothing like the real thing, even when the lights are artificial.

All Los Angeles is sorry for Thomas H. Ince, the producer, who has had the bones of his right shoulder shattered through his car turning turtle. As Tom saved his neck he is still fairly cheerful.

A special night for bachelors was announced recently at a picture-house in America when single men above the age of forty were to receive free seats on application at the ticket office. The night arrived, but the bachelors didn’t. The house was packed, mostly by women who wanted to see if their bachelor friends would have the nerve to take advantage of the offer, but not a solitary bachelor put in an appearance.

PICTURES AND THE PICTURE-GOER
166

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

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FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, OF ESSANAY.
Everybody Will Want It.

WE learn with interest that some time this year we may expect from the pen of Florence Turner a book dealing with her eight years’ experience of cinema acting. As the first lady player to become a member of a stock company, Miss Turner has a fund of unique experiences to draw on, and her book cannot fail to be of exceptional interest, not only to her thousands of screen admirers, but to everybody who has followed the phenomenal advance of the "Pictures" since the early days when films hardly reached a tenth of their present length, and a five-hundred-foot picture was a rarity.

Ant-eater Refuses Ants.

A SWARM of large ants invaded the cage of the ant-eater at the Belis Ball Jungle Zoo. What happened? Why, the keeper found the South American pet roosting on a box and showing every sign of fear. You see, this ant-eater had never known any kind of food save ants and grape fruit, and since childhood, ants did not appeal to him as food a little bit.

A New Ball Game.

DOZENS of golf-balls were missing from the local golf-links. Helen Holmes constantly missed her dog, Casey Jones. One day he came home with his mouth full of something, and Helen watched him scratch a hole and bury it. Then Helen did some scratching herself, and found—dozens of golf-balls! She returned the missing balls to the club, and Casey has been arrested—we mean corrected.

Pretty Actress—Pretty Room.

ADELE LANE, who is appearing in feature photo-plays for Trans-Atlantic, has a capital company around her which includes good-looking William Dowlan and clever Ed. Sloman. Dowlan was formerly with Pauline Bush, and Sloman was the villain in The Trey o’ Hearts serial. Miss Lane is vastly taken with her new studio, and has one of the prettiest dressing-rooms imaginable—all in blue.

The Cinema and the Red Cross.

RUSSIA has her own very business-like way of according permission for the taking of war cinematograph pictures, at the same time helping her Red Cross funds.

An expert who has recently returned to England, says the Evening News, stated that arriving in Petrograd he found that the Government had three official cinematograph operators at the Front and refused to allow any others. The war pictures they obtained were being hired out to various picture-theatres in Russia so as to raise funds for the Red Cross Committee, who were bearing the cost of providing a Red Cross car with each Army Corps at the Front.

An Interrupted Battle.

FIELD guns were blazing great shells were bursting over the littered field of carnage, and smoke filled the air. Then came an interruption.

"What do you mean, shooting my coat-tail that way," demanded a dare-devil private of one of the enemy.

"Keep your coat-tail out of the way then,"
retorted the other.

The first man dropped his gun and swung his right at the enemy’s jaw. Then they mixed.

Far up the line was heard a howl of rage. The commander-in-chief, red in the face and terrible in flow of language, ranting, danced in wrath, and visited each individual digerants, for grim battle had ceased, while both sides watched the fistic action with high glee.

Incidently the Selig camera had stopped in the middle of the climax scene of The Hotbeds God, Warren for a battle, however strenuous, could impress an audience with two of the enemy clinched like two Kilkenny cats.

The battle-scene had to be retaken.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. WOUNDED AT YPRES: German prisoners tenderly cared for by our comrades.
2. ANTI-GERMAN RIOTS: A shop wrecked in London.
3. THE LATE MR. A. G. VANDERBILT: The famous sporting millionaire, who gave up his lifebelt to a woman.
4. MORE "FRIGHTFULNESS": Corporal Hanna (of Southend) who was injured, and his baby who wasn't.
5. ESCAPED FROM GERMANY: A Russian prisoner who reached the French lines.
6 and 7. WOMEN STUDENTS learn to do men's work.
"OTHER her! I wish the little minx had stayed in Italy—or anywhere, so long as she didn't come troubling me. I daresay she'll spoil everything!"

There was no doubt that Roma Sarn's vexation was extreme. Tom Somers looked up at her in surprise.

Roma explained. "It's about my cousin, Marea," she said. "She's coming to London—coming to me in fact, as since her father died she is alone in the world. I call it a beastly nuisance. It isn't as if she were like ourselves. I know the way she's been brought up, and I'll bet she's just a downright prude. She'll be a wet blanket on all our little frolics—if I don't keep her in her place."

In his heart Somers felt sorry for the unwelcome little Italian girl, whose bereavement had made her dependent on the brilliant but selfish theatrical star; he knew that she would meet with little sympathy from Roma, and he guessed that the latter's gay and worldly mode of life could not but be distasteful to one whose fresh innocence had made itself felt in that Bohemian circle even before her coming.

His feelings of sympathy soon developed into a warmer sentiment when he met Marea. The young man of the world and the charming little Southerner were thrown much together, for Roma found it convenient to leave Marea's entertainment in Tom's hands, since thus she gained for herself greater liberty for the carrying on of her own affair with Howard Grimshaw, a wealthy man who had long been paying her attentions, and who seemed to her none the less desirable as a lover by reason of the fact that he was already married.

And as time went on Tom and Marea attained the knowledge of their own hearts, and were happy in their love; and at the same time Roma's intrigue with Grimshaw was progressing, not unnoticed by Marea, whose own love for Tom had made her very tender towards all lovers, and who little guessed that her cousin's suitor was in fact a married man. Roma did not undeceive her, but accepted her congratulations with outward smiles and a secret feeling of shame and annoyance.

It was from Tom that Marea learned of Grimshaw's marriage; and when she faced her cousin with this knowledge Roma pretended ignorance, and promised to see no more of her lover.

"We won't be married at once—or ever."

Tom refused to acknowledge his responsibility.

A letter from Grimshaw, which Marea found by accident, showed her that, far from having banished him from her presence, Roma was actually planning a secret trip on the Continent with him.

"Why, Marea, what are you doing here?" she cried, anxiously. "You had better go home at once."

"No!", Marea replied boldly. "It is not I who will go, but you. I do not mean to allow you to do my cousin the wrong you have planned. And unless you leave her now, and promise not to see her again, your wife shall know of this affair at once."

Roma's first impulse was to defy her cousin, but Grimshaw drew her aside and restrained her.

"This is very awkward," he declared. "You see, my wife holds the purse-strings, and if she comes to hear of this, I'll be penniless. We had better pretend to give in to her, and bide our time."

Reluctantly Roma saw the wisdom of his suggestion, and Marea was assured that her demands would be accepted. But bitter malice reigned in Roma's heart, and she determined to ruin the happiness of the girl who had dared to thwart her plans.

Her scheme was simple enough. She told Tom that Grimshaw was Marea's secret lover, and when the young man indignantly scorned her story she challenged him to question Grimshaw himself, and announced that he should first overhear the scoundrel's cruel lies as to the relations that he claimed to have existed between himself and Marea.

"Well," said Grimshaw, when Roma had brought the two men face to face, "one doesn't want to brag about such matters, but on the whole, since you are going to marry her, perhaps you ought to know the truth. For some time past Marea has been my love."

But Tom had waited to hear no more. He was genuinely sorry for Marea, but his sympathy was overwhemed by his indignation at the manner in which he thought he had been tricked. He hurried away to see Marea, that he might lose no time in ending his engagement to her.

He found her in a depressed and dejected frame of mind, but she brightened slightly as he entered, and approached him timidly.

"Tom, dear," she said, falteringly, "I'm so glad you've come—I have wanted to see you all day. I have something to tell you. We—we must be married at once—we must indeed, Tom!"

"Oh! so that's your tune," cried Somers, cynically. "I think you're mistaken. We won't be married at once—or ever."

"But—you don't understand; you can't understand, or you wouldn't talk like that. Don't you see, Tom; you simply must marry me—too!"

"Yes, I see! I see that you can't marry Grimshaw, since he is married already; so you think I will serve instead. But—I know I've been a fool, but I'm not that sort of fool. I've finished with you!"

Somers turned and left the room.
without another word, and Marea sank down on a chair in stunned amazement, which grew into deepest wretchedness as she realised her position. She was still sitting there when Romo entered.

"Hallo! what's the matter?" cried Romo, pretending ignorance.

"Oh? Tom has been here, and he was terribly angry, and he said such awful things, and—he's left me."

"Well, you are not the first girl who has lost her lover."

"But Tom was to have married me! Oh, I am so unhappy! I can't tell you all."

Sudden comprehension dawned on Roma, and with it came all the accumulated bitterness she had ever felt against this girl, whose white-souled innocence had been such a standing reproach to her own loose life. She turned on the shrinking Marea.

"So!" she cried. "You! you little hypocrite—you, who pretended to be so shocked at my friendship with Howard Grimshaw— you show yourself now in your true colours; your virtue was a mask, and you, who pretended to think me a monster, are more so. Go! if you must bring disgrace on yourself, don't bring it on me and on this house where you have been sheltered."

All Marea went. Kindly hearts gave her shelter for a time. But after her baby was born, and she had to face the world alone, she found it impossible to earn enough to feed the little one, and she left it in a fit of a house whose master seemed to her to have a kindly face, and to be unlikely to neglect it.

Meantime Roma had married John Gordon, a wealthy philanthropist, but her character soon revealed itself to her husband. To his despair, he found her lacking in all that he revered most in humanity. She was selfish, cold, snobbish, and as much as ever her father; she lived only for pleasure and enjoyment; and she refused, much to his sorrow, to pay the price of motherhood.

Thinking to soften her, he persuaded her to adopt a child. She agreed, with the stipulation that she should be sole guardian, feeling that this would strengthen her hold over her husband. But, for Gordon at any rate, the experiment proved futile. Roma's character remained unchanged—she was still the same empty, selfish creature that she had always been—and Gordon's final disillusion came when he discovered her in Grimshaw's arms.

The inevitable followed. Gordon made his wife an allowance and left her—leaving too, perforce, the child whose winning ways had already endeared her to him as if she were his own. To distract his mind from his troubles he associated himself with the Guild of Ransom in its rescue work in the East End. And here he found Marea.

She had, after many vicissitudes, secured work in a low dance-hall, where she played the violin—her father's violin, which had accompanied her from her sunny home in Italy, and which she still cherished in this gloomy and sordid quarter of the world's metropolis; for a miserable wage she made music for the hardened freemen of the den—enduring the unspeakable agony of her

The music ceased, and Gordon, leaving the organ, came down the aisle, and stopped as he recognised the pathetic figure which was seated among the different surroundings. She recognised in him the one person whose offer of help had seemed genuine, and she now listened gratefully to his words of comfort. But as the old priest drew near she shrank away, and would have fled had not Gordon gently stopped her.

The sympathetic old man immediately understood as Gordon cast a meaning glance towards him, and, taking Marea's hand, he banished her fears, her sense of unworthiness and abandonment, with the simple but healing words:

"As ye repent, so shall ye receive forgiveness."

The old bitterness gone, and in its place a desire to help others, Marea too joined in the work of the Guild of Ransom. In close association with Gordon she grew to admire his character, and admiration gradually deepened into love—a love which without knowing of it, and despite his mental struggles with himself, Gordon reciprocated. But because he could not declare his feelings honourably he kept silence.

One day he received a letter from Roma saying that she was in difficulty and could not provide for the child—for a price. He left his office for the theatre, provided with the needful funds; and Marea, who feared for his safety—for his work had brought him into frequent collisions with those who batten on vice and misery, and who had received many threats—Marea followed him.

Outside the theatre she saw him enter, and found a tiny little girl playing alone. She spoke to the little mite, and after a while the child asked to be taken upstairs "to mamma." Marea's surprise may be imagined when, on entering the drawing-room, a little girl in her arms called her "Mamma." She found herself face to face with Roma and Gordon.

Roma's flood of inventive almost goaded Marea to a similar reply; but she saw how useless reproach would be, either to bring her cousin to a sense of her own wrongdoing or to make her feel what her victim had suffered; and her upbraidings died unspoken on her lips.

Fortunately Roma was called away, and made her entrance on the stage. Her rage against Marea had unnerved her, and during the scene she made a blunder which resulted in the overturning of a lamp. In a moment the flamboyant drapery of the stage were ablaze. Panic seized alike on the actors and the audience, and a scene of wild confusion followed. The first tidings of her peril reached Marea when Roma dashed into the dressing-room, and her heart forgotten in her fear, warned her to fly for her life.

Marea urged her cousin to save herself, but Roma was intent on taking with her her dresses and jewels, fearing for the child's safety, Marea hurried her away.

At the door of the theatre she found her passage barred by a frantic mob struggling to reach safety; but her thoughts were not of herself. She passed the child to a man, who handed her through the door over the heads of

"41 As ye repent, so shall ye receive forgiveness."

PICTURES AND THE PICTUROEOER
the crowd, and, having seen the little one into safety, she turned and retraced her steps, hoping to rescue the cousin who had so cruelly wronged her.

Her hope was not to be realised, for a falling piece of scenery blocked her way, and when Gordon at last forced an entrance into the theatre, he was able to rescue the woman he loved; but she who bore his name was already beyond all earthly aid.

In due time John Gordon declared his love to Marea; but she, possessed by a sense of her unworthiness, would have refused him had she not caught sight of an ornament on a slender chain around the child's neck.

"Why?" she cried. "What's this? Where did your child get this ornament? It was mine once, and I left it —"

"She is not my own child," replied Gordon, "though if she were she could not be dearer to me. We adopted her four years ago, and that chain and cross were round her neck then."

"She is my baby—my own baby!" cried Marea, clasping the little one to her breast, and a glad flash darted on Gordon's face, for he knew that the child who was so dear to both could not fail to prove a living link between them.

And he was not mistaken.

This great three-part drama was produced by Larry Trimble for the Turner Films, Ltd., and has been sold to Moss Empires, Ltd. The story is perhaps as enthralling as any in which the gifted author has ever appeared. Florence Turner, who wrote the play, takes the part of Marea. Roma is played by Mand Stuart, Edward Langard is Grimshaw, Anthony Keith is John Gordon, and Tom Powers Somers. The film can be seen this week at Mile-end, Brixton, Homerton, Birmingham, Cardiff, Walsall, Pontypidd, &c.

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**DEEP-SEA MOVING-PICTURES**

We have often seen cinematograph pictures of sea-life in a tank, but now it seems that we are to have and see the real thing. For Mr. Charles Williamson, a sturdy Scotch American sea-captain, has invented a wonderful device that will enable him to take pictures, with his camera tucked under his arm, to descend leisurely into the depths of the ocean and, from a cozy observation cabin, photograph a sensational fight between a herring and a shark, or a "moving" love scene between a crab and a jelly-fish!

This latest development of the cinematograph has been achieved by the Williamson deep-sea tube, the patents for which are exclusively controlled by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company of America. The device is a curious, concertina-shaped apparatus, consisting of hundreds of overlapping steel plates hinged together by bands of malleable iron.

Supported by a large-like vessel, and gradually becoming fatter as it reaches the limit of its flexibility, the apparatus looks for all the world like a distended Chinese lantern. From the top of the tube air is pumped down to the observation-cabinet at the lower extremity, which can be reached by a series of rungs fixed inside the tube and down which a man of ample proportions can climb with comparative comfort.

From the observation-cabinet, a spherical, cabin-like structure, perfectly watertight and sea-resisting, oceanographical and biological investigations can be conducted, and cinematograph pictures can be taken of the strange under-world of the sea and its teeming life.

Captain Williamson had no thought of submarine motion-pictures, however, when he made his invention. His purpose was to establish a new and safer method of obtaining sponges, pearls, and salving valuable cargoes, and other deep-sea treasures. The possibility of moving pictures of deep-sea life first occurred to his eldest son, Ernest Williamson, who, inspired by visions of a new and profitable enterprise, enlisted the aid of his brother, and, financed by some wealthy friends, set out to the Bahamas, in the West Indies, to experiment.

For two months they worked diligently, in the sunlit waters of the tropics, and some excellent pictures of deep-sea life were obtained. The mystic submarine region, with its gardens of varicoloured fungi and the millions of queer species of fish, with their silvery scales glittering in the clear crystal waters, made excellent material for the camera, but in order to ensure the commercial success of the expedition it was necessary to obtain some more exciting pictures to vie with the sensational type of film drama.

With this end in view, the enterprising brothers decided that a fight between a shark and a man would best suit their purpose, and would undoubtedly provide the necessary "thrill."

It was not difficult to find a native who, for an adequate bribe, would try conclusions with a shark, but it was not so easy to secure a sufficiently tempting piece of bait that would lure the shark within range of the cinematograph camera.

Finally the carriage of a horse was procured, and at a favourable moment, when the light was at its best, the bait was heaved overboard.

The operator immediately rushed down the tube into the observation
A beautiful Submarine Garden actually photographed on the bed of the ocean.

chamber and got his camera into position at the "porthole" just as a vicious-looking shark, with thick, blue-tinted scales, and snowy-white belly, came gliding along with a sinuous, snake-like movement. It approached the carcase cautiously, and then, seeing the strange-looking tubular apparatus in the water, took fright and darted back to tell its mates.

Presently a little army of them approached warily, and in "close formation" possibly as a protective measure.

They hung about for some time, while the operator waited to give the signal for the native to dive into the water and attack one of the sharks.

At last the ferocious crew could hold out no longer; hunger overcame their fears, and, with a sudden rush, they swooped down on the horse and closed their cavernous jaws into its flanks.

The critical moment had come; the sharks had rendered themselves easy prey for the agile native—and the signal was given.

The plucky native, crouching in readiness on the deck of the supporting vessel, his well-oiled limbs glistening in the warm rays of the sun, suddenly sprang to his feet, and, with the knife clenched between his teeth, poised himself for the dive, and a moment later had cleaved the crystal waters with scarcely a splash.

With bated breath the men in the cabin watched him shoot down into the water, just as a hungry shark was edging its way between its fellows to reach the carcase.

It was all over in a moment. The lithe, black body of the native darted like lightning beneath the ravenous beast; a strong arm, with muscles like whipcord, suddenly flashed upward and the beast, with a convulsive swishing of its huge tail, and a long red gash in its belly, sagged over a trifle, and fell like a log to the bottom.

It was a wonderful feat of native daring, but all to no purpose, for the diver had mis-calculated the "location" and had killed the shark out of range of the camera!

The native could not be induced, by bribe or threat, to make a second attempt, and, determined to get the picture at all costs, Ernest Williamson declared his intention of tackling the shark. Strong, agile, and brilliant diver though he was, the odds were terribly against him, and it was with trembling hand that the operator in the observation-cabin ground out the picture—a picture that in all probability you will shortly see at your local picture palace of a fearless young American battling a ferocious-looking shark many times his size.

"How did I kill him?" he echoed as the question was put to him when finally he reached the safety of the supporting vessel. "Well, I watched that native, and I've always been considered a good swimmer. I waited for the upper-cut—and got it, and it was no light stab, I can tell you. The beggar kicked, then hurched over and then I knew I'd done my little bit."

* * *

These wonderful pictures have amazed scientists, interested students of natural history, and delighted the regular patrons of moving-pictures in America. The film starts with scenes showing native divers plunging from their boats to follow coins to the bottom of the sea, thrown to them by tourists on an ocean liner. The divers can be seen scrambling for the pennies on the very bed of the ocean. Then begins a marvelous submarine journey of thirty leagues along the floor of the sea that is like the realisation of an engrossing fairy-tale.

The wonderful and ever-changing panorama of the under-sea world, hitherto unknown to man, is revealed with uncanny realism.

A PLUCKY NATIVE PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN.

Note the anchor, which is part of an old wrecked vessel.
CHAPTER I.

CHOKING down the desire to scream aloud as she read the fateful paragraph that conveyed to the world the news that the s.s. Alladale Castle had gone down with all hands, and with her gallant commander at his post upon the bridge, Enid Miller struggled to grasp the full meaning of the horror that had so suddenly come into the happy lives of her little crippled sister and herself. Orphaned, never again to hear the bluff, jovial voice of the sailor-hero, the father both girls idolised.

"Enid, what is the matter, dear?"

With a convulsive start she pulled herself together, and, crumpling up the paper in her trembling hands, tried to smile bravely as she turned to the little sister. At any cost she must be kept in ignorance of her father's death for the present.

"Nothing, dearie; I was only thinking naturally, "How are you?" from the breakfast-table." Why, here am I gos- siping and day-dreaming when I should already be at the office. Good-bye, dearie."

In after years she could never remember how she reached the office where she was employed as a typist; but when at last she sat before her machine and prepared to steel herself to face the daily work, her fortitude broke down, and she sank forward sob- bing bitterly, her golden head resting on the litter of neglected work.

A harsh voice brought her quickly to herself, and the meaning of this, Miss Miller?" her employer de- demanded, angrily.

"I am sorry, but...

"Sorry—but...

"you are paid for that... Let us have no more of this nonsense."

He swung on his heel and went into his private room, and, mastering her chocking sobs by a great effort, Enid went on with her work.

At last the weary day came to an end, but the hour of release brought her no comfort, for she had still to face the little crippled sister, who, all unconscious of the blow which had fallen upon them, was joyfully waiting her return.

Slowly she put on her hat and gloves, then, turning, found herself face to face with her employer, who, naturally bad temper had not improved with the business of the day.

"Ah, Miss Miller," he snapped, "I am glad you have not gone. I wish to speak to you."

Poor Enid's heart sank. "Yes...

The mounded nerves nervously, "I regret, yes—er—deeply regret," he began, "that your work of late has not been up to the standard, the firm demands—which really I cannot put up with such hys- terical displays as you saw fit to in- dulge in this morning. Therefore 1—er—I am sorry to be compelled to give

you a week's money in lieu of notice. I deeply regret it, but—er—business is business. No, no, I can listen to no arguments, my decision is absolutely final."

Turning a deaf ear to her tearful entreaties, refusing even to listen to her sad explanation, he placed the tiny packet containing her slender salary in her hand and left the office, while, after a last look round, she made the best of her way home.

As she entered the cheery sitting-room the little sister hobbled forward to meet her.

"Why, dearest," she cried, "how late you are! I was getting quite anxious about you. Why Enid, dear, whatever is the matter—are you ill?"

"I'll—no, I am quite well, dear," Enid answered, dully, "but they have no further need for me at the office. I'm—I'm discharged."

"The brutes!" her sister exclaimed, with tears in her pretty eyes, "but there, never mind, dearie. You will soon get other work, and besides, even if you don't, Dad will—"

"Dad?" the word burst from Enid's pale lips with choking sob.

"Fear crept into the cripple's eyes. "Enid, what is it?" she whispered, "you have not told me all. Father is ill—is—"

"The fatal word refused to leave her trembling lips, but as her eyes met the grief-stricken ones of her sister she knew the worst. "Oh, Dad—Dad!"

Holding tightly, Enid told her how the Alladale Castle had sunk, and that dear Dad and her one, they would never see again, had gone down with the ship he loved. The days that followed were almost like one long nightmare to the stricken girl. Enid an- swered no questions, but sat down at the table to her meals, and, with her eyes red to the last, toiled on with her work. She had not been told that the ship was being made by a devoted few who stood in the Name of the Master against the rampant vice that lay so safely hidden in the plague-spots of the city. Foster became interested, and accompa- nied his friend on his errand of mercy. What he saw horrified him, and, saying "Good-bye" to his fashion- able friends, he entered whole-heartedly into the struggle of humanity against avarice and vice.

But in this dark hour Enid found a friend, Hugh Foster, who had been the curate of a fashionable West-end church, then one day an old College friend told him of his own work in the slums of the Euston: fight which was being made by a devoted few who stood in the Name of the Master against the rampant vice that lay so carefully hidden in the plague-spots of the city. Foster became interested, and accompa- nied his friend on his errand of mercy. What he saw horrified him, and, saying "Good-bye" to his fashion- able friends, he entered whole-heartedly into the struggle of humanity against avarice and vice.

And he it was who came to the girls in the dark hours which followed the medical man's verdict.

"Tell me what is wrong," he said, with gentle insistence, "and if it is humanly possible to help you I will do so. Come!"

"There, there!" he said, soothingly,
as she came to the end of her sad story. "That is really what it all comes out. Yes, I'm sure of it. I know how to bring the roses back to the little one's cheeks and the laughter to her eyes. Put on your hat and come with me. I know a man a good many of you— and one who is never dead to such a tale as yours, and I am sure that he will help!" With a smile he bade his hand upon hers for just a second. "Cheer up, Miss Miller—remember it is always darkest before the dawn."

CHAPTER II.

Septimus Storke, otherwise head of the great army contracting firm of Lazarus and Co., was in a very good humour, and decidedly in love with the world in general, and himself in particular. In his breast-pocket reposed a letter from the Secretary of a relief fund thanking him for the donation of £10,000, and as he thought of it he laughed sardonically.

"A capital investment, by Jove!" he chuckled, leaning back in his luxurious chair, and also a splendid advertisement. Let me see, by cutting down the shirtmakers' money, and at the same time raising their rents, I shall get the money back within a few months. Well, what the devil is it now, Hobbs?"

"A clergyman—a Mr. Foster—and a young lady wish to see you, sir."

"A parson, eh? Foster—Foster—ah, I remember now. Um! I'd better see him. Now, what does the deuce does the sky-pilot want, and who's the girl with him?" he muttered as the clerk returned. "Well, it costs one nothing to be polite, and some of these Quixotic fools are very well connected, and are of great use in the furtherance of my social schemes. Ah, my dear Mr. Foster," he continued, as Enid and her escort entered, "this is indeed a delightful surprise. I trust you are going to give me an opportunity of assisting you in some good work."

Foster bowed gravely. "This is Miss Miller, Mr. Storke. We have come to see if you cannot help us to get her crippled sister back to health."

"A cripple! dear, dear, how sad!" Septimus Storke's face assumed an expression of the liveliest interest and pity as Enid told her story, but neither she nor her companion noticed how his dark eyes lingered glistiningly on her fair face.

"Terrible, truly terrible!" he exclaimed, but I thank heaven it is in my power to help the dear child. No, no, don't thank me, I beg. To be able to do good, however little, is a privilege I value above all others.

"My dear young lady, set your mind at rest. Your sister shall go away immediately, and you—we must find you something more suitable than the life you have just described. Dear me, it is tedious; one would hardly think such things were possible in a Christian country."

Cutting short Enid's tearful thanks, he apologised for bringing the interview to such an abrupt conclusion; then as the door closed upon his visitors he laughed loudly.

"Oh, Lord!" he panted, "my own workpeople too! I wonder if she'd have smiled so sweetly if she'd known who Septimus Storke really was?" What a beautiful girl! And she's a lady too, by Jove! Dear, dear, making army shirts! What a degradation for such pretty fingers! Yes, upon my word, we must find her something better—we really must."

Then, still chuckling, he sat down to devise some plan by which he could make his wretched employeepay for the new charity he had undertaken.

A few days later the little cripple left the squad court in search of health, and the same day Enid received and accepted an offer to become Storke's private secretary. With the new work and the increased salary, which brought many little comforts within her reach, together with frequent letters from Switzerland which told of her sister's slow but sure return to health, Enid became almost her old self once more.

Then one day as the clergyman stood facing her in the little room beneath the tiles their eyes met, and in that fleeting glance each betrayed the great secret to the other.

Hugh Foster took her hand and held it firmly. "Now, Enid," he said, lingering caressingly on her name, "but to-morrow I will return."

"To-morrow," she whispered, "to-morrow!"

With her hands pressed hard against her breast she listened to his retreating footsteps on the creaking stairs. "He loves me—he loves me," her heart sang, "and to-morrow he will tell me so!"

But their to-morrow was still far away, for that very night the post brought her a letter from Septimus Storke.

"You ask me to better the conditions of the workpeople," it ran; "I will do so if you will be my wife."

Slowly the meaning of the words hung on her brain, haunting out the new light which had come into her life with its golden promise for the future. His wife, the wife of Septimus Storke, whom she had long known for what he really was. Daily she weighed all arguments for her husband. As in a dream she saw once more the sights which had urged her to plead with the man. Once more she stood and looked upon a family group—ah! not a happy one, but a group of things altogether misused and misery was care was taken. Once more she watched them as seemingly heedless of her presence, they pried their needles mechanically, fearful of wasting a single ray of the precious candlelight kindled in through the dirty window. Again she stood beside the stricken mother, who stretched on, half-blinded by her tears, while the body of the babe she loved lay on her side awaiting burial. Once more—

That night Septimus Storke triumphed as he read her brief reply:

"For the sake of the people—the poor mothers and the little children. I will be your wife."

CHAPTER III.

They were married with all the vulgar pomp that Storke delighted in; then came the honeymoon; but with the squalid comforts of the house, he obtained the fulness of his desire Storke soon began to show the "clown, hook." Home again, and the little cripple once more restored to health brought a brief glow of happiness to the young bride's life.

Then one day Hugh Foster was announced, and, struggling against the furious beating of her heart, Enid went to meet him.

"It was for their sake," she faltered, answering his unspoken accusation, "for the sake of the women and children, Hugh. Could I go on letting them suffer when it was in my power to make their lives a little brighter, a little sacred to themselves, to all that is good, to all that is beautiful?"

"He promised—"

"What are his promises? Things as rotten as the social system that applauds the very practice which makes his work.
your fortune cries for vengeance, and their prayer will be most surely answered."

Storke replied with a volley of oaths, then as he heard the door bang after the clergyman he swung round on Enid.

"Remember," he jeered, "that you are my wife—mind, body, and soul—bought and paid for in the open market. And as my wife I insist upon your explicit obedience. If your parson lover comes here again I—"

"You will vent your anger upon me, I suppose," she interrupted, with icy calmness. "I can quite believe that—you would hardly have the courage to face a man."

Storke's face became livid. "You—" he began; but, sweeping contemptuously past him, she left the room.

That night a great reception was held at their Park Lane house, and many a woman envied the young bride who looked so listlessly upon the gay scene; but in the midst of the revelry a dull murmur came from outside, driving the colour from her cheeks and making her turn impulsively to her husband.

"Listen!"

The murmur grew louder and louder, until it swelled into a mighty roar, and Enid ran out to meet the infuriated crowd who came surging up the great staircase, driving the terrified footmen before them.

"Lazarus," they cried. "Lazarus——"

Septimus Storke heard at last, and turned to flee; but already the mob was in the reception-room, and he realised that all retreat was cut off; then, pulling himself together, the "sweater" made one last attempt at bluster.

"Where are the police?" he cried; by Heaven, those responsible for this outrage shall pay dearly for it."

Even as their wives and children cried for this," Hugh Foster answered, striding through the crowd, and taking in the magnificent chamber with one sweep of his hand. "No—stay and listen, all of you! No one shall be injured—not even the wounding wretch who stands before you; but you shall know the truth, and, knowing it, shall judge. You have read in the papers of this man's gifts to charity, and you honour him for his generosity—yet these are the people who really pay. For every pound he gives they return to him tenfold."

"It's a lie!" Storke screamed, "a lie."

"It is the truth. Look upon their faces, Lazarus—the faces of the men and women whom you have sweated and ground under! Think of the children doing men's work before they should have left school; think of the women praying for death to come in mercy to those they love; think of the men cursing impatiently, at the hellish power that bound their daughters to slavery or drove them to the streets. Think of these things, all of you, then look upon the wretch who is the cause of all this suffering and sin.

Following his accusing finger, they looked and read the confirmation of the clergyman's story in the pallid face of the man who covered back looking implovingly from face to face for pity and finding none; then the guests began to leave, until at last he sat alone amid his grandeur.

"Your work is done," Foster said, turning to the crowd; "go to your homes in peace.

"Alone in the midst of his desolate mansion Septimus Storke saw the whole of his past life arrayed before him, shrinking back as a ghostly army of those who had given their lives to fill his coffers laid the wealth they had amassed for him at his feet; then with a wild cry he sprang forward, shouting for the help that did not come, fighting madly as he tried to beat off the phantom.

Wife, friends, servants—all had left him in the black hour of his doom and

with a last ghastly scream he staggered forward, tripped, and fell.

It was Hugh Foster who brought the news to Enid of her husband's sudden death.

"And now," she said softly, looking at the leaden sky, "all his wealth is yours." Foster answered simply. "Think of the good you can do for those who suffer. Ah, dear little lady, every story has not so happy an end."

Slowly she turned and looked into his eyes as she had done once before; then, as their hands met, they knew that for them the story, the old story that will be new as long as the old world exists, was but just beginning."

This fine Exclusive production is the work of the famous Hop-worth company. The principal characters are powerfully played by Chrisie White (Enid), Stewart Rome (Storke), and Lionel Howard (Foster).

DON'T MASSAGE YOUR WRINKLES.

"Lady's Discovery Quickly Removes Lines and Crow's Feet Without Creams, Plasters, or Steamings."

The belief that wrinkles and other facial blemishes can be removed by massage is entirely mistaken, for according to the best authorities, such a process only tends to stretch the skin, and thus increase the depth of any mark. Various other methods employing creams, plasters, and steamings have produced equally disappointing results, and Madame Josephine Lynn's recent discovery of a simple home treatment that can be applied without the knowledge of one's most intimate friends will be of particular interest to every woman who have wrinkled faces, poor complexions, thin, scrawny necks, or undeveloped backs. All who have applied the treatment are entirely satisfied, and many letters tell of wrinkles having vanished overnight. It will therefore not surprise the reader to learn that Madame Lynn has already been so overwhelmed with inquiries that she can no longer promise to reply personally to every correspondent. But no matter; however, that every lady suffering from facial disfigurements shall enjoy the benefits of her discovery, she has laid down some points which, given in a clear and interesting manner, full particulars of her scientific treatment, and how to remove wrinkles permanently. A copy will be sent on payment of 2s 6d to any reader of "Pictures and the Picture-goer" who cares to address a request enclosing a stamp (for reply) to Madame Josephine Lynn, 10 Queen Anne's Chambers, London, S.W. Write as short a letter as possible, as Madame Lynn's time is fully occupied, and the leafflet will in all probability answer your queries.
"THAT LAND SO FAR AWAY."

How bright are the eyes of the children when loving mothers carry them on the pearly car of imagination into the beautiful lands of To-morrow or Long Ago! Looking at them, we wish that we could travel the journey once more as in the early days of our sweet, fresh childhood. Alas! that's far behind. But those of us who are wise enough to hold fast to childhood’s prize, Laughter, can even now forget our griefs and the world's care and visit the joyous land of Snakeville.

Yes, smile, pay your sixpence, and smile again at a "SNAKEVILLE" COMEDY.

ESSANAY FILM MANUFACTURING CO.,
148, Charing Cross Road,
London, W.C.
THE call to arms came with staggering suddenness to France. After years of waiting for the launching of the Prussian thunderbolt, the country was almost surprised at the tenacity of the enemy who made a Balkan crime the prelude of jumping-off-stroke for a greater crime contemplated for years. When the blow fell the country realized that the very existence of the nation depended upon the result.

There could be no mistaking the issue. Carefully planned, cunningly planned, the outbreak of war took the country at a disadvantage. France rallied as one man, and the invader was held; but at what a cost! In a moment the ordinary business of the country ceased. With a completeness that Britons cannot realize the thoughts and energies of the whole nation were directed towards one object.

Thus it was that an actress found that the cinema studio in which she appeared had closed. The mobilisation had affected all classes, and she resolved to offer her services as nurse in one of the military hospitals. It seemed to this Frenchwoman that the call of duty was unmistakable. Here was a direction in which she could best be of service to her fellowmen.

A month later she was installed at the hospital, and brought into contact not only with the bravery of the badly wounded but with the fervent patriotism which has emboldened the French nation. Among the wounded under her care was a soldier who had lost his left hand. The left side had sympathised with him, but he would not hear of it.

"True, I have lost my left eye, but I have still my right and can take aim."

The spirit of the fighters was a revelation to the actress. To another badly-wounded man she offered her assistance. He she found quite cheerful.

"I was prepared to sacrifice my life for my country, and I have only lost an arm. What have I to complain of?"

Her other patient was a German lieutenant, gravely wounded, who, in spite of the skill of the surgeons and devotion of the nurses, was slowly dying. The coming of Therese was like the visit of an old friend.

"If I am not greatly mistaken," said he, "the last time I saw you was on the screen in Berlin, where you were playing in "Mademoiselle Kitty.""

Recollection of the happier days in the capital of his country brought sad memories to the dying soldier, and he wrote to Elsie, his fiancée, that, in spite of the devoted nursing of the French doctors and sisters he feared he would never see her again. He told Therese the contents of the letter, and she, with a woman's heart, said it would never do to write in that strain to his sweetheart.

"Write," said Therese, "in a loving, hopeful strain, and I will see that your letter is posted so that it may reach Elsie. Keep a brave heart; do not despair.

The days went slowly past, each with its work, its hopes and disappointments. Away in Berlin Elsie had read and re-read the message of hope, but she suspected the women of France. Her Prussian mind could not understand the finer qualities of the French nature.

Daughter of a race the men of which devastated Belgium, violated its women, and who murdered in cold blood the wounded, she could not believe that the Frenchwomen devoted their lives to the saving of life worked without uttering smash. She told Therese the contents of the letter, and she, with a woman's heart, said it would never do to write in that strain to his sweetheart.

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But Otto Rheinbach was dead. He was spared in his last hours from realizing the unjust attack upon the woman who had made easy for him the conquest of last week.

The letter, however, stabbed the heart of Therese, who, in a womanly letter, replied to the trumpery of a great nation:

"With his last breath your fiancée was murmuring your name. We have done everything humanly possible to save his life and to alleviate his sufferings. The French Woman of France," Therese hoped that the other woman would feel that she was not a misjudged.

The above outlines the story of a well-produced war drama by Gaumont. It will be released on June 7th.

The YOUNG PICTUREGOER

Dear Girls and Boys—

Did I tell you how a little boy aged six unconsciously became a film hero? No. I find I did not. A few weeks ago, then, a bright little chap (the son of friends of mine) was returning from school munching a cake, when his ears were assailed by the cries of a maiden in distress. He dashed among the trees to discover war was not the only thing his little sister of about half his own age standing in mortal terror of a dog who, more in love than anger, was jumping up around her. Our hero, with a gallantry worthy of a Broncho Billy, instantly sacrificed his cake to compel doggy to desert the trembling maiden. Now consider the tenant of the studio who had happened that close at hand a film producer had been quietly at work for some time arranging a scene of two players. He saw the incident from the beginning, and instructed his operator to film it as it took place, and quite unknown to the children.

It is simple, unaffected, and perfectly natural little scenes of this sort which often make the success of a film, and I know that this pretty picture is to form a scene in a coming drama.

Talking of children and pretty pictures leads me to tell you about one I have just seen called The Story of a Punch and Judy Show. It is one of the first pictures turned out by the new British "Mabel" Brin, and will be admired by children and lovers of children wherever it is shown.

Elsie and her two little brothers whilst at play find for the first time in a forgotten cupboard an old playbox containing a set of Punch and Judy puppets. They find their father alone in the dining-room and worry him to tell them the story of the dolls which seem such delightful playthings. He does so, and the dead past lives again upon the screen. We see a prosperous man ruined by the failure of a bank. His home is sold up, and with his wife and two boys they go out together into the world. The only thing saved from the home is the Punch and Judy show, which one of the boys buys back at the sale with his money-box savings. Sickness comes with poverty, and the mother dies. The father gets work, but is made helpless by an accident. The boys set out bravely with their toy Punch and Judy show, and soon get a little crowd, but no coppers are forthcoming. Lucy Maynard, who is passing with her father, rewards the little showmen with half-crown, their only harvest.

Little Lucy is taken ill. In sickness she pleads pathetically to see her little woman again. The butcher is sent out in search of them, and brings the two boys and their puppets into the bedroom.

A Punch and Judy show is curious medicine; but it restores Lucy to health, and when some days later her rich father comes to her home in a grand bonfire party, he further amuses the child by sending not only for the two boys and their play-box, but the boys' father as well.

Now we see again the teller of this entertaining story as he brings it to an end. But for his eager children, the two boys and the girl Elsie, the end was not yet. "You were one of those boys, Daddy," they clamour all together, and he confesses that they are right. "Who was the other little boy?" asks Elsie. Here Uncle Harry is announced—and behold! He was the other little boy. And who was that nice little girl? adds Elsie. Here comes his mother's pet. And what was his name? Elsie wants to know. "This was the nice little girl," is not that a pretty story?

HEARTS & FLAMES

It is a L-KO comedy, 1,600 ft. long, and every inch will please you. Why? Because you will have another opportunity of seeing "British Bit o'Kelpie, The Funny Man in Pictures," doing his funniest.

To see "L-KO Bill" rescuing people from a blazing building and shooting them through a tubular fire escape into a flooded basement is to laugh till the laughter tears you up. To see him peddle into the flooded cellar in a bath and rescue lad and lass, leaving the latter to their fate, is to see the funniest picture stunt that's ever been worked by any screen comedian.

A VERY SPECIAL NOTICE

We especially ask all readers of "Pictures and The Picturegoer" to be on the watch for a picture which will give them one of the happiest evenings of their lives. The title is:

THE TWO SENTENCES

Issued May 27th.

Intense dramatic story of justice and passion. The quality of mercy ruthlessly ignored.

A "Flying A" Two-Part Masterpiece.

THREE SIGNS

to look for when you visit

: the Picture House.

THEY STAND FOR THE FINEST

ALL-BRITISH PHOTOPLAYS

and when you see them you may rest assured that the management are booking the very best

: films they can get.

A TRIPLE ALLIANCE

of moving picture art.

DAVISON'S FILM SALES AGENCY

151-153, Wardour Street, London, W.
See this thrilling three-reel drama at your own theatre. It strikingly depicts the machinations of those skilled in political intrigue.

**MAN PROPOSES, BUT...**

The picture which powerfully treats of Austro-Italian diplomacy and secret service.

**THE ONLY SON.**—A fine, heart-gripping story. Thos. W. Ress, the original actor, plays his original part in the film.

**LILY DRAKE, FOUR ACTS (June 25).**

**MASTER AND MAN.**—G. R. Sims and Henry Pettit's renowned drama turned into a film masterpiece by the Semaphore Co. Gregory Scott, Douglas Payne, Joan Ritz and Daisy Cordell are in the cast.

**HEARTS OF THE JUNGLE.**—A beautiful drama showing in realistic fashion the love of a leading lady when she follows Tom's trail to the cabin whilst searching for her missing cub. It is equal to any of the wild-animal jungle masterpieces, and is condensed into one reel.

**THE PRICE.**—Hate and revenge, of which this film contains plenty, are a sure foundation for a powerful drama. Big guns at Sandy Hook play a prominent part in it, and Oleg Petrovna, the famous Russian actress, is its leading heroine. Read the full story of the film in next week's issue.

**GAMMON FILM SERVICE (June 1).**

**ANCESTRY.**—The story begins with the love affair of a false Duchess and a thrilling duel between the husband and the lover. The wonderful sunrise effects on the lake shore and the breaking of dawn help to make this one of the finest pictures of the season. Wintred Greenwood plays the leading female role.

**FLYING A DRAKE, 1,260 feet (June 3).**

**DILL'S NEW PAL.**—Billie Ritchie is the star turn. He loves the dainty cashier. When the inevitable rival butts in there's a fearsome riot, Bill hides in an oven. His entrance into the outer air is a scream. The Ritchie Comedies are booming. They are so new and fresh and funny they deserve to boom. See this one and laugh.

**L-K COMEDY, 585 feet (June 15).**

**EGGS!!!**—Millions of 'em, in barrels, baskets, and crates. Uncle will eat nothing else, and the two nephews, with an eye on his money, keep other butter out and try to outdo each other in securing them. It all leads to a fight with real eggs as missiles, and incendiary shells never wrought worse havoc than do these "fragrant" bombs.

**LION'S HEAD FEARCE (Darius's), 544 feet (June 17).**

**TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE.**—If your cinema-poster announces this title you must get there early or you will get no seat. All the theatres we know which are showing this great comedy are having packed houses. We are not surprised, with and with Charles Chaplin at the head, it could not be otherwise. Six reels of fun and gaiety by Keystone favourites at their best! That is what it really means.

**COAT offed by Globe Film Company (now showing).**

**THE PORTRAIT IN THE ATTIC.**—The child dear for the dear dead mother—now only "The Portrait in the Attic"—easily resumes her new mother whom father has brought home. Lonely and lost to all, she becomes locked in the attic. "Mother" comes back to her in a wonderful, heavenly fashion of love, and changes the lives of all. Viola Dana (the child), whose portrait we published last week, finds in this appealing character just the same sympathetic opportunity she had when appealed to as the wonderful child actress in the big Broadway success, *The Poor Little Rich Girl*.

**EDISON DRAMA, 1,070 feet (June 14).**

**THE GOOD PEOPLE WHO RALLIED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CHURCH.**—They thought a bazaar would be the one and only way, and got ready. The Gazette spent $82 for buns, while the other Sisters used $7 worth of vegetables and $1 worth of groceries. Fixing up cakes and candy. A special committee put in $82 worth of time decorating the parlours and table decorations cost $24. Some of the spenders brought the girls in taxis; it cost them $2 each, but they were willing to help the church. Lucy Wilkins rented a girls' costume for $8, and told fortunes. She took in $2.75. At 10 p.m. much of the refreshments were unsold, and the things were sold very, very good.

**GEO. A. LEE ESTATE (Esquire's), 1,093 feet (June 7).**
PEOPLE IN THE PICTURES

Making Shirts at 2½d. each!

We had a visit recently from William J. Elliott, author of The Sweater, the Hepworth exclusive dealt with in story form in this issue.

"Before writing the scenario," explained Mr. Elliott, "I spent some time in the slums gathering facts. In my journalist days, before I gave up press-writing to devote myself to scenario writing, I had wide experience of the underside of London, and I knew that to get the confidence of the people therein I must appear as one of themselves. So, ragged and dirty, I arranged to take over for a time the business of an old acquaintance—a "pawner"—one who takes goods to and from the pawnshop on a small commission. In this way I was able to get right into the inner life and confidence of the sweated folk, and how they are sweated the following figures will show. They get for soldiers' shirts, 18, a dozen, buying their own thread, which costs 6d. for a dozen shirts; it takes an hour to make one shirt. For trousers, 3d., a dozen, and four to six ony can be made in an hour. Finishing khaki trousers, 2½d. each, buying own thread and cotton, which costs about 1s. 6d. weekly.

Mr. Elliott took the script of The Sweater to the Hepworth offices, attired as a ragged shanty immigrant. He was about to be ejected when he mysteriously reached into his apparently dirty pocket and pulled out a clean visiting-card. The Company then recognised the name of a well-known plot-writer. It transpired that Mr. Elliott had just completed a long period of living at Bermondsey and Poplar, making a careful study of sweating conditions during war time for this particular plot. Feeding that the Hepworth editorial department might not believe him when he told them that he had actually suffered the conditions he had come straight from the little room which he had occupied (at a cost of 2s. per week) so that he could prove the genuineness of his claim.

Filming "The Eternal City."

Edwin S. Porter and Hugh Ford, of the Famous Players, went to Rome to film The Eternal City last summer. "Getting the Vatican pictures was a pretty hard proposition," said Mr. Porter; "but I found out that the Swiss Guards of the Vatican spent their leisure moments in a little wine-shop, and after paying it a couple of visits I managed to get acquainted with a captain. I made it plain that it might be worth his while for him and his men to look the other way when we appeared in the Vatican gardens, and he adopted my views.

"In the scene where David Rossi goes mad after killing Baron Bonelli, he runs through the street, and finally falls exhausted on the steps of the Vatican before the huge bronze gates. We took that picture early on Sunday morning when there were no sightseers around. The Swiss Guards were watch-
OUR SECOND FREE VOTING CONTEST!

The World's Greatest Film Artistes

EXCLUSIVE OF BRITISH-BORN PLAYERS.

30 VOTES Free on Every Coupon—30 VOTES

£10 First Prize in Cash £10

SECOND PRIZE, Graphophone £7 10s., value £9

RECORDS 30s.

THIRD PRIZE, Graphophone £5 10s., value £7

RECORDS 30s.

FOURTH PRIZE, Graphophone £4 4s., value £5

RECORDS 16s.

FIFTH PRIZE, Graphophone £3 3s., value £4

100 Consolation Prizes £100

WHO ARE THE WORLD'S GREATEST FILM ARTISTES?

Although the British Artistes Contest is a success beyond all our expectations, our new World’s Contest, which concerns probably three times the number of players, will doubt be four times as big. Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they should play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who you think are the CLEVEREST FILM PLAYERS IN ANY COUNTRY (excluding British-born Artistes) write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES. The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10. All other prizes will go to senders of Coupons in order of merit. THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—they will receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners' names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon. In the unlikely event of a tie between two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

2. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope at end of contest.

3. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

4. No correspondence can be entered into concerning the contest. Some of the best-known male players are given on this page, but voters may vote for any player (British-born or not) whose names are included in a list or not.

5. A voter may fill up any number of Coupons from one issue, and may send in any quantity of his or her own or friends' Coupons in one envelope and at any time.

6. The Editor's decision as to the prize-winners and on all matters connected with the contest will be final and legally binding, and Coupons are accepted only on this understanding.

"The Pictures" FREE VOTING COUPON: WORLD'S CONTEST.

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

FEMALE PLAYER

10

MALE PLAYER

10

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

FEMALE PLAYER

5

MALE PLAYER

5

Signed

Address

Fill up and post to "Contest Editor," Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

WHEELER OAKMAN. (Sgd.)

WINIFRED GREENWOOD.

"Picture A." The Machines and Records are manufactured by the World Famous "Columbia" Co.
ing us from the inside, but I knew they wouldn't come out to interfere. Rossi went up the steps and fell prostrate. Just then a priest came out of the Vatican, saw the prostrate man, and, not realising what the idea was, bent over him and raised his head. That was just what I wanted, but through some mishap didn’t it right, and Ford saved the day for me. He rushed right up to the priest and said excitedly: 'Do that again, please.' The priest obeyed automatically, without knowing just why he did it, and I got a splendid picture.’

One of our Brightest Stars.

The beautiful picture actress who is starred with Henry King in the Balboa-Pathé “Who Pays?” series of twelve original dramas is Ruth Roland, whose name has been prominent for many years, notwithstanding the truth that she is now only in her twenty-second year. Her stage début was made at four years of age, when as “Baby Ruth” she was regarded as a wonder. As “Little Lord Fauntleroy” at the age of six David Belasco pronounced her the very best child-actress he had ever seen. She continued her infantile triumphs, and at eleven was sent to a private school to have her education, which up to that time had been imparted to her by her mother, given the proper polish. School-days over, she returned at sixteen to the stage under the chaperonage of an aunt. As an ingénue her success was even greater than that scored as a child. She was equally at ease in comedy or drama, or singing or dancing.

Ruth Roland is all girl, but she rides a horse as if she were born in the saddle. She drives a motor-car; she boxes, fences, plays tennis, football, and baseball; she swims, swings Indian clubs and bowls; she is a crack shot with rifle or pistol, and has won a number of prizes at archery. These multiplied accomplishments could not long escape the demand for her services in motion-pictures. Four years ago the Kalem Company had the good sense to discover” and place her upon the screen. In the beginning she appeared in Western and Indian plays, then comedies, and during her last months with Kalem she was featured in a series of detective dramas, but by this time she began to think of the wider field which her experience justified her in entering. Last December she signed a year’s contract with the Balboa Company. In the seven three-reelers of the “Who Pays?” series which have been completed, Miss Roland has demonstrated her right to be classed with the foremost motion-picture actresses of the day. In The Price of Fame, The Pursuit of Pleasure, When Justice Sleeps, The Love Lie, The Feminine Lie, Today and Tomorrow, and Houses of Glass the public will see her at her best.

Ruth Roland has no need for the spoken word. All of the moods that belong to human emotion respond readily to her call. The highest development of the motion-picture art is represented by her in a manner so refined and so cultured that all must admire her work. She has never been involved in scandal, nor has she been mixed in escapades that furnished basis for suspicion. She has a pure mind, a pure soul, and a kind heart, and these attributes, coupled with histrionic skill, make her one of the most desirable stars in motion-pictures.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF RUTH ROLAND, THE CLEVER ACTRESS DEALT WITH ON THIS PAGE.
Turner Films

"Pictures made for You."

This week we want to tell you about Jean. You know Jean—the intelligent collie whose head forms the Turner Films Trade Mark.

Just as Florence Turner has the greatest record among moving picture players, so Jean among canine actresses has the greatest list of successes to her credit.

After several years' training at the hands of Larry Trimble, she made her debut in pictures.

She was so successful that many plots were written specially to give her an opportunity to display her talents. She became world-famous as "The Vitagraph Dog."

When Florence Turner and Larry Trimble left the Vitagraph Company to establish their own film company in England, Jean, of course, came with them.

Her greatest parts in Turner Films have been in "Jean's Evidence," "Through the Valley of Shadows," and "The Shepherd Lassie of Argyll."

Jean also plays in "Odds Against"—a great Society and Sporting Picture soon to be released.

GOSSIP

I FIND I am not alone in the belief that our World's Greatest Artiste Contest will be the biggest Contest ever organised for picturegoers in this country. Scores of letters have come to hand from readers and the trade, in which the writers express thanks for starting it. With so many motion-picture stars (especially American) whose names are household words, few will be able to resist filling up the coupon presented free in every issue, and thus casting their votes for the cleverest actors or actresses. The players themselves will appreciate your kindly interest, and, in addition, you may win for yourself a prize worth having.

The British Contest.

By the time you read this paragraph all the coupons will have come in, and as I write our specially-engaged lady coupon-clerks are nearly buried in them. Counting and registering the votes is no easy task, for it requires both patience and accuracy. But they will get through it, and when they have done so, portraits of the winning players and names of winning voters will of course be published in these pages.

A New Racing Drama.

The Turner Studios at Walton-on-Thames are busy on "Odds Against," a three-reeler made to thrill. Of strong sporting interest, the story also deals with the rivalry of two men for the hand of the heroine. Rather an ancient plot, you will say, yes; but dressed up with sensational trappings. A powerful scene will show Florence Turner at the foot of the altar refusing to proceed with the wedding, the bride realising at the last moment that happiness and villainy never run together. Miss Turner informs me that she spent more than £200 on gowns for this drama alone.

New All-British Productions.

As I intimated two weeks ago, Maurice Elvey has entered the producing business on his own account. He will produce a new brand of films, featuring the famous artiste Elisabeth Risdon. For this purpose he has come to an arrangement with the London Film Co., whereby all interior scenes will be photographed at their fine studio at Twickenham, an arrangement which, coupled with Mr. Elvey's wonderful abilities and Miss Risdon's talent and personality, augurs well for the success of their undertaking. I heartily congratulate both, and am sure you will join me in watching with interest for their promised productions.

A Good Start.

More congratulations! This time to R. Michaelson and J. Welfare Lloyd, whose first three films from their new British studio recently delighted a big trade and Press crowd. The titles are "The Story of a Peach and Andy Shaw," "Time and the Home," and "His Brother's Wife," all produced by Warwick Buckland. I have previously stated that this firm are out for success, and am now quite convinced that they will get it. I was pleased to meet such favourites as Flora Morris, Sybil Wollaston, J. R. Tozer, Harry Gilby, and Austin Camp, all playing in the films mentioned. With such artistes on the stock company, it is quite easy to predict that "M. B." films are destined to make good.

Four Thousand Pounds for a Scenario!

What do our photo-playwrights say to this? Everybody will want to see the
ten-thousand-foot-long story of Colours, the colossal film which employed two thousand people, occupied two years on the taking, and cost forty thousand pounds. Gabriel D’Annunzio, the world’s greatest poet, received the record price of $100,000 for the scenario, than which nothing quite so imaginative has ever been seen on the screen. I hope to say more about this super production next week.

And Yet More British.

We’re going strong now, aren’t we? The British Empire Films (no mistaking that title), working at full pressure lately, have completed three strong dramas, all stage The Yorkshire Cinema Company’s production of A Daughter of England, a story of the present war, Marga Rubia Levy (a new screen heroine, I believe) has made a striking success of the name part, as an English governess in a German officer’s house, she unwittingly gets into the hands of spies of both countries. Her adventures will thrill and delight even the most blasé picturegoer, and all will be pleased to know that in the English spy she eventually finds her picture-writer, and I have to congratulate, and hope the British Empire Company will give us more of the same stuff.

F. D.
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER 184

Week Ending June 5, 1915

As Old Reeler (Grimsby).—Volume VIII of Pictures commenced with No. 39, dated April 30, 1915. Back numbers can be obtained from our publishers.

Jessie (Brondesbury).—Sorry to disappoint those who cast a peep at 'It.' We have heard no further from the Misses Macready, and unless you speak beforehand, you will have to wait until the head of the household gives you leave.

Maze (Forest Hill).—Who on earth told you, Ma'sie, that Florence Turner had got back to America? We have heard nothing from the Misses Stewart or Muriel Fortescue (Mabel Normand) yet. We are hoping to get the kleptomaniac players and shall let our readers know when we do.

Joyce (Manchester).—Have sent your love to Tom Mix and G. M. Anderson. They ought to answer if you wrote them as nicely as you have written us. What a pretty name.

Pansy of Flower Chaplin.—Address Barker Motion Photography, Ltd., The Studios, West Ealing, W. Best wishes for your success. When you are a star don't forget the Authors.  

A Regular Reader (Upper Tooting).—Three Daughters of the West is a misprint. Keep a look-out for new Keystone films and we will let Ford Sterling again. We don't know when you will hear from London Film Co. See reply to 'Lucas' (Taily).

* * * Many replies are unavoidably held over.

EDITORIAL MATTERS


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SMILES

Ornithological Evidence.

Something had upset him, and the solicitous clucking of his hens was all that he could manage.

"A little trouble with the missus," was the explanation. "She discovered that I went out to supper last night with a lady."

"But couldn't you have admitted the supper and denied the bird?"

"Impossible," granted the Lothario, "she found the 'ball' in my pocket."  

A Bad Speculation.

A darkly elogymned man had married two negroes, and after the ceremony the groom asked, "Mr Jones, how much of a 'lunch' do you charge to a 'swain'?"

"I usually leave that to the groom," was the reply. "Sometimes I am paid two dollars, sometimes ten, sometimes less."

"Five dollars is a lot o' money," said the groom. "All'll give you two dollars, an' deu ef ef ah finds ah gat a 'swain' he'll give yo' mo' in a month."

In the stipulated time the groom returned.

"Pahson," said he, "dis here arrangement, it's a kind o' 'spec'ialhuman, an' ah reckon youse got to git it. Ah figgers that you owe me a dollar an' seventy-five cents."

The most popular Contest for Picturegoers ever organised in this Country.

(Tenting Coupon appears on page 150.)

I t is to be hoped that the Germans, who continually war with our supposed difficulty in obtaining recruits, will not hear that one of our country graveyard has been liberally posted with posters: "Up Your King and country need you!"

The Love Birds.

Huddy: "You may not believe it, but smoking is a weakness for my head-aches," he apologised.

"Most pigs are caged that way," responded his wife, without emotion.

Suitable Criticism.

First Super: "Jones has got a suit for every different scene he plays in."

Second Super: "I've only seen him in one scene—here's his hat.

First Super: "That's the suit I mean!"

Oh, those Stars !

Cleo: "I run over fifty miles in one hour in my new Napier car."

Mabel (her rival): "Really! Some- thing! I can run it, but it was seven dogs, thirteen geece, two pigs, ten goats, an' nine old w. w. How! people do exaggerate, don't they?"

Fully Qualified.

First Lady: "I don't know what profession my son and daughter follow. He's reckless, careless, and indifferent—consequences."

Second Lady: "Surely he's made for either a cinema actor or a bus-driver."

The Dreamnough.

The hen was slowly crossing the country lane, pecking over the earth. At that moment the motor-car flashed round the corner, then vanished in a cloud of dust. The hen picked herself up and shook herself thoughtfully.

"Drat 'em!" she soliloquised. "It's that pesky moving-picture lot again. Three times this week they've crawled over me. Shouldn't wonder if they killed me some day!"

Tommy Tells the Tale.

Tommy, just back from the Front was describing what he saw of the retreat from Mons.

"We 'ad a real sticky time, I tell yer," he said as he put down his pint pot or the marriage between the two eaglets. "To a place where we thought we was goin' to a rest, and we was told to dig ourselves in. Pretty and we dug, too, and presently the Captain comes along and he sez: "Darn yer!" then yer comes back into it. Yer'll probably be dead uns within the next two hours!"

"And was yer?" put in a listener.  

"Yea, we was," replied the narrator, "'limelin'd the 'bomber' hepticist."

The most popular Contest for Picturegoers ever organised in this Country.

(The Tenting Coupon appears on page 150.)
THE RAGE OF TWO CONTINENTS ON THE SCREEN.

Gaby Deslys in Her Triumph, a Famous Players production. (See page 193.)
PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

ANN LUTHER, the well-known Lubin actress, has joined the Selig (Western) Company.

Watch for one of London's funniest comedians in M.L.B. films. Who is it?

Carlyle Blackwell has been very sick, and will recuperate at one of the hot springs which abound in California.

The rumor that man wants little here below nor wants that little long was not started by picture producers.

Shakespeare had a vocabulary of 15,000 words. Why, oh why, is he not living and working as a film producer?

A new series of "Pimple" comedies will begin to be released on June 17th. Pimple as a detective will be great.

It is estimated that there are to-day between 17,000 and 18,000 photo-play theatres in the United States, to which more than 10,000,000 people go daily.

"When I was a boy," remarked the Philosopher, as he entered our editorial offices this morning, "the only thing I ever took seriously was ester oil."

It's robbing Peter to pay Paul; but, owing to the war, fewer people will go holiday-making by the sea this year, and consequently managers of inland houses hope to escape a bit of the nasal drop in summer receipts.

A whole house, a splendid and costly edifice, was blown up last week for a scene in The House of a Thousand Seals and at the American Studios, in which Harold Lockwood has a great part. No, dear readers, Harold was not.

A Chaplin Sea Picture

CHARLES CHAPLIN and company of Essanay Players have completed the first Los Angeles-made subject, By the Sea. This is of one reel, and Charlie is to be seen spending a day at the beach, with a comedy situation arising with every swell.

This subject will introduce the most recent addition to the company, Billie Armstrong, an English comedian, who will appear in this and releases of the future as another nut.

Watch your Rope.

TOM FORMAN, representing youth, and Theodore Roberts, representing ripe experience, and both with the Lafayette forces, are fond of fishing and hunting, and whilst refusing to believe their fishing stories, we give credence to the fact that Roberts took some new (2) cord up to the hills to swing with this fellow from. Roberts weighs two hundred and fifty pounds and the cord was rotten. It was a bad combination, and the bamp was severe. Tom Forman is laughing, but Roberts hasn't commenced to laugh.

"Cream" and the Cinema.

We told you some time ago that some ingenious American had conceived the idea of making picture film out of skimmed milk. Now we read in our good friend The Motion that the inventor has proceeded with his notion, as the first roll of this new film was exhibited recently at a Chicago dairy-show. It is also stated that casein — a by-product of skimmed milk — can be used for making not only film, but pianos, combs, and buttons! We presume that film material of this nature will be reserved for the cream of the profession.

How the Cinema Might Help.

THE cinema can play a wonderful part in the present war, writes Mr. Walter J. Stevenson in the Daily Mail, and I can give one instance in the case of a prominent South Coast watering-place where it has helped to secure a large number of recruits.

A route march was arranged by the authorities in charge of the troops in the town—some 15,000 or more—and a large number took part in this march.

The whole inspiring spectacle was duly taken by the cinema operators belonging to the picture-theatres, from various vantage points, and pictures were also taken of the great crowds that assembled. These were duly shown to the public the same evening in the picture-theatres, and evoked great enthusiasm for days together, besides gathering in many recruits.

The Star and the "Still".

MARSH, whom you have seen or will see in The Outcast, enjoys prowling through the still pictures of scenes in the Reliance-Majestic productions and selecting the choice ones for her album. She will go over possibly three or four hundred photographs.

Out of these she will lay aside several of each scene. Then she will single these down to the one she likes best. She has an enlargement made of her final choice. And her album holds an extraordinarily interesting collection of scenes, in many of which Miss Marsh herself is seen in the stellar rôle.

The Same Old "Broncho Billy."

G. M. ANDERSON is appearing in a new series of Western dramas, which are better than any yet produced. In some he appears in his old familiar costume, and in others he varies his garb. It is the same old Broncho Billy, beloved by boys and girls, as well as grown-ups, for his daring deeds and fearless dash.

Screen Aids the Sight.

ACCORDING to a writer in the Daily Mirror, a patient who suffered with his eyes for more than a year has been able to go daily to a picture palace. The reason given for this curious prescription was that the slight quivering of which one is conscious, even when watching the best pictures, is calculated to exercise precisely those nerves and muscles which in his eyes are defective.

"Swat that Fly!"

THE American carries his enthusiasm for "swatting" the fly into practical demonstration, and both children in schools and the public in the cinema are now being shown how to deal with the fly menace on the film. All the stages of a fly's life and depredations are magnified hugely on the screen, and the evil wrought by this insect is thus visibly portrayed. But there are flies in England. Cannot we run the same lesson over here?

Fifth Largest Industry in U.S.A.

SO ranks the motion-picture industry in the United States, according to the recent report of the census bureau in Washington.

Up to the beginning of December, 1914, American film turn-out ran 10,000 separate reels of negative film, and from each an average of thirty-five positive copies.

The standard reel is 1,000 feet long, which makes 260,000,000 feet of film all told, including both the originals and the positives! About 68,000 miles of motion-pictures—enough to go round this old earth of ours a little less than three times. And in five years we are to add another mouth to make this gigantic tape-measure of film. It is said that nearly eight million pounds were spent in less than a year to do so. Puts our home industry in the shade a little, doesn't it?

"What a Marvellous Invention!"

TO a War Correspondent attached to the Petit Journal, General Joffre has expressed his pleasure that the cinema industry is alive and doing its duty. "Here on my table," he said, "I have a few rolls of films given to me by our official photographers; I look at them, and they show our brave poilus in their trenches. In this one you can see our soldiers watching every movement of the enemy. I also received a few films from our Russian allies fighting the same foes. Here you can see the Grand Duke Nicholas in conversation with some of his staff officers, how valuable these little rolls of films will be one day! Our valiant officers and soldiers can be seen fighting side by side for civilization with their brave English and Belgian comrades. Of still greater value will they be to future generations. What a marvellous invention!"
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. WAR FEVER IN ITALY: One of the many outdoor demonstrations.
2. ON THE JOURNEY HOME: "Angels of Mercy" on the transports.
3. COMFORTS FOR OUR SOLDIERS: Blankets made by women at Kidderminster.
5. NEW FRENCH SUPER-DREADNOUGHT: A formidable addition launched at Bordeaux.

© Our News Feature: Events of the Week

Interesting Topics in Film Pictures Selected from Pathé's Animated Gazette.
IN a quiet little street in the town of Alleiss there lived happily with Stella, his wife, Michael Ferrick, a dealer in curios and antiquities. Although his love for Stella, like her love for him, was deep and abiding, Michael longed to do something in the world. He was young and enthusiastic, and his fellow-members had already elected him leader of the Secret Reformers' Society.Personally he had nothing to complain of. The world was a pleasant enough place to him, but imbued with the idea that his fellow-men were downtrodden, he burned to assist them, arguing that if his life was happy so should be the lives of others. Creditable views to hold in a free land, but not in the town of Alleiss.

Stella's beauty had aroused the envy and desire of Count Sergis, the Governor of Alleiss. It pleased him to think that he was in love with her, and accustomed to do just what he pleased. It angered him when Stella indignantly rejected his overtures. Other women, high-born too, fawned around him for the slightest favour, and when the wife of a mere curio-dealer rejected him it was nothing less than an insult. Nevertheless the Count sought every opportunity to force his attentions upon her, and one morning when Michael was out on business he called at the shop.

"What amongst the stock interests the Count Ivan Sergis?" asked Stella, a trifle nervously.

"I did not call to see the stock, but to see you, my pretty one," replied Sergis—"you a pearl among women, you who waste your young life with a dull husband. Come to me, Stella, and I will give you all that money can buy."

"You forget yourself, sir. Your suggestions are odious, and my husband—"

But, stung to the quick, the Governor interrupted her. "Remember, a word from me and your husband will be arrested and tried for conspiracy." He was about to take the woman in his arms by force, when Michael suddenly entered the shop. He cast a suspicious look at the Count, who explained his presence by saying that he had dropped in to buy a few curios. Sergis felt sure, however, that Michael suspected him, and, realizing that he could not win Stella's consent to his vile plans by fair means, he determined to use foul. A few hours later he had ordered the arrest of Michael Ferrick.

"So far so good!" muttered Sergis, who then sent an aide-de-camp to Stella with an intimation that the execution of Michael would take place at five o'clock on Tuesday evening.

"Oh, my poor husband!" she sobbed.

"What has he done? Is there no means of saving him?"

"No doubt there is, madam. Why not see the Governor?" came the reply.

Without an instant's delay Stella called at the Citadel and asked the Governor why he had done this cruel wrong.

"To bring you to your senses, pretty one," he answered, menacingly.

"Is there no way by which he can be saved?" said Stella, very faintly.

"Oh, yes," leered the Governor, "there is a way, sure enough. You have only to pay me the price, and—you know what it will cost you."

"No, no; anything rather than that."

"Very well, then; your husband dies. Why should he be allowed to live after conspiring against the State? Unless you consent to my terms by to-morrow evening the execution will take place."

With a heavy heart Stella returned, and on the morning of the fatal day she went out with her baby in the belief that the sight of the child would soften his heart. But when she appeared again before Sergis she soon found that he was not to be turned from his purpose that way.

"If you agree to the terms I have named, I will instruct the officer in command of the firing squad to use blank cartridges and the prisoner will die not," Sergis smiled. "If you do not agree he will die," he added slowly.

Stella's love for her husband was stronger than ever, and to save him from death she decided to accept the terms. But she did not reckon upon the vile betrayal of Michael. Sergis had written two orders for the officer of the execution party, but the one which Stella had been allowed to read was a dummy. That which actually reached the officer contained the words: "You are instructed to see that the execution of Michael Ferrick takes place at once, and Stella trusted Sergis, and when she heard the report of the rifles she believed it to be a mock execution which would give her back her husband. Ringing the bell, the Governor requested the aide-de-camp to take Madame Ferrick to her husband. With a hopeful heart Stella went to the parade-ground and there to her horror saw the dead body of Michael lying on the ground.

"Oh, heavens!" she cried. "He has tricked me. My poor dear husband is dead." Then to herself she muttered, "But wait, Count Sergis. I will be revenged."

A few minutes later Madame Ferrick's assumed cheerfulness completely deceived the villainous Count. "I am glad to see you take the matter in the right spirit," he said smiling, and turning to lock the door. "Now that Ferrick is dead—"

Before he could finish the sentence Stella rushed at him with a knife. She intended paying the double debt; but he was too quick for her, and summoning waiting assistance, he had
he enraged woman, seized, while her child was brought into the room.

"I'll punish her so that she will never forget her lesson," shouted to his ser-vant. "Take the child and abandon it, so that it can never be found. Then lock up the mother and see that she is closely watched. She's a dangerous woman.

And Stella, crying for mercy, and her child, crying with fright, were dragged off in different directions.

** * *

Down the street, in the fading evening light, streaked Jack Mason and Dick Harward, two young American tourists who were "doing" Alleis as a part of their holiday tour. The crying of a little child brought them to a standstill. It was Alva, Stella's abandoned baby.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Jack, "the kid's abandoned, sure. We can't let her stay here, anyway. Guess we'll take her home for the night."

And when the morrow came and they had failed utterly to trace the baby's parents, Mason decided to adopt her. They engaged a nurse, and when they returned to New York they took the baby with them, first taking the caution of photographing her and putting carefully away the necklace she was wearing.

** * *

A kind-hearted official in the prison where Stella was confined took pity on her and detailed her work in the infirmary. Whilst there one of the female prisoners died and was duly laid out for burial in the mortuary. Then Stella saw a possibility and crept out on the edge of a precipitous cliff, the western side of the prison looked out to sea, and it was the custom not to bury a body, but to place it in a sack and cast it into the water. This, then, was Stella's opportunity. She hid the corpse, which was placed ready for burial, and, taking its place, was "buried" in its stead.

To free herself from the enveloping shroud while safe, and the necklace to returning in the same fashion, she swam towards an outward bound vessel. On board she made friends with Peter Ruskey, a Russian refugee from his native land, who also had suffered from the unlamented methods of such an official as the Governor of Alleis.

Together they declared war upon society, and for some years after their arrival in America they batten on the credulity of the public. In course of time they had become identified with a spy organisation, the operations of which were to secure certain plans of the coast defences.

** * *

Jack Mason, the man who had rescued little Alva, was now attached to the Naval Department. The authorities had heard that two countries at least were anxious to secure their plans, and Mason was warned.

"Take great care of these plans whilst you are working on them," said a Director. "I must have them back in four days."

Ruskey, the leader of the gang, had long realised the impossibility of removing the plans from the offices of the department, and had already bribed a stenographer. Thus he was able to convey the precious news to his accomplices that very evening.

"We can make another bold stroke," he explained to the gang, "but we must work quickly. Jack Mason, one of the designers, has taken the plans home and will have them for four days. It's a glorious opportunity. Stella Ferrick and I will get to know Mason; I know the hotel he frequents."

The same evening a lady and gentleman sought a table in the hotel. By a stroke of good fortune Jack Mason's was the only available table, and the new comers sat down and entered into conversation which turned upon Russia. Jack admired a cigarette-holder Ruskey was wearing, and elicted that it was Russian work. The new friends got on famously, and when Jack said "Good night" he had accepted an invitation to join them at dinner the following evening.

All next day Mason worked on the plans. He had just finished when Alva entered. She had played with her for the first time the necklace she was wearing when he and his friend Harward had picked her up years before. Mason then locked the plans away with his private papers, among which was the portrait of the baby, and went off to dine with the Ruskeys.

He was welcomed by Stella, who explained that her brother was out for a time on business. She would entertain him, and Jack found the entertainment acceptable.

The "business" was the burgling of Jack's flat, and to make sure of securing everything Ruskey carried away the case containing the private papers.

Mason soon afterwards discovered the theft and at once informed his friend, who was now a member of the Secret Service.

"We must recover the plans. Dick, or I shall be ruined and the country placed at a serious disadvantage!"

Meanwhile the gang had met at their secret wireless station. The "Cynthia," a cruiser of a Power friendly to them, was expected within a few hours, and the wireless message that she was approaching offered a method of escape. Ruskey announced with great satisfaction that he had secured the long coveted plans, and then began a discussion of ways and means. Stella, the ex-minx confided in the case, opened it and found the portrait and necklace. She looked at the portrait of a baby-girl. With a cry of "My baby!" she took it and the papers and stole quietly from the room. There was no doubt that she was on the track of her child, and she returned them to Jack with a note:

Here are the plans that were stolen from you by the mother of the child you have fostered. If you can forgive me, I will ask the privilege of seeing my child once more—Stella Ferrick."

Jack replied he would be glad to give her the opportunity she asked at eight o'clock the same evening.

Immediately she had read the letter she called a car and set out for Mason's flat, leaving the letter behind. She met the young man and gave him a mother's thanks for what he had done for her child, and having fondled and caressed her daughter, she left the house, promising to return on the morrow.

But the gang, with Ruskey at their head, were already hot upon her track. Outside the house they saw the waiting car, and having disabled the driver waited until Stella appeared.

Jack had been strangely moved by the story she had heard, and having watched the woman leave the house he saw her attacked and bundled into the car, which was driven rapidly away.

Following as quickly as he could he reached the wireless station on the heels of the gang. While they were devising a means of punishing Stella one of the villains discovered that they had been followed. Jack was just endeavouring to close the window when he was brutally overpowered, brought into the room and tied hand and foot.

Both he and Stella were in a desperate plight. Meanwhile, the "Cynthia" was in port, and the message was to "clear." The last wireless message had been "Arrived in harbour. Deliver plans at once"—blew to the floor, and Stella skilfully directed it to Jack's hand, in which he discovered it. A minute later, in the hurry of packing, a glass was dropped on the floor and Stella, with the toe of her boot, pushed a piece of the glass into Jack's hand.

Not a moment too soon. Jack was lashed into a motor-car, taken to the railroad and tied across the metals as a train came thundering along. Ruskey and his colleagues had regained the plans and documents, and these they determined to save.

Events were now moving to a climax. With Stella in their charge, they
W R I T I N G  F O R  T H E  P I C T U R E S

Useful Tips & Wrinkles

BY A. R. LEWIS.

The drama of hope—the writing of a photo-play, the passionate hope of acceptance; the tedious waiting, and then—rejection to dampen enthusiasm! Ever experienced it? I thought so. But is the producer always at fault? Don’t you believe he can spot a real good thing? Think it over. Be honest with yourself. Asenior editor receives something like hundreds of scripts weekly. To sort the wheat from the chaff, to find the very few that savour of originality and are properly detailed, is a warisome task. Merit tells in the synopsis, and the average editor must know, by reading same whether the photo-play is likely to possess acceptable qualities. Boil the synopsis down. Don’t overtax time and patience with rambling, unnecessary words before coming to the pith of your story. Practise hard and you can fully explain in from 200 to 300 words. Do not adopt narrative strain.

If you would know how it is done, read the synopsis issued by the producing firms. Remember that the threadbare plot won’t do. It is spotted at once. But should a story emerge from out of the common rut, with interest well sustained and scenes faithfully portrayed with judgment and ability, your chances are in the ascendant.

You will have favourably impressed the reader, and your script retained for its further possibilities to be considered. This leads us to the requirements of the present-day producers. Gone are the days of the slipshod film—they are relegated to the past; consequently the chances of the soulless and ignorant writer have lessened considerably, for time cannot be spared to lick such offerings into shape.

If you want this Paper weekly and cannot get it at your cinema, place a definite order with any newsagent, and all will be well.
A SOLDIER OF THE KING

A Story of the War and the Pictures, by CLARE THORNTON

May 12th.

THis morning I took an old sock that used to belong to dear Papa, and walked up and down the path in the Recreation Ground darning it. People always look at one with so much more interest if one is darning a man's sock. A soldier came and walked along beside me. My heart began to flutter, just like a little captured bird! He remarked that it was a fine day, and I replied, and we began to converse. He told me that he is in the Twenty-fifth Battalion of the King's Own Loyal Stileots, one of our finest regiments, and that they might be ordered out to the Front any moment. I felt quite thrilled to be talking to such a hero! He called me madam, and I said—

"Pardon, me, sir, but I am not married."

"Is it possible?" he replied, and his admiring eyes told me what he meant. I have sometimes wondered why I am not married, but I think I know the reason. Men do not marry very beautiful women. They are jealous creatures, and it would be intolerable for them to see other men admiring their wives, so they marry the plain ones. This is the origin of that consoling proverb, "Beauty is its own reward," which I have written out and hung over my looking-glass.

He was wearing a blue uniform, but he said they will get khaki ones soon. He says he is a corporal. My military upbringing—for many years dear papa took an active and financial interest in the Toothem Boys' Brigade—inform me that a corporal is one degree higher than a colonel. He told me that his regiment had acquitted itself gallantly in the Boer War, where he very nearly got the Victoria Cross. That is to say, the man who was next to him in the trenches got it, so that he only just missed getting it! He said that during one battle he had a hard task to hand combat with Kruger, who most treacherously wounded him in both knees with the handle of his rifle, and then ran away! I know that this was cowardly, for dear papa used to say that no gentleman ever hits another "below the belt." On his return to England he received the B.S.O. He is going to bring it to show me some day.

I am sure that he is in love with me already, for we sat down on a bench, and when we got up I trod, accidentally, of course, for I am the soul of maidenlyness, on his foot, and I saw his whole frame tremble with emotion at the contact. Men have so little control of themselves. I am going to knit him a khaki muffler to keep his dear throat warm.

We are to meet to-morrow at the same spot.

May 13th.

My hero came again. I brought the muffler, and knitted a great deal of it. He told me a wonderful story. During
the Boer War he, single-handed, saved three cannons, and brought them back to the trenches under fire. And he had not only the brains, but five or six crayon seeds that one of his friends happened to find in the lining of his pocket. What dreadful hardships our gallant soldiers have to undergo!

I wonder whether these pins and needles in my heart mean that I am in love!

His name is Clarence—a name full of romance!

May 17th.

Knowing how fond the military are for smoking, I bought Clarence a little box of cigarettes. They are called "Wild Woodbines"—such a poetic name—and are quite moderate in price. He said that he would not smoke them, but would keep them always, and wear them next to his heart. Was not that a sweet notion?

Poor fellow, I fear that his pay is very inadequate. He has a widowed stepmother to support, and several step-sisters. "Quite a flight of steps," he said to me, in his playful way. He is so deloenable: I lent him a sovereign, which he will pay back when the war is over.

May 19th.

To-day Clarence kissed me on my shoulder with such fervent passion in the kiss that I felt almost frightened. What an immense responsibility to have made a man love one in this fiery way. He received a telegram from Lord Kitchener yesterday bidding him be ready to sail for the war any moment. Oh, to think that perhaps in a few days his beloved body will lie dead on the plains of France, riddled with shells! Or perhaps he will be made prisoner, and interred in a fortress. My use of the word "interred" shows how, quite unconsciously, I am acquiring military phrases.

I wish him happy sovereign this morning to buy a hot-water bottle for his poor stepmother, who is completely bedridden.

May 21st.

Life is flooded with glamour! He has asked me to marry him when he comes back from the war! Dear papa used to say to me, in his playfull way—"A blind man is your only chance, Laura!" If he could have seen me this morning, with my head on Clarence's soldierly shoulder! It is a remarkable fact—unnatural, indeed—that I think he was very nearly an officer, used to wink at her in church every Sunday, and papa had an uncle who was very friendly with a man who was head correspondent for the best block of gilt in the best mansions in South Kensington, so it seems that our family is destined to be closely connected with the Services. Clarence is not at all well fed in his camp! They have "meat" at nearly every meal. It sounds very poor nourishment for grown men, who need good, solid food. I am going to bring him cake and chocolate to-morrow.

May 22nd.

Clarence loved the cake and chocolate. I have knitted him two pairs of socks. There are many wrong stitches in them, but, as the dear boy says, wrong stitches are as warm as right ones.

To-day he gave me a flower. It looked like some sort of dandelion, but I am very short-sighted. He called it by a Latin name, and I think it must be some thing that one of his step-sisters is very ill, and I have given him money to buy her grapes and jellies. He has been drilling men all the week, and his voice is quite hoarse from the words of command. He has been teaching me a number of drill-terms. I asked him if it was not very difficult to get the men to do a particularly intricate evolution called "forming fours" during battle with great shells dropping all round them, and the hoarse shrieks of the Zeppelins drowning the officers' voices! He said it was not at all difficult, as the British soldier is most docile, even amid the chaos of battle!

He is now in command of two pontoons of men. Soon he will be a General! Then they will raise his pay, but perhaps he is practically destitute of having to support all those relatives! I forwarded him another small sum to-day, to buy some necessities for one of the step-sisters, who is taking a situation as housekeeper in a titled family.

May 25th.

I told Clarence to-day that when he goes to the Front I shall tie a white ribbon round his arm, as the maiden in the picture did to the Huguenot. Evidently in warfare a white ribbon on the arm is respected by every foe, even the fierce Hun! He said he would much prefer a pound of "Gold Flake"—another poetic name—and that it would be much better if I gave it to him a day or two before he sailed, so that he might have something to cook, when it would taste sweeter! He is so gallant!

May 26th.

I gave him the "Gold Flake," which he loved! He says that an aunt of his would be able to take in six Belgian refugees if she had another bed in the house. Unfortunately, the poor woman, who is, I gather, in very reduced circumstances, has only one bed in the house, which she herself occupies (at night). I lent him money to buy another bed. One's heart bleeds for these poor exiles! He says that we shall have a military wedding, and that a distinguished field-marshial who has had both legs shot away by shrapnel—German for cannon-ball, I presume—will not do as his best man! It is almost too wonderful to be true!

May 27th.

I went to the recreation-ground to-day, but Clarence did not come. Very likely he has taken his cohort of men to drill on an adjacent heath.

May 28th.

Again, he did not come! I am getting nervous. Thousands of spies are always on the watch, ready to assassinate the foremost men in the country, and I fear that, realising what a staggering blow his loss would be to the Allies, the Teutonic tyrant has deputed his servants to murder my beloved!

Oh, my Clarence! Life is dreary without thee!

May 29th.

No Clarence again! I saw, near the bridge, where my boy used to sit, a piece of orange-peel upon which he slipped one day. I have put it under my pillow!

May 30th.

He did not come, but I saw on the news-placards to-night "Crushing German defeat!" So he must be at the Front! Oh, God of battles, steal the German soldiers' guns, so that they cannot shoot my love!

May 31st.

I am wild with indignation! To-day, when I went to the recreation-ground, a man came up and said to me:

So your friend's gone, old lady!'

He was a most insolent, common person.

I made no answer. He went on:

"Is gvn' my' ave better luck in another town, but that's just the worst of them cinema shows! They often go bust!"

I was speechless at the audacity of the creature.

It's an "hard life," he continued, "standing outside the 'all in rye an' snow, shoutin'—all the best picthers now showin'!—an' I dessay you noticed as 'ow pore Billy's voice was as 'arse as a crow! Even the new fightin' don't wake up to an ex%! W'y, I'd almost rather be a bloomin' sojer!"

I withered him with a glance, then turned and walked away. What a base calumniator!

So I await my beloved, who is out at the front gallantly fighting for King and country! I know so well that when the war is over he will return to me and I shall be his only one, as always, for he is to be deputed and sheltered! As for the seven pounds that I lent him, well—one can always economise! I shall give up my little maid, and do the work myself.

I await him patiently. Clarence, my future husband, my peerless knight!

The End.

The seal that escaped and the Bear that went dotty.

Inceville has lost two of the most interesting personages in its menagerie. The seal, which Pedro Leon, cowboy chief at the plant, roped and captured a few weeks ago, recently decided that it preferred the broad Pacific for a habitat, and during the night waddled away from its sheltered cove. Pedro is bitterly disappointed, for he was making first-rate progress in taming the sea lion. The very next day after the disappearance of the seal, Brain, the giant cinnamon bear, which has been a pet at the studios, suddenly had an attack of hydrophobia. Normally placid and affectionate, Brain was turned into a raving monster, and it became necessary to end his agony with a bullet. Thomas H. Ince, production chief of the New York Motion Picture Corporation, says he intends to replace the animals.
J. R. TOZER, whose acting will be greatly admired in the new M.L.B. productions. He is a member of their stock company.

Art through the Heart.

EDNA MAYO, pretty leading woman with Essanay, has set a new standard in expression work before the camera. She makes no effort whatever to register the many variety of emotions by facial contortions, so frequently seen. "I let my heart and not my face express my emotions," she said. "I pay no attention to my face whatever, but simply lose myself in my part. In this way the expression is natural and not overdone, as when you strive to put the expression into your face."

Three Pickfords in One Play.

The drama Fancbon the Cricket, by Georges Sand, the noted French novelist, has been filmed by Famous Players. It is of unusual interest because of the fact that it not only presents Mary Pickford in the title rôle, but that the supporting cast also includes Lottie and Jack Pickford, sister and brother of the popular star. This is the first time since the Pickfords have been appearing on the screen that all three appear in a single subject.

After a week's delay through sickness Mary Pickford has finished her work in A Girl of Yesterday, another Famous Players film, in which her sister, Allie Dwan, has made use of society folk and is highly pleased with the result.

Cinema's Latest Conquest.

FEW indeed have not heard of beautiful Gaby Deslys, whose fame has been made on the boards of the leading variety theatres of two Continents. She was the star of Sir James M. Barrie's production, Ronia Regan, during its recent run at the Duke of York's Theatre, London. In securing the services of this great favourite for the pictures and the chief source of worry to the director for whom she is working is to curb her adventurous spirit. In one picture-drama she was thrown from a yacht in mid-ocean. She has gone up in aeroplanes and come down with parachutes, and loves to swim and shoot, and fish for sea-bass. She has a wealth of auburn hair, and blue eyes, and tips the scales at 120lb. She has never engaged in the art of the spoken drama. "I want to work in a wild animal picture; I have never worked with the animals, but I am anxious for the opportunity. I want to take a chance," said Anna Luther, and she smiled some more and the world was bright!

An All-Round Busy Player.

Most p Burr goers are familiar with the tall, striking figure of Hubert Willis, who for well over a year...
HUBERT WILLIS, a popular member of the London Film Stock Company.

Now has been playing on the stock of the London Film Company. His first experience in film-making was in the 'Message from Mars', playing the Tramp with Charles Hawtrey, and his list of characters in London films started with the trainer in 'The House of Temperley'.

In his rapid way of speaking Mr. Willis told us something of his long stage career. He said: "When I was three years old my father was the lessee of the Theatre Royal, Norwich, and with the exception of a few years at school I have been acting ever since. After years of touring I at last made my appearance in London (the Mecca of all actors) to play a part in 'The Gay Parisienne' at the Duke of York, which ran for twelve months.

Then I went to the Vaudeville to play in 'Never Again,' and later to Terry's to play in 'The White Knight,' with the late Edward Terry and Kate Rorke in the cast. This was the beginning of a very happy engagement of five years with Edward Terry, playing the second parts to him in all his comedies.

Then I had a season with Forbes Robertson at the Comedy, after which I played the valet in 'Castle in Spain' with the late Harry Fragson at the Royalty, then went to the Duke of York's Theatre again to play in 'Merely Mary Ann,' with Eleanor Roslon, Gerald du Maurier, and Henry Ainley in the cast. After that I played 'Peter Pan' at the same theatre. I played Harlequin with Pauline Chase in J.M. Barrie's Panto. Then went to Austrain for about two years playing Friar Tuck in 'Robin Hood,' Offley's 'Silver King,' Bedford, the detective, in 'Raffles,' and a great many other parts. On my return to England I played in 'Node' at the Haymarket, with G.P. Huntley in 'The Hon. Philip' at the Globe, and as Tom Belcher in 'The House of Temperley' at the Adelphi. Then went to the Lyceum to play the comedy part in 'The Fighting Chance,' and next had a seven months' run as the detective in 'Ready Money at the New Theatre."

"Yes, I have been busy," he concluded. "I've not mentioned half the plays, but they'll do to go on with, no doubt."

**Effects, and More Effects!**

**EVERY** good producer strives for new scenic and photo-effects, and none are more successful in this direction than Henry Otto of the American company. Recently he took his company to Point Conception, and obtained some night scenes showing the light-house rays—a beautiful effect. While there Otto caught a small baby seal, which he brought back to Santa Barbara, and which has received the name of Dicky. We may look for master seal in a picture ere long unless all signs fail.

**Caruso Turns the Camera.**

FOR a few moments the other day Enrico Caruso, the King of Tenors, was a camera-man for the Trans-Atlantic. Surrounded by a battery of reporters, who hurled questions at the rate of about a dozen a second, and smiling, singing, and kissing good-byes to a screaming, cheering horde of fellow-countrymen, Caruso was more occupied than he is in his rôle in 'La Bohème.' He blew kisses here and he blew kisses there, and as his lips smacked against his swarthy palm, it sounded like the threat of a German submarine.

And while he was being besmedled with return kisses, and the members of the little Italian group were draping themselves about his shoulders, two camera-men suggested to the spirited idol that he turn the tables and the camera on the army of photographers, who were busier at that moment than a censured paper-hanger with the itch.

Caruso met the suggestion with a burst of enthusiasm. Under the direction of an operator the big tenor aimed the camera at the battery of photographers, and ground away at the lens like a Neapolitan organ-grinder in a charitable neighbourhood.

The novelty received wide publicity all over America, and even by newspaper carried photographs of Caruso in the rôle of camera-man, and, with his hat hitched on the side of his head, he filled the rôle perfectly.

**CONCERNING PRIZES IN OUR CONTESTS**

THE luckiest voters in our British Players Contest (next to the winner of the ten cases) will soon be recipients of Columbia Graphophones and records—prizes, mark you, which lovers of real music and singing by leading artists will know how to appreciate. We have just enjoyed a selection of the newest Columbia records, and found them, as usual, of magnificent quality and wonderfully varied in subject. They include, for example, vocal and musical selections from the Palace venue, 'The Passing Show of 1915,' the popular comedian, Jack Norworth, in new songs; Vivian Foster as "the part arm of the sorrowful" in 'Betty shoes or Vernal'; the Century Quartette in that fast old music-hall success, 'Comrades'; and two records—a song and a march—of Sussex by the Sea, a stirring war subject, with a swinging chorus which cannot be forgotten. A splendid patriotic number is the descriptive fantasy 'For King and Country,' played by the Scots Guards' band, and other band contributions destined to become famous records are 'I am glad my boy grew up to be a soldier, Tipperary' (two-step), 'Sister Susie, and the Parade of the Inn Soldiers.' We have known Columbia ten-inch and twelve-inch records for many years and can safely recommend them as some of the world's best. It is because we know they give so much real pleasure that we are again offering Columbia goods as prizes in our 'Win a Trip to See the World's Greatest Film Artists.' We repeat that they are prizes worth winning, and it costs you nothing to try for them. Vote for the film artists whom you consider are the cleverest in the world (exclusive of British players). Any one of your coupon may be a winner.

Don't miss the Coupon on page 200.
Our Letter-Bag
Selected from hundreds every week.

No We Read Them All.
"I wish I knew if you really read these letters your own little self, or does some grump-faced clerk scan them over hurriedly and consign them to the waste-paper basket and in his inner self—to the devil?"

Dixie (Norwich).

Fine Film Appreciation.
"I saw Harold Hulce last night, and enjoyed it very much. How fine Sirhan Rouse looked as Hugh! He and Tom Powers really deserve all the laurels, for without them the film would be—nothing! I must not say that exactly, or I shall have Mr. Bentley on my track."

E. M. (Glasgow).

The Soldier and the Autographs.
"Now that I have enlisted the paper is sent on to me each week, and I thoroughly enjoy reading it after a hard day's work. I am a very ardent picturegoer, and have had the pleasure of meeting Florence Turner in person. I saw in one reply that a reader can present of twelve autograph photos, I can show over 12 of them. I consider I am lucky, Don't you think? I like to carry the pictures because, although I cannot see many films (we are hard at work preparing for the Germans), it keeps me in touch with new releases."

Private G. (Essex Regiment, Stanford).

Some of the Best.
"I will tell you who I consider are some of the best actors—not the best actors only, but those who strike me as having strong characters, combined with attractive and pleasing personalities. First and foremost, without any doubt in my opinion, comes Harold Lockwood, of the Famous Players. I saw him yesterday in The Miracle, and each time I see him I admire him more and more. Secondly comes James Kirkwood, also of Famous Players, and then I think Thomas Santschi, of Selig. Although I have seen very little of the latter player, I admire him."

Mabel C. (Edglaston).

More Praise (?) for Charlie.
"Just a line or two to your regular few-kvant visitor to picture houses in Belfast in one of the pictures the showed Tillys Punctured Romains it was shown from the 17th to 21st, for a whole week first night I went round it was packed full and for by what was out side waiting to get in I did not get in at second night to with much trouble to get in and affect the whole week was the same Manager of the picture house said any one that could keep from laughing would get there money back again I think it was impossible to keep from laughing while Charlie was there it was made lots of money for the Picture House to once the Charlie face on the screen."

E. S. (Belfast).

Re English Films Again.
"Some of your readers say they don't see enough English films. I find the same fault. There are many reasons for it. America is so big. All the American companies are bigger than ours, and have formed combines, thereby economising in plant and props. These, too, the authorities are more lenient, allowing them to use even railways and fire-alarmus. An American film will go round all the cinemas in a district owing to the number of prints released, but if you do not see an English film when it comes your way it has gone for ever. I think the English films should make more films which are in one rude and sweet; print more copies and so make them cheaper; give the full casts and popularise their players."

Hylas (Bromley).

Don't waste Coupon on p. 200!

The Rendezvous
"Come on, my dear; we won't have many more nights together before I go to the Front. Where shall we go? Somewhere where it's cool, quiet, and restful. No, not to a cafe—cakes aren't in my line now I've thrown aside fancy socks and pretty ties, and have settled down to training. The Cinema, that's a good idea. Hope there's something I can tell the other boys about—something to make them laugh. We all fight better when we're cheerful. Here's the Cinema, and, yes, thank goodness, they've got a jolly "Snakeville" Comedy; that's rippling.

"We'll come again next week and see what CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S latest 'ESSANAY' is like. I hear he's better than ever.

"Oh! do stop laughing.

"That Indian's head takes a lot of beating as a trade-mark, eh! Mary?"

Essanay Film Manufacturing Co.,
148, Charing Cross Road,
London, W.C.
The township is invaded by the Huns, the burgomaster is held as a hostage, his daughter refuses to countenance the wiles and machinations of a German officer. See

**BELGIUM'S MARTYRDOM**

This fine three-reel dramatic picture will shortly be showing at the best theatres.

TRADE ENQUIRIES

LIONEL GILLING,

The Omnifilm Company,

151-3, Wardour Street,

London, W.

Telephone: REGENT 6955.
SHOVE OUT THE LIGHT, OR THE BLIGHTERS MIGHT SEE "MY SHADOW ON THE BLIND."

Winifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen as the "crooks" in this interesting drama.

ricoing of the bell, and opening the door she found herself face to face with Jimmie.

She looked at him in amazement as he pushed his way in.
"Yes, it's me, old girl," he said, jocularly. "Give me a cigarette."
"I don't smoke now, Jim, but—why are you here?"
"That's easy—because I escaped, and I'm clear this time, thank the Lord. Got clean out of sight, I believe."
"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched," replied his sister. "It's more than likely they're hot on your track again by now, Jimmie dear."
"Maybe you're right, Moll. Shove out the light, or the blighters might see my shadow on the blind."
Mollie blew out the light.
"Hark, what's that?" she whispered, just after the room had been plunged into darkness. She clutched at Jimmie.
"Sounds like a knock at the door," he answered. "Probably the postman. Go down and see."
Mollie descended, and, opening the door, was confronted with the shining barrel of a revolver. "Let me pass, please," said its owner, "I'm here to find the man whose shadow I saw on the blind. And the detective without further ceremony marched up the stairs.
Jimmie was fully prepared. He sprang at the detective so roughly and unexpectedly that that gentleman wished he had brought his assistant with him instead of giving him orders to watch the outside of the house.

The darkness made it impossible to discern anything in the room. Tables, chairs, and ornaments were thrown into hopeless confusion during the struggle, in which Jimmie at last got the better of his man. Flinging the detective like a log of wood on to the floor, he was on the point of striking him on the head with an oil-lamp when Mollie entered with a light.
"Stop, Jimmie, for God's sake! Don't add murder to your crimes!"

As Jimmie heard the pleading tones of his sister he released his hold on the detective's throat.
"But why should I stop?" he muttered; "a little more, and he would never have had the chance to track down any other poor devils."
"But Jimmie, think of the awful price of such a deed. You talked to me about a life of happiness, and I've taken you at your word. Already I'm feeling a new woman. Won't you go back and finish your time? And then—then we can start together. It is over so easy when once you start. Do, Jimmie dear, for my sake."

Even the hardest criminal can be melted sometimes, and that is what happened then. A feeling of shame swept over Jimmie, and to the girl's intense delight she watched her brother help his victim to his feet and aid in his restoration.
"A bit shaky, aren't you, boss?" said Jimmie. "She saved your life and mine too. It's Moll you have tothank. Go and get this man's assistant, Sis."
Mollie eagerly did as she was bid, and soon returned with the policeman.
"I've been a brute to your pal here," Jimmie said to him, "and you can take me off for what punishment I deserve. Cheer up, Moll. We'll have that happiness yet."

"Jim, aren't you glad you're a free man again?" said Mollie, as they left the gaol gates behind them.
"Glad and thankful too," he replied. "If it hadn't been for you, Moll, my name would have been added to the list of those hanged or shot, or something equally nice. But I've thought it all out these last six months, and we'll start life again in new surroundings. I've said good-bye to crooks and their work for ever."
"I am glad, Jimmie," was all Mollie could say, for her heart was too full for words.

"QUEEN OF THE MOVIES."

ABEL NORMAND, the famous comedienne with the Keystone Film Company, was approached by a representative of the most powerful vaudeville organization in the United States, and an offer of thirty weeks' engagement at an enormous salary was offered. Miss Normand was unable to accept, as she is signed up on a contract with the Keystone Company, and receives a salary that is quite sufficient to make vaudeville temptations of little account to her. Miss Normand has been with the Keystone Company since it made its first picture in 1912, and is as much a part of the Keystone as a lens is of a camera.

Who are YOU voting for?—Coupon on page 200.
Belgium's Martyrdom. — A strong film of great topical value. The story of a Belgian burgomaster, his daughter, and their neighbours, and their trials and troubles with the Huns.

—Lionel Gilling (London and South) (released shortly).

After Five. —It's the most convincing comedy of American life ever committed to film. After Five is a second to nothing. Much more than Breeder's Millions. The leading part is enacted by a famous American comedian, Edward Abeles.

—Lucky Feature, four parts (June 14).

Tricked. —A drama of rich human interest, with Kathlyn Williams as the tricked girl. The photography is remarkable. Many of the scenes indeed appear to be actually stereoscopic. We shall publish the full story in an early issue.

—Selby Feature, 1,590 feet (July 5).

A Captured Industry. —Toy-making at Richmond, Surrey, and cheering evidence that British manufacturers are making efforts to recapture the trade that we had lost to Germany. It is an interesting and amusing film, full of patriotic significance as well.

—Pathé Film, 450 feet (June 17).

Lieut. Pimple in "The Man Who Stayed at Home." — Pimple, a dashing young naval officer, is told by the Admiralty not to join his ship, but to stay at home and track down a gang of German spies. See the film for his adventures. His "staying at home" is justified. A Weston Comedy controlled by H. A. Brown and Co., Ltd., 955 feet (June 24).

The Sweater. —The full story of this extra strong drama appeared in our last week's issue. It is an Hepworth production, in which those favourites Chrissie White, Stuart Rome, and Lionel Howard have given us of their best.

—Controlled by Globe Film Company, Limited (Release date not fixed).

Outside the Gates. —More than once Pauline Bush has appeared in the part of a nun with distinction. She does so in this subject. She also, in a dream, leaves the convent for the gentiles of the world. A clever story, sharp contrasts which will grip any audience.

—Relax Drama (Trans-Atlantic), 2,024 feet (June 21).

The Bottle. —A great film dealing with a great menace drink! It is founded on the series of pictures drawn by a great illustrator—George Cruikshank. and a great artiste, Albert Chevallier, in his best work into a great part. Finally it is an Hepworth production. What does all this signify? That you must not on any account miss the film.

—Controlled by Ideal Film Company (June 7).

One Way to Advertise. —A disgruntled wife, meeting a husband's flat refusal for money, conceives a plan to make money by advertising that samples of her laundering will appear in certain days in the front window. A sign hung on the blinds gets dislodged, so only one-half reads: "I undress in this window on Tuesday at 9 o'clock." The scandal created brings the husband to terms.

—Edison Comedy, 550 feet (June 17).

Champion Charlie. —Charlie Chaplin in the prize-ring—you will chuckle at the bare thought and roar when you see this film. The scenes in the training quarters are a steady laugh, but when Charlie faces his opponent in the arena the fun is more than doubled. There have, doubtless, been burlesque boxing-matches since the birth of the drama, but this one knocks them all out. It is a three round "go" that grows in excitement and hilarity at every blow struck.

—Essanay Comedy, two reels (June 17).

Master and Man. —One of the strongest plots that Geo. R. Sims has given to the stage. A story dealing with the workman, the master, and the over-bearing foreman. Most of the scenes were taken in the localities to which the plot refers. This Neptune film especially features Gregory Scott, Douglas Payne, Daisy Cordell, Joan Ritz, and last, but not least, Bryan Daly, who gives a life-like portrayal of the contemptible Humpty Logan, foreman of the Iron Works. —Solo Aegina, Ltd., Brewe's & Co., Ltd. (June 15).

The Royal Danish Navy. —Every man, woman, and child in the country must see this wonderful topical film. Each morning brings news of fresh acts of "frightfulness" by German submarines, but how many people have seen a submarine in action? How many have seen one of these vessels rising like some great sea monster slowly to the surface, firing the deadly missile, and then sinking out of sight as mysteriously as it appeared. This is only one of the many wonderful scenes depict in this film of submarine warfare.

—Diversen's Film Agency. 78 feet (July 5).
THE TECHNIQUE OF FILM-ACTING

Thomas Santschi gives the Secret of Success

Of late—and only of late—we have been hearing of the "technique of moving-picture acting." Formerly it was just "acting for the pictures," nothing at all about technique.

Believing that picture-theatre enthusiasts, and especially the thousands who are would-be players, are desirous of knowing exactly what the technique of picture-acting is, and how it differs from the technique of all other acting, we interviewed Thomas Santschi, the well-known actor appearing in Selig films.

Mr. Santschi, we may mention, had long experience in the legitimate drama before entering moving picture work.

"There are three things that are necessary to good picture-acting," said Mr. Santschi to our representative. "The first is two eyes, the second ten fingers, the third is that wonderful, indescribable God-given something known as personality. Nine fingers are not enough; the moving-picture actor or actress should possess the required ten. If one finger is missing, that fact will loom largely on the screen, and will be instantly noticed by the audience. The two hands and the ten fingers are prime requisites in the art of the silent drama. Every little movement of the hands, or the fingers, yes, even the movement of one finger can be made meaningful.

"And what power in two good eyes! Why, eyes are everything in film-acting. All expression is subservient to them, and, properly controlled, they can bring fame and fortune to the man or woman fortunate in possessing a good-sized, well-working pair."

"Do you think personality counts so much in the picture?" our interviewer asked.

"Do I? Yes. It counts more in moving picture work than on the stage. You've got to get through the canvas screen, and personality is the only thing that will carry you through. Good acting behind the camera is much the same as good acting on the stage; but, deprived of voice, you are depending entirely upon pantomime. That means that you must accentuate gestures and expressions, and concentrate your mind on every move.

"And then the art of the silent drama requires thought; you must think more than if you were on the stage. You must project your thought without the aid of voice, and projecting thought means thought concentration. Take a simple action, like going to an open door; for instance; you must think first. Then the eyes will show it, for the eyes are the soul's mirror.

"The action should never be hurried. The very first thing a producer tells you is to act more slowly than you do on the stage. I have employed the same methods in motion-pictures that I always have, because I never have been hurried. It is possible to get the effect of apparent quickness by deliberation. Avoid needless movements; even the repose of the ten fingers is a wonderful thing. You must act more slowly in film-drama because the camera absorbs action."

"In silent drama get the thought first, and then you will have mental background for what you accomplish."

THOMAS SANTSCHI
in a characteristic attitude.

A Fine Victor Drama with your Popular Picture Idol,

J. WARREN KERRIGAN.

'THE GUARDIAN OF THE FLOCK'

Victor Drama (Trans-Atlantic). Released July 22nd.

Imagine a scowling Kerrigan if you can. Imagine Kerrigan in a part entirely different from any part he has ever played before—a part calling for the display of implacable hatred and an intense desire for vengeance. That's Warren Kerrigan in "The Guardian of the Flock." His scowl is caused by his love for a girl who marries another man. But in the end the frown vanishes. A little baby drives the thought of vengeance out of his mind.

BE SURE AND LOOK OUT FOR THIS PICTURE.

The Doctor recommends—

either of Mackintosh's de-Luxe Toffees.
Pure, nourishing, and wholesome—makes the ward a contented munching haven.

Send some of both NOW—and take the Mackintosh habit into your home as well.

4-lb. tins, 5/-; or 1/4 lb. loose, and all confectioners can supply you.
WHO ARE THE WORLD'S GREATEST FILM ARTISTES?

Although the British Artists' Contest is a success beyond all our expectations, our new World's Contest, which concerns probably twenty times the number of players, will no doubt be four times as big. Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or crowd looks. You may vote for child players, old man players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST FILM PLAYERS IN ANY COUNTRY (excluding British-born Artists) write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES. The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10. All other prizes will go to senders of Coupons in order of merit.

THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners' names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon.

2. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in at any time during the contest.

3. All names must be written in ink. No attention will be permitted.

"The Pictures" FREE VOTING COUPON: WORLD'S CONTEST.

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

FEMALE PLAYER

M. A. MELFORD

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

FEMALE PLAYER

M. A. MELFORD

Fill up and post to "Contest Editor," Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.
GOSSIP

WHAT funny people some of us are! When our British Contest was running I received many letters asking if foreign players were eligible and now the Foreign Contest has started a few have already actually asked if they may vote for British players. No, my dear readers in doubt, British-born players are not eligible in our World's Greatest Film Players Contest. They had your votes in the last one.

Names that Will Help.

Foreign moving-picture artists are so numerous that I have no space to publish a full list of their names, but I shall give you alternate weekly selections of the best-known male and female players. Your voting is not confined to these lists. You may vote for any man, woman or child whose talent you consider deserves your vote, whether their names are published or not. The counting of the votes in the British Contest is proceeding merrily.

The Power of the Pictures.

The summer weather at Whitstable provided a warm test regarding the drawing power of picture-shows, and, judging by what I myself saw in London, the latter came out trumps. I had occasion to drive through some of our busiest suburbs on Bank Holiday, and saw long queues of people round many houses waiting to sacrifice outside sunlight for inside darkness. Had it been wet I suppose thousands would have failed to get in at all. Evidently the films (including long ones) now being shown suit the taste of the public.

Film Cowboy's Terrible Injuries.

I have just learnt with regret that popular, if reckless, Tom Mix, of the Selig Company, last but so seriously injured that by the time these lines are seen the poor fellow may be dead. At work as usual on one of his daredevil stunts, Tom was crushed between two fnancing wagons. The result being a shattered jaw, a crushed chest, a fractured leg, and dangerous internal injuries. It appears that the wagons were racing towards each other when a broken horse's foot caught the two together, one animal being cata- pulled twenty-five feet, whilst Tom was caught under the horses' feet and crushed between the vehicles. He lies in a critical condition, and you will join me, I am sure, in hoping he may recover.

Rumour—a Lying Jade?

Why is it that I continue to receive at least one letter per day which contains the query “Is Charles Chaplin dead?” and one Birmingham reader was so concerned that he asked the question in a letter to the editor? The Essanay Company in London would be the first to receive such unfortunmate news, and they authorise me to state that there is not the slightest founda- tion for the rumour. He is not even ill, but, on the contrary, is working hard.


A few weeks ago I mentioned for the benefit of exhibitors that the American Company, of 103, Wardour Street, W., had issued a dainty memoranda-book; and what do you suppose was the result? Handsomely bound, it is the Almanac for them, and, of course, had to be disappointed. Now, however, the company have made special arrangements to send out these charming books to any of our readers on request.

Famous Comedian Busy.

I am glad, but not surprised, that Albert Chevalier, who made an instant screen success in The Middlemen, has been quite busy of late in two more film productions, both produced at Walton-on Thames, and both certain to create a furore wherever they are shown. The first, by the Turner Film Company, is My Old Dutch, a film version of Chevalier's world-popular song, in which, in addition to Florence Turner, the famous comedian is also featured. I have heard him sing this song dozens of times (I have sung it myself), and the subject should lend itself admirably. I congratulate all concerned.

A Chevalier Masterpiece.

The second film deals with Great Britain's other enemy, Drink, and bears the appropriate title of The Bottle. It is founded on pictures drawn by George Cruikshank, the famous Punch artist and Dickens illustrator. I am told by Herr Doktor that Albert Chevalier has surpassed him in this production for which, by the way, they are responsible. I propose to sample The Bottle this afternoon, and, having judged its quality, you may have some more later.

Pimple's Prize Portraits.

Just as I had finished the last paragraph, Pimple 'phoned me to say that he is through with the "two thousand" letters you sent him, and thanks heaven that he has survived the ordeal. He wanted me to publish the fifty winners' names in this issue, but "you're too late, my dear Pimple." Next week I will.

F. D.

Dear ‘Picture’ Readers—At last I have got through the card Index of letters you sent me in response to my invitation. I nearly collapsed when I found properly gathered the task I had to perform. Can you imagine your dear Pimple sitting from midnight to noon, with ice on his head, cooling drinks around, and electric fans to break the monotonous racket he wandered through the letters? I did not die, but you killed my cat—I don't know which one of you was responsible—and my dog has completely disappeared, whilst my parrot tried to spell some of your terms of endearment and has suffered from looking over its perch. It will through your loving letter too. This Editor will give you full results next week, so by-bye all.

“PIMPLE.”

EATING-POWDER KILLS FLEAS, BUGS, BEETLES TINS 1s.6d. & 1s.

TO PHOTO-PLAY WRITERS.

Permanent Employment offered to Photo-play Writer capable of Constructing and Editing Serial Stories. Apply by letter, with particulars of work done, to Box 137, Benson's, Kingsway H. II., W.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photo Postcards of Yourself, Is. Dozen. Send from any Photo. 12 x 10 Enlargements, 6d., 4 x 3 portrait 1s. to 1s. 6d. Pictures and Papers also Cheap. Catalogues on application free.

S. E. HACKETT. Works: Julet Road, Liverpool.

GASLIGHT, BROMIDE, or P.O.P. POST CARDS. 20, 42d., 10s., 2s. Pictures and Papers also Cheap. Catalogues on application free.

S. E. HACKETT. Works: Julet Road, Liverpool.
THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

What a lot of fine poets you are to be sure! When I asked you to write a verse on Maurice Costello, whom I know is one of your favourites, I little dreamed I had let myself in for enough poetry to fill a whole number of Pictures, and yet such was the case. What Maurice would think of the flattering things you have said about him I do not know; but I shall take care that he sees this page, on which I am going to print a few of your best efforts. As a comedian used to sing, "Won't he be pleased!"

Although I asked for one verse, some of my boys and girls have filled four sides of letter-paper with all the verses they would hold, and, as you may guess, the task of making a selection has been no mean one. When Uncle Tim offers to do a thing, however, he puts his back into it and does it:

A curly-headed man is he,
As sly as and handsome as can be;
Maurice Costello is his name,
And if I love him who can blame?
Thus writes Leopold Lewis.

Suppose that we were voting
For a grand and handsome fellow,
You could vote for whom you like;
But I'd vote for Costello!
So says Ethel Redfern

Winifred Bryant leads off with—
Picture-plays possess a charm
For every girl and fellow;
An added charm they seem to have
When featuring Costello.

Here is the third verse of Antoinette Robinson's effort—
He lives far away in New York, U.S.A.,
With his wife and two sweet little daughters;
And when he comes here to see England,
We shall all know him—even street-porters.

Nora Kent, under the nicely coloured Stars and Stripes and Union Jack, bursts out with—
Possessing a smile of sweetness rare,
With clear-cut features and curly hair,
A talented actor, a popular fellow—
Such is our friend Maurice Costello.

Whilst Alan Dudley winds up his several verses with—
For he really is a very handsome fellow;
Though he lives across the pond,
We must own that we are fond
Of this brilliant actor Mr. M. Costello.

Arthur Dale in the centre of some more Stars and Stripes prints—
Mr. Maurice Costello,
An admirable fellow.
He plays for the Vitagraph Co.,
When he's on the screen
No seats can be seen
For people all over the show.

F. S. Highton uses the name for the first letters of his lines, and the first five begin with—
Many people have seen M. Costello,
And say "He's a jolly good fellow."
Under Vitagraph's flag
Ripping Rhinos never sag
If acting in them is Costello.
You will notice most of the verses contain the word "fellow," but here are one or two that don't.

John Gray says—
Ford Sterling and Charles Chaplin
May be excellent for fun,
But for acting thrilling drama
Costello is the "one."

The first of three verses by Robert Wright runs—
Have you seen that American chap
(We know him by sight that is all)
Whose appearances raise such a clap
From the folks at the cinema hall?

Winifred Bryant leads off with—
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For every girl and fellow;
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Whose appearances raise such a clap
From the folks at the cinema hall?
And here is a second verse by C. Roskilly, who runs further afield:

To American, African, Briton,
To Samarsk and Chinese,
To soldier, surgeon, citizen, postman,
To those who guard our seas,
His name's as familiar as Pictures,
His acting each one of them knows
Is able to drive away sorrow and care
And help us in our work.

Now I must stop, or your verses will run all over my space. The prizes (bound volumes of THE PICTURES) are being forwarded to:

Robert Wright, Ivy Cottage, near Goudhurst.
Ethel Redell, Mayfield House, 11, Lord Street, North Shore, Blackpool.

Award of Merit (special prize for six awards).
Leopold Lewis (Mile End), Autonette Robinson (Folkestone), John Gray (Enfield), C. Roskilly (Stratham), A. D. Simms (Cathor), Arthur Dale (Macclesfield), F. S. Highton (Hitchin), Nora Kent (Lewes), Wm. Merrett (Bow), Else Martin (Finsbury Park), Cora Denning-Howe (Old Kent Road), Dorothy Wood (Hoxton), Harriet Deane (Whitstable), Grace Wheatley (Leciis), Berenice Deacon (Devonport), Thelma Swall (Leytonstone), Margaret Davies (Northolt).

Award Prize. — E. S. Dale (Macclesfield).

Ethel, one of my Manchester “nieces,” tells me that she is making a volume of her own and which she titles “The Young Picturesque.” And very nice, too! Twelve months ago Ethel bought a scrap-album with pretty covers, and into this she pastes Uncle Tim’s pages cut out weekly by week; the whole book is a scrap-book of her memories, which, she flatters me by saying, interests her more than the other part of the paper. Ethel’s idea is quite good, and, carried out with neatness is bound to result in a record of great interest to any young picture patron.

A few weeks ago the Editor published a photograph of a youthful reader made as up by Ford Sterling. Since it appeared he has been inundated with portraits of boys, and in some instances girls, who have obtained that same popular comedian. It shows how keenly interested our young folks are in everything that goes into this paper, and I am thinking of running a portrait competition for my readers on similar lines. But not this week.

For my next competition I am going to draw on your artistic talent in another direction. I have long since discovered that hundreds of you are really clever at all sorts of drawing. I therefore invite you to cut out the cat and mouse on the opposite page, paste it on a postcard, and sketch in some surroundings. Just draw what you like—a Lea, a lane, a field, a cinema—anything that will make a nice picture of the whole. Then address your card and post to “Cat,” 18, Adam Street, London, W.C., by Monday, June 18.

For the two cheapest pictures, which will be judged according to the age of the sender, I will award Bound Volumes of Pictures, and the Award of Merit for the next best. Now, dear readers, girls, get your scissors going around that cat, and see what you can do to startle Uncle Tim.
ALBERT CHEVALIER AND ALMA TAYLOR IN "THE BOTTLE."

A Hepworth film in which this famous actor has quite surpassed himself.  (See next page.)
It is stated that G. P. Huntley, one of our front-rank comedians, will shortly play for pictures. Hooyay!

Vivian Rich wants to learn to play tennis, but work from eight till six uses up all the daylight. So how can she?

Perry Moran, back from the West Indies, will appear exclusively in productions by the Phoenix Film and Picture Co. May we expect “daring” subjects? He was Lieutenant During, you know.

Harry Edwards, who squeezes antics out of Billie Ritchie to make the public laugh, is directing by day and sneezing by night. He says he feels like a morgue. Cheer up, Harry! We've had some.

T. Tumamoto, the Japanese actor, recently lost both wife and child. He is one of the quietest of the Edison players, and very few of his fellow players know of his loss.

“Willie” Clarkson, the famous costumer, has made his first appearance in pictures by playing a part in Cricks and Martin’s barque in “Romeo and Juliet.” Willie is some bigwig, but who ever thought of seeing him on the screen?

Carlyle Blackwell is up to his eyes in mud. He is taking mud baths near Los Angeles, where people also drink horrid water to get rid of nerves. He says he feels as fit as a fiddle. Personally we prefer our own bath and —drinks.

Watch for a new Kalem brand to be known as the Broadway Favourites series. As a stage star will appear in each, the “B. F.” should be brilliant films. The first is the great musical melodrama An Impudent Sinner.

There is one thing new under the sun. Helen Holmes has been tied to the piston-rod of an engine, so that when it starts she may be beautifully annihilated. And we suppose by now it has started. Poor Helen and her “Hazards.”

When the sub-title “The Blasting of Rocks” appeared on the screen of the Cinema House, Oxford Street, an old lady ran from her seat, says the King Weekly, and exclaiming “I can’t bear these noisy pictures,” promptly walked out.

A stranger has offered his hand in marriage to Goldie Colwell, a Selïg star, together with one hundred and fifty four acres of land by sixty odd hogs, because he “likes her looks and the way she manages a horse.” Goldie has turned down the hand, the land, and the hogs because wild elephants couldn’t drag her away from pictures. We can’t blame her.

Motion-Picture Emotions.

“I NOTICED an article recently,” says D. W. Griffith in Motion-Picture News, “which stated that plants show emotions. Vegetable life is capable of likes and dislikes just as animal life feels those emotions, according to this article. Now, that could never be shown on the stage, but it can be in motion-pictures which can show anything from the feelings of a lettuce up to the growth and fall of a great empire.”

First Moving Picture.

TWENTY-FOUR cameras were placed side by side in a row. Threads were stretched from the cameras across the path of an approaching horse, and as the animal passed over the camera it broke the threads controlling the shutter, so that the horse photographed itself in its progress. The above experiment, made in 1872, says The Script, is what stimulated the ingenuity of a host of inventive brains toward the solution of animated photography. One and all were bent on procuring the same result, but with a single camera and from the same point of view. How well they succeeded you who visit the picture theatres can well testify.

The Hot-weather Problem.

Once again the industry is confronted with the problem of supplying programmes that will successfully combat the hot weather. “The favourite fetish,” says the Film Connoisseur, “is that spring and summer must be a season of dullness and discontent. It has thus been regarded for so long a time that every one takes it for granted. It has remained for cinematography to demonstrate its fallacy. Here is an industry where winter and summer are as far as business activity is concerned. Picture-lovers are just as ardent in June, July, or August as in January, March, or November, and their demand for their favourite amusement must be met just as adequately in one season as another.” Good films all freight away the slack-season bozey.

A “Reely” Real Hero.

THAT Mr. Hastings Batson, the venturer, can display the same power in his private capacity as that which he exerts for the screen was proved the other day. At the conclusion of a recruiting speech in Trafalgar Square, and while the regimental band was playing the National Anthem, Mr. Batson noticed a youth of between ten and twelve five who stood nonchalantly by without uncovering. The old actor’s protest was only met by impertinence, so, snatching the ‘slacker’s’ cap off, Mr. Batson treated him to several cutting blows from the stick he carried, whereat the impertinent one showed a clean pair of heels, leaving his cap as a trophy. “You are a grand old man” was the remark of a lady who witnessed the incident and congratulated me,” Mr. Batson said to a press representative, “while the crowd cheered.”

Hold Up to Go Down.

THE Germans may sympathise with the Hepworth Company in their submarine difficulty. As is generally known, the film The Man Who Stayed at Home is complete except for one scene in which the submarine sinks. An urgent order for a submarine had been placed with a well-known firm in December. But for one reason and another the “U-boat” or rather the “H-boat” was not delivered until last week, and when it did come it was of an out-of-date type entirely unsuitable for the purpose. The Hepworth property-manager says he has warned the company who made the boat that they will be sued for damages. Unfortunately, is it not, that these men will not enter a war because they have not been asked? Who Stayed at Home should be hung up for four months? There was, it might be added, no question whatever of interfering with the Admiralty.

A Powerful Message.

No stronger warning against the demon Drink has ever been thrust upon us than the one contained in the Hepworth production The Battle. The world knows Albert Chevalier as a master of character delineation; but in this film, in which he gradually falls from a precarious state of dereliction to a soddened maniac who strangulates himself in delirium, he has surely given us one of the best pieces of sustained character-acting that the screen has yet shown. Never has part been more convincing and never has subject so well succeeded in gripping the spectator. Congratulations are due to Mr. Chevalier, who conceived the picture as his contribution to social unity and efficiency to Hepworth’s (who have added many admirable touches to the production), who also desire the film to take its place as the inspiration to waste-time efficiency; and to the Ideal Film Renting Co., Ltd., who have had the good fortune to secure a subject which will soon be the talk of Great Britain.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHÉ'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. EVIVA L'ITALIA! Thousands of patriotic Italians demonstrate before the Italian Ambassador in London.
2. OUR NEW ALLY: Famous Italian mountain batteries on the move towards Trentino.
3. OUR GEORGE'S TOUR: After visiting munition works, His Majesty goes to review thousands of his troops at Newcastle.
4. THE KING OF ITALY, who has left Rome for the Front.
5. COLONIAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS: Transporting food for the Australians near Gallipoli.
6. WAR TROPHIES: Captured German guns and aeroplanes on view at the Invalides, Paris.
"DAVID, whatever is the matter? For the last ten minutes you have been paying the slightest attention to what I've been saying. With a violent start David Fleming tore open the door and ran into the narrow doorway through which came the sounds of music and the merry laughter of his sweetheart's birthday guests.

"I beg your pardon, Lalia," he stammered, avoiding her eyes. "I'm alright."

At the expression on his handsome face, which had suddenly become drawn and haggard, her petulance at his intimation gave place to alarm. "David, dear, won't you tell me what makes you so nervous tonight?"

"Nervous?" he tried to laugh; but the sound only increased Lalia's fear—"absurd, you are fainéant—my dear! I—" he sprang to his feet and laid a hand that trembled violently upon her shoulder. "I must go home, dearest. Oh, I'll come back, but there's something—I've forgotten."

Ignoring invitations and re-entreaties, he hurried through the laughing crowd, and, snatching his coat and hat from the hands of a maidservant, left the house. Once in the cold night air, a few steps out upon the street, he clung to the railings for support; then, pulling himself together, he staggered rather than walked in the direction of the home he shared with his widowed mother.

"I must do it," he mumbled from between his clenched teeth, "I must or I shall go mad."

The Taint of Heredity.

Arriving at the house, he came face to face with his mother. "Why, David, boy!" she exclaimed in surprise, "whatever brings you home so early?"

"Nothing much, dear," he answered, trying to speak calmly; "I forget something, that is all. I thought you'd have been in bed hours ago. I must hurry up and return. You see, I promised Lalia I'd be back as soon as possible. Don't sit up for me, dearest."

Turning abruptly away, he left the room and ran swiftly up the stairs. The anxious expression on her face grew as she listened to his steps; then with a whispered prayer upon her lips she crept softly after him. Once in the privacy of his own room David hastily flung off his great-coat. "Just for a moment," he muttered, "I feared that she suspected. Poor little mother, she must suffer now, for if she did I fear the knowledge would break her heart."

Crossing the room, he drew aside a heavy picture and revealed the metal door of a small circular safe skillfully hidden among the ornaments of the room. Opening it hastily, he drew forth a small case and, almost hugging it in his trembling grasp, turned to the table; then, having poured a glass of water, he opened the case and sat for several moments gazing lovingly at its contents.

"There you are, my beauty," he murmured, moistening his dry lips. "And I think that some people curse you and look upon those who worship at your altar as being next door to criminals. Ah, but they are fools; poor fools who know nothing of the joy you have given the world."

Tapping up a small phial he dropped one of the tiny pellets it contained into the water, then, seizing the small, beautifully made hypodermic syringe, filled it and bared his wrist. Slowly, as though seeking to find a double pleasure in delaying the supreme moment, he pressed the needle into his flesh; then he felt his head seize and, with a cry, staggered to the floor. "Mother! mother!"

"Merciful heaven," she sobbed, "so it has come to this! No, David, you shall not; you shall not, I say."

Firmly grasping his hand, she drew it away from the deadly syringe which in the first shock of his surprise he had flung upon the table; then, as he broke down utterly and sobbed like a child, she wrapped the small box in her arms. "I tell you, mother," he answered hoarsely, "I cannot live without it. It is life itself to me."

"You must fight against it, dear," she said, "or else before it is too late for you to escape the fate that was your poor father's."

David looked at her with horror-stricken eyes. "My father's!"

"Yes, dear," his mother answered. "Oh, boy, boy! All my life I've tried to keep you from learning the truth about your end. He contracted the habit before you were born. At first, I suppose, for I was taught never to tell her all and, please heaven, he was bitterly ashamed of his weakness; but as the fiends' power grew he cared not who knew or to what device he sank so long as he could get the drug, until at last he was hopelessly ruined both body and soul."

As she spoke memory conjured up a vision of the man who years before had sat where their only son was now sitting. Again saw he him lying on the floor, his eyes staring in despair, as though in his agony, he had caught a glimpse of the cure to his woe.

"Lalia!" she gasped, "I dare not mother. You know not what you ask!"

"You must; it is your duty, however hard it may be. There is the love of the two women who would give their lives to make you happy will help you to defeat the fiend that has you in his power. Go now, boy, I will wait here for your return."

Slowly David turned on his heel and left the room, while, with a whispered prayer upon her lips his mother sank into the chair he had vacated. When David arrived back at Lalia's home her guests were on the point of taking their departure. One of them, Stanford Black, a surgeon, was just got up from where he stood at Lalia's side.

"'Eua! Fleming, old man!" he exclaimed, hoping that the heartiness he managed to throw into his voice would help to hide the hate that he knew was shining in his eyes, "wherever have you been? We'd almost come to the conclusion that you'd given us the slip, hadn't we, Lalia?"

David winked at the familiar use of his sweetheart's name. "Indeed," he answered curtly. "Mrs. Fenton knew that I would return. Then he deliberately turned his bread shades red and, like other man, "Lalia, dear, I must speak to you at once."

As she took his arm and they passed out of the room Black's dark eyes followed them. "Like father, like son," he muttered. "I often think it's something in heredity after all. If there is—well, Master David won't stand in my way much longer. 'Curse him!"

Exiled for Love's Dear Sake.

Meanwhile, in a shaded alcove, Lalia waited anxiously, noting with her heart the white tenseness of his face and the trouble in the eyes which usually, for her, held nothing but smiles. "David, dear," she begged, "do tell me what is wrong. Trust me, dear, and remember, I have a right to know."

"Yes, you have a right to know," he answered hoarsely, and promised my mother that before the night was out you shall."

"What is it? You are frightening me, dear."

Slowly he pulled back the sleeve of his coat and pointed to the small punctures on his wrist. "That."

"That?"

"Yes, that is why I left you to-night—why times innumerable I have left the office, the theatre, anywhere I am or anything I may be doing, but only to be strong."

That into a girl's terrified ears he poured the story of his shame until as the true significance of his halting words dawned upon her she shrunk back with a heartbroken cry. "But you don't!" he pleaded brokenly; "for God's sake, don't desert me now. Don't take back the priceless gift your dear love has made me master of; don't turn away from me with cold and disgust. I want your love, the strength it gives me, more than ever now—for, without it, nothing on earth can save me from this hideous thing that has me safely chained."

"In a second her arms were round his neck, her tear-dimmed eyes looking into his own. 'Forgive me, dear,' she whis-
"Mother—it—it's David! He is calling to me from the Wild"
"FORD STERLING," JUNIOR.

George White, a reader with stage and concert experience, who has played in Peko films, "makes up" as the popular comedian.

"Why, what the dickens?" he muttered, turning over the little packet. Wonderingly, "I didn't know any one but Lalia knew my whereabouts; but, maybe, it's from her, and she had it addressed direct from the store.

Hastily he tore off the wrapper, the surprised expression deepening on his face as he came to the dainty little jewel-case it concealed; then, as the lid flew open in obedience to his pressure, on the spring, he sprang back with a cry of dismay.

"Who has done this thing?" he muttered, hoarsely, his eyes glued to the tiny syringe that lay so innocently beside the tube containing the pellets of soul-destroying poison. "Whoever it is—curses them a hundred, a thousand times. Well, their plot has miscarried."

He took up the instrument, and was about to hurl it into the stove, but held his hand. Why should he destroy it? Its power over him was broken, and he felt that he could afford to laugh at the memory of the thrill that deadly thing of crystal and plated metal would have sent through his veins only a few short months before.

By brute force it's a beauty—a jolly sight better than the one I used to experiment with—and there's a good supply of morphinie, too.

Half-unconsciously he moved the piston up and down again, with a start, he discovered that the point of the delicate needle was pressing insistently against his wrist.

"Ah! would you?" he muttered; "that's as you'll go, thought my friend the enemy."

He placed the evil thing upon the table and picked up the letter, but a moment later the syringe was once more in his hand. Gone was the feeling of repugnance for the power which had once held him enslaved, and in its place the feeling of mad exaltation grew.

"Why not?" he muttered hoarsely, looking stealthily around, "just one dose would do no harm, and no one would ever know. No one."

With trembling hands he took up the tube of pellets and shook out one into a glass of water. Slowly he lowered the nozzle of the syringe into the liquid, slowly pulled the piston out, watching with burning eyes as the bubbling poisons rose steadily in the cylinder; then he pressed the needle firmly against his wrist.

"D'you see?"

The well-beloved voice, low and sorrowful, beat into his fevered brain, and, with an oath, he swung round, trying to conceal the syringe in the palm of his hand; then he laughed wildly.

"Imagination. I've been too long without you, my beauty!"

Again the needle pressed against his wrist. Then suddenly, drawn into a scene of the most amazing nature in which the only woman on earth whom he loved or who loved and trusted him was going broken-hearted down the vale of life, and, with a bitter laugh, he shot both syringe and pellets to the floor, and, half-depened in his rage, ground them into a thousand fragments with his heavy heel.

"Thank God! Thank God!" he cried, "here I am!"

Flinging open the door of his cabin he stumbled out and ran blindly on until he reached the sea-girt shore. Then, sobbing wildly, he sank down upon his knees in the snow.

Love's Victory.

"David—David!"

The sweet voice cut into the mieness of his brain, but, thinking it was only fancy, he crouched still further down, but when a gentle hand touched him he sprang to his feet.

"Lalia—sweetheart. You have come to me, beloved."

"Yes," she answered simply, "I dreamed that you were in danger, and I came at once. "

"Grip her tightly to him, he told the story of the final temptation and the enemy's defeat.

"I know, dear," she whispered. "mother and I found the remains of the drug in the snow. I knew that even in the moment of your weakness you had been strong, that you had conquered for all time."

But I nearly fell. Oh, if I could only put out with my own hand..."

"It was Stamford Black, David."

"Black?"

"Yes, the case he sent it in once held a jewel that he offered me when he took advantage of your absence to ask me to become his wife. Also, I recognised his writing upon the wrapper. This was his revenge for my refusing to throw over the only man I ever loved."

"Then our wayward friend who first introduced me to the habit, who persistently led me on until I lost all control. By Heaven, when we meet—"

He paused as she laid her slim fingers upon his lips, then, as she crept closer and ever closer into his embrace, he was content in the knowledge that the day was theirs, and that retribution, whether at his hands or not, would most surely overtake the scoundrel who had sought to wrench their lives..."

A praiseworthy production of a strong story. Consistently acted by Bryant and co-star who is capably supported by Gerda Holmes, Lester Cuneo, Helen Dunbar, and Camille D'Arvey and Essanay photography. It is in two acts and released on June 24th.
FORST 10, 1915

PICTURES AND THE PICTURESPOER

IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO

Our Cover Portrait.
A FINE study of Anita Stewart, who has played many, and we hope will play many more, leading parts in Vitagraph productions, the popular actress was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., on February 17th, 1895. While attending High School, Miss Stewart's personal beauty was utilised by several New York artists, who employed her as a subject for calendars and high-class pictorial lithography. It was through her brother-in-law, Ralph Ince, that she secured her first position with the Vitagraph Company. For the first six months she did little other than extra work, but was learning the rudiments of the picture game from the ground up, as Mr. Ince naturally took a strong personal interest in her professional achievements.

Her first part of any importance was the lead in The Wood Violet, and she made such a profound impression that a second picture, The Lost Millionaire, written for her, and in which she again achieved wonderful results. Later, a third picture, The Treasure of Desert Island, was written for Miss Stewart, and again she did exceptionally well.

One of her greatest professional accomplishments was the lead in A Million Bid. Her exceptional performance in this five-reel picture made her a Broadway star in one night. Miss Stewart's advancement as a moving-picture actress has been rapid and sure. She is as effective in comedy as in tragedy, and can switch from light to heavy roles at a moment's notice.

"Lillian Gish's Little Sister." (Photograph in color.)

SHE gives people the impression she's an awful tom-boy," her sister says with a sigh. "I can't help it if I do," the accused replies, "because I do like to climb trees, and I do like to take off my shoes and stockings and go wading, and I do like to swim, and go fishing and bait my own hooks, and —

"Hash, dear, people will think you're terrible, and it won't do any good for me to tell them what a darling you are.

This last from Lillian Gish, the star emotional actress of the Majestic Company, to her sister Dorothy, who has outgrown being known as "Lillian Gish's little sister," and has come to be known on her own account, and with a reason. She is blonde, curly-haired, bewitching and, it must be admitted, at times somewhat prankishly inclined. Born in Dayton, Ohio, March 11th, 1898, of American parentage, this youthful screen star has attained the height of five feet two and one-half inches, and has those Vivien Leigh eyes and a wealth of the yellowest hair.

It was Mary Pickford who was responsible for Dorothy Gish's entrance into the moving-picture world, and her introduction to D. W. Griffith, the famous director, and it is Mr. Griffith who has done the rest. Under his training Dorothy Gish has shown a versatility in character portrayal which latterly has begun to rival that of her more famous sister, Lillian.

DOROTHY GISH. A recent portrait of Lillian's "little sister."

Her personal characteristics are in direct contrast to Lillian's quiet reserve and studious calm. "Lillian would rather buy a book than a hat," said Dorothy recently. "Give me the hat every time. I'm fond of reading, but you can borrow a book." As a matter of fact, the younger of the two Gish sisters is still very much of a child, and a child who is up to any number of innocent pranks.

One of the first things that seriously attracted D. W. Griffith's attention to little Dorothy came about through one of these very pranks. A young actress having seen Sarah Bernhardt play in vaudeville, made it her habit to "wonder how Madame would play" this, that, or the other part, and one day at rehearsal she remarked:

"Mr. Griffith, I've often wondered how the divine Sarah would have played this part." Before he could answer Dorothy Gish spoke up: "You mean the great French actress?" she inquired. "Ah, yes! She'd do it this way!"

And presto! Miss Gish tumbled her blonde hair over her head, struck an attitude, cried "Voilà! Sarah Bernhardt!" while everybody clapped. It was Sarah Bernhardt to the life.

An Eloquent Testimonial.
A n envelope addressed to Dorothy Gish by a little girl in Cincinnati containing one of the sweetest letters the young picture-actress has ever received, read simply: "Miss Dorothy Gish, Motion-picture Actress. Evidently Uncle Sam's postal authorities knew Miss Gish, for the letter was forwarded without delay to her home in Los Angeles. One day's mail after her motor-accident some time back brought 372 letters, and in addition the telegraph messenger boy rang her bell forty-eight times on the same day.

Acting Without Words.
I MIGHT mention, said Mme. Genée, the famous dancer, to a Twickenham interviewer, that amusing acting without words is an art that the modern dancer (and incidentally the picture-player) must study very carefully. Often I have practised how to express perhaps a couple of words for five days. I was satisfied with the result of my study. I remember on one occasion, before the production of a new ballet at the Empire some years ago, I had to express in a certain part of it, to show a great and sudden surprise. For quite a fortnight I practised the various ways of doing so, but none of them quite satisfied me. One afternoon I saw a girl in a street tap and I started walking just before her on the sidewalk. She started, and seemed greatly surprised to see the other. The expression on the girl's face when she stopped and turned round was just what I wanted. When I returned home I practised it until I obtained it exactly. I have often got ideas for expressing emotions in dumb show by thus observing people.

Realism on the Wire.
D URING the rehearsal of Hypno and Trance-Subjects, a Wadsworth and Honsman comedy, Patrick O'Malley took the part of one of the public who crossed themselves. He surprised the remainder of the company by mounting a slack wire at the command of the hypnotist and walking across with all the sang-froid of an accomplished slack-wire walker. Still under the supposed influence of the hypnotist, he divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, while walking back and forth on the wire, and in a properly dazed condition began to pull off his shirt and — When the feminine portion of the studio, believing Pat to be really hypnotised, shouted out "Stop him! Stop him! Wake him up!" even the hypnotist was fooled. Thinking that he had really and truly hypnotised the actor, he began making frantic passes to bring him out of his supposed trance. It is little things like this that give an air of realism to the Edison comedies which distinguish them from others.

Bill's Broke Again!
E VERY few weeks Jessie Stevens receives a telegram with one tragic word on it — "Help." But Jessie, long ago, became hardened to these shocks. Now she just roars with laughter, till her Edison associates crowd around her to learn the cause. One then stops her long enough
to get the gurgling explanation, "Oh! Bill's broke again." Bill is her son in an Akron, Ohio, College, where he won the State scholarship. His cryptic message translated reads: "Send on money. My weekly allowance is gone up."

**A Woman's Privilege.**

Well, well, little Agnes Vernon has changed her mind! But that is a woman's privilege, you know, and Miss Vernon is getting to be quite a woman, almost nineteen now, and very devoted to moving pictures. Possibly it will be recalled that she engaged herself to a poor newspaper man who came to Universal City some time ago with the avowed intention of proposing to some hard-working little picture-actress. Of course, it was all for the paper, and the only extenuating circumstance is that he fully expected to be turned down.

He was turned down—hard. He was having a beautiful time, and securing lots of "copy" for the paper, when a most unexpected thing happened. He fell in love with "Brownie." That is the nickname of Agnes Vernon, the name by which she permits her friends to know her. Abe—oh, yes, we almost forgot to mention that the poor newspaper man's name is Abe Deane—Abe promptly proposed, and was thrown so hard he saw stars for several days. But he would not be discouraged, and finally, after a whirlwind campaign, in which no copy was sent to the paper, he won by the promise of a little car.

For, be it known, almost every player at the city has a car of some description, and "Brownie" had none. She had been in the films only a short six months, and was planning to get one anyway in a short time. So Abe and the rum about won. But Abe insisted that "Brownie" give up the pictures and come with him to the big city where he worked. And that is where "Brownie" changed her mind, and gave up both Abe and the car. The car in which Agnes acquires an interest will have no masculine drawback.

"I'll Sing thee Songs of Araby." EVERYBODY knows now that clever Gene Gauntier has joined the Trans-Atlantic forces.

Two years ago, whilst in the Sahara Desert, Gene made the acquaintance of a rich sheik named Bostowie, who later denounced, in the name of Allah, that she became his wife. Of course, Miss Gauntier treated the whole occurrence as a huge joke, and has never given it second thought to this day. Imagine, then, her surprise upon receiving a mysterious-looking package through the mail one day recently, which, when opened, was found to contain a roll of parchment covered with Arabic characters. An interlocutor was sought, and the name translated into English read as follows:

"Oh, divine one: sent upon earth by gracious Allah to make men's hearts beat faster, thou art to me as a blessing spring to a thirsty camel. I implore thee to grace my caravan. Bedecked in jewels as a queen, thou shalt be my favourite. For thee I will put aside my other wives—yes, three of them. In a vision Allah did command me to send thee my milk-white mare, my beautiful mare of the desert, my most priceless treasure. Will you send me your husband? I will send thee, Maya Araby, direct your footsteps to my tent once more—Bostowie."

**German Cinema Propaganda.**

The synopsis of a photo-play, *Made in Germany*, which a certain section of the American audiences are vociferously applauding. In the first scene you see a French family. The son is in uniform, and is just departing for the Front. The scene changes to the trenches, and you have several pictures of the fighting on both sides. The French are forced to retreat and a company of Uhlan cavalry occupy the residence of the French family.

The daughter no sooner beholds the face and form of the noble Uhlan captain than all other feelings and considerations vanish before the passionate devotion which he irresistibly inspires. The girl learns that a powerful French force under her brother's command is secretly approaching and proposes to capture the Uhlan captain and his company. She feels that it would be monstrous that so perfect a specimen of Prussian deportment should be interned in a French prison, or even possibly killed, and in consequence makes a secret appointment with him, and warns him of the impending operations of her countrymen.

In the next scene the brother arrives banked of his prey. He is naturally annoyed. While he is in this temper a peasant comes to inform him that his sister was seen slipping a note into the hand of the German commander just before he gave his orders for a withdrawal. The girl now avows her love, and confesses her admiration of the charms of the adorable Prussian, which she evidently considers adequate to excuse her action. Her brother and the other French officers take a narrowly critical view of the ethics of the transaction, and she is ordered to be shot.

The girl's mother weeps and embraces her. Her brother remains adamantine Roman, declaring that "a de Vandeour should never love a Prussian." The word to "Present arms" is given, but (Continued on page 217.)
ALTHOUGH used to rough justice, the wild portions of California, the entire Espinoza family, as they sat round their breakfast-table, were amazed to see the brawny and threatening face of John Kincaid appear at the door. He eyed them with grim amusement for several moments, and then, taking the inevitable cigar from his mouth, said haughtily:

"Good morning!"

"Good morning," replied the proud head of the Espinoza family in cold accents. "We do not receive visitors in the midst of our meals."

"It's about the last meal you will have," rejoined the unwelcome visitor. If you don't know what has brought me, I'll tell you. In the first place, I'm the owner of this ranch hereabouts."

"My family have been in possession of this property since the time of Columbus," replied Espinoza with dignity, "I deny your right to come here to interfere with me or my people."

"You've never registered the land according to the laws of the United States," retorted the other trenchantly. "Consequently it is up to the first comer to register, and after that it belongs to him. I'm the first comer since the new laws came out."

"We do not recognise the laws of the Gringos in this part of America. We are of Spanish descent, and claim to be governed by our own laws," returned a member of the Espinoza family, angrily.

"So much the worse for you," retorted Kincaid as he turned in the doorway and trod his land to some one outside. Before the family had time to raise a crowd of feroceous-looking men burst in. There was a wild scuffle, the screamings from the Espinoza women rent the air, and in ten minutes it was all over. The defenders had been killed, and they young Spanish-American women, to save themselves from a worse fate, committed suicide. In these wild parts there is no law but the law of Might. Kincaid, the land-jumper, and his gang had triumphed.

According to the law the infamous Kincaid was right. The Spanish-descended residents of California, refusing to recognize the United States Government, had in very many cases neglected to register their titles to their property, which had been in their possession for generations. The American was a "Gringo," a term of contempt, and when it became compulsory for all those holding property to register their titles, many of the Californian people omitted to do so. This was the opportunity for evil ruffians to find out whether certain properties had been registered, and, where they were not, to register in their own name, which immediately entitled them to take possession. This was how the Espinoza family fell victims to Kincaid and his gang.

But if the Government intended that the boundaries of all lands should be registered in their records, they did not contemplate this wholesale "land-jumping." Information regarding Kincaid and others like him reached headquarters, and steps were immediately taken to put a stop to this state of things. Kearney, a Government agent, received orders to follow up the miscreants, and on nearing the district of Monterey, in California, he encountered a small party of Spaniards, amongst whom was a pretty young girl dressed in the traditional costume of the country, and whose dark eyes smiled at him from her position on the back of her mount. Kearney became interested. This girl looked different from the self-possessed self-twanged women of his own part of the country, and he determined to accost her:

"Can you tell me the road to Monterey?" asked Kearney, although he knew quite well himself the direction in which he was travelling.

The girl looked at him and smiled again. Perhaps she suspected that this was merely a ruse to engage her attention, for, instead of allowing her attendants to answer the stranger, she replied:

"If Señor will take the road to the left, then to the right, he will get there."

"Thank you," replied the young man, as he turned his horse in the direction indicated. He would have liked to have asked her her name, but lacked the courage. He waited till the party had gone some distance, then he turned to his servant.

"Ride back," he commanded, "and find out from one of that lady's servants who she is. Don't let her see you."

The servant returned ten minutes later with his mind in a whirl. "They told me, master, that she was of the Castro family, and that her name is Juanita Roseta modesta Delphina Carmela Muanela Castro, and they call her the "Rose of the Castro Ranch.""

"You fathead," said Kearney, angrily. "I suppose you will find her boring, or perhaps they're pulling your leg."

Kearney rode on, hoping that it would be his good fortune to meet the girl again. He realised his wish that evening, for on arriving at Monterey, and stabiling his horse he took a stroll in the Castro grounds. Here he encountered the girl, who was in the charge of her donna.

Kearney talked of the weather, and after he exhausted this topic he surprised himself by asking the girl for the rose in her hair. The lady became angry, or professed to be, for she took the rose out of her hair and, instead of handing it to Kearney, threw it on the ground. Quite unashlished, the young man picked it up and placed it in his coat. The girl suddenly opened her fan and hid a smile behind it. This little comedy was interrupted by the young lady's mother, who exclaimed in shocked tones, "You, a member of the Castro family, waiting for a Gringo?"

Kearney knew he must go, but not before he was encouraged by a shy smile from the girl. He intended to develop this little romance, but he did not forget that he had serious business before him.

Quite accidentally he made the acquaintance of Kincaid, who, ignorant of the fact that he faced the Government
Don Luis tells Juanita that Kearney is with the raiders.

longs in future to Ezra Kincaid, and I guess that’s me.”

“Are you with them?” asked Juanita, turning disdainfully to Kearney.

The young Government agent hesitated. With Kincaid beside him he could not open his mouth in his own defence. Single-handed, he could not fight the whole of Kincaid’s gang, and he was now playing for time. In answer to the outraged girl’s repeated query, Kearney merely nodded with set lips.

Kincaid made a sign, and the gate was broken open. Apparently Kearney had persuaded Kincaid not to indulge in violence, for none was attempted at the moment. With a glance of contempt at Kearney, Juanita threw herself into the arms of Don Luis. This conveyed that she knew who her protector was.

Kearney pulled the girl aside. “Don’t you know I’m playing for time?” he whispered fiercely. “I’ve sent a message to the Government to send soldiers little iron gate. Apparently he had beenординanced by Kincaid, and a determined rush was made on the little iron door. Baffled here, the invaders went outside and began firing at the Castro party, who took cover behind the bains-trades and cornices, sometimes returning the shots and finding a billet. The air became thick and acrid with the fumes of the gunpowder, but the defenders, including the gentle old priest, fought like tigers. They knew what to expect if they were overpowered.

The massacre of the Espinozas was fresh in their minds.

CHAPTER II.

Kearney learned a good deal within the next day or two. In the midst of his secret flirtations he found that Juanita, “the Rose of the Rancho,” had been compelled to accept Don Luis, a neighbouring grandee, as her future husband. Juanita had rebelled against this arrangement, and told her mother that she loved the despised “Gringo” who had suddenly dropped down from the skies into Monterey. This news only exasperated the old lady, and she determined to push forward the time of her daughter’s nuptials. Don Luis agreed, and, to Juanita’s disgust, the invitations to her betrothal ceremony were immediately sent out.

Juanita remained in her room next day, and declined all invitations to lodge. It was not till the old padre, the family confessor, pleaded with her to be reasonable that she came down to meet the betrothal party. It was whilst they were in the middle of the ceremony that their attention was distracted by a loud knocking at the gate.

A Spanish half-breed who had been servant to the late Espinoza family gave the first alarm. He had recognised the ruffianly Kincaid and his gang riding towards the Castro ranch, and knew what it portended. The padre, Don Luis, Juanita, and her mother went to the barred gate to parley with the intruders. Through the bars of the gate they looked at the notorious Kincaid, and to the amazement of Juanita she saw Kearney standing beside him.

“Better let us in,” said Kincaid, with his truculent drawl. “This ranch be-
Through the clouds of smoke Juanita fancied she could see a body of horsemen riding through the wood in the direction of the ranch, and she called the attention of the blood-stained Kearney to the fact. A glance was sufficient. "They are the soldiers," he said, with a sigh of relief.

The defenders were at their last gasp. The iron gate had been smashed, and already several of Kincaid's drink-maddened crew had burst on to the roof, where a terrific hand-to-hand struggle took place with the defenders. Kearney fought like a lion, and one after another of the assailants tumbled inertly to the ground beneath his fierce blows. There was a loud shout from below and the sound of renewed oaths and scuffles. The battle at the little broken gate died away, and Kincaid's men could be seen flying down the steps. But few escaped, and amongst the dead lay the evil face of the prime mover of all the trouble, Kincaid.

This sounded the death-knell of the old game of "land-jumping." Kincaid's atrocities had startled the Government, and the old settlers were protected from further molestation from the unwelcome attentions of any chance villain who liked to take advantage of the ancient Spanish prejudices.

A few days later a pretty little ceremony took place in the grounds just outside the picturesque old chapel. The old pastor was seated on the stone bench, and before him knelt Juanita and her "Gringo." Kearney. What became of Don Luis history doth not say.

In this four-part Lasky production, released on June 21st, Bessie Barriscale is superb as Juanita, and she is ably supported by, among others, J. W. Kohlstone (Kearney), Dick La Reno (Kincaid), and Monroe Salazar (Don Luis).

The End.

GEORGE M. ANDERSON

Bold, unerring, imaginative—Anderson has fascinated picturegoers since his first appearance as Broncho Billy five years ago.

But if he had done nothing before, his appearance in the new one-reel ESSANAY ANDERSON DRAMAS would make him famous at once.

The Titles and Release Dates of the first of these marvellous photoplays are:

July 26th. The Face at the Curtain.
Aug. 5th. His Wife's Secret.

Correspondence invited by
ESSANAY FILM MANUFACTURING CO.,
148, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

WEEK ENDING
JUNE 19, 1915

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

Pictures Outrival Zeppelin.

On Monday evening, May 21st, at the Queen's Cinema, Ramsgate, the usual crowd was witnessing the eleventh episode of The Million Dollar Mystery. We had reached the point where the Countess and one of her accomplices boarded the train on which Jim Norton and Florence are returning home after their adventures on the piano bull. A simultaneous with the wrecking of the train on the film there came a tremendous report, followed by the firing of guns from the cliff. There was a cry of "Zeppelins!" everybody stood up, and the lights were turned on. For a moment excitement was intense, and there was a rush for the doors. But the sober spirits of the audience sat down again quietly, and the example had its influence. Most of the people returned to their seats; the orchestra continued playing; lights were turned down, and the picture flashed on the screen again.

A Zeppelin was passing over the town, but it must stand to the credit of the actors who took part in this serial that The Million Dollar Mystery outrivalled "Count Zeppelin" in holding public interest, notwithstanding the "frightfulness" of the latter. The performance proceeded in the usual way, and at 10.30, when the show was over, all danger had passed." R. M. C. (Ramsgate),

THE DOMINANT FILMS
A FEW weeks ago the one and only "Pimple" invited his ad-
imires to write to him, and promised to award framed portraits to the senders of the three best letters and unframed portraits as consolation prizes. The poor fellow knew what a herculean task he had set up for himself, but he thanks heaven he is through with it (he says there were nearly two thousand) and is still able to play for pictures. He has sent us the prize-winning letters, and at his request we print portions of three of them.

FIRST PRIZE.

C. Semiinoff, 27, Maryfield, Edinburgh.

My dear, "Pimple"—If you, Oh! Mighty Magnificent of the Picture World, if you, Oh! Mirthful Monarch of the World of Fun, if you, Oh! Gifted Genius, before whose Personality thousands of Hearts, deeply moved, today at the harmonious spirit of thy incomparable Humour, if thou then will but condescend to bestow upon me your gracious attention, I am truly favoured by thy Goodness.

As I look upon the faces before me I reflect in this manner: sole by sole they come—the Employee and Employee—Publician and Singer—Consolation Prize—The Married and Unmarried (and the Centraux)—Landslides and Tracts—Policemen and Con Viet-Congs. There they sit. Before they entered a world of difference separated them, but now watch their faces: fit up and transformed into an expression of joy impossible to describe, the thoughts that filled their happy laughter: surely some "miracle" has taken place. You turn your eyes from the people to the screen, and, "Lo!" and behold, the explanation is simplicity itself: creation of a Pimple—"that wonderful magician "Pimple," the inimitable, the unavailing exponent of the science of humour, whose characteristic mannerisms are a scream from start to finish. It is him, then, whose magnetic individuality has transformed the crowd—that has brought them all on to one level—everything is for the time being all one—for they one and all follow with sparkling eyes the one and only "Pimple."

SECOND PRIZE.

R. Dowley, Shawark Street, Donaghmede.

Dear "Merry" "Pimple"—I do not think I am far wrong when I address you thus, for it is hardly possible for any actor to play parts as yours unless he be of a very dispose-ment. I have been keenly interested in your work ever since the first "Pimple" film came out, and for a good many reasons, not the least of which is the desire to see our British film makers surpass those on the Continent and in America.

Few British companies have tackled comical picture-making of the "American" type; yet as a rule these get the greatest applause of any, with the exception of "Pimple's," which are the most laughter-making "take-offs" showing at present. As Dowley is in love with "Pimple" in the universe of pictures. As I said to a friend a few nights ago, "Pimple" films stand in their place of their own account on the organical and conception of plot, the style of acting, and the eccentric make-up; whilst the "titting" is as funny as it is forceful. I will remember enjoying your acting in Dick Turpin's Ride to York; and, being a Cockney from Bermondsey, "squeakiest" I could fully appreciate the "Pimple" in the title "Hark! Hark! how ye pepe of York?" followed by a presentation of a "Pimple" seller "doing" his round.

Another I enjoyed was that in which you were Ivanhoe. A week or two previously I saw the dramatic picture of this historical story, and, not munificently, had to go and see yours. I consider that your version was far and away the best, because, although in handsome vein, it kept very close to the real story.

Picture-going is a thing I revel in; there is nothing takes one out of one's self so much as a night at the cinema; troubles and worries are, for the time being, forgotten, and one goes home to sleep in a hummer that even "Old King Cole" himself would envy. Therefore, seeing that people want "cheering up" after a day spent in the factory or workshop, at the same old job hour after hour, from year's end to year's end, I trust that you will always in the future have one end in view when making the pictures, and that is to do and make them even better than what they were before, however high the standard, and remember that you are performing something for the public good in doing so, for "laughing citizens" are usually "contented citizens," and these are the kind we require. I wish you every success in the making picture business, and trust that it will be many years ere you retire from picture-making, even though you have a new "Pimple." I have three little girls and one boy, and as they all know "Pimple" a picture of you was taken of the procession and as a source of unbounded pleasure to all of us.

THIRD PRIZE.

Lydia Sheedore, 47, Station Street, Northfoot.

My Own Darling Pimple—Excuse short title, as I have very little time to spare. I could not resist the opportunity of writing you, because you have been so marvellous in the wonderful dramas. If I were to criticise I should say you are the limit, and as a Highland Mirthful Monarch you could do a little better in kilts. But don't arrest, when are you going to grace one of your dear old Pictures! It is only a tiny one but you would find an enthusiastic audience. We are going to organise a Pimple Club of lady members, all of whom must cultivate pimplies, the most exquisite of all pimplies. Now how do you think that will go? We are thinking about it quite seriously. I assure you it will suit your sweetheart, best, how you would like to be President (I am sure you would, because you are a great one for groups). As one of the first to pimplies we could cut that part out and let you be the one and only Pimple to (disgrace our club. Just imagine how nice that would be for your sweetheart, besides the easiest one I have ever seen. It has such a cute little tilt; it fact, it is all tilt.

There is a lot more of this letter, but space forbids. It is one of the scores of "love letters which Pimple" received.

There are no fewer than forty-seven Con- sensation Pictures, the winners being: Lily Whibley, South Norwood, Surrey; Miss R. Reynolds, Shotton, Chester; E. Davies, L. Priest, Pontefract; Misses B. and C. Helman, Carlisle; Kanee Stowell and Madge Whitmore, Manchester; Miss K. Coleman, Cannock; Miss L. Tongue, Kensington; Miss A. Swift, N. Brighton, Cheshire; Snoe and Beatrice Oliver, Leyton; Andrey Limdon, Galway; Miss D. Ellis, Pulley, near Leeds; Miss D. Martin, Cotham, Bristol; H. W. Ham, and Doris Housden, Pool Park, Liverpool; Miss L. Stelwich, Howse; Doris Osborne, Bolton, Lancs; Marion Foster, Accrington, Lancs; Ivy Montague, Mill Street, London, E.C.; Ivy De Laissine, Greenwich; F. M. Eaton, Norwood; Gladys Tarbaton, Pulley, Leeds; Miss H. Macey, C.C.M., Harborne, Birmingham; Miss S. Roberts, Lower Tottonham; Mr. C. West, East Finchley; Walter Griffiths, Cheltenham; Gladys Turner, Elswick Park, H. E. Clinch, Shepherds Walk, Hoxton; Mr. H. Cot, Manor Park, E.; Ivy Neal, Watford; Mr. J. E. B.son, Hackney; F. Papworth, Greaty, Mr. Kemp, Putney; P. Pring, Thornton Heath, Surrey; Max Fearnall, Clithick; Sybil Payne, Kent; Ada Bland, Scenery; Selby, Yorks; Lily Forbes, Westow, near Runcorn; Master L. Varnel, Strattham; G. Brightmore, Clapham, Hammersmith, Yorks; D. Turley, Birmingham; Miss U. Cannings, Morley, near Leeds; Miss L. Moss, Ward End, Birmingham; Miss S. Wellesley, Claridge, Miss G. Drew, Sploct, Cardiff.

"Pimple" assures us that all the prizes will be despatched immediately.
IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO (Cont.)

before a shot can be fired the shell from a great howitzer falls among the firing-party, killing them all, including the adamanite brother. A few minutes afterwards the heroic Prussian captain rushes in at the head of his men, and the young lady is left happy in his arms.

—Cecil Chesterton in "T.P.'s Weekly."

A Huge "Ham"

Of course you know the Kalem "Ham" Comedies. The "Ham" referred to is Lloyd V. Hamilton, who from a practically unknown artiste in the picture world has become in a few months one of the most popular comedians on the screen. "Ham's" huge physique, as set against the tiny stature of his partner "Bud," enables this comedy pair to perform countless fun-making stunts, and their antics leave most audiences limp from laughter. "Bud" also is a big artiste—

—But Not a Big "Bud."

His last name is Duncan. A long time ago, some one called him "Bud." He has been known as "Bud" Duncan ever since. He isn't a big chap—barely four-foot-eight—but is a giant for laugh-producing qualities. Proof of this assertion can be found in any of Kalem's famous "Ham" and "Bud" as seen by a Continental Artist.

"Ham" comedies, in which this comedian appears with his life-long chum, Lloyd V. Hamilton.

Duncan admits having been born in Brooklyn, New York, and at the age of six he answered the call of the stage.

Two years ago Duncan decided to try his luck in Mexico, but a few months in that revolution-ridden country caused him to long for the comforts and pleasures of his native country. His departure was hastened by Mexican revolutionists, and the young comedian came home, joined the Kalem forces, and made good from the start. Among forthcoming releases in which "Bud" and "Ham" appear are Ham Among the Redikus, Ham at the Garbage Gentlemen's Ball, and Ham in the Harem. You will find both funny in all.

The township is invaded by the Huns, the burgomaster is held as a hostage, his daughter refuses to countenance the wiles and machinations of a German officer. See BELGIUM'S MARTYRDOM

This fine three-reel dramatic picture will shortly be showing at the best theatres.

LIONEL GILLING,
The OmniScreen Company,
151-3, Wardour Street,
London, W.
Telephone: REGENT 3085.
**CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE**

**Week Ending June 19, 1915**

Films you should make a point of seeing.

**JACK'S PAL.** Fire scene and terrific wild beasts raging in their cages! The Zoo in danger of complete destruction! An animal feature in which C. B. Murphy handles the devils and lions with most marvellous. More thrills in one reel than are often found in four. Beautiful Edith Johnson plays the female part.

—Sydney Braman, 1808 feet (June 17).

**A HORSE OF ANOTHER COLOUR.** Full of "Horseplay" of the thoroughly modern kind. The four-footed actor in it furnishes a large part of the laughs and send the fun along at a lively pace. Three country "gents," a lady from the city, and the lady's husband are the two-footed characters. This film is a "sure winner" of the hilarity stakes.

—London Comedy, 1,029 feet (July 5).

**THE BACHELOR'S ROMANCE.** The story of a literary man into whose heart slowly creeps the girl for whose upbringing he had declined the direct responsibility. The interest is centered in the character work of John Emerson (you remember him in The Conquest), whose interpretation of the burst through of youth has given us.

—Famous Players Comedy, four parts (July 20).

**ODDS AGAINST.** A fine screen drama. It is a society story, and introduces some thrilling races-sequence. A strong situation will be found in the dramatic wedding incident, when the heroine (Florence Turner) refuses at the foot of the altar to proceed with her marriage to the villain. A photograph of this unconventional situation will be found on another page.

—Turner Film, three reels (about end of July).

**THE JOCKEY OF DEATH.** Fond of a real grip! Of course you are! Then make a note of the release date of the exciting race for liberty in this thrilling drama where the tightwad is walking on the crenel of the not only the other thrilling scene. Never was reel so packed with thrills, and there are four of them. The film was produced by Alfred Lued (Copenhagen) in the studios of the Milano Film Company, and does not credit from beginning to end.

—Gunnison Film Hire Service, four parts (Aug. 23).

**A RAMBLE IN THE NEW FOREST.** A demand for scenic pictures had sprung up even before the Hepworth Stereo-Scenes appeared, and their arrival quickened this demand immensely. Their brightness, variety, and wonderful quality made them so desirable that nothing had been produced before. This picture is a good example of what a stereo-scene should be, and has for its subject that interesting and beautiful spot the New Forest, the hunting-ground of Earl Richard's "Kings."—Hepworth Stereo-Scenes, 400 feet (June 11).

**THE STREET OF MAKE-BELIEVE.** Isn't it a charming title? Will a shopassistant, says Katherine, a laundry-girl, go out with you new motor-boat? He accepts acquaintance with her, thinking she is an heiress, and poses as a millionaire. He sends his shirt to the laundry. When the girl goes to get it back, he is in the shop where he is employed. She leaves in disgust when she sees her "millionaire" behind the counter. Later he calls at the laundry, and it all comes right in the end. Jane Giel and King Bagot, two brilliant artists, make the acting a sheer delight.

—Imperial Comedy (Trans-Atlantic), 1,012 feet (July 29).

**THE POET OF THE PEAKS.** A heartless society butterfly cultivates the acquaintance of a young poet, whose home is in the mountains. She lures him to the city and its attractions. The smoke and gaiety of town life pall, and he pleads with her to return with him to the mountains. It is then her shallow nature is revealed and, heartbroken, he goes away to his home among the crags. How her vision haunts him, and he seeks death by falling from the topmost peak. Most wonderful mountain scenery and gorgeous millionaire residences, the story is enacted by no less than five stars, including Vivian Rich and Jack Richardson.

—Flying A Drama, 1,570 feet (June 21).

**AT WAR WITH NATURE.** Showing the terrible powers of Nature, and how man combats with them. We see a dangerous mass of loose, overhanging rock threatening the lives of the inhabitants who dwell in the valley beneath. The rock is mixed with hundreds of holes, each two to five yards deep. These holes are filled preparatory to inserting the charge of dynamite. This, in the form of dynamite, is placed in these holes. Each of these mines is controlled by a fuse, which burns at the rate of 7,000 yards per second. The fuses are then all joined together, and thus form one single cord connected with a dynamite. The cord is then set on fire, and the terrific explosion. The villagers can henceforth follow their daily employments and sleep in safety.

—Pathé Film, 575 feet (July 11).
"My Old Dutch" in the Making

"We were as 'appy as could be that day.
Down at the Welsh Harp, which is 'London Way.'"

On a Sunday morning recently the intimation arrived that if I cared to journey to Hendon I should find something doing in "picture-making." When I arrived at the bus at the Welsh Harp I saw that the famous fair-ground was in holiday mood. No Wilt Monday was past and forgotten, and yet the swings, the roundabouts, the coconut-shies, the donkey-rides were going it for all they were worth. But when I entered the ground I found it crowded with no ordinary people. Instead the cream of East End society seemed to have suddenly taken it into its head to visit the Welsh Harp. Every coster knelt in holiday best and pearlies, and each with his donah, were having the time of their lives. Indeed I appeared to be the only person not attired as a coster, but as I stood feeling like a fish out of water I discovered the presence of one other man in normal garb. His name was Larry Trimble, and, as usual with all Turner films, he was directing this one.

The truth is, dear reader, that I was looking on at the making of one of the big scenes in the Turner production of My Old Dutch. A beautiful "lady," in bright violet skirt, red and green blouse, high-heeled boots, blue ear-drops, and topped by a hat with enormous feathers, came up and shook my hand. Her name was "Sally," otherwise Florence Turner, the leading lady in this story of which Albert Chevalier has made famous the world over. And whilst we stood chatting, Chevalier himself (the Joe Spald of the story) joined us, and, with Miss Turner and Mr. Trimble, proceeded to tell me "all about it.

Arthur Shirley, the dramatist, has written the story (they told me), and, although it finishes with the old Dutch period, it starts with the comically courting days and brings in incidents around which Mr. Chevalier wrote some of his songs.

"We wanted the real thing," said Mr. Trimble, "for the courtship, and nothing less than the Welsh Harp, concerning which the 'Custers Serenade' was written, would satisfy us. So we engaged the actual fair-ground, and, regardless of expense, we induced the Bank Holiday show-people to stay until today, and here you have them in 'all their glory.'"

"And very nice too!" I said, as a half-dozen donkeys trotted past, each bearing its load of gaudy loveliness.

"Now then, Miss Turner," shouted Larry Trimble, "you've got to fancy winkle." Whereat the little lady ran off to a winkle-stall and was soon in possession of a penny plate (minus a pin), paid for by her rival's bloke. A pin was found for her, however, by her true sweetheart Joe, and soon the two rivals for Sal's hand were locked in deadly combat.

As the day wore on hats were exchanged, coconut-shies were knocked down, "photographs" were taken by the "just as were for 'rippines" artist, and fights—principally between Joe and his rival in love—were plentiful. And of course the camera clicked a lot, and many hundreds of feet of film were used up; but everybody was 'ot and 'appy. As for Florence Turner and Albert Chevalier, they simply revelled in the work, and, if I had any judge at all, the finished film will provide one of the prettiest, merriest, and best-produced dramas of the long Turner Series.

Larry Trimble and Henry Edwards, resting during a scene in My Old Dutch.

PATHÉ'S ANIMATED GAZETTE gives real WAR NEWS.

DO NOT MISS IT.
OUR SECOND FREE VOTING CONTEST!

Although the British Artiste Contest was a success beyond all our expectations, our new World's Contest, which concerns probably twenty times the number of players, will no doubt be four times as big. Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or name books. You may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, villains, loves, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST FILM PLAYERS IN ANY COUNTRY (excluding British-born Artiste) write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES: The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10. All other prices will go to sendees of Coupons in correct order.

THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there is no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners' names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

2. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope at end of contest.

3. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

4. No correspondence can be entered into concerning the contest. Some of the best known male players are given on this page, but voters may vote for any player (except British-born) whether in the lists or not.

5. A voter may fill up any number of Coupons from one issue, and may seal in any quantity of his or her own or friends' Coupons in one envelope at any time.

6. The Editor's decision as to the prize-winners and on all matters connected with this contest will be final and legally binding, and coupons are accepted only on this understanding.

"The Pictures" FREE VOTING COUPON: WORLD'S CONTEST.

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

FEMALE PLAYER

MALE PLAYER

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

FEMALE PLAYER

MALE PLAYER

Send Coupon to "Contest Editor," Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.
GOSSIP: SCREEN AND EDITORIAL

It will, I think, be possible to publish the result of our Greatest British Film Players Contest in next Saturday's issue. The prizes will be despatched to the winners on or near the day the result is announced.

YES, I am quite certain that our second contest now running to decide by votes who are the World's greatest moving picture players is going to be "it" in size and popularity. So many readers express that opinion when writing us on other matters that there cannot be any more doubt about it. But one moment, please, although the "world" contest, British-born artists must be excluded because they have already had their chance in recent voting. Some one wrote yesterday and they did not know how to vote. Well, well! When you go to the picture-theatre note the names of the players and study their acting qualities. Compare them with players whose names and acting you are familiar with, and then when you have decided who are the cleverest fill up your coupon.

The State of the Poll.

If your early votes reach me in sufficient numbers, I propose to tell you in a week or so (and every week during the contest) who are in the running for top places. Readers should therefore send in coupons soon and often. On the other hand, voters who prefer to save and send up all their coupons in one envelope at the end of the contest will be quite in order by so doing.

Ethel Bracewell Returns.

I have often been asked to give the whereabouts of Ethel Bracewell, who before she sailed for South Africa a year ago played lead in many "B. and C." films. Now I find that she is not only back in London, but leading lady again at the Lyceum Theatre in In Time of War (a well-staged and really thrilling drama by the way). Miss Bracewell is an accomplished and well-known stage-player, and her visit to South Africa was to fulfil a six weeks' engagement with an important theatrical company.

Six Weeks Become Eleven Months.

In a chat with Miss Bracewell between the acts the other evening, she told me that the "six weeks" tour lasted eleven months, and that she did not arrive back in England until three days before the Lucia went down. She had a glorious time in South Africa, it appears, and although on the stage again now the siren has not by any means lost her. "Already I'm picture-lying again." She said, "I'm the beggar girl!" (her smile indicated that she was glad to be) "in A Beggar Girl's Wedding, the Lyceum drama just being filmed by the British Empire Film Company."

New Readers Galore.

It has gratified me of late to note the extraordinary growth and increase in the number of new readers. Never a morning passes without my reading several letters from picturegoers who have "just bought the paper for the first time," and intend to keep on doing it weekly. Some experience great difficulty in obtaining copies, but, as I have said so many times, the best plan is to give a newsagent a standing order to get the paper for you every Saturday. And then we shall all be pleased.

Ask, and You Shall Have.

In contrast to his bad luck on the East Coast, Frank Stalther has just had a brilliant time on the South Coast producing a three-reeler appropriately called The Golden Chance. He wanted fine weather and found it! He wanted a sailing ship, and found one (a Russian)

Stirring the Potting. Compare this happy picture with our Frontispiece, a scene from the same film after Drink has got its deadly grip on the man.

A Narrow Escape.

I hold you last week about the terrible accident to Tom Jekyll, but being devil, and am happy to state this week that Tom is on the road to recovery. Nothing more has reached me at the moment of writing, but we hope he will again be able to get to work and risk his life for pictures without losing it.

A Black Rumour.

It is going around Walton, but up to the time of going to press it lacks confirmation. It is said that E. Hay Plumb, who for three or four years was one of Hepworth's players and producers, has lost his life in the Dunkerque. I knew Mr. Hay Plumb well, and was one of the best, but I sincerely hope that he is not dead, but will eventually come back in safe and sound. The last time I saw him was in the early summer of last year, and in the midst of producing The Dead Heart. He told me he had never felt the heat so much before, and no wonder, for he had to handle a big crowd; but with his shirt sleeves rolled up and his merry red face he looked the business of control. Since the war started many readers have asked for information concerning this player, and this is the first news I have had of him for many months. No news is good news, and after all this may not be had.

F. D.

PHOTOGRAPHY

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20, 40, 90, 12. S. E. Hackett also Cheque Postcards and Stamp Card Free.

THE ONLY REMEDY

Still we get complaints from readers who, having recently made first acquaintance with "Pictures," say they cannot buy the paper. A definite standing order with any newsagent will get over the trouble.
Dear Girls and Boys—

A week or two ago I asked you to think of the funniest thing you had ever seen in a cinema and send it to me in the shape of a drawing. Result—postcards, postcards, postcards! and yet more postcards! depicting funny incidents on and off the screen and in and out of the cinema. To describe the whole big pile would take up four times the space I am entitled to, and we must therefore all be contented if I deal only with the winning cards. One shows an elaborate interior in which the handsome and monocled villain, backed by the elegantly-gowned villainess, seizes the pathetic heroine, who is on her knees and the carpet with hands extended, whilst the cold snow falls mercilessly upon her. As a barlogue of typical melodrama this sketch is quite clever.

The other winning sketch switches us to comedy, and shows a gentleman suspiciously like Charlie Chaplin driving a donkey-cart. The load is such a heavy one, however, that it lifts poor donkey off his feet, and said donkey appears to be dancing a hornpipe on air, whilst Charlie peeps behind the load to see if any one is laughing.

The senders of these two cards are James Burling, 2, Heyworth-road, Stratford, E., and Alexander Chapman, 26, Edmund-street, Dennistoun, Glasgow, to each of whom the beautifully bound Volume VII, of Pictures is being sent as promised.

Award of Merit (six of these entitles the winner to a special prize)—
Doris Moore (Redcar), Doris Watté (Selby), Elaine Martin (Finsbury Park), Edgar Garner (Tottenham), Hilda Watté (Selby), Gladys Turner (Lewisham), Arthur Cox (Desborough). Special Prize.—S. Nichols (Tottenham).

You all love "Pimple." I take that for granted, because I have never yet met a young picturegoer who does not. "Pimple" has broken out in a new place, the Weston Feature Film Company having featured this comical comedian in several new comedies which are on the way to your picture-houses for the noble purpose of making you laugh. The first of them is called Pimple's Million Dollar Mystery, which, although my own tough sides are still intact, is said to be a side-splitter.

In this you will see the great "Pimple" run up by the manager of a big bank to be told that a sensational robbery has taken place. "Pimple," being a famous detective, sets off to track down the criminals, but first deems the occasion important enough to require the services of his celebrated bloodhound, and in fear and trembling his manservant proceeds to unloosen the ferocious beast. It is only a toy, "rom," but no matter.

"Pimple," with his hound, arrives at the bank and creates dismay among the manager and his employees by saying he must search them all. The hound, getting hot on the scent, they soon dis-
cover the house of the criminals. An empty packet of Woodbine is found just outside the door, and, as "Pimple" himself says, "All great criminals smoke Woodbine!" Presently along comes the thief, staggering under the sack containing the million dollars. "Pimple" follows them into the house and, bravely facing the desperadoes, tells them to beware of the dog. Alas! they refuse to be afraid of the tiny, terrible creature, and "Pimple" finds himself at their mercy. But all detectives are brave men, and "Pimple's" courage never deserts him. He offers the man who is left to guard him $5 for his revolver. The temptation is too much. The villain hands over the weapon, and next moment is looking down its barrel, and "Pimple" in shear delight seizes both the man and the dollars.

So far all has gone well, but dirty work is to come. The prisoner makes a leap at a passing train and boards it. The detective hires a motor-car and, dashingly ahead, drops himself on to the roof of the train as it rushes under a bridge. He discovers the whereabouts of the thief, who is looking out of the window for his partner, and, dragging him on to the top of the train, fights his man until he is knocked out. In due course "Pimple" restores the lost treasure to the grateful manager. Imagine the face of brave and clever Detective "Pimple" when he receives his reward—a couple of churchwarden pipes.

A NEW "TITLE" COMPETITION.

Are you good at inventing titles? If so, turn your eyes to the drawing on the opposite page and think of a title which will best describe it. Write your title on a postcard, which should be addressed to "Title," 18, Adam Street, Strand, W.C., and posted before Monday, June 21st.

A bound volume of the Pictures and the "Award of Merit" for the best titles is offered by your one and only

Uncle Tim.

---

**POLL KILLS**

**BUGS**

**FLEAS**

**MOTHs**

**BEETLES**

TINS 1" 3/8" 6" 1/2"
"GEALD" (Wimbledon) — Play.Welling for the 2021 season, by W. Dumble, pres. 31, post free from this office-12, Adam St., Strand, London, would help you a good deal, Gerald.

"Dana" (Edinburgh) — A. W. Lowry played her best in "Ward and Husband," a romantic drama by W. B. Haines. We have sent her love to him, Clemston, and also sent you hers.

"Shankock" (Hitchen) — You voted for Flora Finch in the British Players' Contests. Quite right, Shankock, all in order, and your name has been duly registered. Hope you are going in for the Foreign Players' Contests also.

"Landor" (Cheltenham) — Address: Chrissie White, Co. Hopewell Film Co., Walton-on-Thames. Now that you have given a standing order to your newspaper, you will get it "3-F. and E." regularly every week.

"Funk" (12,281, Ipswich) — Glad to hear from you, brave defender. Yes, John bunny is dead.

"M. N." (Burley) — The Turner Films are all good ones. But why on earth do you "imagine a whole world of agony when you look at Florence Turner?" Thanks for kind wishes.

"Keythor" (Dewsbury) — Try Cousins is not acting at present. Christine White, of Hopewell's, is married. We do know her real name; her pet name is Chrissie White. Charlie Chaplin was born in London. The cast you want is not given.

"Morte" (Walsall) — Address: Postcard Managers, Picturegoer, 13, Adam St., Strand, London. If you had sent your full name and address a postcard list would have been sent you, Morte. We trust you are content, like the girl in the nursery rhyme.

C. C. Doble's "Essell" — With your experience you are doing a splendid job of becoming a cinema player. Try the London Film Co., 25, Margaret's St., Charing Cross, Hopewell Film Co., Walton-on-Thames; B. and C. Co., Walthamstow, and you have our best wishes.

J. S. (Edinburgh) — The photo of your brother as Ford Sterling is excellent, one of the best we have had sent us, and we have had dozens. The list of boys we cannot get.

SMILES (Hastle Ed.) — Address: Charles Chaplin, co. Eustany Co., 1,353, Argyle St., Chicago.

Charles's Advertisement in "The Bride" — There is no harm in writing Charles Chaplin and asking him the question. His address (see above).

"ASHER" (London, N.W.) — You are quite right, Albert — in our view is not so easy as it looks. Yes, Flora Finch is English, and is eligible for our Foreign Players' Contests. Glad you like our present paper, and write us again.

"Kensig" (Denver) — Way out west to write to Chris White is very nice, and we feel sure she would reply to you. Her address is: c/o. Hopewell's Motion, Walton-on-Thames.

"Lily" (Highbury) — We are hoping to have some postcards of Charles Chaplin very shortly, and I'll let our readers know directly they are ready. Good idea to give back numbers to your friends.

E. E. N. (Bolton) — We cannot tell if Ella Hall would answer your letter. Why not try — she won't eat you. Her address is c/o. Universal Film Co., 1,060, Broadway, New York, U.S.A.

"Ladd" (Tedington) — Louise Orth played the only female part in "Green and Geranium" (L.K.O.), "B. O." (Sheffield) — Address: Margaret Fischer, co. Beauty Films Co., American Co., Ltd., 8,227, Broadway, Chicago.

"Interested" (South Norrnpton) — The cast you want is not published; sorry.

"Elise" (Aberdeen) — Glad to welcome you as a reader. If you address Elisabeth Fison to us we will forward your letter. Thanks for crosses = kisses we suppose.

Sarah (Debrett's) — Your little daughter of fourteen is a good one. As she was a few months old she must be quite an authority on films and players. Thank her for her love; kiss her for us, and send her photo as promised.

"Ann Liddle" (Croydon) — A hearty welcome to you. May you always be number one among our supporters! Always pleased to answer your letters, dear girl, to ask them.

"Hilo" (Bromley) — Majestic and Eadie: are both controlled by the New York Motion Pictures Co. The French and American Exhibiting Companies are two separate Companies. Your criticisms have interested us greatly.

"Memorelle" (Birmingham) — We do not think you could get the photos you want anywhere; you might try the Th Yellower Co. 1063, Charing Cross Road, London. We try to be "fearfully good-natured."

WOMAN may be the weaker vessel, but it's generally the man who goes broke.

Rude! — "Here, boy, do you know Brixton?" "Yes, sir; that's where the actors try and live, ain't it?"

Fun at the Pay-box.

OLD LADY: "If I buy a ticket for my dog, is he entitled to a seat?"

CASHIER: "Yes, madam; but he must conform to the rules and keep his feet off the cushions."

A Useful Tip.

THE BRIDE: "If you ever take to smoking cigarettes, I'll leave you."

THE GROOM: "I never cared for them, but they're not hard to smoke, and I'll remember your promise."

A False Alarm.

"That woman over there looks as if she were going to faint."

"Sir, that is my wife!"

"Painted by Raphael, and had just stepped out of the frame."

Never Met.

A clever girl recently wrote this: — I cannot praise our Rector's eyes; I never saw his glance divine; He always shut them when he prays. And when he preaches he shuts mine.

SMILES

More Than He Could Manage.

The motor-bus stopped, and the conductor looked expectantly up the steps. But no one descended.

"Excuse me," he said to a lady on top, "don't you want the Queen's Picture One?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, come down for it. I can't bring it on the 'bus for you."

"HESSEY" (Waterlooville) — With your dramatic experience you stand a better chance of playing for pictures. Write to some of the leading film companies and tell them your qualifications. Personal application is better. Study the advertise columns of the trade papers for cinemaa managers' positions. Talent is required for such a business, and ability for cinemaa management.

"Balden Irene" (Grimsby). — Mary Fuller's "instead of Market." The photographic information is unobtainable. Thanks for photo. Next time, Irene dear, please comply with our rules.

"Dixie" — "Will you have a chance to see some of these people seldom publish casts, we are glad to tell you that we cannot tell who played "BostonBlake," in "Saved from Decision," and "The Good Gentleman."

Yes, we have the photo you sent us, and the Actors' Equity Benevolent Fund. Please reply. Picture postcards of the Editor (autographed if desired) can be had from the Postcard Department, price 2d. each.


* * * Many replies are unsatisfactorily held over.

EDITORIAL MATTERS

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A Modest Request.

"Dear teacher," wrote little Edith's mother, "please excuse Edith for not coming to school yesterday. She fell in the snow. By doing the same you will greatly oblige.

"Her Mother."

Effort to Rise.

FILM STAR: "There's one thing I can say for myself, anyway. I have risen by my own efforts."

His Wife: "Except in the morning. John. I notice that it takes two alarm clocks and all the members of the household to get you up then."

A Tommy to his Pal.

"At that moment round the corner rushed a fat German blighter. So laps over me with hay and sticks him, when up comes Bill,"

"Lemme have a dig at him, Jim."

"Not likely! Go and tell Edith! She's mine!"

"Go an' tell the German of your own."

The "Prop's" Revenge.

At the filming of The Middle Band the heroine, who had called the journeyman woodcutter "Idler" by his real names, was duly hidden in the old cedar chest. Later a frightened producer rushed up to the "props" and whispered, "Gimme the key. The lid of your box is loose."

"Is that woman going to appear any more?" came the reply.

"Yes, as a ghost in the next reel."

"That settles it, muttered "props.""

"I'm going to keep the key."
"SMILING" MYRTLE STEDMAN, Star of the Bosworth Company of America
Some of whose films are handled in this country by Jurys.  (See page 232.)
PICTURES AND THE PICTUROGER

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN has left Essanay. Donald Crisp has joined.

Real money too! Robert Edeson has just fallen heir to £25,000. Not "property" money, mark you.

Lillian Walker has a new motor-car. The waves will not roll over the fair Lillian's tootsies so often as they did.

Will the reader who started the rumour that Charles Chaplin is deaf, dumb, or dead kindly call at our office?

Edward Earle (Edison) has three great hobbies—1. Collecting pipes. 2. Smoking them. 3. Buying (or borrowing) tobacco.

William Wordsworth (Edison) grew real whiskers to play his part in Cohen's Luck. He had nice weather for it; but how these players do suffer!

Thus is the winter of our discontent. Made glorious summer by moving picture-plays!

—Shakespeare Down-to-date.

G. M. Anderson, Charles Chaplin, and Roscoe Arbuckle were recently discovered in a box at a Los Angeles theatre. They had to come out and entertain. Their "turn" lasted forty minutes.

The latest stage star to be captured by the screen: Billie Burke. You remember her, of course? That is if you were playing when she appeared for several seasons in London.

The estate of the late John Banny is said to be £1,666 13s. 6d. Its smallness may surprise many, but that he lived well, spent much, and was of the most generous-hearted disposition is common knowledge to all who knew him.

"Force children to take back seats at picture-theatres," says an authority who claims that no child should be allowed to sit nearer than thirty feet away from the screen. We understand that the kiddies are willing to be forced to take back seats or any other old seats!

Our Cover Picture.

IMAGINE a scowling Kerrigan! That's not nice, we hear you say. But it is nice—it's winning—it's charming, this scowling Kerrigan face. For its dark looks are caused by love (of a tiny maid who weds another), and love doth cause the handsomest of men to scowl. In the end though the Kerrigan face loses its frown. That's because a baby drove the vengeance out of his thoughts. The film illustrated on our cover is The Guardian of the Flock, a Victor drama, to be released on July 22nd.

Great Novel Filmed.

WILIAM J. LOCKE'S skill in plot-making is famous everywhere, and one of the most successful of his many notable novels is The Glory of Clementina Wing. Why do we mention it? Because the Edison Company have filmed this fine romance with Miriam Hesbitt for heroine, and, naturally, this heart-stirring narrative must make one of the special films which we always like to recommend to you.

Likes and Dislikes.

THE Japanese ban any film that encourages crime or ridicules a prominent State official. No film is passed, says the Evening Standard, where a lurid or other criminal gets the better of a policeman. Sweden and Austria dislike firearms in photo-plays, and the Chinese are rather chary of any pictures dealing with Wild West scenes.

In Turkey and the Balkans only war pictures are appreciated at the present moment, though in times of peace the Turk is fond of passionate love-segnes. But, like the Jap, does not approve of kissing, as it is contrary to Ottoman customs. Germany, the land of "kul- tur," condemns films dealing with lusts, poison, and religion.

Cinema Teaches Haymaking.

CAN you make hay? The Army authorities called for recruits, and recently an army of men in silk hats and frock-coats, clerks, shop-assistants, and even ladies, besieged the Board of Agriculture offices, all willing to wire and toss down the bales of hay as they come from the stacks. A film is being prepared showing the whole hay-making business, and despatching it to the Front, and those accepted for service will be able to see "how it is done" before getting actually to work.

Light in our Darkness.

THERE are people to whom the establishment of the picture-theatre is a puzzle. Its rise is as yet so recent, and its presence so formidable a fact that many folk, says the New York Times, are still rubbing their eyes in the belief that they have been the victims of some colossal optical illusion. Among the things which remains obscure to them is the swing both of the growth of the cinema and the degree of prosperity which attends it. As a matter of fact, there is nothing very extraordinary about this. The cinema was, and is, the one thing needful, and it has been seized upon because it satisfies a deep-seated desire on the part of all healthy-minded individuals for something more than the daily round and the nightly sleep.

Italy Ideal for Pictures.

GEORGE KLEINE, the American who was one of the first to import and exploit a big film—namely, Quadrofoglio—has acquired a large estate near Turin. Here, and upon it as a complete producing plant. "I think Italy is the ideal place in which to produce pictures," he said recently. Motion pictures can be made much more cheaply there than here. The Italians seem to get better photography, and I'm sure that their laboratory work is much better because they take more time and pains with it. I had planned to send over one or two American directors and a few American players and fill in their smaller parts with Italian players. Altogether, my Turin studio was a very happy thought until the war, and now it won't go to waste; it is merely a case of suspended action.

A Sixty-Reel Expedition.

THE United Photo-Plays Company, a new concern in America, are nothing if not ambitious. The "Dorsey Expedition" pictures which they have chosen to make their screen-bow to the public cost them over £25,000. The first portion of these, read by Dr. R. A. Dorsey, comprise a series of Japanese scenery, people and "thrills," including for the first time in pictures the actual harpooning of a whale. Dr. Dorsey left Chicago (where it was planned to picture the Orient. Risking great dangers, he has journeyed into out-of-the-way places where white people never before have been. The expedition will be complete in sixty reels.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. Arriving for instruction in wireless telegraphy at Marconi House.
2. Honoring the Brave: Civic reception and presentation to Corporal Fuller, the miner V.C., by his fellow-townsmen at Mansfield.
3. Training our Aviators: Instructing pupils for the Air Services at the Grahame-White Flying School at Hendon.
4. Lady Jellicoe opens a new rifle-range for Naval Boys' Brigade at Leytonstone.
5. Lloyd George during his Munitions campaign in Lancashire reviews the Dockers' Battalion.
6. Wounded at Gallipoli arrive at Cairo, and are attended by the Australian Red Cross.
7. Singing to the Slacker: Novel appeal in Regent Street for recruits for the 12th London Regiment.
THE moon flooded the countryside with a radiance that was as much as could be expected, and the old lady's eyes followed the shadows under the trees. She stood at the window, feeling that life was too beautiful to be denied her. She could not bring herself to believe that anything could be more beautiful than the fresh spring sunlight that filtered through the trees onto the ground below. She closed her eyes and let the warmth of the day包围 her, feeling alive and well for the first time in a long while.

"You know I love you, Nell," she whispered passionately. With a half-stilled sob the girl turned her face to her. "Of course I do, but..."

"But," the girl interrupted testily, "are you going to let that word stand between us and the happiness that is our birthright—are you going to let madness and grief decide your future? Dearest," he continued, hastily changing his tone as she tried to withdraw her hand, "why won't you trust yourself to me? Come with me to the great city and take up the position you were born to hold. A clergyman friend of mine will make us man and wife, and then you shall be a lady.

"A lady and—your wife?" she whispered softly.

"My wife! Oh yes—a sardonic smile twitched his lips, but the shadows hid it from her loving eyes.

Nell's heart beat furiously as she slipped her arm around her and drew her to him. Here at last was the romance she had so often dreamed of, but a better one than ever she had dared to imagine; for had not this brave knight come from a distant city in the fashion of a hero of the golden ages and stooped to woo and win her; but, unlike many of the aforesaid legends, he was her own. Only two volumes had read in the old volume which constituted most of the library in her farmhouse-home, he had claimed her for his own for all time—his wife!

"Give me your answer, sweetheart," Arthur Harding pleaded; "time is short, and I must leave for the city at once on a matter of business that cannot wait. Dear, we must either go together or say 'good-bye' now." 'Good-bye!' Tears blinded her beautiful grey eyes as she clung to him. "That, my life—not that. I will come with you, Arthur—I will be your wife. Only you must be very good to me, for I leave everything else I love behind."

Harding's eyes grew misty with a sinister triumph as he looked down on the fair head of the girl, whose burning face was buried on his shoulder.

"Good to you!" he whispered, softly. "Why of course I will be. And, dearest, don't talk of leaving things behind," he added, striking a chord which he knew would be responsive. "Of course, the old folk will be a bit upset at first; but very soon they'll see things even as we do; then we'll return, hand in hand, for their blessing—and the future will be just as bright as love and marriage bells can make it," he added, winking at the moon.

Her last shred of opposition carried away by the seeming honesty of his declarations, Nell crept closer to him, while he swiftly outlined the plans for their elopement. After many repetitions of their vows, she sped away to the humble home she was so soon to render desolate, while he strode off laughing lightly to the village call-office, there to send a message to a disreputable actor friend, who waited in a thirteenth-rate saloon for his cue to enter the tragedy.

I wish I knew, aye, I wish I did; but I can't see past that point," he answered, shaking his head. "Tis that which worries me, and I can't get it off my mind." Mrs. Gordon snorted. "A dream—balderdash!

"Aye, Mother—and a dream that didn't finish. You see I woke before I could find the wee thing and bring it safely to the fold again. Aye, I think of lambs and woke before I could find it again. Maybe, 'tis a warning."

Rising, he wrapped his stout scarf around his throat and took up the "barometer." "Why, Daddy," Nell cried, "surely you're not going out again to-night?" "And why not, my lass? 'Tis a shepherd I am, and paid to mind, aye, to guard my flock. It's my past to-day, and I can't go back to his old theme; "Tis my dream that worries me, girl; I can't but think it was anything but a warning of some threatened evil.

Whose histories she had read, and she was of tender age, he was of tender age, as he entered the kitchen, "'tis light these two hours gone, lass—and breakfast not ready yet!

"Is it really, Jacob," his wife answered softly, "and but waits eating? She went to the bottom of the stairs. "Lord's sake, what keeps the little lass a-bed so late this morning?"

Old Jacob laughed. "Have her out, old girl, have her out."

"That I will, Nell! Nellie!"

No answer came to the ringing call, and with a muttered imprecation on the
The man of modest ways, Esther Gordon mounted the stairs to drag the laggard from between the sheets, while in the kitchen the old man waited, chuckling delightedly at the difference between "then and now." But suddenly the laughter died on his lips, and with an exclamation of alarm he sprang to his feet and followed his wife upstairs.

"Why, bless my soul," he exclaimed, entering the bedroom and ragged number of the constituted Nell's own private domain. "What'samiss?"

With a heartbroken sob, Mrs. Gordon lifted her tear-stained face and handed him the hastily-written note she had discovered.

"Dear parents," the old man read, "I have gone to the city. Forgive and forget me, Nell."

"No!" he exclaimed, as though turned to stone, then he rapped out a furious oath.

"By heaven," he cried, "but this is some foul villain's doing—but, maybe, it's not too late to save her from herself." Throwing back his old head determinedly, he strode to the door, but as he reached the threshold Esther caught at his arm. "Jacob, what would you do?"

"Do?" he echoed sternly, "why, my duty, wife. I'm away to the great city bound to find our Nell and bring her back. Aye, I'm going to trace my husband, and please Almighty, I'll bring her back to the fold—as worthy to be your daughter, lass, as when she left."

Swiftly the racing automobile sped through the silent night, while Nell crouched back against the luxurious cushioning, half repenting the step she had taken, but more than ever in love with the man who sat at the driving-wheel, and whose handsome face caught a glimpse of new life and again in the flashing light.

Once they stopped in their flight for a fresh supply of petrol and, for just a moment, as they waited beside the car, she clung to him.

"You do love me, don't you, Arthur?" she whispered, faltering over his name."

"Arthur Harding laughed. "Why, of course—do you think eloquence of this kind are my especial hobby? Come, jump in—we're behind time, and my parson friend won't thank us for keeping him waiting all night."

Again the car sped on its way, and soon the rows of hedges gave way to the bricks and mortar of residential villa-land, which in their turn gave place to the heavily-curtained mansions of the rich. Through the gates which led to one of these Harding drove the car, and, springing from his seat, assisted Nell to alight.

"By jove," he exclaimed triumphantly.

"Only a few minutes now, sweetheart, and you will be mine."

A manservant, who stood respectfully aside to let the country girl pass, threw open the shriving door, and, trying vainly to conquer the mad beating of her heart, Nell followed her lover into a room the like of which she had never seen before. The door closed on them, and with a gay laugh he turned to take her in his arms, but she shrank back in affright.

"Not yet, dear—not yet."

"As you will, my dear," he answered carelessly. Then, as voices sounded in the hall, he turned to the door. "Hullo, Nell, here's our man. Perhaps, Nell, you won't refuse to kiss me when he's done the necessary praying and taken his departure."

"Mr. Septimus Moore!"

Again the door swung open and a man entered, closing it carefully behind him. A moment later Nell found herself being introduced to him, and, almost before she knew what was happening, she stood before the newcomer, holding her lover's hand. As in a dream she heard the sentences of the marriage ceremony as the strange, unreel service proceeded. As in a dream she felt her lover slip the plain gold band upon her finger; but just as his lips were about to declare the villian and his victim man and wife the clergyman swayed, and fell forward in a faint.

"What the hell!" Harding checked himself as he found Nell's dark eyes on him. "Poor old chap," he continued, keeping the rest of his original remark for the patient's private ear. "I'm afraid he works too hard. I've often warned him of it. You stay here; little woman, while I find some brandy."

He left the room, and Nell bent over the prostrate figure of the clergyman. Then, slowly, the sunken eyes opened and looked into hers without recognition, but as a knowledge of the scene in which he played so prominent a part came back to him he struggled to his feet and grasped her wrist.

"Tell me," he whispered hoarsely, "are you a good girl?"

Nell bent beneath the question. "I don't know what you mean."

"No, no! As before; heaven I don't believe you do," he cried, and praying to the Almighty, girl, that you never will. You think I'm a clergyman, don't you? Well, I'm not; I'm an actor, and paid by your lover to assist him in this, the prologue of your ruin."

She shrank from him in nameless terror, only half-understanding the hectic meaning of his words. "Oh!

"I am speaking the truth, I tell you," he went on haughtily. "God! do you think this is a place for publishing my degradation. Go, girl, and go quickly, lest the morning finds you a broken-hearted woman without hope in this world or the next.

With a rush he bent to thrust her hat into her hands and pushed her from the room; then he sunk back into the chair as Harding returned.

"Here we are," he began lightly. "Then, as he noticed Nell's absence. "Why, where is the devil is the girl?"

The pseudo-parson staggered to his feet. "Gone, and, please heaven, safe from you."

"What?" Harding roared, "what the devil do you mean, you drink-demented fool? This is no time for joking."

"Precisely what I thought," the actor answered calmly; "that is why I told you to get out of this hell before further harm came to her."

The defeated libertine raved. "You infamal fool," he cried, "what do you think I pay you for?"

"Tell me for."

" Who do you think you're talking to?"

"To you, your ungrateful dog! Harding answered, stamping about the room, you whom I've fed and clothed; you whom I knew I could pick out from a dozen wasters in a dozen bars, for any work I wanted you to do."

"You're wrong. Even a dead-beat may remember that he was once a man."

"Balk!"

With a sudden spring the actor was beside him, the pent-up fury of years spent in subservience to such men as Harding blazing in his haggard eyes.

"Cut that out," he cried hoarsely, "or, by the Lord, I'll smash you; yes, I'll pound you into dust! You think because you've bought me drinks and allowed me to dawdle on the links that fell from your table that you've bought me body and soul, but you're mistaken."

"I paid you for—"

"You did not pay me to help you trap and ruin a decent girl."

"You were keen enough on taking the money though."

The actor winced. "True—but, thank God, I realised in time all it meant to her and to her old folks. Now, Mr. Harding, I'll bid you good-night and 'good-bye.'"

"You'll be sorry for this, my man. I have power, and I'll use it. I'll hound you from every theatre, club, and tavern in this city."

"Do so," the actor answered as he strode to the door, "but there's one thing you can't do, with all your money and use of the knowledge that I've done the best to keep, aye, the cleanest deed of my life to-day."

He passed out of the room, slamming the door behind him, and, left alone, Arthur Harding bitterly cursed the unfortunate incident that had spoilt the finale of his holiday idyll.

"Never mind," he muttered, as he hastily donned his overcoat; "she can't have gone far, and the money that buys everything in this city will surely find
her for me, then' he chuckled as imagination conjured up the ultimate success of his bardic plot—'she will not have that white-livered, drunken fool to protect her, and it will be an easy matter to employ those who will compel her to yield to me. Afterwards I'll pay her fare home, or he can go to the dance for all I care.'

Meanwhile Nell fled horror-stricken from the scene of her intended degradation. Whether her feet took her she did not know, and it was not until she might draw on once more, she was compelled by sheer exhaustion to rest awhile upon a seat in an open space, but even there she was not free from terror, for when the lowest-class saloons closed she quickly discovered that she was not the only homeless one, and she shrank in fear and disgust as the coarse language of her companions fell upon her ears.

Again he tried to celebrate upon her shoulder, and, starting up, she looked into the placid face of a young woman who wore the familiar peak-homlet of the Salvation Army.

"Have you a younger sister, miss, the woman asked gently. "Have you no home, no friends?"

For a moment poor Nell's heart warmed at the kindly words, then the memory of another voice that had spoken to her just as kindly came to her, and with a shudder she turned away. Half unconsciously she heard another voice chime in with that of the Salvation lassie; then she heard the snuffling of weary feet, and, looking up, found that she was alone.

Again her head sank miserably upon her shoulder, and she began to flow anew as she thought of her position, with no home to go to, no friends, no money.

"So my pretty bird, you thought you'd give me the slip, eh? A voice sounded in her ear, and looking up she saw the mocking face of Arthur Harding. "Upon my word, if you really wanted to hide yourself, you should have gone farther afield.

With a laugh he tried to draw her toward him but, in a panic, she thrust him away.

"Oh, please, please let me alone," she sobbed, "To die of cold in the park. Not likely, you're far too pretty for that; besides, I had the expense of bringing you here, and I want paying back."

And then, before he knew, with a strength born of mortal fear, she sprang to her feet and forced him away.

"You beast!"

"He, what an ugly word for such pretty lips," he jeered. "Come, don't be a little fool. Nell. You know well enough why I brought you here. The bogus marriage ceremony was only a sop to your conscience. a chance to let you rub the beads which have been wasted on you. Effectively. Come," he continued, "don't act like a fool; there's been quite enough of that in the past twenty-four hours. Give me a kiss and come home like a good girl.

"Never!"

"You won't, eh? By jove, you'll be glad enough to come to me on any terms before you've been in this city long."

What the deuce do you think a friendless girl like you can—"

"She is not friendless—"

With a volley of oaths Harding swung round to meet the calm eyes of the Salvation lassie, who had returned unnoticed.

"What the —— do you want here?" he shouted furiously."

"That'll do, mister," another and anything but gentle voice chipped in, and he found himself confronted by a stalwart patrolman. "Get—get mister, while you've got the chance."

Harding realized that the odds were dead against him, and without even a look at his poor dupe or another word he hurried out of the park.

The patrolman looked after his retreating figure for some seconds as though, for some mysterious reason, he regretted his hasty departure; then he returned to the two girls with a laugh.

"Beckon I did wrong to let that 'washout' quit so easy," he said, "but never mind, maybe he's chewed his lesson. And you, missie—you get off now with Sister Maggie here. I guess she'll show you a softer path than the one you've been on."

Taking Nell by the hand, she drew her gently away while whispering words of comfort and encouragement, until at last the runaway's suspicions were quieted, and she burst into a flood of tears and incoherent words, from the midst of which the experienced worker gained some knowledge of the truth.

"The old, old story," she said sadly, "just thank Heaven, this time, a happy ending is in sight."

Throughout the night she kept Nell with her, and in the morning led her to the Mission-hall. At first her guest looked round in surprise at the burst of music which fell upon her ears, and her eyes filled with tears as the rough voices of the congregation bade her welcome to their midst. Then she heard a sudden commotion in the hall, and turning, saw a tired and wan woman, who ran down the aisle to meet her.

"Nell!—Nell, my little lass!"

"Father."

In another second she was in his arms and weeping unrestrainedly, while the hulking man again and again with the hymn of praise that greeted the reunion.

Slowly old Jacob Gordon raised her tear-stained face and looked long and anxiously into it; then he turned to the Missioner, who had hurried to his side.

"Praise the Lord, sir," he said, brokenly, "for her eyes tell me that all is well."

Taking Nell in his arms, he led her to safety through the perils of the night—back into the fold."

"Tricked is a two-reel drama, rich in story and humor in its telling. The photographic quality of this film excels by far anything Selig has yet done; many of the scenes appear to be stereoscopic. Kathryn Williams as the tricked girl, Helen Clay, Frank Clark as Jacob, and Eugene Besserer as the Mother. Released July 8th.

LARGEST SALARY FOR PICTURES

Nearly Ten Shillings a Minute to Act.

The most important engagement for the screen is the one announced by the Lasky Feature Play Company.

The artiste is Geraldine Farrar, the well-known star of the Metropolitan Opera House, who will have received the largest salary ever paid an artiste to pose for pictures, the amount aggregating nearly ten shillings a minute for the time she will actually appear before the cameras.

This engagement, which is the result of seven months of labour, has been arranged by Morris Gest, representing the diva, and Samuel Goldfish, representing the Lasky Company. Negotiations were in progress practically throughout the Grand Opera season, and were consummated the day after Miss Farrar's farewell for the season at the Metropolitan, when thousands of admirers cheered her for more than an hour.

Miss Farrar, we understand, left for California on June 15th, and will make the trip to the Pacific coast in especial car which has been arranged for by the Lasky Company. She will be accompanied by her father and mother, Mr. Gest (her manager), and Mrs. Gest, the daughter of Daniel jelly, who was also helped to bring about the contract, and by four maids and her special hairdresser.

The contract between the Lasky Company and Miss Farrar, by arrangement with Mr. Gest, covers a period of several seasons. Miss Farrar will spend exactly eight weeks working for the Lasky Company this season, and it is assumed that during that period she will appear in three, and possibly four, productions.

THE LOST LAMB RETURNED TO THE FOLD.
TWO MORE STARS FOR THE SCREEN

THE two latest stage captures for the screen are of unusual importance. Both were made by the Oliver-Morocco Photoplay Company, whose Studios at Los Angeles are becoming increasingly active.

Mr. and Mrs. the re pair is Maud Allan, who shares with her bosom friend, Pavlova, the leadership in modern classical dancing. She is an immense favourite in London, not only for her natural genius, but also because of her popularity with the late King and the present Queen-Mother.

Her hold upon the Royal favour largely came about through a little act of graciousness of her own. During the dancer’s first appearance in Paris, where her offerings received an historic ovation, she was asked by Miss Yvette Guilbert to dance at a charity matinee which the latter was organising at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt.

Complying gladly, with little thought of the good fortune in store. Miss Allan in due time received an introduction to the Princess Marnat and Mrs. Hall-Walker, both noted favourites in Court circles, who took a strong liking to the young American girl, and who at once made themselves instrumental in securing her the honour of a “command” to dance before the late King Edward.

The dancer’s presentations so captivated his Majesty that he took a personal interest in her forthcoming London debut, and when through his influence she received a second “command” to dance before both the late King and Queen Alexandra after a dinner in their honour by the Earl and Countess of Dudley, the fortune of Maud Allan was made in Great Britain.

Prior to her London appearance Miss Allan scored wonderful success in other European cities. In Vienna the pretty dancer became famous over night. In Brussels the verdict of Vienna was confirmed even more warmly, and word of it spread like wildfire over the Continent. A triumphant tour of cities of Germany, Switzerland, and Austria-Hungary followed. At Belgrade she gave four recitals, and Budapest proved a hotheated enthusiasm. When she reached Paris, a little on its mettle at having lost a prop last the great capital quickly forgave her in the spontaneous Gallic manner, and accepted her art with an enthusiasm that knew no bounds. Her engagement at the Paris Opera is the first of the traditions in the history of the stage of that noted theatre.

Miss Allan is now at work on her initial motion picture subject, The Roy "Mande," is no less a stage star than Cyril Mande, whose dramatic triumphs have made him equally popular on both sides of the Atlantic.

Cyril Mande’s career has been unusually active. Though born in London, his first appearance on the stage was in Denver, Colorado, as the servant in East Lynne, after which he returned to England, and appeared for the first time at the Criterion Theatre, Realising the possibilities in Mr. Mande, a noted theatrical manager starred him as Sir Benjamin Backlate in The School for Scandal. He next toured the United States as Squire Chivery in David Garrick, later entering into partnership with Frederick Harrison at the Haymarket Theatre.

The gentleman of the pair, the other London, the association lasting until 1915. During this period he produced, and was starred in many successes, among which are: The Little Minister, The Manxmen of June, She Stays to Conquer, and The Second in Command.

While in Europe, George Tyler, the theatrical manager, secured Mr. Mande to appear in America again.

The film for Mr. Mande has not yet been selected, but it will no doubt be one of his biggest successes.

EXCITING STORIES OF THE PLAYERS

On a rainy day I happened to wander into the Vitagraph yard for material for a story (for which I return the Motion Picture Magazine). I met Bill Shay, and he suggested going over to the Club.

“Oh, Bill,” said Earl Williams, “come here and settle an argument.”

“We are telling our most exciting experiences, and want you to be the judge as to the best,” explained Costello.

Bill, filling his pipe, settled down with the air of a martyr.

“We were out travelling in—began Jackays.

“I in first,” spoke up Costello.

“I think we were thirty seconds I ever spent in my life when I was doing a scene where I was supposed to be tied to a railroad track and fast get free in time to escape. Deon was supposed to be the engineer, while the real engineer was hiding in the engine cab. In my pretended struggle to loosen my bonds, I really tugged at the rope. The director saw that something was wrong, called to Deon to stop the engine. He had forgotten how he yelled to the engineer, who had, for some reason, fainted, and, instead of closing the throttle, he jerked it wide open. The rope broke down on me, and I had barely time to wriggle off the track. As it was, the engineer hit my heel, and I was lame for a month.”

“When I was ——” began Jackays.

“Shut up,” said Money, “I’m in next. When I was playing in A Million Bid it was during the shipwreck scene that my most exciting experience happened. I was supposed to float out of the cabin of the sunken yacht and up to the surface on a pile of wreckage. To get the right effect I was submerged, tied to the raft, and when the supports were taken away I was tossed upon the raft. I took a deep breath and was submerged. The raft made a disturbance in the water, and the director had to wait till the water was perfectly clear. I was under the water. Unable to hold my breath any longer I emptied my lungs and immediately began to sink. Then I got conscious, and was half drowned when the raft finally came to the surface. I was pulled off and revived, but—never again!”

“When I was travelling in—” insisted Jackays again.

“Order in the court!” said Bill Shay.

“The judge has decided that Mr. Costello and Mr. Money have run a dead heat.”
Players and People in Pictures

WINIFRED GREENWOOD

in a coming "Flying A" Feature—

A Film "Father."

A. TURNER, the actor who makes the character of the father in The En pie so gnomesomely realistic, has great ability as a character lead in strong dramatic parts, though he can play an animable role quite as effectively as a repulsive one. Turner was born in Boston, and there he got his early experience on the stage. His motion picture experience has been chiefly under D. W. Griffith. Turner is famous for having "fathered" in films more attractive young photo-play actresses at the "Mutual" studios than any veteran lead at Hollywood.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

HARRY TODD'S appearance as a black face comedian in the Essanay comedy A Coat Tale at once won him an offer from a minstrel show manager to go on the stage in that character. This was a new role for Todd, but he carried it off with such excellence that it kept the audiences in rapt laughter, and attracted the attention of managers on the lookout for new talent. Todd sent his thanks, but regretted that he must decline the offer.

"I have become wedded to photo-comedies, and do not care to get a divorce," said that comedian. "I not only prefer the work to the stage, but I am too fond of the home life I now have to give it up to go racing round the country."

Harry narrowly escaped the hand of the law when he recently fed a horse with liquor for another Essanay play. A Horse of Another Colour, in order to prevent his rival from taking his sweet heart out riding. After its "drink" the horse laid down in the shafts and refused to budge, and when it was finally hoisted to its feet it walked like a chicken with its head off. Then the authorities arrived, and Todd had to explain that it was "only a picture."

Taming a Lioness.

PERHAPS the most intensely interesting scenes filmed at the Universal City Zoo are those in which Posie, the Trans-Atlantic man-killing lioness, who is regarded as one of the most ferocious lionesses in captivity, takes part. She has one man to her credit, and several others will bear to their graves scars that were earned in encounters with her.

Knowing this to be true, Rex Roselli, in the capacity of animal trainer, not only enters her cage and strokes her soft coat, but he goes so far as to take from her one of her whelps every day in order to subdue that most fierce of all animal passions within her—motherly love.

Henry McRae, the "101 Bison" director, recently dug a hole in the ground and set a net for the lions. Then, in another cage, separated from the first one by a small board partition, a camera was placed. The camera on the ground above, of course, caught the lioness as she rushed into the trap, and as she fell the camera below caught her dropping into the net and struggling to get away. Roaring, scratching, clawing, and biting at the entangling meshes, she threshed about in their clutch in a frantic effort to escape. But every motion was caught by the camera at work on the other side of the partition.

He Needs No Make-up.

As we stated last week, Willie Clarken, the star of costume, has made his début before the cold, relentless eye of the cinematograph camera. He figured as himself, for he cannot disguise himself. Mr. Clarkson is the only man who is proof against Mr. Clarkson's art. The other day a motor stopped before the house of wigs, paint, and masks in Wardour Street, and almost before I knew it they had my head down at Croydon acting in a Shakespeare burlesque," he told an interviewer. It is a Cricks and Martin film (handled by Davisons) in which Willie is depicted in the act of making-up the members of the Medford Amateur Dramatic Society for the performance of Romeo and Juliet, displaying the wigs and trying them on, producing costumes and handing them round, and operating upon the facial characteristics of the company.

Whether Mr. Clarkson will appear in more films or not remains to be seen. He thinks a funny film could be made of his experiences painting on black eyes. "Once I made a bride presentable for the wedding," he explained, "by successfully obscuring a lovely 'pair' she didn't want to take to church with her. She said she had been walking down the street where some boys were throwing stones, and one caught her on the bridge of the nose, but I had my doubts." The genial Willie smiled. "I don't think I could play any other part than myself," he continued, "and I don't mean to try. People know me so well that they seem to recognize me everywhere."

"Smiling Myrtle."

So called because she is always smiling, Myrtle Stedman, whose portrait forms our frontispiece, is leading lady at the studio of the Buc- work Company at Los Angeles, a great favourite among American producers and certain to be one, as soon as she is better known in this country.

Asked why she became a photo-player, Myrtle replied, "Because I wanted the new experience, and also because Otis Turner, then with the Selig Company, wanted me. I am naturally a home body, and was tired of covering long distances, tired of hotel life, and desired the companionship of my own people. I paid all this before my friend Jack Gilmore, the head of my company, which I attended, and he told me that Director Otis Turner wanted a lead who could both ride and act well. He did more than this—he smoothed the way with a personal introduction, and I was engaged, and have stuck to acting before the camera ever since, and would do anything else. I still do a good deal of singing professionally, and have no intention of dropping it."

Asked where her engagements as an operatic star served to advance her work on the screen, Miss Stedman replied:—"Being able to sing, and having sung in opera, gives one control of the throat and mouth, and the expression of the lips, which seems to be a small thing, but
there is a lot to be expressed with one's mouth, and a set smile becomes monotonous. The experience also gives one poise and the necessary self-possession. In fact any stage training is not to be despised."

Whilst preparing for the next Bosworth production, her garden is claiming all Myrtle's attention, and she is wearing out a rake and making a spade-work overtime. It pays in her country too, for you can plant things one week and pick flowers from them the next. Exaggeration? Yes; but not so much at that.

**Her own modiste.**

When it rains in California time hangs heavy on the players, who must have sunshine to produce the pictures. It is interesting to note the different ways in which they occupy their spare time.

One rainy day a visit to the home of Bessie Eyton, the Selig star, revealed an accomplishment hitherto unknown about that popular young lady. She was designing and making her own clothes. The visitors were surprised, and on questioning her, Miss Eyton proudly stated that she has always been her own modiste, and that all of the beautiful gowns in which she has appeared on the screen were her own handiwork.

To the thousands of picture-goers who have seen her in the pictures in which she frequently appears beautifully gowned this will be a great surprise.

On the day mentioned Miss Eyton stated that she was to be cast in a film-production in which she played the part of a rich society girl. This part necessitated eight distinct changes of costume, all of which she was designing and making herself.

**A "Jonah" Production.**

At the Majestic Studio, How Hazel God. Ever a comedy drama featuring Dorothy Gish, is regarded as a "Jonah." Donald Crisp started the production two months ago, and became ill a few days later. George Siegmann succeeded Crisp during the latter's illness. On the second day, under Siegmann's direction, Dorothy Gish was struck and injured by a motor-car. She was confined to her home for more than a month. Upon Miss Dorothy's recovery Siegmann again started to

finish the picture. Two days later Siegmann was bitten by a dog, and work ceased again for several days. When Siegmann had recovered sufficiently to appear at the studio, it was found that "Teddy" Sampson, who has a prominent part in the picture, was sick. Another two days' delay. Then several hundred feet of film were lost, which necessitated several retakes. Now the final scenes have been taken, and it ought to be a winner after all the trouble it has caused.

**The Rise of Mae Marsh.**

Mae Marsh, whose spectacular rise to the front rank of motion-picture actresses is attributed to the training of D. W. Griffith, is possessed of natural capacities of a pre-eminent order, according to Mr. Griffith himself. "If I have done anything," the director says, "I have shown this remarkable girl how to get the best out of the unusual talent which is hers. To-day she is perhaps the best we have. But she owes her success as much to her own perseverance and determination as to any other quality." Miss Marsh's star has been rising since the production a year ago of The Escape. Her two

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**Our Cinematographic Cartoons. No. 40: ISN'T IT REMARKABLE**

**THAT PROFESSOR PIECAN WILL RISK HIS LIFE IN TAKING PICTURES LIKE THIS**

**WILL VENTURE INTO PERILOUS POSITIONS FOR THE SAKE OF MOUNTAIN SCENERY**

**WILL PUT UP WITH ALL THIS IN ORDER TO OBTAIN WAR PICTURES**

**BUT IN A LITTLE DOMESTIC ARGUMENT WITH THE WIFE — HE CANNOT BE NUMBERED AMONG THE HEROES**
"OH WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY TO-NIGHT?"
Miriam Nesbitt and Marc McDermott in a popular Edison subject.

Famous Old Song Filmed.
AMONG the films now showing and worthy of your special attention is the Edison Company's drama "Oh Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?" embodying that song of fondest memory which stirs the emotions and pulls at the heart-strings. It depicts the eternal triangle of love—mother, son, and wife. Though all three are separated from one another and years have stretched their weary lengths between, the story culminates when destiny, like a bird, unfolds its wings and gathers in its young.

We understand that both the preparation of the scenario and the pro-
duction of the play were entrusted to John Collins, whose rise into the front rank of producers has been phenomenal. The distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Collins' productions is the wonderful attention to which each detail is worked out. This gives the impression that it is actual life itself, and not merely a play.
The fact that our old favourites Miriam Nesbitt and Marc McDermott are playing the principal parts will give a keener edge to the pleasure which all must experience when seeing the film.

Beery is Drowned and Buried.
WALLACE BEERY says he knows just how it feels to be drowned and to be buried alive. In the Essanay comedy "Done in Water" he is nailed into a box and hauled into the lake. A rope was attached to the box for the purpose of pulling Beery out after the scene had been taken. But the rope slipped off and poor Beery sank to the bottom, nailed tight in his box. The box was finally fished out before he had gone to the happy hunting-grounds, but, said Beery, "I don't like the feelings of drowning and burial combined."

Taken for a Mexican.
A n unconscious tribute to Warren Kerrigan's make-up in "The Guardian of the Flock" was paid him recently when two Mexicans from the Jumma approached him. Kerrigan was costumed as a sheep-herder. In order to secure the proper atmosphere a number of Mexicans were picked up in Los Angeles' "Sonortown" to form a background.
Upon arriving at the chosen location Kerrigan stood waiting on the outskirts of the crowd until he might be needed in the picture, when two Mexicans sidled up to him.
"De que parte de Mexico viene V., señor?" ("From what part of Mexico do you come, sir?")
Like most men who have spent some time in Southern California or along the Mexican border, Mr. Kerrigan understands a good deal of Spanish, even if he does not speak it fluently. Hiding a smile, he answered as well as he could, "From Guadalajara."
"What did I tell you?" bragged the first Mexican to the second, "I knew him at once from his build."
Just then a call from the Director interrupted the conversation, which sooner or later must have exposed the player's joke. Mr. Kerrigan, far from being a Mexican, is of Irish descent. Three flocks of sheep—nearly one thousand five hundred woolly little creatures—took part in the film and were herded together with difficulty.

The Order of the Boot.
A trooper writing home says:—"One of the Germans at this camp started to play a cornet. I promptly hurled a boot at him. Thus we have the lines:—
In blowing his cornet to bits,
This German played musical skits,
But a boot hit his ear,
And he shouted out "Here."
Just throw over the other—this fits."
**OUR LETTER-BAG**

Selected from hundreds every week.

It Helps the Picturegoer.

"Amongst all the papers I read I don't think there is one interest me more than Pictures. I look forward most eagerly to the publishing day. Before I read your paper I did not go to the pictures very often, but now I take in your book. I go two or three times a week, for I find them doubly interesting. I am beginning to recognise a lot of the actors and actresses through your precious little paper too."  

WINFRED (Camberwell).

A Staunch Picturegoer

"Some time ago you published a record sent by a reader of the number of times he had attended cinemas and the number of pictures he had seen. Here is my record (for one year). Number of pictures seen: 76. Number of visits to cinemas: 140. Although this may not beat the record, it would be interesting to know some of your other readers' records. By the way, I am not in any way connected with a cinema as attendant or in any such duty, but have paid for every visit."  

V. C. H. (Cardiff).

The Sort We Like.

"Just a little note of congratulation: I suppose these are showered upon you, I was wondering how Pictures would go in my little place here, so I put a dozen last week from a friend with whom I work in conjunction, and—would you believe it—they went like hot cakes. So my friend is ordering ten dozen each week for me with his order. Have you a nice slide to advertise the paper? I have put an ordinary one out, but if you have a special one, please send it. I must say my patrons like the paper."

M. A. M. (The Cinema, Portobello).

A 'Loose Shave for Our Artist.

"You doubtless read about the raid last Wednesday. Well, I had a very narrow escape, as a bomb fell within six yards of where I stood, I saw the Zeppelin quite distinctly, and also saw two other bombs fall beside the one that dropped so close to me. It had been an explosive bomb, it would have been all up with me, but luckily it was an incendiary one. We are always expecting them at night now, and hardly ever sleep until the morning."

Allan Morley (Essex).

[Mr. Morley, who is on our staff, is the contributor of many of the cartoons which appear in our pages.—Editor.]

A 'Hair Cut' in One Reel!

"Perhaps you could let me know the name of a manager who would give me a chance to prove my skill at the job. The Picture of interest is myself cutting out my own hair with scissors and comb to finish off, with razor. I have cut my own hair for 15 years and have grown a Stock for the Purpose before applying for the Chance to act as Character on the Film. Do you see my meaning? After reading this you will see I am not afraid of letting anybody know as I know it cannot be done by any as I know of, any one person in the World with out Practice and that they would forget what they learnt before they grew enough to have another Practice trial. My Idea could be worked as Character in many different pieces but one at a time. And of course at intervals. As one would require to grow a Stock of Hair for Each Picture play. Now I think I have told you all."

C. H. S. (Brightlingsea).

OF COURSE YOU ARE VOTING!

Another Free Coupon on p. 219.

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**ANDERSON (Broncho Billy) and CHARLES CHAPLIN**

in a wonderful one-reel DRAMA

**‘HIS REGENERATION’**

It is serious drama—but life, too, is a serious matter, yet contains much humour. Chaplin supplies the comedy and Anderson stars in the dramatic episodes.

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THE rollicking adventures of an unsophisticated country girl (Marie Dressler) who, on a holiday, is picked up by a sharp ’un (Charles Chaplin), Tillie makes the most of the fact that she is niece to Banks, a well-known millionaire, and Chaplin, with an axe to grind, makes the most of Tillie, though he has already a girl (Mabel Normand). Tillie, "turned out" by her uncle, secures a situation as waitress. Charlie reads of uncle’s death, drags Tillie from the restaurant and marries her. They take up their abode in uncle’s mansion, and make things hum with balls and similar functions. But there is the devil to pay when Mabel turns up as a waiting maid and is followed by the appearance of uncle, who is not dead after all. Charlie and Tillie are utterly discomfited, and Charlie, with true manly infidelity, again turns his attentions to Mabel.

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"Good as a play—better as a film."

A "star" cast played for the camera when producing M. G. Trarieux' play.

THE ALIBI

It makes a splendid three-reel dramatic picture and every good theatre will screen it shortly. Further, particulars next issue.

PICTURES AND THE PICTU'REGOER

THE TRAGIC HOUR

Adapted from the Film

BY MILICENT BRISTOWE.

In a dingy, badly-lighted room sat a young woman. Her face was pale and her eyes red with crying. Gabriel Heyman, her beloved husband, had lingered for three weeks past between life and death in the bed on the other side of the curtain. She divided her days between them. Unhappily she had watched through her husband’s side night and day, and yet the doctor, who had just left the house, gave her no hope of his recovery.

"What should I do if he did die?" she asked herself. A few calls from the other side of the room, "Lucile!" Many times these last few weeks she had called her in just the same way, and always had she feared to go near him in case it might be his last call.

"I'm coming, dear," she said softly, as choking down the lump rose in her throat, she tripped lightly to her husband's side.

"Darling," he whispered, as he clasped her tiny hand in his,

"I am going to get well, just for your dear sake. I'm going to make myself famous. Others have made a name with their music, why should not I?"

"It would be lovely, dear," replied Lucile, with a tiny effort at hopefulness.

Lucile sat stitching at a half-finished garment. It was the same room, but three months later, and Lucile herself was brighter. As footsteps were heard coming up the stairs, she rose, and, running to the door, opened it to admit her husband. Gabriel, though still looking thin and pale, walked briskly into the room.

"Wife, dear, I've found success at last," he cried.

"Oh! Gab, tell me all about it quickly."

"I went to Philippe Leroux, and took this piece of music which other publishers have refused, and I am to make a few alterations and take it to him again to-morrow."

"You lucky boy! Can it really be true?" gasped Lucile, and she danced joyously round the room.

The Coming of Success.

A crowded open-house—crowded with all the celebrities which Paris could produce, for the first performance of a new ballet. It promised to be more than an ordinary success, for Marise Lhery, the famous dancer, was to once more smile down from behind the footlights on a spluttering audience in a new guise of dance and music. At the end of "The Sphinx," and what was still more promising, Gabriel Heyman, the new composer, had arranged the music. His fame had sprung up like a mushroom, and all Gabriel was talking about him. As the opening strains of the ballet floated out into the new, darkened theatre, all eyes were turned to the box where sat Gabriel and his wife.

Looking down on the sea of faces, Lucile wondered if she were dreaming, wondered if it were really true that success had at last come, and that she and her husband had left behind for ever their comparatively recent existence in one small room.

The Eternal Triangle.

The ballet was a marked success. Honours were showered on Gabriel and Marise—honours which meant much to Gabriel, but not much to Marise. All she really cared about was an acknowledgment of the love which she bestowed on the man with whose life hers was so strangely intertwined in this dual success.

For many nights following Gabriel called to see her after the performance, but, to Marise's disappointment, he did not confess his love, though unexpectedly he was failing a ready victim to the charms of the beautiful dancer. One evening when he had entered her dressing-room Gabriel thought she
looked even more radiant than usual. Her eyes were more brilliant, her lips redder, her hair more glossy, her shoulders and arms whiter.

"Marise," he exclaimed, "you surpassed yourself tonight. Never have you danced better."

"That is sweet of you, Gabriel," she murmured in low, caressing tones. "I did it for you—you only, Gabriel. Everything I do is for your sake." She lowered her voice. "I believe you love me, Gabriel," she whispered.

The husband of Lucile started guiltily. He had scarcely expected a statement so direct, and he knew that he could not now keep his secret. "Marise," he answered, "you, and you only, know how much I love you. I would do anything—anything for you, sweetheart. But I am forgetting. I have a friend waiting for me. May I—may I kiss you before I go?"

The Neglected Wife.

Lucile, surrounded by every luxury, reclined in an easy chair in the drawing-room of her new home. She was now the wife of a famous man. She could have everything that money could provide—everything, at least, except happiness. For some time now Gabriel had left her very much alone. He was always out—"on business," he said; but Lucile guessed where his business lay, for had she not seen him slip a note into the dancer's hand on the first night of the ballet? Since then his love for Lucile had dwindled. His coldness and neglect were gradually undermining the health of Lucile, whose whole frame was frequently shaken by violent coughing. Gabriel seemed not to notice this until one day after lunch he and his friend were in the study together.

"I say, old man, do you know you will lose your little wife if you do not take more care of her?" he said, seriously. "Oh, no; she's all right," laughed Gabriel.

"Well, look here, I'm going to send for a specialist to come and see her. You don't mind, do you?"

"Not if you think she is really ill," replied Gabriel.

* * *

When the specialist was called Lucile was summoned into the study. "What do you want with me, Gabriel?" she asked, a little nervously.

"Lucile, you are ill, and this gentleman is a doctor. You must get well, darling—I'm worried about you," replied her husband, in an unusually pleasant voice. A look of great relief swept over Lucile's face.

She had been afraid to enter the room where her husband was, for only half an hour before she had secretly opened a letter for her husband from Marise in which she wrote that she would be ready to go away with him at four o'clock the same afternoon.

The examination over, Lucile, utterly exhausted by her constant coughing, was assisted to her room. The doctor sent out for some medicine. Giving it to Gabriel, he said: "In case of syncope administer a few drops of this liquid, but please take more than usual precaution, as an overdose will prove fatal."

Gabriel took the bottle and, locking it away in a drawer, bade the doctor farewell.

Lucile was still alone in her room. "So he loves me no longer," she was saying to herself. "He wants someone who is famous, someone who, like himself, is more talked about than poor me."

The door opened and her husband entered.

"Look here, I've got to go away on business. You'll be all right, won't you?" Gabriel said, as he gathered up his coat and hat.

So he had received the message, though she had stopped the letter.

"Oh, Gabriel, I don't want you to go. Stay with me, just this once. Please do. I want you now more than I have ever done before. I'm lonely, Gal. Do stay," pleaded Lucile; but her husband, shaking free his hand from the fragile clasp of his wife's delicate fingers, was gone—gone to the woman he loved. Sick and faint through her continual coughing, Lucile made her way to his study, where she guessed he kept his rival's letters under lock and key.

Drawer after drawer was searched. "Oh, how I wish I were dead," she moaned to herself. The next moment she found the letters and also the bottle of medicine.

"Poison!" She was almost mad now. "Why, it's the one thing I want most," she laughed, and, with the letters in one hand and the bottle in the other, she crossed the room.

Now, she said, "at four o'clock she, his dancer, will take him into her life for ever, and at four o'clock I shall pass out of it."

Where the Trail Divides.

Arriving at his lover's house, Gabriel was asked to wait while Marise prepared herself for the journey. He sat down to rest. A vision of the happy days of the past rose before him. "How happy we were!" he thought. "Poor little wife! What a brute I am to leave her." A feeling of deep remorse took possession of him.

"Are you ready?" cried Marise as she entered the room, arrayed in a marvellous Paquin creation.

"One moment, darling—I must first say good-bye to Lucile. Only over the 'phone, of course," he added, with a smile.
"Oh, bother your wife—she’s all right; but I suppose if you want to do so you must."
There was some delay in connecting Gabriel with his house, and by the time he got through it was ten minutes past four.
"Hello, dear; is that you, Lucille?" he inquired.
"Yes" came the reply, followed by a fit of coughing.
"I’ve rung you up to say—" but he got no further.
"Don’t tell me," she stammered. "I can’t stand it. I know you love her, and maybe it’s best. You’ll probably be very happy. One thing, I shall not trouble you any more." Gabriel started.
"I’ve taken —"
Before Gabriel could ask what, a choking sound reached his ears from the other end of the telephone, a loud moan, a crash as the receiver dropped, and then—silence!
"Marise, Marise, I must go! She’s killed herself!"
And without another word Gabriel rushed out of the house.

Remorse.

Reaching the door of his study, Gabriel turned the handle. It was locked; and when the door had been forced it was too late. The deadly liquid had done its work. There upon the floor in her last long sleep lay Lucile.

Gabriel rushed forward.

"Lucile, speak to me! Say you forgive me! I’ve been a brute, I know. Speak to me, darling—only one little word!"
But the sealed lips never moved, the eyes did not open.

Lucile, his wife, was gone from him for ever.

* * *

The Tragic Hour is a French production of unusual strength in story and acting. The lighting effects in the Opera House scene are especially beautiful. Monsieur Mayer du Gymnase plays the part of the musician. The film is controlled by the Omnifilm Company, of 131, Wardour Street, W., and will be released at the beginning of August.

Films you should make a point of seeing.

THE SPY.—A revelation of the alien peril, showing how official wireless messages were intercepted by a German clerk. It is full of thrilling incidents relating to the great war, and features M. Jounard, of the Comédie Française, in the leading rôle.

—Pathé Bronw, 2,175 feet (July 11).

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.—The biggest fight ever filmed! A terrific encounter during which the two combatants use fists, revolvers, and any weapon ready to hand. The film is crammed with sensation from first to last. We published the story in our issue of May 29th.

—Lion’s Head (Division 1), 947 feet (June 29).

CINESINO’S PATRIOTIC DREAM.—A pretty story of a little boy’s love for an absent soldier father, which causes him to dream that he had gone to the fighting zone and rescued his father from great danger. It is shown in a series of delightful scenes executed in this Company’s best manner.

—Cines Bronw, 590 feet (July 1).

THAT HEAVENLY COOK.—The Riches are blessed with a cook who bosseted the house. It was hard work to dismiss that gentle (?) six-footer, and poor hubby wished he hadn’t when wife, as "That Heavenly Cook," cooked some scenes about which hard things could be said. Dossie Learn makes it hot for her hubby when she finds him, at a restaurant and punishes him—by more cooking.

—Edison Comedy, 650 feet (June 21).

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.—The adventures of a young aviator who, in a moment of temptation, steals a valuable jewel (Thou shalt not steal!). We published the full story of this Savoy film under the title of The Fatal Gem in our issue of April 17th. The point to note now is that the title has been altered to The Eighth Commandment. The photography throughout is unusually beautiful.

—Kinetograph Trading Co, 3 reels (July 12).

A WOOD NYMPH.—It is just delightful! Ruth Stonehouse in the title-role is capably supported by such favourites as Richard C. Travis and Bryant Washburn, who in their roles are both in love with her. Some of the exterior scenes are beautiful in the extreme and Miss Stonehouse gives a classic dance on the soft green turf of an open glade on the estate of one of Chicago’s millionaires against a background that is suitable in every way.

—Essenray Drama, Two Acts (July 9).
“WHAT’S YOURS IS MINE.” The eggs had been stolen from him because he had borrowed an umbrella. He had borrowed the umbrella in accordance with the Shakespearean line “what’s yours is mine,” which it was his duty and pleasure to recite in the amateur production of “Measure for Measure.” And it was at the performance, at a most grave moment, that he discovered the eggs he had lost.

- Heywood Comedy, 809 feet (June 21).

SALAMBO. It is coming. One of the finest spectacles dramas ever produced. That is saying much, until it is remembered that Italy has given us every one of the great film classics. Italy has set a wonderful standard, and Salambo is in the greatest of her cinematographic achievements. In story, in treatment, in staging and magnificence this Pasquali production is unrivalled. Such a masterpiece cannot be disregarded.

- Garwood Film Hire Service, six reels (August 5th).

PIMPLE COMEDIES. There are quite a budget of them, and, knowing what we may expect when “Pimple” gets to work, it is safe to predict that each and all are “it.” This new series has been and is still being done by the Weston Feature Film Company. The first, “Pimple and the Million Dollar Mystery,” was described by Uncle Tom last week, and others are “Pimple in the Street,” “Pimple at Home,” “Pimple’s Past,” and “Pimple’s Pretzels.”

- Directed by H. J. Rowan and Co., Ltd. (released shortly).

THE THINGS IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER. The baby cannot be saved without an operation, but Mary and her husband John have no money. Mary’s mother refuses to help her unless she leaves John. Mary leaves him. Later John, who has made his fortune, is a member of a fashionable club. Another member tells him about the coming divorce proceedings, and says he intends to marry Mary. John knocks him down, and goes straight to Mary. He finds her crying over the clothes of her dead child. They are reconciled. A gripping, touching story.

- Evening Herald, 5:29 feet (July 30).

THE ONCE OVER. Two chums one in love, the other a flirt, share rooms together. The flirt suggests an evening round town with the girls. The love-sick one declines. The flirt meets a girl—his chum’s charmer—and commandeers her. They meet the amorous one, and trouble ensues. He tries to commit suicide, and is arrested. The flirt marries the girl and, arriving at her home, finds a quartet of youngsters, her first love-birds! Later, his friend, released from jail, arrives and congratulate him on his new-found acquisitions. Virginia Kirkley, and beautiful quality throughout. The American expression “The Once Over” is equivalent to English “The Biter Bit.”

- Beauty Comedy, 86 feet (June 25).

A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE. The hero is a young New York society man who makes a bet that he can rob a house and get away without being caught by the police. Shortly after making this wager he overpowers a professional burglar in his own house, and, instead of giving the man up, decides to use him in winning the bet. However, the house that he attempts to rob is the home of the Deputy Police Commissioner, with whose daughter he is in love.

The complications which arise out of this altogether original situation are due to the Commissioner’s willingness to accept graft, and the professional burglar’s inability to restrain himself when tempted to steal a valuable necklace. The final result is a happy conclusion to the very troubled love story. It is one of the most humorous stories ever obtained for photo-dramatisation.

- Lady Comedy, four acts (July 5).

WHO ARE THE CLEVEREST FILM-PLAYERS?

If you are not voting, kindly hand your coupon to a friend who is.

A Popular
"Flying A"
Star

Vivian Rich.

A PICTURE THAT WILL THRILL YOU THROUGH AND THROUGH!

“THE WAR OF THE WILD”

“101 Bison” Drama. Released August 5th.
(Featuring Marie Walcamp and Wellington Playther.)

There are dozens of terrific thrills in this wonderful picture. In one scene a man hangs suspended over a pond while an infuriated lioness leaps at him and again, eventually名单他 badly. In another scene an elephant picks up the villain in its trunk and throws him over a high cliff. There is also a strong love interest. The scene of the story is laid in the wilds of Africa. You remember “The Junglemaster” and “In Jungle Wilds.” This beats both of them!

TOFFEE in the Trenches.

When it’s Mackintosh's Tommies are delighted. He knows how nourishing and wholesome it is—speaks of Mackintosh’s and “Lucy” in the same breath.

And introduce him at the same time to the new Mackintosh discovery—MINT-de-LUXE. It is de-Luxe Toffee de-lightfully blended with real English Matcha peppermint. A favoured flavour that changes fling for more.

Make it a habit to take some of both home every week end.

MACKINTOSH'S
TOFFEE DE-LUXE
MINT DE-LUXE

Send him some of both.
105 PRIZES FOR VOTERS! FREE!!
The World's Greatest Film Artistes

Exclusive of British-born Players

30 Votes—Free on Every Coupon—30 Votes

£10 First Prize in Cash

Second Prize, Graphophone £7 10s., value £9

Third Prize, Graphophone £5 10s., value £7

Fourth Prize, Graphophone £4 4s., value £5

Fifth Prize, Graphophone £3 3s., value £4

100 Consolation Prizes

WHO ARE THE CLEVEREST PLAYERS?

Although the British Artistes Contest was a success beyond all our expectations, our now World's Contest, which concerns probably twenty times the number of players, will no doubt be four times as big. Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they NOW play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST FILM PLAYERS IN ANY COUNTRY (excluding British-born Artistes) write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES. The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10. All other prizes will go to senders of Coupons in order of merit.

THE WINNERS OF THE CONTEST will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners' names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

2. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. There may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope at end of contest.

3. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

4. No correspondence can be entered into concerning the contest. The best of the male and female players are given on this page, but voters may vote for any players (except British-born) whether in the lists or not.

5. A voter may fill up any number of Coupons from one issue, and may send in any quantity of his own or friends. Coupons in one envelope and at any time.

6. The Editor's decision as to the prize winners and on all matters connected with this contest will be final and legally binding, and Coupons are accepted only on this understanding.

"The Pictures" FREE VOTING COUPON: WORLD'S CONTEST.

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

Female Player

Male Player

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

Female Player

Male Player

Signed

Address

Fill up and post to "Contest Editor," Pictures, 18, Adam St, Strand, London, W.C.

SOME BEST-KNOWN FEMALE PLAYERS

Abby, May.
Aggerholm, Ellen.
Ade, Mary.
Andersson, Mignon.
Andriot, Josette.
Badeley, Helen.
Baird, Leah.
Bayne, Beverly.
Besserer, Eugenia.
Briscoe, Lottie.
Brown, Betty.
Bruce, Kate.
Burton, Charlotte.
Bush, Pauline.
Carter, Lily.
Childre, Naomi.
Clayton, Marguerite.
Clayton, Marguerite.
Copper, Marian.
Craig, Nellie.
Crawford, Florence.
Cunard, Grace.
Daw, Hazel.
Dressler, Marie.
Drew, Lilian.
Dunbar, Helen.
Eaton, Bessie.
Fairbanks, Madeline.
Fairbanks, Marion.
Fazenda, Louise.
Finch, Flora.
Fischer, Margarita.
Fitz-Gerald, Cissy.
Flugers, Edna.
Ford, Victoria.
Fracarro, Mlle.
Frolik, Ethel.
Fuller, Mary.
Gaig, Jane.
Gardner, Helen.
Gautier, Genevieve.
Gish, Dorothy.
Gish, Lilian.
Glaum, Louise.
Greenwood, Winifred.
Hall, Elisabeth.
Halleron, Edith.
Homel, Edna.
Hawley, Ormi.
Hedaya, Alice.
Holmes, Gerda.
Holmes, Helen.
Hoskins, Gladys.
Hunt, Irene.
Johnson, Edith.
Joslin, Margaret.
Joyce, Alice.
Kelly, Dorothy.
Kirtley, Virginia.
Kromm, Anna.
LaBride, Florence.
Lane, Adele.
Lawrence, Florence.
Lear, Bessie.
Leslie, Helen.
Lester, Louise.
Little, Anna.
Luther, Anna.
McCay, Gertrude.
McDowell, Claire.
Madsen, Cce.
Mallon, Edna.
Marsh, Made.
Massant, Mlle.
Maurice, Mrs. Mary.
Matsen, Edna.
Meredith, Bess.
Milford, Bliss.
Menchel, Mlle.
Kensington, Betty.
Napierkowska, Mlle.
Nash, Edna & Alice.
Nelson, Frances.
Nelson, Jennie.
Neibolt, Miriam.
Nilsson, Anna.
Normand, Mabel.
Ostos, Lauritz.
Orth, Louise.
Ostrich, Blanche.
Payne, Edna.
Pearson, Virginia.
Phillips, Dorothy.
Pickford, Lottie.
Pickford, Mary.
Pretty, Arline.
Price, Kats.
Razato, Stella.
Rich, Wanda.
Roan, Ruth.
Sacchetti, Rita.
Sack, Marie.
Saunders, Jackie.
Schade, Betty.
Schafer, Anne.
Selig, Gertrude.
Sisson, Vera.
Snow, Marguerite.
Stewart, Anita.
Stewart, Anna.
Stonehouse, Ruth.
Storey, Edith.
Swag, Julia.
Sweet, Blanche.
Sylvaire, Mlle.
Talmadge, Norma.
Talphy, Ra.
Theby, Rosemary.
Thomson, Edna.
Thorne, Marie.
Trumbull, Mabel.
Turner, Florence.
Vee, Louise.
Wade, Baby Lilian.
Walcamp, Marie.
Walker, Lilian.
Warrenton, Lulu.
Wasser, Louis.
West, Billie.
Weston, Mildred.
White, Pearl.
Wiggins, Lilian.
William, Cora.
Williams, Kathryn.
Woodruff, Eleanor.
Young, C. Kimba.
GOSSIP

'E ONLY STANDS SO 'IGH.

Master Richard Cotter as the Little Nipper in My Old Dutch, the recently completed Turner film in which Albert Chevalier is featured together with Florence Turner.

I COUNTED my chickens before they were or, rather, I reckoned on totals before they were counted. After all, the results of the British Voting Contest are not completed at the time of going to press. And this in spite of frantic efforts to obtain them in time for publishing in this issue as I had hoped. I can, however, announce that in next week's issue the results will positively appear! Don't miss it.

Do it Now!

Meanwhile, interest in our present "World" Contest increases. I have even received letters from people who do not know the paper, and want particulars of the contest which they have heard about. It is never too late or too early to vote. The coupons are neither numbered nor dated, and may be filled up at any time you please. Who are the world's cleverest film players? There are plenty of them (excluding British-born artists), as you may judge from the incomplete list which I am publishing. Choose your players and vote for them weekly. Don't waste the coupons.

Summer and the Pictures.

It plays havoc with the cinemas when the sun shines, but from all accounts most houses enjoy the same old capacity business after the sun has set. It proves that the public will have its pictures, heat or no heat, in houses where the quality of the show can be relied on. I went myself to a cinema on one of those recent hot evenings, but could only stand up in it. "You can't have a seat," said the manager; "they're all under my regular patrons." My reply was drowned in a roar of laughter, and, looking at the screen, I found Chaplin's shadow had caused the roar.

Warm Work for West.

Talking of heat, I pitied R. Harley West the other day when in blazing sunshine he had to break the cords which bound him to the floor of a blazing room, break through a solid plaster wall to find himself in another blazing room, break a window to finally escape the blazes. He was the detective in The Crime Train and part of four-part drama written and just produced by Dave Aylott for J. H. Martin, ltd. The house had been specially put up to be burnt down in open country, and the fire which resulted was worthy of a Zepp's incendiary bomb. Poor West had a hot time and was merely caught. His hair was singed and his clothes ripped, it will make a ripping picture.

"Shadows" on the Screen.

The said shadows being a film-drama bearing that title. It is a B and C production by Harold Weston, whom I congratulate. Having seen the pictures at a trade showing I am bound to admit I enjoyed it. If the story runs along the broad road of easy virtue it is none the worse, thanks to careful and clever acting and many heart-stirring situations. Pay Temple as the girl who enters Shadowland has made a decided hit, and I should not be surprised to find her a leading lady in many films.

What do Players Drink?

Because they had been seen drinking what appeared to be whiskey on the screen, the Anti-Saloon League of Washington have begun an enquiry to ascertain if it be true that players drink the "real thing." But why worry about "players' drinks? Isn't it obvious that anything stronger than ginger ale or cold tea would not only make the actors and actresses reel, but would also affect the reels of film. In all my visits to studios on this side I have never yet met a producer who allowed a player to swallow other than soft drinks whilst acting before the camera. As for foreign studios (which I have not visited) I could name several which have their cases of ginger ale delivered regularly every week for scenes which call for whiskey and wine drinking. So cheer up ye advocates of temperance.

A Second "Judith."

Maurice Elvey is hustling these days (but then he always is) on that new brand of films I told you of which feature Elisabeth Risdon. He is producing in the London Film Company's Studio, and has just phoned me the interesting news that one of his big pictures (three or four reels) is written around the Biblical story of Esther. Miss Risdon will play the main part, the heroine in what should make a strong romantic drama, the story of which, if I remember rightly, is something similar to Judith of Bethulia. Fred Groves, I believe, will also be in the cast, with Ruth Mackay, Franklin Dyall, and James S. Dale, whom you will remember was in Beautiful Jim. Mr. Dale only recently returned from America. He arrived in London on Monday and was playing for Mr. Elvey on Tuesday. More hustle! "Alone in London".

The film will not be, anyway. I have just seen the Turner production of this old Adelphi success, and knowing how difficult it must be to film the improbable stories of most old-fashioned melodramas I consider Larry Trimble, who produced Alone in London, has done a wonderful thing. Florence Turner as the happy forsaken—and again happy—heroine is splendid and beautiful. I want to say a lot more but have no room this week. Oh—the Ideal Film Renting Company have secured this latest "winner. I wonder if they will ever lack a loser? F. B.
**THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER**

**DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—**

"Can you tell me where Universal City is?" writes one of my "nephews." Why, of course, I can and will. I should like to tell you all about it too, but my little space won't allow me to say very much. And besides, the Editor has whispered that he intends to devote a special article to it in a coming issue.

The strangest town in the world, because it is given over entirely to the making of moving pictures, is called Universal City. It is situated in the heart of the beautiful San Fernando Valley in the State of California, and has a population of 1,500 people, all employed in picture-making. Although officially opened last March, goodness only knows when it will be finished. It has already been over two years under construction, but there is no end to the possible improvements.

A stroll through Universal City is like going through the pages of a book of fairy-tales. It is always changing to meet the requirements of film-plays of all nationalities. If you unrolled its streets on different days, during a matter of weeks you could never be quite sure whether the city was like London or Paris, or Rome or New York. All of these cities could be represented inside of a week in Universal City.

Most of its buildings are built quite differently in each of their sides, so that all sorts of "settings" and backgrounds for scenes may be obtained. And there is a Zoo, which is said to be the finest privately-owned menagerie in the world. There are lions, leopards, tigers, wolves, jackals, wild dogs, snakes, crocodiles, alligators, camels, elephants, birds, all kinds of domestic animals, and a large herd of wide-horned cattle—bison, buffalo, cow-ponies, and wild horses. These are the animals which take part in the big jungle pictures, many of which you have seen. One of the most picturesque spots in the city is the Indian Village, which is the largest in America, and is inhabited by a tribe of red men who are permitted to pursue their lives as they please, for they are not encouraged to adopt modern customs or costumes.

The wardrobe department in this amazing town is like a giant factory, and contains tens of thousands of costumes. There are five hundred dressing-rooms; there are bathrooms and swimming-pools; there are two hospitals and infirmaries, carriage-houses, blacksmith shops, a barracks for housing troops, bungalows for cowboys, and for the outdoor enjoyment of the population there is a quarter-mile race-track, with grand-stand and stadium all complete. Now that is the least I can say about Universal City except that I wonder how you would like to live in it. I know I should like to spend my holidays in it. The films made there are known in England as "Trans-Atlantic" productions, that being the name of the company which represents Universal films in England.

My last Limerick has been another

---

**Turner Films**

"Pictures made for You."

**Coming Productions:**

**ODDS AGAINST.**
A Society and Sporting Drama. On view next month. FLORENCE TURNER, supported by Henry Edwards.

**ALONE IN LONDON.**

"**MY OLD DUTCH.**"
Albert Chevalier's Famous Song. Released Aug. 23. ALBERT CHEVALIER as Joe Spudd. FLORENCE TURNER as his "Old Dutch."

All Turner Films are produced by or under the personal supervision of Larry Trimble.

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**PRIZES FOR THE BEST PAINTINGS OF THIS PICTURE.**

(See Uncle Tim's Competition on next page.)
Name and address (out for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in rotation. When casts are required name of Company must be given.

"Tuck" (Wakefield).—Where players are known under more than one name (for instance, Blanche Sweet, who is also known as Daphne Wayne), you can vote under either name in our Film Player Contest. Very few Keystone casts also published, consequently we are unable to give you particulars you want.

"G. H. S." (Brightlingsea).—Why not write to the leading film companies in this country offering them your film idea? The Bioscope, Kinematograph Weekly, and the Cinema are the chief trade papers.

G. K. S. (Sheffield).—We have postcards of Muriel Ostriche, but none of Arthur Ashley. Irving Cummings is a Pathé player.

"W. H." (Glasgow).—Our rules for the Voting Contest are quite clear. Read them over carefully. Don’t address letters for this page to our publishers, but to the Editor of Pictures, 13, Adam St., Strand, London.

"Marie" (Birmingham).—Address Cleo Madison, c/o Universal Film Co., 1600, Broadway, New York, and Anita Stewart, c/o Vitagraph Co., Ltd., East 15th St, and Lowest, Avenue, New York. Mabel Normand is not married to Charles Chaplin. How could we thank you a worry after the "lots of love" you sent us, Marie?

"Regular Reader" (Grimsby).—Owing to the Answers Man having attended a friend’s wedding and nearly getting mistaken for the bridesmaid, he gave "The Straight Road" as a Famous Atlantic film instead of a Famous Players in reply to "Wildflower" on June 5th. He has now been rescued.

"Billy Vauten" (Peckham).—Addresses: Anna Taylor, c/o Hepworth Film Studios, Walton-on-Thames; and Edith Storrs, c/o Vitagraph Co., Ltd., East 15th St, New York.

"Ast" (Stockport).—Lillian Wiegas played "Queenie" in "When London Sleeps." Charles Chaplin, like the Answer Man, has managed to the present to cheat the undertaker. We like "Constant Readers," Amy, very much.

"Elkie D." (Handsworth).—Harold Lockwood, c/o American Co., Ltd., 6,227, Broadway, Chicago. We are all blushing because of your kind compliments about our paper. And it is so hot too!

REPLIES

E. Smith" (Balaton).—We also had wondered what had become of Harry Gilhey until we met him the other week. He left Hepworth some time ago, but we suppose he was not in the first flush of his M. L. B. productions. Harry is well, happy, and looks as if he had deserted the stage.

"Glaz" (Flushing Park).—Glad you like Pictures, but it’s not our fault that you’ve only just heard of it. Play the stock safest way of getting back numbers is to try the bound Volume Seven a handsome book.—5d. post free from the Offices.

"Loving" (Wandsworth).—"A Princess of Baghdad" is to be released on Nov. 1st. Lucky girl, to get a nice photo from your favourite player. Postcards of Anita Stewart not yet to hand. Delighted to test your Western films—on first past page, though; we’re too modest.

"Childless" (Harlestone).—We cannot undertake the misfortune of allowing you to pay further taxation fees. Unless you have talent and ability you cannot of taxation equip you to make a living at the London Coliseum. It is the advertisement columns of the daily and trade papers for situations in Clifton.

"A New Bounder" (Seven Kings).—Charles Chaplin took the part of the drunken swindler in F. W. Taylor’s "The End of the Road." Have not heard that he played in the piece you mention. Carlyle talks a lot. American. Arthur Coonan just "The New Boy from Dalston." •

"Voxterodon" (Devonport).—Quite right. Your eleven o’clock was a Gregory. We hope to print in the next number—you accept our compliments for your versat.

"Kirkwood" (Liverpool).—Have not heard it. Of course, it’s better to hear the story right. We don’t know the name of the "curly headed man." •


"Marie" (Edgbaston).—Ch. a. Chaplin’s brother. Ch. a. the developer of your story. Last, and Tinsley, released on May 24th. Thanks for good wishes.

"Marie" (Bolton, S. E.).—Dotho Kelly and Lillian Walker are still with Vitagraph. Lillian Walker appeared in "Breaking in," released on June 6th; and the "Wrong Key" in "A Magician Adventure," released June 5th. Ford Sterling has returned to Keystone. Whether a player can appear in films of different Companies depends entirely upon the terms of his engagements. Mostly, however, when Companies are barred from appearing elsewhere.

"Exquirer" (Stanford Hill).—We have heard nothing of Asta Nielsen since the war commenced. Our postcard waver has sent you a list of our postcards. Asta Nielsen is amongst them, in coloured style only, price 6d. each.

"Farr" (Irunah).—"The Fifth Man" (Selma).—Jean Darro, Eusie Eyston; John Gaunt, Chas. Clary; "The Mad Scientist," Lafayette McCredie. "R is Saviour," Roy Watson; "The Woman," Chas. Wheelock. The film and actress you mention we have not heard of. Emma Clifton, we think, plays Faith Co.

"E. A." (East Grinstead).—We are pleased to hear from a supporter so far away. The series you order have been sent off. Yes, dear Old Dairy is dead.

"Kerry" (London, E.).—Thanks for your photo. You are quite a genius in impersonation. Best of luck.

"Hyper" (Nottingham).—Not at all tired of being a cashier, and would like to "be a star on the films." The editor lives daily and night and works on the actors, and longs to keep a coo-eeath shy pitch at Margetts. The Auwera Man reads through sheet (and) letters and hands up casts galore, yet his ambition is to be an engine driver, isn’t it odd how we’ll get into the wrong jobs? Stick to the cash desk, dear, there’s more in it.

"W. R. P." (Plymouth). Mary Pickford, we understand, will come to England after the war whenever that may be.
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

WHEN ENDING

June 26, 1915

“DAISY” (Pittsburg).—You are quite right—Helen Holmes (not Vera Simon) played lead in “Helen’s Sacrifice.” We have no record of the cast you want. Are you quite sure it is a Vitagraph, and how long ago did you see it? We should love to go to New York, Daisy. Can’t you take us away?

“N. C.” (Waltham-Thames). Lives quite near Hepworth’s Studio and finds it “awfully interesting to eat at the same place where the artist is.” It certainly must be. Postcards (cathographed if desired) of Editor are 2d, each post-free.

“ALK” (King’s Cross).—Ford Sterling is not dead—has returned to his home here, Key-
stone. Have sent Charles Chaplin your wish card. The real chap is alive.

“Fred R.” (Baltimore).—Ford Sterling, c/o, New York Movie Picture Co., Long Acre Buildings, New York; Charles Chaplin, c/o, Essanay Film Co., 1251, Arizle Street, Chicago; Maurice Costello, c/o, Vitagraph Co., Ltd. (See reply to “Billy Vacum” (Peckham).

“Irene” (Upper Tooting).—Billie Ritchie is an Englishman.

“Y.M.C.A. Artist” (Riyon).—We have no postcards of Tom Terriss. Thanks for pencil-sketch of the two and Only Charlie.

“J. H. P. C.” (Wrexton-super-Mare).—“In the Shadow of Big Ben” (Hepworth) was released about the 25th of May. It was copyrighted by the Ideal Film Co., 70, Wardour St., London. If you write them, enclosing stamp for reply, they would be pleased to tell what you will be able to see at the town you mention. A good film such as this one the world is now peering at, we have two different postcards of Alma Taylor, poney each, postage extra.

“Evelyn” (Mr. Potter).—For Enrol Lockwood’s great success “Eveline.” Although we have published a few photos of readers in “in the city,” we have no space for all the photos of handsome readers who adorn our columns. Have sent your best wishes to Florence Turner.

“Elise” (Herne Hill).—Ones usually give name of principle artiste only, and only know of Lydia Borelli in “Her Sacrifice.” We have postcards of George Cooper, lad, postage extra. A hearty welcome to you, new reader.


“Hilda” (Birmingham).—The story of “Tassel of the Storm Country” was published in Pictures and the Picturegoer, Number 8. You can get it from our publishers, price 2d.

“J. F. Hemings” (Brighton).—Harry Money is the new “The Eternal Soci.” They are now in “A Million Bid,” and “Raymond Davies” in “in the Jet.” (Vitagraph). Rhoda Grey played “Sister” with Flor nee Veeder in a “Belle of London” (Pathé). Liberty Hall (London Film) was adapted from the book of that name, which any book-seller will procure for you. You can get back numbers from our publishers, 1d. each. Charles Chaplin no doubt pleased himself in moving to the Essanay. Glad to hear you, new recruit.

“Viva” (Chester).—We don’t mind your crumble, little women, it clears the air (and the head sometimes), doesn’t it? Don’t go and throw away more money for tuition at the school you mention. You have your sympathies in the ill success that has so far attended your efforts to get on the screen, but your choosen may come, so cheer up and give the right answer when asked are we downdhearted? Give your soldier husband our hearty wishes for early promotion.

“Xenia” (The Lizard).—Wasn’t it a Whole, Jonah? Send your film plot (typewritten preferred) of “Amitabala” to one of the British Companies. The addresses of some are given each week in these columns.

“Verna” (Southampton).—Have sent your letter out to the head office of the Kin.” Address Edgar Jones, c/o, Lydia Co., Philadelphia, U.S.A. Can’t say if she is married, you ask, hear—she might take it better from a lady. August 22nd, her birthday.

“Lillian” (Bapaume).—Hasn’t anyone played “Girl” in “The Lizard.” Very good, I think you’ve got six new readers—“a good success, Nemo.”

Dear At Any Price.

The grocer’s boy was rather a reckless driver. He drove one of his master’s two-wheeled cart one day, and the animal fell ill and died. “You’ve killed my horse, you idiot!” the grocer said to the boy the next morning. “Who’s going to pay for my horse?” he asked. The grocer said the boy. “You can take it out of my next Saturday’s wages.”

And Now.

A young man said to an old one: “I’ll get you a job.”

“Don’t.”

Then and Now.

A young man said to an old one: “Sir, isn’t two pounds a week rather low for this job?”

“Low for what?” the old man answered.

“Why, I started on that very same job, back in 1873, at one pound a week, and to-day I own the business.”

“Ah, yes, said the young man, “but your employer didn’t use cash registers, Mine dear.”

High Words Below Stairs.

“New Star” (angry).—“How dare you talk to me in that way? I never heard such impudence. You have a lot of nerve to call yourself a lady’s-maid!”

“New Maid.”—“I don’t call myself that now, ma’am, but I was a lady’s-maid before I got this job.”

A Film Masterpiece.

Author: “I understand that you are looking for a fresh picture?”

Manager: “Yes; but it must combine all the elements of tragedy, comedy, farce, pantomime, and spectacle.”

“Very good. That’s what I’ve got. Check full of tragedy, and human suffering, tears and smiles, joy and woe, startling surprises, wreck and ruin, lamentations and laughter.”

What’s the Title?—“A Spring Cleaning.”

What’s the Plot? “Hasn’t any plot. Just an ordinary Spring cleaning.”

“You’re a genius, sir; your price.”

SMILES

EVERYTHING has a bright side—even the dark picture-theatre.

Living—Not Loving.

“I suppose now you are married your time of billing and cooing has ceased.”

“Well, the cooing has ceased entirely, but the billing is as brisk as ever.”

Safe at Last.

“Frank, here is a telegram from the old folk.”

“What does it say?”

“Come home. Your tailor has gone to the Front.”

Coming Down Only.

Buyer: “You said this was a splendid car for hills.”

Seller: “So it is. Doesn’t it go down hill as fast as any car costing twice as much?”

Any Price for Good Stuff.

“Want any coals, liddy?”

“Yea, ow much?”

“Very dear is coals, mum; best kitcheners nats 2s. 6d. a hundred.”

“Well, who cares, so long as they are Kittcheners’? Get me a hundred.”

In the Soup.

“Fredly,” said his maiden aunt, “you should eat the barley in your soup, or you’ll never get a meal.”

Fredly looked up innocently.

“Is that what you eat it for, auntie?”

SCHMIDT THE SPY—

“Owing to the fear of Zeppelins, long-range guns have been placed at all large works and factories.”

“Reproduced by permission from ‘Schmidt the Spy and his Messages to Berlin, ‘” London Opinion, 2d.”
A NEW PORTRAIT OF ALMA TAYLOR
Who has topped the poll with 150,000 votes in our Great British Contest. (See next page.)
RESULT OF OUR
GREATEST BRITISH FILM PLAYERS CONTEST

The following British-born players have been accorded the largest totals of votes by our readers:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME (MALE)</th>
<th>VOTES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ALMA TAYLOR</td>
<td>156,800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHARLES CHAPLIN</td>
<td>142,920</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ELISABETH RISDON</td>
<td>145,030</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STEWART ROME</td>
<td>133,470</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

These four winning players are therefore awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. We hereby tender them our hearty congratulations, and will present each player with the Pictures and The Picturopiego Certificate, with the votes which he or she has polled inscribed thereon.

We have pleasure in publishing a further list of players with the total votes cast for each:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME (FEMALE)</th>
<th>VOTES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gwynne Herbert</td>
<td>3,645</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lilian Merry</td>
<td>3,320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ivy Montford</td>
<td>2,900</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Manners</td>
<td>2,680</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gissie Elson</td>
<td>2,445</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ethel Bracewell</td>
<td>1,680</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irene Vernon</td>
<td>1,640</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rachel da Solla</td>
<td>1,305</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minnie Grey</td>
<td>1,180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christine Rayner</td>
<td>1,120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gordon Begg</td>
<td>9,250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John MacAndrews</td>
<td>8,905</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Billie Ritchie</td>
<td>8,750</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry Royston</td>
<td>7,505</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fredk. Groves</td>
<td>7,425</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Gray Murray</td>
<td>6,075</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clifford Pombroke</td>
<td>5,250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Felton</td>
<td>5,200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry Gilby</td>
<td>4,925</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry Buss</td>
<td>4,900</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Douglas Payne</td>
<td>4,140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John East</td>
<td>3,640</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gerald Amer</td>
<td>3,325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry Lorraine</td>
<td>2,980</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ernest Batley</td>
<td>2,865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Douglas Munro</td>
<td>2,865</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frank Stanmore</td>
<td>2,280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. Judd Green</td>
<td>1,825</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ernest Westo</td>
<td>1,780</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack Collins</td>
<td>1,750</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

THE WINNING VOTING COUPONS

No less than thirty-one voters sent in Coupons which contained the above four winning players' names in their correct order. It has therefore become necessary to ask the thirty-one winners to compete in a simple competition restricted to themselves for the FIRST FIVE PRIZES, to be distributed as follows:

The first four winners in this new Competition will receive the SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH, and FIFTH Prizes respectively. The remaining twenty-seven competitors will each receive Seven-and-Sixpence, being a twenty-seventh share of the £10 cash offered as first prize. In this way the whole of the thirty-one voters who sent in the correct coupon will receive a prize. Their names are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COUPONS</th>
<th>PRIZES</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Abbott, B., 7, Brompton Road, Rusholme, Manchester.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ashley, Miss E. L., 54, Boldmere Road, Birmingham.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barker Alec, 52, Grimby Road, New Cleethorpes, Grimsby.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barlow, Miss, 31, Beaconfield Street, Haslingden, Lancs.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blinco, Irene, 30, Elisabeth Street, one, Road, Leeds.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Callanan, J., 13, Frankfort Avenue, Dublin.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cameron, John, '6w, Blackhall Street, Greenco.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chisholm Gordon O., 29, Princes Street, Petrosa Road, Clayton, Frank, 3, Fearnley Street, Armley, Leeds.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cossar, Henry, 6, Welford, Stirling.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dibbey, Miss, 15, Thaws Road, Altrington.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draper, Violet Mary, Lane Villa, Dorb Road, Ponde's End.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fonteyn M., 74, Ouo Avenue, Chiswick.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fox, W., 1, Hurley Lodge Road, Leeds.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Godfrey, Herbert, 11, Liddington Street, Nottingham.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gray, Mildred, 40, Bottomgata, Blackburn, Lancs.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hobson, Marion, 18, Helen Terrace, Pittsford, Sheffield.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holyroyd, Mrs., 24, Rutland Road, Nttingham.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hudson, Ethel, 277, Girlington Road, Bradford.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hughes, Alfred, 13, Thornton Street, Litherland.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mazzoni, Miss M., 8, York Villas, St. Aidan's Road, E. Dulwich.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Molvill, William Woodhouse Street, Portadown, Ireland.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Montgomery, Eileen, 1, Moyne Road, Rathmines, Dublin.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Piper, Jack 19, Arrow Road, Bow, E.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rowland M., 1, Miss B., 22, Moscow Drive, Liverpool.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simpson, A. G., 51, Gales Green, Sheffield.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas, John R., 8, Callander Road, Liverpool.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waker, Elsie, 210, Trafford Road, Barton Manchester.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, W., 4, Bovile Road, Elrland.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wharnold, George H., 13, Sycamore Road, Warkworth.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitelaw, N., Rawson Arms, FitzGerald Street, Horton Lane, Bradford.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For names of 100 Consolation Prize Winners see page 248.
Britain's Greatest Film Players

The Six Artistes Whom Our Readers Have Placed at the Top of the Poll With a Total of 822,605 Votes.

Alma Taylor of the screen is the Alma Taylor of real life—natural, convincingly sincere, devoid of the slightest trace of artificiality or stagecraft. She does not pose; she is entirely free from conceit or affectation. Our readers have recognized these admirable qualities in picture-acting and have plumped for her accordingly. Ever since she was a small girl Alma Taylor has played for Hepworth pictures, becoming connected with the company and the film-producing world for the first time in a manner quite accidental. Her first big part was Nancy in Oliver Twist, and how many big parts she has played since then it would be difficult to estimate. Our readers will never forget her in the Tilly Girl series, in which with Chrissie White she had some of the quaintest toot-bay adventures ever seen upon the screen.

When not acting, or riding, driving, swimming, or boating, she is answering letters (she receives them in hundreds), writing film-plays (she has written many and played in some of them), and autographing postcards and albums. As the Hepworth leading lady we look forward to seeing Miss Taylor in even bigger and still more wonderful roles.

Elisabeth Risdon is not only a famous picture actress, she also has a big reputation for serious dramatic work both in England and America. Apart from her natural attractiveness, she possesses a very artistic temperament. Starting at the bottom of the theatrical profession, she went through the whole gamut of parts associated with the earnest student of drama, thus preparing herself successfully to undertake the important roles she was afterwards called upon to perform; and for which she was so eminently suited. Her many stage impersonations included "Glory Quayle" in Hall Caine's famous play "The Christian," in which she made a veritable triumph.

Miss Risdon, who is a charming petite brunette, never thought that "pictures" would claim her serious attention, until one of the Motograph producers persuaded her to test her abilities as a screen-actress by portraying the part of "Maria Martin," which was then under consideration. Needless to say, the success expected of her was fully justified. Since then her long list of successes in "B" and "C" productions are familiar to all readers of this paper, seeing that we have from time to time dealt with them, but perhaps her greatest and most artistic screen triumph was her recent impersonation of "Florence Nightingale" from childhood to old age. At the present time, as we have previously stated in these pages,

Miss Risdon is engaged in new roles in coming big productions by Maurice Elvey at the London Film Company's studios, some of which, from all accounts and from personal knowledge, will beat all her previous records.

Charles Chaplin, who has received the highest number of votes of the male players, is English bred and born, and his wonderful silent comedy in Karl's "Mumming Birds," familiar to music-hall-goers throughout Great Britain, was really the cause of his later appearance in pictures in America. Because Mr. Chaplin has never played for pictures in this country, however, we cannot do better than quote an American writer in Motion Picture News:

"Charles Chaplin, the mere announcement of whose appearance sends a buzz of applause through an audience, is perhaps best known for his inimitable 'business.' He is the man with the French kick, gnawed-off moustache, unbalanced rim, kidney feet, and misfit pantaloons.

"Charlie says that his parents were..."
CHRISSE WHITE

Whose admirers have rewarded her with 322,000 votes.

very poor folk, and that he has no education save what was cuffed into him when he was an urchin apprentice in a troop of strolling English acrobats. He first appeared in America in a pantomime ‘A Night in an English Music-hall.’

His hilarious stunts attracted Mace Sennett, who lost no time in signing him for Keystone Company. A moving

monument to his fame is Talbot’s Privileged Romance, his last large picture with the Keystone Company. Chaplin has recently been captured by the Essanay Company, and his latest releases show that he has not lost his inimitable punch.

‘Speaking of imitators, Chaplin has many, which is his sincerest flattery. Most of them have no loyalfoward work as a picture-player that he was no mere pretender in life’s game. And when opportunity is given to know what he had accomplished before he finally turned to play, the world seems for his popular description becomes evident. During three years, for example, he was engaged in the bridge-building business in Australia. That was nothing for it, but just as to-day Stewart Rome does not shrink from the most difficult task in his playing, so then he was always cheerfully ready for his share of danger and trouble.

STEWART ROME has been called by his admirers a ‘Man in Pictures.’ Even to one who did not know of his past experience it would be clear from his sincerity and straightforward work as a picture-player that he was no mere pretender in life’s game. And when opportunity is given to know what he had accomplished before he finally turned to play, the world seems for his popular description becomes evident. During three years, for example, he was engaged in the bridge-building business in Australia. That was nothing for it, but just as the to-day Stewart Rome does not shrink from the most difficult task in his playing, so then he was always cheerfully ready for his share of danger and trouble.

His knowledge of the British Colonies and Empire is not limited to Australia. With India he is thoroughly acquainted in so far as any one can who has not lived his life there. In other parts of the world, too, he has gone, working first here, then there. His birthplace was near Newbury, but his firm determination, familiar to all who have known him well, to accomplish something in his life that would have a valuable effect on the happiness and welfare of his fellow-citizens soon led him far afield. He finally decided that with his ability for hard-hitting dramatic work he could find nothing to compare with the picture-play as a medium of expression. So to-day he is telling his stories in action to millions of people the world over, and it is a pleasure to be able to add that in the contest he has received more votes than any other player in Great Britain.

CHRISSE WHITE, who in the past was the father of the pair of Tilly ‘comics,’ ‘is just as much loved as Alma Taylor, and, like the latter artiste, Chrisse has never played in any film except Hepworth’s, and commenced to do so at a very early age. Although she looks as though she might still enjoy being a ‘comic’ to-day. We had such fun in those rippin’ Tilly films, she will tell you, there is not much so of the roguish ‘flapper’ about this fascinating young actress now, even though she is still very vivacious. Indeed her twinkling blue eyes would seem to resent looking serious, and the ‘Chrisse White smile’ is quite a valuable asset at Walton-on-Thames; it so often creases on the screen to cheer us up in every town and village in the kingdom.

Although yet in her twentieth year, Miss White has had nearly nine years’ experience in the screen, and it is due to a fact that she will long continue in them and delight us with her impersonations of 'PIMPLE'—FRED EVANS

Who's able to make mirth on the screen has won for him 322,000 votes.
sacrifice clearness; it should be remembered that the story must be told in action, not in dialogue or in descriptive matter and the cast of leading characters should rarely exceed seven or eight. Names of characters should also be carefully thought out. For instance, you would not call a tramp, Cecil Fitzgerald, nor would wish the name "Jane" for a striking and lovely détonante.

The synopsis is perhaps the most important part of the scenario. The synopsis of a two reel picture-play should not necessarily exceed 75 words. In that synopsis a complete idea of the plot should be given, and also the cli- maxes and other strong situations and points in the story.

A scenario editor will turn to the plot synopsis first of all. It should give him at a glance a comprehensive idea of just what the story is, how it works out, and the atmosphere. Skill in writing the synopsis is essential, for if it becrudely written the editorial reader may gain the impression that the entire manuscript is amateurish.

Many editors prefer a well-written synopsis, accompanied by a good title, and cast of characters, to the detailed action. Scenes should all be numbered plainly, and each and every scene given its location. It depends on the story as to the number of scenes in a reel, and the best advice I can give is to write the number of them necessary to logically carry the plot to conclusion.

Another important piece of information is this: Tell your story. Begin at the beginning, and end at the end. Do not stray into the highways and byways of imagination and wander from the story in hand. It is a common weakness, and many start one story as a drama and end it as a farce comedy.

W. P. Taylor,

THE ART OF PICTURE-PLAY WRITING

'The Scenario Editor of the S-Aig Co.

It is said that thousands of men, women, and children are endeavouring to qualify as writers of moving picture plots. I may say, however, that I receive hundreds of utterly impossible stories every week. About one in every hundred writers succeed as originators of successful cinemograph plots."

Firstly, a film-scenario consists of a title to the story, a cast of characters, the synopsis, and the detailed action by scenes. I should like to emphasise the fact that the titles should be catchy and comprehensive. A title should be out of the ordinary, appealing, and should not divulge too much of the plot.

The cast of characters should be small for the comedy or drama, as the case may be. Too many characters will

CHARLES CHAPLIN

A true Britisher though playing in America, who has 442,000 votes to his credit.

Bottom photo shows what happened to Charlie when he received our cable.
across, and a sheer drop below of several feet, momentum alone had to carry machine and rider across this space—and it did. It required most careful judgment as well as marvellous nerve, the actual leap through the air being thirteen feet. It has offered a many incidents in *The Call to Arms*, a Couragio Film, produced by the Phoenix Film and Picture Co.

**"P. P.'s" Top the List!**

**INCLUDING dancing-halls and billiard-rooms, Glasgow has no fewer than 300 amateur-house, an estimate of their holding capacity, says the *Cinema*, would surprise, as several of the larger buildings can seat from 2,000 to 4,000! Picture-palaces—there is more than alliteration in the name—easily top the list with ninety-six; but none of these are public halls, which under the Act must be licensed for "movies."

Music-halls are only one description, but there again the statement is misleading, as numerous halls where pictures are the feature include variety "turns," and accordingly require a music-hall licence. Theatres reach the respectable total of eighteen—yet to-day only two are providing theatrical fare.

**A Camera-Man at his Post.**

**FAITHFUL** to his job during the sinking of the *Lusitania*, Patrick L. Jones, of the London staff of the *Hearst* *Selig* *News* *Pictorial*, who was returning to England and went to the New York office of that weekly, calmly took moving-pictures whilst the sea rose higher and higher around the doomed ship, while on board deck, on the starboard side, says a survivor in the *Morning*—*picture World*, and "about five minutes before the ship sank I saw Jones. I happened to look from the companion-way and found the deck deserted after the ship sank, and as I approached him and saw his picture of the lifeboats that were being lowered and of those already on the water.

**Mary as an Aviator.**

**MARY PICKFORD** will shortly be seen in a story written by her and now being produced in the Western studios of the Famous Players, entitled *A Girl of Yesterday*, a novel comedy-drama woven about all the mechanical marvels of our present-day life, in which the aeroplane plays a conspicuous part. For the first time in their entire association with the screen, Mary Pickford and her younger brother, Jack, will in this production play together in their true relationship. Plane scenes will be conducted and participated in by Glenn Martin, the aviator, and already trial flights have been made by Miss Pickford in her new four-seated machine to map out aviation by which it will be possible to secure the proper backgrounds for the picture. It is planned to ascend 3,000 ft. The yacht scenes that terminate the story will be conducted aboard a fifteen-thousand-dollar yacht. The first time this palatial vessel has ever been used for the purposes of a motion-picture.

**Finished at Last.**

IN all my experience as a stage manager I have never experienced the run of hard luck which struck us in connection with *The Man Who Stayed at Home*. Such was the mournful statement made to us last week by Billy Merson, star of the Hepworth Company. "This week we lost another submarine to take the place of the one which wasn't right. Day after day we tried to get suitable material to come into play. Day after day something went wrong. Last on Thursday everything was ready. Mr. Hepworth, who is an expert shot, had charge of the gun that was to sink it. This morning we tried to fire the gun. The submarine sank, the bubble came to the surface, and then—The camera had broken down, and not a foot of negative had been exposed." Mr. Saunders stopped and wiped his forehead in sorrow. "Not since Nichol Simpson, middle-weight champion, did that beautiful knock-out of our star, Mr. Rome, in *They Called Him coward*, only to discover that stock had run out, have I been so upset." We are glad to add that *The Man Who Stayed at Home* film is now finished, and, like the slow but sure tortoise, will be a winner.

**Your Brain Wave Photographed.**

This problem has been solved by Dr. A. M. Veder, of Rochester, New York, who claims to photograph brain waves even without the intervention of a camera. Perhaps the experiments of M. Darget, a French scientist, says the *Sound Wave*, may furnish some clue, as his system of colour photography is worked out without the aid of the camera, and by highly sensitive plates covered with non-transparent envelopes. His claim is that all organisms, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral, emit rays which are capable of being intercepted and registered. Even diseases, he says, make photographs by changes occurring in accordance with the disease from which the patient is suffering. It is said that M. Darget experimented as follows with a portrait of Meyerbeer, then deceased. Working as a pianist, who was also what is known as a "medium."

He placed a photographic plate upon the pianist's forehead, in front of whom stood a portrait of Meyerbeer. With his left hand he was playing, and told him to think of this photograph. The plate was covered with an opaque film, yet when the wrapper was removed the photograph of Meyerbeer was found to have developed upon the plate.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

Interesting topics in film pictures selected from Pathe's Animated Gazette.

1. Our Military Cyclists: invaluable in the field as scouts, despatch-riders, &c., are inspected at Worthing.

2. Off to Camp: Royal Horse Guards watering their horses by the roadside.

3. "For Valour!": Norwich en fête to receive its own V.C. hero—(4) Company Sergeant-Major H. Daniels, V.C.

5. King Victor Emmanuel reviews the famous quick-footed Bersaglieri before their departure for the Front.

6. Another Departure: The famous regiment of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, after being inspected by Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, leave London for ——.
A DAUGHTER'S STRANGE INHERITANCE

My dear Randolph, be guided by
my dear, you know, Lucille, I know,
but if you marry her the future
will hold a dread which will break your
heart. Lucille is an absolute slave to
drink. Her children will therefore
inherit a tendency sufficient to wreck
their chances and yours.

"You old croaker! Are you always
terorising? I love Lucille and am
going to marry her. Leave the rest to
me. I'll help her fight the demon, and
we shall win."

"Very well, Randolph. My best
wishes. When the day comes call for
me!"

So saying, Dr. Adams left his friend
William Randolph to do as he wished
and fight the future. Randolph was
deeply in love with Mademoiselle
Lucille, a beautiful tight-wire per-
former. He had treated his friend's
warning with disdain, feeling sure that
if he could win her love they would to-
gether overcome the evil he was assured
threatened her life. But he had not
reckoned upon the intensity of the
craving.

Twice Lucille had refused him, not
because she feared the future, but
loving the thrill of existence which the
risk of her daily performance empha-
sised, married life appeared to be dull
and emotionless. As grew her fame so
did her love for alcohol, until a strong
dread of spirits preceded each per-
formance. He was the despair of her
manager and dresser. Both remon-
strated without avail, and as a last
resort the dresser would not leave her
until the call. One day, however,
Lucille made an excuse to tarry, and
hastily swallowed the drink she had
hidden before she went into the theatre.
It was her last appearance in the role
that had thrilled and delighted count-
less thousands. During the act she
staggered, slipped, and fell from the
tight-wire. Her injuries were of such
a nature that she was forced to give up
her profession.

Deeply sorry for the girl, Randolph
again proposed and was accepted. It
was then that his friend Adams uttered
his grave warning, but the well-meant
advice fell upon deaf ears, and they
were married. Randolph had a greater
faith in his own strength and powers of
persuasion than belief in the principles
of heredity. If there was to be a battle
it would be fought out by him; but he
still kept drink in the house.

For a time all went well. The
craving left Lucille, and her husband
was satisfied; but shortly after her
daughter's birth it began to return.
Against the doctor's advice Randolph
put up a brave fight. The position was
not unknown to the husband and doctor,
and as the danger became more appa-
rent the nurse was taken into their
confidence.

"Nurse," said the doctor, "your
patient is craving for alcohol. It is your
duty to see that she cannot get it."

"You may trust me, Doctor. Mrs.
Randolph has repeatedly asked me to
go to the dining-room for the brandy, but

I tell her that in all probability it would
kill her. She moans and cries for hours.
The craving must be dreadful."

"It is, but we must combat the danger.
If we can ward off the danger for a
short time we shall win."

"Alas! Their kindly efforts were in vain.
During a temporary absence of the
nurse the drunk-tormented woman
managed to reach the dining-room,
where her strength failed, and she fell
to the floor. Foot by foot she dragged
herself to the cabinet and greedily
 gulped at the contents of a decanter.
The effort was too great, the spirit too
potent for her weakened constitution,
and a little later the poor creature died
in her husband's arms.

One afternoon, sixteen years after
the tragic event just narrated, the Principal
of Wyomissing Seminary was shocked

To see Margaret Randolph in conver-
sation with four young men. It was a
frequent fault of the girl to break
bounds and find pleasure in such com-
pany. The young fellows came to the
river bank to fish. Such a successful
fishing season had never been known,
and the Principal of the College
shrewdly guessed that Margaret, and not
the fish, was the attraction. The reputa-
tion of the College was at stake, and an
example must be made if the rules were
again broken.

A vivacious girl, clever and promising
at her studies, Margaret was the despair
of the Principal, who, though she would
gladly go out of her way to assist the
girl, could not forget the duty she owed
to her parents and her principal.

"So! here comes the old cat, and I
am in for a row," said Margaret when
she saw the Principal approaching.

"The fellows bellowed for their fishing-
licences."

"How often have I told you that con-
duct such as this cannot be permitted?

You have again broken the rules," was
the Principal's stern rebuke.

"I don't care for you or your rules,"
answered Margaret. "I'm old enough
to do as I like. At any rate I decline
to talk to us as if we are a boy.

"While you are with me you must
obey the rules. My dear girl, can you
not see what a bad impression you
create? The other girls talk, and
chatter.

"Oh, hang your rules! You are paid
to teach me, not to govern my move-
ments. If I want to talk to young men
it is my affair and not yours."

"Margaret," said the shocked
Principal, "this is insubordination. Either
you promise me to do as I wish or you
must return to your father."

All right, I'll go home. Father will
be glad to have me. I'll say goodbye
to your old school with pleasure.

Such scenes as these were, unfortu-
nately, of frequent occurrence, but
never before had the girl so far for-
gotten herself, and on the following
day she was sent home.

To Randolph his daughter's dismissal
was a fearful blow. He read and reread
the Principal's letter:— "Dear Mr. Ran-
dolph, it is with deep regret that I have
had to bring Margaret's studies to an
abrupt conclusion. For months her spirit of
insubordination has steadily grown worse,
and her refusal upon the wise advice of
the Principal is impossible to deal with.
Then she defies all authority, is insolent and
unruly.

"I have taken this extreme course
during the course of a long trial, and am
delely sorry. The responsibility, however,
is too great for me, and for the sake
of Margaret as well as for the repute
of the Seminary I am compelled to send
her home."

Yours faithfully, E. M. STURGEON.

Randolph was greatly distressed, and
wondered if, after all the care and

Margaret did not appear to make the
effort least to combat the "other side" of
her nature. When the mood was upon
her she fell into a violent rage at the
slightest provocation. But worse was to
follow. One day a visitor was announced,
and the convivial decanter of port was
placed upon the table. Of course, Randolph
sipped the wine, and whilst
accompanying his visit he
left the wineglass upon the table.
By one of those tricks of blind chance
to which we are all fated, Margaret
came to the room, and, seeing the
wine, she picked it up and
inhale the bouquet of the Rand. The arom
appealed to a hitherto unknown sense—tasting it, she found it good, and drank the contents of the glass.

When her father returned he noticed that the wine had been drunk. Fearing the worst, yet hoping for the best, he summoned the butler.

"John, have you touched this port?"

"No, sir; I have not been in the room since Mr. Thompson left."

Deciding to learn the truth, Randolph did not send for Margaret, but, hearing the piano being played, he looked into the drawing-room, and saw a new Margaret. Seated at the instrument, the girl was playing with unwonted vivacity even for a girl of high spirits.

Even now the father was not satisfied. He still cherished a hope that his daughter had not inherited her mother's dreadful craving, and day by day he pondered over the problem. To save the girl from herself was his duty. Had she inherited the curse?

A few days later he asked Margaret to bring him a box of cigars from the cabinet in the dining-room. She went to the cabinet, saw the decanter, and helped herself to a glass of wine. Then, hearing footsteps, she dropped the wine-glass and left the room hurriedly. Her father found the fragments of the glass.

"Is Adams right after all?" Randolph asked himself. "Margaret's peculiar mental condition is quite beyond me, and I must save her from her mother's dreadful fate."

Shortly afterwards Dr. Adams, now the head of a huge sanatorium, visited the house on a visit.

"Old friend," said the distracted father. "I believe you are correct. Years ago I disregarded your advice. Deeply loving Lucille, I thought to win the fight for her. I failed, and now Margaret shows every sign of following her mother's dread example."

"Your girl is young, and in all probability there is a cure. Tell me all about it," replied the doctor.

Randolph traced the new story from the receipt of Miss Sturgeon's letter, "and," headded with sadness, "I have also frequently noticed the 'dual personality.'"

"She must return to the sanatorium with me. If Margaret is to be cured there must be no delay," And two days later the three arrived at the sanatorium.

It was arranged between the men that Randolph should quietly leave for home, saying nothing to Margaret of his intention.

"Where is father?" demanded the girl.

"He has returned. You are to stay with me for a while. The change will be beneficial," replied Dr. Adams.

"I decline to do anything of the kind. You cannot keep me in your old institution against my will. And—bursting into tears—'I cannot understand father agreeing to such a thing. Whether he agreed or not I do not care; I insist upon going home at once."

Margaret rushed to her room, flung the clothes she had brought into her dressing-case, and was just leaving the institution when she was confronted by Dr. Adams.

"Margaret, you are to stay here."

"I will not. You dare not keep me here against my desire. It is infamous, I am going home."

"Stop!" said the doctor, looking the girl straight in the eyes. "Return to your room, and stay there until I give you permission to leave it."

Margaret struggled to avoid the terrible gaze of the eyes looking into hers. It was her will against his, and the strength of the great brain behind the piercing gray eyes won. Margaret returned to her room a defeated girl.

Hypnotic influence had won the first stage in a fight of wills, which was to be stern and relentless. The process of regeneration thus begun was a slow one.

Repeatedly Margaret was subject to violent outbreaks of rage; but Dr. Adams did not despair.

He wrote hopefully to Randolph. "It is slow and at times terribly hard work. In her better moments Margaret is a delightful companion. She listens to reason. Gradually I have brought to her consciousness the hideousness of the end if she pursues the course her worst self insists upon. I contemplate testing the work with her now. If we are not hopeful of success, I should not dare; but half measures never win success."

The day Randolph received this letter Adams tried his bold experiment. Margaret's custom as she passed his study to walk in the grounds was to look in the window and wave him either a greeting of friendliness or defiance. Upon this he resolved the test.

Leaving a spirit-flask upon the table, he awaited the result. Would the sight of the flask bring back the terrible craving? Months had gone since the last time alcohol had passed her lips, and he was hopeful.

Walking past the study, Margaret's eyes dilated when she saw the flask. Furtively glancing round, she reached through the window and grasped it. She walked quickly into the grounds, and in a little shrubbery raised the flask to her lips.

Dr. Adams had seen the abstraction of the glass, and his only thought was to follow Margaret into the garden. As she raised the flask he exercised the whole of his will-power. Again Margaret recognised the master will and desisted.

His work had not yet borne fruit. The weary struggle was not over. Week followed week in the endeavour to enable the girl's better nature to triumph, and, losing no opportunity to influence the daughter of his friend, he time and again went over the familiar ground.

"My dear Margaret," he would say, "have you ever realised that our greatest enemies are our own weaknesses? Unfortunately to so many of us evil is the greater power. We do the wrong thing because it is easier; no moral strength is required to do the easier thing. But if we are to fill our proper niche in the world we must conquer our weaknesses. Fight against temptation. He who makes the better walk is the better, and go in that direction. You are young Life before you is full of promise. It remains for you to
THE TRUTH RUSHED UPON MARGARET LIKE A WAVE.

choose, I can only direct. Think of the lonely life your father is leading. How black the future looks to him. He loves you, and will never let you try to yourself. Help him to realise his ambition by beating down your ‘other self.’ Won’t you try?"

“Yes, Dr. Adams, I will do my best.”

By stern endeavour and reliance upon her friend, Margaret steadily combated the evil desire. Feeling that the time was ripe for the last great experiment, Dr. Adams one morning took her to the police-court to hear the overnight charges for drunken and disorderly conduct.

Seated at the back of the court Margaret could see through the grill of the charge-room the women to be charged swaying still under the influence of drink, wrestling among themselves.

At length the door was opened. "Mary Morton!" called the officer.

A woman, old, ragged and haggard, stumbled into the well of the court and cowered before the magistrate.

"Drink again last night, your Worship. Created a disturbance and fought like a tigress when arrested."

Every lineament bearing witness to the existence she was living, the woman beclouded asent to the truth of the evidence.

"I could not help it, sir," she said. "I was offered the drink and could not resist the temptation. I only wish I could. It is awful not to be able to do without the drink."

The truth rushed upon Margaret like a wave. "I could not resist. It is awful," kept drumming in her ears. Never before had she realised the hideousness of the consequence of giving way to a weakness. With a heart breaking with grief she left the court.

Margaret was cured. "Doctor," she said, "you are right. I will fight against the evil. Never again, so long as I live, will I touch the cursed drink. To think that I might become as she." And as

the sight of the derelicts of society came before her she shuddered and covered up her eyes.

With a joyful heart Dr. Adams wrote to his friend: "Margaret is cured. At last she has realised what it all means. She will go home to-morrow."

To test her, Randolph sent her to the same cabinet for cigars. There stood the decanter. Would it appeal to her, or was Dr. Adams correct? Margaret brought the cigars, leaving the decanter as an unclean thing.

Her father had yet to learn his lesson. At supper time the butler placed wine upon the table. Randolph, as was his custom, poured out a glass, and was about to sip when Margaret said, "For my sake, if not for yours, father, do not drink it."

With a silent prayer of thankfulness for his daughter’s complete recovery from the curse of her strange inheritance Randolph desisted, his eyes making friends with delicious tears.

A finely-produced Vitagraph drama, teaching a strong moral lesson. It is a three-reeled, and will be released by the Gaumont Film Hire Service on July 12th. Norma Talmadge plays the dramatic dual role of Lucille and Margaret with complete success.

AIRMAN’S DEATH FALL FILMED.

Unpleasant as the subject is, it is worthy of note that a member of Thomas H. Ince’s camera staff recently filmed the actual death of an aviator. Thomas Hill rose in his monoplane at Venice (California) to a height of 3000 feet, and was in the act of looping the loop when one of the wings of the machine backslid, and man and machine started for the earth at almost unbelievable speed. The aviator was killed instantly. A camera-man was taking the flight, and his instrument recorded every phase of the tragedy.

MOVING - PICTURE "MYSTERIES"

Night Scenes, Cyclonic Storms, and Burning Buildings Pictured by Models and Tricks
—according to an American Writer.

The following article appeared recently in a Chicago newspaper, and I reprint it only because it makes quaint and riveting reading. The writer has caught many of his statements, and perhaps his knowledge is confined to the falling fragments he has gathered in the early days.

Certain it is that nowadays the large film producing house more often than not give us "the real thing" in scenes which call for miraculous and fire and water spectacles. I have myself seen in England real full-sized buildings enveloped by fire for film-pictures, and outdoor scenes have been successfully photographed at night by more than one Company in America by a special process. I therefore cannot ask you to accept as gospel all that the article may tempt you to believe.

—Editor, "Pictures."

RUMBING bass notes, from the unbridled, unleashed piano. Thunderous roars from the big bass drum. Frequent crashes from the wassy cymbals. You instinctively clap your hands to your ears and breathlessly await the bursting of the awful tornado that is sweeping over your head.

Then comes a pause in the deafening and ominous uproar—the house is so still you can hear the clicking of the machine as the film is reeled off.

Yes; we are in the midst of a forest, a scene like some, the heroine is just about to emerge from the inky blackness with all her troubles—there she is.

What was that? A flash of lightning! The drummer redoubles his sonorous roll, ending with a wild, spine-stiffening thump. Some storm. The heroine’s hair bobs, she knows the fear it may be torn out by the very roots.

She falls to the moss-covered forest floor. Livid flash and another thunderous roll. Then the deluge. The heavens open, and while the fanfare is loudest and the largest our fair lady is soaked to the skin with real water and falls to earth, beaten down by the force of the tempest from on high.

Great scene, that!

Come Hither, Maude, and Listen.

Come with us now and see how the game is played. Ah, the movie studio! Here’s a patch of nice green grass on the studio floor, and back of it a few shrubs and some sizeable trees. Upon a scaffold high enough to be out of the camera’s ken are a dozen men, each armed with a huge watering-pot.

The heroine stands on the side lines waiting for the storm to begin. Storm in broad noon of a sunny day? Sure thing. Just watch.

An excited-looking individual holding a large plate of manuscript stands beside the heroine. Yes, you’ve guessed it, he’s the movie director.

She gets behind the trees, and to the camera man starts taking. She pushes her way through the tangled
wildwood and stains her toe, looking
utterable anguish the while.

"Down stage!" yells the excited
director.

She stagers on as directed, the camera
man, cranking nonchalantly with
one hand while he takes puffs at a
smoke with the other. "The poor girl
tries to rise and wobbles feebly.

"Fall in front of the camera," bawls
the director.

She falls at the proper focal distance.

"Stretch your arms—look wild;" yells the boss of the works.

"Let her go," this time to the men
with the wetting cans.

And poor heroine, struggling and
staggering, is drenched to the skin
with the downpour, not from the heavens
above, but quite as wet.

**How about the lightning?**

But, we ask, where is the lightning
for this wild outburst of the aforesaid
Nature? 

"Oh, that's easy," laughs the director.

"We put that in afterwards with the
scratch of a pin.

"But how are you going to make it
look like night?"

"Easier still—we'll tint the film blue.

To have sunlight to take any kind of
pictures, any way.

So when you see this thrill, remember
that the lightning is a pin scratch and
the night effect is blue aniline dye and
not the bile of night. As for Jupiter
Phylax, the men with the cans of
water can wet down the place with
equal skill.

**Fire Effects in Studios.**

Have you ever witnessed an exciting
scene about a big building—a home of
a factory—and then the next reel
watched it go up in smoke and flame?
Yes. Some expense? Not so very much,
for you haven't seen the real building
burn down at all, but only a little model
of it after the explosion has been acted
out in front of the real building.

"The best fire effects are made in the
studios any way," the movie expert
will tell you.

It was in a studio that the eruption
of Mount Etna was manufactured. The
promoters had tried taking real moving
pictures of the volcano in eruption, but
they were not nearly as good as the
studio-made variety. These had the
verisimilitude of real life, with fleeing
thousands, men, women, children, and
animals, pouring down its hot-sides.
The films of the fleeing people were
naturally composited on film of the
fugastic volcano, studio-made.

You have seen your favourite heroine
jump unhersatigitively off a tall cliff or
swim an ice-choked river. You never
know how she can swim? Nor does she.
Another movie trick is what you have
seen. Movie stars seldom do such
things. Professionals, dressed exactly
as they are and made up to resemble
them do the part of the stunt for the
real actors. Jumping from a burning
building is another movie feat which is
only a trick. The real people get only
as far as the windows. Dummies do the
jumping and the falling.

---

**THE CLEVEREST FILM-PLAYERS.**

If YOU are not voting, kindly hand your
coupon to a friend who is.

---

"I use Oatine regularly, and as a
 cleansing agent consider it
better than soap and water."

THIS is what Miss Elisabeth Risdon, the leading cinema
actress of the day, says of Oatine Face Cream. Oatine has
hosts of friends among cinema actresses, but it is not often
that a lady with the

great reputation that Miss Risdon enjoys expresses such definite
reasons for its use, and The Oatine Company feel that the
thousands of admirers of
this lady up and down the country will value her opinion, which is the result
of her actual experience, and
with her permission we reproduce a letter recently received from this well-known and ever popular cinema actress.

**To The Oatine Co.:**

Please send me for dozen more jars of Oatine
Cream by next mail. I cannot tell you how
much I find this delightful preparation in my
work. I use it constantly, and as a cleansing
agent consider it better than soap and water, as
besides removing the enameled dirt, it brings
out dust and grime from the pores of the skin.

I find it invaluable for removing make-up,
which I often have to do for many hours at a
time.

Really there is nothing like it, and it is a
pleasure to recommend it.

Yours very truly,

Miss Elisabeth Risdon

---

This enthusiastic testimonial is undoubtedly the strongest argument
that can be brought to the notice of the readers of "Pictures," and in the belief
that the readers of "Pictures" will wish to test these wonderful
toilet preparations The Oatine Company make the offer below:

**A Beautiful Photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon, and a useful Oatine Toilet Outfit—FREE.**

To all readers of "Pictures" sending 3d., in stamps to help pay the cost
of postage and packing, The Oatine Company will send a charming
photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon, together with the delightful Oatine Toilet
Outfit illustrated below. Send to-day and test these wonderful toilet
preparations, of which Miss Risdon speaks so highly. The Outfit contains:

1. A bijou tin of OATINE FACE CREAM, which restores the natural oil to the skin which
the alkali in soap and hard water is always removing. This oil is Nature's own
protector and rejuvenator, OATINE FACE CREAM contains no animal fat, and cannot
grow hair. All Chemists stock OATINE in white bars, 1 ½ and 2 ½.

2. A Tin of 'Oatine' Snow.

3. A 3d. Cake of the delightful
'Oatine' Tooth Soap.

4. A 2d. Packet of 'Oatine' Shampoo
Powder.

5. A Packet of 'Oatine' Face Powder.

6. A 30 page Booklet entitled "Beauty
and Health."

Write for it to-day, enclosing 3d., in stamps to defray cost of postage
and packing.

THE OATINE CO., 245, Oatine
Buildings, Borough, London, S.E.
A Film which should be seen by you.
A Military Drama
of great power is

THE ALIBI

from the famous
play by
M. G. TRARIEUX,
played by an equally
famous cast from
the leading theatres
of Paris.

More particulars next week.

Trade Enquiries for London and the South to

LIONEL GILLING

(ThE Omnifilm Co.),

151-153, Wardour Street, London, W.
"Mother has several plots which we think might be suitable for the pictures," writes Stanley, Liverpool, and that being so, Stan., your mother should get them type-written and send (with stamped envelope for return) to some of our British producing firms, as, for instance, Messrs. Hepworth, Walton-on-Thames; Crick's and Martin, Croydon; J. H. Martin, Ltd., Merton; M. L. B. Productions, Esher, Surrey; or the B. and C Co., Ltd., Walthamstow, E.

Now for this week's competition. The Limericks have been very successful, so here is another Limerick:

Young Will e was so lero to plays;
His friends thought him slow in his way.
Till he saw Lilian Walker;
Then he yelled "What a corker!"

Write your last line on a postcard and post it to "Corker," 18, Adam Street, Strand, W.C., by Monday, July 5th. Two prizes for the best last lines and the usual award will be again presented by Uncle Tim.

OUR LETTER-BAG
Selected from hundreds every week.

Pity the Poor Editor.

"Please Sir Will you tell us something of Edith Storey and as she went and married her earle proper I like her earle and her but likes her letter as a cowgirl and tell her to play with no one but him.

J. L. (Salford).

And the Poor Answers Man!

"There is some one whose name I don't know, but for the minute I can't think of. When I do I want you to tell me what Film Company he belongs to. I know he acted in a fable called oh! I can't think of that now something about 'The Fable of the Man Who' and that's as much as I remember. As soon as my brains are in working order and I can think of the title and the film oh! it's an Edison film. I believe. So now I have only his name and the title to think of.

Axel (Croydon).

Sounds like a George Ade Essanay Fable.

Editor.

From India's Coral Strand.

"I really think it is time someone wrote and thought you once more for sending me Pictures and the Picturegoer. You cannot know how I look forward to its arrival each week, and there are always several fellows that say 'After you with that Pictures'.

Private V. H. E. B. (Central India).

Scenes Faked and Genuine.

"I enclose a cutting from a Chicago newspaper dated May 23rd, 1895. The tone of it is certainly not the same as that in which we are accustomed to accept 'stunts' i.e. 'no fake'. I should like to hear a few candid comments on it from your readers' point of view, as I am of opinion that it should be read with the proverbial 'grain of salt.' I should imagine that modern producing companies would be the first to dispute the inferences contained in the article.

T. T. C. (Fulham).

The article is reprinted on page 251.

Editor.

The Mad Pianist.

"I go to a picture-theatre that shows fairly good pictures, but their pianist well what would you do with him? He played 'Eppy-perty' in the terrible struggle between Mr. Chandler and Mr. Blokarn in the Middlemen, and in a Keystone. His Musical Career he played the Russian National Anthem!"

Picket (London).

RUTH STONEHOUSE,
who is as noted for her wonderful dancing as for her beauty, will dance her way right to your heart in the new Two Act Essanay Photoplay

"THE WOOD NYMPH"

Released on July 8th.

Will exhibitors desiring information please write—

ESSANAY FILM MANUFACTURING CO.,
148, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

Essanay
are
THE DOMINANT FILMS
Our Confidential Guide

Films You Should Make a Point of Seeing.

A TRAGEDY OF THE RAILS.—Gertrude McCoy, in a death-defying leap from a flying hand-car to the cab of a railway engine running wild, furnishes a thrill of thrills. A red-blooded romance ranging from a gay San Francisco to a battle to death in the flying engine. Tense with herculean love and hate.

—Edison Drama, two reels (July 1).

THE CONFLICT.—A thrilling pict. A young man of fine character battles with a rich and unscrupulous man for the hand of a beautiful girl. After a series of untoward circumstances, in which the young man nearly loses the love of the girl, the machinations of the older man finally are revealed, and the real man wins.

Richard C. Travers, Ruth Stonehouse, and Lilian Drew play their parts with exceptional skill.

—Essanay Melodrama, 2,900 feet (June 25).

THE TOPICAL SKETCH.—A revelation in cinema cartoons. Instead of the former black and white drawings, these are an entirely new series of topical sketches drawn in white on black. The public like cinema cartoons. They come as a change from comedies and dramas and form a laughable epilogue, as it were, of the happenings and events of the hour. This series are very cleverly conceived and skillfully drawn.

—Harmon's Agency, 2 reels (July 5).

MY OLD DUTCH.—We have not yet seen the film, but know enough about it to give it early prominence in this column. We were present at the making of some of the scenes, and can guess the quality of the finished article. Florence Turner is a sweet "Old Dutch," and Albert Chevalier is her other half. There is no finer actor on the screen to-day than Chevalier, whilst Miss Turner—but there is no need to tell you what her acting is like. We shall refer to this film again.

—Turner Film (Ideal Film Releasing Co.) (August 25).

THE STAGE-COACH DRIVER AND THE GIRL.—Only one reel, but a big and special one. Tom Mix, the clownish cowboy (apparently recovering from his recent terrible accident), has never done anything finer. In one scene you see the stage-coach and four horses going along at full pace, lose a wheel, and topple over, throwing occupants and driver in all directions. But no one is killed. On the contrary, the driver wins the love of his beautiful girl-passenger.

—Selby Drama, 1,072 feet (July 1).

ARE YOU A MASON?—Graffically described as the "face of the century," we seldom laugh, but we laughed at this film. When it was first shown in New York, it is stated, the discipline of the orchestra was utterly shattered, the north-provoking action on the screen preventing the musicians from following the directions of their leader. John Barrymore, the popular comedian, whose work in "An American Citizen" and "The Man from Mexico" has placed him high in the estimation of the picturgoer, achieves a success in "Are You a Mason?" that will certainly add to his array of admirers.

—Famous Players, four reels (August 2).
A FREE GIFT
To the Readers of "Pictures and the Picturegoer" Only.

THE Publishers of "Everywoman's Weekly" desire to introduce every lady reader of "Pictures and the Picturegoer" to their splendid ladies' journal, "EVERYWOMAN'S WEEKLY."

"Everywoman's"--the Sunshine Weekly, as it is already known--contains everything which will interest the real woman. Its aim is to brighten the life of all women who read it, and it helps them in dozens of ways.

In addition to splendid serials, the latest fashions, entrancing short stories, crochet articles, beauty hints, a splendid children's section, the best cookery hints, free paper patterns, and dozens of other interesting subjects, it also contains personal interviews with the biggest cinema stars.

Readers stand a chance of winning £1,000 Competition, in addition to over 1,000 other prizes. "Everywoman's Weekly" is the only weekly woman's paper giving

FREE INSURANCE AGAINST ZEPPELINS
AND ALL OTHER WAR RISKS.

All you have to do to obtain this handsome journal for three weeks free of charge is to fill in and cut out the enclosed coupon. A halfpenny stamp on your envelope is sufficient, providing the flap is not sealed down.

COUPON
To the Publisher of "Everywoman's Weekly,"
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

I accept your invitation to receive a copy of "Everywoman's Weekly" for the next three weeks, free of charge.

Name........................................................................
Address......................................................................

Fig. 1. ........................................................................
SEND IN COUPONS WHEN YOU LIKE!
The World's Greatest Film Artists

EXCLUSIVE OF BRITISH-BORN PLAYERS.

30 VOTES—Free on Every Coupon—30 VOTES

£10 First Prize in Cash £10

SECOND PRIZE, Graphophone £7 10s., value £9
RECORDS 30s.

THIRD PRIZE, Graphophone £5 10s., value £7
RECORDS 30s.

FOURTH PRIZE, Graphophone £4 4s., value £5
RECORDS 16s.

FIFTH PRIZE, Graphophone £3 3s., value £4
RECORDS 12s.

100 Consolation Prizes 100

Marguerite Clark (moves Players)

Our Second Great Voting Contest!

Although the British Artists Contest was a success beyond all our expectations, our new World's Contest, which concerns probably twenty times the number of players, will no doubt be four times as big. Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and a female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they NOW play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST FILM PLAYERS IN ANY COUNTRY (excluding British-born Artists) write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES. The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10. All other prizes will go to senders of Coupons in order of merit.

The winning players of the Contest will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

Rules and Conditions Governing the Contest.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners' names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

2. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept until sent in one envelope as one entry.

3. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

"The pictures' FREE VOTING COUPON: WORLD'S CONTEST.

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

Female Player

Male Player

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

Female Player

Male Player

Address

Fill out and send to "Fantasy, Ltd.« Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

Some Best-Known Male Players

Aggerholm, Svend.
Aitken, Spott-swood
Alexandre, M.
Anderson, C.
Arling, Charles.
Arthur, Charles.
Asher, Max.
August, Edwin.
Ayres, Sidney.
Baggot, King.
Baumberg, Sherman.
Barrymore, John.
Bauer, Arthur.
Beaumont, Harry.
Bennham, Harry.
Benson, Leonard.
Benson, Harry.
Berry, Charles.
Blackwell, Carlyle.
Bosworth, Hobart.
Bow den, Edward.
Bracci, Signor.
Brady, Sidney.
Brennan, John E.
Brook, Van Dyke.
Brower, Robert.
Buchanan, Arthur.
Burns, Robert.
Bushman, F. X.
Crippellani, Paul.
Curt, Harry.
Cayce, Kenneth.
Cassim, M.
Castilorn, M.
Chamberlain, Riley.
Chang, Lou.
Clark, Andy.
Clark, Frank.
Cliff, Jack.
Clements, Mal.
Cliff, c. William.
Conklin, Chas.
Connelly, B. bby.
Combs, Guy.
Cooper, Bigelow.
Cooper, George.
Costello, Maurice.
Coste, Edward.
Cozen, Robert.
Cruz, James.
Cummings, Irving.
Daly, Arnold.
Daz, Jean.
Dob, Andre.
Delaney, Leo.
Donaldson, Sydney.
Drew, Sidney.
Drew S. Rankin.

Duncan, Bud.
Farrington, Frank.
Field, eorge.
Finlay, Fred.
Fontes, T.
Forster, Courtayne.
Foster, Francis.
Fry, William.
Funnics, M.
Galliford, Robert.
Gallagher, Rny.
Gamble, Fred.
Garwood, T.
Gentron, M.
Grange, Edgar.
Grasse, Joseph de.
Guernsey, Natalie.
Hall, Roland.
Ham Illon, Lloyd V.
Hart, Joseph.
Haviland, Alexander.
Hemmert, Percival.
Henderson, J.
Heyden, Jerrold.
Hoffman, Arthur.
Humphrey, William.
Ince, Ralph.
Jacobs, Billy.
Joffre, Mon.
Johannsen, Nicolai.
John, Arthur.
Johnson, Buster.
Johnson, T.
Johsmo, Nicol.
Johnston, Damar.
Jones, Edgar.
Kaye, O. fifteen.
Kaye, George.
Kelt, Glenn.
Kerrig, R. Warren.
King, Harry.
Lanc, Pete.
Lawrence, Montagu.
Leonard Robert.
Lewis, William.
Linque, E. K.
Linder, Max.
Lockwood, Harold.
Lyon, E.
Lynet, Edward.
Lyttton, Roger.
Mack, Montes.
Mack, Hughie.
Mae, Verne.
Mourlock.
Middles, Charles.
Main, Hank.
Marshall, Boyd.
Mason, Dan.
Melford, George.
Mellor, Judson.
Meyer, Edward.
Mitchell, Howard.
Moncrief, T.
Mondal, Castone.
Moran, Leo.
Moreno, Antonio.
Morey, Harry.
Morrison, James.
Myers, Harry.
Nan, Marshall.
Nordby, Harry.
Oakman, W. e. r.
O'Connor, Tom.
Ogle, Charles.
Olsen, Lauritz.
O'Meara Barry.
Panzer, Paul W.
Perkins, Walter.
Phillips, Andy.
Phillips, R.
Phillips, Alexander.
Phillips, Roy.
Powell, Tom.
Price, T.
Prior, Herbert.
Pittenger, Valentine.
Quirk, Billy.
Ralph, Richard.
Richardson, Jack.
Ritchie, Franklyn.
Ritchie, Marie.
Sennett, Mack.
Shop, Brunell.
Sheeh, William.
Shields, Ernest.
Sibley, Phillips.
Sterling, Ford.
Sutton, Charles.
Trotto, Robert.
Tood, Harry.
Tucker, Richard.
Van Wally.
Wadsworth, William.
Walsh, Henry.
Watt, Bryant.
Wells, B. F.
Weber, Jack.
Wells, W. S.
West, Charles.
West, William.
Widow, James.
Wills, Earl.
Wilson, Ben.
Witty, Little.
Winter, Richard.
Young, John.
EDITH JOHNSON, who is being featured in many Selig wild animal pictures. Jack's Pets (now showing) and His Jungle Sweetheart (July 12th) are two of the latest.

A last I present you with the full results of our Greatest British Players Contest. Everything comes to them that wait, but it now looks as though some back four is quite a "Contest" number, isn't it? But I thought it best to deal fully with the matter and get it finished with. Heartiest congratulations to all the winners—both players and voters—from all of us! Certificates and prizes will be despatched at the earliest possible moment. Another herculean task!

Are you Voting Some More?

It is too early to judge the extent of the voting in our present Contest—to decide which are the world's greatest players (exclusive of British)—but reference is made to it in hundreds of letters from all parts of the Kingdom, which makes me quite sure that the new Contest will be bigger than the last one. Readers have asked if they may vote for the same artists or all the coupons? Why, yes, of course. They may vote for whom they like, as often as they please, so long as the names of two male and two female players appear on each coupon.

Coming Great Film.

Business sent me this week on a flying visit to the London Film Studio. There I found Maurice Elvey behind a huge megaphone shouting directions to the players in a big and magnificent set for Esther, in which, as I told you last week, Elisabeth Risdon is playing the title-role. This unexpected glimpse of gorgeous scenic effects and dazzling costumes of the Biblical period proves beyond a doubt that the production, apart from the story, is going to provide a wonderful spectacle. Meanwhile we must wait and see.

Rival "Bunnys."

Before I left I ran into Judd-Green, and marvelled greatly, for he looked more like the late lamented John than any one I have ever met. He tells me that he has many times been mistaken for Mr. Bunny. It would certainly not be difficult for him to play a Bunny role without detection. And, by the by, there is another "Bunny," John Collins, who for some time has been an Underground conductor on the Bakerloo Railway. Mr. Collins has already had considerable experience in acting for films, and now he has been engaged by the Gaumont Company. Which, I wonder, is going to step into the empty shoes of the original?

 Presents for Players.

Last week I referred briefly to the Turner production of Alone in London, but I had no space to mention the fact that...
Turner Films  "Pictures made for You."

ODDS AGAINST
Ruined by a crafty rival, Dick Barry stole to save his mother's life. But while he purged his offence in prison, she died from poverty and grief. Meanwhile, Howard Lyston renewed his suit for Barbara Weston's hand.

On his release Dick determined to win an honest livelihood before approaching Barbara. And so, while pride kept him away, she, after-long waiting, gave Lyston her unwilling promise and the wedding day was fixed.

But, with all the odds against them, Barbara and Dick were yet to find happiness. "For even at the altar Barbara's heart revealed itself. Her lips refused to speak the fatal "I will." Lyston departed in chagrin. The guests dispersed; and presently, as if led by some unseen influence, Barbara passed down the empty aisle to where Dick knelt in an agony of despair that was turned to happiness beyond belief by the love-light in the eyes of the woman he had thought for ever lost.

Florence Turner is Barbara, Henry Edwards (the author) is Dick, Edward Lingard is Lyston, and the picture is produced by Larry Trimble.

NERVY AND SLEEPLESS.
Business Man Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. Poole, a business man, of 60, Infirmary Road, Sheffield, says: "Dr. Cassell's Tablets have simply worked wonders in me. I had become so excessively nervous and run down that I would jump from a chair. I had lost confidence in myself, and the alertness and business activity I had formerly possessed were gone. My digestion was very feeble, often there was pain and wind, and at night I used to wake up with a start and a queer feeling of dread. This has gone on for months. I was getting more and more run down, when one day I read of similar cases cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I got some, and almost at once I felt better. Naturally I persevered, and now I am as well and fit as any man of my age."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a genuine and tested remedy for all forms of nervous or bodily weakness in old or young. Compounded of nerve-nutrients and tones of proved efficiency, they are the recognised modern remedy for:

- Nervous Breakdown
- Nervous Debility
- Spinal Paralysis
- Infantile Paralysis
- Anaemia
- Kidney Disease
- Diabetes
- Stomach Disorder
- Malnutrition
- Insomnia
- Premature Decay
- Loss of Flesh

and are specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Prices: 1/4d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9½d.—the 2s. 9½d. size being the more economical.
**PICTURES AND THE PICTURGOER**

**REPLIES**

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when written. We cannot reply through the post, letters are dealt with in rotation. When costs are required name of Company must be given.

**F. T. B.** (Manchester).—We have postcards of Anericia's new, and expect some of Charles Chaplin next week. We shall say so.

**Mave** (South Norwood).—Thanks for your appreciative remarks. As you say, not all the new ones are good. In one case of the young man with two invalid dependents is very good, and to be pointed out as a "hold back" very very call up to him. We know of a similar case where the son is inciting to enlist. Sydney Dore's "Two Million" are two different people. We replied to a "Mollie" of your village in our June 12th issue; was it you?

**Jon** (North Shields).—Our Postcard Manner has sent out a list of all the postcards and enlargements we have in stock. Whose and how many do you want, Joe?

**Spindles** (Troydon).—There is no reason why we have not mentioned in our paper the two players you name. We plan to mention all the art, as they may be useful for our purposes.

**Kett-Vonk** (Dawlish).—When Ford Sterling was with Hepworth & Atlantic there were six different postcards of him available but now he is sick with Kaye there are none available at present. We have had postcards of Lunt & Mrs. Simms, but there are no photographs of the latter, but no long interview. Thank you for your patience.

**Bunty** (London, W.).—Charles Chaplin is an Englishman by birth, and became famous on the stage in "The Man from B Chaplin" long before he thought of playing on the films.

**Nancy** (Maripool).—You are certainly enthusiastic, but we are afraid that we can not write a list and await your big order. The Answer Man is rather shy (thank's), and no out of hand of him are published, but his books are good.

**Bessie** (Liverpool).—Charles Chaplin is not eligible for the Foreign Players Contest. We expect to have postcards of him by this time this appears.

**The Flapper** (Middlesex).—The Keystone Co. is the biggest of the innovation. We know, however, that Mabel Normand and Charles Chaplin played together in "The Millionaires" in which Mabel was now with Atlantic. Have sent love to C. C. -

**Corny** (Duncairn).—Sorry the printer man spelt your not-decorate incorrectly—he has promised to return. Thanks for your postcard. Glad you enjoyed yourself. S. D. Chaplin may be the player with Mabel Normandy you refer to. We have received your letter containing card, thank you. So have you reached the age, and have to put your hair up? Cherub up! don't be daunted!—a woman's hair is a crown of glory.

**Wren** (Hastings). We have new postcards of M. G. M. Players, and postcard extra. If you write the Postcard Manager he will send you a list of all we have in stock free.


**J. M.** (Bromley).—You might try the following Companies: Hepworth's Studios, Walton-on-Thames, London Film Co., St. Margaret's on Thames, Tweekenham, The Rambouillet Film Co., Worton Hall, Isleworth.

**Ethel** (Liverpool).—How splendid for you to have a father who is an officer in the King's Army. Good luck to him, Ethel!

**Poppy** (Plymouth).—We should like to "pop into the park to pick poppies with Poppy." May we Alfred Vosper's play "B. Arnold" in "The Level" (Vite graph).

**Saucy Girl** (Bristol).—Sorry we cannot get the casts; one is too old and the other is not given. We have asked our publishers to send you what you want and are glad to do so. The cast of your letter was very sweet.

**Winteen** (Camberwell). The cast of "A Million Bol" has been given several times on this page—the last 11 to 12 weeks ago—look up back numbers. Welcome, new reader.

**IS THIS IN YOUR ALBUM?**

3f, Gray Murray, of the "B. and C." Players, "The Only Remedy." (Gaslight, Bromide, or P.O.P. Post Cards.)

**THE ONLY REMEDY**

Still get we complaints from readers who say they like Pictures, but cannot obtain it. Tell your News-agent want it every Saturday, and he will get it for you.

**PHOTOGRAPHY**

Photo Postcards of Yourself, 1s. Dozen.
From any Film Co. 12 x 10 Enlargements, 6d.

S. E. HACKETT. Works: July Road, Liverpool.

**GASLIGHT, BROMIDE, OR P.O.P. POST CARDS.**

26, 4d. each, 1s. 3d. Pictorial Players also Cheap, Current Scenes and Simple Slides.

S. E. HACKETT Works: July Road, Liverpool.

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Still get we complaints from readers who say they like Pictures, but cannot obtain it. Tell your Newsagent want it every Saturday, and he will get it for you.
A Feature Film.

**Operator**: "What shall I do with this film? There’s a tear in it that cuts right through the hero’s nose!"

**Usher Manager**: "Ha! just the thing. Call for a change in parts."

**A Great War Drama.**

It was advertised as such, but scene after scene showed nothing but love and farewells. The embraces grew longer and the kisses increased in strength. Suddenly a boy voiced the sentiments of the audience by shouting, "Why don’t you let her breathe and give us a bit of smoke!"

**SMILES**

*Since the war started all the rank and fashion has become rank and file.*

**Far Better Dead.**

"Why did the audience howl so indignantly during the last death scene?"

"Because we know that the actor wasn’t really dead."

**A Good Reason.**

Bonds: "I hear Desmond is expanding his short film plot into a big novel!"

Nombie: "Yes; he says the plot is a novel idea."

**Not Much of it.**

**Mae**: "Ruth had a new gown on last night.

**Grace**: "Oh, what was it like?"

**Mae**: "Mostly Ruth."

**The Guilty One.**

A certain minister was greatly distress

**A prominent picture-player who liked publicity:** "the morning after his participation in a big production. — Judge."
FLORENCE TURNER AS "NAN"

in the new Turner production of the old melodrama "Alone in London."  (See next page.)
HOW FILM ACTORS REHEARSE.—No. 2: The Big Game Hunt.

Anna Nilsson fires off three cannons in Kalem's Rivals. Don't be nervous—the picture is silent.

Anna Little is sorry that summer has come. She has fur coats, collars, and muff galore. The moths will be glad!

Kathryn Williams says that a film wardrobe costs nearly three times as much as a stage wardrobe. Can any of you contradict this?

In America there is a new dance—the Charlie Chaplin Walk. Imagine a floor full of people walking like Chaplin with music and shoes to match!

Throughout the United States many schools are successfully employing the cinematograph. In New York City there are about ten schools using it.

The Albert Chevalier masterpiece, The Bottle, is making a deep impression. Young and old enjoy it. They all want The Bottle—it's stronger than the one they had in babyhood.

A girl may appear interested in a screen climax, but we notice that she loses the trend of the plot when another girl in a striking manner effect comes in and sits down in front of her right at the crucial point in the scene.

There is talk of "Formby Films" coming. We told you last week that Billy Merson had arrived on the screen, and now George Formby, we believe, is to follow suit. Oh, well, there's heaps of film room for funny fellows.

A Mother and Her Son.

Marc McDerMott is receiving the congratulations of his fellow-players because his mother has finally passed out of danger after a serious and prolonged illness which greatly worried the Edison star. The quiet, sensitive nature of Marc seems to find fullest expression in his affection for his gentle mother, who is proud of her son as he is fond of her.

The Flower-Seller and Her Car.

Even the Walton people, accustomed as they are to film production in their midst, were caught napping one day not long ago. From a magnificent new 25 horse-power touring-car stepped a forlorn figure in rags carrying a boy on one arm and a basket of flowers on the other. The passers-by stared, but sheepishly went on their way when they discovered that it was only a scene for a film. Florence Turner was playing the flower-girl heroine of Alone in London in the scene depicted overhead.

Crowded out of "Reply Page."

Violet Mossback wants to know how to act in a picture-show. Our reply to Violet's wishes: "Stay at home and wash the dishes!"

Rev. Highbrow writes us long, says picture-shows are "reely" wrong. Our reply to this reformer: "What you need is a transformer!"

Reporter asks if it's the mode for actresses when films explode. No reply to this fool question—Such queries give us indigestion!

Babies on the Film.

Thirty-Eight babies in three reels! How's that for a record? We don't know how many mothers owned the infants, although the title of the film in which they appeared is Will of Her Own. It was produced by Maurice Elvey, at Twickenham, who is still quite well, thank you, in spite of the awful ordeal. Elisabeth Risdon is featured in the production, and the scene in which she appeared as Shakespeare's "Juliet," speaking into a modern telephone, was published in our last week's issue.

Cleo Buys a Cow.

We told you some weeks ago; but now we learn why. When the Gold Seal drama, A Wild Irish Rose, was about to be produced, Cleo had the opportunity to buy a cow. Madison was informed that in one of the scenes in this picture she would be required to milk a cow, and she was asked to acquire the necessary knowledge. Madison was also informed that the cow's habits of the animal. So Cleo bought a farmer living in the Universal City neighborhood, and told him she wanted to buy a cow. She was taking no chances. She and her cow were going to become properly acquainted. The Madison family had fresh milk and morning for weeks, and Cleo became expert in the art of the dairy-animal. Of course, the scene was filmed without a hitch of any sort. The cow looked quite uncomonued, confident that everything was all right, because the mistress she knew was near at hand and nothing was going done was in quite professional style.

Has a Picture a Soul?

A few months ago, Langford Reed strode into the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool and discovered the "personality" of the central figure in a painting. The mood and expression suggested a number of picturesque and romantic incidents in her life which in imagination he saw visualized before him. Result—a striking picture-play. Mr. Reed found a capitalist, a producer (George Fox, West Cheap Film Co.), who would work hand in hand with the author, and lastly an actress whose appearance and temperament were almost identical with that required by Mr. Reed. The picture is now finished, and will be released by the producer. Langford Reed has certainly written a great many scenarios, for he tells us that no fewer than ninety-eight of his subjects have already been disposed of.

Something Like Roughing It

The Trans-Atlantic Company recently purchased the freighter Aurora, which was wrecked in a gale two weeks ago. The Aurora was stationed off Santa Barbara Island, and the players went north to make scenes about the wreck. While spending two days in and near the wreck, the small launch used proved inadequate to battle the giant waves caused by the gale, which drove them fifteen miles from their course in attempting to return to Santa Barbara. They were driven on to the rocks, where, after eight hours' work, they were successful in making fast by ropes, and were able to get the lifeboats containing members of the crew from the wrecked ship, and finally to reach the shore of a rock island.

The last boat to leave the rocks carried with it all the provisions on board, and all the clothes that could be used to make the artists comfortable. They were held prisoners on the island for two days, and lived on the small quantity of provisions that had contained, and on Friday morning, the worse for their experience, were picked up by a tug-out from Santa Barbara. The last two days on the sea all members were strapped to the deck, and so rough was the water that it was impossible for them to make any pictures whatever.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

Interesting Topics in Film Pictures selected from Pathé's Animated Gazette.

A HEROINE OF ROMANCE
Pretty Vivian, who is everybody's favourite.

THE other day two stonemasons on a business street in Los Angeles paused in their work to follow with admiring gaze the figure of a slight, dark-haired girl who came out of a building and crossed the street.

"Do you know who she is?" asked one of the men, and then, without waiting for a reply, he said that's "Vivian Rich. There isn't a week I don't go to see her at the pictures."

"I can beat you at that," grinned the other, happily. "We've a baby girl, a week-old, named after her."

With her dark-brown, dreamy eyes, black hair, and general air of refinement, and with her slim, girlish figure, Vivian Rich is known to every man, woman, or child who visits the picture-theatres. She probably receives as many "honey, familiar" letters as any one in the profession, for her admirers seem to possess a real affection for this clever little actress. They are from all kinds of people in all possible walks of life. But the misspelt, illiterate letter receives the young actress's personal attention equally with the most charming, fluent epistles. For she delights in the friendship of everybody, and regards her popularity both as a great honour and as a responsibility. Sunday afternoon is her favourite time for answering personally many of these letters.

Miss Rich was born at sea. Possibly this is why she is gifted with the imaginative, romantic temperament which even years of schooling in Boston could not educate out of her. She gave up the opportunity to go to college for the stage, making her début in New York in The Country Girl—and never has she regretted her choice. Though only in her early twenties she "has found herself" and is happy.

When Miss Rich fell to the lure of the pictures, she was for some time with the original Nestor Company at Hollywood, where she "caught on" immediately. The American Company, always on the look out for the right people, and with an almost uncanny way of getting them, gathered Vivian Rich in, and for three years now she has been featured in a number of the best films turned out at that home of the beautiful.

Miss Rich lives with her mother in a little bungalow in Santa Barbara. They are famous for the delightful week-ends they give their friends, who run down from Los Angeles and San Francisco. Not long ago she entertained a house-party of her former class-mates, and there were picnics and riding and drives for all of them.

Swimming, fishing, and tramping—all these fascinate Miss Rich, who is a real out-of-doors girl. Her favourite part of picture work is that which takes her far afield on "locations." The wildwood type especially is suited to her dark beauty, and as a girl of the mountains she has starred in innumerable romances taken among some of the most picturesque settings ever photographed for the screen. The more simply the American leading woman is costumed the more apparent is her girlish loveliness. More petite than tall, her features are delicate, and her manner natural and unstudied. She is charming in the sneek of sackcloth which she wears in the rustic subjects, and in a cowgirl get-up her brunette colouring is rendered especially striking. A filmy evening gown transforms her into a society beauty; or, when occasion requires, she can play the unsophisticated, home-loving daughter or wife with equal grace. Indeed, Miss Rich herself has a serene, contented nature, and most of her affection centres round her home. She and her mother are the best of comrades.

When her colin, "Guess," strayed-away she was inconsolable. Happily, somebody presented Miss Rich with another dog.

VIVIAN RICH: A recent portrait of this "Flying A" star.
THE PHANTOM THIEF

Adapted from the Edison Prize-winning Film Play

By MOLLIE GUYTON.

Although the portrait was now finished and had been declared a masterpiece, it was mutually agreed that Kenneth should retain the picture and not exhibit it without her special permission.

That afternoon they were alone in the library of Earl Hawkesley's large house.

"Sylvia, dear, just one more kiss," pleaded Kenneth. The beautiful girl raised her lips to those of her lover, but before they had met her father entered the room.

"What does this mean, Mr. Turner?" he exclaimed in astonishment. "How dare you make love to my daughter? If you think you can do as you please because we allow you to visit us when you like, you are mistaken, sir, and I request you to leave my house at once."

Kenneth, with downcast eyes and sorrowful expression, endeavored to explain their mutual love, but Sylvia's father refused to listen.

"Do you hear me?" continued the Earl furiously. "Leave my house at once."

"Father!" pleaded Sylvia.

But the angered parent sternly pointed to the door, and Kenneth turned and left the house as requested.

"A woman is outside waiting to see you, my lady. She will not take no for an answer. She looks ill and has a baby with her." Thus spoke the footman a day or two later to Lady Sylvia, who lounged in an easy chair in her luxurious boudoir.

"You may show her in, James," she replied. "I expect she needs help." A woman apparently in distress entered the room with a baby in her arms.

"Poor dear!" said Lady Sylvia, sympathetically: "won't you let me do something for you?"

"Something for me?" shrieked the woman. "Have you done enough?"

Nana was an excellent actress, and had planned this scene out of revenge. With blazing eyes and flushed face she
PictURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

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Gabbed on: "You—she's that you are, to stand there and pretend you know nothing—you who have stolen my Kenneth—my husband, whom I loved. And he loved me too, do you hear?—until you came with your fine clothes and took him away from his wife and child. Curse you a hundred times!"

Her story and violent abuse so completely staggered Lady Sylvia that she sank into a chair, and before she could find her speech the woman had disappeared.

For a long time Sylvia pondered over the awful meaning of the words which she had heard. "Oh, why am I so miserable?" she cried.

"Kenneth, why have you so cruelly deceived me? Yes, she mentioned his name; it must be true. This man—this monster—already has a wife and child; perhaps Father knew; that was why he turned him out of the house."

Quickly making up her mind, Lady Sylvia wrote a curt note to Kenneth, telling him that she had decided not to see or speak to him again.

"By Jove, Kenneth, you've got a winner there!" said his friend, an art director, as he pointed to the portrait of Lady Sylvia. "Why don't you exhibit it?"

The next moment Sylvia's note was brought in by the servant, and as Kenneth read the contents his expression changed.

"No bad news, I hope?" quizzed his friend.

"No, no," replied Kenneth, pulling himself together. "By the way, I'd like to present a portrait to you. May you do what you please with it?"

When Kenneth called at Sylvia's house for an explanation for her strange dismissal, she refused to admit him.

The portrait of Lady Sylvia was duly hung at the Academy, and on the opening day the Earl and Countess of Hawkesley and Lady Sylvia were present. Unseen by her, Kenneth watched Lady Sylvia as she stood before her portrait and saw her look of surprise change to anger.

It was then he realized that he had broken his promise by allowing another man to exhibit the picture, and feeling sorry for his action, he at once decided that the picture should not remain in the gallery any longer.

The next day the portrait of Lady Sylvia had disappeared. The mysterious robbery caused the greatest consternation, but neither the officials nor the public was able to trace the identity or whereabouts of the thief.

On the same day Lady Sylvia was returning home from a visit when her car ran into a woman and knocked her down. The victim was tenderly picked up and conveyed in the car to Sylvia's own house, where, with all the care which love could devote to a fellow-creature, she nursed her patient back to a convalescent state.

One afternoon, after Sylvia had been gazing at her portrait, she heard the voice of Kenneth. "Yes, dearest, I understand."

"Kenneth makes it up with Sylvia, reading to her, the woman sat up in her bed. "You know who I am, don't you?" she enquired. "I am Nana, the person who lied to you about Kenneth."

"You lied to me!" gasped Lady Sylvia, in astonishment.

"Yes. I told the lies because I was jealous, and I bought the baby to make my story look real. I did not mean to wreck his life and yours. But I loved him so, Lady Sylvia, and I tell you this, that you may love him, as you did before I came into your life."

Afraid almost to believe her own ears, Sylvia sat staring at Nana, who sank back amongst her pillows, and with a sorrowful attempt at a smile, said:—

"You will be so happy now, Lady Sylvia. Will you forgive me?"

For answer the nurse bent down and kissed her patient.

The same day Sylvia received a parcel containing the much-talked-of missing portrait and a brief note from Kenneth to say that she could do what she pleased with the picture.

Without a moment's hesitation Sylvia went to Kenneth's studio. He was sitting smoking as she entered the room, and, creeping up to him, she laid a gentle hand on his shoulder. "Ken, I have come to explain. It was all a mistake. I have been so miserable since I thought you had deceived me. But now I know all—oh, don't you understand I still love you?"

Kenneth turned, and folding his sweetheart in his arms, kissed her passionately.

An interesting point about this Edison one-reeler (released July 13th) is that its title and "ending" were the prize contest, which was organized by the New York Dramatic Mirror. The first part of the scenario is by Mark Swan, and the remainder by Maud Crane Clement, who won the fifty-dollar prize for the most artistic ending. About a thousand manuscripts were submitted. The cast includes Gertrude McCoy as Lady Sylvia, and Clemente as Nana, Edward Earle as Kenneth, and George Wright as Ralph Cameron.

"Pictures" Sells Roses.

How the Chief Lady Member of our Staff spent Alexandria Day.

SEVEN o'clock Wednesday morning found me at my post.

"Wouldn't you like to buy a rose?" I asked for the first time. No answer. My custom had been buried in a morning paper.

He tried to pass, but I dodged him.

"Give me half a dozen, for heaven's sake, and let me go," he growled.

I pinned the flowers into his coat, and after slipping half a crown into my box he passed on. Having broken the ice I got busy.

About 10:30 trade slackened off in the open, so by my tent, and I raised the big warehouse and banks bordering our district. Although every one looked slightly perplexed, the majority of the employees had already had roses, we were well received, as was also the money which was slipped in our boxes. The firestation was our route, and here we went upstairs, and seeing one of the firemen slide down the brass pole to the ground-floor window, I purchased it. The group admiring our bravery that they cheered us and bought dozens of roses, including some for their mascot—a beautiful bulbul.

The rain at midnight increased rather than decrease our sales, for we managed to dart out and arrest flowerless slackers, all of whom bought roses. How could we refuse when we had pursued them in the wet?

In the afternoon I was making a detour of a small back street when a man called a rose. I tackled him.

"If yer like to come on here and pin it on me I'll have one," he said, and I climbed that very moment, for I had tasted his style. He cried, "You have been so nice to me, I should have liked to buy it." I gave him the rose, the crowd gathered, I paid for the roses. The ground was rimmed by a hole of loving, and they bought dozens of roses, including some for their mascot—a beautiful bulbul.

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Playing to the Pictures

CONFESSIONS OF A YOUNG LADY CINEMA PIANIST.

I may not have occurred to all of you, but "Playing for Pictures" does not always mean acting. For example, I play before the census, not before the camera. For over two years my fingers have wandered—not idly—over the noisy keys and the music they have produced has helped me, I hope, the enjoyment of the pictures.

When quite a child I was passionately fond of music, and, like most children, I would play the pictures at every opportunity and enjoyed both the films and the music—when it were music. What pictures would be like without their musical accompaniment I cannot imagine. I know the different musical treatment given to the various films used to fascinate me, and I found myself longing more and more to become a cinema pianist. I could not read a note of music nor I knew anything about playing—imagined that such a difficulty would absolutely bar me from ever realising my ambition.

But I was wrong.

At an early age I could play almost anything from memory, and I began to acquire a habit of sitting at the piano at home, after my visit to the cinema, recalling the pictures I had seen, and playing my own selections to fit the stories.

This constant practice soon gave me a good idea of what I should be required to play in a cinema for different types of films. "Extemporizing," as it is called, and it came to me quite naturally. It is what people who can read any music at sight—and therefore play perfectly—generally cannot do; and yet it is most desirable, if not essential, that a cinema pianist should be able to extemporise.

Well, at the age of fifteen a friend's influence obtained for me a post as relief pianist at a cinema in New London where I had to play from three to six daily. My parents had something of a shock when they heard of it, for they had intended that I should study for the Civil Service. But, anyway, I got my heart's desire, and, although I have now turned "sweet seventeen," I am still playing for pictures.

For a considerable period I was organist in a quartette at a cinema, and enjoyed it, but prefer working alone, the only disagreeable part being the awful monotony. I have done as much as seven hours' work at a stretch at the piano without speaking to a soul, except for a short tea interval, and am so used to the work now that once I have played for a new programme I know how to go on until the next arrives.

There was one occasion, though, when I forgot myself. Whilst playing to Spectre of the Seas a gentleman belonging to the circuit, quietly told me a funny Irish story. Unconsciously I wandered off into music that fitted it until suddenly he pulled me up with "Good heavens, miss! The lady on the screen isn't executing an Irish jig!" And he was quite right; she wasn't; but I was.

Talking of music out of place, I was relief pianist at a hall when inappropriate tunes were all the rage with the conductor. Why he considered that rag-time was the only possible music for Pathé's Topical Gazette I don't know, but he did; and he was one of those gentlemen who would not be advised—he knew so much himself. One night the Pathé film showed the unveiling of a memorial. And what do you think was the music for this impressive scene? At the moment that the statue was being revealed our orchestra was playing "A Wonderful Life and Soul into 'That Mysterious Rag'! The manager came up hurriedly and asked him if he thought the picture was a "Keystone." This same conductor once played "Everybody's doing it" to a funeral procession, and "If it's a lady," for a society wedding. But I think he reached the limit when he played "Who's your lady-friend?" whilst the hero and his girl were floating on a raft after a shipwreck, the most thrilling scene in the drama. He thought it funny I suppose, but unfortunately for him others did not, and he lost his job.

Our calling has its serious side also. I have played on many occasions to an audience so carried away with the story you could have heard a pin drop if I had stopped the music; and I have heard stifled sobbing, too, and felt real proud that my music—yes, the music plays a great part in pictures I can assure you—that my little efforts had helped to stir the emotions of my listeners.

Now and again, I may add, an exceptionally narrow-minded man has appeared to me as well as my audience, and my eyes have been so dimmed with tears that I could not see the keys.

One evening I had to play the organ—a fine large pipe instrument—with my girl friend at the piano. We gave them such grand compositions as Giannini's "Ave Maria," Tit's Serenade, "The Merchant of Venice," and "Cavalleria Rusticana;" and after the show an attendant came up to us and said: "A gentleman wants a word with you two ladies." I looked at my chum, and she looked at me. We thought we were in for something unpleasant. Imagine our surprise when the gentleman, a patron, said he wished to thank us for such "heavenly music." We were surprised, I assure you, for we seldom receive praise from any one. He expressed surprise himself when I said that I had played the organ, and when he heard I could not read music he was absolutely astonished, and promised to tell the manager what he thought of my talent.

I hate blowing my own trumpet—I nearly wrote "organ"—but the incident had such a nice ending, for next morning we each received a huge box of chocolates, some flowers, and a cameo ring for luck.

Oh yes, I am frequently asked by patrons for the name of a certain piece I have played, or to repeat something or other. Once when the machine broke down and caused a nasty wait, I amused the audience by playing "In the shadows" and "Oh dear, what can the matter be?" The other night a lady began howling, and I got so cross that I suddenly disregarded the picture, and started off with "Oh, dry those tears." What happened to the lady I do not know; but its howling ceased, and I was so pleased that I gave them "I don't suppose it will happen again for months and months and months."
THE BATTLE OF INNOCENCE

Adapted from the "Apex" Exclusive Film
By NORMAN HOWARD

Amelia was undergoing downstairs, he slipped into the maid’s room and hid it amongst her belongings. Needless to say, as soon as a search was instituted, the brooch was immediately found by the police; and upon the strength of the evidence against her, Amelia was taken into custody.

At her trial her protestations of innocence were in vain, and Judge Legarde passed upon the poor doomed girl the severest sentence in his power.

Two years later the Judge, whilst crossing a road one afternoon on his way home, was knocked down by a motor-car.

Picking himself up as best he could, he was able to proceed homewards, and, save for a dazed feeling which almost overcame him, and a splitting headache, he appeared to be apparently little the worse for his accident.

The dazed feeling, however, gradually increased, causing him to become exceedingly melancholy. His work and the daily happenings of his life suddenly ceased to interest him, and had become, in fact, an acute source of worry. He frequently failed to recollect the most important details in connection with his business, and found it practically impossible to concentrate his mind upon the matters before him, or to prevent his thoughts from wandering off into masses of unintelligible chaos.

"Why, Randolph!" cried Arnes one evening, laughingly breaking in upon his reverie as she walked into his study, "you are very quiet again to-night; Dreaming again, or are you just tired?"

"Yes, little one." The Judge raised himself with an effort, "I believe you are right this time, I’m tired—very, very tired!"

"Poor boy! I’m sorry I disturbed you," she replied, sympathetically; "shall I sing or play something to you, dear; or would you rather be quiet?"

"Ah, yes, if you would be so good. Play me my favourite serenade. You know the one I mean—Schubert’s. It is so exquisitely dreamy and soft."

Without further comment, Arnes withdrew into the adjoining apartment and sat down at the piano. She failed to understand the change that had overtaken her lover, and put it down to worry, due to the strain of overwork. Nevertheless, it bothered her a great deal, and with a long-drawn sigh she struck the opening chords of the serenade.

The effect of the music upon Legarde was instantaneous. His manner underwent a complete change. No longer the inert body of a few moments before, his breathing became quicker and more laboured; his whole frame vibrated with some mysterious and subtle emotion which previously he himself had never experienced; an overwhelming and uncontrollable force seemed to be taking possession of his very being—poignant, virile, powerful, and maddening.

With a start he gripped the sides of his chair. He must be dreaming, and yet—

He passed his hand over his burning head. Realising his surroundings, he rose from the chair, and, with a cry of despair, rushed from the room—the music still ringing in his ears and burning into his very soul.

Upon reaching his own chamber Legarde sat down—paralysed by mental prostration; but ere many minutes had elapsed he was roused from his state of coma by the rays of a torch flash-lamp, which, coming from the direction of the...
window, shone fully on his face. He sprung to his feet excitedly, and, pulling aside the curtain which hid the manipulator of the lamp from his view, came face to face with a burglar.

This additional shock was too much for Legarde. Falling back a step, he covered his face with his hand—alas! too late!—the mischief had been done. Burglary was now the one outstanding desire in his disordered brain! He was prepared to follow this devilish phantom impulse to the end.

Striding to a wardrobe he changed into his secretary's coat, and replacing his collar with a large, dark muffler, switched off the lights.

With a rasping chuckle, he threw open the window and, stepping through, let himself down to the ground. Vaulting a wall at the side of the road, he climbed through the window of the adjoining house and silently crept into one of the rooms. Next moment he found himself looking down the barrel of a revolver.

"Move a step, and I fire," hoarsely whispered its owner. "Who are ye?"

Legarde grasped the situation in a moment. He had blundered in upon another crowd of 'crooks' at work; and he just decided to explain his presence, when a long, low whistle sounded through the night.

"Gawd!" cried the owner of the shotter, peering through the window; "it's the police!"

Legarde led the way through a series of subterranean passages till at length, reaching open air again, he informed the 'crooks' that they were safe from further molestation. This exhibition of skill on the part of Legarde made him popular, and, accepting their invitation to join them with a drink, he adjourned to their headquarters, "The Lame Duck"—a public-house of low repute in the locality.

"I've brought yer a pal," explained the leader, introducing Legarde to the company. "A real good'un. Got us out of the hottest corner I've ever been in. That's something, ain't it?"

Legarde looked round at the admiring crowd, and suddenly encountered the face of Amelia, who since her discharge from prison had been befriended by, and become a member of, the gang.

An unaccountable influence drew him towards her; but as their eyes met she uttered an exclamation of amazement. She sprang to her feet, and, with accusing finger, advanced towards him.

"You are Judge Legarde," she cried, "the man who sentenced me to penal servitude."

The effect was electrical. Every eye was threateningly round him; but Legarde only laughed.

"You have made a mistake," he answered simply. "Why, I am no more Judge Legarde than you are! Come how you will, I'll not fight a man as large as you by the arms. "Look me in the face. Am I Judge Legarde? Quickly! Am I the Judge you speak of?" he roared as he tightened his grip.

The girl covered under his unrelenting scowl. Convinced as she had been that he was the Judge, his present unmistakable attitude now speedily dispelled her suspicions.

"I must have made a mistake," she murmured, faltering. "I'm sorry."

With a smile Legarde released his hold, and joined once more in drinking and conversation.

Next morning the Judge was found soundly asleep in his study. Upon being wakened he could remember nothing, nor could he account for his presence there. He had had some terrible dreams, he explained, and was always having visions of the face of a woman rising up before him like some ghastly nightmare. When, some hours later, his secretary remarked that some one had been wearing his coat, his perplexity only increased.

As time wore on his condition steadily grew worse. He did all manner of strange things and at times talked so incoherently that it was only with the greatest difficulty that Agnes and her father could follow his ramblings. Finally, feeling the responsibility rather too much for their own peace of mind, they called Dr. Endle and asked his advice upon the matter. The doctor listened with the gravest interest to all the Judge had to say, noting the minutest details during the lengthy enumeration of his various symptoms and, having promised to look in again in a few days, took his leave.

That night the Judge, whilst seated at his work in the study, once more was overcome by the same fiendish desire to steel his hands in crime. Finding himself unable to fight against it, he stole softly from the room and, wearing his secretary's coat, as was now his custom, and a travel across his face to prevent recognition, he slipped out of his window on to the balcony. Presently Agnes, finding the air cooler out of doors than in, took a stroll in the moonlight. This was the chance Legarde was waiting for. Attacking her from behind, he snatched the pearl necklace from about her throat, and, be-
before she could scream for assistance, vanished into the darkness.

Regaining his own room, he took the pearls from his pocket, and, silently unlocking one of the drawers of his desk, deposited the jewels therein. This done to his entire satisfaction, he changed his clothes, and, seating himself comfortably in one of the chairs nearest him, soon fell asleep.

Legarde's powerful and mysterious personality had greatly attracted Amelia towards him—an attachment which was regarded with intense jealousy by "The Quill," her first benefactor. One evening in "The Lame Duck," as "The Quill" was upbraiding her for her faithlessness, Legarde—who had then christened "The Prince"—walked in. A terrible fight ensued between the pair, and "The Quill," drawing a knife from his pocket, managed to tear Legarde's sleeve before he was finally disarmed and thrown out. Turning round to Amelia, who was standing near, Legarde took from his pocket the string of pearls he had stolen the previous night, and, kissing her passionately, bade her accept them as a present.

Amelia, recognising the pearls the moment she saw them, refused the gift with thanks. But Legarde, using the powerful influence he possessed over her, made her change her mind, and in exchange he accepted her photograph.

There was more surprise for the Judge and his secretary the next morning when the latter showed him the torn jacket, and removed from the pockets an empty whiskey-bottle, an old pipe, and the photograph of a woman.

The Judge recognised the photograph as being the girl whom he sentenced to penal servitude some time back, which fact, of course, served to deepen the mystery.

In the meantime, hearing of the robbery of the pearls, the police had become extremely active. Detective Barton, acting on information received from "The Quill"—who, in order to recover himself upon his hated rival, had given the gang away—disguised himself as a drunken loafer, and, entering "The Lame Duck," awaited events.

From behind his barricade of barrels the detective heard Legarde instruct the gang in the methods to be adopted for burgling his (the Judge's) own house. During his discourses entirely sat diligently mending "The Prince"'s torn coat, and had just returned it to him when one of the members of the gang came rushing into the room wearing "The Quill," who was standing by, of treachery. Legarde closed with "The Quill," and during the struggle which followed the barrels were knocked aside, exposing the detective. Legarde at a glance saw upon him that on someone giving the word that the police were at hand, he succeeded with two of his companions in making his escape.

Legarde's next move was to burgle his own house, and, leading his confederate into his study, he began to ransack the drawers of his desk and divide the spoils among them. But there seemed to be an air of familiarity about it all that he could not understand.

He felt a violent change coming over him. Mechanically he opened the wardrobe and replaced his clothes. Then, in spite of his colleagues' entreaties for him to escape, he sat down in his favourite armchair and slept, leaving them to their own devices. But ere they could leave the house they were arrested, and, much to the surprise of the presence of the awakened Judge, the "crooks," of course, claimed him as a confederate.

But Legarde had regained his ordinary personality, and strongly resisted their familiarity. In fact, the ignorance he displayed in connection with their charges convinced Dr. Endle, who was present at the time, that the Judge was possessed of a dual personality.

During the explanation Amelia was announced. The girl had decided to return her late mistress' pearls and so clear her conscience. On entering the room she was permitted to examine the photograph and the mended coat lying on the table, and fired with a keen desire to clear herself, denounced the Judge before all the others as "The Prince," the man who had taken her necklace.

When everything seemed to be wrapped in mystery, Dr. Endle, still strong in his conviction, discovered that music was the medium through which the Judge had developed his second being, and he asked Agnes to play her sweetheart's favourite tune. Then, engaging the Judge's attention, and concentrating his thoughts upon the desired object, the doctor succeeded, at the critical moment, in reuniting the two personalities, and fusing them into one. Thus Judge Legarde recovers his normal mind, and, declaring his identity, buried his face in his hands in thankfulness.

Innocence predominated for the Battle of Innocence was won.

* * *

The Battle of Innocence—a four-part "life-photo" drama—is an adaptation of the play entitled, The Curious Cou-
In the rôle of Judge Legarde we have Lionel Barrymore at his very best, powerfully supported by Betty Young as Agnes Caverly, William H. Tool as Detective Barton, Edna Pendleton as Amelia, and Arthur Morrison as "The Quill." The production is controlled by Apex Films, Ltd., 35 and 36, Little Newport Street, W., who hold the exclusive rights for the United Kingdom.

**OUR LETTER-BAG**

Selected from hundreds every week.

**If We’re Nice, We Mean It.**

"It may be strange, but I am often after thinking that I do not write because I do not like the way you answer letters. You say too much as a matter of form. I am a short-hand typist, and in dictating it is always said 'We have the pleasure, and all the time the boss is swearing at having to prepare the enclosure.' I like people to say what they mean, even if it does sound rude."

**Mrs. L. B. (Bath).**

**More Flm Faults.**

"Talking of mistakes, I think Maurice Costello made a very silly one in one of his films. He put his daughter into bed with white boots on. Then Ivy Close, in the 'Lure of London,' when she is supposed to be a flower-girl, wears beautiful polished boots and a well-tailored skirt. Why do we seldom see a man or woman who is meant to be poor on the film in down-at-heel boots or shoes?"

**Mr. E. G. (Dublin).**

**Acting and Posing.**

"Do you not think that a great deal of film-acting is spoiled by the habit of 'looking at' the camera at any and every time? For instance, a fight may be going on at the rear, but utterly indifferent to it, a leading player in the scene will often stare straight at the camera. Is this sense—to turn your back on a fight for the sake of getting your face photographed? It's high time the ludicrous effect were abolished, do you not think?"

**Boh (Halifax).**

**What He Has Missed.**

"I am a new reader. The other day, on looking in the window of a newsagent's shop, the first paper I set my eyes on was Pictures, and as I am a picturgoer I thought I would buy a copy just to see what it was like. I soon found that it was one of the cheery sort, and I regret that I did not know of it before. I hope to be a regular reader now, and thus learn all about the leading cinema actors and actresses, besides hearing of many films yet to be released."

**Victor (Dublin).**

**Cardboard Charlie.**

"I had a funny experience the other night. Most picture theatres where they are showing a 'Charlie' picture put a life-sized cardboard figure of him outside, and the other night as I was coming out of a picture-theatre I stopped to have a good look at 'Cardboard Charlie.' The manager was standing by, and I jokingly asked, 'How much do you want for Charlie?' He said, 'Why, should you like one?' and of course I said I should very much, if he could get me one which he has promised to do. Can you imagine your humble carrying a life-sized effigy of Charlie through the streets? Do you think I shall get him home safely? I am afraid if any children catch a glimpse of it, front view, I shall get mobbed. He is simply idolised in Birmingham, where we often see him. The immortal Charlie Chaplin, or 'One Touch of Chaplin makes the Whole World Green.'"

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and

**NELL CRAIG**

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PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

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MACKINTOSH'S
TOFEE DE-LUXE
MINT DE-LUXE
A STRIKING COUNTRY HOUSE "SET" FOR AN "M.L.B." PRODUCTION.

On the stairs are standing from left to right: The Editor of the Film Times; the Editor of the Picturegoer, Mr. Lloyd; the Kinematograph Weekly representative: Mr. Michaelson; the Bioscope representative; and T.H. Davison, the "British" Film agent.

Enjoying Ourselves at Esher.

QUITE a field day was enjoyed by ourselves and members of the trade Press when we were taken recently to the studio of the M.L.B. productions by T.H. Davison, the British agent who is handling them.

Situated at Esher, a charming corner of Surrey, the new studio is one of the brightest and best around London. It faces the famous common, Sandown Park lays at the rear, and old-world cottages and picturesque country gardens flank either side of it. It is not difficult to predict good pictures under such delightful conditions.

When the party arrived at the studio, producer Warwick Buckland, Mr. Michaelson, and Mr. Lloyd were all hard at work preparing a big scene—the famous battle scene. There is in our picture for the filming of "Rita's" novel A PARK LONE SCANDAL, which, from the synopsis supplied to us, promises to be a first-class production. In the M.L.B. Company are several old favourites, among whom we met Flora Morris, J.R. Tozer, Austin Camp, Harry Gilhey, Sybil Wollaston, and James Lewis, and portraits of all these players we shall hope to publish in due course. The sunshine which favoured our visit helped to make this "happy family" more so; but with players and managers alike throwing their heart and soul into the work we cannot imagine them being anything but happy at any time. We congratulate the Davison Film Sales Agency on their foresight in adding one more good brand, the "Venus" films

(which the M.L.B. productions are called), to their list of British products.

For Betterment of Pictures.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS has been the recipient of many high honours, but she experienced a new one recently. The Selig star, whose portrait appears on our front cover, was "adopted" by far-away Honolulu by a small army of soldier-boys, who are working for the betterment of pictures—all in the name of their fair patroness.

This was conveyed in a letter:

"Schofield Barracks, Honolulu,
April 23, 1915.

"Dear Miss Williams—You probably have not heard as yet that out here in far-away Honolulu, exactly nine months ago today, two persons proposed organising a club for the benefit of increasing and perfecting motion-picture theatres on all the army posts of Hawaii.

"One of these suggested that it be called 'The Kathlyn Williams Association,' in honour of Schofield Barracks' favourite actress. You may be sure the membership steadily increased since that time to this present moment. It now boasts 650 members, and is rapidly going up. The club-room was built entirely by Uncle Sam's soldiers under the direction of the president and vice-president, and was completed a little over a month ago. The last four weeks have been spent in furnishing it. In the club-room proper only portraits of you, Miss Williams, are allowed, though in the dining-room and waiting-room are pictures of hundreds of other

photo play stars, all expensively framed. We have waiters, maids, cooks, and every conceivable thing, except one—and that one is the most important of all. We are sadly in need of autographed photos of you. Would it be asking too much to request one, preferably two, small inexpensive photographs autographed by yourself?

"In conclusion, let us inform you that, due to the efforts of this Association, there is not one hall which has not been benefited greatly in more than one way on the island of Oahu, in every army post, and even in Honolulu itself.

"We remain, yours very respectfully,

"KATHLYN WILLIAMS ASSOCIATION."

Designs Her Own Dresses.

THE magnificent gown worn by Anna Nilsson in one of the scenes of The Haunting Hour shows her skill as a designer. Few picturegoers are aware of the fact that in the years this beautiful Kalem actress lived in Paris she studied designing. Only recently one of America's most famous modistes made Miss Nilsson a flattering offer to become a member of her establishment,

ANNA NILSSON, the beautiful Kalem picture star.
WATCH FOR THE RELEASE of Hepworth’s Latest Masterpiece
'THE SWEATER'
A Real Life Drama
in three Reels exclusively controlled by
THE GLOBE FILM CO., LTD.
81-83, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
Telephone—Regent 5600, 5601, 5602.
A screen impression of methods not sufficiently known, whereby the masses who have created the nation’s greatness are ground down to satisfy the cravings of a few who live by sweated labour.

A Film which should be seen by you.
A Military Drama of great power is

THE ALIBI

from the famous play by
M. G. TRARIEUX, played by an equally famous cast from the leading theatres of Paris.

More particulars next week.

Trade Enquiries for London and the South to
LIONEL GILLING
(The Omnifilm Co.),
151-153, Wardour Street, London, W.

To Mary Pickford

The loveliest, largest deep blue eyes
That ever laughed and danced,
That ever gazed in hurt surprise
Or full of mockery glanced,
That ever portrayed tearfully
A true heartfelt sincerity
Are thine, sweet fairy girl.

The sauciest, sweetest curved red lips
That e’er put anxious frowns to rout,
That e’er shyly offered kiss,
Or prettily formed a dimpling pout,
That ever scolded playfully,
Then slowly smiled forgivingly
Are thine, sweet fairy girl.

The curliest, wildest, sunny brown hair
That e’er rippled free and light
O’er the shapely head of a maiden fair
And shoulders pure and white,
Or kissed her forehead lovingly,
Then danced and fluttered gleefully
Is thine, sweet fairy girl.

The tiniest, swiftest of dainty feet
That e’er a sprite has owned
That ever a ballroom measure beat,
Or in strange, weird dance have flown,
Springing and whirling gracefully.
Wildly, wonder’ly, bewitchingly
Are thine, dear fairy girl.

The dearest clever little hands
That e’er by playful action
Pulled tightly round all hearts the strands
Of loving admiration;
That ever mimicked teasingly,
Then begged forgiveness prettily
Are thine, dear fairy girl.

The gentliest, beautiful angel child
Who ever came to earth,
And with lips and hair and eyes that smiled
To fervent love gave birth,
Who charmed all irresistibly,
But simply, sweetly, innocently.
Is thee, my angel girl.
Lois Deacon.

When Two Stars Saw Many Stars.
One of the men employed as an “extra” in a Kalem two-net drama, The Visioneer, is nursing a black eye. Mary Sais, the popular actress who plays the leading role in this production, is nursing a bump on her forehead. Both injuries resulted while the possessors were taking part in a scene, the action of which was laid in a darkened room. Miss Sais had shot out the lights. The other player was supposed to make an effort to capture her. The actress dived as he ran towards her and collided with him. Although utter darkness prevailed, both players saw millions of stars.

OF COURSE YOU ARE VOTING? If not, please hand your Coupon to a Friend. It’s a pity to waste Thirty Votes.
Our Confidential Guide

Films You Should Make a Point of Seeing

**THE CASE OF JOHNNIE WALKER,** which again proves Sherlock "Pipple" s remarkable ability in the solving of a complicated case (of whisky!). We told you about the first of the series, The Million Dollar Mystery. This one is better.

—H. A. Renouf and Co., 330 feet (July 8).

**A DAUGHTER'S STRANGE INHERITANCE.** Did you read the story of this great drink problem in our last issue? The acting and staging are magnificent, and we counsel all picture-lovers to see this exceptionally strong Vitaphone production.

Gamut Film Hire, three reels (July 12).

**THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST.** A fine and picturesque production with a strong plot. We could say a great deal about it, but as we have arranged to give you the full story in next week's issue it is not at the moment necessary.

—Lucky Drama, four parts (July 10).

**LIFE'S STAIRCASE.** It is one of the prettiest and most appealing films ever produced. Jack Bentley, a man of the world, and Gladys Turner, a novice in love, are mutually attracted. After they announce their engagement, each destroys all tokens of past infatuations. Before each, sitting alone, the past passes in a panorama of memories. On their wedding-day, as they descend the staircase, the forms of previous loves flutter about the bride and groom, and it is not until the minister ha pronounced them husband and wife that their minds are wholly cleared of these tempting illusions. The play is a beautiful piece of symbolism.

—"Beauty," Drama (American Co.), 280 feet (July 20).

**TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE.**—In our office we have for a few weeks a huge cardboard head of Charles Chaplin. A young lady entered just now, saw it, and remarked, "Have you seen him in Tilly's Romance?" Of course we have, and said so, "Chaplin is great (fire screen gate!)," she exclaimed. "His loveliness would set any Thesee on fire. Mabel Normand is 'brilliant' too, although only playing a small part, and although I don't wish to offend but (fender), Marie Drescher sparkles all the time in the leading cool — I mean role of Tilly. You must see her wonderful hat. It is some creation. And the same may be said of the whole of this six reel Keystone comedy.

—Controlled by Globe Film Co., Ltd. (Now showing).

**CHARLIE'S ELOPEMENT.**—Another thirty minutes of Charlie. Count de Ha Ha aspires to the hand of an heiress and 21,000,000. Father pays the million and tries to deliver the daughter; but can't. She drops a note from her balcony begging to be saved. Chaplin picks up the note, enters the house, and announces he is the Count de Ha Ha. He gets a royal welcome. Then the real Count appears. The former negotiations have been carried on by correspondence, but he proves to be the satisfaction of the millionaire that he is not. In the ensuing battle Chaplin kicks both Count and parent out of the house, and flees with the girl. They find a motor-car and, after dropping a penny in the slot, are off, the Count, the cruel parent, and several policemen in pursuit in another machine. There is a wild race across roads and through woods and creeks, and Chaplin loads his car with bricks, and uses them. But—why go on? See the film.

—Evening Comedy, two reels (July 15).

**FILM TITLES TRAVESTIED.**

No. 2, "The Sweater." (Drawn by Allan Mooney.)

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**HERE'S A PICTURE THAT WILL FASCINATE YOU!**

**"329"**

Big U Melodrama. Released August 9th.

(Featuring MURDOCK MACQUARRIE.)

Murdock Macquarie plays the part of the man who goes to prison for another's crime, and after his release becomes an honored citizen with entire conviction. His reputation looks like being blasted when his old enemy turns up on a black-mailing errand, but fate takes a hand, and he is killed. The dying man confesses to his crime, and the other is cleared.

"329" is a picture that will make your heart beat just a little faster!

**YOU MUST SEE THIS.**

**AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOS OF : : CINEMA STARS IN COLOURS : :**

That splendid penny weekly ladies' paper, "Everywoman's Weekly," has hit upon a novel idea. For the next few weeks the covers will consist of autographed photos of famous Cinema Stars IN COLOURS.

If you do not already know this charming little paper, the Publishers will be pleased to send it FREE for three weeks to any reader of "Pictures" upon receipt of a postcard addressed to the Publisher, "Everywoman's Weekly," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

All you have to do is to write these words—"Please send me 'Everywoman's Weekly' for three weeks free of charge as advertised in 'Pictures.'"

Elisabeth Risdon's photograph appears on the front of the July 10th number, and she is saying "Everybody's character is written on their face. Can you read mine? £20 in prizes — good luck to you." This introduces you to a novel, easy Character-reading Competition, in which eighty prizes can be won.

Every lady who buys "Everywoman's Weekly" remains a continuous reader—hence this generous offer.
The World's Greatest Film Artiste Contest

Exclusive of British-born Players.

30 Votes Free to Every Reader Weekly.

First Prize in Cash - £10

Second Prize, Graphophone £10 10s., value £9

Third Prize, Graphophone £5 10s., value £7

Fourth Prize, Graphophone £4 1s., value £5

Fifth Prize, Graphophone £3 3s., value £4

100 Consolation Prizes 100

The machines and records are manufactured by the World Famous "Columbia" Co.

Some best-known female players

Abbey, May
Aggerholm, Ellen
Alden, Marie
Anderson, Mignon
Antrim, Josette
Bagley, Helen
Bailey, Leah
Bayne, Essier,
Besserer, Eugenia
Briscione, Lottie
Brown, Betty
Bruce, Kate
Burton, Charlotte
Bush, Paulina
Chaster, Lil
Children, Naomi
Clark, Margaret
Clayton, Ethel
Clayton, Margaret
Cooper, Marion
Craig, Nellie
Crawford, Florence
Conard, Grace
Dawson, Hazel
Dressler, Marie
Drew, Lilian
Dunbar, Helen
Eyton, Beulah
Fairbanks, Madeleine
Fazenda, Louise
Fenich, Flora
Fischer, Margarita
Fitz-Carol, Gissy
Flugrath, Edna
Forde, Victoria
Frascatoli, Milla
Frolich, Else
Fuller, Mary
Gail, Jane
Gardner, Helen
Gau, Dorothy
Gish, Lillian

Claus, Louise
Greenwood, Minned
Hall, Ella
Halleren, Edith
Hamel, Edna
Hawley, Orme
Hollister, Alice
Holmes, Cinda
Humes, Ethel
Humes, Helen
Hulette, Claudy
Hunt, Ira
Johnson, Edith
Joyce, Alcy
Kelly, Dorothy
Kirtley, Virginia
Kromman, Anna
La Bide, Florence
Lanet, Adele
Lawrence, Florence
Leone, Bessie
Leslie, Helen
Leslie, Louise
Little, Anna
Luther, Anna
McCray, Marlene
McDowell, Claire
Madison, Clara
Maison, Edna
Marsh, Mae
Mansan, Milla
Maurice, Mrs. Mary
Mayo, Edna
Meredith, Ross
Milford, Bliss
Monkhill, Milla
Nansen, Betty
Napierkowski, Milla
Nash, Edna & Alice
Nelson, Frances
Nelson, Jennie
Nesbitt, Miriam
Nilsen, Anna
Normand, Mabel
Olsen, Louriz
Orth, Louise
Ostrich, Muriel
Payne, Edna
Platt, Virginia
Phillips, Dorothy
Pickford, Lottie
Pickford, Mary
Pretty, Arline
Price, Kate
Razeto, Stella
Rich, Virginia
Roldan, Ruth
Sacchetti, Rita
Sals, Marion
Sanderson, Jackie
Schade, Betty
Schaefer, Anne
Selby, Myrle
Sisson, Vera
Snyder, Margaret
Stewart, Anita
Stewart, Anna
Stonehouse, Ruth
Storey, Edith
Swane, Julia
Sweet, Blanche
Sylvaine, Milla
Talma, Norma
Tapley, Rose
Theby, Romasay
Thomsen, Edna
Tincher, Fay
Trunelle, Mabel
Turner, Florence
Vale, Louise
Wade, Baby Lillian
Walcamp, Marie
Walker, Lillian
Warrenton, Lula
Weber, Lois
West, Billie
West, Mildred
White, Pearl
Wiggins, Lillian
Williams, Coral
Williams, Kathleen
Woodruff, Eleanor
Young, C. Kimball

G. M. Anderson.

Broncho Billy of Essanay.

Who Are the Cleverest Players?

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the cleverest film players in any country (excluding British-born Artists) write their names in the coupon below.

Prizes—The voter who sends in a coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10. All other prizes will go to senders of coupons in order of merit.

The winning players of the contest will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

Rules and Conditions Governing the Contest.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners' names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest coupon.

2. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

3. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope as end of contest.

4. No correspondence can be entered into concerning the contest. Some of the best known male players are given on this page, but voters may vote for any players (except British-born) whether in the lists or not.

5. A voter may fill up any number of Coupons from one issue, and may send in any quantity of his or her own or friends' Coupons in one envelope and at any time.

6. The Editor's decision as to the prize winners and on all matters connected with this contest will be final and legally binding, and Coupons are accepted only on this understanding.
GOSSIP

Billy Merson

Who will be seen in “Kine-Billy” Comedies.

I have been asked to state how many players are eligible for our World-Voting Contest. I do not know. At a rough guess I should say there are five or six hundred. They are not all stars, of course, and I suppose it will be mostly the stars who get your votes. All players, other than British-born, may be voted for. Give your votes to whom you think are cleverest; never mind whether they are stars or not. During the past week a great number of coupons have arrived, and I shall presently begin to indicate the state of the poll without, however, publishing actual numbers.

The Ladder of Fame.

I had believed that the Turner Film Company had reached the topmost rung of the ladder of fame, but as they never stop “going one better” their ladder must be inerminal. The Turner “autumn programme” is, in truth, a mighty one. As you will learn from their announceement on another page, three famous novelists—Thomas Hardy, Allen Raine, and Rita—will provide plots for their films, and big plays besides novels are coming. Then there will be “More Film Favourites” in the person of Florence Turner. You remember her delightful impersonations in the first film of this title. Well, I have seen a forecast of these to come, and, believe me, they are, or should be, it, them, or those, whenever you please.

For your Albums.

Are you taking advantage of the Selig Company’s very generous offer to send you coloured portrait postcards of their players who, post-free? I know that many thousands of our readers are postcard collectors, and I feel I must draw their special attention to such a good offer, such beautiful cards, and such a rare opportunity.

Tom Powers Writes Again.

Some weeks ago I published a letter I received from Tom Powers, and sent him another copy of Pictures containing it. Now he has written me that on the strength of my little paragraph forty-two readers have written to him. Wonderful! And how careful one must be with our big world of supporters. Tom, you remember, said he loved England and the English, and a bonnie Scotch lassie forthof has taken him to task for leaving out Scotland. As a matter of fact Tom loves his Scotch accent, and what he should have said was British. I have pleasure in publishing his second letter on page 283.

Billy Bursts into Pictures.

If the Spaniard did blight his life, Billy Merson is not likely to blight the picture public. We are to see him in “Kine-Billy” Comedies, otherwise Homeland Productions, a new British Company just formed to exploit this famous little comedian. His first film is Billy’s Spanish Love duet, a three-reeler, which, although not exactly based on his famous “Spanish” song, includes a “thrilling” scene in the bullring. I hope to laugh in private at this production before going to bed tonight. Meanwhile, picturegoers will, I am sure, extend a hearty welcome to Billy’s advent on the screen. As he himself has said, “It badly needs a few more British comedians.”

Mystery Story Coming.

Serials come and serials go. One that is coming is The Black Box, the next Trans-Atlantic serial, by E. Phillips Oppenheim, a British writer. It is said there are more thrills in it than in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud’s with the lights out. Of course, you have been scared. You have woke up in the middle of the night and heard strange sounds downstairs. Your hair has stood up as though trying to tickle the ceiling. Cold perspiration has broken out all over you, and you have smothered every breath lest your presence be discovered. These will be the sensations you will experience in The Black Box, the only difference being that in place of a bed you are in a comfortable seat at your cinema, and instead of real fear, which the screen eliminates, you will positively enjoy them. There are fifteen weekly instalments of 200 feet each in this creepy crawler production, and if you love mystery (who does not?) do not miss one of them.

Measuring Your Mirth.

It is done by the acromegraph, an instrument which measures the length and loudness of laughter, and this latest American invention has proved that Charles Chaplin causes more laughter than all other comedians. The acromegraph was placed in a number of theatres where Chaplin and other comedies were shown. In the Chaplin plays its needle showed that laughter was continuous from the beginning of the picture to the end. The needle registered last for the nearest competing comedy, proving that the laughs were ten times as loud in the Chaplin comedies as any other. The broken horizontal lines in other pictures recorded that the prolongation of laughter in Chaplin comedies was twenty times as great.

F. D.
Turner Films

"Pictures made for You."

OUR AUTUMN PROGRAMME.

We in the film business have this in common with our journalistic friends—that we have to plan our coming productions a long time ahead. Our summer releases are all finished, and being booked by the firms who are handling them. "Odds Against" will be released during July, "Alone in London" and "My Old Dutch" in August.

We are now commencing work on the following Series:

"MORE FILM FAVOURITES." You remember the wonderful success of "Film Favourites"? This is better.


"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD." Thomas Hardy's masterpiece.

"QUEER LADY JUDAS." One of "Rita's" most successful works.

Florence Turner plays the lead in these Pictures, and Larry Trimble is producing them.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

Have you ever seen an ostrich? Quite likely you have seen one at a Zoo, and you may have come across a moving picture of one on the screen. But how would you like to see Mr. Ostrich racing with a man on his back, and that man a funny man—in fact, the famous Trans-Atlantic comedian Billie Ritchie?

Billie is so funny that he is always thinking out novel acts in which to please his countless admirers, and in a few weeks hence you will see him in one of his latest in a film called Poor Policy.

In this picture several of the scenes are laid on an ostrich farm, which gives Billie an opportunity to spring one of his greatest and funniest surprises, imagine if you can Billie Ritchie chasing an ostrich down a road, the bird galloping at top-speed. As fast as his peculiar trot will permit him, Billie sometimes nearly comes up with the great bird; sometimes falls over with a terrific bang that would send any ordinary individual to sleep for ever; and eventually vaults on to the ostrich's back and triumphantly rides his queer steed almost up to the camera's lens. Of course you cannot really imagine the scene. You must actually see it to believe it.

And there is more than this in the film. There is a beautiful maiden and a deadly rival, and of course Billie is madly in love with her, but he plots to win her hand and heart without taking the rival into account, so that the course of true love does not run as clearly as he would wish. Instead of winning wealth and a wife, he wins only a whirlwind of trouble. Poor Billie! But he and the ostrich are fine, and all you young picturegoers must look out for the film.

In a previous issue I asked you to invent a title for the picture which showed an old gentleman engaged on mending a blind falling off the steps before his horrified wife, and, as usual, you have responded with piles of postcards containing all sorts of suggestions—cruel, kind, and humorous.

The winning titles are—"The Face at the Window" (a film title) and "The Blind Man's Fall," and in a day or two the senders of these will each add to their library Volume VII of Pictures and The Picturegoer, beautifully bound in blue and silver, and providing a feast of film-reading for weeks to come. Their names are—Harry Clements, 127, Blackwall Buildings, Fulborne Street, Whitechapel; and Nellie Abram, 43, Leyton Road, Wimbledon.

AWARD OF MERIT (six of these bring you a special prize).—Annie Kerr (Seacombe), Bertha Stanbury (Norwich), E. S. Dale (Macclesfield), Gladys Turner (Lewisham), L. Oakden (Shortlands), Jessie McPherson (Lower Sydenham), E. S. Highton (Hitchin), Maud Snell (Leytonstone), Nora Kent (Lewisham).

BILLIE RITCHIE RIDES AN OSTRICH.

(See Story on this page.)
WEEK ENDING J ULY 10, 1915

"A Red Disaster."
"Watch Your Step."
"What a Falling Off was There!"
"Did He Have Any Other Way He Pushed?"
"A Windowfall."

Are you going in for the great Voting Contest? There is no age-limit for this; young and old are both fit for this clever game. You have only to choose your artists, fill in their names and your own on the voting coupon, save all your coupons carefully, and when the pants are round, send them along to the Editor. If any one of your coupsens happens to give the names in their right order of the four players who get the largest total number of votes, then it means that you have won a prize. And you may win a big prize.

Of course you saw the results in last week’s issue of our last contest—the British one? You have noted, I suppose, some one player received considerably over one hundred thousand votes? A list of the players and the number of votes cast for each was published with the results, but the list was not complete. A great number of artists received less than one thousand votes, and their names were not included in the list. Now I wonder if you are good at guessing. I hope so, because I am going to make my next.

GUESSING COMPETITION.

What was the total number of votes cast by readers for all the players voted for in the British Contest? The editor knows, of course, but he will not tell me. What he does say is that the total was more than a hundred thousand and less than one million six hundred thousand. Now put your thinking-caps on and write on your guess a postcard, address it to "Guess," 18, Adam Street, Strand, W.C., and post before Monday, July 12th. The sender whose guess nearest to the correct figures will each receive a volume, and the next nearest (so long as they are near) will get the second prize. You must have required this time. It is simply a guess; so good luck to all who guess, from Uncle Tim.

TOM POWER WRITES AGAIN.

"New York, June 4th, 1915.

My dear Mr. Dangerfield—Thanks so much for the magazine. It was accompanied by forty-two letters from your readers. It makes me very glad that I have made some friends in England. Just here let me tell you something. One of my letters was from a Scottish reader who had quite a different and gay note to you. As a matter of fact, I should have been more explicit I suppose. When I said that I had learned to love 'English and England' I should have said 'British and England.' The latter phrase was taken to being geographically specific in my letter. Of course I love the Scottish people, too. I shall never forget the reception I received in each of the North British cities. And if anybody misunderstands, tell them that I must be forgiven. It is geography of which I am ignorant, my friendship spreads from Dover to Aberdeen. Is it possible to say the '42' separately, but it will take time—Sincerely, Tom Powers."

"Boris" (Southport).—Don't you believe all you hear, Bobby. Charles Chaplin was never dead.

"Annie" (Leeds).—wonders why it is that people give so little credit to the ordinary—perhaps the films have something to do with it, Annie. Anyhow, I can assure you that old, old, young, old or a fallen asleep on our shoulder in a cinema—we wash the latter word. Thanks for getting you to the front you are going in for our next contest. Everybody is.

"Ernest" (KemistOwn).—We have no postcards of your address. Your address of the latter is quite correct.

"Mystery" (York).—Your clever letter to hand. Tell little youngster the film was a very obfusco one, we should imagine—they occur; you know, in the best-regulated studios. Have sent your love to liam’s dish, and your sympathies to Tom Mix, who is getting better.

"A letter from Main Street Kansas".—Sorry we cannot give you the address of one of our correspondents—it is against our rule. Congratulations on being such an old reader.

"Vivian" (Cardiff).—All voting coupons sent in must be filled up properly if you want a chance of winning. (Love) Count it.

"Mrs. Nelson" (Hinckley).—Mary Pickford is more amusing in real life than on the screen. I wrote to lady nicely she would surely reply. Address c/o. Famous Players Film Co., 212, West 26th St., New York. Send bonus for "Film Life of Mary Pickford to be at 18, Adam St., Strand, London, and don’t forget to enclose twopenny-halfpenny. Written with a wobbly hand.

"Violet" (Clapham).—It’s all moonshine, Billie Ritchie is not staying in Brixton, or touring the English halls, or even motor-car concerts. He is at this moment at Universal City, Los Angeles, Calif., acting daily in L.O. Transatlantic comedies, so you can get a large hammer and nail that extraordinary run out to the counter—if you can catch it up. Glad you told us.

"Hat, Gray or Ray" (Which is it?) (Burton-on-Trent). Address Harry Bunn, c/o. Ellen Rovie, London, E.12, London, E.12. Don’t send your autograph album abroad, it might get lost. If you speak to the players, write for something for it on a sheet of paper. We shall be pleased to sign for you. Thanks for nice words about us.

"Flappers" (Halesworth).—George Larkin played "Barbara" in "Trey o’ Hours". His portrait was published in our issue of Jan. 9, 1915, which should have been distributed to all our subscribers price 24 post-free. We are sure Stuart Reno and Alena Taylor or be pleased to hear from you.

"Transas Vortex" (London) By all means write to Anita Sturges of the Vitagraph if you wish. Leah Baird is also with that company now. Cannot trace film you have mentioned. You have seen quite a respectable number of films, Vicky. Have given your love to Florence Turner.

"A Reader" (Gunnessby).—Wlmaid Gise played “Ginger Stubbs” in “The House of Trouble.” Address Ben Webster, c/o. London Film Co., St. Margaret’s-Thames, Twickenham.

A Correspondence (Row ining).—The address you mention would reach Mary Fuller. We don’t know if B. Webster is playing on the stage at all. I am not able to give you the stage set list of course a famous state actor. Letters like yours never come to us, dear, consider yourself lucky.

R-sire (Bournemouth).—Where’s your name and address, Rosie Pinie? Harold Lockwood took it out in the stage set list of course a famous state actor. Letters like yours never come to us, dear, consider yourself lucky.

IS THIS IN YOUR ALBUM?

Ellen Agnew—The Nordisk player.
A MOTOR-CAR is like a spiteful woman—it will run anybody down.

Rival Picture Players.
First Dear: "I'd just like to see any man kiss me!"
Second Dear: "What a hopeless ambition!"

Nursery Rhymes Up to Date.
Twinkle, twinkle German spy,
How we wonder if you're right.
How we'd like your name to know,
For we love your Kultur so.

A Picturesser's Plot.
NEDDY: "Mamma, do you love me?"
YOUNG WIDOW: "Why, yes, darling."
NEDDY: "Then why don't you marry the manager? Then we can come here for nothing."

The Same Result.
"How long have they been married?"
"Ah! Hubby, five years ago."
"Did she make him a good wife?"
"No; but she made him an awfully good husband."

Peace at Last.
REPORTER IN FRANCE: "My editor seems very disappointed. What can news to send him to cheer him up?"
OFFICER: "Write and tell him you've been killed in action."

THE HINT MADE IT WORSE.
MOTHER: "Why don't you yarn when he stays too long? He'll take the hint and go."
DAUGHTER: "I did, and he told me what beautiful things I had."

Better Than All of It.
FIRST PICTURE ACTOR: "I say, old boy, don't you think a moustache improves my appearance?"
SECOND PICTURE ACTOR: "Rather, it lumps a part of your face."

A SURE THING.
FIRST TRAMP: "I've gotta system fer workin' out de towns along de route."
SECOND TRAMP: "I know de system, but I can't hear it."

THE WEEK ENDING JULY 19, 1915

EDITORIAL MATTERS

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertising and Publishing Offices: 93 and 34, Long Acre, W.C. Telephone-Gerrard 2902.

BILTON: "What did your wife say when you got home at two this morning?"
TILTON: "Nothing! She just started playing a gramophone record called 'Tell Me the Old, Old Story.'"

A BRIGHT RETORT.
"The comedian was having his boots blacked. 'Father a bootblack too?' he asked the boy. 'No, sir, my father is a farmer.' 'Ah!' said the comedian, 'making hay while the sun shines, is he?""

DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.
"When we go to the pictures now, we have to take a tramcar. Before our marriage you always called a taxi."
"NEWEDD: 'Yes; that's the reason.'"

W. CRABSHAW (wife of a cinema proprietor): "Well, he didn't put it exactly that way; he said that it filled the bill."

His Stroke of Luck.
"No money, no trunks!" said the landlady. "If you don't pay your board bill, we hold your trunks till you do."
"Splendid!" said Diedbrooke, the actor. "That'll save me the expense of storage on those things of mine until next season. By-ho, old man."

THE END.
MARY FULLER, THE TRANS-ATLANTIC STAR,

Is another of the best-dressed girls on the screen. Mary is a world-wide favourite with picturegoers.

(See page 201.)
PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

WHO is the fascinating Balloon girl? Jackie Saunders! Look out for an article about her soon!

Harold Lockwood has taken to himself a secretary in order to cope with his correspondence. Some of it comes from you, dear readers. Poor Harold!

Pauline Bush will remain with Transatlantic, despite rumors to the contrary. Pauline's dressing-room is as pretty as a picture—so they say.

Still forging ahead! Lubins are just opening another big studio—the third in Philadelphia! They have eight more in different parts of America.

You will be able to float a Super-Dreadnought on the tears shed over My Old Dutch. But there are smiles too in this "ideal" Turner production. And some acting.

Gerda Holms calls her newest summer hit "The Rover." It is of white beaver, over which masses of pink silk wild roses are spread.

Why "The Rover"? Oh, the hat is so large that the roses just have to roll over all over. See!

The other Sunday evening a fair-haired, beautiful woman held a large congregation while she sang Gounod's "Divine Redeemer"—the singer was Myrtle Stedman, whose portrait we published quite recently.

Vivian Rich says the bane of her life is the receipt of all kinds and conditions of scenarios. You are not alone, fair (no, dark) lady! Why do amateur authors send their work to artists? Plays are selected for them, not by them.

A new use has been discovered for pictures. They comfort "widers," says an American writer. Really! We know they provide comfort to men, women, and children of all ages, and in all stations of life, but we never thought of "widers." Aren't they wonderful—the pictures we mean.

The pictures cheer, but they do not enliven. They lubricate the wheels of existence, stir the imagination, and they never give you that dark brown taste after—says the late Ebert Hubbard.

Playgoers note! Marie Tempest, the famous actress, has been induced to appear in a film-play by the Universal Company.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

Problems for Producers.

WHAT a ripping subject for an article! The Diamond sinks to the bottom of the sea, is taken by an octopus. Looks easy enough, doesn't it? The words are part of the directions in the script of The Diamond from the Sea, the great American serial now in course of production. It is also one of the problems facing the producer, William D. Taylor, who declares he does not care how difficult the situations, and grapple with seeming impossibilities. Now, Mr. Taylor, first get your octopus—but don't grapple with that.

The Lure of the Poster.

A FEW samples of catch-lines used by American exhibitors to tempt outsiders inside—Come where it's comfortable. We can't show all the good films, but we do show all good films. Not-the only good show; but as good and better than most.

It's not what it costs, but what it's worth. Why read books when you can see them? Come when you can, leave when you must.

A Picture Discov rs a Paganiini.

THE appearance of Godfrey, the twenty-one-year-old pianist at the London Pavilion, makes public the interesting incidents which led to his discovery. A few weeks ago at the Museum Cinema, Bethnal Green, where the film The Ghost of the Violin was being shown, the manager, Arthur J. Thompson, to interpret the correct meaning of the film, advertised for a violinist. The surprise of the response was Godfrey, who walked in rather timidly with his sister. He played Adlard's "Brindisi" so feelingly that the other applicants bellowed. He sang with many questions, and agreed that the boy was a violinist quite out of the ordinary. Once engaged he was an immediate success, and although he appeared three times each evening, the public never seemed satisfied. Mr. Thompson recognised it would not be fair to the boy if he was not given an opportunity to show his talent where it could have the fullest play. Accordingly he arranged that Godfrey should give a recital at an Iford Charity Concert, where a number of experts would hear him. His performance resulted in bookings which carry him well into 1917.

The Secret of Comedy.

THE secret of the successful film comedy, says Mack Sennett, the famous Keystone producer, is the New York Mirror, lies in a not too glamorous get-away and a whirlwind finish. In both ways, up to the climax of the picture, with everybody going on "high," must be an axiom with the producer. The audience must chuckle from the start, or the film will break even. Obviously, the climax make too much mileage at the start, but keep going well. After the half-way station shall have been passed, get a severe attack of speedphobia, and never let up until the climax.

HOW FILM ACTORS REHEARSE.

No. 3: The Fall from the Cliff.

Love's Young Dream.

I SAW her photo in Pictures, and have fallen in love with her," writes a reader. "Do you think I stand a chance? I am 6 ft. 10 in., weigh 11st. 10 lb., can swim, box, shoot, am left-handed, and have never yet kissed a girl. Can you tell me her real name, height, weight, and age, and do you think that if I wrote and told her I loved her she would answer me?"

Pictures—Past and Present.

FIFTEEN years ago John C. Rice, the famous music-hall comedian, appeared with May Irwin in a one-minute visualization of The Ring, a picture shown in the slot machines of that day at a penny or less a time. They were even glad to give their services without the least compensation, regarding the affair as a splendid advertisement. To-day Mr. Rice has just been engaged to support Marie Dressler in a big Lubin production at a salary never dreamed of in those early days.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHÉ'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

THE THAMES IN WAR TIME: 1. How the London Scottish crossed the river at Hampton. 2. A highly successful river Carnival at Richmond in aid of the Red Cross. 3. NOVEL RECRUITING SCENES: Traffic held up for public display of Swedish drill by recruits in Manchester. 4. FOR SEVEN-PENCE AN HOUR: Lord Norbury is a mechanic in a Surrey Aeroplane Factory. 5. THE WOMEN'S CALL TO ARMS: An appeal by Female Volunteer Corps brings many recruits. 6. LADIES' CANTEEN COMMITTEE provide food, good and cheap, for munition workers in pleasant surroundings. 7. WOUNDED—BUT HAPPY: Nurses and their charges enjoy "turns" by prominent Music Hall Artists.
FROM his earliest years John Douglas had had an ideal, a dream-girl, a mythical affinity, for whom he was constantly seeking, and without whom he felt life would be wasted. He was positive that somewhere she existed in the flesh. A millionaire, and reckoncd the most eligible bachelor of the season, John was sought after by many hostesses with daughters unattached. They tried every artifice known to woman to ensnare him, but the vision of his dream-girl always saved him.

Mrs. Chalmers was a born match-maker, and took under her wing many a pretty débûtante with good looks for an only asset. One of them, Helen Carruthers, the prettiest and wealthiest girl of them all, although a butterfly, was genuinely in love with John, but could never get him to see it. She flirted with other men to make him jealous, but he only preached her a moral lesson and passed on. She even began to chum up with an adventurer, De Villiers, in the hope of bringing John to his knees, but all to no purpose.

It was at a magnificent fête being held by Mrs. Chalmers that John was tempted to lead Helen away from the noise and gaiety and have a quiet fête-à-tête with her. That Helen was beautiful there was no denying. But on this occasion she had exerted herself to the utmost in order to win or lose him, and was one of the fairest visions of beauty it could fall to man's lot to behold. For the first time in his life John was fascinated. He gently elbowed her upon her flirtations, spoke of his future, asked after her, and had brought himself to the point of proposing. Helen knew it, and nestled closer to him. She saw his arms stretched out, and waited, tense and breathless, for her crowning triumph. But it never came. Into his arms John gathered a vision of his dream-girl. Helen was forgotten.

He came back to earth as the vision faded away, and beheld Helen, white as death, leaning toward him. He arose, and, as voices drew near, Helen jumped up, and, running forward, smilingly greeted De Villiers, took his arm, and walked off.

John was glad. Had his dream-girl been a minute later, Helen would have been his advanced wife.

Sick of the brilliant gathering, John hurried off home, and found many letters awaiting him. The only one that interested him was from a very old friend (a sea-captain). It invited him to come away from society and have a cruise on a freight steamer through the Orient. Never did John put a more willing acceptance, and with a light heart he completed his arrangements for the trip.

A Fire at Sea.

They had not been to sea many days before an accident in the engine-room led to an outbreak of fire. The crew worked hard to get the fire under control, but made little headway. Then an explosion amidships spread the conflagration, and from end to end the vessel was a mass of flames. It was every man for himself. Some were burned to death in a futile endeavour to get boats away; others, including John, leapt into the sea. Pitiful were the cries for help from the drowning, but there was no one to answer them. John struck out for a smouldering spar. He burned his hands, but clung to it as his one salvation. He heard a tremendous roar, saw a column of white flame rise from the ship, a terrific explosion which hurled masses of molten metal and flaming wood all around him, and then the freighter disappeared beneath the seething waters. Of the crew not a man lived. John Douglas was the only survivor in that waste of waters.

For hours he drifted about, whirled like a top, and carried rapidly away by strong under-currents. A heavy sea was coming on, and John knew full well that he could not live many minutes in it. His limbs were becoming numbed, his brain beginning to fail, and to add to his torture, the brine had parched his throat. He felt that great longing of the drowning to slip from his frail support and find rest beneath the cold green waves. Night came on swift and
sudden, John gave up hope. His
fingers relaxed the tenacious grip
of the spur, his head sank in the sea,
the vicious slap of a foaming wave
struck his cheek like a whip. He
shook off his stupor, and peered
into the inky blackness of the night.
Was he mad already? That was his thought as he
swung away he saw a shadowy figure on the
crest of a wave. It drew nearer, and then it gasped. It was the face and
form of his dream-girl, beckoning at him, urging him to the sea to her.
He laughed madly, and struck out for the
vision. It receded, but still urged him on.
Unconsciousness claimed him, he
sprang from the spur, and was borne
away on the top of a huge hollow wave.

The Home of the Castaways.

When John recovered his senses he was
lying half in the water on a stretch
of sandy shore. Snome one was
swimming at his arm and endeavouring
to lift him up. He staggered to his feet,
and there before him stood his dream-
girl, clad in a strange garb, but this time in
her full dress, and crying, and
clutched at her, but she, frightened
by his fear, clung to the shore.

His dream-girl stopped, looked back
and found she was not being pursued.

Then curiosity overcoming her fear she
went back in search of the man she had
left behind him. She found him lying
among the rocks, unconscious,
with an ugly gash in his head. She
returned to a village of rude huts, and
approached an old man with flowing
white beard. It was her father, Neto,
chieftain of the tribe, and to him she told
the news. The dream-girl was Nai.

Neto called together the menfolk of
the tribe, and, with Nai as guide,
haunted down to the rocks and brought
John back to the village. Here he was
Carefully tended and nursed back to
health and strength. He told his story
to Neto, and, acting upon the latter's
suggestion, became one of the tribe. In
return Neto told how many years previos
he, with his daughter and other
passengers, had been shipwrecked, and
had managed to survive and reach an
island. During the whole of the time no
ships had been seen, and they had
formed a colony of their own. They
were English-speaking people, but had
adopted their own particular ways and
customs, and never wished to go back
to the other world from whence they
had come.

Nai and John soon became fast
friends, much to the consternation and
chagrin of Kaura, the sub-chief. He
jealously watched the two as they went
about the island together, and was never
far away from them. He was
passionately in love with Nai, but she
did not reciprocate his affection. One
of her chief delights was to sit among
the rocks and play weird melodies upon
an improvised harp. So adept had she
come with her crude instrument that she
was recognised by the tribe as a genius.

A beautiful creature, knowing no
other world than that in which she
lived, Nai was much fascinated by the
stories John had to tell of life way back
in civilisation. They went for many

rumbles, and the ever-watchful Kaura
began to hate his rival with a fierce
intensity.

It was on one of their trips that
Kaura followed, and as they seated
themselves beneath a ledge of rock the
sub-chief stealthily approached. Learn-
ing far out on the ledge, he saw Nai
eclipsed in the arms of John. He almost
lost his balance at the revelation.

Springing back, he dug up a huge piece
of boulder, poised it on high, deter-
ned to send it crashing down on the
head of the unsuspecting man below.

Then in a flash it came to him that he
might miss his aim and kill Nai. He
threw the rock from him, and, quickly
descending, flung himself upon John,
and a terrific struggle ensued. Kaura
was the more powerful, and eventually
had the other at his mercy. His inten-
tion to kill him was frustrated by Nai,
who had run for help.

Neto and the tribe arrived, and, after
listening to the story Kaura had to tell,
John was placed under guard and im-
prisoned in one of the huts for attempt-
ing to take away the promised wife of
the sub-chief, and Nai was placed under
guard in the hut adjoining her father's.

That night John managed to worm
his way out of the hut, and overpower-
ing the guard released Nai, and, stealing
through the village, they hastened to
the priest's hut. Here they prevailed upon
him to marry them. They then made
for the opposite side of the island, and
took refuge among the crags and boulders
on the seashore.

When their escape was detected, Kaura summoned the men-fofk of the

tribe together and set out in pursuit.
They had not travelled far before here
perils of thunder broke forth. The
vivid flashes of lightning zigzagged and
rent the heavens. The deluge followed.

Huddled beneath the poor shelter of the
rocks sat Nai and John and
climbed. A little way off Kaura and
his men halted, whilst trees and rock
were falling before the fury of the
elements. One terrible crash of thunder
shattered fork of lightning, and Kaura
with a hoarse cry, fell dead at the feet
of the tribe.

They carried his body to Neto, who
full of anger against his daughter, for
made the tribe to have anything, more
to do with her. He drowned her; and
as for John, he could live in safety on
the other side of the island, but should
he approach the village, he was to be
killed. Broken and sorrowing, Neto
sought his hut after dismissing the tribe.

The Myth.

As the fury of the storm spent itself
out in one faint rumbling of thunder
after off, Nai and John crept from the
shelter of the rocks. They climbed to
the highest point of the island, and John
set about building some sort of habita-
tion. As time elapsed, he constructed a
hut, and it was his custom to lie just
inside the door when Nai retired to rest
for the night, as he lived in constant
fear of an attack from the tribe.

He made a better harp for Nai to replace
the one left behind in the village, and
she would while away many an hour
playing to her husband.

One day they had a visit from the old

One of her chief delights was to play weird melodies upon an improvised harp.
priest, imploring them to return to the tribe, as Neto, grown old, was no longer capable of watching over the interests of the tribe, and Kaura was dead. But the pair refused to go back to the village, and, in the midst of their discussion, John, chancing to look out to sea, saw a ship putting into the bay. In a moment he gave the news, and then frantically tearing a piece of the outer covering of the hut he tied it to a branch and waved and shouted to attract attention. For a long time he prevailed, but to no purpose; he could not get any answer from the ship. Night coming on, he had to give up, and sorrowfully took up his place at the hut door. The old priest, tired with his journey, lay down to rest with his head.

Standing by their signal, which fluttered in the breeze, John and Nai at last had their efforts rewarded. A boat put off from the ship and soon reached below them. They bade the old priest a hasty farewell, and then started on their way, forgetting the surprise of John when he was con- tracted by De Villiers and some of his old acquaintances. He gave a rapid explanation, and jumped aboard with Neto and Kaura. Aboard they were welcomed by many old friends, and the introduction of Nai in her peculiar garb caused much humorous banter. Nai was taken off to be examined in most conventional costume, and John was provided with masculine attire.

De Villiers abandoned his yachting craft in favor of his ship for home. During the voyage De Villiers continued to call marked attention to Nai, a fact which gave John food for reflection. He noticed that De Villiers indulged in a great deal of covert flattery, but refrained from comment, as he put it down as the Na's extreme simplicity and free nature.

Once more on terra firma, John lost no time in making for his palatial home, and Nai was installed there at the head of things. They received numerous calls and congratulations upon their wonderful escape. De Villiers was a frequent visitor, and knowing Nai's passion for harps, he sent her a beautiful modern instrument, and followed it with a call. Her gratitude knew no bounds, and when De Villiers took her hand and kissed it, she did not demur, even though he retained it much longer than was really necessary. In the doorway stood John, a witness of the whole scene. Scarcely deigning to greet De Villiers, who immediately departed, he strode angrily toward Nai, and forbade her to even touch the harp. Not understanding the reason, Nai was embarrassed, and tried to console her husband. He took her in his arms, and, seeing the signs of more innocence on her face, he felt that his suspicions were wholly unfounded.

A few days later Nai received a note from De Villiers, begging her to accompany a lady friend to his house and some rare old paintings. Nai, not for one moment guessing the full significance of the missive, sent a ready acceptance. A car came for her later, and carried her away to De Villiers' home.

John returned, and, finding Nai miss-

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John felt someone shaking him. He rolled over and looked up. It was Nai. Morning had come, and it suddenly dawned upon him that he had been passing through a hideous nightmare. Far away he could just discern the ship steaming slowly away. All chance of rescue had vanished. He tore down the signal, and with Nai and the priest made to pass the village for Neto, determined to remove the remainder of his days far from the old world, where trust and sincerity were so sadly lacking.

Such is the story in outline of The Quest, the magnificent American Distinctive Creation recommended by us in a previous issue and produced by the Flying A Company. It is in five parts. The principals are: John Douglas, Harry Pollard; Mrs. Chalmers, Lucille Ward; De Villiers, Joseph E. Singleton; Helen, Nan Christy; Nai, Marguerite Fischer; Neto, Joseph E. Singleton; Kaura, Evelyn Adair; The Tribal Priest, William Carroll.

The film is controlled in England, Wales, and Ireland by the Wallardw Co., Ltd., and for the rest of the Kingdom by Green's Film Service, Glasgow.

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**EVERYBODY PLAYS FOR PICTURES BUT FATHER.**

**MASTER OF THE HOUSE:** "I understand, Jane, that your mistress and the young ladies are going to California for a few weeks. Do you ever happen to know whether they are planning to take me with them?"
THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

Jesse L. Lasky production featuring Miss Van Buren, Controlled by J. D. Walker's World's Films, Limited.

Adapted from the Film by PATRICK GLYNN.

The year '98 was the era of the gold rush, the period when men fought, drank, staved, grew rich in a night, and became beggars again after a visit to the gambling saloon. It was a period when men lied and women became heroines.

It was a strange crew that travelled along the dusty bridle paths between the counties of California. It comprised hundreds of men and some women and children. Ox-wagons resembling those used by trekking Boers, with an awning on one side to protect the travellers from the sun during the day and to act as a screen at night, were most in evidence. A few were mounted on wiry ponies, but all, whether Americans, Mexicans, or English, had the hungry look typical of the gold-hunters.

One little group circled round the Girl whose saloon-bar attracted the luckiest of the gold-diggers. The Girl suited her environment. She was slightly under the medium height even for a girl, but she was strongly built, with a full, pleasant face that could harden menacingly when liberties were attempted, and in a tight corner could, with true feminine diplomacy, play off one rough customer by appealing to another. To interfere with the Girl meant a general "mix up" and a few quick funerals.

"Which particular spot would you like it, jard?" was the horrid invitation when the Girl was insulted. The gentleman invited then found the muzzle of a revolver pointing straight at his heart, and if he was quick he got clear.

All loved the Girl in their own peculiar way, but several were more favoured than the rest. Rance, the shaggy-looking but lion-hearted sheriff, who represented the law among the miners, fancied he was the Don Juan of the party; but the girl merely laughed at him; her heart was still untouched.

The saloon served the purpose of a dance-hall also. When tired of playing cards the miners formed into pairs and danced round to the strains of a month-organ, until this thirsty occupation drove them to the counter to gargle their throats. Often the Girl left her hired man to serve the thirsty ones whilst she danced round in company with her customers. There was no standing on ceremony at the Polka Saloon, over which the Girl played the part of landlady.

But the life galled her sometimes. It was all very well being the pet of the miners, who trusted her so much that every time they made a haul of gold-dust they placed it in her charge until the stage-coach called to take it to the bank at the nearest town. She bargained for something more refined. She was making money herself, and some time or other she would leave this wild life altogether, and go back to the cities of the East. But she did not know that the glamour of the golden West was in her own blood as well as in the miners' and that it only required the call of love to make her own life complete.

Only one face stood out in her memory. It was that of a clean-shaven, strong-featured looking stranger she had encountered by the stream a mile away from the camp. He had halted for a rest. He looked tired, and was suffering from a wound in the arm which the girl helped to bathe. He had smiled and thanked the Girl for her kindness, and then ridden away hurriedly after telling her that his name was Dick Johnson and that he came from Sacramento. That was a week ago, and she wished he had said something more about himself.

Mabel Buren was the most surprised girl in California when she saw the stranger stroll into her saloon and call for a drink. The recognition was mutual, and without any preliminary manoeuvring the pair drifted into an animated conversation. There was one listener near the bar who regarded the new visitor with lively suspicion. He was not in a particularly good humour. His face had just been slapped by the Girl for attempting to steal a kiss. This man was Rance, the sheriff, and as the visitor was a stranger it was the sheriff's function to find out who he was before accepting his company.

To his inquiry the stranger returned a sarcastic rejoinder.

"This man declines to say who he is," said the sheriff, calling to others, who rushed in.

That was enough. A dozen men circled threateningly round the unknown man. Mining rules forbade intercourse with strangers until they had given their handshakes. This district was infested by highwaymen, and only the previous week a stage coach had been held up, and the miners' heard robbed by the notorious Ramirez, whom the sheriff was specially selected to run to earth. Things looked ugly for the newcomer, until the Girl pushed herself to the front.

"I roch for Mr. Johnson," she said, angrily. "He is a friend of mine."

Then the miners changed their tune, and invited Johnson to their dance in the next room. Johnson looked at the Girl, who nodded, and, coming from behind the bar, "partnered" him in the rough-and-tumble miners' dance.

Rance was left alone, smoking moodyly; but a few minutes later he shook himself into action. He had business on hand, and calling to some of the dancers, they went out, mounted their horses, and trotted off. The sheriff had received a note from one of Ramirez's party, who had turned traitor.
Let me in," pleaded a faint voice.

The Girl rushed to the door and unlatched it. Ramerrez staggered in, holding his wrist, which had apparently been hit by a bullet. "They winged me at the top of the hill," he said quickly.

"Can you hide me?"

"I have no time for explanations."

The Girl pointed to a loft overhead, reached by a ladder, which, when not in use, was fixed to the ceiling. The fugitive had hardly reached the loft and the ladder been replaced before the sheriff was at the door demanding admittance.

Rance entered, with a revolver in each hand, looking alert and dour, and quickly glanced round the place.

"You didn't happen to see Mr. Johnson, or rather Ramerrez?" he asked, eyeing the Girl suspiciously.

Mabel laughed. "You can search the place, Rance," she said at last, "but if you do I'll never forgive you."

The sheriff laughed. Then he searched, but completely overlooked the loft. "I thought he might have got in somehow," he said apologetically, "and I'll go if you say that you forgive me, and will give me a kiss."

The Girl's answer was the same as before, and the sheriff felt ruefully at scratched face and hands.

"You're a little dizzy," he remarked admiringly. The Girl gazed at his hand and noticed a drop of blood, which he wiped away. But another drop appeared, and the amazed sheriff glanced upwards. It was not his own blood. It came from the wound of the highwayman hiding in the loft over his head. The sheriff's revolver immediately pointed upwards. "Come down," he shouted menacingly.

Ramerrez staggered down, and immediately collapsed into a chair and fainted from loss of blood. Rance eyed the Girl with grim amusement. "So you were playing a game all along," he said. "Well, I guess I've won the trick this time."
"You'll laugh in a different way if you're not careful," replied the exasperated Girl, pulling her own revolver out.

"Not that," replied Rance soberly.

"I don't fight with women.

A quick thought shot through the Girl's brain. She knew that the sheriff's ruling passion was cards, and that he would even play with his own life as a stake. Cards were responsible for more fortunes changing hands at the Polka Saloon than any other cause. She would play for the fugitive's life and liberty.

She put the proposition to the astonished Rance. He considered for several moments. The temptation was strong. No one except the Girl knew he had captured the outlaw, and if he lost the game and the outlaw was released none would be any the wiser. It was just the kind of thing that appealed to him, and he consented.

"Three games," he said, "The most wins."

The Girl took out a new pack of cards and, seeing that the sheriff's back was turned towards her, she quickly lifted her dress and secreted several aces and "court" cards in her stocking. Little questions of card morality did not trouble the Saloon Girl. If she could not win the fugitive's life by fair means she would win by foul means.

She won the first game. The second game went to Rance, and he smiled hopefully. They were now equal and the next game must decide. The Girl glanced at the unconscious young outlaw, and her face hardened. She must win.

She glanced at her cards, and her face paled. It was impossible to win with them. Dropping her handkerchief, she stooped to pick it up. Like a flash of lightning, she abstracted the hidden cards from her stocking and placed them on the table with a triumphant air.

"You can't beat that," she remarked, serenely.

The sheriff's face fell. "I guess you've won," he admitted at last. Rance was not the first man to be beaten by a woman's tricks, and he never suspected for a moment that his partner had cheated.

When later Ramez left the Polka Saloon much refreshed by the Girl's careful and tender nursing it was to find that his troubles were not at an end. He had escaped the sheriff; but on crossing the hill he fell into the hands of some of the sheriff's posse, who were quite unaware that Ramez had already captured the outlaw and had released him. The Girl's first indication of trouble to Ramez was from a Mexican bar loungo, who rushed in saying, "Come out and see a man hanging. Let's of fun."

The Girl rushed out. It was indeed Ramez that the men were about to lynch. The outlaw looked cool and collected, for he had expected a fate of this kind eventually. His face lit up on seeing the Girl, who in turn saw Rance amongst the lynching party. The Girl sprang at him like a panther. Her fertile brain had hit upon a plan of saving the outlaw from immediate death. She knew that the sheriff's pockets were filled with the inevitable cards, and, slipping her hand into one, she abstracted a card, and pinned it to the lappel of his coat.

"This is the sign of a cheat. You know I've won this man's life; yet you are going back on your word."

The sheriff looked conscience-stricken. According to his own light he was an honest man. The card-pinning was a sign amongst the miners that the offender had cheated, and he ran the risk of being shot on sight if he removed the accusing card. The Girl's daring ruse succeeded. Despite the protests of the miners, the sheriff ordered the release of the outlaw.

Several hours later Ramez received the kiss which had been denied him a short time before.

"Poor Rance!" she murmured, as she disengaged herself from the outlaw's arms. "I accused him of cheating, whereas it was I who cheated him.

"How is that?" asked the incredulous Ramez.

The Girl of the Golden West laughed.

THE END.

Another Year with Lasky.

THEODORE ROBERTS has signed with the Lasky Company to continue another year under this management. Since Mr. Roberts closed his last star engagement in legitimate drama on Broadway a year ago to fulfill his Lasky contract, he has been literally deluged with propositions from legitimate managers to return to his old field. However, he finds the new work so agreeable and the appreciation of his work by picturegoers so unmistakable that he has determined to remain a camera star for at least one more season. He has shown not only a positive genius for screen characterization, but a love and enthusiasm for the work hard to describe. The latest of his many parts with this company is that of "Rance" in The Girl of the Golden West.
**PEOPLE IN THE PICTURES**

**A Vision of Loveliness.**

THIS is the only description one can give of Mary Fuller in The Undersea Treasure, an imp comedy-drama just released, in which she wears a stunning black velvet gown. It is quite unadorned in its simplicity except for its sash of black satin, in spite of which Miss Fuller makes a striking figure. This interesting play introduces our idol in an entirely new light, and, needless to say, Mary has grasped the opportunity of showing how lovely she can appear in almost any role. And you will surely like her velvet gown.

A short time ago Miss Fuller received the following appreciative letter from one of our brave Canadian boys:


DEAR MISS FULLER: I was awfully glad to receive your picture which you kindly sent me to Glacier, and which was forwarded to me here. As you can see, I have joined the Canadian troops to fight against Germany and Austria, as I considered it my duty to assist the Mother Country, with my life if necessary. I have been unable to see you in another picture, but I hope it is only a pleasure deferred if I am spared.

Without wishing to appear too romantic, I must tell you that your photo goes with me into the firing-line.

I have always got great pleasure from seeing you on the screen, and even since I started writing to you I have taken a greater interest in your doings. A little word would be a great encouragement to me, but I suppose I have tried your patience quite enough and you have been very good to me. If I may, I would like to drop you a line occasionally, and if I do not write again you will know what has happened to me and where one of your photos has found a lasting resting-place with me. With best wishes for your future successes and may fortune always smile on you. I am sincerely yours, (signed) ROBERT WEBB.

**It Isn't All Fun.**

YOU girls who yearn for motion-picture careers, listen to what Ethel Teare has to say about it. Although she has been a motion-picture actress but a short time, she vows that she is well qualified to speak of its drawbacks.

"Why don't girls turn to photoplay acting as a career? Well, I would suggest that you see what happens to me in Kalem's newest comedy, The Vital Writers. You'll find more than one reason for my assertion that the profession cannot be compared to a bed of roses.

"Of course, if a person doesn't mind such little things as being made a target for numerous over-ripe eggs, or if she doesn't mind spoiling nice new gowns by falling into mud-puddles, or encountering other experiences like these, I say 'Go ahead—and may the Lord have mercy on your soul'.

"But these are only the mildest of the things which fall to the lot of photoplay comedienne. You see, the pro-

---

**Our Cinematographic Cartoons. No. 41: "WHY NOT SPECIAL SHOWS"**

- **FOR PIPE & CIGARETTE FIENDS**
- **FOR PATRONS WITH BAD COLDS**
- **FOR THOSE GENTLEMEN WHO MUST 'SNOOZE'**
- **FOR THE LADS WHO CAN'T KEEP THEIR FEET STILL**
- **FOR THOSE CRANKS WHO MUST HAVE PLENTY OF FRESH AIR.**
- **ALSO FOR THE DEAR BABIES.**

---

**TOM FORMAN, THE LASKY PLAYER.**

They Call Him "Tommy."

HE is a great favourite, is Tom Forman, and only twenty-two. He has fair hair, hazel eyes, and stands five-foot-ten. His boyish appearance and magnetic personality are pleasing to all both on and off the screen. A young Texan, born on a ranch, Tom went to California with his parents while in his early teens. He was a good athlete and a bid scholar at San Diego. He acted during his vacations, and, before he was twenty, he headed his own road-show. It broke his leg, so he went to Los Angeles and joined the Nestor Company, going from that to the Kalem to play leads, and then to Lubin to direct. He acted and wrote a number of scenarios for Trans-Atlantic, and then accepted a tempting offer made by the Lasky Company. He has so far appeared to advantage in Young Romance with Edith Taliaferro, A Gentleman of Leisure, The Governor's Lady, The Woman and a Wild Goose Chase with Ina Claire, and A Puppet Crown.

Apart from being a splendid actor, Tom has a name as a hunter and fisher, and nearly every week-end he and that fine actor, Theodore Roberts, pack their car and go to the hills or the sea to hunt or fish as the case may be. Last week Tom took a party of friends out to show them some of the studios, but before he reached them two tykes "busted" within thirty minutes. Neither Tom nor his friends saw the studios, but a local shop got an order for two more tyres,
ducing director has absolutely no con-

consideration for you in his quest for

mirth-provoking incidents, and if he

thinks a certain piece of business will

bring a laugh, you’ve got to stand for

it, no matter what it is.

“On the whole,” concluded Miss

Teare, “I should advise the girl who

wants to enter motion-pictures to keep

cut and be satisfied with whatever

career she may now be following.

Love Affairs of a Star.

MIRIAM NESBITT, the Edison

favourite, has added another page

to “How to Refuse a Proposal

Gracefully.” From out of the war of

worlds in Mexico one gallant had found

time to wax amorous in truly Spanish

style—somewhat weakened, of course,

when written in English. About a

month ago she received a letter, part of

which read: “I have been a bachelor,

and vowed I would remain one, though

my friends laughed, saying: ‘Wait till

some woman finds out about your mines

and you’ll be badly roped in.’ One night

I had a vision and saw the woman—my

ideal. I tried to dismiss it from my

mind, but when I saw your photo in a

magazine I knew you were mine—my

ideal. I know you will recognise me as

your fate too. Say but the word, and I

will leave my mines here, go to New

York and stay there for a year so that

you may find me worthy.”

Three more letters came unanswered,

when Miss Nesbitt thought she would

put American “Punch” into Spanish

love. So she wrote: “The pictures you

admired were taken fifteen years ago.

I am now forty-five years old, have six

children, and am quite stout.”

No mining stock came by return mail.

Recovery of Tom Mix.

TOM MIX, the iron man of pictures,

emerged from the hospital within

three days after being declared a

dead man through a wagon mix-up.

The first move on the part of the re-

markable cowboy-actor was a general

surge towards the studio for the pur-

pose of correcting the impression that

any hospital could hold him, even if a

heavy wagon and several horses had

skidded across his chest and head.

With much of the hide departed from

one side of his face and his right fore-

arm in a sling, Mix breezed into the

studio, and hopped to the ground.

“How is the busted broncho buster?”

genially inquired Colonel W. N.

Selig, who was on the spot at the time.

“I’m all right; but I refuse to pay

any such a bill,” replied the man who

puts “Punch” in pictures-puncher.

“What do you mean, bill?”

“Why for the other wagon. It was

busted all up,” purred Tom.

“But why do they want you to pay?”

“Aye, they claim I dived it into and

busted the vehicle with my head,” said

Mix. “My noddle hit something all

right; but something batted that wa-

gon in more than one place, and I was

under the horses some of the time.”

Then he went away muttering about

the “nerve of some people.”

MARGUERITE CLAYTON

plus

G. M. ANDERSON

plus

CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

These three in one film play must prove an

irresistible attraction to every film lover.

The piquancy of Miss Clayton, combined with

the virility and brilliancy of Anderson and the

broad humour of Chaplin, will make a huge

success of

“HIS REGENERATION”

for that is the title of the new, powerful

ESSANAY, DRAMA.

This will not be released until August 30th, but

every one interested in films should make a

careful note of the date.

The Photo above shows Miss Clayton exactly as she is, and

is the very latest of her.

Exhibitors wishing particulars will kindly write to the

ESSANAY FILM MANUFACTURING CO.,

148, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

WHO ARE THE CLEVEREST PLAYERS?

Another Free Coupon on page 306.

Be sure to record your Votes on it.
Thoughts of a Picturegoer.

The Maker of Pleasant Evenings,

The name of EDISON stands out as the originator of moving pictures. He is the provider of pleasant evenings for you and for thousands of others. It is due to his genius that everybody can obtain pleasurable relaxation from work for so modest an outlay.

Being originators, it stands to reason that the EDISON COMPANY have more experience, more knowledge, more ability at their command, than is found elsewhere. This accounts for the superb excellence of EDISON plays—every one of which is a perfect specimen of moving picture art.

YOU SHOULD NOT FAIL TO SEE

THE PHANTOM THIEF
(The Great Edison Prize Play)
AT THE BEST CINEMAS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

FREE! We shall be pleased to send you three photos of your favourite EDISON Players on receipt of 2d. to cover postage.

Thomas A. Edison, Ltd., 164, Wardour St., London, W.

WATCH FOR THE RELEASE of
Hepworth’s Latest Masterpiece
‘THE SWEATER’
A Real Life Drama in three Reels exclusively controlled by
THE GLOBE FILM CO., LTD.
81-83, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.
Telephone—Regent 5000, 5001, 5002.

A screen impression of methods not sufficiently known, whereby the masses who have created the nation’s greatness are ground down to satisfy the cravings of a few who live by sweated labour.

The YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—
The pretty “baby” in the picture above is the winsome, fearless, and promising juvenile actress of the Selig Company. She is only six years old, but you have all seen her, no doubt, upon the screen. She was born in Denver, Colorado, and has been a member of the Selig forces for the past four years, and took part in her first picture-play when a still smaller tot of two years. This little child’s mentality is so astonishing that it is uncanny. She can swim, ride horseback, and play the piano with an ease and elegance not often found in men and women. She takes her parts in the animal pictures and moves freely amongst the wild beasts showing no signs of fear or frightfulness.

“Baby” is in love with her work, and even when not taking part in a film production she is always to be found at the studio watching other famous players engaged in their work. She declares that life would be miserable for her unless she took part in a film at least once a day. In one film she was carried on the trunk of an elephant through a dense forest infested with wild beasts, but she merely stated after the ordeal that “it was just lovely.” She is undoubtedly the most popular child player in films at the present moment.

Talking of wild beasts, what a lot of big American companies employ them, and wild birds and reptiles, for their pictures. There was great excitement at the Chicago Studio of the United Photo-plays Company one day last week. They had engaged three vultures (horrible creatures—vultures!) for one of their scenes. These three birds are of priceless value, and belong to the Washington Zoo. Now one of the vultures, much more impatient than a human being, showed his objection to a long “wait” by smashing a glass window in the studio and flying out into the open. He circled the neighbourhood, and finally took refuge in a tree. Then fol-
loved the greatest hulla-hooping that ever was. Actors and actresses, and workmen and public gave chase, and after several hours of effort and anxiety the great bird was captured and safely locked up in a cage. It is an example of the worries which are all in the day's work at the "big" studios, but these incidents do not happen in English studios, in which the wildest creatures are usually the poor producers.

* * *

Sybil, of Tornay, has flattered me by saying that this page is one of the most interesting in Pictures. She says she is studying for the cinema, and loves the study, and can I tell her if Hepworth's have a company in Devonshire. No, dear Sybil, they recently sent their company there in search of beautiful surroundings, but their only studio and company are "fixed" at Walton-on-Thames.

A sacrifice little bay of Los Angeles has written to Bessie Eyton, offering his baby sister for appearance in the pictures. Noting the use of infants, and being a great admirer of Miss Eyton, the youngster says the studio "can have sister all you want if we can see her once in a while." The manager, however, is a little timid about accepting this generous offer.

The Painting Competition brought a vast number of efforts, but on the whole they were a little below the standard of the last one in quality. Had you used up all your best paints, or what was the matter? Many of the pictures were coloured in crayons, which are not nearly so effective.

This week the effort goes to Reggi Coulsen, 10, Docking Road, Tunbridge Wells (age 12), Lilian Burgess, Lillie Cottage, Southfleet Road, Swancombe (age 8),

Awards of Merit (six to win a prize).-Evelyn Hutter (Leicester), Alice Edge (New Ferry), Winifred Barr (East Ham), Winnie Weatherby (Deptford), Harry Peaston (How), Leslie Newham (Chapman), Albert Bannard (Attercliffe), Elsie Booth (Morecambe), Doris Richardson (Brockley), Marie Lister (Ardwick), Vera Crossland (Cottingham).

Special Prize.-Marie Lister (Manchester).

I wonder how many of you would like to write a verse about pictures?

A PICTURES PRIZE VERSE COMPETITION.

Take a postcard and write a four-line verse which has something to do with the cinema or this paper, which means the same thing. The first word of the lines must read "Go to the pictures." Thus your first line starts with "Go," your second line with "To," your third line with "The," and your fourth with "Pictures." Quite a novel idea is it not? Now let me see how many clever poets are among you. For the four best verses I will award a "Pictures: Souvenir War Album" (which forms a pretty little charm for your bracelet, watch-chain, or necklace), and for the next best verses the Award of Merit, which leads to a prize when you win six awards.

Post your card to "Mascot," 18, Adam Street, Strand, W.C., not later than Monday, July 19th.

Every verse will be read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested by Uncle Tim.

POPULAR PLAYERS
PORTRAIT POSTCARDS!

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List Free from the Office of
"THE PICTURES," LTD.,
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"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

Our Confidential Guide
Films You Should Make a Point of Seeing

THE SECOND STRING.—Another big exclusive, in which Chrissie White, Stewart Rome, Lionel Howard, and Violet Hopson interpret for your enjoyment a thrilling racing drama. See the full story of this production in next week’s issue.

Hepworth Drama, three parts. Coming.

THE SWEATER.—A few days ago this fine Hepworth production, new Capital and Labour, was shown to the trade, which means that picturegoers will not have to wait long now to see it also. The full story of the film was given in our June 5th issue. Read it if you have not yet done so, then watch for the picture.—Globe Fi. in Co., Ltd., three parts (coming shortly).

THE INHERITED BURDEN.—You remember the last Dominion masterpiece, The Insider? This is another great hit by that big producer D. W. Griffith. Founded on Ibsen’s famous play, Gloire, it deals with the mysteries of heredity. The acting of Henry Walthall and Mary Astor is splendid. This film adaptation of a stage classic is fit for all classes of picturegoers.

Dominion Exclusives Co., four reels (coming shortly).

THE CONSPIRACY AT THE CHATEAU.—A two-act romance, with a delightful atmosphere, that will divert many screen patrons. One of those highly improbable stories for which most of us have a liking. Written by little-known Britisher M. E. Raffles, and directed by Jack Shearer. The tale concerns the mysterious death of a great Dutchman, and the love story of his daughter. The love interest in this picture is deliciously handled. You must see the pictures of the man’s death, and the end is a climax.

In coming.—Raffles Fi., two acts (August 15).

FIRST DARDANELLES FILM.—A picture which lifts the veil upon what is happening in this storm centre. The film vividly shows British and French batterships in action, scenes of the Gallipoli, which will be remembered, was the British Admiral’s flagship, and shortly afterwards sunk. Together directed by Capt. L. A. W. Wilkins, a soldier and an artist. The story is related with extraordinary skill, and of course the pictures show the bravery of the Turkish prisoners, in addition to many other incidents of surprising interest. Of course we recommend it.

Queen Mary, 660 feet (near showing).

A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.—Described as a single reel De Luxe, and worth it. See the girl release a fowling leopard, which leaps into the room during a struggle, and fastens its claws and teeth into the head of the man whose attention is so unwelcome. It all happens while her father is in the heart of the jungle pursuing his studies in natural history. And there is delightful romance too, for the son of a big-game hunter meets the girl, and both fall in love. The Selig animal features get better and better.

From Selig, 890 feet (July 12th).

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.—A film which takes you to the Parisian underworld. Mary Inlay Taylor, the author, has already proved that her plays possess a unique attraction for the public, and this will probably be a bigger success than her previous ones. The story concerns a young girl, its hero, a man who is murdered that night, and the pearl stolen. Earle is found with the knife. The girl is caught trying to steal back the pearl to shield him. The sweethearts—one a thief, the other a murderer—pass into "The Shadow of Death."

Elion Donn, 2,170 feet (August 5).

THE BRIDE.—Ruffle ruffles everywhere, from the velvet girdle to the bottom of the tail of the midle-dress! This mannerly describes the filmy fashions which adorn lovely Mary Fuller in this play. Each ruffle is outlined in silver and the old-fashioned little bodices is scattered with silver flowers. The tiny lace sleeves are delightful. The story tells of a girl who comes under the hypnotic influence of an Oriental servant, whose master has a hold on her father. Under this influence she steals some papers from her father's drawer and goes to her enemy's house. She is rescued by her lover in the end. Trans-A-rite Drama, 956 feet (July 2).

THE TREASURE.—A social problem in one reel. It features Tom Wise, and never has the dominion of gold over the soul of man been so keenly analyzed as it is in this film. The miser’s grown-up son and daughter, ever fearing their father’s displeasure, creep furtively about the house. His penny extends to every table, at which he sits and his children to dry and wet in order that his secret hoard of gold might be increased. His one pleasure, when alone, is to cautiously remove some loose bricks from the chimney-place and, silently chancing, take forth from its hollow his money-bags, and count with tremulous fingers their hoarded wealth. Desperately in his being lies a chord sensitive only to the touch of a child: so when a distracted mother, too poor to maintain her young one, leaves it on his front porch, he welcomes the new influence in his life with a pleasure his god—gold—could not elicit. His joy even leads him to be facetious, as when he finds there is no cradle in the house he surprises remarkably to his astonished daughter that “you must be prepared for this kind of thing!” But now the mother, unable longer to withstand the separation from her young one, steals in to take it back. The miser, jealous of his new-found treasure, flies desperately to retain it. The silky looks on the youngster’s face gives promise of compound interest in golden curls, and the miser now hoards love. But the solution is so easy. Why lose the child? Why not gain another? His heart is big enough for both, so the mother, with her baby, is prevailed upon to join the new happy family.

Pathé, 1,653 feet (July 25).

FILMS TRAVESTIED. No. 7: "THE OUTCAST."

Drawn by Allan Marley.
WHAT'S IN A NAME?

EVERYTHING
:: when that name is ::

I B S E N

who, as you know, is the
world-famed writer of

GHOSTS
:: the story upon which ::

THE INHERITED BURDEN

our latest and greatest Four-Reel subject is based.

READERS OF THIS JOURNAL

Drop a post-card to the Manager of your favourite Picture Hall asking him when this extraordinary picture will be seen at his Hall. Don't be afraid. He will appreciate your thoughtfulness.

MR. MANAGER

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5, Gerrard Street, London, W.

Telegram: "Kinedomos Westrand."
**SEND IN COUPONS WHEN YOU LIKE**

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men players, criminals, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST FILM PLAYERS in ANY COUNTRY (excluding British-born Artists) write their names in the Coupon below. The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of $10. All other prizes will go to senders of Coupons in order of merit.

The WINNERS OF THE CONTEST will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

**RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.**

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners' names correctly, the $10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

2. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope at end of contest.

3. All names must be written in ink. No Ation will be permitted.

4. No correspondence can be entered into concerning the contest. Some of the best known male players are given on this page, but voters may vote for any players (except British-born) whatever they see fit to vote for. The Editor's decision as to the prize-winners and on all matters connected with this contest will be final and legally binding, and Coupons are accepted only on this understanding.

**Some Best-Known Male Players**

- Aggerholm, Svend
- Aiken, Spottiswood
- Alexander, M
- Anderson, M
- Aving, Charles
- Arthur, Charles
- Ashley, Max
- August, Edwin
- Ayres, Sidney
- Bagot, King
- Bannerman, Sherman
- Bannerman, John
- Bauer, Arthur
- Blackett, Harry
- Bingham, Harry
- Bingham, Leland
- Benson, Harry
- Berry, Charles
- Blackwell, Carl
- Bosworth, Hobart
- Boudoir, Edward
- Brogni, Signor
- Bracy, Sidney
- Brennan, John E.
- Brook, Van Dyke
- Brower, Robert
- Buchanan, Arthur
- Burns, Robert
- Buchanan, F. X.
- Cappelani, Paul
- Carey, Harry
- Carr, Kenneth
- Cassimier, M.
- Cecil, John
- Chamberlain, Riley
- Cheaney, Lon
- Clark, Andy
- Clark, Frank
- Clark, Jack
- Clements, Hal
- Clifford, William
- Conklin, Charles
- Connolly, Bob
- Coombes, D.C.
- Cooper, George
- Costello, Maurice
- Coxen, Edward
- Crenna, Edward
- Crump, James
- Cunningham, Irving
- Daly, Arnold
- Davis, Jean
- Deeds, Andre
- Delancey, Leo
- Donaldson, Sydney
- Drew, Sidney
- Drew, Sean
- Duchon, Bud
- Farrington, Frank
- Field, George
- Fielding, Romains
- Finlay, Ned
- Ford, Francis
- Fowles, K.
- Cousteau, Frank
- Ford, Francis
- Froncy, Robert
- Collagher, R.
- Gamba, Fred
- Goodman, Will
- Conlan, M.
- Grand, George
- Grasse, Joseph de
- Gullielma, Natalie Hall, Donald
- Haines, Charles
- Hansen, Arhur
- Humphrey, William
- Inez, Ralph
- Jacobs, Billy
- Jeffre, Mon.
- Johansson, Nicap
- Johnson, Arthur
- Johnson, Buster
- Johnstone, Damar
- Jones, Edgar
- Kern, Dorwin
- Kelly, Paul
- Kent, Jack
- Kerrigan, Warren
- Kim, Harry
- Lang, Peter
- Lawrence, Monte
- Leonard, Fred
- Lewis, William
- Linder, Max.
- Lockwood, Harold
- Lomax, Bud
- Lytton, Roger
- MacDougall, Jack
- Mack, Hugh
- MacQuarrie
- Marduk, Bud
- Malles, Charles
- Marshall, Boyd
- Mosdn, Dan

**The WORLD'S GREATEST FILM ARTISTES CONTEST**

EXCLUSIVE OF BRITISH-BORN PLAYERS.

30 VOTES Free to Every Reader Weekly.

**First Prize in Cash - £10**

**SECOND PRIZE:** Graphophone £7 10s., value £9

**THIRD PRIZE:** Graphophone £5 10s., value £7

**FOURTH PRIZE:** Graphophone £4 4s., value £5

**FIFTH PRIZE:** Graphophone £3 3s., value £4

100 Consolation Prizes 100

The Machines and Records are manufactured by the World Famous "Columbia" Co.
GOSSIP

ALL that has happened since the result of our British Players Contest was published has supplied further survival. The winning voters have expressed their delight in scores of letters; Hepworth’s have drawn attention to the contest on their famous black and yellow tube posters, and kindly references to it have also appeared in all the trade journals. The publication of the result, too, has caused a great increase in the daily flow of voting coupons in our World’s Greatest Players Contest. Readers are beginning to ask themselves who will win. Don’t waste the coupons, but give your thirty votes to four players on each of them. If you wish to save Pictures for binding (they make such interesting and informative volumes) buy an extra copy and put it aside. Then when the time comes your volume will be clean and new.

Would You Believe It?

Up to the moment of going to press, five days after the appearance of their announcement in Pictures, the Selig Company have received nearly four hundred letters from readers. Each contained a d. in stamps for the six postcards offered in their advertisement. These cards, which are beautifully printed in colours, will make your albums merrier and brighter. Poor Mr. Montagu, the Selig chief in London, who says the offer is still open, is turning out of bed an hour earlier each day to wrestle with the huge mails.

A Treat for Portrait-Lovers

Don’t miss the “Flying A” advertisement on another page. This company offer to send any reader a set of their players’ portraits, sepia tinted, and each flat, for a few pennies. At this rate our readers will soon be able to run “at home” exhibitions of popular picture-players’ portraits.

Cinema Tempts OurContemporary

And whilst on the subject of art, may I draw attention to our successful contemporary, Everywoman’s Weekly, the covers of which for the next few weeks will consist of autographed coloured photos of cinemar stars. Do you know this charming little paper? If not, send a postcard to the publishers, 93, Longacre, W.C., and say you want Everywoman’s Weekly free of charge for three weeks as promised by Pictures. After that I calculate that you will be pals.

His Biggest Yet.

The filming of Esther, referred to a fortnight ago, is now completed, and Mr. Elvey tells me it is so far his biggest production. In addition to Elisabeth Risdon in the name part, Fred Groves as the King, and Ruth Mackay as the Queen, Mr. Elvey was fortunate in being able to borrow Charles Rock from the London Film Company, and this fine actor has appeared in the part of the Jew “Mordecai.” A film version of Tom Gallon’s well-known novel Meg the Lady now has Mr. Elvey’s attention.

More Cards in Colours.

I can’t keep away from Art this week. I must tell you that we have made arrangements to stock some Trans-Atlantic Players postcards, which have been specially reproduced in colours. And they are lovely. I am sorry to learn that George U. Stevenson, the Company’s publicity manager in London, is just leaving us for the States. Here’s wishing him a safe voyage out and another one back next spring, when he hopes to return with renewed vigour.

This is the Spirit.

“Will your publisher let me know when my next subscription is due? I don’t want to be straddled some week without Pictures.” This reader believes in making sure of a good thing. Another way is to ask your newsagent to get you a copy of Pictures every week. Or buy it at your cinema—if you can. Have it from one or the other regularly. You never know what you might miss.

“World Film” Winners.

If the “World Film” Productions (made in the States) which the Clarion Film Agency of London and Manchester are controlling in this country are all as good as the pair I saw this week the U.P.A. will deserve the thanks of all real picturegoers. Woman and Wine was one, and I enjoyed the film version of Arthur Shirley’s popular drama more than when I saw it on the stage. But for strong plot, acting, and wonderful scenic effects Hearts in Exile, a Russian story of Lovers and Revolutionists, is a film which will appeal to each and all of us. I note that the company will release one play every week such a four-reeler—a picture feast indeed.

A Sure-to-be-Good Film.

I was prevented from seeing it, but John Holfiex, Gentleman has been shown to the trade, and as it is adapted from the world-famous novel, and was produced by George Pearson for the Samuelson Film Company, I strongly suspect that this is an extra fine picture. I now see that Fred Paul was John, which confirms the suspicion.

Greatest British Film.

Perfect! Great! Wonderful! and similar exclamations were uttered by those who saw the trade-screening of Florence Turner and Albert Chevalier in My Old Dutch. I fully expected to be stirred by this picture, and was. The audience tried to wipe its eyes before the lights went up. As for myself, three times my eyes were wet with—Oh, hang it! my space is gone.

THE MAN WHO

DOES NOT

SMILE

HANK MANN, the new Trans-Atlantic L-Ko comedian. He laughs not, but the world laughs at him.

PICTURES AND THE PICTURERGOER

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Turner Films

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Turner Films

Week ending July 17, 1915.

"NERVES" INDigestION

and Palpitation cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Smith, of 6. Farringford Road, Stratford, London, E., says:—

"As a consequence of over-taxing my strength I had got into a low, rundown condition, with my nerves all on edge. Any sudden noise would set me trembling from head to foot. My digestion was all upset, and what I did eat caused flatulence and violent palpitation. But the worst of all my troubles was neuralgic headache. This at times was agonising, and I was so nerve-shattered that I could not bear the least noise.

"I had been in bed a week when I read of a case similar to mine being cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets. My husband got me some, and they acted splendidly. Very soon I was going about my housework again, and in a little while I was as well and strong as ever in my life."

Mrs. Smith, London.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

are a genuine and tested remedy for all forms of nerve or bodily weakness in old or young. They are composed of harmless ingredients which have an invigorating effect on all the nerve centres and are the surest remedy for:

Nervous Breakdown Neurasthenia Kidney Disease Wasting Diseases
Nerve Paralysis Nervous Debility Indigestion Premature Decay
Spinal Paralysis Strokelessness Stomach Disorder Loss of Flesh
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and are specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and the Critical Periods of Life.

All Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 10d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d.—the 2s. 9d. size being the most economical."


Send for a FREE BOX.

Send your name and address, and 2 penny stamps for postage, a. e., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box S, 26), Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.
OUR LETTER-BAG
Selected from hundreds every week.

The Old Rumour Again.

"I am afraid the person who started the current that Charlie Chaplin was dead would have a long wait to see him, as the rumour was apparently started in America. The brother of one of my friends came back from the States last week and he said that the people over there all say that he is dead. I am, indeed, that it is not true, but one can usually be sure of such things if they are so. I sincerely trust, though, that Charlie has a long and successful career in front of him, and I am sure if Pictures has anything to do with it he will have unrolls.

M A R K (Edgaston).

Did the Manager Complain?

"I simply must write and tell you this. Last night I saw The Odd Act. It was a ripping picture and I enjoyed it, but that is not my grumble—when the Animated Gazette was shown it gave a picture of Lieutenant Wooster and the manager must have been between four hundred and five hundred feet. Well, the whole of the time that picture was showing the pianist played a rag-time. Can you credit it? If it had been a poor little village cinema with an undergraduate pianist and an uneducated audience it would have been bad enough, but it was in London and in a decent theatre!"

PHILLIS X. (Bodsworth).

Result of British Players Contest.

"Please will you grant me an explanation as to the order of merit of the 100 Consolation Prizes were awarded? You say: No less than eight of these names were given correct order of winning players."

1 sent twenty coupons giving the following names

- Alana Taylor 200 votes
- Stewart Rame 200
- Elizabeth Know 100
- Charles Chaplin 100.

"You will see that I rate it very close, giving the female players their correct order, and therefore, I have given names which I gave of the male players, giving the names of the four winning players."

Our reader gave the ladies right, but his men were wrong in places, whereas all the Consolation winners had three names in correct places. Correct.

Steady, Boys, Steady!

"I was at a cinema a few weeks ago where they showed seven pictures. Right up to the star turn the pictures had been rushed, and we had no time to read the subtitles; so during the first part of the film in question, which was the sixth, I spoke to the manager, and said the operator was running his motor too swiftly. He replied, "Oh, no, that is the way the film was taken." I said no more to him, but the last picture was quite steady. I have had to make the same complaint to two other managers who have been very nice, and said they would speak to the operator. I have been dozens of times since, and never has a picture been rushed again. It is not justice to the producers, artists, or patrons to have films shown jerkily, and I think this is the only reason that people complain of pictures being bad for the eyes!"

LoC (Liscard).

THE ONLY REMEDY

Still we get complaints from readers who say they like Pictures, but cannot obtain it. Tell your Newsagent you want it every Saturday, and he will get it for you.

P S: "The 'Old Rumour' column is a hit."

RICHARD TRAVERS, The Essany publisher.
SMILES

The Charge of the Tailor

A well-known film actor had read the news of his tailor joining the Sportsman's Battalion. He wrote and congratulated him.

"I hope you have the best of luck. You ought to do well, anyway. I'm sure you know how to charge!"

The Fear-nothing Picture-player

PRODUCER: "How do you find this car? Hope it is well sprung! You want it for taking those roads."

ACTOR: "Well sprung! You don't want a dog, and a car, in the same place! It's like going over a matchstick!"

Filthy Lucre

Two picture-actors were discussing the new star of the season.

"So you think young D'ArCY's money is tainted, do you?" asked one.

"Yes, laddie; it has two taints on it. Taint yours, and 'taint mine."

Out of Their Reach

IRISH RECRUITING SERGEANT: "Hoy, Pat, man, and why haven't you joined the Colours to keep the other boys company? What would you do if the Germans came over here?"

PAT (after pondering a moment): "I should enlist for foreign service."

A Shooting Star

SUPER: "(to film-actor who was taking part in a big game-shooting picture): Beg pardon, sir, but at the last moment you've sold me out, haven't you?"

ACTOR: "Well, and I paid you handsomely for it."

SUPER: "Certainly, sir; but we're to have another scene of the same sort to-morrow and I thought a little on account perhaps would be convenient."

One of the Old School

LITTLE GIRL: "(to film-actor): My father says he has often seen you act on the stage before you went in for pictures."

EXCITED ACTRESS: "What did he say he had seen me in?"

LITTLE GIRL: "'The eighties.'"

Quite Eligible

"Good morning, sir," said the gushing man with a smile, as he encountered our Editor on the office stairs. "I am collecting for the lunatic asylum.""The Answers Man is out just now, but if you can find him you're welcome to him," replied the worried Editor.

Wasted Energy

The boy was crying miserably. A kind-hearted passer-by stopped to comfort him.

"What's the matter, my little man?"

"I've been playing truant all day, and I've just remembered that we have got two days' holiday because teacher is ill."

The Drive to Drink

The rickety four-wheeler was bumping over the cobblestones up the narrow street. The driver put his head out of the window: "It's enough to drive any one to drink," he shouted.

The caly pulled up his steed with a jolt. "Yes," moaned most of the fellows who tiring this 'ere cab goes that way. The next 'ons is the ' Hare and Hounds,' foive moile on."
STRENGTH ON THE FILM: MATHO AND SPENDIUS

Principal Male Characters in Salambo, the gorgeous Pasquali production to be released on August 20th.

(See page 321.)
HOW FILM ACTORS REHEARSE.—No. 3: The Leap from the Express Train.  
Drawn by Fred Allington.

FRED MACE is back with Keystone, after producing his own pictures for two years. Now we may rest.

Marguerite Loveridge, sister of Ma Marsh, is to star in a Reliance-Majestic two-reeler. Both sisters are clever.

In America many picture-theatres are using organs only instead of orchestras. Why this nonsense? Pipe before pianos!

What is worse than to have some one try and describe a good picture-play they saw? What is better is to see one.

German agents tour China with films designed to impress the Chinese with the might of the German Army.

Following her triumph in The Dawn of a New-Morrow (coming in October), Mary Pickford will be everybody’s pal in a play called Little Pat.

“Omida” is on the screen again. The B. and C. Company recently completed a film version of The Miserables, one of that famous author’s works.

A Northern cinema has been giving away to certain of its patrons shares in the New War Loan. The winners at least can now say that “pictures” is the best investment that ever was.

What has become of Huntley Wright, the popular comedian? We believe he is with the Forces. His brother, Bertie, is about to shine in Moonshine Comics, a new British brand of films. The man in the moonshine so to speak.

He Liked the Samples.

TO exploit The Carpet from Bagdad, the Selig Company recently mailed to exhibitors pieces of carpet which were attached to tags reading, “This is a Piece of the Carpet from Bagdad. Book it.” From one recipient came this reply: “Your sample of carpet received, and would like to ask what you could furnish a rug like the sample you enclose. Would like to have it cover the whole room. Would like to know how soon and if you could furnish this rug 11 feet by 17 inches.”

Our “Answers Man” Again.

A POPULAR weekly journal says: “The three film companies you mention are all genuine. If you are not as pretty as your names, we shall see you on the screen before long, we warrant.” Special Janitors are now being engaged by all the genuine film companies, we hear, to cope with the countless Florencees, Winfreds, and Ediths who think they are as pretty as their names.

Harry Nearly Lost His Head.

HARRY TODD so nearly made a suicide scene a real one in the Essanay comedy, An Undertaker’s Uncle, that all the hairs that haven’t departed from his head are still standing on end. Disappointed in love, he plans to blow his head off, and whilst rehearsing this merry scene Harry accidentally touched the trigger, thinking the gun was empty. But it wasn’t. Fortunately for Harry, it did no more than blow a hole through Harry’s silk hat and shave the top of Harry’s head.

Cyril Maude’s Film Heroine.

AS we have stated previously, Cyril Maude is now playing in the films for the Bosworth-Morosco Company in Los Angeles. Opposite him charming Myrtle Stedman appears. It is becoming a habit to select her to play with the biggest actors from the speaking stage, and in fact some of them ask that she be chosen. Nothing bothers an actor more than having to play with an inexperienced actress who cannot force them to do their best, and Miss Stedman has both beauty, talent, and much experience to fall back on. In other words, she is absolutely reliable.

Hustling Harold.

FINISHED work at five o’clock, hasty dinner, and off to Los Angeles from Santa Barbara at eight. In Los Angeles at nine-thirty, business appointment at ten sharp, supper, and bed. Up at five-thirty and back in Santa Barbara in time for the day’s work. This is what the volatile Harold Lloyd did recently at the completion of The End of the Road, in which he was swept off his horse by an overhanging branch, carried down stream in a flood, and nearly had a big mill fall on him. It looked like being the end of Harold, but the film is said to be a “hummer.”

Her Holiday Plans.

A SKED what she is going to do with her holiday, when she gets it, Grace Cunard outlined the following attractive programme: “I live in Ohio; I am going there, and I am going to hunt up the biggest apple-tree in the orchard and have it cut down. Don’t come near me; I am dangerous ‘sign. Then I am going to take some nice pads and some pencils, and I am going to outwrite the entire town in the next twelve months.” The holiday in question comes when the Broken Coin serial ends, in about two months. We hope the apples will not be green.

Filming “The Great Ruby.”

HANGING from the basket of a balloon several hundred feet in the air, Howard Mitchell had a spectacular fight with George Soulie Spencer, who was inside the basket, while crowds of people watched them with bated breath. The big shock came when Mitchell was blown out of the basket, and came tumbling to earth, the whole thing being done by Mitchell’s understudy, a husky-looking dummy in a swagere morning-coat and grey striped trousers. This was handled into the basket. The fight in the balloon is one of the new scenes in The Great Ruby, the famous Drury Lane melodrama, which is now being filmed by the Lubin Company.

Personality minus Personality.

WHAT distinguishes Chaplin from the rest is an idea. It is the idea of a simpleton, says the Star, who is eternally victorious over the wise and the cunning. He has conceived himself as a sort of automaton, a wooden figure, passionless, unsighing, silent, moving as if on wires, utterly helpless, and always triumphant. His face is through all his adventures the blank unconscionableness of a doll. His eyes have a sad, abstracted gaze that seems to look nowhere and to see nothing. Occasionally, but only at the sight of a pretty face, he breaks into a fleeting smile of incomparable vacancy. In short, Charlie Chaplin has performed the feat of creating a personality by blotting out every character of personality.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHÉ'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. For the Motherland: H.R.H. Duke of Connaught bids Godspeed to the Canadian troops off to Flanders.
2. Tommies on the Thames: Convalescent soldiers enjoy a river trip.
4. A Real War Wedding: Miss Stonehouse travels 1000 miles to marry Private Sherwood, a wounded Canadian Volunteer.
"I wonder if I can catch the young fool," mused Diana Neville, as through the tiny, ivy-covered window of her cottage she watched the figure of Rupert Dale crossing the fields.

A beautiful and imperious adventurer, she had temporarily re-tented the cottage in order to escape the over-pressure of her numerous creditors, and upon her arrival having accidentally encountered Rupert Dale, the youngest son of the old and aristocratic family upon whose estate she had elected to reside, she had lost no time in ensuring the youth and entangling him in her net.

The solitary invitation she had at first received had been to visit her. But with her had developed a daily affair, and she smiled with no little satisfaction as she realised what a dutiful and ardent lover Rupert had become.

One afternoon Diana's reflections were abruptly terminated by the sound of footsteps upon the gravel path outside. Before she could rise from her seat the door quietly opened, and a fashionably dressed man paused upon the threshold.

"Lefevre," she cried, springing to her feet and advancing towards the intruder. "How did you get here? What do you want?"

Maurice Lefevre, financial agent and moneylender, bowed. "I'm afraid you are not very pleased to see me," he replied, a smile spreading over his evil countenance, "but as there is a little matter demanding your immediate attention, and thinking it might have slipped your memory, I thought I'd just run down and remind you."

"Remind me, you fool! Moneylenders never give their victims a chance of forgetting their debts. How much is the bill for?"

"£2,000," he ventured sneakily; "but if it is at all inconvenient—if you will allow me, I think I could suggest a way whereby we might compromise—"

"Indeed?" queried Diana. "And what is your suggestion?"

"Well, for instance," resumed the man craftily, "if I knew that I should be welcome whenever I called, and could depend on, say, a few kisses occasionally, I might see my way clear to hold over the bill indefinitely."

"So that's your pretty scheme, is it? Suppose I refuse, what then?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I should be reluctantly compelled to act accordingly," he replied. "But come!" he added crossly, "you won't refuse me, I know. £2,000 is too big a sum to treat lightly. Diana, and you are not a fool. Which shall it be the bill or me?"

Diana turned and faced her persecutor, her eyes blazing with passion.

"How dare you insult me?" she cried vehemently. "Get out of my house."

Lefevre laughed, and, throwing discretion to the winds, he seized her and drew her towards him. But the embrace was of short duration, for at that instant Rupert Dale strode into the room and hurried him aside.

Explaining that by a mere accident of chance he had heard everything that had passed between them, Rupert demurred from Lefevre the bill, and, locking it with his own signature, thus making himself responsible for its payment, he returned the bill to the moneylender and ordered him out of the house.

"Oh, how can I ever be sufficiently grateful?" murmured Diana when they were alone. She watched him curiously from beneath her half-closed lashes. "It's awfully good of you, and—"

"Nonsense," he cried, kissing her hand tenderly. "I am only too glad that I was available to free you from the clutches of a blackguard."

Next day, upon paying his usual visit, Rupert was amazed to find Diana gone. "Returned to town," was the information he could get from the old rustics who had assisted her in her departure.

He was greatly perplexed and worried at the extraordinary course events had taken, and fearing that further harm might have suddenly overtaken Diana, he decided to follow in her wake.

But at that moment Diana was very far removed from trouble. With £2,000 to her credit on the bill her young dupe had backed for her, she had straightway returned to her old life of gaiety and pleasure.

"What fools men are!" she declared.

she slowly tore up the photograph and lit a cigarette. "A gentleman to see you, madam!"

"Rupert Dale! Ha! Show him up!" she ejaculated quickly, glancing at the proffered card.

Rupert Dale entered immediately.

"At last," he cried, taking the hand she offered into his own. "You've no idea how glad I am to see you again. I've been worrying frightfully in case something terrible might have happened to you. Why did you run away so suddenly from Dale's Farm?" he asked anxiously.

"Run away!" she replied dreamily. "Did I? I'm sure I've almost forgotten. You see, the country began to get on my nerves rather, so I just returned to town again, that's all."

Rupert was more puzzled than ever. He could not understand the change that had apparently come over his idol, or the indifference with which she treated him.

"But surely you might have told me you were going," he rejoined, in somewhat injured tones, "especially after the jolly time we had spent together."

"Really," intervened Diana, impatiently, "I had no idea you were so interested in my welfare. I am sure I'm very sorry if I have caused you any undue worry or annoyance."

"Diana, how can you talk like that?" he pleaded. "You know I care for you more than anything else in life, and—"

"Please don't get sentimental," she intervened. "You must not talk to me like that. Mr. Dale. I neither love nor could care for you—"

"Diana!"

"And I am afraid," she resumed, "that picking up Rupert's photograph from the table by her side, as she was seated one afternoon in her sumptuously furnished flat. "Still, I suppose one finds them useful at times."

Then, feeling bored,
you must have misconstrued the real meaning of our acquaintanceship.

"But the day I backed the hill, Diana! You swore you cared then, did you not?"

"And if I did," she retorted, sarcastically, "it was only a means to an end. You were distinctly useful on that occasion, and believe me, my dear boy, that was all I desired. Surely you must be able to follow my reasoning a little. My time is rather limited," she added hastily, "so I must ask you to go." And, rising as she spoke, she rang the bell for the footman. Rupert instinctively rose to his feet. His illusion had at last been shattered—the mystery dispersed for all time. He realised now not only the fear he had been allowed himself to be ensured so completely.

"Show this gentleman out," commanded Diana, as the footman entered; then turning to Rupert: "I'm very pleased to see you again. It was indeed nice of you to call."

Without even a glance at her, Rupert walked slowly out of the room, accompanied as he went by the sound of Diana's heartless laughter.

Upon reaching home he found Lefevre waiting to see him, the bill having become due. He got rid of the matter in the most promising an immediate payment. Then, retiring to his own room, he was unable to restrain his feelings any longer.

Sitting down the note which almost choked him, he pondered long and deeply over his betrayal.

He took her photograph from his pocket and kissed it passionately. Then, he picked up a revolver, turned it on himself, and pulling the trigger, ended the turmoil for ever.

"The moment he heard the report of the revolver, Alec Dale, Rupert's elder brother, rushed up the stairs and entered the room.

With a ghastly horror Alec shrink from the ghastly sight which met his gaze. He bent low, and tenderly raising his brother's head saw that life was extinct.

"Dead! He is dead!" he gasped, gently relaxing his hold; "my poor, poor brother." Slowly he picked up the photograph of Diana, which was lying on the floor near by, and looking at it intently for some seconds, he realised why this thing had happened.

With an oath, he sprang to his feet. He clenched his hands tightly together, and raising them above his head, "God give me my strength," he prayed, "to seek this woman out and, when I have found her, to avenge my brother's death."

During the three or four years that followed Alec Dale never relaxed his vigilance in searching for the woman, whose photograph he always carried.

In disposing of Dale's Farm and all his property, he entirely omitted his brother's death in order to meet Lefevre's bill, he began to travel freely, trusting that new scenes and associations would help him to forget the past. While thus in exile he learned of his uncle's death, and, being informed that he had been left sole heir to vast estates and fortune, subject to his complying with the condition that he should change his name from Dale to Barclay, Alec returned home immediately.

Dale instantly agreed to the change, and, by taking up his new rôle of Alec Barclay, became possessor of (among other things) one of the finest racing-studs in the country.

One day he was accompanied by his friend, Major Trevor, to a house-party given by one of the latter's numerous acquaintances. Much to his amazement, upon meeting his hostess, he came face to face with the living image of the photograph he had jealously guarded.

"Allow me to introduce you to our charming hostess," began the Major, leading Alec forward to where the lady stood. "Mr. Alec Barclay, Miss Diana Nugent," he drawled; "and I'm sure you will find her as jolly as they make them."

"How do you do?" stammered Alec, gradually recovering from his surprise.

"I am delighted to meet you."

"It's very nice of you to say so. I'm sure," smiled Diana pleasantly. And I hope that while you are here you will make yourself perfectly at home."

A second look at the photograph convinced Alec that his hostess and the woman in the picture were one and the same person, and when he heard later that Diana had got herself once more into the hands of Lefevre, and that she had furthermore staked all her hopes of recovery upon her horse May Fly winning the "Duke's Stakes," he saw that his hour for revenge was at hand.

He instructed his trainer, Brown, to get his own two horses Morning Glory and Revenge into condition as soon as possible, and he entered the former of the two for the same race, determining to do all in his power to defeat and crush Diana Nugent, and so hasten the coming of her retribution.

But Diana was fully alive to the danger which threatened her. Taking into consideration the possibility of Alec's horse proving superior to her own, and acting upon the advice of Lefevre, who was now an accomplice, she arranged to have Morning Glory poisoned on the day of the race; thus leaving as little to chance as possible.

On the morning of the eventful day, Alec and his trainer were all excitement. "It's a cert. I tell yer, sir," insisted Brown, as the two walked down to the stables together. "There's nothing to touch the 'Glory' in the race."

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER — 310
WEEK ENDING JULY 24, 1915

OUR LETTER-BAG
Selected from hundreds every week.

From Deck to Stochelo.

"I am going to tell you how your little paper PICTURES is appreciated on board ship.

I receive a copy each week, and I know that PICTURES is read by nearly every one from the deck-hands to the officers below. By the end of the week you cannot see the picture on the cover for dirt and grime. But it shows you how the paper is read, and I can assure you it has helped to bring a great many a week-end comfort to a great number of us."

F. G. (H.M.S.)

Contest Queries.

"There are so many good foreign articles that I am in a quandary for whom to vote. Years ago I would have said that Maurice Costello was the greatest player, and would vote for him to-day if he were appearing as he did then, but he appears very rarely of late, and to-day he is superseded by others. That is the trouble in regard to your contest. I want to know if you would vote for a player who is popular, or because he or she is shown regularly, or on the strength of one or two appearances. Take, for instance, Anna Pavlova. Her work is so popular because she appears frequently, and I would like to wager that she is top of the list when the vote is taken. I am sure, for one, will poll for her, together with Harry Morey, simply because their many films are great."

R. B. (Leeds).

A Hot Time in India.

"Your paper is very much appreciated out here, and many of the boys look forward to seeing it. It is quite nice to see things about old England again. We have had fearfully hot weather out here recently. To give you some idea of what we have been through I will tell you what we did the last few weeks on account of the Turks, and Arabs we were chasing. Marched about one hundred and twenty miles, doing fifty-six of them in about the same number of hours. Marched twelve miles in a sandstorm. The thermometer in the shade stood at 112deg., at noon (today in barracks it is 115deg.). Lived for three weeks without bread, but thankful that the interior jam. We existed on rice biscuit and three ounces of meat per day for a day or two. No clear water to bathe in at all. All the water was the colour of the Thames after a severe storm. The heat, as I have said before, is simply terrific."

B. (India).

Playing to the Pictures.

"For ages I have been meaning to write you, but an article in your last week's issue by a lady cinema pianist quite decided me. I am also a relief pianist at the Kettering Electric Pavilion. It has only been built for just over two years, but has been an immense success since the days of the first fifteen, and have been on the staff of this theatre for nearly two years. I started as the pianist for the ticket office; then the whole of the work with the musical direction. I cannot read music very well, but having had many lessons, but can play anything from very useful, and though I am often at a stretch. I could do this when I was about six, and have been steadily improving ever since. I love my work, and find it very very sorry to give it up. Like the lady who wrote your article, when very young I used to play on two pianos, and make the use of the four hands! I have used only the left hand, and kept the right hand free till I learned to write."

Grace P. (Kettering).

We invite you to say who are the greatest Film Players, Free Coupon on page 320.

"God give me strength," he prayed, "to seek this woman out."

He ran well up to time yesterday in the film, and it’s as sure as anything can be. A few seconds later he reappeared at the door white and trembling.

"Good God," he cried hoarsely, rushing out to where Alec was waiting, "They’ve poisoned her! Doped her in the night, sir. She’s gone dead lame." A glance at the colt confirmed the trainer’s words. A confused tangle of thoughts crowded through Alec’s brain; something must be done, and done quickly, to prevent Diana winning the race.

"Get Revenge sent on by special at once, sir," implored Brown, hastily breaking into his thoughts. "There is just about time to do it with luck, and—" But Alec didn’t wait to hear the rest. Rushing along to the office, he telephoned for Revenge to be sent post-haste to the course, and scratching Morning Glory out of the race, posted Revenge to run in his place.

The whole of the course was one pulsating mass of life and movement. Morning Glory, the favourite, had been scratched, and an unknown quantity substituted. What could it all mean? Diana, accompanied by Lefevre, smiled serenely as she dodged about the paddock procuring all the odds she could find. What a victory it would be she told herself, now that the danger mark had been removed.

"God! there goes the saddling bell!" cried Alec, as a great clanging sounded in the distance. "It is no use," he moaned, "we are beat, without a run for our money."

"Not yet, sir," came the cheery response of the trainer. "There’s five blooming minutes yet before they start and—"

"It’s hopeless," broke in Alec. "See, they go to the tapes."

The trainer hurried away into the crowd, and Alec, drawing his hand wearily over his brow, turned away from the course. Suddenly a commotion some little distance away attracted his attention. He strained his eyes—yes, it was really his horse Revenge which came tearing through the crowd.

"I told you so!" he shouted frantically, yelling to the trainer, throwing the saddle across the horse’s back. "Quick, sir! give the lad a leg up," he added. "That’s right! Away you go, and good luck given to me!"

"Thank God for that!" muttered Alec, mopping his brow, as he watched Revenge reach the tapes in time.

"They’re off!" roared the crowd. Alec feinted to his glasses. "God's truth! look at him," chuckled the trainer; "leading by half a head and keeping the pace to the second. We are all right, sir," he continued, "they can’t catch us.

So also thought Lefevre, who, seated with Diana upon the stand, was cursing bitterly. "That cursed fool has beaten us," he cried, following the horses with his glasses. "How the Devil’s he brate stumbled and break his neck?"

The excitement became intense as the horses came into the straight—neck-to-neck, with Revenge leading by a head.

Then came the most thrilling of all the course, as they passed the race. The past was over; Revenge had won by a length. With a frantic rush Alec flew to lead in his colt. To him all was oblivion; he had won! Won by his second string! His revenge was at last complete.

"I’ve come to congratulate you," laughed Diana, hystERICALLY, as half an hour later she met Alec just leaving the course. "You needn’t worry so much, indeed to win so handsomely," she added, "apart from the financial side of the race."

"Thank you very much indeed," replied Alec, coldly, a smile playing sarcastically upon his face. "Although financially it has made little or no difference to me, yet have I succeeded in accomplishing my life’s desire.

"Diana was not afraid, don’t understand you, Mr. Brown," she retorted, "If not for money and honour, what else is there to race for?"

In this case, Miss Nugent—a brother’s rage?

"But how can winning this race effect your purpose?" she queried.

"By running you," he returned, in low and even tones. "By crushing and breaking you! Do you recognize that photograph?" he continued holding out his hand. "Ah, I see you do! You may well shrink in shame and terror, Diana Nugent. That photograph you gave to your brother, Rupert Dale. It was found by the near his dead body. You brought about his end as surely as if you had killed him with your own hand, for after ensuring him into your snares, you then mined and cast him forth—betrayed!"

Diana caught at the wall for support; then, bracing herself for the effort, she staggered away with uncertain steps.

Produced by the famous Hepworth Company, this fine exclusive three-reeler is well up to their usual standard of excellence. Played by a powerful cast of artists, including Stuart Rome, Lionel Howard, William Fellou, Violet Hopson, and Chrissie White, it is replete with exciting, fascinating, and gripping scenes, and a picture not to be missed.

We invite you to say who are the greatest Film Players. Free Coupon on page 320.
The Irregulars of Filmdom
A LITTLE CHAT ABOUT THE "EXTRAS."

The super, or extra, is such an important individual that no film-producing company could make much headway for long without his or her assistance. And who are these players to be so essential? you might ask.

Photo-plays sometimes demand so many minor roles that the company's regular players are insufficient to fill them. This would be the case, for instance, when a big drawing-room or restaurant scene is staged, in which dancing couples and diners are required to appear in dress clothes.

It must not be assumed that supers have merely to "walk on." Their acting can often make or mar a play, and the producer is the man who has to drill them into proper form—no mean task, I can assure you.

Many of these supers would be quite a different class of people to those who figure in mob scenes. Crowds like those in such films as Barnaby Rudge and Jane Eyre are mostly recruited from the Labour Exchange at so much per day.

The Italian and French producers easily excel in handling crowds of a thousand upwards in spectacular productions, and their American brother is usually quite at home with fifty or a hundred in a modern drama. In England huge crowds are not often used. I have seen some very well-staged crowds in English films, but in others the mob ran about in all directions as though at a loss to know what to do.

Practically every company experiences a great difficulty in obtaining really qualified "extras." One thing that puzzles the raw super is the studio slang which Mr. Producer uses instead of plain English. When, for example, he wants the players to stop for a moment or so, to read a letter or for some other purpose, he will call out "Hold it," referring, of course, to the action.

Well, recently a producer handed a bomb to a super and told him when to light and throw it into the picture. The producer resumed instructing the principals in the background; then came the command, "Hold it!"

The novice thought the order was meant for him, so he held the bomb. He spent several weeks in the hospital recovering from his injuries.

If you imagine that all "extras" play for an income, and an uncertain one at that, you are wrong.

Personal vanity is one compensation, the owners being able to prove to their friends that they have played in a film. Others do it for the sake of getting near their picture idol. You should see how they all scramble to be nearest to her or him, and the rivalry that exists to perform some little personal service called for in the scenario. It is a sight for the gods.

Others again are prompted by ambition.
SAY, Captain, what the devil does your nipper mean by giving my boy here a black eye?" stormed the shipowner, as he entered the cottage of Wolf Erickson, the Captain of his ship, the Eliza Miller.

A few hours previously, John, the Captain's son had quarrelled with Ned, and in the short boyish fight which ensued Ned had got the worst of it.

"John, why, what d'yer mean, guv'nor?" enquired Erickson. Then, catching sight of the boy's blackened eye, he continued, "D'yer mean to say my kid did that? Here, John! Where's John?" he inquired, turning to his wife.

Wolf Erickson possessed a terrible temper, and was hated and feared by the whole of his crew; even in his own home his brutality knew no bounds.

Cowering like an injured beast before its pursuer, Eleanor called her son.

"Now then, youngster," shouted Erickson as soon as he entered, "what have you been up to? Apologise to Master Ned at once, or, by Heaven, it'll be worse for you," he continued, shaking him by the neck.

"I'm sorry, Sir," said John, looking nervously at the other boy's father. Then, after a little more discussion, the shipowner departed amiably.

"I ain't done with you yet; get in there," and with one swing of his strong arm Erickson sent his little son sprawling into the adjoining room.

"Where's my whip?" he yelled savagely.

"Don't hurt him, for my sake," pleaded his wife, "it was only fun, and—"

"Shut up," snarled Erickson, "you women wouldn't touch a fly; I've got no patience with you."

Then, seizing the whip from its place, he swung it into the room, and slammed the door in his wife's face. Then he dragged the boy across his knees and started to thrash him mercilessly.

"Oh, father—Don't! I won't do it again," wailed the unfortunate youngster, but his pleadings had no effect upon the story-hearted Captain.

When at last Erickson was tired of flogging he left the lad groaning on the floor. He opened the door, and came face to face with his wife.

"You dare go in there and pity that cub and I'll throttle you as well," he growled.

But his wife, her heart breaking for her boy, ignored her husband's inhuman threat.

"Brute that you are," she cried, "you'll live to regret that beating—mark my words!" With grim determination Eleanor pushed herself into the room and locked the door. Erickson stood sulkily looking on, wondering that his wife had dared to disobey him—but he would wait until she came out, and then—

He sank into a chair, and with a pipe in his mouth was soon fast asleep.

Ten years had passed and John, now a young man, was desperately in love with Nell, a neighbour's daughter, who lived near by. Erickson was still the same tyrant as of old, and John, who was fond of a free life, was beginning to resent his father's many cruelties.

One day he was sitting at his desk making up the books for the week, when he glanced anxiously at the clock. John had promised to take his sweetheart to a dance. His father had forbidden him to go, but now the time had arrived, and he snatched up his hat and darted from the house, and a little later he and Nell and their friends were enjoying life to the utmost.

Suddenly the gay scene was interrupted.

"So you've disobeyed me again, have you? Better come home quietly, or I'll knock the life out of yer in this 'ere dance-room." It was Captain Erickson, who had come to fetch his son. His action was the last straw for John, who decided there and then that he would stand his father's tyrannical rule no longer.

That night the son broke open his father's cashbox and with the money he had stolen left home to seek a free life elsewhere.

"A durned fine 'un,'" whispered the proprietor of the cheap lodging-house to his confederates, "a great 'un, too."

The "green 'uns" other name was John. He had wandered down a back street in the little port, and had been invited into the house by a man (known amongst his partners as the "Rat"), who offered to give him assistance.

John and the "Rat" now sat at a table drinking.

"Another glass of wine, sir?" asked the proprietor coming forward, with a knowing wink at the "Rat."

"Yus, and 'urry up about it." The wine was duly brought and drunk. Before long the drink had worked, and John was senseless. Then, having robbed him of his money, the "Rat" and his pals proceeded to carry their victim down a flight of steps which led to the water's edge.

"Shore I'm in 'ere," said the "Rat," when they reached the bottom, where a row-boat awaited them.

"Leggo boys," he shouted, when they were all in. "And now we shan't be long. The Skipper'll be pleased to think we've got such a fine 'un."

They boarded a sailing-ship lying in the harbour, and threw John into a damp, dismal cabin. When the effects of the drink had worn off John awoke to find himself in the hold of the Eliza Miller.

"How the devil did I get here?" he asked aloud, but the only answer was the splattering of the rusty old-lamp which hung from the low roof of the cabin.

Then some one descended from the deck. "Am just goin' to 'ave a look at 'im, boys," said a voice which seemed familiar to John. He stood up.

"Father," he gasped.

"Quite right, me lad; and you've got yourself in a nice ole, stealing my money, but yer ain't goin' to be let off easy like," and with a devilish chuckle he returned to the deck.

"Now then you, wake up; you can't
sitting there old day. Do summ a yer livin'. The skipper sent me down to teach yer 'ow to be brave,' and, with a
stinging blow, Erickson's confederate attacked John; but, maddened with anger, the latter fought like a lion, and
after a terrific struggle gained the upper hand. Dragging the oil-lamp from its place, he brought it down with
such force on the head of his enemy that the man fell dead.

"What the hell," roared Erickson, as attracted by the noise below, he and
his assistants descended the gangway.

Before he could look round, John
kicked his father over and disappeared
up the steps. Erickson pursued, but
with a yell that he fell back into the
hold as John struck him again with a
crowbar.

"Now's my chance," cried John, as he
dived over the side of the vessel. With
a few vigorous strokes he reached the
shore, and scrambling over the rocks,
set down to regain his breath.

"I must go home," he said, "Mother
will forgive me, I know. As for father,
God help him, he must be the devil
himself." The boy set forth to find his
mother, knowing that with her he
would find the solace and comfort he
could not obtain elsewhere.

Meanwhile the oil from the lamp used
in the hold had started a fire in the
hold of the Ellen Miller, and although
the men worked unceasingly in their
efforts to extinguish the flames they
soon encompassed the schooner, and the
crew were forced to take to the boats.
An explosion followed, and a few seconds
later the Ellen Miller sunk beneath the
waves forever.

Erickson, on coming ashore, made
his way home. His wife was terrified lest
further trouble ensue, for her son had
arrived some time previously.

"John, dear, hide somewhere, or he'll
kill me. Go, for my sake, she
implied.

"I'll kill him first," replied John.
And, seizing a revolver from his father's
desk, he hid behind some curtains.

Erickson blundered in.

"Eleanor, where are you?" he shouted.
"I'm here. Why, what's the matter
with your head?" she enquired, catching
sight of an ugly scar.

It was that cursed son of yours. He
steals my money, murders a man on
board ship, and then tries to finish off
his father, Where is the young bound?"

He strode across the room, and was
confronted by John himself, who held the
revolver.

"Say another word and I'll shoot you
like a dog," he threatened.

"He's a nice son —" he began. Before
he could finish the sentence the shot was
fired. The bullet intended for his father
entered the heart of his mother, who
had dashed forward to try to avert the
danger.

Erickson took her slim body tenderly
in his arms.

"See what you have done! Are you
satisfied now?" he asked, as the son
stooped to look at the beautiful face of
the mother he had so unwittingly mur-
dered.

"Now, you hell fiend, it is my turn!"

and before John could protect himself,
his father's fingers were tightening
round his throat.

* * *

With a start Captain Erickson awoke.

. . . Dazed by the awful dream, he
stumbled into the room where now sat
his little son John and his wife.

"Wife," he said, "I've had a 'oll of a
dream, but, thank God, I've woke up."
At the changed tone in her husband's
voice Eleanor started. "I've struck John
for the last time, my dear," he continued.

"Never again will I thrash him never,
and, with a smile on his usually stern
face, the rough skipper drew his wife
and son affectionately towards him.

* * *

This three-reel Pathé Exclusive, made
in America, will interest all lovers of
sensational film pictures. The scenery
and settings throughout are magnifi-
cent, and the fire on board a sailing ship
is worthy of the highest merit. M. O.
Penn as the hard-hearted "Wolf
Erickson," is superb — this famous Pathé
player also produced the film — whilst
Eleanor Woodruff and H. B. Walthall,
as mother and son respectively, provide
some fine and powerful acting. The film
is to be released early next month.

AT THE PICTURES.

rich and poor, and young and old

Rags and tatters, furs and lace,
Elegant and commonplace.
Interest in every face.

At the picture: At the picture: At the picture: At the picture:

Hair of grey and hair of golding.
Indians and rubber bands.
Cowboys, views of foreign lands.
Maude and I are holding hands —

Hobbies: I've only one real hobby,
and that's baseball, and I may tell you
that a finer team than the Keystone you
would not find for miles around. We
were only beaten once (and that was
the only time we have played) by a
bunch of kids from a school near here.

**JOHN WAS A PRISONER ON HIS FATHER'S SCHOONER.**

**A Chat with Keystone Fatty**

**GOO**D afternoon, Mr. Arbuckle,"
I said as I strode across the
studio to where stood the one and
only Fatty. With shirt sleeves rolled up,
hair standing on end, and a broad smile
on his congenial face, he looked the
picture of happiness. "Good afternoon,"
he replied in a deep bass voice, which
reminded me of a fog-horn.

"You want to know something about me? Well, listen:

"My name is Roscoe Arbuckle,
commonly known as Fatty. I
first made good in pictures in 1908 in Los
Angeles. For two seasons I was with Ferris Hartmann, after which I
went on a tour in the Orient, where we
'did' China, Japan, India, Honduras,
and the Philippines. When I got back
to Los Angeles, Fred Mace had just left
Keystone. (Yes, he has just come back.)
Mack Sennett gave me the offer of
joining up with his company, so I
accepted, and here I am still.

"Am I married, did you say? Why,
yes. My better half is known to the
picture public as Minta Durfee. Won't
the public pity her? Fancy marrying me! She might have done worse, for we
have got a topping motor-car, a prize
bull-bait (which helps me to relieve my
skidaddling stunts), and a fine little
home in Los Angeles.

"Do I hurt myself when I fall? Well,
no! I've got so used to it, and I am so
fat that it makes very little difference.
I don't mind what I do, but really my
rules are rather uneventful, and except
for falling on my ears, being chased by
bears, surrounded by snakes, and doing
four-foot dives at Santa Monica, I
don't do anything exciting.

"Hobbies? I've only one real hobby,
and that's baseball, and I may tell you
that a finer team than the Keystone you
would not find for miles around. We
were only beaten once (and that was
the only time we have played) by a
bunch of kids from a school near here.**
stories in which he has taken his own leads.
Dick is very popular, and entirely without any side. With sea stories he has made a big name for himself. He is a careful director and a virile actor, with a strong face, dark-brown hair and eyes, and a good carriage to his five foot eleven inches.

A Young Leading Man.

The remarkable stage presence and finished performances of Edward Earle, whose portrait appears on page 317, have often been commented upon as one of the marvels of the screen for "one so young." But in point of fact he is quite a veteran of the stage, where he played many parts and won his spurs years before his advent into motion-pictures, about two years since, playing leads with the Edison Company.

Favoured by Nature with clean-cut, classic features that would alone be sufficient to make him a matinee idol—which, by the way, he is—his cool force of character, leavened with an unobtrusive, pleasing personality, have enabled him to register characters on photo-players' patrons' memory in a way that spells more than mere popularity.

Sixteen years ago, in Toronto, Canada, where he was born, he one day stopped Lester Lonergan on the street and struck him for a "job." Amused at the youngster's initiative, Lonergan gave young Earle a good speaking part in the Valentine Stock Company in comedy. The boy made good, and at the all-satisfying sum of five dollars a week he grew in the acting art more than as captain of industry.

Deeply flattered by being made the understudy of the whole company in The Daisy Farm, his next venture, he gained experience thick and fast for the actors somehow were always quitting and throwing the job on to the young Thespian. In this it was not long before Earle was playing, one time or another, every male part in the play.

Many big American stage engagements followed, his last stage appearance being in The Quaker Girl.

He was with the Famous Players and Pathé before he went to Edison, where his graphic power is shown in admirable restraint in well-remembered pictures, as The Un科普let Letter, where he ranges from a boy to a character old man in The Head of Horror and The Lost Melody, The Phantom Thistle, Greater than Art, In the Shadow of Death, and A Theft in the Dark. As Vance Coleman in the Office Opportunities series Mr. Earle has given one of those sharply-outlined, pleasing charac-

THE "Bushman Day." It happened, or we presume it happened, on July 15th, the date set aside by the Committee of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco for a "Bushman Day," with the noted star and his leading woman, Marguerite Snow, as the special guests of honour.

The affair was outlined in a telegram to the Motion Picture News from the Metro Pictures Corporation (Francis X. Bushman is at work in their studio at Los Angeles) as follows:—

Have received notice from Exposition Committee July 15th to be Metro Day with

RICHARD STANTON

About whom you will read on this page.

Popular "Dick" of the N.Y.M.P.C.

RICHARD STANTON is one of the oldest actors and directors appearing at the New York Motion Picture Corporation Studios at Santa Monica, but he is young in years. Even at school, mixed in with football, baseball, and other sports, he secured short engagements with different theatres for boy-parts, and assured himself that he would eventually take the stage as a profession.

Before this happened, however, he was sent to his uncle Richard Stanton's steel-works at Pittsburg. He tried to stay, but, the call of the stage being too strong, the factory gave way to several happy years of theatrical work, during which time Dick acted, danced, and sung his way into the hearts of the Western audiences. During a hjiil he was persuaded to go to Santa Paula to take the part of an Indian for Melies. The one picture led to a stay of six months—an experience which proved to him that pictures were his forte.

Then started the memorable engagement with Thomas Ince, which has lasted till now, and seems to be indefinite. For two and a half years Dick Stanton played leads under the direction of Ince—an invaluable experience—and then started his work as a producer-director, and for over a year and a half he has been making some very notable

FIVE HEADS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT

Anna Little, the clever Trans-Atlantic star, wonders what the public will think of her in the coming serial The Black Bar. Anna plays the leading feminine role in this great mystery play. (See page 315.)
Bushman and Snodgrass of honour. Entire fair given over to us for day. Special award of gold medal to Bushman and Snod following enactment of silent dramatic piece in front of administration building. Entire evening devoted to fireworks display and Bushman's likeness to be burned in set piece fifty feet high. Metro will be bushed with all photoplayer and exhibitors attending.

Mr. Bushman was timed to arrive at San Francisco about July 10th, and when he left the train he was, doubtless, the most surprised man in the world, for the Metro Company had plastered coast cities with twenty-four sheet posters announcing July 15th as Bushman Day and inviting the people to witness the enactment of a thrilling silent drama.

Star in a Great Serial.

Anna Little plays the part of Leonora opposite the Sandford Quest of Herbert Rawlinson in the new Trans-Atlantic serial detective picture-drama, in fifteen weekly instalments, The Black Box, and a charming and delightful Leonora she makes, too. And she is tremendously in earnest about her work in this great picture, having spent many weary hours in studying the part she plays before being called upon to commence its portrayal. (See her thoughtful expressions in first film "fotos" on page 314.)

Anna Little was born in the State of California, U.S.A., and has never yet seen the American metropolis, New York, which, however, does not bother her in the least, as nearly all her interests are centred in and around Universal City. She is one of the best horsewomen on the screen, and she handles a lariat in true business-like cowboy style. In fact, her ability in this direction has earned for her the title of "The Darling of the Plains."

She was educated in her native State of California, and has had a great deal of experience both on the legitimate theatre-stage and before the piercing eye of the motion-picture camera. Since joining the ranks of the Trans-Atlantic galaxy of screen talent she has made for herself a world-wide reputation, and her great popularity receives eloquent testimony in the large number of letters she receives by almost every post from numberless admirers of both sexes and all ages, living in many odd corners of the globe.

Some of the previous pictures in which Anna Little has appeared with distinct success are the following, in all of which the leading male role has been in the capable hands of Herbert Rawlinson: Kid Reagan's Hands; Traffic in Babes; A Page from Life; The Vagabond; The Link that Binds; The Chorus Girl's Thanksgiving; and A Prince of Radaurs. Each of these pictures will be remembered for the excellence of the acting by which it was distinguished.

Anna Little is still unmarried, and emphatically expresses her intention of remaining in a state of single blessedness. But we may be pardoned for taking leave to doubt her statement.

(Continued on page 317.)

A screen impression of methods not sufficiently known, whereby the masses who have created the nation's greatness are ground down to satisfy the cravings of a few who live by sweated labour.

A FREE COPY FOR 3 WEEKS OF Everywoman's Weekly will be sent to the Readers of "Pictures and The Picturegoer." Each contains a HANDSOME COLOURED COVER OF A CINEMA STAR ELISABETH RISDON, G. M. ANDERSON & ALMA TAYLOR

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Does Photo-play Writing Pay?

UNTIL one "gets there," as the proverbial saying is, it is certainly doubly provoking to the writer why should not pay to write photo-play, considering that there are such a vast number of producing firms in England, in America, and on the Continent? Surely these people must require plots, and some one must supply them? Quite true. But has an outside playwright any chance of getting his plots produced? No, he has not.

Let me explain my contention by giving an example in my own case, which no doubt can be substantiated by many more playwrights. I am an amateur of numerous plays and sketches, many of which have been produced with success in all parts of the world. Four years ago, believing there was a new field in writing for the film, I commenced writing plots, which I submitted to various British firms.

After waiting several weeks they were returned to me with the stertyped letter "Unsuitable," but that they would be pleased to consider any other plots I cared to submit.

Undismayed by my first failure, I wrote some more, and again submitted them to the various firms, and, like the first, these, too, were returned as being unsuitable. I then wrote to one of the firms asking them to be good enough to let me know wherein I failed in the plots submitted. Receiving no reply to my letter, I called upon the firm in question, and sent in my card to the manager. He promptly sent me a message by the office-boy that he was too busy to see me. Finally I became convinced that my plots could not have been read or even considered.

To put my conviction to the test, I sealed with wax several pages of one of my plots and sent it to another firm. After several weeks this was returned, with the same old typed reply, "Unsuitable." I then examined the parcel and found that not one of the seals had been interfered with. Becoming furious at this wanton insult, I wrote and pointed out to this firm that they had not even read my plot, although they had returned it as unsuitable, and I also enclosed numerous press-cuts recording my previous work. The letter was returned to me, but without a word of apology for their unbusiness-like methods.

I now decided to try the leading firms in America. I sent out several plots, and in due course received them back, some firms saying that they were "not available," and some that they were not buying in the open market. This led me to believe that film-producers must have their plots written by members of their staff. After making inquiries I learnt that this is a fact, and is the real reason why the "outsider" has a very minute chance, if any at all, of disposing of his plots.

Was I Down-hearted? No! I am not easily disheartened. I firmly believed that there must be "some firms" who were open to consider good work. I therefore wrote to the Editor of Pictures for the names and addresses of the leading firms on the Continent, and by return of post he kindly furnished me with a whole list of them.

I wrote some of my plots into German and some into French, and sent them abroad. Within three weeks I received replies—some asking for my lowest price, others asking for plots similar to those they had been in the habit of producing. Another firm wrote that I could submit my work in English as their staff was quite proficient in that language. And still another firm wrote that they would like me to write for them plots that would be suitable for all parts of the world.

How different the treatment by the foreign firms as compared to my treatment by some of the British firms! Yet you wonder that since then I have written regularly for foreign firms until quite recently, when one of our leading firms here purchased some of my work, and which they will shortly produce!

In conclusion, let me tender some advice to the would-be photo-playwright. See that you describe the synopsis of your plot clearly and distinctly. Most firms read only the synopsis, and judge the plot accordingly. Study well the class of plots each firm produces, and submit your work to the firm whom you know by experience your plots will suit. And never lose your nerve if you at first fail to succeed. Keep on writing plots until you do succeed.

JOHN JACKSON.
FASHIONS ON THE FILM: Despite the War Paris still leads the world of dress

(Continued from pag 313.)

N. w. Ledy for Lubin.

ONE of the latest additions to the Lubin players is Eleanor Fairbanks, whose portrait will be found on our “Gossip” page. She is playing one of the important roles in Tillie’s Tomato Surprise, the feature-comedy written by Aet on Davies, in which Marie Dressler and Tom McNamhlon, the English eccentric comedian, will both be featured.

As a screen player Miss Fairbanks will undoubtedly be a huge success. She is just 3ft, in height, has blue eyes and blonde hair, and her charming personality, coupled with her ability as an actress, makes her a valuable addition to the Lubin players. Her first big bit was as little Miss Johnson in Tillie’s Nightmare, with Marie Dressler. She was with this production for two seasons. As “Miascha” in The Chocolate Soldier she became very popular, but her biggest success was in A Pair of Noses, in which she began by playing the role of the stenographer and ended by playing the leading part.

French Author and the Screen.

HENRI BERNSTEIN, author of The Thief and Sensation, both of which plays (big London successes) have been pictured for William Fox, recently sent an interesting letter, saying Motion Picture News, to this gentleman from France, where the author is stationed as a lieutenant of artillery. M. Bernstein was to have journeyed to America to witness his work on the screen. Instead, as he requests in his letter, “cans” of his dramas have been forwarded to him. They will be “run in” in Havre. The letter, parts of which have been censored, reads for the remaining part as follows:

“We are all confident of the ultimate success of the Allies. We learn only to-day that Germany is in terrible want of food. My heart bleeds for the unfortunate Germans for the Kaiser and his war lords who caused this frightful conflict will not feel, you may rest assured, the cruel pinch of hunger. In France the feeling is one of calm hope. We are all one for our beloved country and our noble Allies. I am not in active service on the battle line, as perhaps you know, being stationed here at Havre as a lieutenant of artillery. The brave fellows under me are asking to get a chance at the enemy. Perhaps we may, who knows?”

In the meantime may I beg of you the courtesy to forward me the films The Thief and Sensation? I am very anxious to see them. Also will you serve to entertain my friends, for amusements are not so plentiful now as formerly. Never a novelty to see one’s work upon a cinema screen! For this kindness you have in advance my sincere thanks, Mr. Fox.

“I shall take much pleasure in writing you, after I have seen them, my opinions upon your screen versions of my dramas.”

Risks Life for Realism.

NOTHING new, you say? Certainly not to G. M. Anderson, whose insistence for realism frequently puts his life or limbs into jeopardy.

The latest example of courage and daring is shown in the coming Essanay drama The Other Girl. In the play Mr. Anderson takes the part of an artist painting pictures in the country. A tree falls on him, knocking him unconscious.

The tree is actually felled by Lee Willard and Margerite Clayton, who takes the part of his daughter. They saw the trunk through, and the great tree topplings to the ground. “Mr. Anderson measured the distance with his eye, and stood at a point where he believed the tip of the branches would strike him, expecting to see the tree fall.”

The tree fell farther than expected, and some quite large branches struck Anderson, knocking him to the ground. He was really stunned when Miss Clayton and Willard rushed to his side and carried him into their home. The limbs, fortunately, were not of sufficient weight to seriously injure him.

“It was a closer call than I expected,” said Mr. Anderson. “But it is necessary to take some chances in this kind of work. It is no child’s play. Whatever the play demands I am to put through exactly as it should happen in real life. Of course we try to avoid too much risk, but all danger cannot be eliminated in some of the films.”

EDWARD FARLE
The Edison Player. (See page 314.)
Our Confidential Guide

Films You Should Make a Point of Seeing.

THE CARPET FROM BAGDAD. The first Selig Red Seal play, and one will be released every month. This wonderful film has been adapted from the popular novel written by Harold McGrath, of The Adventure of Katlynn fame, and was produced by Coln Campbell. It is a thrilling story of ancient Bagdad, and contains, among other things, a real sand-storm in the great Sahara Desert. There is also wonderful Oriental atmosphere, with street scenes in Cairo, Bagdad, and Damascus. An all-star cast is included in this masterpiece, featuring as it does Kathlyn Williams, Wheeler Oakman, Eugenie Beeser, and Guy Oliver. Next week we shall publish an article specially written for us by Kathlyn Williams, in which she relates her experiences during the filming of this play. —Selig Red Seal, four parts (coming soon).

THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST. Did you read the story of this romantic photo-play in last week’s issue? Whether you did or not you will like this film. Miss Van Buren as the Girl is just lovely. —Lively drama, four parts (July 19).

THE HEART OF A WAIF. A little girl who is taken from an orphanage by a childless couple, and who is so overworked that she runs away with her mind full of childish revenge—how the “revenge” saves the old couple makes a fine story. —Edison Drama, one reel (August 9).

ONE SUMMER’S SEQUEL. How often we wonder, has the short summer holiday by the sad sea waves brought trouble in its train? This finely acted story shows how faithlessness to a sea-side girl brings about disastrous consequences in the homes of two wealthy cities of the season. Winifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen are the two stars of the cast. —Flying A Drama, 1 reel (July 22).

THE BLESSED MIRACLE. In story, acting and photo-play (there is nothing else left!) this is one of Lubin’s best. Ethel Clayton and Alfred Kaufman, the two leads, have exceptionally strong parts, and have handled them splendidly. We published an interesting scene from the play a few weeks ago, and in next week’s issue we will present you with the story. —Gumont Film Hire Service, three reels (August 2).

THE DEMAND THAT MUST BE SUPPLIED. We known you all like the George Ade Fables. This is another of them. Harvey was just an everyday fellow. The parents of Alice approved the match. No wonder she moped. Her love affair was about as romantic as a boiled dinner. She sent Harvey his release and waited for a regular Young Lochinvar. The discarded lover and the father of romantic Alice determined to give her a sure-enough love affair. Alice’s brother, Ed., and her cute little cousin were drawn into the conspiracy. Alice discovered that Harvey was loved by another. A-ha!
Thoughts of a Picturegoer.

"One Artiste cannot a Picture Play make."

However clever or accomplished an actor (or actress) may be, he cannot make a good picture play all by himself. He needs to be backed up by other good artistes.

This shows the fallacy of having but one artiste with a big reputation and expecting a line result, when the remainder of the cast are "duds."

The Edison Company pin their faith to the all-star cast. Every Edison Player is an accomplished artiste—clever, well-trained, temperamental, experienced; and each one is capable of taking a leading part in any play—and doing justice to it.

This is the reason Edison plays are better acted, better produced, and convey their story more clearly than any other film play, therefore look out for

WHEN GRATITUDE IS LOVE

AT THE BEST CINEMAS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

FREE! We shall be pleased to send you three photos of your favourite Edison Players on receipt of 2d. to cover postage.

THOMAS A. EDISON, LTD., 164, WARDOUR ST., LONDON, W.

The Doctor recommends—
either of Mackintosh's de-Luxe Toffees. Pure, nourishing, and wholesome—makes the ward a contented munching haven.

Send some of both NOW—and take the Mackintosh habit into your home as well.

4-lb. tins, 5/-; or 1/4 lb. loose, and all confectioners can supply you.

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE-LUXE

There's Pure Delight in Every Bite.
WHO ARE THE CLEVEREST PLAYERS?

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they NOW play leading parts. The winners will get Leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST FILM ARTISTES IN ANY COUNTRY (excluding British-born Artistes) write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES.—The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10. All other prizes will go to senders of Coupons in order of merit.

THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners’ names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

2. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope at end of contest.

3. All names must be written in ink. No attention will be permitted.

4. No correspondence can be entered into concerning the contest. Some of the best known female players are given on this page, but voters may vote for any players (except British-born) whether in the lists or not.

5. A voter may fill up any number of Coupons from one issue, and may send in any quantity of his or her own or friends’ Coupons in one envelope at any time.

6. The Editor’s decision as to the prize winners and on all matters connected with this contest will be final and legally binding, and Coupons are accepted only on this understanding.

"The Pictures" FREE VOTING COUPON: WORLD’S CONTEST.

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

FEMALE PLAYER

M ALE PLAYER

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

FEMALE PLAYER

M ALE PLAYER

Signed

Address

Fill up and post to “Contest Editor,” Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.
GOSSIP

The magnitude of our World’s Greatest Film Artistes Contest is sufficiently to ensure a host of queries from voting readers, but I cannot understand why so many ask if they may vote for the same player on more than one coupon. Of course you may. I think Bill Jones and Sally Smith are the world’s two cleverest artists simply dump their names in ink on all the coupons you can get hold of. It is not a question of popularity or good looks, but of artistic talent. Don’t vote for Jones because you think every one else will vote for him unless you think the merits of his acting deserve your votes. The same applies to Sally.

Plenty of Opportunities.

The closing date is not yet by any means. Some readers hope the contest will run for “months and months,” so they can give their favourites many votes. Others want it to finish quickly, they are so anxious to know who wins. As a matter of fact the closing date is fixed, but it is too early to announce “last week.” I will give you plenty of warning. Now fill up that coupon, please.

A Film of the Year.

I saw the trade showing of the Pasquali masterpiece Salambo, and here and now record it as one of the greatest films of the year. Never mind what it cost or how many people it employed, it is stupendous, and none the worse for being reminiscent in places of Cabiria, another masterpiece. Roman history has a strong attraction for Italian producers; in fact, all the great film classics have come from Italy. And what magnificent specimens of manhood they are able to put into their casts! Look at the two male leads in Salambo—one black and one white—picture them on your frontispiece page. Their wonderful acting and feats of strength as depicted on the screen is sure of admiration from the whole world of pictureroers.

A Story You Will Like.

The story of Salambo tells of an attack on the Romans on Carthage. Hamilcar, the king, enlists the aid of Matho, a leader of mercenaries, and they seek to discharge his debt by sending him money to the savings of his country. Enraged, Matho swears to besiege Carthage, and steals the Holy Veil, which is the special charge of Salambo, the daughter of the High Priest. He does, and subsequently is defeated in battle and nearly loses his life. In story, treatment, staging, and immensity Salambo is without a rival. The Gaumont Company, who will release it at the end of August, should find it one of their strongest cards.

More Feet for Titles.

I am glad to note that makers are waking up to the fact that long titles and letters on the screen are as waste paper when insufficient time is allowed to read them. At many trade shows of late I have been able to read all letter-press quite comfortably, thanks to the extra necessary footage given to it. I have long admired the synopsis outlining the story as it proceeds which Famous Players and Lasky films always use. I commend this useful feature to other makers of films. It is nice to know exactly where you are in filmmaking, and heaven knows in some of them we never do know.

Distinctive Creation Number Two.

Following On The Quest, the second of this American series is The Love of Mars, based on a romance by Harold Lockwood, is a most lovely lover and Elsie Jane Wilson a most charming heroine. The action shifts from America to Italy and there is no need to be surprised that the Americans and Paris have scored in the matter of beautiful scenic effects. A lovely Italian villa, with its fountains, its balconies, its lake and garden, and alluring views of mountains and sea, and cars and gondolas make one sigh for a holiday amid such surroundings. The Love of the Mask is good enough to lure all pictureroes into every cinema projecting it.

Bored by British Films.

The “Young Gentleman of Good Family,” who writes the Theatre Notes for these pages, has been saying that every kind of British film gives him the hump, and in the same breath he praises an American film drama. I wonder how many times he has had the hump! I know of plenty of British films which, in comparison with some of the foreign rubbish, would be as a searchlight is to a rashlight. But I suspect that the “Y. G. of G. F.” is more theatrical than pictureroer. Why does he waste his space in running down a British industry about which he obviously knows little or nothing?

Drama in Derbyshire.

I wish I were a player even in a British Film Company. If, for instance, I was a member of the stock company of J. H. Martin, Limited, I should be going with them to lovely Dovedale to take part in a new film drama. Mr. Martin has just told me that he and his company of artists, props, cameras, and producers are off to delightful Derbyshire to provide at the end of each reel, and at the end of each chapter of their new drama. Of course they will all enjoy themselves. Hard work as it must be, the holiday element must creep into it, and—well, I wish I was going with them, that’s all.

Next Week: A Special Article

by Kathryn Williams.
Turner Films

"Pictures made for You."

We have pleasure in informing our friends, the readers of "Pictures and The Picturegoer," that

"ODDS AGAINST"

has been disposed of to the LONDON EUREKA FILM RENTING CO., who are now booking the film throughout the United Kingdom.

Enquire of your manager if he has booked it. If not, tell him he can get it from "Eureka." Their address is—5, Great Newport Street, London, W.C.

Florence Turner plays the lead. Larry Trimble is the producer. Need we say more?

THE YOUNG PICTURE-GoER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—The bears are up the pole, and, looking at the picture, I cannot help thinking that a number of readers, both big and little, must be in a similar predicament. I refer to those who constantly write to this office to tell the Editor that some great film star is deaf and dumb, or blind, or dead, or in some other undesirable condition. How these silly rumors are started I cannot imagine. The latest is that Charlie Chaplin is insane, and confined in an asylum, when, as a matter of fact, Charlie is working hard on new ideas and new plays to ensure your delight for months to come.

In contrast to silly rumours, a pretty story comes to me from America about Marguerite Clayton. Through skill acquired in photo-play work this lovely Essanay actress has saved the life of an infant. Her favorite pastime is horseback riding, and one day a few weeks ago, when she was not working, she took a long ride through the country, and stopped at a cabin where she found a young mother and father frantically trying to relieve their child with a severe case of whooping cough. It was ten miles to the nearest doctor. Miss Clayton had taken many parts in photo-plays involving the care of a child. She has talked to the mothers, learning simple treatment for many childish illnesses. She at once gave "first aid," and got the baby quieted, and then rode the ten miles at top speed for the doctor. When the physician arrived he declared that but for the timely aid of Miss Clayton poor baby would have died.

I was passing a cinema just before ten the other evening when I noticed a little girl crying. "What's the matter, my dear?" I asked. "Please, sir, I want my brother. He's been in there since five o'clock, and mother sent me to fetch him home," she sobbed. "And how long have you been here?" said I. "Since eight o'clock, sir," she whined, "I don't know what mother will say.

In pity for the little mite I took her hand and led her into the cinema. A Charlie Chaplin film was just finishing, and the audience were roaring. Then the lights went up, and my young friend discovered her brother, who was no bigger than herself, in the front row. We soon had him outside, "You 't to be in bed, my boy," I said. "You know you've been looking at pictures for five hours?" "It's Chaplin's fault," answered the boy. "I wanted to see him all over again, and I did." "I wish I'd been with you," whispered the girl. What a wonderful fellow this Chaplin is, I thought. "See here, my boy, take this shilling and take your little sister to-morrow night, but for two hours only, mind." The boy gladly promised, but what his mother did is another story.

A week or so ago I gave you another Limerick, and am so glad they are always so popular. The lines ran:

"Young Willie was hostile to plays;
His friends thought him slow in his ways,
Till he saw Lilllian Walker.
Then he yelled 'What a coxcomb.'"

Countless "last lines" reached me—some good and some bad—and a few of the best were as follows:

"His cure was complete in three days."
"By love! how I've wasted my days."
"Miss Walker should run many days."
"And now he is caught with the craze."
"And films from that time were his craze."
"To look on, and linger, and gaze."
"For her I have nothing but praise."
"I've not seen such dimples for days."
"The love in my heart's all ablaze."
"No wonder this cinema pays."
"And straightway began to write lays."
PUBLICATIONS AND THE PICTUREGOER.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

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REPLIES

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in rotation. When cards are required name of Company must be given.

"S. G." (Wimbledon).—To avoid delay, it is best to write separately for a postcard list. Don’t be too hard upon poor Mr. Cinema Manager—he has his worries like the rest of us. Thanks for kind suggestions, dear boy.

"G. G." (Worthing).—What company produced the film? So far I don’t know. Edward Cox has not played for Kay Bee. We should think the players would cheerfully write in your album, if you ask them nicely.

"Exeterian." (Tottenham).—Directly we hear anything of A. W. Nelson, we shall let our readers know. The back No. in which he is mentioned I can be had from our publishers, 2d. each, free.

"Tony." (Southampton).—The address of The London Film Co., is given above to "A. Holmes-Gore." Black Michael is in "The Prisoner of Zenda." This film and "Report of Hentzau" were produced at Twickenham.

"Tony." (Wakefield).—Julia Swynnerton is the mother of Anita Stewart. Retail trade still with Vitagraph. The competition you refer to should prove amusing.

"Louis." (Walsall).—The Editor has autographed your album. We have asked "Jumble" about those photos. In a terrible rage with the carrier firm who smashed up the case containing them, he has ordered a fresh lot, and hopes to have them ready soon. Glad you are voting. Get all your friends to follow suit.

A Lover of Pictures." (—).—We agree that some producers should take more pains over the details in their productions. and not allow a frame such as, for instance, to wear polished bows and a diamond ring. Don’t be ashamed of your name as it addresses you twice you write us.

"Eliot." (Dundee).—The film you want is not given. Sorry to disappoint. Glad you asked your postal order price. Do sure and win some.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUReGOER.

WEEK ENDING

JULY 24, 1915

"Don’t she look thin in those stay’s.

"Each night for sweet Lil he prays.

"She’s left my poor brain in a maze.

"She’s fine in these Vitagraph plays.

"And he fancied she’d dimes for days.

The prizes go to:—Alm Wood, Green Mount House, Harrow Lane, Halifax (age 15); Ivy Neal, 39, Easton Avenue, Watford (age 15).

Award of Merit (six to win a special prize):—Dorothea Chalkhake (Southend-on-Sea), E. Burton (Coventry), C. Rockley (Stratham), Jessie Macpherson (Sydenham), Gladys Turner (Lewisham), Lilian Burgess (Swansea), Nellie Bush (Thornton Heath), Nora Kent (Lowes), Gwenda Smith (Doncaster), E. S. Dale (Macclesfield).

I want to give you a new Competition. Something you have never had. But I cannot think of anything—can you? That’s it. I will give you a "New Competition" Contest. Tell you what you would like better; I will present two prizes and awards for the cleverest ideas. Address your postcard to “Next Please,” 18, Adam Street, Strand, W.C. Please note that by Monday, July 26th, all cards must be in the hands of Uncle Tim.

"E. G. S." (Trowton).—Charles Chaplin and Bebe Kischke are two different people, and not related. Charles Chaplin is Charles’s brother and plays for Keystone. The "Flying A" film, "The Call of the Range," was produced when Wayne Nelson and Pauline Bush were playing for that Co. We don’t think Leo Walmer, the Exmoor player, is any relation to Jesse Walmer, the champion boxer. Thanks for your nice remarks, we are quite amused at your consequent ignorance.

"Bernita S." (Croydon).—Uncle Tim says the Berlin Tuxedo mentioned in the award of merit list is a cast off by you; so that’s all right.

"Lagu." (Bolton).—We believers Margaret Snow, Lily Chester, and Florence La Reo play under their own names. The age of James Crane we do not know, and therefore cannot inform you, but his name is most notable also. You seem to be able to do everything that all world worthies in the chimes would. World—ride horseback and mo—cycle, drive motor-car, swim, row, dance, play tennis, &c., and we hope with all these qualifications you may realise your ambition, Lorna.

"Anel." (Croydon).—Yes, thank you, your letter started correctly when you remembered the film, dear girl, let us know. Your father has certainly had some exciting times on the hospital ship, Trust he will steer clear of all dugs.

"Lucy." (Edinburgh).—Address Solie Co., 20, East Rd, Hop St., Chicago, U.S.A. Have sent your letter to a steward here named Pauline Bush, and received a letter in appreciation.

"Max." (Aberdeen).—Have sent you Mildred’s address. They are keenly interested with Trans-Atlantic. E. Lewis Logan and Leah Parel are not the same, nor are they related. Will and Fred Evans are uncle and nephew respectively, and can you want is not given. Marion dear. By all means "Jean" ours. We like.

"D. J. L." (Wales).—What is it you want to know? We can’t make out from your letter, Full name and address a x twice, please.

"Mabel." (Edinburgh).—Mary Pickford did not play in the film you mention. So the manager of your cinema has sent you a cardboard Charlie. We would love to see you carry him home. You are quite right—we are a patients crowd in Adam St.

"D. B. 17." (Blackpool).—Norman Talmadge still plays for Vitagraph. The cast of the Reliance Film is not publicized.

"Les C." (L. ed).—Charles Chaplin was in London and played the part of "The Drunken Swell" in Fred Karpin’s "Mummy mg Birds." Before he played for the pictures.

"Mollie." (South Norwood).—We blush when you address us as "Dear." It reminds us of our first love affar, Mollie. We have not heard anything of Zincomor for a long time. Sydney Drew of the pictures is not the same person as the "Pit of Boys" stories. Seven copies of "P," and every week is just splendid.

"Furr." (Earlham).—says he has never been kissed; holy mothers! Is that your head out, naughty boy! Write this, Chaplin, c/o Essanay Film Co., whose address we have given twice on this page. The cast of "Fool." (in sl) was given i care one time ago. Here Webley plays for various com panies, the London Film an a host others.

"A. Porter." (Dublin).—Address Henry Ayly, c/o London Film Co., to: Margaret—A Tanner, Twickenham, Middlesex. No hints featuring him have been released very recently. You are a fortunate girl I to have received answers from the Tygera meat meal.

"A Reader." (Dover).—Anta Stewart is still with the Vitagraph, (that is you are voting in our Foreign Plays Contest. They all are.

"Milton." (Dulston).—The name of the author of the "Loving Love" series is not given, only his nom-de-plume, which is "The Mastergen." Thus, Mr. Milhe, we will "cheer up for Chatham." Please.

"Mabel." (Bradley).—We have no postcards of Jamies Call. We greatly appreciate the fact that Matel puses pictures—among her friends.

"Pimple." (The above came through on the telephone, not to be true—Pimple has hurt his leg.—B. 8. 8.)
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

JULY 21, 1915

We are in the thick of summer, and our streets and avenues are lined with the produce of the season. The fruit and vegetable stands are overflowing with baskets of apples, peaches, plums, grapes, and other fresh produce. The sweet smell of the flowers adds to the overall ambiance of the area. The sun shines brightly, casting a warm glow over everything.

THERE are times when an upright piano is a downright nuisance.

All the Difference.

"Boodleboos boasts that his wife made him all that he is," said Father (grinning). "That's not boasting; it's apologizing."

Mouth and Chin.

BARBER: "How do you like our newoined soap?"

SMILES.

"I seem to have a nose for warmth when I'm near the piano."

"The Great and the Grater."

"Some men, you know, are born great, some achieve greatness—"

"The Girl: "Exactly! And some just grate upon you."

Her Practical Lover.

"This man I marry must be a hero—brave, patriotic, and gallant; he must be strong enough to support me comfortably; must have a country home, and, above all, be honest."

"That's all very well; but this is love—not a department store."

* * *

"Poopy" (East Ham).—Can't trace your previous letter, Poppy. Jane Morrow and Ruth Holland are not related. Sid Charles is Gertrude's younger brother. Cannot say if he would answer your letter. Why not try? We have had no wedding cake from Cleo Madison, so presume she is still unmarried. We reply to every letter requiring one, so your friends are not wrong in saying you won't get an answer.

L. E. KO (Birmingham).—We have a set of beautiful colored postcards of Gerrard, Pickford, Victoria Forede, Gillie Ritchie, Hank Mann, Len Morris and Eddie Lyons, 10 each, postage extra, and just the desires for the first two pages in your new album!

Cic LePard (Newcastle).—Send your topical film plot to the Picture Editor. Presenting Coronation province if possible. You doubts as to writing same will all be cleared up if you read Plot Writing for the Cinema, by E. A. Dean, price 1s. 6d. post-free, from this office.

Willy (not Berlin).—We have not heard that the Kaiser has played in film dramas, although he has many times been cinematographed. He may want to act when he and Little Willie have lost their post in jobs. Where are you?

H. E. L. (Birmingham).—Thanks for appreciatiion of Mr. Adlington's sketches of Picture Plotists. Hope you also enjoy his latest series.

Joy C. (Candas Town).—Address Mary Pickford, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 25th West 26th St., New York; she is Australian. No reason why you should not see her.

Pic Mac (London, E.).—What was the matter with the picture pianist who played "Tipperary" chopsticks? He was tickled to death! At them for a Keystone comedy! Was he blind? All at Chevalier last told me he knows piano work, and hopes to see him in many films. Don't miss him with Florence Turner in "My Ol' Man." We wish you many joyful moments together.

"J. H. R." (Erceton).—We have none of the postcards on your list; when we have, we will announce the same.


Course: Pat (Batht).—You're gal of your Pat. One copy of V. & K. P. to your dad in blast at the White, o. e. as British, U.S.A. and Ireland, and you own easy to the wonders home. We thank you. Hate you don't agree with our polite replies in this column. Sometimes we do feel like saying something we can't to. We will, however, send you a complimentary copy of "Movies." Review for the new production of "Sweethearts" to be played in London and Paris.

The Editor will be pleased to sign your autograph album. We are all English. "You can't see me" is being slated for a Dublin Co., and backed by the Wallachew Co. Hoffman sounds a German name. If he bear from you want.

"Loco" (Naples).—Just out of mind co opaque of picture being rushed across the screen too fastly. In time, perhaps, a nature's e. Let's listen to us and give picture goers a chance of seeing what they pay for. Yes, etc. etc.

Some Picturegoer (Cumberbend).—We have been to the Pictures over 200 times during the last twelve months. What a mountain of pleasures you all must have had!

Chapman Girlie (Chapman).—Pay no money to the firm you mention. Just now there is small chance for the low curtain, the film profession being crowded with players from the legitimate stage. If you really possess talent you might get a chance with influence in your back.

Texas Atlanticites (London, S.E.).—The Texas Atlanticites are published by the Texas Atlantic Co., No. 3, Oxford St., W., but we believe it is only trade. Have sent you number.

"Betty and Babs" (Sunderland).—Sorry we cannot say why E. X. Hashman has left Kansas—yet we can do nothing about it.

"After the Notion" (London, E.).—Sorry we cannot say why E. X. Hashman has left Kansas—yet we can do nothing about it.

"Lecticly Lute" (Nottingham).—"It is El Cohen marries the girl and gets her. We have postcards of him, Tom Powers is not in England at present. We have recently printed two letters from him. The other have two postcards and cannot answer. Have sent your letter to James. Levee Losk and kites sent post are, as you say, put must go. The real genuine article cint't to be lost.

Why She Sang.

MINISTERIAL FRIEND (on a visit). "I wonder what makes your mamma so happy to-day? She is singing all over the house."

LITTLE MARY: "She's speck she's thought of som'n to scold papa about when he tums home."

Crowded Gut.

"I wish," said the editor's wife, "that you were not so absent-minded."

"What's wrong now, my dear?"

"Why, when the hostess asked you if you'd have some more pudding you replied that "towards the tremendous pressure on your space you were com pelled to decline."

Editors' Notes.

BARBER: "Have you heard the story about the man that—(resuming business)—want it short, sir?"

CUSTOMER (a tired film-man): "Yes; a mere synopsis will do."

Best Always Top.

GRATER: On the surface things are often right, but it is below surface that we catch glimpses of the depths that we see the reflections of our fellow-creatures.

ONE OF THE CROWD: "Giv' me, you've been buying a basket of strawberries, haven't you?"

A RARE FISHERMAN.

A young man was one of several applicants for a post at a bank. Several questions were put to him, and answered correctly, but when an officer of finance asked, "Did you ever go fishing?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, "I was fishing yesterday."

"Ah! And what kind of catch did you get?"

"Only one little perch," smiled he.

"Good! You're the young man I've been seeking. All the others answered up right until I put that last question; then they lied."

Cutting It Short.

BARBER: "Have you heard the story about the man that—(resuming business)—want it short, sir?"

CUSTOMER (a tired film-man): "Yes; a mere synopsis will do."

Not Guilty.

PRETTY GIRL (entering music-shop to youth behind the counter). "Have you Kissed me in the moonlight?"

NERVOUS YOUTH: "No! it must have been in the other man. I have only been here a day and a half."

Best Always Top.

GRATER: "On the surface things are often right, but it is below surface that we catch glimpses of the depths that we see the reflections of our fellow-creatures."

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EDITORIAL MATTERS


SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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"THE SHIP OF THE DESERT."

The Camel and his passenger. Charles Clary as Mahommed in the wonderful Selig spectacle *The Carpet from Baghdad.*

*(See article on page 328.*)
**Picture News and Notes**

**ARTHUR JOHNSON** is better, and will soon be working again.

Fay Tincher has won a gold prize at a bathing girls' parade in California. We wish it had been in Adam Street.

For a Mexican part, Louise Glaum oiled her hair every day for a week to make it flat. All is not paint that greases.

Lillian Walker has appeared in *The Little Doll's Dreammaker*. We can hear you singing “Oh! you beautiful roll.”

After an absence through illness, Alice de Winton has returned to film work. Cunard films. Congratulations!

Who is the champion dying mother of the screen? Helen Strickland has cheerfully died for the film in five recent Edison plays. Long live Helen!

Charles Conklin (Keystone) speaks five languages. He used all five and three others when an explosion of gunpowder slightly injured him recently.

Will Victor Potel's troubles never cease? Margaret Joslin, while playing a Snakeville dentist, loosened several of the poor man's teeth. Realism, by gum.

*The Tramp* spent *A Night Out* looking for work and got *A New Job* with *The Champion* training *The Pork* by the *Screen*. Six of Charles Chaplin’s first Essanay pictures.

George Larkin, who made such a hit in *The Trey of Hearts*, series, has just signed up with the Selig Company as leading man. He will shortly be seen in some of their wild animal pictures. Fancy George larking with lions?

A message to her admirers: “I don’t sell my photographs. But if you are sufficiently interested in my work to desire one, you can have it, with my autograph, on request, at my discretion and convenience. Kindly enclose postage (American stamps). Florence La Badie, Thanhouser Studio, New Rochelle, N.Y.”

**Success in Sunny Spain.**

CHARMING Vivian Rich is a big favourite with Spanish audiences, which are also big when she is billed to appear on the screen. Vivian her received the intimation direct from American Company’s agent at Barcelona. He sent her a Spanish programme concerning herself in *Red Bird* (Hijas, and the copy of which bore her portrait, and on a card he wrote “My best compliments to the prettiest ‘Flying A’ artiste.” Vivian is so pleased.

**Jane Gail’s First Picture.**

We mean since her return to the ranks of Trans-Atlantic players. As our readers know, Miss Gail, whose portrait appears on our front cover, is quite an old favourite in pictures, and spent a long season here with the London Film Company. In *The Streets of Make Believe*, the Imp. drama to be released on the 29th. Miss Gail plays the part of a bewitching laundry-girl, who poses as a real, live hearse, and King Baggot is just one long scream in the role of the fascinating shop-assistant who impresses his “hearse” friend that he is a blue-blooded aristocrat who counts his fortune in millions. The unfolding of the story is cleverly portrayed, and the climax, when the two deceivers discover one another’s deception, is a rare rich bit of screen humour.

**American Picturegoers’ Votes.**

THIS is of special interest to all who are voting in our World’s Greatest Contest. The Second Annual Favourites Contest of the Onyx Club, an American organisation of picturegoers, has just resulted as follows:

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<th>Actor/Actress</th>
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**HOW FILM ACTORS REHAUSE.-No. 5: The Love Scene.**

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**Racing—on the Screen.**

NOW that racing has been stopped on all courses except Newmarket, the public is showing greater interest in racing films. A great course crowded with spectators and all the accompanying incident and excitement, and being none too sure of welcome from most picturegoers. Such scenes are shown in Hepworth’s fine exclusive, *The Second String*, the story of which we published last week. It is one of many splendid productions similar on the screen. I have frequently heard it discussed in picture palaces, when Chaplin or Ritchie appeared, that they have copied each other. This remark is absolutely without foundation, and if they had a little more knowledge of the past career of these artists they would certainly not utter it. I admire the work of all the above gentlemen, and I hope we shall continue to have a hearty laugh with them and at them for some time to come.

**Sweet are the Uses of Publicity.**

AL” the world loves an actor—even the crook. So much publicity was given to the fact that Webster Campbell of the “Beauty” brand had lost his motor-car that it reached the eye of the man who stole it. The other day Campbell received a letter from Mr. "Crook," saying that he would not have taken the machine if he had known it belonged to an actor, and that if he would go to a certain spot at a certain time he would find it. The machine was there, and in good condition, too.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHÉ'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. FOR NOTHING A ILE: Taxi-cab owner-drivers take wounded soldiers for a day's outing to Cherisy; a trip by motor launch.
2. COTTON WAREHOUSE FIRE: The big blaze which caused enormous damage at Liverpool.
4. OUR YOUNGEST V.C. HERO: Corporal Owyer, V.C., after heading a recruiting march through Bermondsey.
5. OVER-SEAS AIRCRAFT FLOTILLA: Queen Alexandra, who presented the machines to the Royal Flying Corps on behalf of members of the Overseas Club, bids God-speed to the four officers who piloted them direct to France.
6. LORD KITCHENER AT THE GUILDHALL: The public's great demonstration of loyalty.
7. "CAMBERWELL'S OWN" Farewell Parade of Artillery Division raised in record time by Colonel Fred Hall, M.P.
ARABS AT PRAYER: A remarkable feature of the taking of The Carpet from Bagdad was the Arab’s close application to religious duties. Note the interest displayed by the European characters on the left.

Picture-Making in the Desert

HOW COMFORTS AND MODERN LUXURIES ALLEVIATED THE TERRORS OF THE SAND.

BY KATHLYN WILLIAMS.

I AM glad to have the opportunity of writing for readers of Pictures something about my adventures in the California Desert whilst working in the new Selig picture The Carpet from Bagdad. Acustomed as I am to all sorts of strange conditions, these experiences were some of the weirdest I have ever had.

You who have read the novel by Harold MacGrath will recall that the principal scenes in The Carpet from Bagdad are laid in the great Arabian Desert, and some of the characters are Arabs. This necessitated the purchase of real Arabian trappings, stripped tents, bales and bales of beautiful rugs, camel harness, Arab guns, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and studded with jewels, and great water-jars. The garments made in Arabia especially for those who were to participate in the film-play were supplied in enormous quantities, so that we could all look the parts and be presented to the world as the genuine article.

From the big Selig lot, Ugle-Zoo Colin Campbell made a requisition for about twenty camels. They are the homeliest brutes I ever hope to see, and were outfitted in the same manner as though they were to make a journey across the real Desert of Arabia.

I guess that there is really very little difference between the Arabian and our own American deserts. At any rate the former cannot be any worse. There are miles and miles of soft sand into which the feet sink, and when there is the slightest wind the clouds of sand circle around and almost suffocate one.

“Arabian Nights” Come to Life.

And so we moved out with our caravan as though we were desert wanderers in earnest. The strings of camels with their long, scrawny necks bedizened with tinkling bells, and gay with streamers of coloured cloths, the real Arabs who handled them, and numbers of genuine Arabian horses of the finest breed, made a living moving-picture indeed.

The trip was so strictly a business one that no trunks or clothing, except those required for the film, were allowed to be taken. No one was permitted to carry any excess baggage, and all members of the company except those of us who took the part of Europeans were required to wear actual, authentic costumes on our journey through the desert. The rest of us were to wear the correct Arabian garments en route in order that they might learn to wear them in a natural way and more effectively portray each part. Of course, I kept my part throughout, as a European girl; while Eugenie Besserer, who played the part of my mother, also took the part of a European right through the business.

Our procession must have looked like a tale out of The Arabian Nights. The piercing rays of the desert sun fell upon us without mercy, and we all enveloped our heads and faces in the voluminous folds of Arab cloths, which helped to protect us from the heat and the sifting sand-dust.

Following behind our Oriental caravan came the up-to-date American parade, which included huge wagons, many of which bore enormous tanks containing thousands of gallons of water; a provision made by Mr. Selig, and for which we were grateful. These water wagons were hauled by some sixteen or twenty pairs of horses. They were equipped with broad tyres so that the wheels did not sink deeply into the sand, and were especially constructed for use in the desert. Other wagons loaded with tents, provisions, and cooking utensils followed the tanks. There were countless additions to the ordinary harder, and huge water wagons contained nothing but ice.

A Desert Camp Up-to-Date.

When we camped for the night our tents were pitched on a small oasis
near by a spring of brackish water. The spring was all right as a part of the secret, but really did not amount to much as a thirst-quencher, and we were glad that we had our own ice water with us.

A few pictures were taken at our first camping place used in the production, but everybody was glad to keep inside the tents, where cooling breezes were created by electric fans, which were run by small motors attached to storage batteries. Mr. Seelig thought the Arab sheik could have stumped in on us with the expectation of finding a real desert camp he would have been shocked and horrified. Modern appliances can make a desert effectively comfortable.

The next morning I was invited to ride one of the camels I did so, and, although it was not my first experience, a short session was amply sufficient. I was jolly glad to get back into our big, roomy motorcar and give somebody else the privilege of riding the ungainly brute, which plunged and shook, as much as to say "How dare you ride on my back?"

Life in the desert does not amount to much. Occasionally one of the men would rush to one side of a road and shoot the head off a rattle-snake. At various points along the trail were the bleached bones of oxen, horses, barrows, and other animals. They explained to me that the bones of human beings who had died on the trail had been left there by our desert neighbors; but we did not see any human skeletons; but we were told that many persons had met their death along the ghospath.

The Great Sand Storm.

It was in the afternoon of the second day that the guides leading the caravan dashed back along the line of camels, cars, and wagons, and announced that a sandstorm was approaching, and that we must get everything in readiness for it. I never saw such a bustle and a bustle. The camels were ordered to kneel, and Arab riders and drivers buried themselves underneath the folds of their capacious burqas, so that the sand could cover them completely without injury.

Those of us in the motor-cars huddled in our seats, and, all tremendously excited, we waited the coming storm. They decided not to cover us up until the last minute, so that we could see it approaching. Soon we could make out pillars of swirling and twisting sand, each surrounded by a miasma of dust, through which the sun shot its rays, making various tints, all of which were sad and lifeless. It is really a difficult thing, I suppose, to get much beauty out of a dust-cloud. As the storm swept nearer and nearer the camels grew habitual, and laid their long necks straight on the ground ready to meet the attack.

As soon as the dust began to swirl about us, we were enveloped in large cloths, which completely covered up ears and eyes, and we remained safe under cover until the storm had swept past.

Luckily it lasted only about ten minutes, and we could see it swirling and twisting in the distance as it went on its way over the dreary waste.

Day by Day in the Desert.

The men of the party rode here and there, always keeping within sight of the caravan, and from time to time they brought in for our inspection ugly bored logs and an amazing collection of lizards, besides reporting the conquest of several rattle-snakes.

We passed an old miner—a typical Forty-fixer, dressed in a grey woolen shirt, corduroy trousers, and long, heavy boots. He was camped by the wayside, his only companion being a tiny burro, dressed in an enormous pack-saddle. The old man had his pick and shovel and gold-pan strapped to the pack-saddle, and evidently had hopes of finding some place to use them. Our party greeted him jovially and wished him good luck, but he sat by his little camp fire unremoved and with no more expression on his poor face than had his companion the burro.

In the desert one day is just about the same as another day, while the nights offer no change from the monotonous. In our case, though, we had a big beat in which we sat about in the evenings and enjoyed ourselves with bridge-parties and music. Several of the company had good voices, so we had some singing of excellent quality.

Before retiring for the night we were always very careful to make a thorough examination of our bedding. More than one member of the party have vent to cacophony of horror upon the discovery of a scorpion or centipede which evidently thought the bed had been especially prepared for its own particular comfort.

And so day by day the making of the great picture continued. It entailed plenty of dust, driving the cattle and camel back and much shooting. I shall never forget the day of the fierce combat which was so realistic that we all shuddered and felt that we had witnessed a tragedy. But way out in the desert is surely one that will fascinate all of you who see the picture.

One item worthy of notice during our journey was the close application of the Arabs univer mid-from days in our train to their religious duties. They had a muezzin, who was also a whirling dervish, and he called the devotees of Mohammed to prayers as strictly as though they were in their own home country.

How Water was Appreciated.

A lovely feature in connection with our trip was the privilege of taking a bath. Mr. Seelig, with an eye to the comfort of the members of his company, instructed that arrangements should be made for a plentiful supply of water to be used for bathing purposes. I don't suppose that ever before in the history of a desert caravan were daily baths indulged in by members of a party. I don't mean to intimate that everybody took baths, but some of us did, and it made life less difficult under the dreadful and mournful surroundings.

Our hard work kept us in the desert a long time, but we knew that it must be accomplished, and we all did our best. When you see The Carpet from Bagdad, those of you who read this article will recall the scenes we have been writing. We did not move about much, but with our splendid equipment we were fairly comfortable.

I can realize how a man, alone and amid the trackless waste of sands, can become hopeless and helpless, especially when without water. One day when we had ridden several miles from Baghdad we discovered that the camels had been left behind. There was no water to drink! We were without water for only a few hours, yet the very thought of it we really do not have it when we wanted it made us desire water all the more.

I have experienced more pleasant occasions than our trip through the California Desert, and I also have experienced occasions that were less pleasant. The desert traveller equipped with primitive conveniences, and with limited supplies of food and water, ordinarily finds such a trip a hardship, whereas for us, with supplies of all sorts of luxuries, there was no really great inconvenience. But what a wonderful experience it was to live even for a short time in the great silent desert with its endless oceans of sand, its bleaching
Mohammed, the guardian of the carpet (Charles Clary), ill-treats the Europeans, who through stealing the precious carpet from the Temple have been made his prisoners. Wheeler Oakman and Kathlyn Williams are the two other players seen in the photograph.

bones, and its untold stories of hardship, starvation, and death!

The Carpet from Baghdad is the first of the Selig Red Seal picture-plays. It is in five reels. The leading roles are filled by Kathlyn Williams, Eugenie Besserer, Charles Clary, Wheeler Oakman, Guy Oliver, Frank Clark, and Fred Huntly. In addition to the stars there were engaged hundreds of "extra" people, including a tribe of Arabs. The feature upon which the story was founded, a beautiful Oriental rug, is represented by what is undoubtedly the most expensive genuine rug of its kind ever owned outside the Orient. The date for the release of the picture is not yet announced, but it is coming shortly.

It is interesting to note that a number of films of this play, shipped to England, France, and other foreign countries, were lost when the Lusitania was torpedoed by a submarine. The Carpet from Baghdad films had been ordered by foreign Governments for the entertainment of the troops who seek relaxation from hard fighting.

**BEAUTIFUL - PHOTOGRAVURE - PORTRAITS - OF ESSANAY - PLAYERS -**


Price 2d. each, or the Complete Set of 16 sent post-free for TWO SHILLINGS.

"Pictures," Ltd., 18, Adam St., Strand, W.C.

**America's Greatest Dance - Exponent Succumbs to Pictures**

HIGH society in Newport, New York, Chicago, all the other principal cities in the United States, the capitals of Continental Europe, India, Japan, China, and the Philippines will be surprised to learn that Thomas Allen Rector, America's chief exponent of interpretive dances, whose artistic terpsichorean accomplishments have won for him the admiration of Imperial potentates and the nobility, the reigning belles and sifting beauties in all parts of the world, has joined the great throng of distinguished men and women who have accepted the inevitable and joined the moving pictures.

Thomas Allen Rector, the social pet of two hemispheres, who has tanged, maxixed, and hesitation-waltzed himself around the globe, has signed with the Balboa Amusement Producing Company, of California, and is now appearing in his first picture, A Bolt from the Sky, a five-reel production in which Jackie Saunders is being featured.

Those who have come to know Mr. Rector through his graceful performances on the ballroom floor do not know that his original training was for the purpose of fitting him to be a dramatic tenor in grand opera, and that he met with considerable success in his initial efforts to thrill the public with his voice and his acting. But when the dance craze began to spread over the country he temporarily abandoned his efforts to surpass Caruso and went after some of the easy kale that was floating about.

There was no golden spoon in the mouth of Thomas Allen Rector when he was born in Vicksburg, Miss., but his parents had enough of this world's goods to bring him up soundly and without a good education. His early ambition was to be a florist, and he at last succeeded in opening his own shop. In a community where posies are abundant and many he had for the asking, he did not make much headway, and so he gave his shop away and started for New York. With a fine natural voice and a pleasing, manly personality he was soon recognised by the musical companies and directors. In this form of entertainment dancing is an important factor, and under tuition he forged to the front.

When the god of Terpsichore touched the big city with his magic wand and old and young were keen to have an opportunity, and at once plunged into the gay pastime, not after pleasure, but as a skilled interpreter of the charming art. Besides originating many of the most popular glides, he has been the centre of attraction at many society "dances" and has danced at the Metropolitan Opera House with Pavlova.

In motion-pictures Thomas Allen Rector shows the sign of becoming extremely successful. As soon as he becomes "camera-wise" a great dramatic feature will be written especially for him, in which a dancing scene will form one of the big climaxes.
A "Pictures" Chat with Grace Cunard

"Yes, please. Come right in; don't mind the dogs — they won't hurt."

It was Grace Cunard who greeted me in such cheerful fashion. I took a step inside her dressing-room, but could get no nearer, and Miss Cunard came and released me from the entanglement of dogs — there seemed to be quite twenty of them, but the actress assured me that there were only six.

"Do sit down," she said with a smile, and pulling up a chair for me. It was after a hard day's work, but Miss Cunard looked as fresh and as charming as ever.

"Do you wish me anywhere but here?" I asked, feeling somewhat bewildered.

"No, not a bit of it; but you must excuse me if I continue my toilet. You want to know something about me, so I had better start.

"I was born in Paris, you know. My father was a Frenchman, but my mother is English. My school-days were spent in Columbus, where I had a ripping time. Scrapes galore, and I was always getting returned lessons! Nice things those, aren't they? When I was thirteen I went on the stage, and from that time on I was constantly touring or playing leads in vaudeville and stock companies. I first went in for picture-acting with Biograph," she continued, wrestling with the yellow make-up which still covered her face; "then Lubin, and then the New York Moving Picture Companies, but I have been with Universal (Trans-Atlantic) ever since its inception, and here I remain. The studio is like home to me, and I'd hate to leave all my friends."

Here Miss Cunard paused for breath, so I filled in the gap:

"You write photo-plays and direct your own picture-plays, do you not?"

"Yes, and I like doing both; but I prefer writing the plots as I try to do better in each one I write."

"Are you married?" I asked.

"Oh! you haven't seen my home, have you? I'll just show you. We'll go up there and have some tea."

A few minutes later Miss Cunard and I were whirling away up the steep hill to her beautiful mountain home. No wonder she is proud of it! Here she spends her time, when not at the studio, answering correspondents, looking after her wardrobe, designing her own dresses, writing her own photo-plays, and a hundred and one other things, for this fascinating player is never idle.

When we were seated at tea in the pretty drawing-room I inquired again for Mr. Cunard.

"Oh! dearie me, I haven't any time for a husband. My mother here and my little niece, my dogs, my friends take up all the time left after my work and my hobbies — motoring is my chief hobby."

"You want to tell your readers what parts I like playing best?" Well, Mr.

Grace Cunard, the Trans-Atlantic Star, and the subject of this article,
LIKE a dream the honeymoon had passed. Life had opened with a radiance of bountiful promise, and, hand in hand, George Bowman and Gail, his wife, looked into the future. Yes, they would fight its battles together, share its joys and its sorrows. They would regard with pleasure anything that all that life might bring to them. Maybe they knew that everything would not be bright, but on this day as they arrived home from their honeymoon their love was sufficient to make of these two Dockings an old. They were young, and the world so far had been kind to them.

For a wedding-present George had given Gail a home complete in every detail from the furniture of her bride's room. In his thought for her happiness he had omitted nothing that love could suggest, and it was with great pride that he showed his wife one room in particular. "This," he explained, "is for the little ones—when they come." It was a charming retreat, a perfect nursery, minus only the presence of children who would fill the house with laughter and their lives with joy.

George Bowman was convinced that without children life held little attraction. Work was all very well as a means of making money and passing the time, but the wonder of life of a home, with children round the table, was much to be thankful for. He therefore regarded the future as the period which would bring them their heart's desire.

The seven years had passed and left them childless, the young couple had few interests in common, and, counting himself forlorn. George gradually drifted apart from his wife. Had a child come to bless their union, had the visions both of them conjured up been realities, their lives would have been bright and useful. As it was, each had become absorbed in their own particular interests. George throwing himself into his business, and Gail busying herself at home and in the social circle.

About this time there came into the life of the Brads, an old friend of Gail's, who yearned for the easier side of life. Diane was much too extravagant to live upon a modest income, and it gave her a nasty shock to hear from the trustees of her uncle's estate that she had a balance of only twenty dollars to carry her to the end of the quarter. At the rate she was spending money the estate could not stand the strain and the advice given her was to retreat immediately.

"Retrench," she sneered. "That's the last thing I shall do. If I'm to tide over the period some better way must be found apart from having nothing to lose. Diane sat down to figure out the situation.

"Whom shall I visit?" she asked herself, mentally running over the list of friends who were well-to-do. "Ah, I know—my dear friend Mrs. Bowman;" so to her she wrote:—"Dear Gail—

Business connected with my late uncle's estate calls me to Chicago. I know that you have lived there since your marriage, and shall be glad if you will send me the name of a good hotel."

Diane concluded that the letter would bring her an invitation to stay with the Bowmans and invited her to scrape along until the next instalment.

The letter reached Gail just when she was very weary and disappointed with life. George spent nearly all his time either at the club or at the hotel, and Diane, she thought, would be just the companion to cheer her up.

Matters therefore turned out as Diane had wished. Gail would not hear of her staying alone, and invited her to stay with them until the business was completed.

Diane was not the simple, ingenuous girl she appeared to be. Hiding beneath a mask of innocence was a calculating, self-centred nature. Her arrival brought a wave of discontent into the life of George, who saw in her an attractive, vivacious girl who would bring gaiety into a home which had long been without it.

And Diane? From the moment she entered the house she was dissatisfied. Gail's lot, she summed up, had been cast in pleasant places. The existence of wealth on every hand made her feel, and at times she almost worked herself into a passion. Quickly she realised that all was not well between her host and hostess, and if she could create a greater breach between them with the least work it could be tactfully done. She did not know, however, that although George was not happy with his wife he was true to her.

This was the difficulty which faced her. Diane did her best to lead George on, and he resisted her; but one evening she became, such a temptation to him that, in the absence of his wife, he madly kissed the girl. Then Diane pretended to be indignant, and George, blaming himself for the attraction she had had for him, decided to go to New York on business.

In the morning he told Gail that he would be leaving during the day for New York, but Gail pleaded with him to remain, as she was giving a dance for Diane that evening.

"Why are you so indifferent, George?" asked Gail. "Do you not seem to care anything about your home or your wife. You agreed that I should invite Diane, and the very evening I am introducing her to our circle you want to go to New York."

"Very well; if you insist, I'll stay."

"I don't insist, dear, but it is so disagreeable to be always without you. George, dear, you love me still, don't you?"

"Of course, darling," replied her husband, who saw that his attempt to get away from Diane was being defeated. Quite unconscious that the girl was using all her wiles to entrap him, he felt that the strain was becoming too great for him, and it was in order to escape that he had resolved on a visit to New York.

Diane knew that she was making an impression, but realised that she must go carefully if her plans were not to miscarry. She schemed that George should be her partner in any dance, and all the while pondered how best to further her purpose. During the evening she complained of the heat, and

Diane knew that she was making an impression.
where is Mr. Bowman this morning?" she asked Gail.

George led her into the conservatory. Before she was able to put her plans into operation, Gail missed her. Then George told his wife that the girl was in New York and Gail insisted upon taking her to her room.

Diane was very savage: on having her plans so upset, and instead of getting into bed she waited until Gail had retired, then, slipping on a dressing-gown, she went downstairs. Under the pretence of having dropped a hair slide, she crossed the room, taking care to pass close to George.

Diane was very beautiful, and relied upon her attractions to bewitch him. With her hair falling over her bare shoulders, the girl was a most desirable creature, and the man-prudence momentarily cast aside—crushed her in his arms. Diane broke herself away, and, quite satisfied with her victory, she re-entered her room and went to sleep with a smile on her face.

"His wife or the other woman?" had now become an immediate problem, and George, instead of facing it straightforwardly, went to New York on business, heedless of Gail's protests. His sudden departure did not at all fit in with Diane's plans.

"Where is Mr. Bowman this morning?" she asked Gail, whose eyes were wet with tears.

"Oh, George has gone to New York. I do wish he were more at home. It is so lonely without him. But it does not matter so much this time, as you are here." Gail smiled sweetly at her friend.

"But I am going away to-day," replied Diane. "There are business matters connected with my uncle's estate which need immediate attention." Diane had caught sight of the words "Hotel Breyton" written on an envelope, and, rightly guessing it to be the New York hotel at which George would stay, she resolved to make it her own headquarters too.

Now that she had George away from his wife, Diane's fondest hope was to bring about a divorce and marry him. But, although she continually tempted him, she was careful to keep him at arm's length. The situation was a difficult one for the man, and he began to think that perhaps a divorce would be the right solution. Gail and he had discussed the idea once before, and at last he had made up his mind to write to his wife.

It seems impossible that we can live happily together. We have talked over the possibility of a divorce and you may have it..."

Diane, after going to Europe, and her lawyers will see you while I am away.

Meanwhile a great joy had come into Gail's life. The growing estrangement between man and wife had been entirely due to disappointment. The little nursery still awaited an occupant, and one was coming soon. Believing that their little child would bring them together, Gail wrote and asked George to return home. The letter was posted, and she awaited the answer, having no doubt that George would hurry home at once; but instead she received his letter suggesting divorce. Naturally she could not understand it.

"Possibly our letters have crossed," she argued; but in that assumption she was wrong. George had made arrangements to sail, and had left the hotel before the letter arrived. When Diane went to the bureau for her letters and heard from the clerk that one had arrived for George, she said quietly, "I will take it to Mr. Bowman; I am going down to the landing-stage." A little later, with the means of reconciliation in her pocket, Diane waved George a farewell. Then, marking the envelope "Refused—return to sender," she sent the letter back. The unopened letter was returned to Gail, who believed that her husband was lost to her
death.

The weary months dragged slowly along. Gail would be a happy woman but for the silence of her husband. Even the prospect of the joy that would soon be hers did not compensate for the strange silence of George. Worried by the dread of divorce, her health suffered, until one day she consented to the terms of the agreement placed before her by her husband's solicitors. Then she heard that George was returning to New York, and in a last effort to see him she went to the City and engaged a room at 12th Hotel.

George had wired to Diane that he was returning, but the news he received on arriving at the hotel amazed him. Mrs. Diane King is staying here," explained the bureau clerk, and your wife and maid have also arrived from Chicago. Your wife is ill, and a doctor and nurse are with her.

Thinking only of Gail, he flew up the stairs, but halted in the corridor. The final decision was now to be made. He really loved his wife, and now his heart went out to her, but he felt that some explanation was due to Diane, and he knocked at her door

Inside the girl had been patiently waiting. Unaware that George was in the hotel, she had reckoned upon George coming to her and claiming her as his own. She eagerly opened the door, and George entered. "At last, my love, you have come to me," she exclaimed, but as she held up her lips to be kissed the vision of his wife came back to him, and he gently pushed the other woman away.

"Gail is in the hotel. She is ill across the corridor, and needs me. It has all been a mistake, Diane. I love Gail."

"Gail needs you, indeed!" answered the surprised girl. "And what is Gail to me? Have I not waited your return for months? You can't throw me over now!"

But the call of love was too strong for him. Rushing out of the room, George left her storming at him in a great rage.

In the room opposite Gail smiled up at her husband as he passed their little son tenderly into her arms. The miracle had been wrought. The baby had reunited two loving hearts.

A Cabinet drama of rare heart interest. The theme has been carefully, skillfully, and delicately handled, and the most has been made of it by the chief actors. Ethel Clayton is Gail, Rosetta Brice is Diane, and Joseph Kaufmann is George. The film will be shortly released by the Gaumont Film Hire Service. Some further notes concerning this play will be found on page 355.
IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO

Brief Biographies: Bigelow Cooper

He is a native of Springfield, Ohio. His early stage training was received in a stock company, among whose members were McKeon Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, and Nance O'Neill, and he continued as Nance O'Neill's leading support for several seasons.

Mr. Cooper was the leading member of the first stock company at the Murray Hill Theatre, New York City, and for the four succeeding years was a member of the companies of Jacob Lill, appearing as Tony Jack in The Woman in Black, Small Bottles in Siamese Fuddin, Captain Heartsease in Sheehan, and Lord Woodstock in Sporting Life. His next appearance was as Ivan Nordoff in Siberia.

After a season with J. K. Emmett he was a member of the companies of Ambory Mittenthal, the Shuberts, and A. H. Woods. During the season of 1909-10 he was with Daniel Frohman's company in The Thief, playing Raymond Legarde. Part of the next season was spent with Charles Dillingham's Sentimental Sally, and his last performance before entering the motion picture-drama was given at the Bijou Theatre, New York, in The Confession. Since then he has devoted all his attention and time to the everlasting drama—the motion picture—and has played many important parts in Edison films, including The Wrong Woman, On the Stroke of Twelve, A Woman's Revenge, and The Glory of Clementina.

A Dagger for Alice

SHOULD Roos Nahar visit Mindanao when the three-act Kalem drama The Haunting Face is shown on that island, he will know that Alice Hollister not only received his gift, but that she actually made use of it.

Roos Nahar is a native of Sookadana, Borneo. While on a visit to the island of Mindanao, which is in the Philippine group, he saw a Kalem drama in which Miss Hollister played the leading rôle. The climax of this production showed her in the act of stabbing the wrong-deer to death. Deeply impressed by the photoplay, Roos instituted inquiries and from one of the white people residing on the island learned that the lady in the picture lived in far-off America. After months of inquiry, he was rewarded by learning her name. This done, he painfully put to use the education given him by the missionaries on his own island and wrote Miss Hollister a letter.

With this missive he sent a wicked-looking knife. The two reached the charming actress a short time ago, and she thus learned that her work in the silent drama had won the favour of an individual 'way out in the South Seas.'

According to the letter, the knife had been in Roos Nahar's family for many generations and had "avegely many honorable peepel." He desired her to keep the weapon, because she might some day find it of use when meeting another such scoundrel as she had dispatched in the picture which excited his admiration.

Sentiment Leads to the Screen

VIOLA ALLEN, the famous American actress, who, after years of success on the legitimate stage in playing Shakespearean, classical and comedy roles, will appear for the first time in photoplays in the production of The White Sister, consented to act for Essanay after refusing many tempting offers from other motion-picture concerns. It was largely for sentimental reasons that Miss Allen consented to enact the leading rôle in this last and best work of F. Marion Crawford, the noted author.

"While of course the financial consideration was very flattering," said Miss Allen, "yet none of the offers or inducements to appear in any other motion-pictures had been considered by me until this proposition to produce The White Sister."

"The reason this particularly appealed to me was because of my warm admiration of the author and his family, and the earnest wishes of

FASHIONS ON THE FILM

The latest from Paris as shown in "Pathé's Animated Pictures."

1. A smart sailor shape covered with a thick dark blue poplin. Two deep red silk roses, give the hat a very distinctive appearance.

2. Three beautiful models, suitable for "better" wear. The one on the left is of white satin trimmed with a small but expensive ermine; the centre one is of black pan velvet trimmed with a "chic" metal; the one on the right is of black cording, the brim being edged with an ostrich feather wreath.

3. One of the new fashions, with the "tipperary crown" effect. This style of hat looks well in black straw with a satin crown, and just one feather meant to give the finishing touch.
The People’s Favourite.

TOM MIX is famous the world over for his feats of daring, and his popularity in the British Isles is, perhaps, greater than in any other part of the universe. His dare-devilry has called forth this short poem, which he has received from a fair Scotch lassie who hails from Dundee:

“You may talk about the Dramas And the Comedies, and such, You may call them so exciting As to fairly beat the Dutch; You may praise them if you choose to, With their sol’s scenes and their kicks, But they cannot hold a candle To the Selig Star—Tom Mix.”

THE POWER OF THE PHOToplay.

The power for good that a photoplay can have is well illustrated in The Blessed Miracle, the story of which we publish on another page. It has created so much discussion that many more along the same lines are now being made at the Lubin studios.

Ethel Clayton’s work in the picture has won her a place in the heart of every woman who has felt the call of motherhood. She has received hundreds of letters from all parts of America.

One from a prospective mother stated that her experience had been the same as that of the wife in the picture story and that Miss Clayton had given her much comfort. From the thought that her approaching maternity would mean only the companionship of her child in the loss of her husband’s love, she had come to feel that, as she expressed it, “he will prove the blessed miracle that will again unite my little family.”

A message which told worlds in its simple brevity stated—“I have seen The Blessed Miracle, and I want you to know that I am going back home.”

One letter, written in the cramped hand of another generation, held all the heart-break of a mistaken life. “I could have brought him back,” it said, “but I was too proud to go to him. I felt that he should come to me. I killed the blessedness of the miracle with my own pride. Now I am nearly seventy, and have grandchildren. One of them took me to see the picture. I wondered why I cried.”

Joseph Kaufmann, who directed the picture and played the rôle of the hus-

A Beautiful Photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon and a useful Oatine Toilet Outfit.

The Oatine Company will send to all readers of “Pictures” a charming photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon, together with the delightful Oatine Toilet Outfit illustrated herewith. Send today and test these wonderful toilet preparations of which Miss Risdon speaks so highly. Read what she says—:

“...a charming photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon, together with the delightful Oatine Toilet Outfit illustrated herewith. Send today and test these wonderful toilet preparations of which Miss Risdon speaks so highly. Read what she says—:

TO THE OATINE CO.

Please send me half a dozen more jars of Oatine Cream by next post. I much appreciate the thoughtfulness of this generous offer. I am sure that this lovely toilet will prove a wonderful blessing to me and the family. It is also most useful for the toilet in my garden. The scent is delightful and the product itself is most refreshing. I am convinced that it is the most useful product that I have ever used in my life. A real beauty aid...”

Dear Miss Risdon,

I am greatly pleased with the Oatine Cream that you sent me. It is most useful and I am sure that it will prove a blessing to me and the family. It is also most useful for the toilet in my garden. The scent is delightful and the product itself is most refreshing. I am convinced that it is the most useful product that I have ever used in my life. A real beauty aid...

Yours very truly,

Elizabeth Risdon

THE OATINE CO., 245 Oatine Buildings, Borough, London, S.E.
Our Art's (Frank R. Grey) Sketches from the Stalls the Winner in our British Aristes Contest—Charles Chaplin.

What the Public Wants.

HEPWORTH'S are seeing to it that British film industry shall not go under. Look at their wonderful recently made Exclusives, a series which is constantly being added to! The Bottle, Court Martialled, and The Sweater are plays to see and talk about, but others as great and even greater are coming along. The Man Who Stayed at Home, The Passing of a Soul, The Curtain's Secret, The Baby on the Barge, and Sweet Lavender and Iris, both by Sir Arthur Pinero, are Hepworth productions now or nearly ready. You ask for good British films. Here, then, are some to go on with. It is up to you (the public) to give them your support.

Noisy News from New York.

Less than two blocks away great sticks of dynamite were booming where the subway workers on the 7th Avenue were blasting rock and stone to make way for their irresistible subterranean march. Inside the Famous Players studio at 213 West 28th Street, another army of workers were also making considerable noise, building new F.P. feature films. Out in the studio, which had all doors closed and signs posted "No Admittance," were short super, a gun-fight that reverberated throughout the whole building. Now and then the voice of the Director could be heard above the din.

The floor space of the F.P. studio is 100 ft. by 200 ft., but every week new additions are being made.

W.G.F.A.C.—Do not waste that Coupon on page 316.
OUR LETTER-BAG
Selected from hundreds every week.

Fleeting to Precure "Pictures."
"I must tell you that I like your paper so much that each week I walk a distance of six miles to get it and have saved every copy since the first one came out. Your little paper is such pleasant reading, and so very useful for reference."

Twins in the Contest.
"I am writing you with regard to the present contest and the Thanhouser Twins. I wish to vote for them, but don't quite know how to do it. I want to know if I have to vote for them together or separately. The latter will be rather difficult, as it is almost impossible to tell which is Marion and which is Madeline on the screen."

Ethel H. (Bradford).

The Right Pianist.
"Many of your readers have complained that they have rotten pianists in their local theatre, but my player possesses tact, wisdom, and good judgment, and is just the man some of your readers would like for the picture-theatre. In Tillie's Practical Romance in the part where Marie Dressler wore that scene of a hat, the tune he played was "Where did you get that hat?" and again in that drama Three Weeks he played some of the most delightful variations any one could wish for. And all for 6d!"

Ethel H. E.

A Modern "Rip Van Winkle."
"I am staying in a hotel in Ripon where there is a man who had never seen a living picture. Being very old he is very eccentric in his habits. He said he was never interested in pictures, but as I come from Middlesbrough, where cinemas are the chief kind of amusement, I persuaded him to go with me. It was very hard work I can tell you, but I enjoyed the experience of sitting with him and hearing his views. He was absolutely thunderstruck, and cannot understand now how they move, although I have explained it all to him, as you did in your magazine some time ago."

James B. (Ripon).

Mary Pickford's Coming Visit.
"I notice that a lot of your readers contemplate writing to Mary Pickford—but are doubtful as to whether they will get a reply. I wrote to her myself and received a most charming reply, in which the following passage occurred: "It is one of the greatest desires of my life now that I visit England and meet those who are and have always been so kind and dear to me. I am not a great actress, but some time shall take courage to cross the big pond, and trust that perhaps it may be my pleasure to meet you. Accompanying this letter was the most exquisite whole-plate photograph. You can imagine how proud I am of these two treasures, which I would not sell for a sum running into three figures."

H. B. (Hford).

"Are We Downhearted?"
"Seeing your constant replies in your paper to the cinema arties, I am writing to you to tell them through the medium of your paper, that cinema work is not all honey, especially when you are a super. You have to wait for days before you get a call, and then perhaps when you get to the studio you have to hang about for hours before the producer is ready for you and the rest of the crew. Then, even if you are a good amateur actress, there are hundreds of experienced stage artists who are always ready to snap up the small parts that may be going. So will those who are eager to become film stars take it from me that unless you have talent, influence and a good type of features it is practically useless for you to try to get work?"

R. E. (Epsom).

RUTH STONEHOUSE

When Ruth Stonehouse lays herself out to please, Helen of Troy would come a bad second. Because she is always natural, she is ideal in any play which requires perfect grace combined with humour.

If you would see her at her best, make a note to view the GEORGE ADE FABLES entitled "THE FABLE OF THE MEN AT THE WOMEN'S CLUB"

GEORGE ADE FABLES prove absolutely irresistible; so if you are a manager, you should "cotton on" to them at once; if you are a cinema enthusiast and want to do some decent manager a good turn put him on to them. He can always get particulars by writing to us.

ESSANAY FILM MANUFACTURING CO.,
148, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.
PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE gives real WAR NEWS.

DO NOT MISS IT.
THE BUTTER-NIFE. A rigged, selfish little creature, hungry and dirty, but exquisitely pretty! Edith Walker plays the part. It is quite a strange little plot, in which a charming love romance is developed. The acting and quality is of the best.

AN INDIAN DEPOT IN ENGLAND. Everyone knows how gallant Indian troops have come from the seas to help the Allies in the great war, and how ably they have given that assistance and done so many deeds of daring and bravery are facts of history. In this film we see the troops quartered in camp in England. The dramatic changes they have had to undergo since leaving their native land have been more than trying to inhabitants of such a country as India, but they have faced hardships, cold, and troubles with bravery and fortitude alike. In their camp life in England we see them not only at work and at drill, but also taking part in their favourite sports and pastimes, and in many phases of their home life. In the final picture we see a troop of men who have been wounded and nursed back to health leaving their depot to return to the front.

CHARLIE THE TRAMP. Said Charlie being Chaplin, which makes the film a masterpiece of mirth. Whilst sitting at the roadside to eat his midday repast and polishing his nails another tramp steals his lunch, leaving a brick in its place. Chaplin makes his meal on grass, uses his tomato-can for a ginger-bowl, absurdly wraps up the brick in his kerchief and walks on. He comes on the hobo trying to rob a farmer's daughter, and promptly taps him with the brick. The hobo's two companions rush to the scene, but the brick proves effective, and they take refuge in a river. Chaplin follows, but they throw mud at him, and he falls into the camp-line, setting the cat of his trousers ablaze. The hobo keeps him near the river, and with tractors blazing he rushes wildly in search of water, which he finds after doing considerable damage to his seating capacity. The girl takes him home, where he eats his dinner from the mantelpiece, and the farmer gives him a job, but he merely messes up the work, stabbing a farm-hand with a pitchfork, knocking down the farmer with a sack of grain, and spilling hot eggs on a Spring prod. That night he saves the farmer's house from being robbed by the hobo, and is shot and wounded by the farmer's daughter an agreeable occupation, and falls in love. When he discovers that she has another sweetheart he picks up his kerchief and brick and becomes a tramp once more.

PICTURES OF LIFE. "I'll bet they'll be most songwriter's delight when the film "The Sweater" is released later this year. The Sweater is a tramp with a heart, and the story is told in a series of episodes. The tramp is an agreeable man, and the female stars are perfect. The film is produced by the Hepworth company and is a great success."

When You Scan The Programme why do you feel disappointed if you do not find an EDISON play included.

The reason is that EDISON plays give more real and lasting satisfaction, and enjoyment than any other kind, because:

1st—They are totally free of padding; 2nd—The plots selected for production are immensely interesting; 3rd—The artists are chosen to suit their part, consequently, the whole play is vitally human, and true to life; and 4th—EDISON Plays are not plays with just one star in the cast, but all the actors and actresses are "stars."

This policy of the EDISON Co. guarantees a better presentation than can be obtained in any other way.

AN EDISON SUBJECT WORTH SEEING IS

FOR THE MAN SHE LOVED
AT THE BEST CINEMAS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

FREE! We shall be pleased to send you three photos of your favourite EDISON Players— on receipt of 2d. to cover postage.

Thomas A. Edison, Ltd., 164, Wardour St., London, W.


A screen impression of methods not sufficiently known, whereby the masses who have created the nation's greatness are ground down to satisfy the cravings of a few who live by sweated labour.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

THE GREAT CHARLES CHAPLIN.

We have a Set of FIVE DIFFERENT POSTCARDS of him, and they are selling like hot cakes.

ONE PENNY EACH. Postage extra.

"The Pictures," Ltd., 18, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.
WHO ARE THE CLEVEREST PLAYERS?

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men, players, comedians, character players, villains, or any other kind; it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST FILM PLAYERS IN ANY COUNTRY (excluding British-born Artists) write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES. The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10. All other prizes will go to senders of Coupons in order of merit.

THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should one succeed in placing the winners' names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in Coupons the prize will be divided.

3. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

"The Pictures" FREE VOTING COUPON: WORLD'S CONTEST.

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

FEMALE PLAYER

MALE PLAYER

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

FEMALE PLAYER

MALE PLAYER

Signed

Address

Fill up and post to "Contest Editor," Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

PICTURES AND THE PICTURE-GOER 340

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FILM ARTISTES CONTEST

EXCLUSIVE OF BRITISH-BORN PLAYERS.

30 VOTES Free to Every Reader Weekly.

First Prize in Cash - £10

SECOND PRIZE, Graphophone £7 10s., value £9

RECORDS 30s.

THIRD PRIZE, Graphophone £5 10s., value £7

RECORDS 30s.

FOURTH PRIZE, Graphophone £4 4s., value £5

RECORDS 16s.

FIFTH PRIZE, Graphophone £3 3s., value £4

RECORDS 7s. 6d.

100 Consolation Prizes 100

The Machines and Records are manufactured by the World Famous "Columbia."
Real Leather Bound Loose-Leaf Pocket-Books
with gilt-edge and insets of popular "Flying A" and "Beauty" film stars can now be supplied at the low price of 1s. 6d. post free.

All applications to "Flying A" Co., 193, Wardour St., W.

Gossip

Twin!s! I never thought of twins, I did think I had answered every possible query concerning the contest, and now comes the question: "How on earth am I to vote for twins in your World Contest?" I know of only four twin-born players—namely, the Vitagraph twins (Edna and Alice Nash) and the Thanhouser twins (Marian and Madeleine Fairbanks), and it seems to me that if you think your pair of twins as a whole are the cleverest players you must give each of the pair an equal number of votes. You cannot possibly make two people (trick photography excepted) even in a Contest. Moreover, it does not follow because two people are exactly alike in age and appearance that their acting is equally meritorious.

The Film Play of 1898.

As showing the wonderful strides made in cinematography, our friend in the Hepworth Company's advertisement on another page is distinctly interesting. Compare the photo "play" of 1898—a fisherman pushes his pal into the river in order to get a drink from the par

of beer—compare this with, for example, the same company's splendid adaptation of the great play The Man Who Stayed at Home, which you will see in September; or, for that matter, with any present-day film masterpiece. The insignificant tadpole (we were talking of fishing) and the giant octopus, whose strong tentacles are the multiple reels of film, make an appropriate comparison. What, I wonder, will be the strides made in another twenty years?

Seven Hundred in Two Weeks!

Not bad, is it? I refer to your applications for the Selig postcards which that Company made you a special offer of in a recent advertisement. And still they come! Mr. Montagu asks me to state that the offer will remain open for another week in order that all readers who admire the Selig players may have the opportunity of possessing this set of six coloured postcards for, d. Orders should go to 13, Wardour Street, W.,

All British—and Good.

When a British author, a British producer, British players, and a British firm make a hit with a production, I am one of the first to say so. The British Empire Films, Limited, who have made a feature of filming stage melodramas, have shown the trade their latest, The Beggar Girls' Wedding, and as film melodrama it wants some beating. Walter and Frederick Melville produced this drama some eight years ago. It was inspired by Mr. Melville's meeting of a real beggar girl on the Embankment, and Ethel Bracewell, who played the part on the stage, and has taken it in the film, has made a splendid counterpart of the original beggar. The film play is packed with the villains and love-making beloved by the melodramatic public which a trade expert told me recently means 90 per cent. of British picturesgoers. I am confident that The Beggar Girls' Wedding will make a hit.

That Chaplin Rumour.

The tense anxiety of our readers concerning the sanity of Charles Chaplin has been alleviated by news that the Essanay Company in London mailed America on my behalf to settle the matter. Please note that there is not a word of truth in the baseless rumour that Chaplin has "come mad" and is eating a great deal of his oatmeal. On the contrary, a reply cable states that arrangements are completed and in full swing for the production of Essanay Chaplin plays for the next eighteen months at least, and that Chaplin is working on "em daily like a Trojan."

How It Started.

Mr. Spoor, of Essanay's in London, tells me that the rumour started in America. Someone, probably fed up with the heat, saw Chaplin on the screen and said to his friend, "Why, that fellow's crazy!" The friend carelessly repeated it, and by the time it reached the thirteenth person or so it naturally became "Have you heard the news? Chaplin has gone mad, and is in an asylum. Gradually this false information spread around the world (Germany perhaps excepted), and to-day and every day I get letters and anxious telephone calls from all parts of our island to know more about the facts of this "particularly sad case." Well, the facts are that the case is null and void and Richard I mean the public—is itself again.

Photography.

Photo Postcards of Yourself, £1.00, from any Photo. 12 x 10 Enlargements, 5d. Catalogue and Samples Free.

S. E. Hackett. Works: July Road, Liverpool.

GASLIGHT, BROMIDE, or P.O.P. POST CARDS, 2d. to 1s.; 191, L. 31. Plates and Paper also 8½d. Catalogue and Sample Free.

S. E. Hackett. Works: July Road, Liverpool.

My dear "Pictures" Readers—On July 31st my company and myself are going away for a fortnight's "half holiday" and the reply, as we shall be taking pictures. Now the question, "Where shall we go?" and I am going to leave my readers to decide. I want you to write and tell me where you think the best place to go, and say why. The place must be near the sea, to be beside the sea. Now hurry up, and let me know where we shall go. The one who sends the nicest letter stating the reasons why we shall go to the place he or she mentions will have the pleasure of a visit from us—by bye till the holidays.

"PIMPLE."
Turner Films

"Pictures made for You."

'ODDS AGAINST'

We have prepared a striking booklet, with many illustrations, telling the story of "Odds Against."

This booklet is primarily intended for Trade use, but we have reserved a limited number of copies for readers of "Pictures and The Picturogoer."

These will be sent free to all who apply, enclosing rd. stamp for postage, until the supply is exhausted.

To the twenty-five readers who send us the best criticisms of the booklet we will send large signed portraits of Florence Turner.

"The Turner Films, Ltd., Walton-on-Thames," is sufficient address.

"Eureka" own the U.K. rights of this film and are now booking it. Tell your Manager.
suggestions, and when they come upon Wallace, Pylton and their party a battle takes place in which the Arabs are successful. Larson seeks out Marie, and is in the act of carrying her off when Pylton's elephant, which has been kindly treated by Marie, comes to the rescue, by attacking Larson and throwing him over a cliff.

The "Guessing" Competition brought in so many postcards that my poor head has been whirling with figures for hours. "What were the total votes in our Great British Contest?" was the question I put to you. The actual number was 1,901,425. Not bad was it? The nearest numbers received were 1,694,220 and 1,599,745, and prizes go to the senders—R. Michel, 49, Middleton Road, Dalston, N.E.; and Geo. Hopper, 101, Conwaymore-road, Grimsby.

Award of Merit, for the next nearest—G. Jeffries (Hanwell), Doris Richardson (Brockley), A. Richardson (Brockley), Latvina Preston (Stoke-on-Trent), H. Brand (Hackett), Mary Haunter (Denistoun), A. D. Simmons (Catterfild), Berenice Deacon (Devonport), Arthur Cox (Deshford), Noel Woodhead (Leeds), Alice Jones (Tooting), H. Pighills (Liverpool), Chris Roskilly (Streatham), Eva Preston (Stoke-on-Trent), Arthur Preston (Stoke-on-Trent), H. Broadhead (Bradford), Wm. Hunter (Denistoun), W. Clement (Whitechapel). Award Post-Pr. A. D. Simmons (Catterfild).

"Who are they?" competition. This week I present you with a picture page. The drawings represent three popular picture-players. To the four children (under fifteen) who send in the nearest correct solutions I will present one of our little "Souvenir War Albums;" and the usual Award of Merit to the next best who are correct. Postcards to be addressed to "Puzzle," 88, Adam Street, Strand, W.C., by Tuesday, August 3rd. Uncle Tim.

"Kemp" (Hollom)—Ford Sterling is an American; "Ashville" (Brookley)—But it appears Alice Windsor is also an American. "Falcon" (Pighills)—Ladies and gentlemen, Alice Windsor (repro'ed like that, "Kemp") went to Hollywood last year, and we have heard since that "Falcon" is still there. This "Falcon" is quite the same as the one we saw your photo—say Belgium's friend, too.

"Anel" (Pighills)—Let's kiss and be friends! "Hollywood" (Catterfild)—I am afraid you would not send your photo—say your friend's too.

"C. J. W." (Worthing)—Your letter to our publishers has been sent on to us. We have picture postcards of some of the players in "The Million Dollar Mystery"—namely, Murriel O'Brien, Florence La Badie, Arthur Jones, and James Green—price one penny each, postage extra. Address The Pictures Ltd., Postcard Department, 7, Ann Arbor Street, London.

"Staff WM." (Epsom)—Sorry to hear the sender returned the treats you wanted, without a line of explanation, and for positions sake don't send them to the Answers Man. His kindliness might ask inconvenient questions. Thanks all the same, many.

"E. R. W." (Falkirk)—Glad your brother liked the prize. Hope the news of his success improved his health.

"G. A. D." (Bradford)—We do not know name of Company producing "When Rome Ruled." Perhaps they will let us have it.

"F. F." (Burnham)—Here you are again! Cast of "The Jackson's Girl"—"Bob Davis," Morris Morris, "Polly" (Polly), "Jim" (Jas.), "Bunny" (Dave Thompson). Keystone do not publish casts.

"Folky"—So you have received "Charlie's" autograph—lucky girl! Will those readers who send requests about Charlie's death,明星s, and his kindly note above?

"E. M. K." (Sheffield)—We are afraid poor Bunny is not suitable for the contest. You're quite an old friend, then.

"Billy" (Pickett)—Hepworth's are producing all day and every day. Some of the exteriors are taken at Walton. You would probably get an answer very soon if you wrote to the players. No, certainly we are not paid or "given," and we did emphasise the fact more strongly if you saw some of the offerings! These contests did not require any fancy, in order to read it!

"M. H." (Gillingford)—If you would like the paper pulled down twice a week? Our staff with one accord banned the idea.

"Marvin" (Accrington)—Thanks for nice letter. Have sent your love to Charlie Chaplin, and kept the barge-days decision.

"Brockoe Lovers" (E.M.W.)—We left 189, Strand, eighteen months ago, dear girls, and our address was 30, Adel St., Strand, London, F. X. Bushman is now with the Moto Picture Corporation at Los Angeles.

"Galan" (Sudbury)—Our regrets that you did not win a prize in the British Players, and best wishes for your success in our Foreign one. Hope our Otho is better.

"Bill" (Manchester)—Miss Tomboy and Frickles —Toni, Lilian Walker, "The Duchess," Flora Gray, "Frickett," Wm. Hitchcock, "Bunny," Arthur Ashley, "The Jolles," Albert M. Beaudry. We have postcards of Anita Stewart, and five different of Chaplin. Order any quantity (the more the better), and send only 1d. for postage. It is more we pay it.

"Dobt" (Trealy)—One is the studio address of The American Company—other office—perhaps the former would be best for the players, though we expect to forward. On the grounds we should love to have one of your photos.

"Inquisitive Kid" (Leeds)—No, dear girl, it would not be wise to send to the Editor to autograph your album; send it along, together with your photo. Leo Delaney still plays for Village Films. The Sunday mention is an old one and we have to cast it of.

"Ivy" (Wafford)—We trust you may win many more prizes. "Weekly Touch" is a particularly good description of Pictures and The Picturegoer. Sorry you missed this Ed. when you called: his photo was published last autumn. Pictures postcards can be had of him 2d. each from this office. The Answer Man is too shy to lose his photo prints. We have not heard anything lately of the player you mention. Thanks for your interesting letter, Ivy.

"A Lowy Reader" (Pockham)—Another prize winner; congratulations. Tony Powers is not playing at present. Anna and Anita Stewart are one and the same, dear lady. See also reply to "Billy" (Manchester).

"Maine" (Westfield)—Mary Pickford is, as you say, Canadian-born, but she has never lived there, but always in America. She eligibility for the Foreign Players Contest, no vote away, Marie.

"Boothmore C. H. H." (near Ipswich)—Your letter of appreciation is much appreciated by Editor and staff.

"Jim B." (Small Heath)—Hope you will win one of the top prizes! Keep your two "conclusions" company. The neat things you say of us are quite embarrassing, Jim.

"Hazel" (Manchester)—What a pretty name! And why did you not call in and see us when you were in town? As you don't deserve anything but the best Hazel, we won't "break your heart" in this reply. If the music at your favourite cinema is not all it should be, write to the manager, and if you do so in your bumpted way we are sure he can deny you nothing. "Between ourselves," he in really send readers here to the players, as many as any sceptical, Hazel. By the way, are you a nut?

"Harry" (Leeds)—The film you mention is a re-run, but we think the player you mention is Antonio Moreno. No cast was published of the other film. Thanks for newspaper cuttings.
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EARLE WILLIAMS AND ANITA STEWART
in the coming great Vitagraph serial The Goddess.
On the shelf, "Tipperary" and slapstick picture-comedies.  

The "silent drama" is not when the fat lady reads aloud all the subtitles.  

A howling success: The Millionaire Baby, the second Selig Red Seal play.  

Watch for funny film cartoons from the house of Edison, by Raoul Barre, the famous French cartoonist.  

Leah Baird is to play opposite Maurice Costello in Vitagraph plays from now onwards. Lucky Maurice!  

Have you ever sat next the picturegoer who has visited the very places shown on the screen? So have we.  

War notwithstanding, J. A. Campbell, of the Theatre Royal, Gratham, informs us that he is building a handsome local Picture House at St. Peter's Hill.  

Harold Shaw, the London Film Company's producer, although an American by birth, has patriotically become a private in the Twickenham Volunteers.  

The first of the Biograph Three- and Four-Reel Exclusives (one every fortnight) is Under Two Flags. Remarkable battle scenes photographed by five cameras are included in this production.  

Intent upon learning the intricacies of the motor, Dorothy Gish recently purchased a high-power gasoline-car. So far, she has only run into four persons, none of whom was seriously injured, thank you.  

Rats on the reel. Wallace Beery trained a trio of them for The Broken Pledge (Essanay). Three girls pledged never to marry till they sleep in camp, but the rats run merry rings around the tent and scare them out of bed. Why can't we be rats on the reel?  

Pictures for prisoners! By no means unknown in the States. Recently Ernest Van Pelt hied himself and a machine to a San Francisco jail and run off several comedies. He was loudly cheered, and the prison gloom was dispelled. N.B. They were Essanay comedies!  

Betty Nansen will see to advantage in the new Great Northern Film Company's picture A Revolutionary Wedding. The story is by a Danish author, but the picture is produced in America. It answers numerous inquirers concerning the great Danish actress' present whereabouts.  

Teddy Sampson, of the Reliance Majestic studios, famous for her portrayal of the little Jap wife in The Fair Woman, a Mutual masterpiece, in private life is Mrs. Ford Sterling, wife of the famous Keystone laugh-maker, and, what is more, she wants everybody to know it too.  

A Novel Plot Ending.  

It was discovered by Lubin in a three-reel drama submitted by a new writer. A much-wronged man escapes from jail and is pursued by bloodhounds. He arrives at the shore of a lake; there is no escape. Struck by a brain-wave, he wades into the lake, grips a pond-lily, and placing the hollow stem between his lips, sinks to the bottom. The hounds are baffled;  

Our Cover Portrait.  

No need to introduce Edward Coxen, whose fine work as lead in a great many "Flying A" productions is world-famous. For Why Wanted a comedy released this week, Mr. Coxen took a thirty-foot dive into the ocean before a throng of pleasure-seekers at Miramar beach, a beautiful resort below Santa Barbara. The American leading man dashed the length of the pier and, in street clothes, jumped to the rescue of a drowning woman. While the crowd burst into an uproar of applause.  

A Chance for Photo-hunters.  

ACCORDING to the "Black Country Parson" we write to a London morning paper, says John Bull,  

"There will be a bad shortage on five-shilling vouchers for War Loan as long as the money is spent each week at pictures. Our war bond should not be angry because some people prefer pictures to parsons, who are occasionally not half as interesting. Besides, the argument cuts both ways. The War loan would be just as much or just as little short by three penn'orth of weakly parson as by three penn'orth of weekly pictures.  

A Really Funny Story.  

Mack Sennett, managing director of the Keystone forces, recently received a scenario, mailed to him from a point in the East, accompanying which was a letter that read:  

"I think you will agree with me that this is an unusually funny story and one that will make a big hit on the screen. In fact, I think it is one of the best things of its kind I ever heard of."  

The was Sennett's.  

"You say that you think your story is funny. I will go a step further, I know it is funny, for I wrote it myself some three years ago and produced it a month later," Sennett refused to make known the "author's" name.  

Charlie Chaplin Fox Trot.  

EVERWHERE you turn you see Charlie Chaplin staring you in the face. Herrmann Dareskii, the well-known composer of Push and Go, Business as Usual, Rosy Rapture, and the popular song craze, Sister Suite, has written a novel called Chaplin's Chaplin which will soon be heard on every band in the kingdom. Apart from this, Mr. Dareskii, in conjunction with Dan Lipton, has written a song entitled Charlie, dedicated to Charlie Chaplin (who had one of his earliest English engagements through these gentlemen), which has just been produced by the popular music-hall artiste Florrie Forde. Herrmann Dareskii, who is considered one of the keenest judges as to what the public wants in the way of popular songs, predicts the greatest popularity for these two latest numbers. Already hundreds of applications have been made to the publishers, Francis, Day, and Hunter, 138, Charing Cross Road.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATEH'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. “COME AND JOIN US!” The efforts of this enthusiastic Canadian are responsible for many recruits.
2. THE ART OF SWIMMING: Royal Horse Guards train horses to swim the Thames.
4. FRANCE'S DAY brings a golden harvest to the French National Relief Fund.
5. A BUSY FRENCH MAID.
6. NURSES ATTACHED TO THE POST OFFICE RIFLE BÈLIGÈRE: Sir Herbert Samuel, M.P., the Postmaster-General, is an interested spectator.
7. RUSSIAN NAVAL VICTORY: The sinking of a Turkish cruiser in the Black Sea.
8. THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH, 1913, sees all parties in Ulster united to beat the common foe.
HERE is a glimpse of the Bohemian existence which adds charm to the life of the picture-people on the California Coast. The City of Los Angeles, being maintained to an appreciable extent by tourists, has many restaurants; yet it seems to be a fact that there is practically but one eating-place where on any one night numbers of photo-players will be found.

Many of the players who frequent the restaurant are married. They may live in the city proper, or in Hollywood, or other outlying sections. A majority may drive in in their own cars—this is a town of motor-cars. Some couples make a practice of coming into town on one stated evening each week; others may come on several occasions weekly. To the far-off player or film-man it is a cure for home-sickness to look over the big room and see so many he may know, either personally or by reason of screen appearance. There is quite a bit of "visiting" from table to table.

A few weeks ago at the restaurant in question there was a stated gathering of photo-players, and for several days previously a card near the entrance announced the event.

It was nearly eight o’clock, when George Blainbell in the Morning Picture World, when the longest table began to fill. Some of those seen about the room—and no attempt was made to compile a list—were Harry Walthall, Charles Chaplin, Francis Bushman, Fred Balshofer, Mack Sennett, Charles Arling, Holart Henley, Louise Vale, Franklin Ritchie, Lottie Pickford, and more than a hundred other players and big film men.

There were cheers when Harry Walthall arose at the head of the tables and said in that fine voice of his: "I have the very great pleasure and the honour to announce that our fellow-artiste and photo-player Charles Chaplin will now lead the orchestra." Mr. Chaplin made humorous reference to the large sum one of the papers had announced as having been offered him. "You must know, of course, I have been working hard to-day," he said: "I have taken a fall and hurt my elbow." The comedian removed his coat and immediately replaced it. He faced the musicians and shook at them a menu that would have done credit to the leader of the Royal Italian Band. Reams of laughter followed the gymnastic efforts of the little funmaker. Suddenly it dawned on the big party that what it had construed as comedy was, as a matter of fact, real hard work. Chaplin really was leading the musicians were with him to a fraction of a second. The body swayed; the masses of black hair flowed from side to side; the most temperamental of Latin bandmasters apparently had in his bag of tricks nothing Chaplin didn’t expose. Stirring indeed was the execution of Sousa’s "Stars and Stripes for Ever,“ and absorbingly interesting it was, too, to watch the serious, even stern, faces of the musicians. There was a buzz as Chaplin’s arm rested at the cutting of the last note. Then came a roar of applause testifying to the admiration of the comedian’s confères and the general public as well. An encore followed. The situation changed from drama to comedy, and there were many laughs.

"I am not going to introduce but announce Trudy Shattuck," said Mr. Walthall. The old-time player put her hands upon the toastmaster’s face, and the diners cheered. Then followed "Gone Are the Days," and nearly everyone sang the chorus with Miss Shattuck.

Martha Golding gave a recitation in French poteto, and Roscoe Arbuckle told two stories. Harry Gribbons sang; so, too, did Polly Moran. Leo White recited. Hal Williams sang "Tippecanoe." Tom Mix, whom Redoe had been jumped on by a horse, was badly hurt, was called upon so that the party could cheer him. Porter Strong, in a dance with an Oriental touch, made a lot of fun.

Charlie Murray gave a recitation in blank verse; it was not a recitation either—it was more a speech. He told of the woes of a comic; he praised Charles Chaplin, and took off his hat to him. He spoke of Julian Eltinge, and of the dear old Burbank days. He said that there were many familiar faces in front of him, and that he could go down the line. For once Mr. Murray was serious, but he carried the party with him all the time.

"Our distinguished guest, Julian Eltinge," announced Mr. Walthall, and the ensuing applause was great. "I am grateful to be here," said the well-known impersonator. "I just came out on a little vacation. Now, I am not going to apologise for my voice, but my throat." In the splendid singing of the "Crinoline Girl" that followed, they seemed to be no occasion for apologising for either. Mr. Eltinge got his full meal of hearty praise.

Ruth Roland was given a reception that indicated in unmistakable manner the affection her fellow-players bear her. She sang sweetly and simply. "Wrap me in a blanket and take me home with you." The screen boys and girls would not let her go, so she sang "California and You," and the diners helped her in the chorus. This is a good place to say that Miss Roland is a Californian—a San Franciscan.

One of the hits of the night was that of Victor Moore. After an introductory talk Mr. Moore told the story of the Broadway newspaper—"Partners." None of the pathos of the poem was lost in its telling. The speaker did not have to raise his voice; absolute silence was provided for him, or rather the art of the actor and the heart appeal of the simple tale secured it for him. "Over three thousand miles from here there is a little girl to whom I always drink every night when I am away from home," said Mr. Moore, as he concluded the story of the "newsy." "I’d dearly like to have you join me in drinking to-night to the best of girls, the best of pals—my wife." Everybody joined Mr. Moore. And the foregoing is just a part of the story of one night among the photoplayer of the West Coast.

AN INTERESTING SNAPSHOT: Charlie Chaplin at Venice, California, taken a week or two ago by Fred Goodwins (the picture on left), who is playing with him. This will kill the silly rumours that Mr. Chaplin is dead, or mad. (See also page 355.)
FANCHON THE CRICKET

Famous Players Film Featuring Mary Pickford.
Controlled by J. D. Walker's World Films, Limited.

Adapted from the Film by PATRICK GLYNN.

The bushes surrounding the open glade of the Forest of Fontainebleau parted with slow, cautious motion, and a girl's head with matted hair and smudgy face appeared. Her attention had been attracted to the centre of the glade by the sound of merry-making, and the silent watch'er's eyes grew round with astonishment, and then narrowed with resentment as she noted the happy glumness of the party as they circled and danced round a Maypole with shrinks of merriment.

The girl's anger grew with the passing moment. According to her own narrow sphere of thought these people had no right to be happy while she was lonesome, ragged, and often underfed. These visitors had come in their fine dresses from the city to enjoy themselves, and they looked a very prosperous crowd indeed. Her own home was but a quarter of a mile away in the depths of the forest, and consisted of a rude wooden hut which sheltered her aged and somewhat cranky grandmother, who was too much occupied at her spinning-wheel, earning a living for herself and her young granddaughter, to spare time to either amuse or instruct her. The girl certainly looked wild, but the dirtiness of her face could not hide its prettiness. Washed and dressed in the fine clothes of the dancers, one felt that she could have squeezed it over them all.

At this moment her temper was uppermost, and, stooping, she picked up a clod of earth, and aimed it at the dancers. The dance stopped on the moment, and young men and girls looked around in astonishment. The girl was only rags, and no human being except herself appeared in the vicinity.

"Some one a playing a practical joke," said a young lady. "Let us start again."

The dance was resumed, and at this moment a regular shower of clods fell into the circle. The exasperated dancers scattered in the direction of the bushes, for they rightly guessed that the unmanly interference had come from this direction. The girl, seeing that her hiding-place was discovered, fled, but was overtaken by the young man, spaying a figure of eight, emitted a howl that startled the others. Like a panther the girl had turned on him, and bitten his hand.

When she recovered the elfish-looking creature had disappeared.

"A she-wolf!" she muttered angrily as he returned to the others and dressed his hand. After expressing what they would do to the forest girl if they caught her at her tricks again, the party resumed their places round the Maypole, and commenced the wildest dance of all.

One of the girls emitted a little scream. The bombardment had been resumed from a different point of the compass. The bushes afforded excellent cover for a weak attacking force, and soon the clods followed each other in rapid succession, and scattered the dancers once more. Landy, the young man who had been bitten, advanced cautiously this time. The interference was becoming intolerable, and must be stopped. One of the young ladies pointed to an opening in the bushes, and screamed, "I see her! There she is. What a dirty face!"

Then commenced another chase. The girl who was pursued was deeper and deeper into the forest the pursuit died away, and only the determined Landy kept it up. By carefully avoiding the clods aimed at him he managed to creep nearer to the wild girl. Seeing that all the rest were afraid to venture farther he laughed, and, breaking suddenly through some intervening brushwood, caught the girl and pinned her hands to her side.

"Now then, you rascal, what have you to say for yourself?" he said, triumphantly. "Why do you interfere with the May party?"

"Because I hate you all," returned the girl passionately as she struggled in his arms. "You have your fine clothes, and I have only rags, and I have no one to play with."

"We can't help your wearing rags," said the young man, releasing her arms and eyeing this queer specimen of the female tribe attentively.

Now that he had time to examine her features he noted the obvious fact that the girl was very pretty, and that the look of temper and mischief combined
rather added than detracted from her good looks. He was unaware of the fact that she was taking stock of the girl she was also examining his figure with sly curiosity.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Fanchon," said the girl readily; "they call me Fanchon the Cricket."

"I should call you Fanchon the Biter," remarked the young man. "Your teeth are pretty sharp. See my hand." Landy extended his wounded hand wrapped round with a handkerchief, and on opening it the girl's face became troubled.

"I'm sorry," she replied. "I have no one to love me."

"Is that any reason for biting people?" persisted Landy, who thought his hand a good topic for conversation.

"I only bite people who hurt me. I can fight too," replied Fanchon, squaring her fists defiantly.

"Oh," retorted Landy, edging away.

"A regular Amazon."

"What's that?" asked Fanchon, curiously.

"A woman fighter," replied Landy. "Do you know? he continued. "that you are a very nice-looking girl, and that if you only washed your face you would look really pretty?"

"I wash my face once a week in the break," replied Fanchon, resentfully.

"Try the same treatment every day. It would make a marvellous change in you," advised Landy.

"How long is your party going to dance in the glade?" asked Fanchon, changing the subject.

"For the next three or four days. Not continuously, of course. Don't throw any more clods of earth at us. Promise me."

"I shall see," retorted Fanchon, imperiously.

Landy turned and saw that the others were coming forward to him. Fanchon saw them too, and with a well-directed aim sent a shower of earth at them, which then disappeared. Landy laughed and walked back to the glade. His sweet-hearted Madelon, ran up to him and took his arm with a pettish jealously movement.

"You were speaking to that dreadful girl for a long time. What did you say to her?"

"Oh, I just told her to wash her face for punishment," replied Landy, carelessly.

Chapter II.

The next day Fanchon went to her lair in the bushes and watched the party of young people again at their amusements. His interest was beginning to take an interest in the invaders, and though at times she envied their circumstances she did not molest them to the same extent as the first day. Her keen eyes always picked out the figure of Landy, and it was only another tribute to her quick brain that she discovered that the girl Madelon who hung on to Landy's arm longer than the rest was the young man's sweetheart. Although, with the wild untamed nature, felt strangely jealous, and, encountering Landy later in the day, she called him to her and pointed in the distance to Madelon.

"Is that the girl you like better than me?" asked Fanchon.

It was a difficult question for Landy to answer. Considering the circumstances. He wisely temporised.

"There are different ideas of beauty," he replied, smilingly.

"If I were to dress up myself like her would you like me just as well?"

Landy was thunderstruck. This was love-making with a vengeance; but he could not drag himself away from the girl, and the feeling that he should have been with the party rather than flirting with this quaint but pretty specimen of the other sex made him feel a little uncomfortable.

"Yes, you ought to dress yourself up better than you do," he remarked, for the want of something better to say.

"Very well," replied Fanchon decisively. "I'll try and get a nice dress and join your party. Won't you let me?"

Landy nodded. He wondered what the others would say if Fanchon did really join them in their amusements.

Fanchon had a trick of disappearing asked him for a dance. The gentleman, with an embarrassed face, agreed. He led Madelon to the edge of the thorn, pulled her out of the sea only an hour previously, and he had said nothing about it to his friends. But he had made her a promise, and he was called upon to redeem it. Madelon watched with perturbed eyes, and was on the verge of tears. She had not calculated on this ending to her holiday.

Now that she did look a little more civilized than usual, it occurred to Landy that none of the faces in the throng displayed more beauty than Fanchon's. Although untrained and possessing none of the airs of the town-bred girls, Fanchon possessed a natural grace and a self-possessed manner that would carry her through any ordeal. Landy began to think that his love-making with Madelon was somewhat premature. The dance finished, Fanchon turned to his partner:

"You promised to kiss me; I'm waiting," said Fanchon.

Landy bitterly remembered he had promised, and the terror intended to make him keep it in circumstances favourable to herself. Fanchon spread herself out, figuratively speaking, for the endorsement, and Landy, with a red-facing face, kissed her. whilst twenty pairs of eyes grew rounder, and twenty months said "Oh," in varying tones. Landy grew reckless. He liked the kiss, and finding the first to his taste, gave it a second. He had burned his bridges behind him.

It became an admitted thing amongst the holiday-makers that Fanchon the Cricket had ensnared Landy's heart.

There was another Madelon who disliked the change, and this was Landy's father, who had an interest in the property surrounding Fanchon's humble home, and he threatened to eject the old gentleharth and himself with her. But he reckoned without Fanchon.

The little sprite candidly told him what she thought of him, and wound up with a threat of rolling him in the mud if he did not respect her.

Landy went back to the city, and under his father's watchful eye, he applied himself to business until the old man congratulated himself that he had killed the little romance of the Fontainebleau Forest. But an attack of brain-fever which laid Landy in bed was a revelation to the old man, and he regretted his interference. He did not know that Fanchon had herself advised Landy to stay, and had told him that if his heart was the same in a year's time she would give him a straight answer. But Landy was impatient, and in his deliberation he called for his little sweetheart. The specialists after a consultation told the young man's father that the lad must have every wish gratified or they would not answer for the consequences. This producer immediately sent a message to Fanchon to come to his house, but the independent Fanchon told him that if he wanted her he must come for her, and the old man, after showing his wrath, obeyed the injunction.

"You must say it in a kinder tone," said Fanchon, when the old man, after

(Continued on page 225.)
These beautiful new screen studies of "the World's Sweetheart" show Mary Pickford in varied mood and different scenes in "Fanchon the Cricket," the story of which is dealt with in the preceding pages.
PEOPLE IN THE PICTURES

Away from Grease Paint.

Pauline Bush is taking a well-earned rest. She will not put on grease-paint or powder for some time. Her holiday will include a trip to a summer ranch, where she will indulge in a milk diet. She does this once a year and finds it very beneficial. Miss Bush has been doing some beautifully artistic work of late, and her temporary retirement from the screen is to be regretted. But then a few weeks will soon slip by, and then—back to pictures.

An Attractive Couple.

Harold Lockwood won a nice-sized bet at the beach at Santa Barbara recently, when several of the visitors who spoke that he could not beat one of their number at swimming. A boat was sent well out and a float anchored, and the race was on. Harold won, but he had a hard job, for his opponent was a swimmer of no mean order. Lockwood did not make much out of it, for he "stood" the dinner at the Arlington afterwards.

Pretty May Allison, a well-known musical comedy actress, has made a big hit with her acting opposite Harold Lockwood at the American Studios. She was asked recently by an inquisitive newspaper reporter how many languages she spoke. "Well, to be frank," she said, with just the faintest trace of a smile, "I speak six fluently."

"They are—"

"English, French, German, Baseball, Golf, and Bridge," Miss Allison replied. Then all concerned participated in a hearty and prolonged laugh.

Marie Dressler Rides a Horse.

Hard at work at the Lubin Studio on the new comedy, Tillie's Tomato Surprise, Marie Dressler shattered a record of quite a cluster of years the other week when she actually got on the back of a horse, and, alone and unaided, navigated him from one point to another while a couple of motion-picture cameras recorded the feat.

The horse has been in service so long that most of his days are now spent grazing on the ranch and watching the younger horses do the work, but he suited Marie exactly.

How Miss Dressler was assisted into the saddle by a half-dozen cowpunchers; how they woke up the four-legged veteran; how she sat squarely on his back, slipping not nor skidding, and, with a rein in each hand, steered him down the country road, while the camera reeled off film, will long be remembered by those present. It was her first horseback ride, and now she declares it was so easy that she plans to ride to hounds in the autumn if she can get a good, husky, broad-of-beam horse and a couple of dogs.

In the character of "Tillie" Miss Dressler has something new in shoes which are striped and golden to match her striped coat. You remember how her hat in Tillie's Practical Romance? Now watch for her shoes in Tillie's Tomato Surprise. They will surprise you.

Mary's Surprise Visit.

Mary Pickford and her brother Jack surprised everybody at the Hollywood Studios, Los Angeles, the other day by dropping in upon D. W. Griffith, who has not been seen for a few years, and many of her friends of the old Biograph days, who are now with Reliance and Majestic. The news that "little Mary" was on the ground spread rapidly and soon all corners players and directors trotted out, until the young star was surrounded by a laughing, excited crowd.

Manners from the Screen.

The numberless ways in which the screen is influencing picturegoers are undemonstrated in one instance in a letter from an admirer to Mabel Trunnelle, the Edison star.

"I recently took under my wing," the woman wrote, "a pretty young girl who was a regular 'fan,' but who shocked me with her uncannily readiness and manners. I could do little with her. I told her that perfect ladies never act as she did. This had about the same effect until I told her to watch you, who is the kind of lady one sees you act when men and women are about. I always watch for your pictures, and with you as a model for my young wild bird I have been able to do wonders by the power of example.'

Some are Born; Some are Made.

That is the opinion in regard to motion-picture stars of Thomas H. Ince, noted director of the New York Motion-Picture Corporation, who in his career has employed hundreds of players of both sexes. "Everybody can’t be a star," Mr. Ince recently declared, "regardless of whether she she believes this. I believe, however, that almost everybody would eventually become a star if the producers would give them the opportunity."

"But we can’t afford to do that. We want somebody left to fill the picture-theatre. If I were to employ everybody who has submitted an application for a position as a player, there would be but few left of the country at all."

"There is one scarcity in this field, however," concluded the celebrated director, who has produced several of the Mutual-Masterpieces, "and that is among the cameramen. Many of our cameramen are as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. A good cameraman is born, and is so essential to the
success of a picture that he should be placed on a higher pedestal than the one on which he stands to-day.

Mr. Ince, if he sees possibilities in an "extra," may be counted upon to bring out this latent talent. His great enthusiasm accounts for the discovery of motion-picture stars.

Friends for Life.

SOME time ago Mabel Normand lost a valuable bracelet. She searched her dressing-room and in all kinds of places about the Keystone studio where she thought she might have dropped it. At last she gave it up. Not long after this Roscoe Arbuckle's bull-dog, Luke, got into Miss Normand's wardrobe and tore up one of her shoes. This caused a break between the exasperated comedian and the dog, who, before this, had been the best of friends. Just the other day, however, Luke came running out from under the corner of the elevated stage with something in his mouth. As though to make up for his recent misdemeanor, he trotted straight over to Miss Normand and dropped in her lap the long-sought bracelet. The shoe episode was forgotten, and now Keystone Mabel and Luke are once more inseparable.

A Great Emotional Actor.

HENRY B. WALTHALL, whom critics unite in declaring one of the greatest photoplay actors in the world, has joined the Essanay Company on a long term contract at one of the largest salaries ever paid to a photoplay star.

Mr. Walthall is well known to the public, and needs no introduction. As the leading character in photoplays produced by other film companies, he was the feature of the casts. He has had a wide experience both on the speaking stage and in photoplays. He has advanced steadily in artistic accomplish-ments and popular favour until at the present time he stands at the head of his profession. It was in accordance with Essanay's plan to secure the very best actors in the country that negotiations were opened with him, for he is a real actor, and not a mere poseur before the camera. "I do not even know I am before a camera when I am playing my parts," said Mr. Walthall. "Of course, somewhere back in my mechanical brain there is an instinct of some sort that keeps me within the focus of the camera. But outside of that I think only of the part I am playing. I feel the parts so much that I have no room for anything else in my mind."

Before he closed his engagement with the Griffith forces to go to Chicago he distinguished himself in adaptations from Ibsen, and ranks his double parts in Ghosts among the best things he has done. In this film he took the parts of the Father and the Son, and had to change his make-up frequently. Ghosts has been renamed The Inherited Burden, and we shall publish the story of this production next week.

A Descendant of the Illustrious Wit.

COURTENAY FOOTE, a snapshot of the will at all be found on our Gossip page, is featured as Judson Davids in Up from the Depths, the four-reel Mutual Masterpicture. He is a Yorkshire man, a descendant of the illustrious wit Samuel Foote, and of the celebrated actress Lydia Foote, afterwards Lady Harrington. His aristocratic appearance and dramatic temperament are the inheritance of generations. His family intended that he should become a civil engineer. But, after devoting several months to technology, the young Englishman was convinced that never could he find that career congenial. Breaking away from these associations, he sought the eminent Shaksperean scholar and actor, F. R. Benson, who proved a most excellent tutor. Foote worked hard in his company of players, rapidly grasped the difficult parts, and finally, in his own words, "The beginning of his successful dramatic career. To play Judson Davids in Up from the Depths requires a Jekyll-and Hyde versatility. The figure of the vehement evangelist utterly devoid of moral sense, in the hands of this competent Reliance-Majestic leading man, is a convincing personality.

By the way, you may vote for Courtenay Foote in our World Contest, because, although he is an Englishman, he has always played abroad in pictures, and is to all intents and purposes a foreign picture-player.

Broadway's "Great White Way."

A NUMBER of people who had occasion to pass the Kalem studios at Cliffside, New Jersey, recently, stopped, stared, rubbed their eyes, and then took another look. Convinced that they were not suffering from optical delusions, the spectators advanced a trifle closer, and then assumed comfortable positions for the afternoon. They had excellent reasons for staring. About sixty of them were attired in the bewilderingly beautiful costumes in which they appear nightly at Maxim's, Rector's, and Bustanoby's, all famous restaurants in New York. Among the spectators was one individual who was familiar with New York's "Great White Way." He stared at the motion-picture stage, and was heard to murmur, "If that doesn't look like Maxim's, I'll eat my hat!"

Had the Kalem producer-director cared to inform that individual, he could have informed him that the set which had excited his comment was an exact reproduction of Maxim's. That the girls taking part in the scene were
The scenario of this play, which is founded upon the well-known magazine story by Julian Street, calls for Dottie, the central feminine figure (Miss Gish), to rest against a board background while a professional knife-thrower outlines her figure with knives hurled with great accuracy from a distance.

In the filming of this scene a professional knife-thrower was employed, as it was not felt that any of the male members of the stock company would be sufficiently proficient in this dangerous art.

Miss Gish would hear of no talk of using a double for her part in the scene. When the board background had been prepared and all was in readiness, Miss Gish walked about the studio quietly for a few moments. Then she went through a few simple Delacate exercises for quieting the nerves. With this simple preparation, she leaned against the board.

"When you are ready you may fire," Gridley, she said, quoting from a famous speech made at the Battle of Manila Bay.

"Gridley," or, in other words, the professional knife-thrower, "shot." His performance and that of Miss Gish would have been dangerous enough under normal circumstances, but in "Victoria" the knife-thrower is intoxicated. Hence, the player must simulate intoxication by reckless throwing.

After a particularly wild throw Miss Gish called out, "Stop!"

"The players who were watching thought that her strong nerves had given way at last. "What's the matter — had enough?" asked Director Paul Powell.

A gurgle, followed by a sharp and unmistakable sound, was the only reply for a moment. It was a sneeze!

"I simply had to sneeze or spoil the picture," said Miss Gish.

Which was the only exhibition of unstrung nerves that the players saw. The rest of the scene passed safely.
FANCHON THE CRICKET
(Continued from page 590)
entering the hut, gravely requested her to follow him. A sneaking admiration for the girl helped him to choke his first outburst of temper.

"I want you to be kind enough to accompany me," said the old gentleman.

"That's much better," said Fanchon, critically, as she took his arm. "You look quite nice when you speak nicely."

Fanchon's visit to the sick young man proved better medicine than any the doctors could offer. Landy rapidly improved, and when he heard that Fanchon's grandmother had died since he came to the city, he put the all-important question again. This time Fanchon had no reason for delaying matters.

The honeymoon was spent in the Forest of Fontainebleau.

The east of this charming four-act romance, by George Sands, is as follows—Fanchon, Mary Pickford; Landy, Jack Standing; Madelon, Lottie Pickford; Old Fadet (Fanchon's grandmother), Gertrude Norman; Landy's father, Russell Bassett; Duber (Landy's brother), Richard Lee.

OUR LETTER-BAG
Selected from hundreds every week.

"Oh! You Charlie!"

"I am a picture pianist, and can play to any films but Chaplin comedies, and then when I glance up at him I nearly roll off the seat with laughter. Even after seeing the same film about ten times I can still laugh at it. It takes a lot to make me laugh, which proves these films must be funny."

Gertrude (Upper Tooting).

From Lumber to Letter-box.

Four weeks ago we moved into a nice house in this district, and whilst exploring a lumber-cupboard under the roof I came across a few old numbers of Pictures. I had heard of the paper, but never seen a copy. These back numbers made me order a current issue, and now the paper will come regularly through our letter-box every Saturday.

Frederick B. (Streatham).

"Does Photoplay Writing Pay?"

"I have read Mr. John Jackson's article in your recent issue with great pleasure, and believe that it is a great measure what he says is true. It only needed some one to say it. I have been writing, with partial success, some fourteen months or more, but from my experiences hardly think the position is quite as bad as Mr. Jackson puts it. From some firms in London alone I have received every courteous note on the back of the printed slips which have been the greatest help to me."

Jos. Rowbotham (Scunthorpe).

"To the Boys in the Trenches."

I enclose a copy of a snapshot of Charles Chaplin, taken by one of my sons who is working in his new dramatic production, and forwarded by my son to his brother, who is away at the Front. Incidentally Fred, in a private letter to us, says: 'Out of the eleven members of Charlie's Stock Company, no fewer than seven of us, including Charlie, were born under the British flag.'

W. E. Goodwins.

Elephant and Castle Cineograph Theatre, S.E.

'The snapshot, which was inscribed "To the Boys in the Trenches," is reproduced on page 348. Editor.'

HENRY B. WALTHALL

is known and admired by all picturegoers. His acting is perfect in parts portraying intense emotion, and he is at his best in the latest Essanay drama, "TEMPER" in 3 acts, by H. S. Sheldon, in which the most poignant feelings of the human heart are revealed.

The wise exhibitor will make a note of this film. Patrons will confer a service if they remind him of it.

WARDA HOWARD, RUTH STONEHOUSE, and ERNEST MAUPAIN help to make it the perfect Drama Photoplay.

ESSANAY FILM MANUFACTURING CO.,
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THE DOMINANT FILMS
THE latest screen production, Peer Gynt, by the Olvi Moroso Company, at Los Angeles, is now, or nearly, completed. As we stated previously, Cyril Maude, the famous actor-manager, is starring in this, the cast including such other players as Herbert Standing and Myrtle Stedman, who says she is enjoying her work in it immensely.

Mr. Maude, on the other hand, appears to have had a somewhat strenuous time, and some of his strange happenings are recorded in a diary which he sent home to his wife (Winifred Emery), who recently published a portion of it in the Evening News. It has been stated that his part in Peer Gynt, the most spectacular thing the Moroso-Bosworth have ever done, will be his actor's last appearance in moving pictures.

Here are a few extracts from the diary referred to:

Wednesday.

Had to be in the night train at eleven o'clock bound for a weird place called Indio, which is in the desert about 120 miles south of Los Angeles, and which we reached at about five in the morning. There we found buggies awaiting us to take us across the desert, while a blinding sand storm was in progress, to a place called Palm Springs. It is known to be the driest place in the United States, and is a little spot of green, in the desert, where invalids are supposed to get well.

Dressed as a Turk, I was taken to an Arab encampment about seven miles further along. I went in a car over a most appalling road, but out of the awful dust storm, as we were under the shadow of the mountain. How the cars stand the rough travelling I cannot imagine. At last we came in sight of a regular Arab encampment filled with Arabs, Arab women, and dancing girls. Here I was put on an Arab steed and made to enter the camp on it. At my appearance, after careful rehearsal, the Arabs all rushed at me with drawn swords, which was rather embarrassing for the horse and for me, who had not ridden for years.

Friday.

Yesterday I was ready at 8.30, and we were taken about fifteen miles into an isolated place on the mountain side. There I was photographed in all sorts of scenes as young "Peer Gynt," in a blazing sun. Later I had to make up as old Peer and go through all sorts of other scenes. Then again I had to make up as young Peer and roll into a stream, coming up from underneath the water and rushing off into the woods. After getting back to the studio I went through some melodramatic scenes in a very cleverly constructed imitation of a ship's cabin.

Monday.

Made up and went to a lovely place among the hills, and there we did a holiday wedding scene, in which I behaved disgracefully and carried off the bride into the mountains. After that, into the car again, and was taken to another place, where I did an extraordinary scene of putting my mother on the top of her hut and leaving her there. I was very nervous about it, as I had to put her over my shoulder and carry her up a ladder. No joke, I can tell you!
Thursday.
To-day I had to get under the glare of the electric lights to do a death scene with "my mother."
Then came a very strenuous scene in the clouds driving a pair of very realistically faked nude deer up to heaven, in a drench. Of course, this meant a great deal of rehearsing. The lights gave out and different things went wrong, but it was all made bearable by the constant good humour and indefatigable energy of the producer, for whose marvellous powers of organisation I shall always cherish the liveliest feeling of admiration and respect.
I have just come back from a scene at a sort of meagery. I had to dress up as the semi-old Peer and go and do a scene in which I was escaping up a tree from a lion. First of all the lion was let on to the stage and then he wandered about in front of the camera while the camera man in a cage photoed him; such a splendid-looking lion, too.
I had to climb up a tree, and was in a tremendous funk, for the lion was rushing about raging mad to get me. It was nervous work, as I was told that the tree was not quite safe.

Friday.
Dressed in heavy leather trapper's clothes, I was told to get into an Indian canoe, paddle across the stream, and a man would shoot at me and splinter the paddle in my hand.
I objected very strongly in Anglo-Saxon to this, but on the producer explaining to me that the man shooting was a great expert I consented to it. Jolly, wasn't it? The wild and woody with a vengeance! However, it came off all right, the paddle was duly splintered while I was paddling, and the shot splattered the water round me. Then I had to be photographed paddling across the water with my hands whilst an Indian swam out to the canoe with a knife in his teeth.
We had a bloodthirsty battle in the water, and had to sink right down out of sight; after which he had to come up again dead, while I swam rapidly ashore. But the first Indian was short of breath, and, I hear, was funky of my knife, having once before done this sort of scene and having been stabbed by his excited enemy.
So I had to do it all over again with another Indian, who came at me most ferociously, and we had an awful ducking together. I spluttered to the other side, and was dragged out more dead than alive.

Saturday.
I have just had a horrid scene with a pig, on which I was sitting astride with my witch bride. The poor bride was in great fear of the pig, which was an enormously fat one, and made the most hideous row imaginable, grunting and groaning and squeaking, and kicking up no end of a fuss. I too, was very nervous about that pig biting or scratching at me with its back legs. However, here I am back again in my dressing-room quite safe and well.
PIMPLE'S SCRAP OF PAPER

"Well, I'm—dashed!" The expression came from our old friend Pimple after reading a "love-letter" from his landlord informing him that unless the last five years' rent was paid within the next five hours he would take the liberty of taking Pimple's goods and chattels, and get part of his own back as it were.

"What's the matter, Pimpy dear?" inquired his much-better-half.

"What's enough!" he sputtered; "unless we can raise the rent the landlord will raise us—with his boot. Instead of living in this paradise of delight" (their only choice gurgled at the word, although Turkish delight was a thing of the past) "we shall have to adopt the 'simple life.'"

"Boosh!" exclaimed his much-better-half, "no bailiff shall cut out our door with his keys to keep him on the step.

"Rights! wife," answered Pimple, who then began to barricade the door with the goods and chattels coveted by the long-suffering landlord.

These preparations completed, the chee-ild did "sentry-go" armed with a huge pop-gun—a deed of daring much admired by his fond parents.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door and Pimple's courage faded into his socks.

"3-b-b-b-bailiffs!" he stuttered.

Let us hark back to thirty minutes before the said knock and peep at a sad scene in a small room of another house. On the bed lay Pimple's uncle, grizzled, a-bed dying, with his bedside stood a doctor, who, having given up all hope, now prepared to take his departure.

Doctor, before you go I want to ask a favor," grasped the patient. The doctor heeded not until a rustle reached his ears—the crackle of paper money.

He turned swiftly to the bedside, and, with a malicious gleam in his eye, gave the old man with a handful of bank-notes stretched towards him.

"Take these—"

"Thanks," pushed the doctor, seizing the proffered wealth. "To my nephew," continued the old man; "you know where he lives. And before the doctor could reply Pimple's old uncle had kicked the bucket.

The doctor's face was like a wet Bank Holiday, but his conscience was clear thank heaven! as with a light heart and full pocket he made tracks for the nephew's dwelling. Arriving there, the doctor knocked on the door.

This was the knock that fell on the door and frightened the nerves of Pimple. When he had recovered his breath he shouted bravely to his much-better-half, "Take the broom and open the door." Then, having done as commanded, Mrs. Pimple rammed the intruder with the hairy end of her weapon so successfully as to send him sprawling into the gutter. Slamming the door, she returned triumphantly to the protection of her husband, who had been hiding under the table.

But there was no peace for the righteous. The "enemy" returned to the charge, to be repulsed this time by a round of shot from the drawing-room machine-gun, which Pimpy had evolved from old carpet and a roll of oil-cloth.

"Thank goodness, he's done for," exclaimed our hero, as he presented the iron cross an old pair of rusty scissors. But the "enemy" was "up and doing" with a third attack from above.

"He riuds us by Zeppelin," reported the chee-ilid.

"Then let us ascend, and cut off his feet at the base," yelled Pimple. Before they could do so the "enemy" dropped through the skylight and fell into the passage-way. With a rush and tumble a hand-to-hand fight commenced, during which the "enemy" was forced back into the bath where Pimply's much-better-half had filled it with scalding water.

Refusing to drown, the "enemy" once more attacked, and mother and chee-ilid gazed open-mouthed at the fierce battle which ensued. Out of the bathroom along the passage, down the stairs, into the drawing-room rushed the dripping "enemy" and the fury Pimple. After a long and deadly struggle Pimply seized an oilcan and with it buffeted his opponent on the head. He fell like a log at his victor's feet. Then came the chee-ilid's turn. With mighty strength he continued the dastardly work commenced by his father, and pounded the "enemy" with his popgun.

"My sword!" shouted Pimple. His wife brought an old meat-saw and handed it to her lord and master. With a single stroke he was about to sever the head of the "enemy" when—

"What means this villainy?" inquired a raucous voice in the rear.

Pimply turned, his wife turned, the chee-ilid turned, the vanquished turned and all faced a soiled and bawdy individual who had forced his way into the apartment. Three other men also pushed their way in, and Pimply began to shiver in his shoes.

"We're the bailiffs g'u'mor," explained the surly party with one eye.

And I—I—" grumbled the supposed "enemy" the doctor, feeling his neck tenderly, "I am the doctor, who was sent by your late uncle to give you these scraps of paper. He waved the bank-notes before Pimply's startled eyes. "But you shan't have them; oh, no, not after trying to drown me and helped me."

With a smile that turned poor Pimply purple with passion the doctor tore the fivers into shreds.

A short Pimply comedy, to be released on September 9th, Pimply patrons will be highly delighted to see their "one and only" turned into the gutter. This and all Pimply films are being handled by H. A. Brown and Co. of 20a, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

FLUNG TO THE BREEZE.

One day last month there was a big scene at the Metro Pictures new premises in Times Square, New York, when, on a steel cable, strung between the eighteenth floor of the Heidelberg Tower and the nineteenth floor of the Times Building, an American flag, measuring 15ft. in length and 9ft. in width, was unfurled, after a dedicatory speech. This huge flag weighs twenty-six hundred pounds, and was made by a New England coton mill. The flag remained hanging for several days, when it was taken down and shipped to the Metro headquarters at San Francisco. On July 15th it was again unfurled at the Panama-Pacific Exposition by Francis X. Bushman.
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LOOK OUT FOR GENE GAUNTIER'S
FIRST TRANS-ATLANTIC PICTURE!
"The Smuggler's Lass"
12-fil Bison Irish Sea Coast Drama. 2,000 feet. approx. Released Thursday, Sept. 16th.
Miss Gauntier—debut under the Trans-Atlantic banner is made under the most auspicious circumstances. "The Smuggler's Lass" is a wholly magnificent production, containing some of the most exquisite photographic work of any screen output. When this production hits the screens, as, for instance, when Miss Gauntier makes a diving leap of 30 feet from a cliff into a swirling torrent. Another violent bit was from the scene where the smuggler, hidden in a chimney, is smoked out. The see and the play are Iris with all the true Irish beauty and charm pictured faithfully. Miss Gauntier, together with young smugglers with Jack Clark as the smuggler are to be sincerely congratulated on a notable success.

Our Confidential
Guide
Films You Should Make a Point of Seeing.

WIFE WANTED.—Tired of bachelorhood, Andy Fortune advertises for a wife. He receives replies from willing women of every age and colour. One of the envelopes contains a photograph of a girl in a lathing-suit and the challenge: "Find me!" That is all. But it appeals to Andy's sense of romance. He goes to the beach in search of the original of the photograph. His adventures provide continuous amusement in this smart little comedy.

"Flying a Comedy," 390 feet. (August 2.)

THIRTY.—A thrilling romantic story in which journalism plays an important part. Francis X. Bushman plays the lead. Harry Dunsink as Tuffy, a fat reporter, was searched whilst playing in this production. A giant fire-cracker had to explode in the smushery, and did. It was so close to Harry's trousers that it set them ablaze. He dove into the thickest shrub and came out with as many scratches as if he had been tied up in a bag of cats.

"Evening Drama, two Acts" (August 9).

OUTBITED BY THE MAID.—Ordinarily. the maid in the household of a rich man is considered as much importance as a piece of furniture, but in this film the maid is of real service. She falls in love with a man, a murderer unknown to her. The murderer plans an elopement with the innocent girl. How all the craft of the murderer was met by the maid, and the family honered saved, thrill us with the life of a great story.

"Edison Drama, 1,490 feet (August 2.)

MERCIFUL DECEPTION.—A short but powerful plot. Frank loved Lily sincerely, but she preferred his hand-some brother Dan. A few days after the betrothal Lily is struck blind by lightning. Dan has no wish to be saddled with an invalid sweetheart, and selfishly leaves the district. Lily hovers between life and death. Nothing but her lover's return can save her. The heart-broken mother turns to Frank and implores him to impersonate Dan. Even Frank's devotion would have been proof against such deception had he not heard of Dan's accidental death. He therefore consented to impersonate his dead brother, and Lily's life is saved; and later, to save her sense of strength, her sight comes back, and she is informed of the dire necessity for the deception, it is not only with gratitude, but love, that she rewards Frank for his devotion.

"The Mermia" (K. J.) Drama. 1,07 feet (August 1).

THE CURTAIN'S SECRET. Behind the curtain in the picture gallery there was something that tradition said was the genius for good or evil of the crumbling old house of Atherton; a house once great, but almost perished by the storm that seemed to lie in wait for it. when Sir Godfrey discovered that his son, now dead, had married, he searched and found that he had a grandson. For a time the fear of the final extinction of his house passed away. He brought the boy into the family mansion and instructed him in the tradition, and warned him that behind the curtain he must never look. In spite of a desire to look, the boy retained through all the years of his coming to age, and all the while he was skilled and trained in the art of the profession, that had expected to inherit the estate. What the secret was; and how the boy discovered it is shown in this fine dramatic subject, in which Chrisie White and Stewart Rome play leading parts.

"Empire Quality Picture" (coming shortly).

SURELY YOU'LL INSURE.—A typical bomb-dropping episode in one nightmare, with a rude awakening. The agent calls at the manager's office to point out the advantages of his policy to every household in this Zeppelin-seaied street. But the manager isn't having any of it. He sees dreams of a Zeppelin flying across the sky, drops a bomb through the roof of the manager's office, devastating the entire premises. The manager picks himself up and -moves into the street, where the agent waving his policy with flourish gives; but the manager rushes by him. He sees a policeman and starts telling the story of the raid, but the expression changes into the policy-monger. Now all the way along: the most innocent-looking person is liable to change in the twinkling of an eye to the old familiar figure of the bomb insurance agent. The manager is driven mad. During all his trouble a constant rain of bombs from hostile Zeppelins makes life practically impossible. The harassed man is blown to the clouds, where the agent tries to sell him a policy in the Milky Way. A masterpiece of trickery.

"J. J. Martin Film (Darwin's Agency), 90 feet (August 2.)

A VOICE IN THE NIGHT. Rex, a newspaper reporter, is walking near the park. He saw a girl pleading with a masked man to do anything. Their eyes were lifted with terror. A few minutes later a second man got out of a car and embraced the girl; a shot was fired, and the man fell dead. From the bushes Rex watched the other man hide his mask and gun. He took them from his hiding-place. To the sergeant he said: "I'll bind him myself; I'll never forget that voice." One day Rex was present at the police court for a murder case, and as the Judge pronounced the sentence he recognized the voice in the night." An hour later he called on the Judge with proofs of his guilt. Then the Judge told him the story. The girl was his sister: she was happily married until the death of a man came to the house. Scared papers from her husband, who was a Government official, as security for a loan. He coveted the wife and refused to reconcile until the papers were destroyed. "I thought you had your man. Rex lit a cigarette and replied, "I have forgotten the voice." A strong, dramatic subject, splendidly acted.

"Bellevue Drama, 1,900 feet (August 2).

VOTE! VOTE! VOTE! VOTE! VOTE!
For the World's Greatest Picture Players.
WHO WOULD YOU LIKE TO WIN?

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, Also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players; old men, players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they NOW play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST FILM PLAYERS IN ANY COUNTRY (excluding British-born Artistes) write their names in the Coupon below. The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10. All other prizes will go to senders of Coupons in order of merit.

THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners' names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

2. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope at end of contest.

3. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

The Pictures’ FREE VOTING COUPON: WORLD’S CONTEST

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

Female Player

Male Player

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

Female Player

Male Player

Address

Fill up and post to “Contest Editor,” Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.
“CAMERA!” A snapshot of Courtenay Foote (on right) posing before a moving picture camera in a Californian studio. One of Mr. Foote’s recent greatest parts is the double role of the clergyman and the monk in *Hypocrites*, the censor-banned Bosworth film which tells the truth about the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. It is surely the most exquisite classic ever screened to inspire the beholder with reverence for truth.

GOSSIP

THIS is the tenth week of the Voting Contest. There are more weeks to follow, but no necessity to wait for them to carry out the following simple instructions. Go to the pictures. Watch the acting of the players. Take note of their names. Compare their acting with the work of other film artists you have seen. Decide who are the cleverest. Write their names on the voting coupons. Send your coupons to this office now, or after the last coupon has appeared.

Winning Players’ Certificates.

Nicely framed and inscribed, the official Pictures Certificates, permanently recording the votes cast for each, were duly forwarded to the four winning players in our recent British Contest. Stewart Rome has written to say: "Perhaps through the medium of Pictures and The Picturegoer you will in time let me thank my kind supporters for the honour they have done me? Assuredly; and that very soon. I have in fact induced Mr. Rome to contribute a "Just About Myself" article, and this will appear in next week’s issue.

Great Picture on the Way.

Fancy paying twice the price of an average West-end theatre-stall to see a moving picture? I have read a good deal about *The Birth of a Nation*, the wonderful picture made in America which has taken the American public by storm, and seats for which have been sold for as much as five dollars each. It has been stated to be the most ambitious production ever photographed, and naturally it has whetted the appetites of many who handle big films in London. I now learn that Tom E. Davies, of the Western Import Co., Gerrard Street, W., has negotiated in New York for the British rights, and completed arrangements for presenting this monster attraction in London next month.

Another Melodrama Filmed.

As actor and author Herbert Leonard is well known to players in most parts of the world, and many will welcome the fact that he has decided to give the screen-public the benefit of some of his stage successes. The first of his plays to be filmed is, or was, *The Girl of My Heart*, whose charming shadow acquaintance I have had just been making. In addition to the "girl" there are breezy sea-scenes, with bluejackets and battleships, and of course heaps of villainy and love-making, and altogether the famous melodrama, first produced many years ago at the Surrey Theatre, makes a brave, big show. The author, Herbert Leonard, himself plays the hero, his original part on the stage, and the British Empire Films Ltd., attention to which I drew last week, have again produced." Their next picture-play, by the way, will be *The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turning*; but in point of fact the B.E. Films always seem to take the right one.

"Not" a Stage Drama.

A reader asks if *Olds Against*, the Turner film coming shortly, is a stage production. It is not, but it was specially written for the screen, and from what I know about it is an assured success. It contains some fine horse-racing pictures, and a scene of rare dramatic power between a bride and bridegroom at the altar. Florence Turner, you will find, has the sort of part she loves to revel in, and when you have read the full story, which I hope to publish next week, you will all be restful until you have seen it visualised.

Two Four-part Gems.

The Dominion Exclusives Co. never rest on their oars. One good thing after another comes straight across the Atlantic into their hands, the two latest being *Man’s Prosecutor*, a four-part Griffith production, and *Captain McHale*, a four-part Majestic. If you like battle-pictures (that look like battle) and rare feats of horsemanship, and incidentally if you also like Mac Murrah, watch for the latter film. If you like the tense acting of the problem-play—the butterfly husband who turns his good wife and child adrift because he thinks she is faithless—on no account miss *Man’s Prosecutor*, which features Robert Edeson and is one of the best-noted plays of the moment. I am sure you will enjoy the story. It will appear in a later issue.

"Pimple" in Pain.

As we go to press I learn that poor "Pimple" has met with another misfortune. No sooner does he get over an injured leg than some one playing with him in drama shoots him in earnest. It appears that the revolver was accidently fired, and close to "Pimple’s" person that one side of his clothes were blown to rags. For some days the comedian has been in bed, with a scorched side and wondering if blood-poisoning will set in or misfire.

Looking Ahead.

Before the next issue goes to press I hope to sample *The Juggernaut*, described as the Colossus of modern railroad dramas. It is one of the Vitagraph Blue Ribbon Features, and must be regarded as a masterpiece. One scene alone costs £10,000. Anita Stewart, Earle Williams, Julia Swaine, and William Dunn may always be relied upon for powerful acting, and as all these players are in the cast it goes without saying that this coming production is one worth waiting for.

F. D.
Turner Films

"Pictures made for You."

Those of our productions that are to be released within the next few weeks have been hailed as masterpieces and "super-films," alike by the general Press and by the organs of the picture business.

When you have seen them we know you will want more of the same kind.

So we want to let you know, here and now, that we have no "ordinary" films under production. All our subjects are of exceptional interest, and when you see a "Turner Film" announced, you will know that it is worth seeing.

Thomas Hardy, Allen Raine, and "Rita" as authors; Florence Turner in the leading parts, and Larry Trimble as producer, make an irresistible combination.
"To-morrow they are going — ah! that is my surprise.

The day will soon be here, dear, when we will see you.

Pictures! oh! I guessed it! How lovely that will be!"

"So, lasses and lads, let have of dear To the cinema hall away;

The exquisite charms of the cinema are 'Pictures' which drive care away.

"Go and see Charlie Chaplin.

To laugh at his dainty feet,

The people are crowding the house;

Pictures are always a treat.

"Giving to the Pictures, I think I

To pass a pleasant evening, and drive care away too.

The notion is quite splendid, and also by the way..."

Pictures your perusal will repay.

The Prize-Verso winners are: Jessie McPherson, 50, Bell Green, Lower Seddington, Clement Bernard, 23, Parson's Green Terrace, Edinburgh; E. D. Dale, 13, Penfold Street, Maidstone; E. Browning, 81, Clarence St. Bolton.

Award of Merit (six win a prize): Lena Stanley (Barney), Manu Snell (Leightonstone), W. Hockley (Cardiff), E. Atkins (Bilbrook), A. Farley (Upper Norwood), W. Scott (Grayshout, W. Williams (Watford), A. E. Bernard (Attercliffe), G. Turner (Leishman).

A CHARLIE CHAPLIN COMPETITION.

Nearly everything that Charlie does is funny, is it not? Tell me on a postcard what in your opinion is the funniest thing you have ever seen him do upon the screen. To the senders of the two funniest answers we will send book prizes, and Award of Merit will go to those who send the next best, sufficient "Chaplins" should arrive to make a cheerful entertainment for

UNCLE TIM.

My dear Readers — Here I am at Hastings. I don't know how many films I shall take, as the sea is so tempting. I think I shall go walking amongst the cliffs, and it is hard to catch those little boulders unless you dive for them. They are so small you can hardly see them. I hope to do a picture while I am down there. One of them will be called "Pimp'e at Hastings," so look out. If there are not too many girls to take out I expect I shall get it completed. I will write more next week. Yours,

"PIMPLE"

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photo Postcards of Yourself, 1d. Dozen.

From any Travelling Enthusiasts, 6d.

Catalogues and Sample Free.

S. E. HACKETT. Works: Jut Road, Liverpool.

GASLIGHT, BROMIDE, or P.O.P. POST CARDS. 20, 4d.; 100, 1s. 6d. Plates and Papers also Champ. Catalogues and Sample Free.

S. E. HACKETT. Works: Jut Road, Liverpool.

"Bolton" (Hull).—No, we have not sent you any more letters. We have been a great deal occupied with our "Rivals in the Rain". We have had some very interesting letters from London and Manchester, and we are now looking forward to the next letter from Miss Nellie. The "Lister" at Manchester is now printing the "Rivals in the Rain" and we hope to have it published very soon.

"Bolton" (Chester).—Thank you for your letter, we are glad to hear from you.

"Bolton" (Manchester).—We have received your letter and we are glad to hear from you. We are looking forward to the next letter from you.

"Bolton" (Liverpool).—Thank you for your letter, we are glad to hear from you.

"Bolton" (Leeds).—We have received your letter and we are glad to hear from you. We are looking forward to the next letter from you.

"Bolton" (York).—Thank you for your letter, we are glad to hear from you.

"Bolton" (Birmingham).—We have received your letter and we are glad to hear from you. We are looking forward to the next letter from you.

"Bolton" (Bristol).—Thank you for your letter, we are glad to hear from you.

"Bolton" (Nottingham).—We have received your letter and we are glad to hear from you. We are looking forward to the next letter from you.

"Bolton" (Sheffield).—Thank you for your letter, we are glad to hear from you.

"Bolton" (London).—We have received your letter and we are glad to hear from you. We are looking forward to the next letter from you.

"Bolton" (Edinburgh).—Thank you for your letter, we are glad to hear from you.

"Bolton" (Belfast).—We have received your letter and we are glad to hear from you. We are looking forward to the next letter from you.

"Bolton" (Cardiff).—Thank you for your letter, we are glad to hear from you.

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PICTURES AND THE PICTUResTOER

PICTUREGOER

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WEEK ENDING

AUGUST 7, 1915

RAISLEES (Hartford).—&n, we are delighted not to be able to give you the Andrew cast. They really pullists, but it is not our fault.

ACULTIVATION (Hilton).—You ought to be able to print of the autographed portrait of Mary Pickford. I let you subscribe regularly to "P. and E." We are going to become a cinema audience. Out of a hundred, wouldn't players ninety nine times say "yes", but he's a bit of a

PATTERSONS (Gnemulcy).—Cleo Madison plays both parts—Rose and Judith Trine in the "Tre of Hearts" (United).—Address G. M. Anderson, c/o Essanay Film Co., 1,235, Argyle St., Chicago. We have five different signatures of Chas. Chaplin, "Tre of Hearts." Leeville (Manchester).—"The Tre of Hearts" (Trans-Antique)—Rose and Judith Trine, "Turner" and "Sage."—The next number of "P. and E.", 5th Inst. These will be the last two numbers of this paper, as we have finished our season, and therefore cannot supply more. We hope you will continue to write to us.

DICKY BIRD (Tromb).—We have not heard that W. Garwood was in Rothesay (Scotland) in July of last year. Chas. Chaplin played "The D. makes Swell" in the London Company of "The Mumming Birds," and Billitt Ritchie the same part in the travelling Company.

ETHEL (Bradford).—You can vote for the Thanhouser Twins in our contest, but separately, not together. Agree glad to hear from you, Ethel.

CENTRAL HALL (Killery).—Oh yes, we remember you quite well. Thanks for your letter. The correct cast of "The Tre o' Hearts" you'll find written to "Leeville" (Manchester) above.

CHAPLINS (N.Y.).—Accept our sincerest sympathy for the loss of your sold word who has fallen in his country's service after eight months. Best wishes for his future. We have the numbers of "P. and E." to the wounded soldiers. "The Tre of Hearts.

GRACE (Luton).—Thanks for your interesting letter. My word, what a profite you are with your music!

SMILES

A WISE man makes the best of it even if he gets the worst of it.

Time Flies.

He: "Be candid and tell me when you want me to go."
She: "It's a couple of hours too late for that."

Logic.

HeLEN: "Turn down the light, Bob, and then we can talk about love.
Bob: "But, my dear, we will be more in the dark about it than ever.

He Liked Not Water.

VISITOR: "Why do you call the callboy Flume?"
ACTOR: "Because he shrinks from washing.
 Haven't you noticed it?"

Too Honest.

"Why did Blenkins fall in his photo-business?"
"Asked his customers whether they wanted photographs or likenesses,"

A Warm Matter.

"Hang that mat, splintered the holiday-nutmeg, and came home early the other morning. "I wish it were in the lower regions."
"Wish it somewhere else, laddie," replied his comrade, "or you will run across it again."

" Nero "(Walthamstow).—Chas. Chaplin and Billie Ritchie are two different people. Glad you like your price, and that you have given a standing order for "P. and E." to your news-agent so that you get it regularly every week.

"VERY BOSSOME."


"G. L." (Chatham).—The cast of "The Tre o' Hearts" is given to another reader on this page. We supply a postcard album and 100 postcards of film favourite for 7s. 6d, post-free. Perhaps this is what you are referring to. Yes, we have cards of Cleo Madison.

"JEWS HARD "(Wándsworth).—Thanks for yours.

"J'ou" (Folkestone).—No, don't send us photoco- y, John, we have no trie to read them. We have the cast for the part for Charles Chaplin, to Essanay Film Co., 1,235, Argyle Street, Chicago, U.S.A., to write for the pictures, by Elie P. Denin, would be of help to you, price 1s. 2d., post-free.

Axtle." (Blackpool).—We have just a few cancellations left of the Limited Edition, price 7d., post-free, so send for one before it's too late.

"Perry" (Manor Park).—Calm down, Percy, don't let aqua passions rise. We have no postcards of Frearman Teymott or James Edward. We have only one kind of colored card of Ruth Roland now and coloured ones of Loy Cline, Daphne Wayne, and Alice Joyce are out of print. Glad you are such an old reader. Write us again.

"KGOVOR" (Tredegar).—How nice to be able to see the pictures everyday. We wish father owned a private picture house. Here's a riddle for you, "If we are one hundred and one years old, how old would father be?"

"AN OLD HEAD on Young Shoulders."

A Sure Sign.

PRETTY CASHIER: "You might give me a holiday to recruit my health. My beauty is beginning to fade."
MANAGER: "What makes you think so?"
PRETTY CASHIER: "The men are beginning to count their change."

An Amateur.

POLLIE: "He doesn't know anything about the little niceties of paying attention to a girl."
DOLLY: "Why, I saw him tying your shoe-string!"
POLLIE: "He tied it in a double knot, so it couldn't come untied again."

"ELKE." (Wilton, Ind.)—Two bound volumes No. IV, VI and VIII have been published since Picturers and The Picturegoer were last annotated, and they make rip-roaring gift books, price $1.95 each, post-free from Pictures Office, 11, Adam St., Brooklyn, Long. Another volume (VII) will be ready in a couple of months. Thanks for "best and original.""

"Jocks" (Southam).—Yes, we agree with you, Mabel Normand and Fay Tincher always look "sporting" when they tie their roses, they turned our office into a garden of roses.

"KRAUT CLOTH" (Somewhere in France).—How interesting to find a page of Pictures in the hands of an Indian? I wonder if he could read it. Did he look happy?

"ATV." (Welden).—Ats Nielsen played for a Danish Company, but we have heard nothing of her since the War began. We have postcards (touched only) of her, price two each. The Postcard M. Barry will send you, on application, a complete list of cards in stock.

"Jockes" (Hammersmith).—If your friends advise you not to attempt to earn a living as a player, follow their advice—they know better than we do. As you are in a good situation, stick to it.

D. B. and P. S. II. (Birmingham).—Address the Famous Players Co., 213, West 26th street, N. Y. Write for our address, the theatre has a good little boys.

* * * Many replies are unimaginably held over.

EDITORIAL MATTERS


SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

British.
United Kingdom and Abroad.—s. d.
One Year (postage)... 6 6
Six Months ... 3 3
Three Months ... 1 8


He Knew the Breed.

"You had better crave manners than money," said a kнут to a poor old regar who had craved alms.

"I asked for something, I thought you 'ad most of," was the reply.

A Doubtful Compliment.

MISS GUSHER: "Did you paint that scenery, Mr. Phlippt?"
MR. P.: "Yes; don't you like it?"
MISS G.: "Yes, I like it; but what is it? I should love to know."

A Pair of Them.

AN OLD PRODUCER (to a new super): "Why didn't you do as I told you?"
ONE YEAR (to the same): "Well, I've been trying to get you to know yourself, muttered the super, defiantly.

Only One Left.

SUPER (after having a leg broken in a comedy film): "I want to claim $500 for this broken leg.
PRODUCER: "Absurd, my man. I'm no millionaire.
SUPER: "No? And I'm no blooming centepede either."

Cutting It Short.

A SENTINEL (on guard at the Front): "Halt, who goes there?"
"Friend."
"Who are you?"
"P. P. O. C. L."
"Never mind your alphabetical. Who the blazes are you?"
GLAD EYES AND EYE-SES.

A  n—ice pastime for Eddie Lyons and Victoria Forde, two of the N-tor trio of Trans-Atlantic Comedians.
pictures and the picturegoer

picture news and notes

title of a coming eclair film: The Long Shift. Is it censor-made?

there are 88,930 separate pictures in saltalbo, the g Cecil Gaumont exclusive.

* * *

some ladders of fame are longer to climb than others. a film censor, for instance, has to pass millions of feet.

* * *

a writer in a weekly paper says, "we now have music in all the cinemas." so glad to know this. we have often wondered what the noise was.

* * *

Annette Kellerman is to appear in a "fox" picture, directed by herbert brenon, maker of Neptune's Daughter, in which Annette looks so lovely.

* * *

A film-actor, now a trooper, read at a recruiting meeting a scenario he had written; probably he wished to prove that there are worse things than war.

* * *

we promised our readers the story of the Turner film Odds Against in this issue, but as the release date has been postponed, we are holding over the story for a bit.

* * *

Ferd Sterling, the keystone comedian, was a cartoonist before entering the screen world, and still uses his pencil in spare time. many of his drawings have been published.

* * *

Tom moore, it is stated, has just left Kalem after a four years' connection. Tom is the husband of Alice joyce and brother-in-law to Mary pickford, whose husband is owen moore.

* * *

Out California way the ticket-selling problem has been solved by turnstiles. Patrons declare they like being "turned in" better than waiting turn at a pay-box. But even the best are "turned out."

* * *

Mack Sennett, Managing Director of keystone, was offered a fabulous price for his cup-winning airedale dog, but refused to part with it. the dog may often be seen sitting beside its master in his racing car—and the faster the machine goes the better the airedale likes it. mack should buy an acroplane for himself and his airedale (dog).

* * *

the irony of fate.

poor elmer booth, the comic comedian of the new york moving picture company, will never again make laughter. whilst driving a private car the other day he crashed into a public one and was killed instantly. director Browning and george Serg- man, who were in the car with him, were pinned in the wreckage and injured.

the l. s. d. of a picture.

It is roughly estimated that the new "flying 'A'" serial, A Diamond from the Sky, which features lottie pickford, will cost £200,000 to produce. the author received £2,900, and another £2,500 awaits the person who writes a fitting sequel to this wonderful story. Added to this outlay there are the tremendous salaries of the all-star cast, besides the cost of elaborate settings, dressing, travelling, and scenery.

the movie maniac.

there are all sorts of mad people. according to advice to hand, the latest is a gentleman who declares he is "King of the Movies." it would not have mattered a brass button, only he insisted upon "dogging" the footsteps of Mabel Normand about the streets of Santa Monica. one day, after following her with more than usual zest, she had him buried out of the studio grounds. a policeman picked him up. with other Californian loonies, the "monarch" is now in the asylum.

a Seven-fold Enemy.

In the Fighting Kid, a Mina film, jerry, the principal character, attempts to escape the fury of a bully when he suddenly sees the said bully transformed before his eyes from one person into seven. in other words, there are seven bullies all threatening dire happenings to his victim. as it is the sort of vision we imagine one gets when suffering from D.T.'s we will relieve the feelings of any readers who see the film by stating that it is really only a startling illusionary effect obtained by many photographic exposures of the one character on the same film.

how film actors rehearse: no. 7. the shipwreck.

Fortunes in Films.

This is emphasised by the success of Thomas H. Ince, the American cinema prince, whose income has been placed at £15,000 a year, and it may be some encouragement to aspiring photo-play writers, says the Daily Bita, to learn that 90 per cent. of the scenarios, save those adapted from stage plays, are the work of men and women who never wrote a spoken play in their lives. one of the most remarkable cases was that of Ida Damon, who won a £2,000 prize in a contest by providing the last situation in the serial The Million Dollar Mystery. Miss Damon never took a line for publication in her life, and at the time she received a cheque for £2,000 was a stenographer.

how did you feel?

A QUESTION often put to screen stars is "how did you feel when you first saw yourself on the screen?" Usually the feelings are much the same, though experienced by widened-off families. at the motion studio each week the new pictures are shown to all the players. the terror of a first night on the stage—which many players of much experience never overcome—is sometimes actually felt. the first seeing of a picture in which the player figures. Mabel Trunnelle and viola dana shrink down in their seats as they try to hide themselves while their pictures are running, and come out of the ordeal perspiring.

free shoes for poor patrons.

The proprietor of an American cinema recently gave away two hundred pairs of shoes to poor people in the neighbourhood of his theatre. he seized an opportunity to buy the entire stock of a shoe store that was going out of business. for two weeks he advertised that the shoes would be given free to any poor people needing them. in many instances he fitted out entire families. At the exhibition, forced to endure the humiliation of ill-shod feet while attending school, had a chance to thank him for a good deed that meant more to them than a piece of outing ever. "God (the exhibitor) has established a city-wide reputation for aiding the poor. Every summer he gives outings for the kiddies, and every Christmas, Thanksgiving, and Fourth of July he has had benefit nights that have given him a place of honour in the hearts of the people.

German War Films.

There are three scenes in Galicia of a support—other than fighting—of the troops that might pass as a realistic dream of Dante's Inferno. He passes over a bleak and lonely plain, with reaches of barren mud, few trees, and those broken and decaying. now and then a thatched cottage rises up seemingly out of the ground, and the outpost sentry reports as from his tomb, where he has buried himself to escape burial. Not one whit less like the Inferno is a picture of a French forest in which a hidden regiment had been shelled out. one would think no hurricane could work that peculiar, shattering kind of destruction.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. JOLLY JACK TARS enjoy themselves while awaiting the German Fleet

2. "POSTWOMEN," taking the place of men, lift larder, in the London district.

3. WOMEN'S WORK IN ARTILLERY: Fixing the bullets in cartridges.

4. "A cartridge made by a wife may save a husband's life."

5. LLOYD GEORGE THE PEACEMAKER: With Arthur Henderson and Walter Russell he leaves the Conference Hall at Cardiff.

6. "Since we were forced to draw the sword, we will not sheathe it until we have avenged our dead."—President Poincaré.

7. COMPOSER OF "La Marseillaise": The ashes of Rouget de Lisle transferred to the Invalides beside Napoleon's tomb.
"YES, everything seems to be in perfect order."

Helen Alving raised her eyes from the papers before her to smile at Manders, the Pastor of the parish.

"I read the Orphanage," she repeated, critically. "I really think the title of Captain is, as you suggest, much more suitable than using my late husband's Court title of Chamberlain."

That is precisely what I thought," replied Manders, courteously, "Hence my reason for using it. And now that we have succeeded in definitely investing all your late husband's fortune in this work, I trust that in the future you will be more contented and happy."

"I'm sure I shall be," returned Mrs. Alving, smiling. "For long before his father's death I made up my mind over and again that Oswald, my son, should never touch a penny of his father's money, determining that he should depend solely upon my own to supply all his needs."

For a moment Manders remained silent. "I quite understand your feelings upon the matter," he answered. "And I feel sure that you have done the right thing under the circumstances, especially after the terrible and haunting memories of the past."

"The past," echoed Helen huskily. "The memory of it lives ever with me."

"Even you do not know all. Do you remember the night of the fete, Manders—the night the family physician forbade Alving to continue his life of pleasure owing to the injurious effects it was having upon his undermined constitution? That must be more than twenty years ago, and yet it seems only yesterday."

"Would to heaven you had never married!" cried the Pastor, passionately, covering his face with his hands. "You are quite right, my friend," continued Helen, dreamily. "If only I had heeded the warning of that wise and noble doctor! But, alas! it was not to be. I did not care a jot for warnings, Manders; I married him because I loved him, utterly regardless of what the future consequences might be. It was upon the home-coming after our honeymoon that the dread scourge which blasted both our lives first manifested symptoms of its presence; for one evening, after we had had our supper, I caught my husband and the maid Johann drinking and embracing together. From this point things grew steadily worse. Drunken

frenzies became almost daily affairs, and after the birth of little Oswald I came to you and sought your advice. You told me to go back, do my sacred duty to my husband, and bear my burden to the bitter end."

"Manders groaned."

"As Oswald grew older he began, as children will, to ask questions about his father, and, accidentally discovering the latter one day making the child both drink and smoke, I immediately despatched the baby, at the age of seven, to a school abroad, thus preventing the evil influence of his father—now a hopeless dipsomaniac—from further affecting him. Two years later his father died. By a strange coincidence, about the same time as my husband's death Johanna, who had since married, also died; and begging of me to take charge of her little child, in order to prevent it falling into the hands of a brutal father, I at once agreed to do so. She is the girl Regina, whom, as you know, is my companion in the house here."

"Now you can understand, Mr. Manders, why I refuse to allow Oswald to benefit in any way from his father's will. I fear that the curse, the scourge, the hereditary taint might go with it, and so destroy my beloved son, as it did his degraded father?"

"You have indeed done right, Mrs. Alving," declared Manders, resolutely. "You have Oswald home on holiday, by the way, have you not?" he asked, quickly. "Your happiness is overdue."

"Yes. He came home some few days ago," replied the mother, fondly. "A man of four-and-twenty, and not the boy of nine as you remember him. But for some reason or other he does not seem himself. The continual rainy weather and gloom of this Norwegian country depress him. He is always talking of some forbidding evil about to overtake him."

"Been overworking perhaps," suggested the Pastor, sympathetically; "for I see his last picture has been hung at the Luxembourg Exhibition—truly a great honour for an artist," he added, rising and reaching his hat.

"I trust so, sincerely," echoed Helen, nobly. "But he will be back again."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Alving," broke in Manders, but I will see him later. I have some urgent calls to make. About the orphanage," he continued, "I will see that everything is done to open it as soon as possible. You may depend upon that."

And Manders went off hurriedly.

"The rain! the rain; the everlasting rain!" cried Oswald a few days later, as he summoned his mother's apartment. "Will it never cease and allow me to do some work?"

"Of course it will, darling," replied his mother, cheerfully. "If only you will have patience and wait a little longer. It is always wet at this time of the year in Norway."

Oswald did not deign to reply. Staring out of the window at the end of the room nearest the window, he stared dismally out at the half-obscured fjord landscape, and watched the steady drizzle of rain.

"Mother, he at last exclaimed, looking round into the room, "I have something very important I want to say to you—something that has been worrying me considerably for several days."

Helen put down the book she was reading, and looked anxiously across at her son.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, gently. "You know your mother is always ready to do all in her power to make you happy."
"That's just it," she replied, nervously. "I really don't know. Sometimes I—"
"You are not ill, Oswald, are you?" queried Helen, alarmed at the strangeness of his manner.
"No, no,—it's not exactly that," he interrupted, impatiently. "I can't tell you exactly what it is. Mother, my mind has given way under this terrible strain, and has gone all to pieces. I shall never be able to work again." And, burying his face in his hands, he sobbed as though his heart would break.

Helen ran towards him and tenderly put her arms about his neck.

"Oswald—Oswald! my boy, my boy!" she cried, frantically. "Don't give way to your dreaming. Oswald, it is—I your mother! Tell me how this terrible thing has all come about.

"I don't know a bit," he sobbed brokenly. "For all the year I have been in Paris, I have never indulged in anything but a strictly moderate life. Yet upon the eve of the hanging of my picture at the Luxembourg I was seized with the most terrible pains at the back of my head and neck, followed immediately by a severe fainting attack. . . . As these attacks became more frequent I grew alarmed. I consulted a famous Paris physician, and from him I learned the truth."

"Yes, yes, my son. Go on."

"He made me describe my symptoms, and asked me strings of extraordinary questions about my parents and family; and finally informing me that I had had the 'canker of disease' in my blood from birth, diagnosed my malady as hereditary epilepsy."

"My boy! my boy!"

"The sins of the fathers, he said, had visited the children. My father had been the cause of my misfortune. I at once showed him your letters, mother," went on Oswald rapidly, "showing him proofs of the blameless life my father had led. After reading them he apologised, and, admitting his mistake, he declared the only explanation possible was that I had lived too gay a life with my companions in Paris: and had thus overrun my strength and broken up my constitution. So it was that I learned the truth. Oh, if only it had been hereditary I wouldn't have cared! But to have brought it on myself—it is horrible, horrible! There is nothing now left before me, mother, mere, but a life of hideous nightmare."

"My boy, my boy!" cried Helen, wildly. "You must not talk like that. Why, you have life and youth before you; things are by no means as hopeless as you think."

"There is only one thing open to me, mother—one person who alone can bring about my salvation."

"And who is —?"

"Regina! Don't start, dear mother. I have loved her from the moment I first saw her in this house: and, struggle as I will, I cannot suppress the burning desire to possess her, mother. Will you help me to fulfil my object?"

Helen began to see only too vividly the cursed taint of destruction that had been infused into her son's being at birth. Realising that she was now fighting ghosts from the dark and terrible past, she at once complied with his request, trusting to Divine Providence as she did so to work and bring about her beloved son's salvation.

Regina readily agreed to the proposal, and arrangements for the wedding were immediately put in hand. Upon the appointed day the church was packed to overflowing. The bride and bridegroom had taken their places upon the steps of the altar when a sudden commotion took place at the back of the church, and before the Pastor could continue the ceremony, the gaunt and familiar figure of the old family physician came rushing down the aisle.

"Stop this wedding," he shouted, fearlessly. "I command you to stop."

Without delay he led the bridal party into an ante-room near by, away from the general crowd, and, closing the door, handed Oswald a scrap of paper.

"That paper I took from the dead body of Johanna—this girl's mother," he cried; "and I would have kept it secret for ever had it not been for this marriage today. Thank God, I was just in time."

As Oswald read the contents the paper fluttered from his nerveless grasp to the floor. Clutching his throat with his hands, he leaned against the table for support; then, with a terrible cry of anguish, he rushed headlong from the building.

Mechanically Helen picked up the fallen paper, and as she read the message thereon a great icy hand crept over her heart.

"Captain Alving is the father of my child Regina," it ran; "Signed, Johanna."

At last she knew the appalling truth. The ghosts of the past had once more

HIS TORTURED SOUL HAD LEFT ITS TAINTED SEPULCHRE.

The ghost of the past had conquered for all time.
played and won. The last hope of her son's salvation had passed away forever.

Upon reaching home Oswald fled straight to Court attire. For some moments he gazed strangely at the face on the canvas; then, overcome by the terror his heart as magnificently played he smushed the picture into pieces.

As he did so a curious crimson glow illuminated the room.

"The curses of hell upon you!" he cried. The unknown frenzy which possessed him, he ran to the window and pulled aside the curtains.

With a scream of hysterical laughter, he beheld the blazing scene below. His father's memorial—The Orphanage—was enveloped in flames before his very eyes.

"The buildings! The buildings!" shrieked his mother, distractedly, as she dashed into the room. They are burning, Oswald, they are burning! What can be done to save them?"

"By the gods, let them burn!" he shouted wildly, midst pangs of senseless laughter. They are burning! I am burning! Everything is burning!" he screamed, and, with a choking cry, he fell senseless to the floor.

From this last attack Oswald never properly recovered. During the days that followed he sat stupidly staring in front of him and drinking in turn, and no member of the household, with the exception of his mother, had the courage even to approach him.

"Give me light! give me light!" he cackled, hoarsely, one morning; "I want light and sunshine—not this cursed rain," he mumbled.

"See, Oswald, the sun is shining this morning, answered his mother; "the rain has ceased."

"Give me the sun, then, give me the sun," he whined, madly, "I want the sun, I tell you. Do you hear me?"

He had waited to hear no more. Leaving him insanely waving his fingers through the air in his attempt to catch the sunbeams, she hurried away to find Manners and the family doctor, convinced firmly in her own mind that her son had at last gone mad. Upon her return, however, her fears were speedily allayed. Oswald—paralysed though he had been—had taken poison.

The sight of hieroglyphic body and staring eyes told her all.

His tortured soul had left its tainted sepulchre.

The ghost of the past had conquered for all time.

This film-drama, adapted by Russell E. Smith from Henrik Ibsen's Ghosts, is without doubt one of the greatest social reformers upon the screen to-day. A gripping and enthral-ling story, it is produced by a powerful company of artists, featuring Henry B. Walthall in the dual role of Alving and his son Oswald. Strong and admirable as his acting has been in the many dramas and Griffith subjects in which he has been starred, Mr. Walthall perhaps never has measured up to the full height of his ability until now. The creation of Ibsen's ominous figure—the father passing into the son and the son reverting at times into the father—is the most skilful work which he has ever done for the screen.

Mary Alden as Helen; Nigel Devalier as Mauders; Loretta Blake as Regina; and Al. W. Filson as the Physician are all splendid. The production is a four-reel Exclusive controlled by the Dominion Exclusive Company, and is to be released on August 16th, 1915.

**HOW IS IT DONE?**

This Article Does Not Tell You.

WHY draw aside the curtain and lay bare the mechanics which make Filmland an enchanted place? Why desert the land of fount fancy for the drear present? The marionettes dance for the delight of all, but we know someone is behind the miniature stage, pulling the strings. Punch and Judy perform, but we appreciate, to our keen regret, that there is some individual manipulating their movements. And so it goes—illusions spoiled by the knowledge that all is not gold that glitters.

There are many and varied effects, says Wm. Lord Wright in The Motion Picture Magazine, that are being utilised in motion picture production, which add to the realism and the originality of the screen-plays. For example, the lonely bachelor dreams of his boyhood days; and we see his vision then and there depicted on the screen. There "fades in" the vision of the barefoot boy of long ago by the old mill stream; of the parents welcoming the wretched home from school; and then the visions again dissolve to the lonely bachelor sitting by his fireside.

Young men shall dream dreams, and old men shall see visions—why dispel the illusions created by Filmland's magic? A man walks up the side of a house; a "chase" scene is shown in which all participants run at a speed that is impossible in real life; a ghost appears and disappears, seemingly out of thin air; fairy stores are real-for-sure fairy stories in the motion picture plays. By the mere waving of a wand, genie appear, and they perform all sorts of seemingly impossible undertakings.

How is it all-accomplished? That is a question repeatedly asked of the producers of motion pictures. The questions are seldom given the details of how the effects are obtained. It is all in the camera; there are tricks in every trade—but nothing can be made to perform more magically than the motion picture camera.

The reason that information as to the manner in which tricks-effects are obtained should be refused, is that such knowledge would spoil much of the pleasure of the motion pictures. It would spoil the illusions, and lay bare trade mechanics, to the detriment of artistic atmosphere.

That is the principal reason why the question, "How is it done?" should not be answered. The Pandora's box in Filmland has already been opened too widely. Permit the illusions, at least, to remain behind.

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**FASHIONS ON THE FILM**

*The latest from Paris as shown in* "*Poth's Animated Gazette*".

**1. Small hats threaten to hold their own for some time to come. This is a smart white moire silk toque, with just one white quilt for trimming.**

**2. A superb evening wrap of heavy blue satin with a wide collar of expensive white fox. This picture also shows one of the latest "coiffures." The hair is still to be dressed high.**

**3. Three smart walking coats. The centre one is of powder-blue face cloth, exquisitely tailored and finished, with a high collar. The one on the left is of black taffetas, worn with a large white taffetas collar. The one on the right is for heavier wear, and is of black and white check frieze. It will be noticed that the military effect dominates throughout.**
JUST ABOUT MYSELF
BY STEWART ROME

As all our readers are aware, Stewart Rome, the
famous American actor, was one of the winners,
and deservedly so, in our recent Greatest British
Players Contest, Mr. Rome receiving 133,470
votes, or more votes than any other male player
in the contest.

I feel what I write does not prove to be inter-
esting, please blame the Editor of Pictures
for it was he who asked me to write paragraphs
about myself.

I started, let me see, yes—learning to be a
civil engineer. Although I managed to pass
twelve examinations, I must confess I thought
far more of an amateur dramatic society to
which I belonged than fagging up "Stress and
Strains." I stuck to it, however, for four years,
until one day, while on holiday, a man asked me
for a match. Nothing unusual in that? Quite
so. But this man and I became
fast friends before my holiday came to
an end, and it was this same friend who
introduced me to the stage.

I started first of all as a chorister in
a musical comedy. Then, after touring
the most out-of-the-way places in drama,
playing small parts, I went out to play
H. B. Irving's part in "Leaves from,
that engagement I played the leading
roles in "The Eternal City," "The Octoroo,"
and "Cripple Creek."

I then joined Hugh J. Ward, an
American actor, and toured India,
Burma, the Orient, and Australasia in
his comedy company. We had a repertory
of seventeen plays. So you can
guess we had plenty of study; but it
was a grand tour.

Returning to England, things went
quite smoothly, until my engagement
at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, where
I played lead in a different play every
week, which meant rehearsing prac-
tically all day. The work proved too
much for me, and a nervous breakdown
compelled me to give up the stage.

Roughing It "Down Under."

I sailed again to Australia, travelling
steerage, as I knew I should want what
money I had in my new venture—farming.
I shall never forget that voyage. We
were seven hundred alone on the ship.
I had never roughed it in my life before;
but I made up for it then with a venge-
ance. A certain page has, I believe,
since exposed these "unprotected passenger
boats." Had an epidemic broken out, I
don't know what would have happened.
I remember one man went mad in the
Red Sea and jumped overboard.

Well, my farming venture proved a
failure, and I lost all my little savings.
Never having had any business experi-
ence, I found it hopeless trying to find
employment that way, so began to try
and make my mark in the theatre.

I got a job as a labourer in Perth, Western
Australia. I assure you the first week
was anything but pleasant. My hands
were blistered, and my limbs were ter-
ribly sore. I soon got hardened to it,
however, in spite of the intense heat of
an Australian summer.

Four Weeks of "Waiting."

I stuck to this job for nine months,
and then became a waiter, or rather, I
should say, an apology for one. It
happened to be Race Week in Perth
—the event of the year. All the squatters
and their families come down from
the Bush and crowd into the hotels. Waiters
are then at a premium—that's how I
came to get the job! It would take too
long to tell you of my waiter experi-
ences; it's not so easy as you may ima-
agine. I mixed my orders up very badly.
If a lady ordered "so and so," she would
more often than not get something
quite different. The first week I made
10 shillings in tips, the second brought
employed in Great Britain. In this interesting
article, written by himself, Mr. Rome relates
how he "roughed it" in various parts of the world
before he finally settled down at Walton to
become "the man in the picture."—EDITOR.

another ton, the third seven, and the fourth
—the sack.

I then next heard of a job on a station (farm)
in the Bush, so up I went with another man.
We had to train 200 miles. We were met at the
station by the farmer, and he had another drive
of twenty miles through sunburned riding
tracks. Bush. When we arrived the farmer showed us horses that had fallen
ill. My instructions were to keep the horse on the move, and no account
to let it fall down, which the poor thing
continued to do. I walked it
around the whole afternoon on the end of
either a halter, but it stubbornly refused
to die, although I felt like doing so myself.

—And One Day in the Bush.

At sundown I met all the other farm-
hands, and from what I learnt from
them I came to the conclusion that the
life would not suit me. That night,
when everybody was asleep, I rolled up
my kit, woke my friend up, and told
him I was off. I think he thought me
mad, and said I should get huddled. I
told him I didn't care so long as I
got out of that wilderness. Seeing he didn't
like the idea of a twenty-mile walk I set
out alone.

With the help sometimes of matches
I managed to follow the tracks of the
horses that had conveyed us in the

PULP SMITH AND THE PICTUREGOER

WEK EODDING
AUGUST 14, 1915
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PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

JUST MYSELF!

I got a job as a labourer in Perth, Western
Australia. I assure you the first week
was anything but pleasant. My hands
were blistered, and my limbs were ter-
rribly sore. I soon got hardened to it,
however, in spite of the intense heat of
an Australian summer.
morning. I arrived at a railway station and had a good sleep until the goldfields train came in and took me back to Perth.

Tired of the West, I went round to Sydney with the intention of working my way home. No sooner did a boat arrive for England than I was on it seeking a job, but there were too many at the same game. I got the promise of a job, however, after a fortnight of hanging about the Sydney Docks, but I never took advantage of it. I met a friend I had made on my previous theatrical tour, and he advised me to go back to the stage, with the result that I did and stayed out there another year, making up, I must confess, for the trying times I had experienced. And yet now I never regret them, for they did me good. I became acquainted with a side of life I never knew existed. I worked side by side with the roughest of men, who nevertheless were at heart white men, and showed me on more than one occasion the splendid mettle of which they were made.

My Entry into Pictures.
When I finally got back to England I one day came down to Walton— and the Hepworth studios. In time Alec Wor- cester, who had made such a splendid reputation here, left the country to go abroad. To follow such a man was no easy matter, especially when one did not possess the abilities of his predecessor. I have, however, during the past two years that I have been here done what I could to fill up the breach, and I take this opportunity of thanking you, my unknown friends, the readers of Pictures, for the splendid encouragement you have given me by placing me in such an honourable position in the Pictures British Voting Contest.

Before I close “Just About Myself” I would like to mention just two others, for without their help I should probably never have been seen on the screen at all. They are Cecil Hepworth and Frank Wilson. Kindly, they have shown me some of my many faults, and patiently they have helped me along through one film after another, and it is chiefly to their untiring efforts that I owe whatever success I may have made in the world of pictures.

Now you have my history, such as it is. If it should interest, then it has served its purpose, and in return I ask nothing better than that I may long have the honour of pleasing you all with the results of my labour.

Dark Cloud, the famous Indian actor, until recently firmly held to the belief that one screen-player in the family was enough. However, after some persuasion, he permitted his wife, Dove Ewe, and his daughter, Prairie Flower, an exceptionally beautiful child, to appear before the camera. The three are prominently cast in The Arrow Maidan, a powerful Indian play, produced by Reliance.
"Mr. Milburn Warren!"

At the sound of the butler's voice Andrew Meredith and his beautiful daughter sprang to their feet to greet the young criminal investigator.

"You have succeeded?" the millionaire asked eagerly.

"Oh, yes," Warren answered, lightly, "but it wasn't an easy job, sir. However, with the aid of a lad who had fallen on evil times and had from sheer want joined the gang on the trail, and which had provided many a column for the newspapers before its sensational disappearance had set the hemisphere on fire. "Take more care of it in the future," Warren continued, "that the mere existence of such a toy—or call it what you like—is an incentive to crime."

Meredith laughed. "Oh, I'll see to that," he answered; "apart from its value it is unique, and I would not lose it again for a king's ransom. It was given me in India by the Maharajah of Baranpore. "As a matter of fact it was its highness was more than a little interested, he added abruptly, "that I made some little service to the to render him an excuse for the gift. What was the old story he told us, dear?"

"That goes, " the beautiful girl answered, although she still refused to meet her visitor's gaze, "that it was not as the jewel remains in the possession of its owner, he or she will be lucky and bring luck to those they love."

"A beautiful idea," Warren said softly. "Pray heaven it will have more truth in it than most of these Oriental myths."

"What steps are you going to take to guard your treasure in the future, sir," he added abruptly.

The millionaire laughed knowingly; then crossing the room pressed a button in the wall.

"A slight click, and the invisible Old Master swung back, disclose a small safe, that was a veritable triumph of the locksmith's art."

"There you are, my boy," he exclaimed, rubbing his hands. "I think that will keep the Butterfly safe."

But 'Warren only shook his head, "Very clever, sir," he said, and might deceive an ordinary sneak-thief, or even a mediocre crook, but the Napoleon of crime was up to all tricks."

"Then the man who breaks into that will have the surprise of his life. Within Butterfly the thief will be safely jailed." "How?" Warren's usually placid voice was harsh, as though he resented such optimism from one who knew nothing about the ways of crime."

"Strange to another portion of the room, the millionaire pointed to a picture high up on the wall. "Do you notice anything peculiar in that Velasquez?"

"Only that it is an inferior forgery!" Meredith laughed. "Halbin: so you're an art critic as well as a detective, Warren?"

"Look at the eyes, man! That picture, spurious though it be, serves to conceal a camera, and the best money could buy—the eyes cover the lenses. . . . The moment the safe is touched—an electric current puts the photographic apparatus into action, the picture of the thief is registered, and it only remains for you to place the handcuffs on the ruffian's wrists."

"Now, you've had enough of work for the present, and if Bernice will go into the drawing-room we'll follow presently and see if we can't persuade her to give us some music."

"With a lightning glance at the detective, who seemed to have changed colour at her father's words, the beautiful girl swept from the room. Then the millionaire turned once more to the man who had wrested the Crystal Butterfly from the hands of the despilers."

"Now, Warren," he said, briskly, "there is one thing we have not touched on yet—your reward. Don't speak hastily, man—the ornament is priceless, and even if I should ever fall on bad times, its value makes the future of my darling safe. . . Name what you like."

Slowly Warren drew himself up, then, stooping over the man whose word was law in Wall Street, whispered his answer.

"What?" Meredith sprang up angrily, but the other's grey eyes met his unblinkingly, and, with a husky laugh, he sunk back into his chair.

"You took my breath away for a moment. . . But there, Andrew Meredith never went back upon his word—it shall be as you wish."

"Alone in the great, dimly lighted drawing-room Bernice sat fingering the ivory keyboard, scarcely conscious of the soft notes that filled the room; then with a sudden start she sprang to her feet to look into Milburn Warren's grave eyes.

"The gods are good to us, my dearest," he said softly, as he drew her mistressing form into his strong arms. "He has given his consent, and it only rests with you to name the day and make me the happiest man alive."

In a small cellar two men sat talking at a bottle-littered table.

"Curse this man Warren!" one of them exclaimed with a volley of oaths. "Everything turned out as we hoped and planned. . . . The jewel was ours, and in a few hours would have been on its way to the Continent; in a few weeks' time we should have been rich for life—then this infernal spy must needs put his meddling nose into the matter—arrest the chief, and put 'Paid' to the work of months. . . . "Hush!"

With an exclamation of alarm the other sprang up and ran to the heavily barred door; then, as it swung open to admit a man in the garb of a highly placed servant, he slipped the ready
"gun" back into his pocket and returned to his companion.

"It's only Jim," he said. "What good he can do here now, Lord knows!"

"Pack up, Stoner!" Andrew Meredith's pseudo-butter snarled. "You can bet your bottom dollar I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for a good purpose. . . .

The old man's got his Butterfly again!

"Yes, I'm Northern 3,709—Milburn Warren," he said, in answer to the voice which came to him over the wires. "Why Bernie, this is nothing, whatever the matter?—What! . . . Great Scott! I'll order up the car, and be round at once. . . . Hastily hanging up the receiver, he rang for his valet, then strode down and down the room, a troubled look upon his face.

"Strange," he muttered, "and I'd have staked my reputation that the only man with brains enough to engineer this business was safely under lock and key."

A few minutes swiftly give brought him to the millionaire's house where he found Andrew Meredith almost on the ground, and roused. "Pull yourself together, sir," he said, sternly, "and tell me all you know."

"How can I know anything, the money magnum snatched. Not an hour ago, we were awakened by the telephone-bells, and on coming down found my secret safe opened and the Crystal Butterfly gone again."

Warren strode to the safe and, without further words, opened it. Then, with a mighty effort, he took out the powerful magnifying-glass. "Un!" he exclaimed, "plenty of finger-marks this time. . . . Now, how's that camera of your work's?"

With Meredith's permission, he sprang upon a chair and, pushing back the picture, took down the apparatus which they hoped contained a silent and reliable witness.

"Now, if you'll excuse me," he said. "I'll run off and develop the plate. I also want to trace these finger-prints."

Hastily leaving the house, here-entered his car and, unconscious of the dark figure that watched him from the pavement, drove away at a rapid rate.

In a couple of hours he returned, and the hearts of his sweetheart and her father sank as they looked into his troubled face.

"Something is wrong; what is it?"

"Something," the criminologist answered, harshly; "Everything is wrong, sir." He thrust a newly-finished photograph before his host's eyes. "Do you know that man?"

"I've never seen him in my life!"

"Well, that is Arnold Blaine—the man whom I arrested for the original theft of the Butterfly—and the Chief of Police assures me that Arnold Blaine has never left his cell!"

But the finger-prints—experts say the Berillon method cannot lie!

With a weary gesture Warren slung himself into a chair. "No," he said, "but the finger-prints have been traced, and they are those of Arnold Blaine!"

The first streams of dawn were just showing in the sky when the criminologist left his future and her father and drove away. . . . For some minutes he struggled with the problem that confronted him. Then Nature asserted itself, and his tired eyes closed. . . .

He could not have slept for long before, with a sudden premonition of impending danger, he became wide awake once more, and sprung to his feet. He felt a cold rush of air as he swung round, and struck wildly at a dim figure that had entered the car through the opposite door. He felt the car stop, and then fell back unconscious.

Slowly he became aware that it was broad daylight, and, cursing himself for having slept so long on such an important day, he tried to spring up, only to discover that he was securely bound.

"Awake at last, eh, Mr. Warren? A jarring with me, the sound of the trapped detective ceased struggling as he was hauled up into the mocking face above him.

"Ah! Stoner, so you have a finger in this pie, then?" he asked calmly.

Yet let you let the last bit of interfering you'll ever do, my clever gentleman," the villain sneered. Warren snatched at a desperate chance.

"Look here, Stoner," he said, "What are you going to gain by this? Come over to our side, man—"

"No," the villain shouted, "you can't buy me like you bought that kid. . . . By heaven! I wouldn't give up my chance of getting even with Arnold Blaine—every dollar old man Meredith has. . . . You should have spiced his kid today—shouldn't you? Well, she'll make a fine little widow-who-was-never-wife. Blame me, with my share of the Butterfly, I think I'll have a cut myself."

"You—"

With a volley of oaths Stoner kicked the defenseless man again and again—his taunts, that talk out—"if you want me death easy," he howled. Then his manner changed, and he resumed his sneering. "Like to know how the job was done—why the Tombs Prison wasn't strong enough to hold Arnold Blaine?"

Professional interest, rendered only keener by his imminent danger, leapt into the captive's eyes. Yes, tell me that, Stoner, and I'll forgive you much, though, please Heaven. I'll live to put the bracelets on your wrists."

"You won't do that," Stoner laughed, then bending low he whispered for some minutes. "How am I going to hold my daily job?" he exclaimed at last. Though Warren did not answer he turned to the door. "Think it out—I reckon the knowledge of what a cop you might have made won't make dying easy, either."

I don't help that. . . . So long."

With another brutal laugh he left the room, leaving the detective, who had risked all and lost, alone with his thoughts.

"Oh, Heaven!" he muttered, "give me but one short hour of freedom—let me rid the world of these pests. . . ."

As if in answer to his prayer, one of the ropes that bound him slipped, and hope grew once more at the end of a faulty knot . . . . Again, but cautiously, he strained—the ropes held still—again, and with a hardly suppressed cry of joy, he dropped his head on the floor, and he staggered to his feet, shaking the now useless swathes of stout cable from his tortured limbs.

"Thank God!" he breathed, leaning against the wall as a great revulsion of feeling swept over him.

He stealthily advanced to the door, and tried it. "Unlocked, by all that's lucky!"

He passed softly down the stairs and halted outside a room from which came excited voices. . . . For a moment he hesitated; then he retraced his steps and slipped. He made a vain attempt to recover his balance, snatched wildly at the hinges, then, as they snapped beneath his weight, he crashed heavily to the floor below as

"In the room, I saw the room, I saw the．．．"
the door of the room opened, and the gang rushed out and seized him. 

"By gee, Stoner; it's that infernal tree been and worked himself free..."

Realising that, in his shaken state, resistance was useless, Warren allowed them to drag him in, but his stout heart sank at Stoner's next command.

"Hereyou, Ipsley, the ruffian ordered. "Slip upstairs and bring his ropes, then we'll have that petrol up... Starvation's an easy sort of ticket for Eternity, but I reckon fire'll be safer."

The subordinate villain left the room, and Stoner turned to his captive.

"Don't you let go of him, boys," he said, "there's a lot of fight in his carcass yet... Say, you're a fool, Mr. Warren; why didn't you take your whipping like a gentleman? Well," he added, shrugging his shoulders, "it's your call; fire will be quicker, though a darned sight more painful... What the devil's wrong?" he continued, angrily, as Ipsley rushed into the room.

"The police - that kid's leading 'em."

As a crash sounded through the empty house he dashed from the room.

He turned to a door almost hidden in the gloom, but Warren was first.

"No, you don't, Stoner," he shouted, seizing the scoundrel. "You'll stay here. Ah, captain," he added, as the police dashed in, "you're just in time.

"Thanks to this youngster, sir. He saw them knock your chum out, and followed, watched the whole thing, and gave us the wire. What," he added, disgustedly, as Warren swung Stoner into his expectant arms, "you're not going to tell me that he..."

Warren laughed. "I'm not... He blindfolded us properly, skipper, but his own conceit tore the bandage away in time... You'll find somebody who interests you in that room there."

At a sign from the officer two of the policemen entered the room, and a moment later dragged out a man who struggled violently.

At the sight of him the police captain gasped, "Arnold Blaine!"

Warren shook his head. "No, not Arnold Blaine, but his twin brother Paul. A clever plot, Captain, and one that might have succeeded."

"His twin brother!" the officer stammered; but what about the finger-prints, they never lie?"

"No, they never lie," Warren answered, "and they don't in this case... The finger-prints are Arnold Blaine's! All our friend here had to do was to get a plaster-cast of the chief's fingers, and the rest was child's-play."

He paused and glanced hastily at his watch. "Now, if you'll just hand me a little morocco-leather case which I think, you'll find in Mr. Stonor's breast-pocket, I'll be off... There are some appointments, my dear Captain, which we mere men dare not be late for - and I have one of such to-day."

Nothing but praise can be bestowed on this baffling two-reel drama of crime. Richard C. Travers (Warren), Ernest Maupain (Blaine), John H. Cossar (Meredith), and Nell Craig (Bernice) are efficient as ever in their respective roles.

NELL CRAIG.

Of course, you know Nell Craig. If you stood all day long in Bond Street you would see no one more handsome. She is the perfect heroine - and even the "gasps" and "thrills" of a Detective Story Film can't make you less conscious of her beauty. So, if you like "thrills" - and who does not? - and admire beauty, go and see Nell Craig in the Mystery Drama,

"BLINDFOLDED."

1,988 feet of beautiful film.

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Do you know how a man can steal whilst he is in jail?

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THE GLOBE FILM CO., LTD.

has recently obtained the exclusive control, and will be releasing shortly a three-reel Comedy entitled:

BILLY'S SPANISH LOVE SPASM

featuring Mr. BILLY MERSON and in the cast Miss TEDDIE GERRARD.

Enquire at your Local Theatre when this will be showing.

BUSY IN "BEAUTIES"

WEBSTER CAMPBELL, of the "Beauty" brand of films, has a wonderful part in a striking, one-reeler being put on at the American studios by Archie MacMackin. It is an allegorical story, replete with trick photography, and is entitled Everyheart, and Campbell has the name part in the story. A week or so ago he drove to Los Angeles for the express purpose of showing his friends his fine new car. He did not leave it alone, as he did on a previous occasion when his car was stolen.

Once hit, twice shy.

Mr. Campbell has been quite busy appearing in Beauty comedies. You will see him in The May of Homes, the story of a bold bachelor and a rank pipe; Little Cheyenne, which deals with the adoption of a pretty Japanese girl; The Redemption of Sasho, a story of two bachelors and a deserted baby; and A Deal in Diamonds—how a cheap brook caused disappointments in love. They are all "Beauties," and all to be released during the next few weeks. How do you like Webster's latest portrait below?

Film Star's Amazing Record!

A N audience of more than four million people! This is the vast "house" Charles Chaplin plays to daily.

There are six thousand picture-theatres in the United Kingdom, and it is probably an under-estimation to say that Chaplin makes three daily screen appearances in at least a fourth of them.

But this is nothing to his popularity in the United States, where there are Chaplin ties, Chaplin shirts, Chaplin cocktails, Chaplin yachts and Chaplin clubs and societies. One American city even has a street named after him. At the lowest computation we can assume that he appears thrice daily on the screen, of at least one third of America's fifteen thousand picturedromes.

But there are sixty thousand picture-theatres in the world, and no screen-star is more popular in the British Colonies in Asiatc countries, and in the remotest countries of Europe than Chaplin. We are justified in assuming that of the thirty-nine thousand cinemas in the world we have not yet accounted for he appears thrice daily in at least a tenth of them.

Thus the total daily number of performances given on the screen by the famous Essanay film-maker are approximately as follows: America, 15,000; Great Britain, 4,500; rest of world, 11,700. Total, 31,200.

And 10,400 of these performances take place simultaneously.

Therefore, reckoning the average attendance at each of the 31,200 performances at the very modest total of 400, we find that the great little man gladdens the hearts of no fewer than 12,480,000 people daily!

A Player from "Down Under."

WHEN you see The Girl of My Heart, (the British Empire Company's version of Herbert Leonard's play), you are sure to admire the powerful acting of Len & Douglas, the subject of our portraits, who played the part of the "Other Woman," in his Broadway melodrama. In all her scenes as Jennie Warden, and especially in the mad scene, Miss Douglas proves herself to be
These strongly contrasted photographs show Leal Douglas as herself and in the comedy part of the wife in That Brute Simmons, a part which she has played many times in Australiat and Africa.

Miss Douglas is an actress of undoubted ability for work on the screen. In a chat with her since this production was completed we were told that, although born in Manchester, Miss Douglas has lived in Australia with her parents since she was a baby of three. She has had considerable stage experience both there and in Africa in drama and in music-hall sketches. Arrived in London, the lure of the pictures was so strong that she straightway played in them, her first part here being the "Mother" in The Love of London, the film in which Ivy Close was featured. Since then she has appeared as the Irish widow, who causes all the trouble in Traffic (from Temple Thurston's novel), in heavy parts in Turner films, and in character parts for Mrs. Butler. Stage engagements in South Africa caused her to leave picture work for a while; but she returned in time to appear in The Girl of My Heart.

"I liked my part as Jennie immensely," declared Miss Douglas, "and hope to appear later on in more of Mr. Leonard's plays and novels. I know some of his stories I should love to act in. My friends, Cherry Kearton and George H. Outram, the animal hunter, who are now together in British East Africa, have just written and asked me to go out to them for stage and picture work. It is Mr. Kearton's fond ambition after the war, and if all goes well, to film slave-trading and other stories in the actual country, and employ the natives to take part in them. I should be the white heroine in these dramas—if I went out—but I don't know what to do about it. Those horrid submarines have to be reckoned with for one thing."

"I have often wondered," concluded Miss Douglas, "why the lovely country of Australia and New Zealand is not made more use of for picture production."

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

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DO NOT MISS IT.

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SIX BEAUTIFUL
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A unique offer to the picture fans.

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"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

Our Confidential Guide
Films you should make a point of seeing.

THE GOOSE GIRL — Another brilliant success for Marguerite Clark, who, by arrangement with Famous Players, is featured in this production. The film is a picture story with the romantic novel by Harold McGrath, and through the play Miss Clark, as the Goose Girl who is really a Princess abducted by gypsies when a baby, is as lovely as ever.—*Lucky Play, Four Parts* (Aug. 16).

"THEY WERE HEROES." — Mr. and Mrs. Smith each invite a friend from another city to spend their vacations with them. Eddie and Virginia come from Duluth and Victoria from Portland. The Smiths miss the trains, and Eddie and Virginia both go to the Smith home. Eddie takes Vic for a burglar and Virginia believes Eddie a gentleman crook. Both telephone for the police, and both are arrested. When things are straightened out Eddie and Vic fall in love. Eddie Lyons, Victoria Forde, Lee Moran, and Jean Taylor are in this sparkling comedy.—*Nector Comedy, Tram-Alatice, 986 feet* (Sept. 2).

THE TRUMPET CALL. — If you want to see the best in melodrama, make a note to enjoy, when it arrives in town, the new picture-drama by George R. Simus and Robert Buchanan. Filmed by the Neptune Film Company, it is one of the "tit-bits" of the year. British in sentiment, in treatment, and in the spirit it breathes. We hope to publish the story next week. —*Gamut Film Hire, Four Edga* (Sept. 13).

LOVER'S POST OFFICE. — You all know Rosee Arbuckle, our fat, floppy friend of Keystone? Well, if you don't go and see him in this film you'll miss a lot of fun—and Arbuckle. He is in love (as usual), and decides to elope, but his adored one's father gets wind of the arrangements and puts his foot down; but fatty manages to escape with his girl and marry her. —*Keystone Comedy, 1,000 feet* (Aug. 19).

A LILY IN BOHEMIA. — The young violinist comes to the farmhouse to recuperate. He falls in love and marries Lillian—a typical country girl. Taking her back to the city, he introduces her into a fast Bohemian life. Lillian does not get on well in her surroundings, but through the timely intervention of the husband's friend things are explained, and Lillian and her husband lead a blissful domestic life. As usual, Lillian Walker is just "it." That is why we have mentioned the film. —*Theatrical Comedy, 1,089 feet* (Aug. 19).

LOVELY LOVERS. — A drama wrecked with the atmosphere of the theatrical boarding-house. A Cinderella-like story in which Violet is ridenr by two other actresses because of her slight experience behind the footlights. A leading lady falls ill, and all three apply to fill the vacancy. Violet's ambition causing her two rivals to shriek with laughter. But Violet gets the engagement. And there is great jealousy, some true love, and a little wodka. It is a pretty story produced and acted in Selby's best manner. —*Selby Drama, 1,917 feet* (Aug. 12).

THE BEGGAR-GIRL'S WEDDING. — A praise-worthy screen-version of Walter Melville's melodrama which was so successful at the Lyceum about eight years ago, and has since toured the whole English-speaking world. In the film we get all the villainies, love-making, comic interludes and scenes like the Embankment beloved by patrons of this class of drama. Lederland Mitfald, hero of a hundred stage-dramas, gives us his best as the hero of the film, and Ethel Bracewell is, of course, a charming heroine. The picture is datedly one worth waiting for. —*British Empire Films, 4,501 feet* (Sept. 6).

THE DOCTOR'S DUTY. — Dr. Strong is called to the bedside of a coast's sick child. In the meantime his own son has taken a dose of medicine from a bottle marked "Poison!" The frantic mother sends her husband, but, remembering his duty, he stays with his little patient, who would otherwise die. Upon returning home the parents joyfully discover that the contents of the bottle, though marked "poison," were harmless. The film is one of the long list of Edison successes. Charles Ogle is the doctor, and Ben F. Wilson the costermonger, and their names alone are sufficient recommendation. —*Edison Drama, 1,000 feet* (Aug. 26).

IN THE PURPLE HILLS. — If you like black villainy, see this one. The sheriff arrests "Red Alec" Cantwell, and sends him to prison for life for killing John Ogle, a miner. Katy, Ogle's daughter, later marries the sheriff. The outlaws escape and goes to Sheriff Crokey's cabin. Katy is alone. She ties her to a bench, places a gun at her head and connects the trigger of the gun with the handle of the door. When her husband retires and forces his entrance the gun will be discharged. Riding away from the town, Cantwell meets the sheriff, who reavers him. The bandit twists the officer of the law with the terrible gendeo he has wreaked upon him, goes to desperation, and ties Cantwell to a tree and rides home in an agony of dread. He is in seth to see his child open the door and enter the cabin. There is a sharp report. Katy is found, apparently lifeless, with a bullet in her shoulder. The sheriff galloped back to where he has left Cantwell. A desperate fight ensues. Crosby drives the outlaw to the edge of the cliff, over which Cantwell falls to his death. Meanwhile neighbours have resuscitated Katy. On his return the sheriff finds that he still has everything to live for. Jack Richardson makes a black-hearted villain and Vivian Rich a lovely victim for his villainy. —*Flying A Drama, 1,972 feet* (Aug. 16).

FILM TITLES TRAVESTIED. No. 8: "The Blessed Miracle." (Our Artist, Allan Morley, actually very nearly escaped a death from a Zeppelin bomb, which fell only a few yards away from him—hence the title. — Editor.)

See this Smashing Ritchie L-KO Comedy
'BILL'S BLIGHTED CAREER'
L-KO Farce Comedy.
1,560 ft. approx. Released September 20th.
You have been led to expect originality every time with Billie Ritchie, and he gives it to you in large helpings in this rib-cracking fun-filled L-KO comedy. As in the film, Ritchie is exuberantly happy in this laugh-getter, and works some crazy new "stunts" that are funny beyond words.
In pursuit of revenge L-KO Bill dons an ancient Egyptian helmet, and clad in a strange assortment of medieval garments, and armed with a bow and arrow, he starts a wild chase which is the funniest on record.
At a private show given to the Medical Profession on Tuesday, July 27th, the following eminent gentlemen, amongst others,

E. J. G. BERKLEY, F.R.C.S. (Edin.), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.
GERALD DALTON, L.M.S.S.A. Lond. (1896), M.S.A. Lond. (1900)

were unanimous in their praises of "The Inherited Burden," and emphatically declared that one and all should see this masterpiece at the first opportunity.
World's Greatest Film Artistes Contest

EXCLUSIVE OF BRITISH-BORN PLAYERS.

30 VOTES Free Every Week!

LAST FIVE WEEKS

WHO WOULD YOU LIKE TO WIN?

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they NOW play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST FILM PLAYERS IN ANY COUNTRY (excluding British-born Artistes) write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES—The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10. All other prizes will go to senders of Coupons in order of merit.

THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners' names correctly, the £10 will be divided among the senders of the nearest Coupons. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

2. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope at end of contest.

3. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

"The Pictures' FREE VOTING COUPON: WORLD'S CONTEST.

Female Player _______ I desire to cast Ten Votes for _______

Male Player _______ I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for _______

Female Player _______

Male Player _______

Signed _______

Address _______

Fill up and post to "Contest Editor," Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

JACKIE SAUNDERS, LEADING LADY OF THE BALBOA COMPANY.

A selected list of Names of some of the Players have appeared in previous issues, but all Foreign Players are eligible.

First Prize in Cash £10

SECOND PRIZE— Graphophone £7 10s., Records 30s. Value £9

THIRD PRIZE— Graphophone £5 10s., Records 30s. Value £7

FOURTH PRIZE— Graphophone £2 1s., Records 16s. Value £5

FIFTH PRIZE— Graphophone £1 3s., Records 17s. Value £4

100 Consolation Prizes

The Machines and Records are manufactured by the World Famous "Columbia" Co.
GOSSIP

LAST Five Weeks! This means that there are only four more issues containing the voting coupons for our Weekly Subscription to this weekly. Four more weeks after this one in which to make up your minds as to who are the greatest (cleverest) picture players, excluding the British-born artists, in the world. The judicious readers will ask themselves the question during the next few weeks, and hundreds of thousands of coupons will be filled up and sent in. Do not waste yours.

Welcome! New Readers!

Will the scores of new readers who write me weekly, and the hundreds who do not, accept these hints in hearty welcome? Those who say they have difficulty in obtaining the paper should tell any newagent that they want Pictures regularly, and so ensure its delivery every week. The only other certain way to subscribe without direct but the newagent saves the postage.

Our Khaki Contributor.

You will be interested to know that Ivan Patrick Gore, who has contributed several stories of the films for Pictures, is now in khaki, having joined the R.A.M.C. In fact, he wrote the story "Blindfolded" for this issue under canvas and, although still in training, he expects to go to France any day. May he return safely and write many more stories for us! Mr. Gore is well known in literary and theatrical circles. He has written many successful stage dramas, and in some of them he has acted the leading roles.

Seeing Selig Specials.

We never get anything but the best from the house of Selig, and I was prepared for the charm, novelty, and surprise which I found in each of four special subjects, all thousand-feet. As the first is not released until September 27th it is early yet to deal with them at length. Their titles are "Sireted by Her Horse", a wonderful creature; "The Juvenile Clipper", a heart tugging incident about a love-story, "The Heart of the Sheriff", astounding in horsemanship; and "Willie Goes to Sea". This last made us laugh. Willie is a knight whose real name is William, and he is determined to see this film comedy. Wheeler and Williams would make a cat laugh.

Film that will Fascinate.

Wonderful man – D. W. Griffith! The more I see of his productions the more I marvel, and I have not yet seen "The Birth of a Nation", said to be his greatest. The story of "The Juvenile Clipper" ("Thou shalt not kill"), a weird and fascinating production expressing Poe's conception of the psychology of human conscience, is one of his greatest anyway. It was suggested by "The Portrait Heard" and the immortal poem "Anabel Lee." Its exquisite setting and the remarkable acting of Henry B. Walthall will bring admiration and wonder from all who see them. It is a fitting Christmas gift. I understand that the West End Cinema has booked it for four weeks to go on with.

Something Like a Smash.

How would you like to witness an express train thunder on to a rotten railway bridge and plunge through it into the river below? The awful magnitude of such a thrill would seem to make it prohibitive for film work, and yet the Vitagraph Company attempted and carried it out as the climax in "The Juggernaut". To see the great engine and cars crashing through the timbers and ironwork of the bridge and toppling into the water is surely the last word in realism. The daughter (Anita Stewart) of the president, who is responsible for the rotten bridge, is a passenger in the express, but not one of the killed, being rescued by her lover, Earl Williams. What a fine actor!

Blue Ribbon Features.

The Vitagraph Company have commenced a new brand. Films of five, six, or more reels will be known as Blue Ribbon Features (the Broadway Star Features are of shorter length), and the first of the Blue Ribbons is "The Juvenile Clipper", in five parts. I defy any one to sit through this film and not feel interested. It tells a most absorbing story, and the last scene of all – the train disaster – is stupendous.

The Clutching Hand.

I can't get out of it even if I would. As I write a blood-red postcard has reached me, out of the centre of which come white bony fingers. "The Clutching Hand," it reads, "send you a last warning that Mother Frances' Cinema, Limited, will hold a trade show of "The Exploits of Elaine" at the New Gallery Kinema on July 30th, at 11 a.m. Remember the day or Beware." More than this I cannot say until after the day, except that Elaine's Exploits form the basis of a big Pathé film serial. Elaine will be played by Pearl White, whose portrait appeared as a frontispiece some weeks ago.

F. D.

Are you getting "Pictures" Regularly?

If not, a standing order with any local newagent will ensure delivery every Saturday morning. Let us know if you experience any difficulty.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTO POSTCARDS of Yourself, 1s. Dozen.
From any Photo. 12 x 10 Enlargements, 6d.
Catalogue and Samples Free.
S. E. HACKETT. Works. Jctt Road, Liverpool.

GASLIGHT, BROMIDE, or P.O.P. POST CARDS.
20, £2, 10s. 3d. 1s. 3d. Plated and Papers also Cheap. Catalogue and Samples Free.
S. E. HACKETT. Works. Jctt Road, Liverpool.
Turner Films

"Pictures made for You."

**WHY**

"**TURNER FILMS**"

**ARE**

**PRE-EMINENT.**

I. "The Thing."

**Next Week:**

II. "The Acting."

Shakespeare said, "The play's the thing."

You say, "The story's the thing."

We say, "The story is the play."

Therefore we are all agreed.

This is why we have contracted with the foremost living authors to produce their masterpieces.

A great story can only be filmed successfully by great acting combined with expert photography and lighting; and the producer must have the necessary understanding and ability.

Next week we will discuss Acting.

**THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER**

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

**BOBBY AND HIS PLAYMATE.**

T**HIS sweet little picture shows two dear children who appear in a charming Biograph play called "**Bobby's Bargain.**"

Bobby had so many toys that they bored him. What he really wanted was a live toy, a baby brother or sister, he did not mind which; only as it was alive. One day Bobbie had a stroke of luck. He came across a good baby for exchange cheap. The pretty lady who conducted the kindergarten asked the children to bring toys for distribution among the kiddies who had no playthings. One little girl had nothing to offer but her baby sister, so she took that along with her. But teacher refused her offer, and she went home in tears.

Bobby met her on the way. "Now's my chance!" he exclaimed. "I'll give you my duck and rabbit for the baby." And the bargain was struck. With the aid of his grandfather, Bobby put baby to bed and got milk from the kitchen to feed her. But, alas! his joy was short-lived. Baby's mother, who was only a poor charwoman, had something to say about the exchange, and, taking the little girl with her, she hurried off to the house and told Bobby that the deal was off. Nothing, daunted, however, the boy claimed the little girl for playmate. He dressed her in one of his clean white rompers, and brought her down to dinner. They had a ripping time, including lally and her mother.

Quite a different subject, although showing also a little player, is in The Life-History of a Silkworm—a fascinating and wonderful film made by the famous Edison Company. Its only fault is that it is too short.

In the first scenes the silk-moth is shown laying its eggs on the branches of the mulberry-bushes. It is calculated that each moth lays from three to five hundred eggs. Then we see the hatching out of the young silkworms actually taking place. The shell is broken, and the minute object struggles out of it on to the mulberry-leaves. From this on to the end we are taken step by step through the brief activities of this most wonderful of little creatures, and each step is more interesting than the last.

The paper called the Teachers World thought so much of the film that they arranged for over one hundred thousand school teachers to see it on the screen, and it is quite likely that many schools will arrange to show the film to their scholars. Meanwhile look out for it at your favourite cinema-house.

One of my young "nephews" sends me an amusing account of the tour of "Chaplin's Head." It appears that an uncle of his is an exhibitor, and after making use of one of the "Cardboard Charlies"—a huge cut-out head with hat and tie complete—he presented the head to his nephew. Now Willie, who is an office-boy in the City, conceived the idea of taking "Charlie's" head from Croydon to the office for the edification of the staff. Many were his struggles on tram and bus and in the crowded City streets, but he finally landed the great head in the City office. From there a fellow boy-clerk insisted on taking the head to his home at Woolwich. From there the merry head went to several of his friends' homes in the district, then it came back again to the City office, and again finally went to Willie's home at Croydon, where it now adorns his bedroom wall, and smiles down on Willie as he sleeps.

"Charles" of Streatham sends me a postcard in reply to his Award of Merit prize, and thinks there must have been
some mistake, as he declares he is not used to receiving scented notepaper, done up with coloured ribbons, in a lady's work-box. I am sorry Charles does not like note-paper. Evidently he has not taken to the letter-writing habit yet, as I might find good use for it.

In a recent issue I asked you to suggest some new subjects for future competitions on this page, and I am intensely gratified for the many useful suggestions you have sent me. Although many of the ideas I have thought of the same ideas there are quite a number which I can and will make use of. Some of the best are:—To finish a started paragraph concerning Pimpie in not too many words; to give the name of a player and from it make three words, two of which begin with one of the letters in the example; to form a sentence composed of the titles of eight W. C. Fields pictures; to write a story around a picture published for that purpose; a children's voting contest in which child-players only are eligible; an essay of no more than twenty words on Why I Like —, a Popular Player.

The prizes in the "Suggestion" Competition go to Gladys Harris, 36, Station Road, Anerley, S.E.; E. C. Foster, 10, Tennis, Forest Road, Colwicke, Leicestershire.

Award of Merit (six to win a Special Prize)—Grace Wheatley (Leeds), Betty Jones (Nantymoel), H. Broadhead (Bulford), J. Wright, B. Costello, C. Roskilly (Stratham), Lavinia Presto (Stoke-on-Trent), A. P. Levenson (Stanford Hill), Winnie Passhy (Longsight).

Special Prize—H. Broadhead (Bulford).

This Week's Competition: "Actographs."

From the names Mary Pickford, Florence Turner, Kathleen Williams, Sally Crute, Alma Taylor, and Anita Stewart write three words appropriate to the player, two words out of the three to begin with a letter contained in the player's name.

Example: Alma Taylor—An English Maid.

Write your effort on a postcard addressed to "Actograph," 18, Adam Street, Strand, W.C., and post before Monday, Aug 16th. Two prizes and a word of merit, as usual, will be presented by

Uncle Tim.

Cinema Acting as a Profession

Keep your guinea for tuition until you have read the book "Cinema Acting as a Profession," by an Expert. It will save you pounds. Caterpillar girl, R. H. Decor, 1, Stapleton Rd., Balham, London, S.W.

My dear B. A. B.—Are we having rippling weather? I am lying on the sandcastles watching the winks making glad eyes at the wheals. Oh, your letter by the way was a marvellous one. Pimpie and I are not well, Pimpie pox, and she has caught a giant crab—at least, he caught me, or, rather, the toe of one. I thought my toe was gone. We took it home (the crab, not my toe). Oh, yes, my toes are well as, and I fooled it for ten times crabs not my toes. Oh! he was a nice crab. Byebye.

"PimPle."

"Cartoons."—(Leicester).—Our new volume will be ready in a few weeks. What a clever cartoonist you are, so be sure. Thanks for kind note, the same to you.

"Don."—Blackheath Halls. We have photo buttons of Earl Williams, Leo Delany, Dorothy Holloway, Miss Hesley, and Maurice Costello, one penny each, post free. You may call at our offices for buttons or postcards.

"S. N. B."—(Leamington).—Thank you very much for your letter. Address Miss Powers, 339, West 5th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

"T. S. L."—(Toom).—Thank you for your photos, which we have returned. Get rid of the durns and cheer up a bit, as your profession and success will attend your efforts. The producing companies are overwhelmed with offers of help, and it will be a long time before you come to town, you might as at the studios of the principal companies.

"Alma T."—(Walworth, and others).—We have no postcard of Jack Webster. Sorry.

"Jack."—(Leek).—Thanks for setting us new examples. Every member is, I hope, but.

"G. S. " (Minor Park).—Watch advertisements in the week for a position as usher or attendant, and have your name with local managers. Not much experience should be necessary for a member of the profession, and you are, according to time worked.


"Mildred." (Blackburn).—We love a bright, mirthy girl, and you must be that, judging from your picture. Miss Powers, 339, West 5th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

"Dolly II." (Southgate).—You are forgiven for not writing better. Dolly. It was very nice of Lillian Walker to send you her photo. She will be pleased to see you when you are here. We have in stock all the children: the Farbuck Twins, Kid and Kidlet, Allen and Alice Nace, Helen Castello, Deborah Castello, Gladys, Eric Dean and, Little Helen Budgey, Baby Helen, Jack A. Foster, Beryl Beal, Leland Beal, Lusania, Miss Hutchinson, Henriette O'Beek, and Jasmine Mclaren, all one penny each.


"H. M. " (Dundee).—I have never heard the words. They 'never die' as the proverb has it.

"J. R. T."—(Liverpool).—It is stout stuff in our competition. He has won six prices and would like to know if any reader can boast of as many.

"Leslie." (Wilton-church).—We have no postcards of Maitl Norman or other Keystone players. Most of our readers envy you being in the town of the studios.

"Mary and Brother."—(Phippsburg).—Have attended the cinema every night except Sundays for years, and have paid for themselves each time. Now who has done this, Sundays included? We have postcards of Maurice Costello and Chris Kindly Young.

"Peter." (West Kensington).—Our hand in welcome to you, now reader. We have no postcards of Brenda Forsey.

"Jack."—(Stirling).—Your Cowboy story might ant on The Universal Film Co., 100, Broadway, New York City, or Kalon Film Co., 105, West 26th St., New York City. We like "Constant Readers" very much, Jack.

"Mabel." (Abercorn).—We are quite interested in your friendship with Moheln; its really quite romantic the way you have been acquainted. Also, dear girl, the cost you want is not published, most aggravating, isn't it?

"Dimples." (Leicester).—Is one of those very rare birds who are not seen struck. Please I fear from you, Dimples dear.

"Maggie." (Pendleton).—After your sweet letter and its kindly thought for your sick friend, we too are proud to call you the best of friends, Maggie! May your five dear ones return to you from the war safe and sound.

"Contra." (London, E).—She says she has read real "lovely, interesting, absorbing, little thoughtful little paper for eight or months, and cannot say anything too good for it. It is scrumptious; all of which makes us very pleased with ourselves. We have, in fact, quoted parts from the patents, and so won your "estemme."

"J. S. W." (Wales).—Address the Essency Co., Ltd, Arpley, St. Chicago. We don't recommend readers to send autograph books to players, and certainly not to have them autographed, as they may contain signatures impossible to repudiate. An autograph can always be bought for a shilling.


Is This in Your Album?

Edith Johnson, the charming Sitzig Player. One of our new coloured postcards.
SMILES

An Awful Prospect.

"Well, Mrs. Miggins," said the gushing scene-shifter to the charwoman, "ow's new hand?"

"He's out at the Front, and I hope as ow he served me."

Soldier Sweethearts.

"Mary, you seem to forget your position."

"Forget me position, miss! Not much. Why my man's a serjeant in the same regiment as your fiancee's, and yours is only a private!"

Wasted Advice.

"What you need," said the specialist to the man who thought he was ill, "is more bodily activity. You should exercise your arms, legs, and shoulders."

"A knock-about film comedian."

Why Did her Friends Laugh?

Several ladies discussed the virtues of their husbands. Said one: "He never drinks and never swears."

"Does he erer go to the pictures?"

"Oh, yes; he loves a picture-show after a good dinner. But I suppose on an average he doesn't go more than once a month."

【Milton Picture Magazine, FOR THE PLEASURE OF THE PUBLIC.】

EDITORIAL MATTERS


SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

United Kingdom and Abroad...:—

Six Months...:—

Three Months...:—


Worse Than Ever.

FATHER: "Look here, you young scamp. I am told you were seen kissing your sister-in-law at the pictures the other evening."

THE Y.S.: "No, sir. Allow me to make a slight correction. It was your wife."

The Reason.

"I have changed the entire plans of the picture-house. I am going to build, in spite of the fact that the architect, my wife, and myself agreed that it was as near perfect as it could be made."

"Then why?"

"Oh, it did suit the neighbours!"

"Arty" (Plymouth).—"Have you seen Annie Stirling in "The Right Girl"?" It's superb."

"I read that she is appearing in "The Sort of Girl Who Came from Heaven," released August 19th. We have three kinds of picture posters of her."

"Mat" (Tipton).—"We are all naturally nice at this office, so when we can help you in any way we are delighted. For instance, just up until we mean your name we promised us of the "Queen-of-

"Nana" (Merton).—"I learnt in our childhood days, hence the slip. Pleased you are pleased."
THE SMILE OF A FAVOURITE—BARRY O'MOORE.

This Edison player is particularly happy in good-natured comedy parts, though he can be a "sneak," as witness his clever performance in The Man Who Disappeared.
**PICTURES AND THE PICTUROGER**

## Picture News and Notes

**KILL THAT FLY!** Awful predicament of a cinema pianist. A battle picture would have been appropriate, but it happened during a tender love-scene!

WHY are comedies in demand? Perhaps because the public is getting more thrills than it wants from the daily newspapers.

How's this for a synopsis? "Van Roken took a glass of port, his hat, his departure, no notice of the police, a revolver, and his life." — Sporting Times.

Kalem's Midnight at Maris's was shown recently to the prisoners in Sing Sing Prison. From what we have heard of this four-reeler it probably made them wish to dance, dance!

"Scenario" is now obsolete as the definition of a "brief dramatic outline," and "photo-play" has been declared its official substitute by the Lubin Company. We, too, like it better.

If the Press will kindly forget to refer to myself as a swimmer all the time, and kindly mention that I can do other things on the screen, all will be forgiven," writes Bessie Byton.

Selig Jungle Zoo animals are useful in more ways than pictures. Eight thousand people recently paid to look at them, the money going to benefit a hospital. A dance and concert were thrown in as makeweight.

Swarms of girls want to act for pictures, but who would like to act with her mouth stuffed with cotton? Rosemary Thoby did this for a film called Marshals, and there were 590 feet of it—film, not cotton. Rosemary was speechless.

Prepare to hold your breath. Billie Burke is to play for the New York Moving Picture Corporation for five weeks at a salary of $9,000! Playgoers will have pleasant recollections of Miss Burke's appearances on the London stage. Isn't it a pleasant salary?

An Albert Chevalier Story.

The great actor was playing before the camera in the famous exclusive The Battle. In the first drinking scene he was so carried away by the power of his own acting that he persuaded himself that it was really whisky that he was imbibing. At the end of the scene he solemnly stated that he did not care for the stuff "next." "But you've only been drinking ginger ale," was the perfectly correct reply.

A Film Frock Factory.

The wardrobe department of the Reliance-Majestic is one of the most interesting features of the studios. Any number of costumes, from the year 1890 to the present day, are kept on hand. They cover the walls, the racks and tables. Attendants are employed to clean, mend and renovate as may be required, and to make special dresses on order. The enormous supply of costumes for The Birth of a Nation was taken care of in this room.

What He Has Missed.

W. Shakespeare, familiarly known as "Old Bill," wrote a lot of good plays, says an American writer, but unfortunately crooked before the photo-play came into fashion. He wrote fair stuff that would have brought Bill a lot of royalties had he adapted the stories for the screen. Midsummer Night's Dream, for instance, could have been switched around by "Bill" into a very lively slap-stick comedy. A lot of "vision" effects could have been brought in too. "Bill" Shakespeare lived at Stratford-on-Avon and so does Marie Corelli. Marie is writin' photo-plays with a punch. "Bill" made a mistake in cashing in his checks so quickly. He could have commanded both screen and poster credit!

A Bullfight for a Film.

The Mayor of Los Angeles gave permission for the first bullfight held in the city for several years in order that the Lasky Company could get the real article for the production of Carmen to feature Geraldine Farrar. Ten thousand persons attended the free spectacle. Manuel Garcia, a professional toreador, was unhorsed and slightly wounded by a bull, but the sensation of the day was the appearance of Pedro de Cordoba, an actor, who insisted upon carrying his role of Escamillo, the toreador, into the ring, and during the bull in person before the grinding cameras. Fifty of the daughters of old Spanish families of California acted as Miss Farrar's escort, and as she drove up to the special box five hundred school children pelted her with roses.

The Scheme that Failed.

We read that Charles Hawtrey, the Australian actor, who is appearing in A Message from Mars and A Honeymoon for Three, had a peculiar experience the other day, when he "stroked," says the Evening News, approached him with an advertising scheme. "See here, he said, you get a well-dressed friend of yours to walk through Piccadilly Circus, and, at a given signal from me, you must make a dash at his watch and chain and race off with them. And if you shall give the signal when your friend is passing a policeman, my man will be ready to take photographs of the theft and of the policeman chasing you through the streets. But if you have caught you must give a poor explanation, so that the case is brought into court, and then you get the advertisement of it all while I will sell the pictures. The papers will be full of it." But C. H. wasn't having any.

What's in a Name?

A good deal, according to the writer of an interesting article on the names of our picture-houses which appeared recently in the Kinematograph Weekly. "Short, crisp, one word titles are attractive," he writes, especially if they are a bit out of the common run. "The Don" has proved a good title in several places, and "The Spot" Kinema, of which Delby has an example, is a very good title. The "Pop In" and the "Slip In" exist in more than one town, as also does the "Mascot." The Geisha, used by a picture-house at Bow, and the "Fan," of which Cande to Wall, are examples. There are also good short titles. Probably only one kinema has had the temerity—encouraged perhaps by the fact that Leicester Square already boasts a "Cinetar," a Cinematograph called itself the "Glad Eye." The "Black Cat" Kinema, a Hammersmith hall, South Kensington's "Rendezvous," and Paisley's "O.K. Pictures" are also distinctly good. "The Fleur de Lys," by which name a Bedwellty hall is known, is a graceful and quite uncommon title, but probably suffers at the hands, or rather the mouths, of some of its patrons by being referred to as the "Flower de Lys," and is thus robbed of all euphony. The word "Palace" has had many changes run upon it in an attempt to make it distinctive. The "Palace" at Hastings, the "Palaceum" in several places, while Stepney comes out strong with the "Palaceadium." Similarly the word "electric" has been used to make "Electricum" at Haydock and also at Oldham, and once or twice "Electroscope" in various parts of the country... We get a "Pictorium" at Ammanford, a "Pictureum" at Bath, and a "Pictorial Hall" at Batley. As to history, there is a "Boleyn" at East Ham, somewhere a "Bolingbrooke," and at Tottenham a "Hotspur," which most likely owes its name to the Tottenham Football Club."
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. SOLEMN INTERCESSION: Four thousand troops attend service conducted by the Bishop of London on steps of St. Paul's.
2. TRENCH WARFARE: An unique picture actually taken under fire in the Argonne.
3. FROM THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN: Japanese Nurses inspected by the Marchioness of Lansdowne at the Red Cross Fete at Netley.
5. IN KHAKI—AT EIGHTY Mark Axe, a Crimean Veteran, re-enlists as a Recruiting Sergeant.
6. SUFFERING BELGIUM: Nieuport, constantly bombarded by high explosive shells, is now a mass of ruins.
7. MARTIAL MAIDS: Girl Guides receive their colours with proper military ceremony at Buxton.
The Doctor's Duty

Adapted from the Edison Drama by Billie Brystow.

Daddy, you will turn and play with me, won't 'oo?"

The childish appeal was made by Jackie to her father, Dr. Strong, who, after a heavy day's work, was anticipating a quiet perusal of the evening papers.

"Just one minute, darling, and I'll be ready for you," replied the doctor, as he placed several prescriptions ready for late patients—usually his last work for the day.

"No, daddy; turn now. My Teddy is ill, and wants some medicine. Teddy will die if you don't see him now, Daddy. Turn on, continued Jackie, as he tugged at his father's coat-sleeve,

Dr. Strong rose from his seat. Lifting his little son in his arms, he kissed him, and was on his way to see the sick Teddy when the maid hurriedly entered the room.

"A man wants to see you, sir. He says it is urgent. He looks a rough customer, and I don't like to leave him, sir.

The doctor looked at his watch. It was a good half an hour after consulting hours, but he put Jackie down and went to see the caller.

As he entered the waiting-room the man—he was obviously a costermonger—with head bared and a look of despair on his face, rushed forward to meet him.

"Will yer come to my daughter, sir? She is dying, and you can save her! Will yer come, sir?"

"It is past consulting-time," the doctor began.

"Never mind, Doctor, she's dying; and if she left us—" the man caught his breath with a jerk, as Dr. Strong appeared to hesitate.

Just then, little Jackie, who had followed his father into the room, broke into the conversation—

"Turn and see my Teddy, will 'oo, Daddy?"

"I can't see Teddy just now, darling."

"But Teddy is ill," he persisted in a high treble voice.

"You have a child of yer own, sir! Think what he means to yer, and . . . . but the man had no reason to say more, for the doctor hastily wrote the address on a slip of paper and was ready to go with the man. Tired as he was, duty had to be attended to, and if he could save the child whose life meant so much to this poor fellow, he would do so.

Daddy, turn and see Teddy," repeated Jackie, as he saw his father preparing to go out. "Me don't like 'oo," he added, turning to the man. Then, with his eyes full of tears, the child ran off to his playroom, leaving the father to depart on his errand of mercy.

In a few minutes the doctor reached his destination. He mounted the rickety stairs, and was led by the man into a low-roofed, foul-smelling attic. There, on a straw mattress propped on two broken chairs, lay his patient—a little girl of twelve. Her eyes were closed, and her face was so white that at first glance the doctor thought he was too late. After a careful examination, however, he found there was still hope.

The mother and father gazed earnestly at his face, each fearing the worst, and each praying for the best.

"Will she live?" almost whispered the woman.

"I cannot decide for an hour. It will take that time to see the worst over," replied the doctor, gravely.

The poor mother broke down on getting an answer so full of uncertainty, and the rough husband led his wife ever so gently away to a corner of the room where her sobs would not be heard by the child.

After the doctor had left his house with the costermonger, Jackie, soon recovering from his anger, began to play with his toys. Hugging and kissing his Teddy, he said very solemnly, "Yes! Teddy is very ill. Daddy can't div you any medicine, so I must." Then, leaving the doll on a chair, he went off in search of medicine for his pet.

It did not take him long to reach the door of his father's laboratory. He slipped inside, and, on seeing many bottles which stood on shelves around the room, he guessed that the medicine was there.

He ran into another room and obtained a spoon, and, without being seen returned to the nursery.

Jackie knelt before the "sick" Teddy, and, with the air of an expert, began to demonstrate to the doll the art of taking medicine, nasty or otherwise.

"Dis is awfully nasty stuff, Teddy," he lisped. "It will do you better. Now take it like dis."

Here he poured out some of the thick liquid into the spoon.

"One, two, three," he said, as with many grimaces Jackie swallowed the medicine. "Now it's your turn, Teddy."

"What are you doing, darling?" inquired Mrs. Strong, as she entered the room. "Show mummy; she continued, taking the bottle from the child.

As she did so she caught sight of the label, on which were printed the awful words:

"Laudanum—Poison."

A deadly fear crept over the mother's heart. "Jackie," she gasped, "have you been drinking—this?"

The child made no answer.

"Tell me quickly, darling. Did you put this nasty stuff in your mouth?"

The frightened woman was sure she saw traces of it on his
Rumour continued:"Don’t bottle!" He questioned.
That would make good use of his answer.
If Jackie watched the door, he would arrive. Dr. Price, the worried doctor, entered.


Mrs. Strong rang for the maid. Scribbling a hasty note, she said, "Mary, take this to my husband. The address is on the waiting-room table. Quickly—Jackie has poisoned himself."
The maid rushed off to the page-boy, who flew with the note to Dr. Strong.

Half the anxious hour had passed, and still Dr. Strong watched his frail patient on the bed beside him. There was a knock at the door, and his page-boy entered. He gave the note to the doctor, who hastily tore open the envelope. In his wife’s handwriting he read the frantic message:

"'Return at once. Jackie has taken poison.'"

In a moment of great agitation the doctor jumped up to go.
"Don’t leave her, sir, or she may die," implored the father.
The words deeply touched the doctor, and for a moment he did not move. His own child needed his urgent attention, but before him lay another’s child. His little patient, who would quite possibly die if he left her bedside. His heart was almost rent in twain, and just for an instant he wavered in his decision. The stern call of duty came to his aid, and he sat down resolved to forget his own child’s danger, and try to save the life of the mother’s daughter.

Thus it was that Mrs. Strong received a hastily-scrawled reply from her husband, which read, "Give Jackie mustard and water and call in Dr. Price." That gentleman was at once sent for, but when he arrived and the mustard and water was procured, Jackie, who had been left for a few moments could not be found.

High and low the frantic mother, the worried doctor, and the maid searched for the little truant until the latter suddenly thought of the pantry.
All made a hasty retreat to the kitchen, where their amazement was great on opening the pantry door to discover Jackie perched on a chair and covered in flour from head to feet. In his arms he held a huge pot of jam, the contents of which he was busily transferring with a knife to his mouth.

"Jackie!" ejaculated his mother; "you naughty boy!"
"Medis taste nasty, mummy," replied Jackie, his mouth full of raspberry jam.

Then he had taken some of the contents of the bottle!
Dr. Price tucked the kicking miscreant under his arm, and, conveying him to the nursery, endeavoured to persuade the little imp to swallow some of the mustard and water. But Jackie stubbornly refused.

Mrs. Strong was sobbing violently. "Oh! why doesn’t my husband come back?" she cried. "If Jackie should die..."

"Where’s the bottle?" The question was asked in firm, quiet tones by Dr. Strong, who had entered the room. He had faithfully watched over his patient, who at the end of the hour had fallen into a refreshing sleep, a sign that all danger had passed. Leaving the parents on their knees beside the sick bed the doctor had hurried home with all possible speed.

"Where’s the bottle?" he repeated, as he dragged off his gloves.

(Continued on next page.)
AN interviewer’s life is full of surprises. He never knows how he is going to fare when he eventually succeeds in raising his quarry in her den. Yet, on the other hand, the position of the interviewer is almost as uncertain, for how does this distinguished person know the extent of the interviewer’s inquisitiveness?

Enough of this, anyway. Let’s cut the cackle and get down to business. I could have obtained the common or garden variety of interview as easy as kiss your hand, but I simply did not want it.

My chosen victim was Eleanor Woodruff, whom you have met in the American productions of Pathé Frères for two and a half years, and whom you will shortly see in Vitagraph Broadway Star Features.

I was on the warpath for material of particular interest to her British admirers who are readers of Pictures—not the sort you know, that is originally dished up for American consumption and afterwards reprinted over here. So you may consider this to be an interview specially obtained for yourselves.

When we were comfortably seated in Miss Woodruff’s easy New York home, I started the ball a-rolling.

“I understand that last autumn you fully intended giving up your film work in order to make a trip to France to become a Red Cross nurse.”

“Yes, you are on the right track,” she admitted. “I like nothing better than caring for the sick and wounded, so when I learned that the Paris headquarters of Pathé Frères had organised a Red Cross Corps I volunteered to go. Unfortunately, however, my mother became ill, and I felt it my duty to stay by her side and do all I could for her, and so I stayed at home, which resulted in my being engaged by the Vitagraph Company when my contract with Pathé Frères expired.”

“I like England,” she continued, “and you may tell your friends that one day when this horrible war is over I hope to visit them and play before the camera in their country.”

“Have you had any exciting experiences while acting in photo-plays?”

“Quite a few. I must confess. Recently I was bitten by a monkey, and I have been thrown off a horse three times in one day. Last year I was run over by a motor-car. I have also jumped off bridges, fallen down stairs, rolled down embankments, tumbled into rivers, and leaped off locomotives.”

I gasped for breath when Eleanor Woodruff came to the end of her list, and marvelled greatly that good luck had saved her from being inflicted with permanent injuries.

“I receive letters from picturegoers in Britain,” she smiledly told me, “and I always strive to answer them, because I feel it is the least courtesy I can show to them; whilst, as for presents, I could open a boot in the huge batch of gifts I have received from admirers from time to time.”

“What are your views on the future of the cinema?”

“I consider that the next step will be coloured photo-plays. I don’t mean the crude kind you see to-day, but those that are both perfect and practical in every detail.”

By utilising my good pair of ears I made the discovery that Miss Woodruff is very greatly devoted to pets, literature, photography, and fashions.

Her sympathetic nature extends to the characters she prefers to interpret in photo-plays. In The Red’s Wrath, for instance, her dark beauty was concealed under grey hair and age-lines on her face in order that she might carry conviction as the screen-mother of Henry Walthall.

It was my good fortune to see the production in question, and I consider it a genuine sacrifice in the cause of true art when a beautiful young woman of twenty-two (oh, she doesn’t mind admitting her age!) consents to conceal her good looks and figure as she has done in this part. And that is why I feel she is entitled to the description of “The Sweetest Face on the Screen.”

“Have you any message I may send to your British admirers?” I finally asked of her.

Here follows her answer;—“Please say that I appreciate the kind attention they give to my efforts, and that I am oh so anxious to come over to greet them in person.”

ERNEST A. DENCH.

(Continued from previous page.)

Mrs. Strong anxiously handed the label “Laudanum” to her husband.

"Why, Jackie isn’t poisoned at all!” laughed his father; “it’s only a new cough-mixture with which I was experimenting—and I forgot to take off this label.”

"Thank God!" murmured Mrs. Strong, as she sank into a chair.

"Jackie," said his father, with an exasperation at severity, "you must never touch daddy’s bottles again or you will die."

"Well, Teddy wanted medisin," said the child, and I showed him how mumma makes me take mine."

There are some pathetic scenes in this little drama; but it ends with a smile, and although only 1,300 feet long, the picture looks excellent. Charles Oglo is the Doctor, Mrs. W. Bechetel his wife, and Kathleen Coulgin little Jackie. The release date is August 28th.
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS

BETTY NANSSEN, the Great Danish Emotional Actress.

JOSEPH HARRIS, of "Flying A" and "Beauty" Fame.

J. P. McGOWAN, now appearing in Lasky Films.

ORMI HAWLEY, Leading Lady in Lubin Films.

These and other portraits elsewhere in this issue may help voters in our World's Greatest Film Artists Contest.

Last Four Weeks: Coupon on page 30C.
MADLY loving Bertha his wife, James Redruth was exasperated beyond measure at her frequent absences from home. He cared naught for night clubs himself, and could not understand her liking for such a gay and dangerous life. One night when his patience was exhausted he burst into the merry throng, and after chastising the man who was making love to her he ordered his wife home. But his high-spirited girl protested against such treatment, but Redruth, insisting upon being obeyed, locked her in her bedroom. To Bertha this was the crowning insult, and hastily gathering together her jewels she left the house by the window, after leaving a note to remind Redruth that he ought to have married a Sunday-school teacher.

When in the morning her husband discovered the note, he swore to kill the woman who had wrecked his life. But he failed to find her, and, taking to drinking, he went from bad to worse, drifting swiftly down the social scale as so many had done before him.

Bertha obtained the help of a lawyer, but even he, a rich man, was unable to withstand the constant drain upon his resources, and in due course the foolish woman found herself compelled to earn her own livelihood. She was a beautiful girl of that charm which entices men on the road leading to perdition, and she had merely to answer an advertisement for "Smart ladies for a beauty chorus" to be engaged.

Very soon she was once more on the high road to prosperity; she never doubted that her charms would secure her, if not a husband, at least a lover.

Cuthbert Cuthbertson, a young country squire, who inherited the gambling instincts of his ancestors, frequented clubs where high stakes were the rule and not the exception. One evening a theatrical manager invited him to the rehearsal of a new revue, and there he met Bertha. Her fatal beauty fascinated him, and in a moment of mad infatuation he married her. It mattered not to Cuthbert whether she had a "past" or not. If the thought entered his mind at all it was outweighed by his mad desire to possess her.

For a time all went well. The new life entranced Bertha, and while there was money to squander she was content. But there is always an end to losses at gambling and a "past" always catches up and before long Cuthbert received a letter from his solicitors that it was impossible to raise another shilling upon the estate. It was mortgaged to the bilt. The letter fell into the hands of Bertha. She slumbered at the prospect of poverty, and determined she would not face it; she unbade Cuthbert for the loss, which was largely attributable to herself when she left the house.

Money was essential to her very existence, and as she stood admiring the gems in a jeweller's shop window in the town she was joined by a man who so admired her beauty that he purchased the jewel she desired and handed it to her together with his card. When she reached home again she waved the gift in Cuthbert's face. Then she went modestly away.

"I wanted your money—not you!" were her parting words.

Cuthbert's eyes were opened, and all the love he had ever possessed for his wife was turned on her.

Again Bertha was cast upon her own resources. This time she set up as a palmist, and called herself Astraea. Her first husband Redruth, reduced to a state of poverty, had enlisted in the Royal Horse Artillery.

Professor Ginnifer, a travelling showman, was one of the Old English type who travels the country erecting a booth in the main streets, and after providing a wholesome face for the provincial folk whose love for the simple has not yet departed, and who delight in being mystified. It happened that the Professor, who was always on the look out for something new, saw Astraea's announcement as a palmist, and called to suggest that she should join his show as clairvoyant.

Bertha rejected the showman's offer with scorn; but was the Professor perplexed? Not a bit of it. "All right, dearie," said he, "you may want an engagement some day. If you do, come and see Ginnifer, my boy. But in the meantime I shall destroy the card.

On the same day she received a call from the police, who requested her to come to the establishment. Again the fates had dealt this woman a cruel blow, and a little later Cuthbert, at home amid the ruins of his patrimony, received a demand for money, and responded by sending his wife a "conspicuous note."

Bertha continued to do business as a palmist, but only in a small way, and day by day her life became a greater burden. One day, seeing no hope of recovering her position, she sat contemplating suicide by poison, which she was about to take when a girl in a desperate plight called upon him to have "the lines read. Before Bertha was able to recover her composure her client had fainting. Bertha left the room to obtain water, and in her absence the girl found the poison, drank it, and died. The tragedy suggested a way out of Bertha's difficulties. The dead girl, being something like her in appearance, should take her place. So Bertha wrote a note that, deserted by every one, she had decided to take her life, then, taking the purse of her late client, she disappeared from the house as quickly as possible.

Cuthbert, having sown his wild oats, had settled down, and was growing to despise the country. His daughter by his neighbour, Sir William Barton; but because of his unhappy marriage his life was sealed. Then by chance he read a paragraph in a newspaper announcing that Bertha had committed suicide, and, free to propose to Constance, he did so, and was gladly accepted. But Sir William had other views. There was Richard Featherstone, his heir; he would make a better husband because of his wealth; so Cuthbert was forbidden to enter the house again.

He now sometimes laughs at parents, and Sir William discovered this when Constance eloped with Cuthbert and left a note to say that she had gone to join the man she loved.

One New Year's Eve, when their little child was three years old, Constance was seized with the desire to see her father and effect a reconciliation. Husband, wife, and child journeyed towards London. The inn was "The Delight," an inn kept by Mrs. Wicklow, her old nurse. Re quite was in full swing. Men were needed for the Army, and Sergeant-Major Milligan, of the Royal Horse Artillery, was busy in the village. His favourite scene of action was the taproom of the "Angler's Delight," where he nightly pointed out to the male inhabitants the advantages of their great profession.

From the inn Constance wrote to Sir William, appealing to her father to overlook the past, and not let another year dawn upon their estrangement. But Sir William's answer was short and to the point. "I know the condition," he repeated. "Leave that man, and I will again acknowledge you as my daughter." But this Constance resolved she would never do.

And what of Bertha? The inevitable retribution was overtaking her. In desperate straits, she remembered Professor Ginnifer's offer, and had since joined his travelling show. On this New Year's Eve the Professor stepped out of Wicklow's, and the caravan was stabled in the yard. The Professor and his daughter were old friends of the landlady, and while they were inside recounting their experiences of the past, with Ginnifer making love to Mrs. Wicklow, Bertha sat on the steps of the showman's van and sang a verse of an old song. Cuthbert heard and thought he recognized the voice, and, peering into the moonlight, he came face to face with his "dead wife."

Sore in soul, and as vindictive as ever, the woman threatened to expose the man unless he consented to leave Constance at once.

It broke his heart to accept the cruel condition, but Cuthbert's hand was
forced, and when Featherstone called a few minutes later and asked him to agree to a short separation from Constance the reply somewhat astonished him. "Tell Sir William to come for his daughter," said Cuthbert. Then having written a letter to Constance, which told her briefly that the woman he first married was still alive, Cuthbert hurriedly left the inn.

In the knowledge that Constance and their little son would be in the care of Sir William, Cuthbert enlisted, entered the depot of his regiment, and, having become proficient, volunteered for foreign service in the hope of finding death on the battlefield.

Time passed on. Constance lived only for the man she loved and little Cuthbert, and then one black day her father, old Sir William, died a ruined man. Featherstone even then failed to win her consent. He offered her the old estate which he had purchased from her father's trustees, but she declined the generous offer, and went to live with her old nurse—now Mrs. Ginnifer. Tracing her whereabouts, Featherstone pressed his suit, but Constance firmly refused

him. "Cuthbert will return to me," she told him, but the persistent lover reminded her that Bertha still lived, and that Cuthbert could not marry her. By hook or by crook he swore to win Constance, and enlisted the services of Gummer to find Bertha to help him.

The war was over at last, and the regiment returned. It wasa great day at the depot when medals were presented to the men who had distinguished themselves. Featherstone took Con-

stance and the boy to witness the ceremony, and he and the Major were in conversation when a gunner approached with a mes-

age. "Let me introduce you, said the officer. "This is Gummer Lanyon, the man who saved my life." Recogn-

ition was mutual, and Featherstone realised that if Constance also recog-

nised Cuthbert all his scheming would be for naught.

Before Constance could approach, the villain managed to whisper to Cuthbert, "Your real wife still lives. Constance believes you dead. Remain so, and save her future shame.

Stung to the heart, Cuthbert returned to the ranks and was decorated in the presence of his wife.

Constance felt sure that the hero was her husband that when the regi-

ment was dismissed she addressed him, "Cuthbert!" she exclaimed reproach-

fully, "why have you been silent so many years? You are my husband in

spite of all. Love like ours knows no law."

"You make a mistake, Madam," answered Cuthbert, making a great
effort to conceal his emotion; "I have never seen you before. My name is John Lanyon—Gummer Lanyon."

Faint and trembling with doubt, Con-

stance was led away by Richard Feather-

stone, whilst a broken-hearted soldier hero gazed at her retreating figure.

His trumpet had been played, and Featherstone pressed his suit for all he was worth. Constance gradually be-

came convinced that Cuthbert was dead, and when Bertha was finally pro-
duced, she gave way and unwillingly consented to marry her cousin for her little boy's sake. Featherstone shook hands with himself, and fixed the wed-
day.

* * *

There was one man who never ceased to think of the woman who wronged him, and whose desire for revenge had grown into madness. That man was Redruth, who was on the same regi-

ment as Cuthbert. Repeatedly giving way to drink, he was the despair of his officers. One day as the picket were

leaving him into barracks he broke away from them, and sought refuge in a doss-house.

Bertha, his legal wife, had by now sunk to the lowest dregs—the gutter. She slept in this same doss-house, and had returned to it just before the arrival of her husband. Redruth was standing by the fireplace when his wife came down the stairs. They had never met since that night, years before, when he locked her in the bedroom. Recognition was instantaneous. With a savage cry he sprang toward her, and was about to stab her when Cuthbert, who had come after the deserter, rushed into the room and held back the infuriated, drink-sodden man until the picket had overpowered him. The wretched woman begged forgiveness for the past, but Cuthbert turned sadly away and went back to barracks.

* * *

The wedding-day, the day for which Featherstone had schemed and lied so long, arrived. Side by side the pair stood at God's altar—the man triumphant, the woman faint and sick at heart.

Into the church came Cuthbert—now Sergeant Lanyon—to take one last look at the woman he loved more than life

itself.

In the street Bertha had met Gimnifer hastening to the wedding. From him she learnt that Featherstone and Con-

stance were to be married, and then the woman's better self revealed itself. Could she, at this late hour, make some

atonement for the evil of the past? She rushed into the church and broke upon the sanctity of the service. Weak, ill, and ragged, she staggered to the altar-rails. "The marriage must not proceed," she cried.

"Why do you interrupt this holy ceremony?" asked the clergyman.

"Because that woman's lawful husband stands there," shouted Bertha, her finger pointed to Cuthbert. "His marriage with me was null and void. I was the wife of James Redruth. I— I—and with a choking gasp the poor woman fell dying upon the altar-steps.

Featherstone's scheming had come to an end. Husband and wife, clasped in each other's arms, took up again the thread of life so rudely broken. Cuthbert, who had answered, "The Trumpet Call?" was now happy with his dear one and their precious little son.

* * *

The Trumpet Call is a great picture—play. G. R. Sims touches the British heart as no other writer; in many respects he is unique in appealing to the feel-
ings of the heart. He represents the people—

not a single class, but all classes. Whether he is writing of the aristocracy, the middle-
class, or the workers, his creations are life-

like. In filming this drama the Neptune Company have given the picturegoer a produ-

ction which will win immense success be-

cause of the fidelity of its interpretation, the capability of the acting, and the perfection of setting and photography. The photography throughout is a reve-

lation; it is unsurpassed by anything yet exhibited.

The Plaint of the Knockabout Cinema Star,

J UST for your pleasure I give of my trea-

sure;

I sell my soul for your smile.

I fall awful creepers to capture your
coppers.

And grin like an ass all the while.

I fall from the car, or am kicked by "Papa!"

The door always hangs on my nose;

My clothes never fit me, bad eggs always hit me.

And everything catches my toes.

I'm not very fond of those leaps in a pond.

That reduce all the "twopennies" to shrieks;

I hate tumbling downstairs, or falling off chairs.

Or stopping the waterpipe leaks.

But you sit in plush seats with a girl and some sweets.

And laugh while I'm risking my skin.

If I fall with a bang, why don't you care a hang

If I flatter along on my chin.

Oh! you "cinema" folk, you're fond of a joke.

And aren't you a cold-blooded crew?

You'd never smile again at my trouble and pain.

If I were not in need of the "screw."

Still I'll drink to your health as I plunder your wealth.

And puff at my blood-bought cigar;

If you want a dog's life, and you can't get a wife;

Be a "knockabout cinema star,"
OUR LETTER-BAG
Selected from hundreds every week.

Didn't Want to Do It. But—
"I blush to admit it, but until I came across your paper a week ago, I had never seen a moving picture. It made me go to one, and I shall keep on doing it."

EVA S. (Canterbury).

Natty and Nutty.
"After a very lengthy and painful (I) effort I have succeeded in attempting to write to you, and offer you my sincere felicitation and congratulations on the 'natty and nutty,' little mag: you have the pleasure of controlling."

KINEFAN (Leicester).

Pity the Poor Editor!
"I saw a Stewart in one or two films lately I seen the woman and 413 if it had not been for Julia Gordon and E. Williams in the two woman and J. Gordon and Harry Marey in 413 Hilg would have look black it did look black for the 413 as it was every one you spoke to over it called rot after 413 seen I took an oath I'll never go and see her in a mother and I never will she off no only thing I cared for was wood vortals."

K. (Manchester).

Taking and Projecting.
"I have read letters from your readers complaining that some films are projected too fast, and blaming it on the operator. Please let me state that it is not always the operator in the picture-theatre that is to blame. It is generally in topical or news films that these defects are seen. The cinema companies who produce these films sometimes wish to economise in film, and do so by having the handle of the camera turned slowly, which, using up less film, misses several of the movements essential in producing a perfect picture. So, when projected at a picture-palace at the usual speed—i.e., sixteen pictures, or ft., a second, the subject appears to be moving unnaturally fast."

A Reader (Wandsworth).

Pictures a Boon to the Deaf.
"I have taken my back numbers to a Guild for deaf and dumb girls in Liverpool to which I belong, and there was a rush for them. I like going to the Pictures because I can read lips. In fact that is the only way I have got on for ten years, as we did not know the deaf and dumb school here, and so you will see that the Pictures mean a great deal to me, for they make up for the theatre and concert. Only once in all the years I have attended the Pictures have I seen a freak of either sex use a very bad word. Some players only mumble, but I am sure that they would speak plainly if they knew how deaf and dumb people can read their lip movements. Please don't think I am dumb; only deaf."

E. F. (Walton).

A Real Blaze in B.C.
"In a picture released by the 'Flying A' Company a little while back one of the scenes was a forest fire, and it was indeed lovely, and helped one to imagine what a forest fire really is like. Where my friend lives in British Columbia (the Barriere Valley Ranch) is only two and a half miles from the foot of the Rockies, and the first year she was there it was a very hot summer, and the woods on the mountains caught fire, and it was three days before the firefighters arrived from Kamloops, which is the nearest station. Oh! Oh! is an Indian encampment near the Barriere Valley Ranch. The oldest Indian there is about 160 years old, and is a very funny person, and refuses to speak to any one, and it was with great difficulty that my friend 'snapped' him. Strange to say, his hair is black, and reaches nearly to his knees, and his black beard is about the same length."

COLLEEN (Bath).

EDNA MAYO.
"How beautiful she is!" said the popular Editress of that well-known journal "Everywoman's Weekly."
"Lend me that photo and I'll put it on the front cover of my paper in colours." So you'll soon see the latest photo of Edna Mayo there; but before that you can become better acquainted with this fascinating Essanay star in the splendid drama written by H. S. Sheldon.

"MEANS & MORALS"
1,791 feet of beautiful film.
It will be released on Thursday, August 26th, and your favourite Cinema Manager will be pleased to show it if you tell him it is an
PATHÉ'S
ANIMATED
GAZETTE
gives real
WAR NEWS.

DO NOT
MISS IT.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

"PICTURES" POEMS

No. 1. OUR OFFICE BOY.

Words by "Brian." Sketches by Morley.

The lad was most modest and mild,
Of remarkably good education;
An ideal kind of a child,
So he got the desired situation.

But it's all been an era of terror and woe
Since he went to the Cinema show.

On our bald spot he centres his eyes,
And appears to see something contrary;
We should never feel any surprise
If a liking he has for the hairy
Loose specimens scraggy which Indians red
Collect from the top of your head.

We venture sometimes to assume
That scalps are his motive
when he does
Conceal himself in the front room,
And at business greatly impede us
By firing off bombshells and poisonous gases
At each individual who passes.

Some moccasins one day he made
From pieces of pigskin and leather,
And then with a bit of brocade
He tied in his hair a red feather,
And practised a war-cry, half scream, half halloo,
And painted his face like a Sioux.

Then bareback he rides on the stairs
Just polished by faithful old Harriett;
And at poets sometimes unawares
Casts circular loops with his lariat.
Crying, "Hold up your hands, sir!" a posture conceded
At once; at least that is what we did.

Then worst of the problem, you see,
Mere words have no power to attack him;
Though most in our place, we agree,
Without further parley would sack him.
But we think on the whole it is wisest and best

And safest—to let matters rest.
Good Cheer Every Week.

That is what you want these days, and it is just what EDISON PLAYS provide.

If you feel depressed, down-in-the-mouth, tired or stale, don't waste time thinking about it, but seek out a Cinema showing an EDISON PLAY, and note how quickly your depression and fatigue disappears under the cheering influence of EDISON PICTURES.

The stories are so immensely interesting, so well acted, and so vividly brought before you, that you are taken out of yourself in spite of yourself. Yes! EDISON PICTURES are the ones to see.

LOOK OUT FOR

THE GIRL WHO KEPT BOOKS

AT THE BEST CINEMAS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

FREE! We shall be pleased to send you three photos of your favourite EDISON PLAY on receipt of 2d. to cover postage.

Thomas A. Edison, Ltd., 164, Wardour St., London, W.

See it, Tommy? — "Mackintosh's"!

Trust to the kiddies to find it in a window crowded with other sweets. It's the sweetmeat that Mother commends — yes, and furtively samples herself—for the wholesomeness of Mackintosh's is known to all the world.
"Consider the case of the actor who has made a big hit in the legitimate," Marshall said; "what happens to him?"

Jefferson took his pipe from his mouth and smiled with the gentle humour inherited from his father, Joseph Jefferson. "What happens to him?" repeated Jefferson. Then, putting the pipe back into his mouth, he added, between teeth clenched over the stem, "Big head."

"I'll tell you what happens to him," Marshall went on. "He becomes a machine, a printing-press, a camera."

"Exactly," agreed Jefferson, pointing to a camera standing in a corner of the studio "just like that one."

"No, sir," snapped Marshall, "that's just my point. He does not become a camera like that one. He becomes a human camera, and in becoming a camera he loses the point of view of a creator. He is obliged for two seasons, or it may be for three, to give in all parts of the country an exact copy, a print, a photograph of his original creative performance, or series of performances. Art suffers, the actors suffer."

"And the public suffers too," threw in Jefferson with a chuckle.

Marshall took up the suggestion offered by Jefferson.

"And the public suffers too," he said. "Do you know, I think that's one of the reasons the great outside public says more than once—"

"Why, I saw Richard Big Star last night in his Hit of Three Years. I must say that Big Star is over-rated."

And now in the motion-picture art, all that art-stifling burden, all that reprint work, all that mechanical duplicating of an original impression is done as it should be—by a machine, by mechanical processes.

Marshall stopped, having exhausted his phase of the subject. Jefferson lifted—metaphorically speaking—the severed thread and reunited the particles.

"And when you are playing before the camera," he said, "you have every condition present that makes for the best in your art. I mean this, you have rehearsed just enough to grow familiar with inspiration without divorcing her. You then act your part only long enough to get it into the eye of the camera."

"You are playing, generally speaking, amid real surroundings. Your forests are real, your hills and valleys, your mountains, your rivers and lakes, your oceans. You yourself, if there is to be any effect upon the screen audience, must become a part of the reality of it all, and he is a wretched artist who does not respond to the stimuli of the actual world which surrounds him."

Marshall had taken up the scenario, and was running through it.

"Consider how this Chinese mystery would work out on the stage," he said. "It would be possible to show only a small part of it. The limitations of the stage would demand that a large part of the mystery be left to the imagination."

"But the screen will show every phase, every desirable episode, and every element, at the moment and in the way it is desired to make the revelation."

The two sauntered away to a part of the open-air studio where Chinamen were building a Chinese street for the film. Jefferson stopped, elevated his nose, and took a satisfied breath.

"What is it?" asked Marshall.

"Why, even now," came the answer, "before the streets are in shape, I can smell chop suey."

**Our Cover Portrait.**

**The Famous Players Co. are proud of Hazel Dawn, for did they not present her on the screen as a specimen of One of Our Girls. If all American girls were as pretty as Hazel Dawn, there would be a general exodus of young men from the old country to the other side of the berringpond. Although famed for her beauty, Miss Dawn does not rely on her looks alone for her stage and screen successes. She is an actress, and one is tempted to repeat a conversation between two friends, one of whom remarked upon Miss Dawn's beautiful teeth. "With teeth like that," he said, "all she has to do is to wink."

"Her teeth have nothing to do with it," replied the other. "That girl has intelligence. You can see it in her eyes. Why, she would be a success if she never opened her mouth."

So say all of us. For the rest it suffices to say that Miss Dawn has appeared as the prima donna in musical comedies, and recently starred in The Debudate at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York. The Famous Players Film Co., after featuring her as One of Our Girls, presented her in another film which displays all the charms of her face and figure. The play is entitled Niobe, the well-known story of the Greek statue that came to life, and caused complications in a modern family and heartburnings to a much-married maiden. Hazel was born at Salt Lake City, and is no older than she looks.

**Cats, Gardening, and Pictures.**

**STELLA RAZETO, a charming actress with the Selig Company.**

STELLA RAZETO, whose portrait is shown on this page, is a native of San Diego, California. She has had considerable experience on the stage, but the strain of Continental travelling caused her to give up the pictorial work. She attracted much attention whilst with Majestic, her first picture engagement, and afterwards was leading lady for the Kinemacolor Company in California. By the time she joined the Selig forces she was thoroughly experienced even in youth, and soon demonstrated her capabilities.

Miss Razeto is dark and petite with sparkling eyes. Her pets are cats of all sorts, shapes, and sizes. Her hobby is gardening and the rose section of her garden at home is a perfect paradise of beauty all the year round. Some of our readers will be writing to ask if she is married. Yes, her husband is Edward J. le Sault, an eminent Selig producer.

**A Moment of Danger.**

WHEN you see The White Sister, an Essanay drama, in which Richard C. Travers and opposite Viola Allen, you will note that the actor required some extra nerve during the taking of one of the scenes. This is the explosion of the powder magazine, of which Mr. Travers, as an officer in the Army, is in charge.

In the play the officer warns his men on guard that the place is on fire before he himself flees. He then walks carelessly away and is picked up under a great piece of flying debris when the magazine is blown to atoms.

In taking the scene Mr. Travers turned his back on the blazing building and calmly walked away as though there were no charge of powder behind him. The blast went off sooner than he expected, and the force of the explosion tore up the ground and covered him with dirt. But he escaped injury.
SIX BEAUTIFUL
HALF-PLATE PHOTOS
of sensational scenes
from our productions,
BLACK AND WHITE GLAZED,
sent applicants on receipt of
SIXPENNY POSTAL ORDER:
A unique offer to the picture fans.

All applications (mentioning this "Pictures" offer) to
"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

FINE REX DRAMA WITH POPULAR BEN WILSON.
"THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN."

Big handsome Ben Wilson has never done finer character work
than he puts into this wonderful drama. As the meek and mild
soldier who shanghaied aboard a sailing-ship bound for distant lands, he achieved a characterization that will
long be remembered by all who witness his truly remarkable work.
Dorothy Phillips, too, pretty and winsome as ever, has a
brilliant part, equaling for an emotional actress of
extraordinary powers, and as the suffering woman
who believes her lover dead, she gives a truly
great performance.
The story is the story of a drummer who wins
back his sweetheart by his pluck. It is a wonderful
grIPPING STORY, visualized in a film you must on
no account miss.

THE FINE STORY, THE PICTURE GOER.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,-

This happened to a little girl
who stole her mother's jam, or rather
attempted to do so, but when she
uncovered the jar out sprang the
bogey. The jam-pot was con-
coted by father as a lesson, and it
had its good effect on the daughter.
If you think this is a film-story you are
mistaken, but it will serve as an
example to young picturegoers (if
any) who steal jam from the kitchen.
By so doing they please the evil
god and possibly get sick in the bargain.
The moral is that if you
want jam it is best to keep out of the
pantry and go to the pantry, which give you all life sweets
and thrills (without bogeys) in abundance.

A few weeks ago the people of Sunderland could talk of no
else but Alan Law, the dashing hero of the great
Trans-Atlantic serial "The Troy of Hearts," which was running at the
West-end Cinema in that city. Now they have an Alan
Law of their own. How did he arrive? He was brought
by a stork, and he came at dead of night
to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Turner, of
Sunderland. According to all reports, he is the biggest, "roughest"
baby boy that ever was.

To begin with he had no name at all.
That's how everything that followed came about. For when Mr. Turner
started to think of a name for Baby, one
name only seemed to him to be permissible.
At the West-end Cinema they had seen
their ideal of a man, and it was only
right that their ideal of a baby should
bear his name. And so Alan Law Turner
has now been christened, and he and
his parents will thus long have cause
to remember "The Troy of Hearts."

But wait a bit! I have not yet finished.
Mr. J. R. Waller, the manager of the
West-end Cinema, heard all about this
christening, and wrote to the Trans-
Atlantic Company. His letter set them
thinking, and this is what they thought.
Alan Law Turner was nothing more
nor less than a Trans-Atlantic baby, and
must be treated accordingly. And so a
handsome christening-mug has been duly dispatched to
Sunderland to gladden the eyes of Alan's fond
parents.

"Margaret" writes me from Brighton to say how sorry she
is that she has grown too old to be my "niece." She is sixteen.
Now, although Margaret may be too old to enter for the
competitions, she is not too old to write to her poor, hard-
worked "Uncle," who is always pleased to hear from niece or
nephew of any age. Margaret has frequently sent me nice
pieces of poetry of her own composition of course, and the
one she enclosed with her last letter is so clever that I am
reprinting it for the benefit of her cousins:

"A gentleman brave of the best British stamp,
Was Lieutenant W. E. V.,
He braved all the trials the air could afford,
A true British gentleman he,
He obeyed the call: "Duty."
Whatever befall,
An intrepid airman was he;
But he's dead — who obeyed
And was never afraid;
Brave Lieutenant Warneford, V.C."

I suppose it is natural that the easier my competitions the
more replies I should get, but I never expected the mass of
postcards which rolled in bearing solutions to the little
picture puzzles which I gave you to a certain puzzle.
The hidden names were: Harold Lockwood, Lillian Walker, and
Francis Bushman and, with a few exceptions, every competitor
was right. In awarding the prizes age and neatness were
carefully considered, with the following result:

Hubert Lea, 31, Constellation Street, Adamsdown Road, Llanelwyn, Mon.;
Alan Wood, Green Mount House, Henshaw Lane, Halifacks;
Doris Wattie, Avondale, Brayton Road, Selby.

Award of Merit (six to win a Special Prize),
Jessie McPherson (Lower Spenfield), Kitty Lees (Dunham), Florence Poole (Dalston),
Helen Downes (Guiford), Mildred Snell (Leighton), Marie Lister (Arkwright), Arthur Dale (Macleish),
Gladys Turner (Levisham), H. Broadhead (Bradford), Stanley Myers (Hermanshay),
Arthur Allis (Stephenham), A. Simmons (Cotford), Reggie Parade (Thornton Heath), Winnie Bristow (East Coast),
Tom, Hubert (Dumbury), Fred Blakey (Grimsby), Charrie Wright (Newport),
W. R. Ormonde (Stockport).

Special Prize. — Gladys Turner.

A "FILM TITLE" STORY.

This is always interesting. Make a short
story or sentence which are limited together twelve or
known film titles. Words between the titles are, of course, permissible. Use a
postcard and address it "Film Titles,"
18, Adam Street, Strand, W.C., to arrive
by Monday, August 23rd. Two bound
volumes of Pictures and the Award of
Merit will be presented by

UNCLE TIM.
World's Greatest Film Artistes Contest

MARY FULLER, WITH THE VICTOR (TRANS-ATLANTIC) COMPANY.

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, also a second choice of each. The names are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST FILM PLAYERS IN ANY COUNTRY (excluding British-born Artistes) write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES.—The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10. All other prizes will go to senders of Coupons in order of merit.

THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners’ names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

2. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope as end of contest.

3. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

"The Pictures" FREE VOTING COUPON: WORLD'S CONTEST.

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

--- 10 ---

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

--- 5 ---

Signed

Address

Fill up and post to "Contest Editor," Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

30 VOTES FREE EVERY WEEK.

You may Vote for any except British-born Players. A selected list of Names of some of the Players have appeared in previous issues.

First Prize in Cash £10

2nd PRIZE, Graphophone £7 10s., Records 30s. Value £9

3rd PRIZE, Graphophone £5 10s., Records 30s. Value £7

4th PRIZE, Graphophone £4 4s., Records 16s. Value £5

5th PRIZE, Graphophone £3 3s., Records 17s. Value £4

100 Consolation Prizes

The Machines and Records are manufactured by the World Famous "Columbia" Co.

LAST FOUR WEEKS
Gossip

THREE more issues only will contain coupons for our great voting contest. As portraits of the players will assist the memory of the voter, I proposed to publish rather more portraits than usual until the end of the contest. Look at "Our Portrait Gallery," for instance, on another page. The feature will be continued in the next three issues at least, and I hope you like it.

Picture-plays in Pen and Ink.

Another new feature which I have arranged to run is a series of pen-and-ink sketches of some of the principal film-play productions. Frank R. Grey, the artist, whose theatrical caricatures are well known, will make his drawings immediately after seeing the play on the screen at one of the public, although they may be made before the film is released. These cartoons, sketches, or caricatures, call them what you please, will make a fine addition to the photograph illustration, and again I hope you will be pleased. The first to appear next week, will illustrate My Old Dutch, the Turner-made masterpiece and "Ideal" Exclusive.

More "Ideal" Captures.

A film that lives bang up to its name is the Ideal Film-Renting Co., Ltd. These productions are done from a house with such a title, and so far as I am aware no one has ever been disappointed. A list of the successful films which they have controlled would fill this page. Enough, then, to state that their three latest captures are "Ideal" pictures, like all their predecessors. The Evil Eye, a four-part Trans-Atlantic drama of the "Trilby" type, is one, and Robert Leighton and Elba Lee in Master Kim, heroes, are in it, The Silence of Dean Maitland, a film version of one of the most-discussed and best-read books of the age, is another; and The Mystery of Edwin Drood, an American five-part production of the famous unfinished story by Dickens, is the third. Trade shows of the trio are arranged for, and doubtless I shall refer to them again.

"The Exploits of Elaine."  

I found Pathé's great serial to be all that I expected and more so. I have seen four of the thirty-six episodes, which is a big enough hit to judge the quality of the remainder. I am sure that each instalment will so fascinate you that you will find it impossible to resist the lot. It was quite a happy idea to terminate each part with a "close-up" of the "clutching hand"—the bony fingers of the master criminal whose crimes and movements are so hidden in mystery. It will be a week and long to creep some more week by week.

Billy a Big Success.

I have seen Billy Merton in his first film, A Spanish Love Story. Billy is a big success, partly because he is small, mainly because he is funny. On the screen he appears to be a bundle of nerves, in and out and all over the picture like a will-of-the-wisp, but all his movements get a laugh. Although Billy's Love Story is a little long—the story of two reeds would have been better than three—I recommend the film to all who enjoy a hearty laugh. I am told that Billy's second production will be of the merriest and brightest. And we can do with it.

Rain and Romance in Derbyshire.

The Martin Film Company had a merry time mid-fortnight in Dovedale recently, rain falling during most of their business holiday. But in spite of water they got through best part of two three-reel dramas. Talking of water, Buntly Stewart, as an Indian girl in one scene, dived from the edge of a precipice into a river hundreds of feet below. Dave Aylott, producer for Mr. Martin, says it was the finest dive he has ever seen, and Dave has seen some. Buntly collapsed on reaching shore, but soon recovered; and a little bird has just whispered to me that besides falling in water she also fell in love with one of the handsome men of the company. No, they are not yet engaged, so I must not mention his name. I asked Mr. Martin how he fared for "supers," and he replied, "They have an old local saying which runs: 'Derbyshire born and Derbyshire bred; strong in arm and weak in 'l head.'" But, exactly describes the extras we were forced to engage. Ask Aylott if I am not right." I did so. "Super in Dovedale!" exclaimed Aylott, his face beaming at the recollection. "Ask Ernie Westow what he thinks of them," he said. Ernie, who is the Mike Murphy of the company, was not present, and I still wait to learn more about the Dovedale supers.

"Hard Times" Finished.

Thomas Bentley, famous for Dickens productions, has finished the first of a series of Trans-Atlantic pictures made in Britain, and, from what I know of Mr. Bentley's work, it will be a winner. All sorts of obstacles, including rain and war restrictions, bobbed up, so that, like the film of the title, "Hard Times" were his indeed. Over two hundred players were engaged in the production, and many of the scenes were taken miles out of London, motor-buses being employed to carry the party out and home. Not only was the filming of this popular Dickens novel intrusted to Mr. Bentley, but that gentleman, as with other Dickens films, wrote the whole of the scenario himself. Bransby Williams, whose brilliant Dickens characterizations are known throughout the world, played the leading male rôle of Gradgrind, and Dorothy Bellows, famous in Clarendon films, was the feminine star, playing Louisa. I look forward to the treat with which this picture is sure to provide.
Turner Films

"Pictures made for You."

WHY
"TURNER FILMS"
ARE
PRE-EMINENT.

Shakespeare says:—"All the world's a stage, and men and women merely players."

That's to say, all are players, while only a few are artists.

The gift of an artist is to enable us "to see ourselves as others see us." The great artist does this because he sees deeper into the heart of things and shares with us the joys and sorrows which, woven together, make up the fabric of life. The greatest service the artist does is to help us, by example, to play our parts in life so that we, in turn, may serve our fellow players.

Next Week:
III. "Production."

Our Confidential Guide
Films you should make a point of seeing.

MEANS AND MORALS.—A drama in which the low-wage question is given forcible illustration. Irna, a shopgirl, earns barely sufficient to exist on. A big appetite compels her to go into the streets and take the chance that the man she meets will be the right sort. She meets Dick, who takes her to a restaurant, and afterwards demands his pay. She is a good girl; she was hungry, and she took a long chance. Dick is the right sort. He escorts her to her room, and on the way tells her he is a pick-pocket. Then they separate and go out of each other's lives. Later, a woman shopper in the store in which Irna works misses her pocket-book. She sees Dick stuffing it in his clothes, and he is arrested. Irna, seeing the arrest, tells the story of Dick and herself. The manager is touched. The charge is dismissed, and Dick is given a chance to make good. He does it and declares his love for Irna. The story takes a firm hold on the attention, and is among the things that have happened in all large cities. Edna Mayo and Reginald Owen have the leading roles, and Peggie Sweeney also is a member of the cast.

—Essanay Drama, two reels (August 20).

LITTLE CHRYSANTHEMUM.— A short but charming love-story with a tragic ending. A beautiful little Japanese orphan-girl is brought home from Kyoto by tourists and loved by the family as if she were a child of their own. Bob, the son, treats the newcomer with kindness which is misunderstood, and when "Little Chrysanthemum" learns that he is engaged to be married to a white lady she pretends to rejoice while struggling in secret with her hopeless love. The discovery of her dead body and her note of explanation is a great shock to all. Neva Gerber is fine in the title-role.

—Essanay Drama, 887 feet (August 20).

THE PRESSURE OF THE POSTER.—A "shirker" is set thinking by seeing the numerous parades and letters despatched to his friends at the Front. After a lot of wavering, thanks to posters and kinks he proves himself to be a real Britisher. An effective feature of the film is that numerous well-known recruiting posters are introduced, in which (in his imagination) the slackers takes an active part with the other "real" characters in the pictures. This subject, produced by Mrs. Ethyll Bailey, is easily the most effective of the many which have been issued since the war to assist recruiting.

—New Agency Film, 811 feet (Aug. 26).

THE UNAFRAID.—A picturisation of Eleanor M. Ingram's extraordinary romance. The story runs round a revolution and scenes of battle, kidnaping, thrilling escapes, and a duel with old candlesticks and chairs, will keep the audience breathless. Rita Jolivet, the distinguished actress, makes her screen debut in the title-role. She has a great deal of individuality and naive charm, and acts with an ease and simplicity that is most pleasing. Miss Jolivet was one of the late Charles Frohman's party on board the ill-fated Lucania, and was one of the fortunate few to be saved from this terrible catastrophe.

—Jonson Drama, four acts (August 23).

MY OLD DUTCH.—A great five-part production. One of the finest things ever done by Turier Films. Albert Chevalier, the famous actor, and Florence Turner, the famous picture star, are both superb in this magnetic attraction. It's a long way to the end of the film.
PAPPEN (Croydon).—Thank you for your charming photo; it is very nice, we have added it to our collection. Postcards is not included for our present voting contest. You must be a very clever girl to do this. Do you draw the absent partners remember this? Your new "non-de gare" but why "gare" and not "gar"? It seems to imply too many in an orchestra—cecy. See also reply to "Pippin."

HACKCT. (Manchester).—We know of no Cinema School. We can tell you Jane Pickford played lead with Mary Pickford in "Behind the Scenes." Thanks for love and best wishes, Luly.

G. A. D. (Yeressford).—A real rook in that "When Roses Bloom" is a Pathé Exclusive Drama (Mendicott Film), American Film. released 23rd May last, 2,700 feet, featuring S. Berg, Duffie Clift and Countess De Maratini.

B. M. W. (Boston).—Much obliged for information, which you will see we have used.

RELIANCE Lover (Dublin).—We expect to see Ford 's exciting but not this summer. Rent. Rose is doing "his bit" in the Navy. Address Eycrof's Co., II, East 14th Street, New York. Thanks for your letter. After your mention in Syd Chaplin, Charlie's brother. Thanks for your letter.

J. W. B. (Eastbourne).—Marie Bazi played "Autonette" in "The Fireman of Zenda," The others are not published West. We have heard of Lilian Logan very recently. Syd Chaplin has played in "Gudu Guy, and Tick-ki."

"Fatty's Wine Party," "Caught in the Dark," and "Gus the Golfer." You can have 100 postcards and a size album for seven shillings and sixpence, from our Postcard Department.

D. H. (New Eglam).—Quite right, Clara Kimball Young, not Florence Turner played "Sylvania" in "Sylvan's Loyalty." The Pala and Nordik people do not often publish cast.

L. A. ARUACI (Newport).—Thanks for your letter, dear boy—you will have noticed the correct ead address of "The Troy o'Hearts" in a recent issue. What delightfully moist weather you are having for your camping out. Be sure and don't touch the inside of the tent just over where you sleep when it rains.

HARRY (Leicester).—Many thanks for the prints of the inimitable Charlie, but they are unusable for reproduction.

L. K. R. (Halme).—Charles Kent is still with Vitagraph. Laurina Hulsen played "The Woman," in "The Unequalled Mrs. Hatch" and "Faith," in "The Dancing Girl." Thank you very much for offering to write. I that "lonely soldier," but he is snowed under with all the dear Picturegoer readers who write to him. See cover of No. 8. Please reply to your enquiry at East. Jane gilt. Was your friend pulling your leg when he said he did not like "Pickford's boy.

PRAIRIE FLOWER (Lowere,).—Christie White and Cyril Merton played leads in "Kissing Cup." The other casts are not given. June Feely is still with Thach user, and Mona Dackenher with Kalen. No wedding cake to hand yet from G. M. Anderson and Grace Wilson.

MARION (Accrington).—Of course you are proud of being an Accringtonian and especially as you are a cricket club and winning all along the line. Anita and Anna Stewart is the same lady. We have not recived of her. Have sent her and Charlie Chaplin your love after being off the piece you and we might keep.

JOHN (Hilburn).—Sorry we addressed you "Eyes," you are getting it for a protection. We shall know next time we have to send you another postcard. We are to be sure, we have sent your love to Warren Kerrigan, so you have lost your bet.

MAX (Swindon).—Max Lionel is a Frenchman; he served his country at the Front in the early part of the war, and was wounded. We have heard nothing of him lately.

Victor (Dublin).—The first volume of the magnificent postcard publication "P," and it, Vol. VI, it is called "can be had from a local office, price 5d. per postcard. We have only a few left. The Thame Atlantic is to tell us that L.K.O is entering the name of a book of their lines. Charlie Chaplin is reported to be getting $160 a week, as a result of his popularity, worth it too. Daily Mail (London). E. K. Lincoln is still playing for the picture.

NELLIE (Ballard).—Address May Marsh, c/o Majestic Co. 430, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

ANY (Cotting in Ash).—The kisses made up last letter reading good luck was very nice indeed, Amy, and we are "ticked to death" with them. Thanks for photo. We appreciate your efforts to get us new readers. We have 5 different postcards of Charlie, Chaplin, price 6d., post free. So sorry, Amy, but it is against our rules to reply by post.

Y. W. (Erlington).—We cannot say if Kathryn Williams would reply to your letter, but if you write nicely we believe she would.


JEANNEETTE (Edinburgh).—The film is too old for us to obtain particulars of. Grace Cavendish has been busy writing "The Broken Coin," in which she is now playing. Have sent your love to A. W. Lowery and Kathryn Williams. Always pleased to help you.

MRS. (Cromwell).—Glad you had not forgotten me. Yes, Ania Pavlova is appearing in "The Dumb Girl of Portico" (Transatlantic). The feat of her having done fancy and character dancing where you have had to express every feeling and facial expression should help you in your screen work. Our best wishes. Of course you may call when next in town. The Answer is "shy and timid," so you need fear nothing.

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Let us know your experience any difficulty.

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IS THIS IN YOUR ALBUM?

OUR NEW POSTCARD OF ELIZABETH RIDSDON.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 21, 1915
A PICTURGOER (Stevenson).—In "The Daughter of the Hills," Lillie Langtry played the maid of the fiber, and Wellington Player was "Sergius" (a Russian graduate). Have sent your love to Aida Stewart.

FRED L. (Manchester).—We answer every letter in person. Have not heard of film you mention. Mabel Normand plays for Keystone; she does not own the company. In writing to a player, it is only courteous to enclose a stamp if a reply is expected. Hazel Dawn played lead in "One of Our Girls." Famous Players. We congratulate your sister on having won five awards of merit in Uncle Tom's Competitions.

From Mrs. Helen Holmes, e.o. Kalon Co., 227 to 229, West 22nd St., New York, N.Y.: Ben Wilson, late of Edison, is now with the Famous Pictures. The London Film did not publish the cast you want.

A LOCAL READER (Near Bridgeport).—Thanks for your letter, but I seen that the correction was made some weeks back.

NORMAN (Grimsby).—Full name and address next time, dear boy. Oona Moore is both real and "real" name. Rosee Arickale is an American. Charlie Chaplin's religion we do not know.


Alex M. (London, N.W.).—Write to our Publishers, Odhams, Limited, 92 & 94, Long Acre, W.C., for list names, price 5d. each, post-free.

Quintin (Brooklin, Ltd., of 4, New Compton St., London, W., might be able to give you the information you want. We have your name from 2 of Scorodello, also of Dorothea and Helen (together and separate), but none of March of the other players mentioned. Glad you are such an enthusiastic reader.

M LLE. (Dalston).—Florence Turner is not married. See article in No. 76 of F. and P., which answers your other question. You say you are "very secular"—what does that mean? Sorry your tooth aches.

ELIZABETH (Bramshott).—Thanks for your letter.

J. HELENE (Colchester).—Send your picture play to the Samuelson Film Co., Worton Hall, Isleworth, Middlesex, which is in your best.

Les G. (Leeds).—We replied to your letter a week or two ago. Charles Chaplin played "The Man with the Magic Lantern." He is a Londoner.

CAPUL (Horsley).—Your photo is simply top-notch and all the girls have shown it to their good friends. For your autograph album you should send a sheet of paper to the player and ask him (or her) to write a verse for it. Stewart Home played in "Silly and the Nut." "Arthur" Ashby played in "Great Morals" at the "Speed King" (Thameside). The Editor will be pleased to autograph the next you send of him. Hope you will be successful in Contest.

Two New Readers (Coventry).—Welcome to both of you. William Parram played lead in "The Sign of the Cross." We have no postcards of him, but have of Mary Pickford, Maureen Costello, Helen Costello, and Anita Stewart.


TAF (Kenley).—Our story writer, Mr. Norman Howard, is actor and author of "The Line." He will send you shortly the postcard you want.

O. M. H. (Leeds).—Jesus and Van Trump is not now with American Co., nor have we seen her cast for any films lately—but we expect she is still playing. The players are constantly moving from one Company to another, and we have no work out to keep track of them.

DUNCE (Oxford).—The Sopranos War Album includes a picture of each in the dizaint little gilt box you ever saw, with real war photos, and we shall soon have some to sell if the demand keeps up. Your sister will thank you for getting her one.

OVERT (South Tyneside).—Thank you so much for information about Little Meg and I., which we will forward to Walter (Highbury). Walter (Highbury).—Read "Queenie's" answer above, and send your name and address. Cannot trace previous letter.

AUTHOR (Folkstone).—Play-writing for the cinema by E. B. Leach, price 1s. 2d. post-free, from this office would be of assistance to you. Send your play to any of the best English Companies, and typewrite it. Delighted to advise you.

MARTA (Wigmore Tubes).—List of the postcards on your list, with autographed ones of Editor and Postcard Manager, will cost three shillings, post-free.

Push and Go.

Actor (to leading lady): "Do you know a maid?"

"No, of course not."

"But I'm sure I saw one in your dressing-room a few minutes ago."

"Oh yes, we come and go, but I can't keep them."

Preparing to Retaliate.

"Got any stale eggs?"

"Yes," said the grocer with a smile, but not for sale."

"Give me all you've got," said the long-haired stranger.

"Going to see Hamelet to-night," remarked the grocer.

"No," said the other grimly, "I'm going to play Hamelet to-night."

EDITORIAL MATTERS

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A Linger ing Death.

The office boy asked permission for two days' holiday, the reason being that his father was dying.

We gave him the holiday, but after three days' absence he did not return, and we were worried. The following morning we had this reply:

"Dear Sirs—I will be back day after tomorrow. Father says he can't dye no quicker.—Yours respectfully, A. Smith."

A Pair of Taen.

Lazy "Tommy" who wanted three days' leave: "My wife's ill, Sir, and I want to go home and see her."

LIEUTENANT. —That's funny, I've just had a letter from your wife to say that she knows you are lazy and will I keep you here?"

"Well," replied the Tommy, "I knew there was one liar amongst us, now I know there are two—I haven't got any wife!"

The Seaside Lover.

"Do you love me?" asked her pa.

"Love her! Why shouldn't I love her? For one so soft from her sweet eyes I would hurl myself from a stony cliff, and perish, a bleeding, broken man upon the rocks two hundred feet below. I'll be dead before I let her be my wife, won't you?" he pleaded.

The old man was silent for a minute.

"Yes!" he answered at last. "I'm something of a liar myself, and one in a small family like mine is sufficient."

A Thing of Beauty may be a Jaw for Ever.

INTERESTED (Leeds).—And I, too! Have off the last of the cards. I always cut them out of magazines and make postcards we stock are one penny each. Complete list on application. Yours ever x very sweet.

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MLLE. REGINA BADET AND M. DE L’ISLE IN "NO GREATER LOVE"

William le Queux’s life-drama of to-day which has made a wonderful film.
It is a Gaumont Exclusive, and a treat in store for the early autumn.
MOVING pictures: The place where good plays go when they die. Good news for the boys! Film stories of Tom Mix are appearing every week in A-plot. And Tom possesses lots of it.

Marguerite Snow will play opposite F. X. Bushman in The Second in Command. Fine players in a fine play.

Loud cheering was heard in THE Cinema "last evening. The operator had given the people plenty of time to read the film-title.

From the Tyne Theatre, Wallsend, comes the report that the audience who saw The Battle there were intoxicated— but only with enthusiasm.

Wait and see Dorothy Gish in Victoria. In one thrilling scene knives were thrown all around her, but not at her. She was sharper than the knives.

'Every 'Akins has received an autographed photograph of Anna Luther, the Selig actress, since when he has resolved to shave every morning.

Words are useful little things. For example, if it were not for the word 'film,' how would fashion writers ever describe a summer evening-gown?

Wardrobe Worries.

HAVE you ever thought of the troubles of a player so far as costumes, hats, and frocks are concerned? When she receives her dress plot, she has to take into consideration the fact that the gowns she wears in the production must be in the modes of the future. She must adopt a fashion which will be the vogue in three months' time. No wonder players pay large sums of money for exclusive models of hats and gowns from their modistes!

Sending Coats to Newcastle.

A DEAR old soul from somewhere down Missouri way has sent Myrtle Stedman a present of a big box of seeds for her garden! Bless her old heart! It never occurred to her that presenting the Morriso-Bowworth leading lady with seeds was like sending cousins to Newcastle. Flowers grow like weeds in Los Angeles, and now her own seeds, and, indeed, they have to be watched to prevent their overrunning each other. But, of course, lovely Myrtle has sent a lovely letter and a big photograph to her kind admirer.

Nothin' Doin'.

EVERY now and then we have to answer persistent rumors regarding the marriage of a player. Now some of you are busy with the name Vivian Rich. But No! She is not married, is not engaged, and is not pining for the matrimonial state. Vivian is quite happy, being wedded to her "art."

A Banquet in Film Plays.

HERE is a list of Famous Players' productions down for near release in America. Many of the plays you will note have been popular with British players: The Foundling (Mary Pickford), The Ironclad (John Barrymore), The White Pearl (Marie Doro), The First Night (Hazel Dawn and John Mason), Madame Butterfly (Mary Pickford), The Mummy and the Haunting Bells (Charles Cherry), The Three Elks (John Barrymore), Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall (Hazel Dawn), The Prince and the Pauper (Marguerite Clark), Twisted Paths (Mary Pickford), Poor Schmaltz (Sam Bernard), Zaza (Pauline Frédérich), Willy Make-believe (Marguerite Clark). What a list of famous plays and unusually fine artwork!

Charlie in the Trenches.

WE are back in the trenches again last Tuesday. I was awfully surprised to see old Charlie's photo hanging up in the trenches. I knew him directly I saw him. I joined in the effort to hold the beggar. I would write and let him know.

From a letter received by Mr. Westbrook, South Lambeth, from D. R. Cathcart, now at the Front with the Highland and Yorks.

A Chapter of Accidents.

WILL REX heads the list with a broken nose, a split lip, and a cut arm; Ned Kennedy had his head split open, Al Ray ran a nail into his foot. Mabel Spade sprained her ankle, Elsie Goodwin scraped her side in falling off a tent, and Murray MacCord lost two teeth. The other members of the company escaped with the exception of the police force, whose injuries were too numerous to mention. But it happened in a comedy picture, His Jealous Wife, produced by the Federal Company in America. A jealous wife can make a cartload of trouble. What?

A Heavyweight Cast.

WHAT is concealed the greatest galaxy of picture stars, when height and weight are concerned, ever gathered together in one studio, was recently working under the direction of Director W. Christy Cabanne in the Reliance-Majestic studios in Holly. Here are some of them: D. A. Sears, 6ft. 3in., weight 190lb.; Alfred Paget, 6ft. 1in., weight 180lb.; Wallace Reid, 6ft. 2in., weight 110lb.; William Hickey, 6ft. 2in., weight 175lb.; Elmo Lincoln, 6ft. 1in., weight 210lb.; George Walsh, 6ft., weight 100lb.; and last but not least, Tom Wilson, who stands 5ft. 6in. and weighs 200lb. This is Director Cabanne, who stands 5ft. 6in. and weighs 175lb. Nevertheless, the big fellows all respect him.

Our Cover Portrait.

THE world-renowned dancer a Famous Player! The incomparable Gaby showing her steps on the screen! What next? Mlle. Deslys, who has just been described as the sensation of two Continents, was born at Marseilles, and, after achieving fame on the Continent, came to America, where she drew crowded audiences to the Palace Theatre of Varieties. Repeating this success in America, she was finally, after great difficulty, persuaded to appear before the camera. A special play was written, and the film was produced at the Famous Players studio in Paris, being completed just before the outbreak of the war.

Her Triumph, the only picture in which Gaby has yet appeared, was a huge success in America, and will undoubtedly have an even greater triumph in this country. A Morning Telegraph writer, in speaking of this film, said: "It was shown at the Strand Theatre on Sunday, February 7th, and the six days thereafter. On Monday afternoon the house was packed. It was the largest Monday afternoon audience that the writer has ever seen at the Strand."
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHÉ'S ANIMATED CAZETTE

1. GYMNASTIC DISPLAY AT CARDIFF, when Lord Tredegar made an appeal for recruits. COLOURS FOR WELSH GUARDS: "I know you will serve true sons of loyal and gallant Wales, and worthy of the glorious traditions of the Brigade of Guard." - His Majesty King George. 2. EXCHANGED AGAIN: Exchanged wounded French prisoners from Germany arrive at Lyons. 3. HAPPY ZOUAVES: Famous alike for their prowess with the bayonet and feats of strength and agility. 4. FOR WOUNDED NEW ZEALANDERS: New Hospital opened by Lord Plunket and by the High Commissioner of New Zealand. 5. ALGERIAN NATIVE CAVALRY operating on the flooded sand dunes of Flinders. 6. THE Czar OF RUSSIA inspects the Black Sea Fleet at Odessa.
THE manager of the Grand Theatre of Varieties ran into the dressing-room, his face full of consternation.

"Here is a nice mess!" he shouted. "Madame Helene Simonde has refused to appear unless I dismiss Gaby, her understudy. Now, Gaby (he turned to a pretty girl in the act of pencilling her eyebrows before a mirror), what have you to say to that?"

"Madame Simonde is jealous of Gaby," interrupted a girl from the other end of the dressing-room. "She's taken a liking to her partner, Claude, who is Gaby's sweetheart. Besides, Helene knows that Gaby's as good as she is in the leading part, and the two things together have upset her."

"That's enough," snapped the manager, di-tractedly. "I can't have these jealousies interfering with the success of the play. Here, it is almost time for the curtain to rise, and there is Madame Simonde like a sulky bear in her dressing-room, declining to budge an inch until she knows Gaby is dismissed."

"You mustn't dismiss her," screamed another girl. "Do you know that Gaby keeps her sick mother and blind sister out of what she earns? Madame Simonde is a beast!"

Not receiving much help in this quarter, the manager dashed out again, and, encountering Claude Devereux, Madame Simonde's partner, told him the news. Claude looked grave, but after a moment his lips twitched.

"I know what's wrong with Madame Simonde," he replied, "and for my part I shan't play if Gaby is dismissed. Why don't you give her the part? You know she has made a good understudy, and in my opinion she will play it better than Madame Simonde."

"You think so," replied the manager, gratefully; "well, I must decide straight away, and the best thing is to give Gaby the chance. I'm hanged if I'll dismiss her to please Helene Simonde or any one else. Tell her to come to the wings."

Claude informed Gaby of the great opportunity that was offered her. As Madame Simonde's partner it fell to him also to tell her that her resignation was accepted. Madame Simonde's mortification was intense.

"Who is playing my part?" she asked at last.

"Gaby," replied the young man with a sly smile.

"Why, she is only a chorus-girl," retorted the other, contemptuously.

"She has been your understudy, and knows the part quite well; I think she will get on all right," was Claude's comforting rejoinder.

Madame Simonde bit her lip. She had not bargained for anything like this.

But if Claude Devereux denied her any comfort for her conduct she knew she could get sympathy from Count Victor, a man who posed as her friend for the purpose of obtaining money from her on every possible occasion. Recently he had pawned some of Helene's jewels, promising to return them, but had gambled away the money. A rogue of the first water, his influence over the actress had led her into trouble on many occasions, but she lacked the strength of will or the inclination to cut short her connection with him.

The Count was waiting behind the scenes for her, and learned the news with a whistle of dismay. He did not like to see Madame Helene's earning powers depreciate. He hid his disappointment as he took her arm and led her to a secluded corner of the theatre. Madame Helene having indicated her desire to see how her rival would acquit herself.

"A chorus-girl is to play my part," she sneered; "let us enjoy the audience's disappointment."

The orchestra finished the overture with a musical flourish, the curtains parted, and Claude and Gaby made their bow to the audience, which looked mildly surprised when they saw that an understudy instead of the noted actress would play the part. Gaby looked nervous, but with the opening lines of the sketch, which dealt with episodes of the Apache...
quarter of Paris, she regained her wanted composure, and the surprise of the audience melted into admiration. The famous dance of the Apache was the pièce de résistance, and in this Gaby excelled. The applause at the Grand Theatre had been for many Apache dancers, but none like her. Gaby seemed to have suddenly transformed herself into a poetical, if realistic type of the Apache woman, and every movement of her body told the story of the type to the accompaniment of crashing, barbaric music. The audience was enthralled, and when the exhausted dancer was led by her partner Claude towards the footlights, there were loud cries of "Encore, encore," which could not be denied. Gaby had arrived.

Helene's face whilst this demonstration of delight was at its height was a study in emotions. Surprise, chagrin, force late followed each other like lightning flashes. She now saw that in this pocket she carried a revolver, and that she had it present. She knew that in this pocket he carried a revolver and, and she hoped it was there now. The hard outline of the weapon encountered her fingers; she drew it out, and without hesitation pointed it at the unconscious dancer. There was a loud report, a scream, and Claude recoiled and dropped to the ground as Gaby bounded to his side. Her bullet had found the wrong bullet. Count Victor looked as though he was about to rise, but at this instant, he dragged to his feet with an oath. "What madness is this?" he shouted.

"We had better get out before the audience tears us to pieces.

Ever after Claude Devereux blessed the fact that he was a smoker. Although he had been struck by the bullet, no great injury had been done him, for on examination it was found that a silver cigarette-case in his pocket had broken the force of the bullet which had glanced off. Indeed Claude's chief concern was that some of his choicest cigarettes had been hopelessly ruined. Helene judged it wise to retreat to her country house, but her selection was not made any the happier by reading in the newspapers the flattering tributes to the dancing powers of her rival.

The "Dance Apache" was followed by a special creation called the "Dance Deslys," which took Paris by storm. All the gavottes of the Rue de la Paix tried to copy it, whilst the long-haired poets of the Latin Quarter sat up late at night writing odes to it. The newspaper critics hailed her as "the queen of dancers," and in the universal praise of the new star in the firmament, Madame Helene Simonde was almost forgotten. This did not charm the jealous but dethroned actress, and when Count Victor called upon her with a view to borrowing a little cash, he was met with a blank refusal.

If you want more money get rid of my rival," said Helene bitterly.

Count Victor looked as though he would be better pleased if he could get rid of Helene, whose charm lay in the extent of her bank balance rather than in her features. Count Victor did not deceive himself on this point. At this juncture he was badly in need of money, and he quickly made up his mind to strike a bargain.

"To get rid of Gaby will cost money, and I want some to go on with. Suppose you will give me carte-blanche." And Count Victor smiled. He knew the overpowering force of a woman's jealousy.

After some argument he received a substantial cheque from Helene, and immediately went to work to earn it. That evening he met by appointment at a low wine-shop several shabby hob- bies whom he knew would do anything short of killing for a few pounds. To these he explained his plans for kidnapping Gaby, for that was his immediate object. He had hoped by spiriting the famous dancer away that her theatrical connection would be broken and her contracts cancelled.

Just as she was about to retire to bed Gaby was horrified to see reflected in the mirror before her on the dressing-table the fierce face and form of the typical Paris Apache. She tried to scream, but the unwelcome visitor, who had secured silent entrance by the window, clapped his hand over her mouth. Then, as the man who had followed him into the room, he dragged her to the window, after a violent struggle, and carried her over the verandah and into a waiting motor. Several moments later the motor drove at a rapid pace into the suburbs.

Gaby's blind sister, Nina, hearing the struggle, tumbled out of bed and called for Gaby, who was anxiously awaiting any reply. Becoming alarmed, she groped her way to the telephone, and rang Claude's number fifty streets away. Fortunately, Claude answered the telephone himself, and in reply to her questions, Nina answered:

"Something dreadful has happened. I heard a noise, and cannot find Gaby anywhere. Please come round immediately."

Claude seized his hat, dashed for the door, and in three minutes arrived at Gaby's house. Calming the terrified blind girl, he looked round the apartment. Signs of struggle everywhere met his eyes. Chairs were overturned, valuable vases had been broken, and the open window testified to the manner in which Gaby had been dragged away. The young man looked grim, but determined.

He suspected that Madame Helene was at the bottom of the mystery, and resolved not to rest until he had unravelled the plot.

He ran out into the road, and noticed the tracks of a motor-car, which had apparently just passed. He followed them up for some distance in the direction of lonely country roads leading to the sea. The man on the road told Claude, in reply to his question, that a motor-car had just raced past that way. Claude ran towards a cycle-dealer's and hired a bicycle, which he mounted, and rode after the misdemeanants. His energy was soon rewarded. Outside a small but well-known villa, which he knew was the last remaining portion of the property bequeathed to Count Victor by his
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER 410

THE TRIUMPH OF GABY BROUGHT A SHOWER OF CONGRATULATIONS.

father, stood a motor-car. He had run him to earth at last, and, knowing the usual favourite daring of the Count and his associates, judged it wise to communicate with the police, which he did by riding to the nearest telephone-office, and giving full directions. Then he returned to the "Villa" to watch carefully until the arrival of the police.

Meanwhile Gaby, pouting and frightfulld, was dragged into the Villa Chaumière, and brought before the reckless Count, who had fortified himself for the interview by indulging in more wine than usual.

"Ah, my pretty one, I've been expecting you. Pray don't look as if you would kill me," he remarked with pleasant irony.

"What's the meaning of this outrage?" demanded the girl fiercely. "Why am I fagged to your house?"

"You are quite safe here," retorted the other, coolly. "It is just a little matter of business between myself and Madame Chaumière."

"It's a liberty you'll pay bitterly for," replied the girl with angry tears in her eyes. "It's a pity you cannot employ your time better than by carrying out the plans of a wretch like Madame Chaumière."

Count Victor laughed. Reproach'd from his victims were powerless to influence him. Meanwhile he intended to amuse himself with the queen of the dancers.

"Now, my dear, you must let me see your new dance that all Paris is raving about. I often wished to see it, and this is a favourable opportunity."

"I shall not dance," retorted Gaby, quickly.

"I hope you won't drive me to stronger measures," replied the Count, with sinister meaning. "As it is, I shall have to use once. A glass of wine will benefit you."

The Count poured out some wine and handed it to her graciously. Gaby, having no wish to cross the rascal's purpose at this moment, accepted it.

"Mademoiselle will please oblige," said the Count, seating himself on a divan, and smoking nonchalantly, as though seated in the boxes at the theatre.

Gaby looked at him. It was evident that the Count had drunk deeply, and she considered it would be wise to humour him with a dance. It would at least give time for a chance of rescue by her friends.

And so, with a swaying motion, she commenced, and as the dance progressed the Count's admiration shone in his eyes. Murmurs of "Bravo!" broke from his lips, and when the dance ended he remarked, "I am just beginning to realise that I prefer you to Helene, my dear."

"That is no compliment," retorted the girl, sarcastically.

"Don't be angry with me," replied the Count, rising and helping himself to the wine. "I love you."

The dancer eyed him keenly. She must play the part she had begun, and, consummate actress as she was, she stretched her hands towards him with an endearing gesture. The delighted Count sprang towards her and threw his arms around her neck. But he received a nasty shock when he felt the dancer's hand in his jacket pocket searching for the revolver which he had injudiciously shown when Gaby was brought in. Like a flash he realised the purpose of the dancer's changed demeanour, and pushed her from him with great force.

"So that was your game," he said, fiercely.

"Gaby shrank back terrified, for the Count had drawn the weapon himself, and now approached her threateningly. What should she do?

"There was a loud knock on the door, and a demand to open in the name of the law. The summons seemed to madden the Count, who pointed his weapon at Gaby, as she fled with a loud scream to the other side of the room. On the other side of the door Claude heard the scream, and guessed that serious trouble was afoot. "Smash in the door," he cried, and this being accomplished, the men rushed in. They were just in time to snatch the weapon from the intoxicated Count, who realised at last that his long course of villainy was at an end."

This last piece of rascality settled the fate of Madame Simonde and Count Victor. They were seen no more in Paris.

Gaby rose still higher in the theatrical world, but she never forgot the hard life of her earlier chorus-girl days, and many a struggling girl had cause to bless her name. Her mother and blind sister were placed beyond the reach of poverty, whilst Gaby and Claude continued to delight audiences the world over.

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

We Contradict this—once again!

"Having a friend who is convinced that Chaplin Chaplin Chaplin, and, with which makes writing to beg you to print in your paper that Charlie is not deceit, dumb, or silly. My eloquence has failed to knock the idea out of my friend's silly head, but maybe when he sees it in solid print he will believe that I am right."

J. B. (Leicester).

He Will Have the Best.

"Can you please tell me at what theatres in London I can see the Griffith feature-films? I'm willing to take a journey with reasonable distance to see them. The theatre which I attend is beautiful in everything except films. There is some bad taste in that quarter though I can tell you it is my idea that no company can beat the Griffiths for acting. Mae Marsh you will, I am sure, agree, is certainly a master in character-acting. I simply raved over The Outcast and The Escape, and it is my fondest desire to see all the Griffith releases."

LEONARD C. (Pockham).

Worth Seeing.

"I went last night to see the Griffith masterpiece, The Anger Conscience, at the West End Cinema, which has the distributing rights of the film for a month. Has it not: Well, I want to say that I have never seen a more perfect film. The actors are so very, very natural. Nothing forced or exaggerated about the acting, and I am convinced that Henry B. Walthall is the most wonderful actor I have ever seen, and I have seen nearly all the chief cinema stars. Will you kindly let us know through the medium of your paper when the next Griffith release will take place?"

B. F. (Mary-le-Bone).

Foolish he may be, but—!

"I have read with interest your contradictions as to rumours regarding Charles Chaplin and the directorship of the film. I should write and tell you the following incident. I was at the pictures the other evening, when a lady sitting near me said, 'These directors and producers mind or he would never act so foolishly.' The fellow in question, was none other than Charles Chaplin. Knowing that Charlie is absolutely sane, I was pleased to be able to contradict the statement, and I then realised that I was wrong."

TONY (N. Briston).

[It takes a wise man to make a fool.—Ed.]
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS

HERBERT RAWLINSON who takes the part of Sandford Quest in the Trans-Atlantic Serial, The Black Box.

VIOLA DANA famous as New York's youngest stage star. She is making a big reputation in Edison Films.

HENRY B. WALTHALL the master of Film Emotional Acting, now with the Essanay Company.

ELLA HALL the Trans-Atlantic favourite and the heroine in The Master Key Serial.

These and other portraits in this issue will help you in voting. LAST THREE WEEKS! See page 120.
DOWN by the Welsh 'Arp, and Whit Monday! Costers in great force. Pearlies everywhere. Girls with big 'fevers' over so many yards long. Cokernut shoes in full blast. Roundabouts swinging madly around, carrying their great cargo of squealing, screaming, shrieking humanity. A babel of tongues. Spirits running high—and low. Dresses in all the blazing colours of the rainbow. High-heeled boots. Singing and dancing and laughing—everything merry and bright! Costers were there in full force, and so were their domains.

"Wha' there. Now then, Beauty!" An affectionate pat of the moke's head, and Joe Spudd burst upon the throng—dressed up to the knocker, and with him his pal, 'Erb Uggins. Sal was also there—as lively as a trivet, and with feathers in her hat, and costume dazzling enough to break the heart of the whole of coster-land.

"What price this, old gal?" Joe whispered, this May old day—for me, 'Erb, and the moke, and a wedding ring for you? Sal laughed sanctily up into his face.

"G'arn... Say, Joe, what about our fotograff?"

"Just 'arf a mo, while I have a wet!"

Away went Joe; but his best intentions were upset by the chance meeting with a pal, and it was many "no's" before he tore himself away, and returned to where he'd left Sal. There she was, alright, in the glory of her feathers, but, horrors, another man stood by her side in front of the camera.

Joe's blood was boiling, and his rival was stretched out upon the ground.

"Joe!" Joe took no notice of Sal's pleading voice. "Ere, china," he cried, flinging off the pearly jacket that was his heart's delight. "You 'old this while I put 'is mouth behind 'is ear."

The struggle was short, sharp, and sanguinary, and in a very few moments Joe reached for his coat.

"Thankies, Matey. Now he won't want no fotografis for a day or two," Then he turned to Sal, with the air of one who commanded by right of conquest.

"'You,'" he said, though the light in his eyes gave the lie to the sarcasm in his voice, "if you've ad enough of your little doin's for one blooming day we'll 'op it 'ome!"

The Coster's Serenade.

Love soon took an ever-stronger hold of the simple couple. Whose head was bending low out of the window on the second floor down a humble street? And who was it that was stretching upwards a pair of pleading arms, calling out some appealing Cockneyisms, perhaps singing some moving strain? It was Joe and Sal, pledging their love, as they do in the dramas. Romeo and Juliet indeed, below stairs. A heavy footstep approached. "Move on, there," said a gruff voice. The serenade ended. Juliet dropped into her room. Romeo marched off. The policeman had the satisfaction of marrying the lovers' joy.

But no policeman could kill that mutual affection. They indulged their happiness, like true coster lovers. They "walked out." They danced their merry dance to the accompaniment of the barrel-organ. And the two of them got along famously.

Marriage Bells.

"Go on, go on," Joe exclaimed, as Sal tried on her fiftieth hat, "don't you let no expense stand in your way, old gal. I'm a Pierpont Morgan, that's what I am."

Sal turned from the mirror. "You've a nice un to jaw, ain't you? What about you? 'Igh old time you 'ad among the 'igh 'ats, didn't you?"

Joe tried to hide the tell-tale box behind him, then finding the eyes of the very superior young person who was attending to their wants at the emporium fixed upon him, he made an unsatisfactory attempt to whistle unconcernedly.

"Try this one, madam," the superior young person said, meaningly, "it's just the thing for a wedding."

"Lovumme, Miss, was little bird told you?" cried Joe.

A few more trials and at last Sal's taste was satisfied, and the lovers left the shop arm-in-arm. By the side of Shore-ditch Church they halted.

"Good-night, old dear," Joe said, trying hard to check a business which usually would creep into his voice. "Don't y' be late in the morning. Then, please Gawd, you and me'll have no more partings, Sal, until two."

"There, 'op it. Good-night and Gawd bless you always, my gal!"

The morning came, and Joe and Sal proceeded to the old church which had seen so many merry mornings like the present one. There were the many couples who were about to embark upon life's highway hand-in-hand. And there was 'Erb—dear old 'Erb, their best man—hot and almost unnerved by the importance of his high office, and more melancholy than ever.

"Ere, cheer up, old mate," Joe cried, "this ain't your 'ankin'. Blow me, if you don't look up with proper smile same as a bridesmaid should 'ave. I won't be chief mourner when you've turned off!"

But 'Erb was a queer fellow. He had the biggest of hearts, but could only be happy when others were miserable and he could come to their assistance. And so on that merry wedding day "Erb was quite useless and disconsolate, but Joe and Sal knew their friend. They laughed at his melancholia away. And as the Parson "Joe"—Albert Chevalier.
PICTURE PLAYS IN PEN AND INK. NO. 1.

"MY OLD DUTCH," AS SEEN AT THE CINEMA BY FRANK R. GREY,
We 'ave given you all," Joe cried angrily.

Joe counted up his fast-dwindling savings.

concluded his comprehensive job, out

Ow abahit yer 'oeymoon?" squirmed 'Erb.

"Ow abahit a 'bus ride?" replied Joe.

"Ow abahit a meat tea!" said Sal.

It was neither, but seats in the gallery

at the old Vic. And what a time they had

in the front row. What a capital shy

it was they took with an apple at a

friend, hitting him bang straight! The

villain entered causing loud shouts

of disapproval on the part of the

honeymoon couple. Then the comic

man—and the couple laughed and

clapped their loudest. Then the

"cheer" in danger, and again they

were in misery, Joe using the further

end of his wife's feather to wipe a tear

away. Then the hero to the rescue, and

they encouraged him with all their

might. And then the play ended as it

should end, and the faces and the hands

of the honeymoon couple fell together

and remained there until 'Erb roused

them rudely from their dream.

Their First Sorrow.

A year passed. A little baby blessed

the humble household—the pride and

the joy of Joe and Sal. Joe bought a

little trumpet for the kiddie. One day the

little one turned ill. The doctor was

dcalled in—but there was no hope. Joe

passed from the room and choked down

his sobs, but Sal put her arms round him.

"Joe," she whispered, "don't take on so, dea—

Gawd only lent the nipper to us, and now He wants 'im back; but He'll come to us again some day!"

They embraced and were comforted in

their own love for the first sorrow that

had stolen across their little home.

More time passed, and one day as Joe

was hawk ing his goods round the town

"Erb fetched him and whispered in his ear,

"Op it, Joe,—your missus as a fair old

prize-packet for you!"

"What—you never says: 'Well—"

Hastily thrusting the reins of his

make into 'Erb's hands, Joe tore off at

headlong speed.

Another child had been born—to com-

fort the heart of the simple pair. The

baby grew to childhood and accom-

panied his parents on an up-river cele-

bration of their wedding-day. The

little nipper took the pewter-pot from

his father, "Ain't muvver going to 'ave none?" he asked, while his elders

roared with honest laughter.

The Coster's Ambition.

There was something of refinement in

Sal's face that haunted one from the

start. Something in her manner, too,

that was shy—no to say superiority,

and one day 'Erb ran in with a

newspaper, which indicated that Sal had

inherited £5,000 from a branch of her

family of higher social standing. What
terrible excitement there was in the

coster household when the news was

brought! How their heads bobbed down
together to the newspaper, and

bobbed up again with a look of astonish-

ment. And what a jolly dance they
danced together—man and wife—as

they thought over their stroke of good

luck! Off they went to the lawyers, with

'Erb! What a time they gave the

lawyer, all speaking together! But what

a heart they showed behind their

uncoath exterior! They would not take

the money and spend it. "Every penny

of that 'ere money," said Joe and Sal, "is
goin' to be spent to turn our nipper

into a gentleman."

They were as good as their word. The

boy was placed with a private tutor.

His parents went to see him. They

were immensely proud of their off-

spring and almost deferential towards

him. The young man, with his college

career, was amusing, but he shook his

father by the hand and embraced his

mother, who cried with sheer joy. Not

all the legacy had been spent, and what

was still left was given to the boy, so

that he might live like a "swell."

"Old chap," Joe whispered into the

youngster's ear when the time for

parting came, "don't you never forget

your muvver. She's the finest lass

down in the land."

You没见过的话，你就不会知道的。
peared, and as he led the animal away the sense of gathering misfortune came full upon Sal, and she fell in a faint to the ground. She was carried to the hospital. Joe sat anxiously by her bedside, and sought with his little jokes to comfort her. He struggled unavailingly with the tears that came to his eyes until she fell asleep.

The son, his fortune restored, had written home to his parents informing them of his good luck. But the letter never reached them. Hour by hour and day by day Joe sought work, which no one would give him. His age was against him. He walked into the hospital once more, and resolved to cheat Death by an invented tale. "Our boy will soon be 'one again,'" he whispered with a hard-won smile, into Sal's ear. She raised herself. A new spirit seemed to steal into her and to revive her ebbing life.

The Poor's Last Refuge.

Sal was convalescent. But her home was gone, and only one thing remained—the last refuge of the poor—the workhouse. Together the couple tottered to the Union door. Arm in arm they approached the hard officials. The light in the old man's eyes, and he talked with pride of his wife—"There ain't a lady in the land as I'd swap for my dear Old Dutch." But the workhouse man did not deal in sentiment. Joe was ordered to the male and Sal to the female ward. Sal wept. Joe moved backwards from the door, and turned a pleading glance toward the officials. Then he pulled himself together and walked sadly to his ward.

It was visitors' day and married couples were permitted to see one another. Joe hurried to his wife, and the two were happy once again. In a vision they saw their youthful days—the Whit Monday crowd, the coster courtship, the merry dance; and then the glowing vision melted into the stern, cold reality of the workhouse ward.

But time was bringing healing to their sorrows. Their son had indeed returned. He hastened to the old house, only to be told of his parents' disappearance. Wandering unhappily in the streets, he collided with a crossing-sweeper. He apologised, and got into conversation with the man—who was none other than "Erk." From him he obtained the news of his parents' whereabouts. He went to the workhouse, where a grey-haired old man hardly recognised the stalwart young fellow before him. He seemed dazed. He hid his hands upon both the youth's shoulders, and peered inquiringly into his face. Then his features relaxed, tears trickled down his face, and he affectionately embraced his son. The door opened again, and a sorrowful old woman walked timidly in. She, too, was confronted with her son, but her mother's instinct was not long deceived and she soon held the young man in her arms. Then a cab was called... The son led his parents into a house, and covered their eyes till they entered the room. Then his hands dropped and the old couple found themselves in a pretty decorated home—all the prettier and all the happier for the stone walls, and stone hearths they had not known.

When the gun went off it kicked so hard that I fell backwards out of the boat into the lake. I'm a good swimmer and don't mind a ducking, so long as I please my Cinema friends. You'll say it was worth it when you see

"THE BROKEN PLEDGE"

which will be released Sept. 16th. I've done my best to make you laugh in this one-act comedy, and hope you'll enjoy it. Of course it's an

THE DOMINANT FILM
Films you should make a point of seeing.

THE JOCKEY OF DEATH.—We have previously referred to this film, but it is a subject worth talking about, and we are not surprised to learn from headquarters that nearly five hundred houses have already booked it. If you love sensation see The Jockey of Death.

—Boswell Exclusives, four reels (August 23).

THE YIDDISHER COWBOY.—Four hundred and sixty-eight feet of tense comedy. George Periolat takes the part of the Yiddisher, and one could not wish for a better. He shows how he's doing instance provails even on a ranch. Warren Kerrigan is also in this Al Western comic, the strength of which is therefore obvious.

—Flying A Comedy, 466 feet (August 30).

THE JEST OF JEALOUSY.—A western drama, in which a sheriff and a deputy-sheriff and uncouth murderers provide plenty of thrills. A sympathetic love theme runs throughout the story. The deputy is in love with the sheriff's daughter, and jealous makes him lose both the sheriff's love and his life. It is all a mistake, and in the end the death of her and the joy-bells. This picture is played by new players—Fannie Marion, Frank Mayo, Bruce Smith, Frank Erlanger, and Philo McCullough.

—Selby Drama, two reels (September 1).

WHEN SHultz LED THE ORCHESTRA.—Shultz is the best fiddler in the town, and secures a job in the open-house convention. One evening he is at the opera, when wife comes along to hear her husband's performance. He is too busy watching the leading lady to fiddle well. At last he leaps on to the stage and Is the fiddler, only knowing his wife is in the audience. There follows a stormy scene, wife chasing him all round the theatre and finally smashing his violin over his head. A wild piece of fun which all will enjoy.

—Joker Comedy, 955 feet (October 4).

A STRANGE STORY.—It is indeed. A sort of Jekyll and Mr. Hyde story, except that in this case there are really two men instead of one. A professor, the unhappy victim of morphia, fumes the world and makes his broken home. In his misery and misfortune, the man marries a woman, and asks his doctor—who bears an astonishing resemblance to him—to take his place for two days as the head of his family. His wife does not distinguish the doctor from her husband, and the resemblance is the resemblance. She and the doctor fall in love with one another. The film, which contains some wonderful acting, will show you how they become muddled, and what happens to the real husband.

—Ideal Exclusives, three reels (September 6).

THE GOVERNOR'S LADY.—Delightful acting by Edith Wynne Mathison in the title-role. The story centres round Mary and Dan Slade. Dan Slade is a sudden and wife, is unmarried, and happy in their little mountain cottage. Through an accident Dan becomes a wealthy man and insists on moving to a palatial residence in the city. Then Mary realises that Dan is drifting away from her. He becomes politically ambitious, and falls in love with another woman. He seeks a divorce, but Mary refuses to consent, and, leaving him, goes back to her old home. Later she is able to bring both her husband and the other woman to their senses. Dan wins in an election, and Mary forgives him.

—Lasky Play, five reels (August 30).

THE MANUFACTURE OF BIG GUNS.—How will the war be ended? Everything points to the important part that will be played by the big gun as the final arbiter of victory. It was the big gun at the commencement of the war that gave Germany her enormous advantage, and it will be the big guns and high explosives of the Allies that will sign, seal, and settle the present war. For knowledge the United States is producing enormous guns for the defence of Panama and elsewhere. Permission from the United States War Department having been obtained, this Edison educational film has been produced showing the manufacture of such guns at Watervliet, New York, in the Arsenal there. This is the greatest topical of the moment.

—Edison Film, 328 feet (August 19).

HIS REGENERATION.—G. M. Anderson in powerful drama, and Charles Chaplin in comedy scenes! The story starts in a respectable dancing-hall, where Charlie indulges in some of his mad pranks. A beautiful girl displays her sympathy for a burglar who is cowardly shot and wounded in a quarrel. Weeks later the burglar goes with an accomplice to rob a safe, and discovers in the sleep the girl who came to his help in the dancing-hall. He tells his comrades that the safe must not be rifled. There is a dispute, a struggle and a revolver-shot. Arrested, the girl finds the man with whom she has become acquainted standing over the body of the ruffian he has killed accidentally. Quickly the girl makes her decision, and, taking the pistol in her own hands, hides the burglar in her room. John Arrive, they are met with her calm admission: "Yes, it was I who shot him in self-defence!" When the girl returns to her room she finds a note from the man she has shielded saying that thenceforward he will follow the straight road.

—Essanay Drama, one reel (August 20).
"PICTURES" POEMS
No. 2. THE "TIP-UP."

In the morning at ten I am wakened, and then,
Though I'm sleepy and dull as a Druid,
Without further delay I am
given a spray
For my breakfast—they call it Jeye's Flu d.
Though I feel very old, and
I shiver with cold,
Just as if I had never been
warm once,
A disturbing young man
makes my limbs spick and span,
And I'm ready for early performance.

You can hardly believe the delight I receive
When a lady sits down on my centre,
How I tremble and blush till
the shade of my plush
Turns from pink to a crimson magenta.
Her embarrassing charms
thril my legs and my arms
With a feeling that's scarcely platonic,
Though I'm bound to confess,
as perhaps you may guess,
The emotion is somewhat ironic.

Next a couple appear—the young lady's a dear—
Such a sweet thing I tried to entice it;
But I'm sorry to say they walk
over the way
And bestow no attention on
my seat.
Then a dame, twenty stone,
comes along and I groan,
"Oh! I hope she won't pay me a visit."
But she does; once I heard of a
funny French word,
Embonpoint, and I fancy this is it.

Then again, for a while, there's a girl juvenile
Who's as restless as if there's a bomb near,
And this fidgety minx stops my odd forty winks
And enforces diurnal insomnia.
So I squeak in my pains, and the damsel
complains,
But I pay small regard to her strictures;
If only she'd go and depart from the show,
I might get a glimpse at the pictures!

"BRIAN."

Do not waste Coupon on page 420!
Griffith's Next Big Thing.

SPECULATION is rife as to what will be the subject of the next feature photoplay to be produced by Griffith, who recently returned to the Reliance-Majestic studios in Hollywood, California, after a long sojourn in the East, where his masterpiece, The Birth of a Nation, is being presented.

It is said that he has under consideration plans for the production of The Quest of the Holy Grail, suggested by the famous frescoes of Edwin Austin Abbey, that adorn the walls of the Public Library in Boston. Reproduction of these frescoes is controlled by Mrs. Abbey, widow of the noted artist, and negotiations are being made with her and her brother-in-law, Charles Scribner, the New York publisher, who manages her affairs, for the rights to photograph the frescoes.

Such a subject would make a tremendous appeal, and even of so great a master of the art of production as Mr. Griffith; but, successfully accomplished, it should prove one of his most remarkable achievements.

Blanche Sweet's Strong Parts.

No woman photoplay star in America has a programme for the immediate future so full of promising and ambitious work as that of Blanche Sweet, who appears exclusively in the productions of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Co. Following the extraordinary success of her early Lasky productions, Miss Sweet was recently seen for the first time in The Cose. Later she will appear in The Secret Orchid, from the play by Channing Pollock, based on the novel of the same name by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Most important, however, is the announcement that she will be the star in the Lasky-Belasco production of The Case of Becky, by Edward Locke. This play, with Frances Starr in the role of Becky, was one of the sensational successes of the dramatic season several years ago as produced by David Belasco. In it Miss Sweet impersonates a dual character, at one moment sweet and lovely, the next mischievous and mean, and the play will be her second Lasky-Belasco production as she appeared in The Wives of Virginia.

Billie's Terrible Night.

BILLIE REEVES, the incompressible drunk at Lubin's, can tell some amusing stories; he can also tell some gruesome ones, and he candidly admits that a human drama in Denver, Colorado, in which he took part, was a long way towards turning his hair grey.

"It was in the summer of 1911," said Billie, "and I was comédien with Ziegfeld's Folies at the time. While we were in Denver an old friend of ours, whom we had met all over America, came to see us. His name was Tony Von Phil, and he was a 'drummer,' as they call them or, in your parlance, a commercial traveler, and one of the best-known men on the road in the United States. He was travelling for a big St. Louis firm, and was also principal man for champagne. He had been round at the lack of the stage one night chatting with all of us. We all knew him so well, and as a matter of fact he was just like one of the company, for he had been in nearly every town and city where we had been, and he was a real white man.

"Well, on this particular night, I went across the road after the show was over to Brown's Palace Hotel. Everybody who has been to Denver knows that hostelry. I had hardly put my head inside the saloon-door when there was a noise of revolver-shooting—bang, bang, bang, and I pulled my head out again just as quickly as I put it in. Almost at the same moment came staggering out poor Tony, with blood streaming from him. He fell down on the sidewalk, and I rushed over to him and said, 'Are you badly hurt, Tony?' He looked up at me and replied, 'No, old man; only a scratch.' But we could see that he was in a bad way, and I rushed into the hotel to telephone. The place was like a shambles. Two men were lying dead on the floor, and another man stood there with a gun. Blood was all over the place. We got Tony away to the hospital, and he would not see a doctor, but wanted a priest, and at last we got one. There was no need for a doctor. My friend's life was ebbing slowly away, and the priest gave him an absolution. He died about five hours after the shooting. The other two men were quite dead too, and it afterwards transpired that the whole business was a case of jealousy between two of the men, and one of them, in an infuriated moment, commenced shooting indiscriminately.

A Recognised Leading Man.

Harold Lockwood, who is featured as 'Jack Hillard' in The Courage of Most, the American distinctive creation, is splendidly qualified for 'straight leads.' Athletic training has given him a fine physique. He has a well-shaped head, regular features, light brown hair and blue eyes. Added to these, he possesses unusual mobility of facial expression. In The Cure of the Monk, Harold has endeared himself to hundreds of thousands of picture-goers, who demand a hero of unmistakable American cut.

A few years ago, he toated himself suddenly brought up against a wholesale drygoods proposition which everybody else seemed to regard as a fine opportunity for a young chap just out of college. To Mr. Lockwood, however, the prospect appeared anything but fine. Instead, he hustled another fellow who wanted the job, into the dry goods house, and himself took a back row chance in The Broken Idol. At the end of his first week in the show, Harold was in the front row. In two weeks he had a leading comic role and comedy he went into dramatics, and then to pictures. He was chosen to support Mary Pickford and was featured opposite Margaret Clarke. He comes to the film game a bit late, but the action pictures, a recognised leading man, and an actor who combines dramatic ability with irreproachable good taste.
SIX BEAUTIFUL
HALF-PLATE PHOTOS
of sensational scenes
from our productions,
BLACK AND WHITE GLAZED,
sent applicants on receipt of
SIXPENNY POSTAL ORDER.
A unique offer to the picture fans.

All applications (mentioning this "Picturrs" offer) to—
"FLYING A "CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

. FOR KING .
AND COUNTRY
A Soldier Reader Miraculously
Escapes Death.

A s a subscriber to Pictures ever
since the paper was first published
I feel sure that my experiences at
the Front will interest thousands of
fellow-readers. Having done my "bit"
I am now unfit for war service, but I
thank God that I have been spared,
and if this little record serves to inspire
only a few of the young fellows who hest-
tate to don the khaki I shall be happy.

I ran away from home at the age of
fifteen against my parents' wishes to
join the Army. I had decided to be a
soldier, and no amount of persuasion
could make me decide otherwise.

At that time the Boer War was in progress
and I found myself sent out to South
Africa, where I was given the job of
taking horses to water and conveying
messengers from camp to camp. I

was keen to fight, but this pleasure did not
come my way then. When things
quieted down in that quarter my
regiment was moved, and then it was that I
first began to see life.

My Colonel chose me as his servant,
and I travelled with him through
Canada, Australia, India, Germany,
France, China, and Japan. We attended
all manoeuvres, and in time my third
stripe was given me (on my arm I mean).

In India I had a grand time shooting,
and threw my whole heart into every
kind of sport. Whilst stationed at
Lucknow I took up boxing seriously,
and I won the bantam weight
championship and the belt. We were stationed
there for some long time, and then grew
homesick—I wanted to see again my
poor old father and mother. So leaving
all my friends behind me, I came back to
England. I shall never forget the
brilliant "send off" which the boys
gave me, and which I thoroughly appreci-
ated. I came home to my parents, and
after being absent so long you may bet
we had a right royal time together.

At this time I was very keen on
moving pictures and welcomed the
coming of your little paper with great
glee. I have often played in amateur
theatricals, and have even thought that
perhaps some day I should have the luck
to play before a camera. But I had no
thought of playing behind a gun again
until the present war broke out. Without
my regiment's permission I rejoined the
Army on August 5th, 1914. I signed on for
foreign service, for I was longing to
have a smash at the Germans. I did
not tell my people, for I knew it would
break my mother's heart if she dis-
covered it. My regiment was one of the
first to be sent out, and as I had seen
such a lot of service I was given a
very responsible position.

PRIVATE JACK PIPER,
who narrates his experiences on this page.

Our regiment landed at ---- in
France, where we remained for two days.
Then we were sent up country to see
how the land lay.

We arrived at Mons safely at 4.20 a.m. on
August 23rd. The Germans had
entered the town just twelve hours before, and at once we were ordered to
hold a bridge over the canal.

At 4 a.m. on August 24th we were
ordered to retire after having blown up all
the bridges over the stream.

Then it was that the fun began. The
Germans attacked in tremendous num-
bers; it simply rained lead and iron.
It was a joy to see our brave boys
falling, some only wounded, but all
were of the true British breed, and to hear them singing as they died off—it
was too awful.

Then we had to fall back on Le
Caten, where the attack by the enemy
was ten times worse than the one at
Mons. Here it was that we were

burned to pieces, and young women
and girls publicly insulted by those in-
human Huns. Then came the two fearful
battles on the Marne and the Aisne; still
I was lucky enough to escape unhurt.

A few days later I was given a des-
patch to take back to St. Quentin. It
was on the way there that I saw a
lieutenant in the R.A.M.C. who had
been going along to widen a German
bridge by a German lieutenant. The wounded
German laughed as I have never heard
any one laugh, and struggling to his
feet he stood on the English lieutenant's
face. All this time I had been feigning
death, but on seeing this, two British
soldiers, who were lying near, whipped
out their revolvers, and the two Ger-
man laughed no more.

I was at home at A --- where we were
given a despatch for B ----
Then we were ordered to Rheims,
where the trouble started for me.
We had been doing a lot of sniping, but
it was too good to last, and I

got a bullet in my right ankle which
shattered the bone. Unwilling to leave
my pals, I refused to go to the dressing-
station, and then we had orders to hold
a bridge, and, if possible, capture the
opposite bank. But this was not to be
done. We had not been on guard long
when the bridge went into the air like
so many pieces of matchwood. It
had been mined, and when the explosion
occurred, we went up with the bridge.
My tongue was split, my ears filled with
sand, my back was badly wounded.

Forty-eight hours I was lying, una-
conscious, but when I woke, to

water, just where I had fallen. Out of
50 men and five officers who had been
ordered to guard the bridge, all the
officers and 315 of the men were killed
and wounded.

I was conveyed to a base hospital,
where I regained the use of my tongue
and my hearing, and from there I was
sent back to England. I am crippled
for life but I have done my duty to
King and country.
LAST THREE WEEKS!
THE WORLD'S GREATEST FILM ARTISTES CONTEST

You may vote for any except British-born Players.
A selected list of Names of some of the Players — have appeared in previous issues.

First Prize in Cash - £10

2nd Prize, Graphophone £7 10s., Records 30s. Value £9
3rd Prize, Graphophone £5 10s., Records 30s. Value £7
4th Prize, Graphophone £4 4s., Records 16s. Value £5
5th Prize, Graphophone £3 3s., Records 17s. Value £4

100 Consolation Prizes 100

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, also a second choice of each. The Players are to be judged from their artistic merits only, not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for American Players, British Players, comedians, character players, villains, heroes, or any other kind: and it is not necessary that they may only play leading parts. The Winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST FILM PLAYERS IN ANY COUNTRY (excluding British-born Artists) write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES — The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10. All other prizes will go to senders of Coupons in order of merit.

THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them — the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should two or more in placing the winners' names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

2. Coupons will appear weekly until further notice. They may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope as end of contest.

3. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

"The Pictures" FREE VOTING COUPON: WORLD'S CONTEST

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

Female Player ________________________________

Male Player ________________________________

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

Female Player ________________________________

Male Player ________________________________

Signed ________________________________

Address ________________________________

Fill up and post to "Contest Editor," Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.
GOSSIP

A BUNCH OF LUB. N LAUGHS.
Teapotation: Pat McCarthy, Billie Burke, Rose Lee, Raymond Cox, James Daly, Clara Laubert.

TWO weeks more! How do you like our portrait-gallery, the second sample of which appears on another page? These and all the portraits of foreign artists in this issue should be of great help to you as reminders when casting your votes. Don't forget that the object of the Contest is to discover the cleverest artists, not the best-looking or most popular, though they may be both in addition to being clever. All coupons are still available, and some back numbers still obtainable.

Trade Shows Galore.
If I personally attended all the big shows whereat big films are privately screened in leading London theatres for judgment by the trade, Pictures would be a poor little paper on press days. With eight or nine such shows every week, it does not look as if war was affecting the film industry, does it? As it is I have to be content with going to one or two and sending representatives to others. It is a matter of much regret to me that so few of the films being shown are British. What is the matter?

Mary as a Gutts Rnsipe.
One of the best of the recent trade shows was The Dancer of a To-morrow, the Famous Players' version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's dramatic success. It is a drama of life in the London slums, and in it Mary Pickford as "Glad," the ragged little guttersnipe, is at her best. Apple Blossom Court, as conceived in America, has a decidedly foreign look about it for a London slum, and the brave British policemen in this film wear clothes and helmets which are too large for them; but these are tiny discrepancies compared with the engrossing story and wonderful acting. You will all be "glad" to make the acquaintance of Mary again in rags.

Why is it
That a film policeman always wears a helmet and tongue too small or too large?
That a film detective always smokes a pipe?
That a film person's coat never fits him round the waist?
That a film motor-car is always on the scene of action with a chateau or house covered one?
That a film clergyman is always at hand to marry runaway couples?
That a film player leaving home in a hurry always dumps the whole of his or her belongings into a small hand-case?
And why did I sit in front of a French lady the other day who read the titles to a gentleman in broken English and explained every scene in French?

Appreciation from Alma Taylor.
I had wondered why the lady winner in our British Contest had not acknowledged the congratulations of her friends. The mystery is explained in a charming letter from Alma Taylor, in which she writes:
"I have been in the Lake district acting in an important film which Mr. Hepworth is producing, and was delighted on my return to find the certificate proving that I had been the successful one in your competition for the most popular English picture-player. I need hardly say that I am deeply gratified at this mark of appreciation. I have known for a long time, with honest thankfulness, that my work was liked and admired by quite a number of my friends; but I have often felt afraid that that was only because they knew me, and perhaps liked me a little for myself. What I have always wanted was and always want is that the general public who see my work on the screen will feel that it is good and true, and it is just because your competition appealed exactly to the people for whom the work that is sincerest of all in my case is so gratifying to me. Allow me to express my thanks to you for giving me the opportunity of finding out that which I am so very pleased to learn."

The Magic Name of Walthall.
In Los Angeles there are two theatres, the "Superba" and "Clunes," which are next door to each other, and both houses, I am told, are filled to capacity, the magic name of Henry B. Walthall on the bills being responsible. At the former house Benetah is being shown, and at the latter, Jockey. Mr. Walthall's first play with Essanay. This last gives promise of mighty good things to come, and Mr. Walthall, when in Los Angeles recently, stated that he was delighted with his new (Essanay) director, Charles Brain, and liked playing with Ruth Stonehouse very much. I have just seen Benetah—the Balboa film version of one of the most famous of the world's novels, and found it superb. Henry Walthall as usnai is a tower of strength, and some of the scenes are wonderful. I congratulate George Palmer, who controls Benetah for London and the South.

"It's Good Stuff!"
Another fascinating American production, the drawing power of which was recognised by George A. Cooper, of the City Exclusives, is To top of the Dope, in which Courtenay Foote, as a hypocritical itinerant revivalist, adds laurels to his fame as one of the world's greatest film stars. It is an unpleasant story, this tragedy of the real American underworld, but it holds one spellbound. As a stranger next me kept remarking to his friend, "It's good stuff!" Chicago's famous Metropolitan Music-hall suggested the model for the setting of the underworld resort in which 200 persons are shown seated or dancing.

Pimple and Patriotism.
Pimper has enlisted. The news was published a week or so ago, and confirmation has since come to me from Pimpee himself. "Tell your readers," he said, "that I have really joined Rifleman Fred Evans, of the First Surrey Rifles, hopes to do his bit in the trenches." For the past fortnight Mr. Evans has been recruiting his health at Hastings and filling up by picture-making. On returning to town he intends to go on a recruiting campaign. If there is any exhibitor who cares to run a "recruiting night" at his theatre, Fred Evans is willing to attend in person as "Pimpee" and get a hustle on.

Letters to me for him will be forwarded.

F. D.
Turner Films

WHY
"TURNER FILMS"
ARE
PRE-EMINENT.

III. "The Art of Producing."

Next Week:
IV. "The Psychology of the Picture Play."

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

Before I forget, I should like to point out that the single "Award of Merit" in my competitions does not mean more than the honour of deserving it. When a competitor wins six out of such awards, however, he or she receives a special prize besides the honour and glory of being clever enough to win them. Now is that clear? I hope so, because some boys and girls with grumbles have recently written me to say that they have won an award but received no prize. Of course not. Win six awards, my dears, and your prize will be despatched within two days of publication.

By the way, a box of stationery which I sent as an award prize to one of my "nephews" disappointed him, and my mention of the fact in a previous issue has drawn a friendly if facetious postcard from a Yorkshire "nephew." He writes: — "I wonder if he expected a motor-car or a row of houses, or perhaps a week for life. I was very pleased with the one I received, and am now using it as a collar-box."

Another matter I must draw your attention to is that many competition efforts arrive too late. They must be posted to reach me by the date given in the competition paragraph. The cards are generally judged on the following day, and those arriving later are naturally out of it.

Summer-time is war-time, and fewer parents have taken their children to the seaside. It has also rained persistently for many weeks, and perhaps these are reasons why the competition entries during the holiday month have been greater than any month this year.

I am not grumbling. I like a lot—as a rule, and your letters are not the exception. The replies to my question, "What is the funniest thing you have ever seen Charlie Chaplin do upon the screen?" were good in quantity, but not very brilliant in quality, which does not mean that Charlie has not been funny: probably you were laughing so much at the time that you failed to remember the scene. Here are some of your best replies:

"When in the bathroom he spread the toothpaste on the brush and cleaned his boots with it."
"When he tried to milk the cow by pulling its tail."
"When he began to brush the back of his coat by bending down and putting the brush between his legs."
"When, being arrested, he took a match from his pocket and struck it on the policeman's coat."
"When he slowly wrapped himself up in the table-cloth on a chair in the restaurant in Charlie's Night Out, thinking he was in bed."
"When, peering as Count de Ha ha in Molière's 'Eugénie,' he cut the loaf in such a fashion that by the time he had finished he was able to stretch it to twice its original length, and yet net a piece of the loaf had been cut."
"When he spoke through the ear-trumpet of the telephone."

A clever sketch by Annie Kerr (13), of Seacombe, for one of Uncle Tim's Competitions.

CHARLIE WATCHES THE RACE.

An Artist is not necessarily a great producer—*but* a producer must be a great Artist.

No one person can make a successful picture—*but* the greatest single influence is the producer; because his individuality or personality pervades each separate scene and situation in the completed production.

Character is the keynote of the producer's work. Quickness of perception, tempered by even judgment, unfailing patience, firm yet tactful control are the essentials, and how well he combines these qualities depends on the depth of his sympathetic understanding of human nature.
**IS THIS IN YOUR ALBUM?**

**OUR POSTCARD OF FRANK FARRINGTON**

[Custard's (Willesden)] - So 'e's cinema pianist at your theatre is not so funny as the one drawn by our artist? I suppose because we rather suspect Mr. Adlington has exaggerated a wee bit. But cheer up, Tanky boy. Read P. and P. and get a smile going.

[j'ron (Liverpool)] - You are mistaken, Howard. We do not require any picture-plays. Read advertisement carefully, and write address returns. Cecil and Helen (Lord's, E.C.) - We have six different postcards of Charles Chaplin, seven once post-free. All are 1d. pence. Have you found him a cure for his lachry? He will be pleased.

[Curt (Camberwell)] - The price of the four postcards is fivepence post-free. We have no postcards of Charles Chaplin without his make-up—all are in character.

[Picture Lover (Hastings)] - Play 'Wiring for the Cinema,' by E. H. Boon, price 1s. 6d. post-free from this office, would give you all the wrinkles.

[Legale (Edinburgh)] - Your cinema pianist is quite a treasure. Don't lose him. We have no picture cards of A. D. Lowery. Have sent your "best love" to Edith Storey, Ruth Stonehouse, Eliza Lillian White, and Tom Sautchie, and kept a lump for ourselves, as desired.

[Stella (Chapel)] - Much obliged for letter. Cheryl Kearton is out in Africa, F. X. Bushman's religion we do not know, Stella's dear.

[Vanda (Kennington)] - Any bookshop would bind up your copy of Picture-goer for a shilling or so. We only supply complete bound volumes, price 3s. 6d. each post-free. Vol. VI and VII, have been published.

[O. E. (Kinsale)] - Address next time, please, Mabel. Normand still plays for Keystone. Pictures in the only journal we have. Everyman's Weekly is a bright little paper, and would suit you.

[Miss C. B. (Bletchley)] - We have not heard lately of Romaine Fielding, but he is still with Lubi. Perhaps he is taking a holiday.

**PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER**

**REPLIES**

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in rotation. When casts are required names of Company must be given.

John Thorne Crossland, of 2, Hardwick Vale, Derby, has written to the Editor asking for a list of the pictures reduce cinema which would like to see them, they can.

Daisy (South Hackney) - Mrs. Smith and Alberta Moore are the two female players that they make a fine show in his albums, and "if any pictures reduce in the redistrict would like to see them, they can."

Daisy (South Hackney) - Mrs. Smith and Alberta Moore are the two female players that they make a fine show in his albums, and "if any pictures reduce in the redistrict would like to see them, they can."

**GASLIGHT, BROMIDE, OR P.P.P. POST CARDS.**

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**UNCLE TIM.**

**WEEK ENDING AUGUST 31, 1915.**

"When he tried not to be funny." "When he tried to smoke a sausage and gave the 'cigar' to the dog." "The funniest thing in a Chaplin show is his turning a corner on his heel and toe; and tipping his hat is such a sight, he keeps you laughing the whole of the night." "The prize winners are: Violet Bur-

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PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

PICTURE LOVER (Kotsche).—Maurice Costello, Estelle MacNeil, Thea Milne, Mary Charleson and the American Quartet (E. Blamires, M. Smith, G. Smith, D. Kelly) in "The Vagabond." The other information we could obtain: Sorry, if you are such an enthusiastic reader of "picture stories" as you say you are, you should have known that this was to be one of the best stories ever told. Lelia (Katharine).—You sign yourself as our "in" girl. What about the present? Lelia: Helen Haywood is in the name of the character. Is there a little Hanselmer player, Gerda and Helen Holts, in the picture? If so, she is the captain of her Mary's sister, Winifred Greenwood usually plays opposite Ed.CDATA. Have you sent your love, even if you have not met them? Silas (Dalton).—The Life Photo Film Corporation is not a new Company. We have no post cards, so we will forward you without hesitation. Twenty Years?"—"Tom," Arthur Mason; "The Three Musketeers" after Florence Crawford; "The Right to Die"—"David Walters," Hardball Maynell; "Mrs. Walters," O. W. Newberry, "Mr. Walters," Harry Marston; "Mr. Walters," Harry Marston; "Mrs. Walters," O. W. Newberry; "Mr. Walters," Harry Marston. Author (Haldia).—Some principal Film Companies are:—Cinema Eden, R. S. C. St. Augustine, Paris; Filmco, C. R. R. St. Augustine, Paris; Palex-Freres, 14, Rue Favart, Paris; Films de Paris, 14 Rue Damrath, Paris; World Film Co., Walton-on-Thames; H. G. and C. Co., Walthamstow, J. H. Martin, Ltd., Quintin Avenue, Morton Park, London; Chroma Film Co., Ltd., Walthamstow, New Road, Croydon. Several Continental Films have their own agents, sending out their male players being wanted for war purposes. Harry (Ballan).—We have given Charles Chaplin's exact address in this paper several times the last few weeks, and still the name is written in Vitaphone. The cost of a letter to America depends upon its weight—your post-office will tell you.

S. A. B. (Chapman).—Charles Chaplin is not eligible for our Foreign Plays as a Contest. He and his little brother both played similar parts (and in the same pieces too) on the music-hall stage, and both adopted film work in similar character. Be careful, Sir. I have no costs. I only always buy P. and T. It's a grand habit.

R. G. versus W. A. (Southend and Dennisons).—Can't you say if Charles Chaplin is a Jew or not, and if his name is Kaplan. What does it matter? Worrier (Highbury).—The cast of the Palto film was material. I will send you a Harper's portrayal of "Sergeant Jim" in "Sergeant Jim's Force" (Key Bee). Thanks for letter. We have recently given you the current address of James, and if you want the address of James, he is writing to his male players being wanted for war purposes.

One or Two Readers (Northwood).—See reply to "Author" (H-fax) given above.

CASTLETON (Belfast).—Write to the Walthampstead Co., 51, Gerrard Street, London, W., who will, I hope, forward you to the information you desire. We can't help you with the information you want. But you will say you would know better than any one the chances of success. Always remember that it is much easier to lower money in the film business. The start of a film star.

GARTH (Shangri-la).—Eagle Eye is a Red Indian, and plays for Vitaphone. Send your Western players to the American companies. We have just received the following letters of June 25 from the Walthampstead Co.:


Lorna (Leeds).—Thanks for excellent sketch. It is, however, unanswerable for P. and T. O. Coe Marston, the director of your film, will send you the current address of James, and if you want the address of James, he is writing to his male players being wanted for war purposes.

BRONSON (London).—We think it is quite possible that Robert Borden, the Ealing player, was at one time touring South Africa with Oza Noshervani's company. We cannot, however, confirm your rumour.


Lorna (Leeds).—Thanks for excellent sketch. It is, however, unanswerable for P. and T. O. Coe Marston, the director of your film, will send you the current address of James, and if you want the address of James, he is writing to his male players being wanted for war purposes.

"Stand in front of me for a moment, Willie. I want to fix my stocking." —Judge.

AFRA (Upper Edmonton).—We think it is quite possible that Robert Borden, the Ealing player, was at one time touring South Africa with Oza Noshervani's company. We cannot, however, confirm your rumour.

THE FILM CAMERAS' CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL: First Lesson: How to tell a bad show: (1) Enter a successful cinema theatre at night in the evening during the height of the season. (2) Sit down, and Her idea of it.

PAPA: "Why, hang it, girl, that fellow only earns thirty-six shillings a week.

PICTUREDAUGHTER: "Yes; but, daddy dear, a week passes so quickly when you're fond of another one?"

The Cleanest Place.

FEDDY: "Your father said if I ever asked him for your hand again he would wipe up the street with me!"

ETHEL: "Well, I'll tell you what, Feddy; the next time you ask him, do it at this crossing!"

The Way Out.

For a little while they were between the devil and the deep sea.

The woman got herself some dresses made, and went down to the latter. But the man, after some hesitation, went to the former.

In Utah.

NEW OFFICE-BOY: "Your wife wants you at the 'phone, sir."

MR. MORMONDUB: "Boy, how many times must I tell you to get the name and number of the person who calls up?"

The Risk He Ran.

"I have often stood in a slaughter-house," observed the flimsy man from Smithfield, "while the butchers were killing hogs on all sides of me."

An explanation: as I have no heart and no heartless but taciturn picture girl," weren't you dreadfully afraid?"

Caught.

BRONSON: "Do you think old Gimper's lady typist will win her breach of promise suit?"

GOOLEY: "No double of it. She has some extremely endearing epistles addressed to her, signed by Gimper. You know, the old man never used to read the letters she handed him to sign."

Definition.

Amateur Actor: One who, through lack of experience, is less skilled in giving bad performances than a professional.

Character Actor: Any actor who is expert in preventing a false monstrosity from coming off.

For Art's Sake.

FRIEND: "What? You're not going back to the stage this season?"

GREAT ACTRESS: "No. I have so many cash orders ahead for testimonials for piano-players, hair-tonics, bath-soups, massage-creams, hair-bleach, headache-doppe, champagnes, safety-razors, cigar-ettes, life insurance, and chewing-gum that I can't find time for less important things.

EDITORIAL MATTERS


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Telophone—Gerrard 2956.
YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU; I DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT!

Charles Chaplin and Edna Purviance in a coming Essanay production.
**Picture News and Notes**

**IMPORTANT.**—Charles Chaplin has purchased a new pair of old second-hand shoes. No, he is not, &c. &c. &c.

*Francis Bushman and Margarette Snow will make their "Metro" début in *The Silent Voice.* Loud applause!*

*William Farnum is playing opposite Betty Nansen in a Fox film called "Song of Hate." You are sure to "love" this picture when you see it. *

*Quotation from *Motion Picture Magazine.* "Never the artist in *His Only Pants.*" Would my reader like to send Jack ather pair?*

*Ford Sterling and Frankie Mann are married—but not to each other. Ford belongs to Teddy Samuel, and Frankie to Donald Hall. Now, don’t forget.*

*Free iced drinks at a North London Cinema have been discontinued. Some of the drinkers forgot to return the glasses. "Cool" cheek, wasn’t it?*

*Tom Mixlatas motor-cars. Give him the back of a horse and Tom is happy. Bessie Eyton, on the other hand, loves motocars. She has bought two of them.*

*Barkers have filmed *Brigadier Gerard.* Many theatrical celebrities are in the cast, the star of which is Lewis Waller. His popularity is such that playwrights will rush to become playwrights.*

*The report that a set of false teeth was found in a London cinema leads to the brazen inference that the owner laughed them out. We shall be looking under sheets for split sides " next. *

*Mary Pickford is to create her own interpretation of her rôle in *Madame Butterfly,* the Famous Players version. She has engaged a Japanese companion to teach her the wily ways of the jap.*

*For a film scene the Essanay Company borrowed all the dogs in the city pound and let them loose. To complete the contract they had to gather them all in again. Good fun? Yes—on the screen.*

*Adele Lane is now with Trans-Atlantic; and Cleo Madison has left Universal after two years as leading woman, and will, we believe, play in World Film subjects. Oh, these big moving players and their little moves!*

*Donna Montran, a player in *The Birth of a Nation* (a picture we all hope to see) has been making aeroplane-flights and dropping pennants bearing the sign *The Birth of a Nation,* to which were attached free passes, and worth picking up.*

**20,000,000 People a Week.**

EVERY day, at least, says a writer in the *Ewing News,* 3,500,000 men, women, and children enter the picture theatres of this country. There are some who would put the figure at 6,000,000, but 3,500,000 is well under the actual figures at this moment. Three millions a day, 20,000,000 a week! There are theatres in London and the country which to-night will entertain 4,000 and 5,000 people apiece, and they do it every night. There never were so many people going to "pictures" in this country.

*"After Dark" Screened.*

WARWICK BUCKLAND, who was with M.I.B. productions and before that with Hepworths, is producing his own "Buckland Films." He has just completed "After Dark," the famous old melodrama, with Flora Morris, Harry Royston, and Harry Gilby—a trio of favourites—in the cast.

*To Smoke You "In." A cardboard cut-out of Chaplin (whose other name is Charlie), smoking a cigarette, is one of the means used to advertise Essanay comedies. A pump is connected with a hose that runs to the cigarette-holder and makes the smoking realistic. Pictures that *beg* with smoke, so to speak. It is said to be a wonderful "draw."

**Our Cover Portrait.**

Your favourite, Harold Lockwood. And doesn’t he look jolly in this new portrait? He was not quite so happy a few weeks ago when his car was run into by another car, Harold’s nerve only saving it from a drop of several hundred feet. Nor did he smile when last week, during the taking of a scene at the American Studios, a fellow-actor accidentally stabbed him, causing a 2in. wound, and very deep. Harold continued work, though against doctor’s orders.

**First in the Field.**

Colonel William N. Selig, President of the Selig Polyscope Company and owner of the famous Jungle Zoo, recently opened in Los Angeles, was the first person to erect a moving-picture studio on the Pacific Coast. That was seven years ago. To-day there are more film concerns in that State than in any other. It is estimated that the Selig Company spend over 10,000,000 every month in the State of California. Talking of the Selig Zoo, Chang, a big orang-outang, who is a new-comer, drank a pint of paint the other day and felt ill afterwards. Chang was a fool in his choice of drink, but is fine in a coming new wild animal picture.

*Canadian Soldiers* who Worry.

NOT the khaki kind, of course; and why called "Canadian Soldiers" we do not know. They are harmless inquirers, which one is on the Canadian shore of Lake Erie, and migrate to the American side. Of late they have taken a fancy to Clevlandad picture theatres. Thousands swarm round the bright lights outside, and part inside quite oblivious of the pay-box. They fly into the faces of patrons, who rightly object to their presence. It is not nice to have a fly in your month every time you laugh, and it’s no laughing matter to get one in your eye when you are crying over the troubles of the heroine. The "Canadian Soldier" would not stand much chance in England in war-time, but there are no banks left to show him where the picture-houses stand.

**The Lure of the Screen.**

THE reason why so many legitimate stage artistes forsake their calling for the "screen." writes Harry Benham, the Thanhouser player, is because the studio has such a homely appearance. No matter how good it may be, one is apt to go "broke" on the road because of the huckster public. There is always a parting each season when you have to tear yourself away from all home ties and get underway again. There is the constant packing and moving—one is never settled. Is it to be queried then why actors and actresses join the screen. Here you are all friends, you get good money, you do not get sick to death of the everlasting lines as you do in a stage-show, you can have a home, an auto, a young farm in the rear, a cow, a garden; you can belong to lodges, clubs, and have your evenings with your friends. Oh! there is no end to the delights of being a photoplayer."

**NOW GET BUSY VOTING!**

There is only one more Coupon after this week. Start filling up back Companys to-day.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHÉ'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. CLEAR SHIP FOR ACTION. Unique pictures taken from the Admiral's Flag Ship by Pathé's own correspondent. 2. BEFORE THE BOMBARDMENT. 3. THE BOMBARDMENT COMMENCES. 4. TWELVE HUNDRED HOLIDAY MAKERS PERISH: The steamer "Eastland" which capsized at the wharfside in Chicago.

5. INDIAN SOLDIERS AT pryce at Woking. 6. WELL-WON HONOUR: Russian soldiers who have escaped from Germany decorated in Paris. 7. HARRY THAW, who shot Stanford White seven years ago, is found sane by a Superior Court and set free.

8. WALKING THE GREASY POLE at the Water Sports of that famous Regiment, the 1st Surrey Rifles, which "Pimple" recently joined.
REALISM ON THE REEL

Films which Possess or Lack Realism are Discussed by American Picturegoers.

We came across this article in a back number of the "Movie Pictorial," an American contemporary, and feel sure that you will find the following extracts from it well worth reading. It should be remembered, however, that the authors and the film companies have had no chance to defend themselves, and we ourselves make no comment for or against the criticisms submitted.—EDITORS.

EVERYBODY—his parents, brothers, sisters, friends—has become a film detective. "Realism is the big favourite of the day, because there is always fun in tossing a brickbat through the other fellow's masterpiece. However, be fair in your criticisms. Be sure you have seen correctly. Be certain you know your subject.

The Western Way.

This criticism applies to the way women mount a horse. In a Keystone play a woman rose laboriously on a stirrup, with an uncertain, speculative expression on her face, her mouth pursed to a circle. Then she flopped over. A real Western girl gets on with a swing, not a lifeless thing.

H. L. L.

A Baby-coach that Ran Uphill.

I saw a Gines picture in which a baby's first outing was illustrated by a doll with a great deal of hair. Any one with common sense would know no baby could be dumped out of a coach like that was the cabin unguarded. Another unreal thing was the coach running uphill without any one near it.

H. D.

Can the Blind be Made to See S. E.?

In A Bit of Driftwood, a Biograph film, a child is born blind, and remains totally so for fifteen years, when she is operated on and eyesight is restored. Being an optometist myself, I have naturally made a study of the eye, and even discussed the above with an oculist, and neither of us ever heard of an operation being successful in this case.

L. F. B.

Who Would Really Desert Florence?

In the eleventh episode of The Million Dollar Mystery the conspirators leave Florence alone in the cabin unguarded. Would it not have been better and more realistic to have stationed a man outside the cabin, leaving Florence to have discovered a pistol in the cupboard, so that she could have shot and wounded the man on guard and broke the window? She could then cut her bonds.

V. C. Wise.

[We should like to know how Florence could get the pistol with her feet and hands tied.]

Taking Liberties With Electricity.

In The Making of Bobby Haviland, a Lasky production, the heroine is locked up in a room, and a piece is cut out of the telephone-wire to keep her from phoning. She takes a picture off the wall and fills up the gap with picture-wire, but she fails to scrape the insulation off the ends of the wires. This spoils the scene, because it would be impossible to make the telephone work the way she does it.

J. M. Clifford, June.

The Girls with Curls.

We are quite used to the stopped clock, or one pointing to the same hour throughout the picture—and the modern gown on the dame of the 1892 period—but the worst inconsistency is the girl with the curls. What up-to-date young lady would go on the street, dressed in modern hat and gown, wearing her hair in ringlets?

MRS. J. H. STEVENSON.

Would a Rifle Bullet Stop a Balloon?

In The Million Dollar Mystery a balloon is punctured by a rifle bullet, and drops swiftly to earth. The two holes in the gasbag of a balloon put there by a bullet will not allow sufficient gas to escape to cause a descent.

ALLEN A. ROUSE.

Mr. Rouse will remember that the same balloon was picked up hundreds of miles out at sea, and, as Detective Burns said, it may have been possible that the bullet had nothing to do with the descent, but was a pretence to permit Hargreave and the aviator to alight; but the balloon once more arose and drifted without a pilot.

A Little Negligent Magic.

In a film I saw recently a girl came from a ball with long white kid gloves on her hands, and, after pouring them she opened a letter and read it. The eut-in of the letter showed a large thumb without gloves. The same girl was rescued from a burning building at midnight, and her hair was as carefully combed as though she were going to a hall. In the same picture a ragged fisherman wore a beautiful embroidered white petticoat under a dirty cotton gown.

JAS. A. CHADBOURNE.

Lo! the Poor Indian.

Many directors seem to think that all the real excitement in an Indian picture is to have the participants garbed as red men. Have we not seen such absurd scenes as an Indian brave kissing his betrothed? The Indians do not employ the kiss as a token of love! Have we not seen a peaceful powwow with the Indians in war-paint? That decoration is reserved purely for the warpath.

IRWIN J. CUNZ.

Desperate Inconsistencies of the Films.

The things that spoil the films are the little things—almost too small to notice. I have seen films in which the actors were supposed to be in the depth of poverty often wearing costly jewellery. I have seen a man carry over his coat, but not touching their diamond rings. In The Man with the Glove, a Kalem production, after the leader "Desperate with poverty and sickness, he determines to be revenged," I noticed a handkerchief on the hand of each actor playing that part.

AGNES E. BENEDER.

A Clerical Oversight.

In the Thanhouser film Was She right in Forishing Him? there was a death-bed marriage performed presumably by a priest, who made the sign of the Cross and sprinkled water over the clasped hands, but did not wear the priest's cap nor carry the crucifix. While I am not a Catholic, I saw at other times that the priest be picture, and I am sure that the Catholics who viewed the same picture would not fail to see the same faults.

MADGE KELLOGG.

A Real Human Typewriter Machine.

In a play I saw recently a great deal of a letter to his stenographer directly on the typewriter. She took the
message from the machine and handed it to him, and it was shown to be written by hand. How can you account for this?

ANNE WEVERLY.

A Long Way from the Spring.

In a recent picture a man volunteers to carry a pail of water for a girl from a brook to her cabin. In starting the journey he has on a cap, and when he reaches the cabin he is wearing a straw hat.

— A FAN.

Did Fright Affect the Horses?

In *A Friend in Need*, an Essanay film, Broncho Billy holds two robbers while Dr. Stockdale’s daughter goes for the sheriff. She starts out on a spotted horse, and when she arrives at the sheriff’s office she is mounted on a horse of solid colour—probably black or chestnut. What made the horse change its colour?

— M. G.

Florence is a Wonderful Girl.

In the twelfth episode of the Million Dollar Mystery Florence picks up a revolver and shoots Brainin the wrist, although we have never seen Florence practise shooting, and at the distance shown the feat was not true to life.

FERDA PARKINSON.

A Criticism in Three Reels.

An hour spent in witnessing the Eclectic’s *House of Mystery*, which, it is too apparent, was made on the other side, makes one wish that a bunch of Zuppelins would sneak over the French studies at night and give ’em both barrels.

In one scene two detectives are thrown into a dungeon, unshackled. Sand is let into the room through a vent in the wall near the ceiling. The police arrive in time to find the room half full of sand and the prisoners covered up to their necks.

Not handcuffed or chained to the floor, what is to prevent them from keeping on top of the pile as the sand pours in? The rescuer’s actions turn an intended serious situation into an abominable farce. Now I feel better.

RAY BAGLEY.

A Tight-rope Walker Laments.

I saw *The Fruits of Vengeance*, which, I believe, was a Vitagraph production. The story hinges on a tight-rope walker’s love for another man’s wife. That part is none of my business, because I have been married happily three times. But this is where I object: the rope is ready-cut through—it is tied to a steel beam—the rope has been in bad condition for days, but the “artist” has never thought enough of his fool neck to examine it. Now, I’d like to see any aerial performer who failed to look over his trappings before taking a chance; besides, ropes are not tied that way. They are fastened by block-and-tackle rigging, so that they may be tightened! If any rope-walker were as careless as that one, the sooner he met death the better. I’m against his methods.

Objects to the Fantastic.

I recently viewed a film, the name of which I cannot recall. However, the idea was founded on a vision. A young girl fell in a swoon, due to some great shock, 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.

H. E. K.

A Miner says “Nay.”

I saw a film called *Jo Golden Gals*. I don’t recall the name of the producing company. There was a miner’s daughter in the cast, and she had a love affair with a hero and a villain. The villain was after the old man’s “gold mine,” and potted the old fellow with a squirrel gun. Lizzie, the daring daughter, was determined to foil the afore-mentioned villain, and went out with a pickaxe and shovel, dug in the hills a few seconds, and yanked out a nugget. Now, it makes me half-hungry and half-happy to think such a fool stunt. I tramped in the “A. Y. and Minnie” in Leadville, pounded steel in the “Vindicator” at Cripple Creek, sorted ore at the “California” in Gilpin Co., Colo., ran a machine-drill in the Goldfield Consolidated, and have prospected from the headwaters of the Yukon to Simon, Mexico. Who in thunder is going to drive a pickaxe into solid rock? Besides, nuggets are associated with placer mines, and not with hardrock workings! If gold could be mined as easily as that, this country would have several multi-billionaires, and I would be one of them. If you’ve ever seen the prospectors’ skeletons along Bright Angel Trail you’d know that what General Sherman said about war applies to mining.

JAMES ALEXANDER.

Is it Likely?

In *The Better Man* a famous Players film, the poor miner calls on Miss Wharton, kissing her repeatedly. The rich minister enters, and on receiving an explanation, deals the poor miner a stinging blow. I cannot imagine one clergyman striking another in reality, especially in the house of a millionaire and in the presence of a lady.

T. C. S.
"Kitty, Kitty, isn't it a pity that you're wasting so much time, With your lips close to the telephone When they might be close to mine."

The name of Willie's chosen was not Kitty, but what cares he for that so long as the air he lifted was as blithe and care-free as his own bold heart. Again and again the poetic words thrilled from his lips as in the glory of a new "costume" which would have made a blast revue-producer turn green he made his way to the docks, in which lay the boat which would soon carry the twin-hearts out on to the bosom of the blue ocean.

"Kitty, Kitty, isn't it a pity?" The words rose to a shrill screech, which brought a slumbering watchman panic-stricken to his feet. Then they dropped to a sort of husky base-profundo as Willie stopped, stared, and then dashed his new suit-case to the ground, for there before his eyes was Edith—his Edith—and by her side his hated rival, Bob Morgan. More; their respective attitudes were not those of a young couple who usually regard each other with a studied coldness verging on dis pleasure. As in a nightmare (blurred as a purple-streaks variety) he heard her giggle, and saw that Bob's arm was—well, nearly—and with a cry he bounded forward.

"I say," he gasped, furiously. "Oh! I say, well you man if I say!"

Edith summoned up a blush which might have been construed into maidenly embarrassment at her knight's unexpected appearance; on the other hand, other reasons might have sent it mantling to her dimpled cheeks. "Willie!" she cried, springing two paces to the rear.

The insuperable Morgan burst into a grin. "'Bless my heart," he roared, "if Willie hasn't come to see us off, and his nice new clothes too. . . Dear lad, we will never forget this, never!"

"See you off?" Willie muttered, dancing a new Fox-trot step, which a lingering archness mentally decided to study. "See you off—you, well—you. He pulled himself together, and assumed the dignity which for a few moments he thought his own, but which turned round his state of mind was not improved by finding himself looking into the harsh, weather-battered countenance of his adored Edith's father.

Willie took shelter in politeness and made an attempt to raise his hat with some of his old debonair grace. "Captain Morris," he answered, "believe me, I had known you."

"That's all right, young man. This was commanded by you; I wouldn't have tried this trick! Shiver my timbers—I believe you, sir!"

"You misunderstand me, Captain, I,"

"You won't misunderstand me if you don't move mighty slick," the furious sailor raved; "d'you remember what I promised you last time I caught you around my girl? Willie and remember but, after backing several feet and nearly fracturing his young spine over a cable that lay in his path, he faced the enemy bravely.

"Here you go, Tom, Mike, Bill," the Captain bellowed. Then as three ruffians swarmed from some subterranean refuge on the steamer, he pointed to our hero: "Take that and fling it into the gutter. . . Steady," he added, as they sprang to obey.

"Now, my darling boy—hark! to this!—let me catch you loafing around any of my property, and by the—" he hesitated, before he could finish an attack on the fuming captain.

"Heave—oh, my hearties!"

The hearties heaved, cheering as only honest seamen can cheer, and Willie made a record flight, alighting in due course on the identical position assigned to him by the heartless Captain, whom, even through the myriad thunderers that echoed in his ears he could still hear giving further explanations as to the victim late did he again presume to tresspass.

Willie rose and felt painfully for his handkerchief—a choice pink and mauve confection over which he had given a few moments thought—then he staggered forward while words of reckless defiance rose to his lips. But the captain and his mercenaries had already disappeared, and all he could see were the forms of Edith and Bob Morgan, and—yes his rival's arm had, apparently by consent, taken a position the sight of which caused the desperate lover to again subside into the friendly gutter. The some must he sat silently, then reason gained a mastery over the tumultuous passions that struggled within him.

"Of course," he muttered, removing something from his model de luxe nephrite garments, "she encourages Morgan for the sole purpose of leading them off the scent, of deceiving them as they have been doing. To—" he struggled to his feet and carefully adjusted the eyeglass that—oh, thank goodness!—had survived the fray. "She is still true to me; circumstantial evidence in the form of her eyes must not be prejudiced by that, for I swear she smiled—yes, I'm sure of it; they may have thought that the smile was for him, but she was looking at me."

Hope revived, and pulling up what remained of his "Don Juan" collar he cast his eyes round in quest of something that would aid him to gain his inamorata's side, and, if possible, stay there. Then his eyes sparkled as they fell upon a large case that stood among the mass of merchandise which he knew made up the cargo of the boat.

The lid was loose. Inside there remained just enough room to accommodate one whose greatness of heart made up for a certain meagreness of body. Not a soul was watching, and, his heart beating high with hope, Willie clambered into the case, and cast towards the ship, and, as he did so, Edith's beloved laugh came to him across a vista of miscellaneous aroma.

There tears, and a sob—Edith. "She langishes bravely though her heart is breaking. Edith, my Edith little does she know how soon we shall meet again."

Heavy footsteps sounded, the lid was slammed violently on his head, then heavy blows echoed through the narrow confines of his prison-house, as coarse muscles drove the nails well home.

Hours passed, and through a medley of sensations, which varied from the physical results of being hoisted high in the air, then dropped violently into some noisome place. To a Quixotic glory in his enterprise rose one against which he struggled, but which, as time brought a gentle sinking sensation to his resolute head, conquered, and eventually effected all others.

"Can this be love?" he murmured as his hands sought the region of his waist belt. "Oh, can it be our Edith?

"Mother—Edith—oh!" he struggled into a kneeling posture, and a moment later knew for certain that it was not love.
Forgetful of all but the pressing business of the moment, he raised his voice and cried aloud for, among other things, "help" and "a small sail". As he spoke, a boy-one of the old men-who was perched in the bow of his car; he felt certain that the end of the world had truly come, when strong hands wrenched the imprisoning lid, and faces looked down upon him, insinuating, "How me?" a voice exclaimed, "yah, blow me tight, if it ain't a blooming stowaway ... Gee, here's a luck —"

"My dear old man!" Willie started. "Please stop the beastly heat, I want to get out and walk."

Face No. 2 took up the story jovially. "Bill," it chortled almostimorentaneously, "just me to a jellyfish; if it ain't the skipper's little pal ... Snakes, but won't the old man be pleased! And here was a thinking that there wouldn't be no fun this trip along a Missie being aboard."

"So we was," No. 1 chanted. "Sheer Providence, I calls it, Providence what'll make this 'ere voyage an all-fired picnic—for some of us, he added, darkly.

"Oh, I say, help me out my dear good fellows," Willie groaned. "Wet? Ask at 'im, 'Erbert! The cheerfulness on his resurers' faces vanished. "For and for your good fellerin! Who's the likes of you to start putting impositions on honest sailor-men? .. Ask at 'im, 'Erbert!"

"I am 'asking," Erbert answered; "and the best thing we can do is to 'im up on deck ... Maybe there'll be enough of that there boiled pork and greens for 'is dinner after the old man's ad is little say!

"Oh, believe me and all that," Willie explained between hiccoughs as they have him out of the box, "really, upon my word of honour, you know, I don't require anything to eat! What?"

"Ask at 'im, turning up 'is nose at honest vittles! .. ?"

"Maybe 'e knows best, matey," the other man exclaimed; "maybe 'e does."

"Oh, please, please," Willie pleaded, snatching at the man's gentler tones, "you're right, and if I could only lie down on a couch for—"

"Ask at 'im now, 'Erbert! .. ?"

Without further ado they dragged him up into the sunlight.

"Willie!

He made a feeble effort to look in the direction of his sweetheart's voice, but a loud laugh from her attendant cavalier compelled him to swing round again to nearly flatten his nose on the hairy fist of the skipper, who had hurried up.

"Great jumping sea-horses! that worthy exclaimed; "if it isn't! Words—at least publishable words—failed him, as he grasped the stowaway firmly by the collar. "You know what I said to you—you haven't forgotten that, have you? You undersized, spindle-legged, splay-footed chunk of half-baked dough?"

Willie wilted before the torrent; but the protecting arms of the crew prevented him from taking the reining attitude his soul coveted. "Oh, please, let me get out and walk!"

"Walk! Hear that, men?" The man heard, and showed their apprecia-

**PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER**

**WHEELER OAKMAN AS WILLIE, THE BLUEJACKET K'NUT.**
he judged the raised sea-boat of captain and mate became as second nature. . . .

Of Edith he saw little, but Morgan came often to his side and cheerfully told him of further educational benefits which were being prepared for him.

Then, one day, as he reclined on a hatch and kept a watchful eye open for those whose joy it was to help his studies, a gruff voice fell upon his ear.

"Mister ——"

Willie rose hurriedly. "All right?" he hastened to explain, "I shan't be a minute, really ——"

"Mister, it's me!"

Fixing his eyeglass, he looked into the playfully face of the speaker. "Oh, I say!" he muttered, and looked eagerly for some means of performing a strategic retreat; then, as he saw that the newcomer wore canvas shoes instead of sea-boots, he breathed more freely. "I say, you know, you startled me!"

"Did I, now?" the stranger leered, "I reckon I've startled bigger 'uns than seven kids, pore woman!" he added, sympathetically.

"Oh! I say——"

"Don't be afraid, Mister, . . . you take no liberties, and I'll take none; that's my manner . . . . But look here, they've been taking liberties with you aboard this sardine-box pretty frequent, ain't they? Well, I 'ates 'em — 'ates 'em like ell and blazes, cause they ain't my clare— not what I've been used to, see? Now, put yourself into my 'ands, and it'll be you who'll take the liberties.

A few days later Willie walked casually on the forecastle, while behind him stalked Mr. Larry Larrigan, a grin of expectancy on his features.

"You, you pie-reared son of a scoundrel!" a harsh voice hailed Willie; "come eye and scrub these dixies— andurry!"

Willie swung round on his heels.

"Urry, I said," howled the cook.

"You——"

"You take the lils, ole son. Larrigan screamed, joyously, 'knock down and kick em on. Be a sport, chum, kick their perishing brains out!'"

"What the dickens is the meaning of this?" Captain Morris roared, as he rushed up, "any mucking about aboard this ship I'll do . . . Oh, lordy— mutiny on the high seas!" he gasped, as Willie caught him fair and square, and lifted him on top of his prostrate crew.

"How dare you assault the Captain? How dare you?"

Willie turned swiftly to look into the angry face of Bob Morgan, but something about the newly-discovered memento caused that worthy to think of seeking safety in flight. Too late, Willie was up to him. . . In vain did the Captain's choice swing his arms like windmills, Willie's blows were fast and furious, and every one of them found its billet until at last he paused, then mastering all his strength, he delivered one final blow which added the favored passenger to the casualties already piled upon the spotless deck.

"There," Willie gasped, "you've all asked for it, and, now by Jove, you've got it. Captain Morris med.

"I beg to resign my position as a deck hand. I shall make the rest of the trip, in the cabin. And—er—yes—you can have these as a bally memento."

Taking the gloves off, he hung them into the Captain's highly-coloured face, then strolled off towards the cabin. Minutes elapsed, then the mate found his voice. "Great snakes and petrified grasshoppers," he gasped, removing his fourth tooth and hurling it overboard, "how's he managed that?"

"How?" the skipper swore long and with a fluent originality which surpassed anything he had ever attempted.

"How?"

He extracted two big horseshoes from the boxing-gloves and held them up so that all could see.

"Where is that boy?" he cried.

"In the cabin with Miss Pretty a kissin' and a cuddlin' most demoralizin'," the delighted voice of Mr. Larry Larrigan answered.

"What?" Morgan shrieked; "this is too much. . . . I will not stand it. I——"

"You," Captain Morris reeled to his feet and turned on his one-time favourite favourite, "you who hold the blazes are you? . . . By James, I'll teach you! You get a'quick and clean that paint on the forecastle—all of it. . . . We're a member of the crew short, and I'll damn soon find out who you are."

Leaving Mr. Larrigan to employ persuasion on the new recruit, he made a painful progress to the bridge. Then he turned.

"Here, men," he roared at them, "if any man has a Prayer-book, I'm thinking it'll be wanted for a wedding at sea before we sight land."

Seligs says this is the finest comedy they have ever made. We agree that it is perfection. It is short and great, clean and good. No one suspected Wheeler Oakman of being a Comedian, but in this picture he plays the best comedy part you ever saw. The film is to be released on September 27th.

"Are you speaking to me, my good fellow?" Willie inquired, politely.

"Speaking to you—— the cook choked, apologetically, but recovered in time to raise his boot. A second later Willie's fist shot out fair and square on the nose of the cook, who sat down in a box of full-flavoured alien eggs which he intended should become custard as a special treat for the crew.

The seamen who had witnessed the assault stood aghast; then as Larrigan ran excitedly up to his pupil and started hastily cramming his hands into an enormous pair of boxing-gloves they gave tongue.

"A fight. . . . Little Willie Lily-white, 'as ought Greasey. 'Tumble up, you hilders, tumble up!"

"Keep your 'eud and 'it ard," Mr. Larrigan cried hoarsely, as the men rushed for Willie. . . . Willie did, and as man after man raced to the assault, he swung first his right and then his left, and the attacking party fell one by one on top of the yellow cook.

"I'm going round. . . ."
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS

WILLIAM GARWOOD, a favourite lead in Thanhouser and Majestic Films. He recently joined the American Company.

HELEN HOLMES, whose dare-devil acts in "The Hazards of Helen" (Kalem) have made her famous as "The Railway Girl."

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG, whose popularity in Vitagraph Films is world-wide. She is now playing for the World's Film Corporation.

MARC McDERMOTT. Every picturegoer knows Marc, who is the leading man at Edison's.

These and other portraits in this issue will help you in voting. LAST TWO WEEKS! (See page 44.)
BEVERLY BAYNE, OF THE ESSANAY COMPANY.

I" was 3:30 p.m. as, with notebook and pencil in one hand and a bunch of papers in the other, I rushed breathlessly into the Essanay Studio.

"Say, is Miss Beverly Bayne anywhere around?" I gaped at a young lady who was sitting in an upturned box. She was about 3½ ft. 3½ in., with crinkly brown hair and big brown eyes.

"Do you really want to see her?" she asked, hopping down from her perch on the travelling-trunk.

"Please, I answered, "if I may."

"Well?" I am she," was the unexpected reply.

I had heard of many people express their greatest admiration for Beverly Bayne, but I am unable to put my hand on her in mere words—she is far too lovely for even an important person as myself to describe.

Miss Bayne wriggled on to the top of the box again, and, noticing that she was dressed in a beautifully tailored white costume, I was full of fear lest she should soil her frock.

"Are you busy this afternoon?" I inquired.

"No, not on this box," she smiled, "but if you had come in half an hour earlier you would have found me hard at work.

"I've just finished for the day, but the others are finishing their scene over there now. Won't you come along to my dressing-room?"

I followed Miss Bayne only too willingly, for I was very hot and tired.

"Sit yourself," she said, when we were once inside her room. "Just a minute, and I'll get you an iced drink."

Before I could prevent her running away she had disappeared, and soon returned with the most glorious strawberry drink I've tasted for months. You are making my mouth water. —Ep.

Then I remembered what I had come about, and got down to business.

"Really, Miss Bayne," I said, "you have treated me so well that I'd forgotten I had called to interview you. May I ask you a few questions?"

"Fire ahead, please," she replied.

"Won't you do that?" I asked. "It would be much easier for you to tell me all about yourself."

I'm sure you must be tired," she answered graciously, "so I'll tell you everything that matters, but I warn you that there is not a lot to tell. I was born in Minneapolis. I was educated in Chicago and Philadelphia. I've never been on the stage, but I sort of drifted into pictures. One of my girl friends was playing for Essanay, and thought I might make good, so, having me along to the manager, she told him I wanted a part."

"Check?" "Yes; I suppose it was. But I got the part that very day. I suppose I satisfied them, for before very long I was given leading parts. I have never played for any other company but Essanay, and hope to be with them for some time to come. My chief hobbies are painting and reading. I love Shakespeare. I think he's fine. Then I love horses and dogs. I have got two lovely collies at home. Miss Bayne rose from "here she had been sitting, and, going
to her wardrobe, brought out a dark-brown riding-habit.

"Do you like this?" she asked, holding it up for my inspection. "I'm to wear it in a scene tomorrow. The cap is to be taken down to the hat at the bottom of — Hill. You know it, don't you?"

I replied in the affirmative, and thought what a perfect background the lake and trees would make for this beautiful Diana clothed in brown riding garb.

"Do you receive Pictures and the Picturegoer regularly," I inquired, "It's a long time since you sent them.

"That is so; and who do you consider they are?" I queried.

Miss Bayne laughed joyously. "Oh, there are ever so many that I like—Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Francis Bouchier, and Blanche Sweet—they are all favourites of mine, but there are hens more whose screen work is just perfect. I love to go to a picture-house and sit and watch, and just as the acting demands of me."

"And like all other nice picture actresses I suppose you have had scores of inquiries from girls ambitious to star in plays?" I asked.

"That I just have. Hundreds of them. Girls want to know how I managed to jump into leading parts so rapidly."

"Do not believe anyone can succeed without thoroughly liking the work," she continued. "I am thoroughly in love with my art. The work is a real delight to me. Every play entitles me to think that it were a real happening. In fact, it is a real happening to me. It is part of my real life, as I live every character I represent and actually feel that it all that personal."

"I try to be just as natural as I am off the stage. I try to be just myself. This I believe makes the characteristic natural and realistic, which is my conception of art."

"Now I suppose I ought to go?" I said regretfully. "Oh, one more question. Are you making the film?"

But I could get no further, for Miss Bayne, evidently guessing what I was about to ask, interrupted me with "I'll make a bargain with you. Don't ask me any more questions, and I'll take you to a real old-fashioned inn not far from here where we can get a scrumptious home-made ten."

So, of course, our bargain was struck, and away we went to tea, leaving the one important question still unanswered.

Beverly Bayne, the charming subject of this interview.
**OUR LETTER-BAG**
Selected from hundreds every week.

We Seem to Have Missed This.

Could you please let me know the cast of *The School Way*. As I write I remember that the leading lady in it dives into and swims in the water absolutely naked. Surely the censor must have been asleep. Personally, I do not think there is any harm in a lady appearing naked, but the censor is usually a very puritan man.

AsiCENSER (Ireland).

A "Staff" Appointment.

A young girl I know who is eager to become a picture pianiste, but who is only just starting on her career, answered an advertisement for a relief pianiste in a London suburb. Well, she interviewed the manager, and he calmly informed her that she would be wanted to relieve at the piano, also cash-box, take round chocolates, make and serve tea (when not playing) and take on the attendant's job.

Milly S. (Wood Green).

Good Films Appreciated.

"At our local picture-hall the programme is changed twice a week, and the manager always tops his bill with a Famous Players or Lasky film every week. He knows I am a big fan, and he calms me down by letting me know that she would be wanted to relieve at the piano, also cash-box, take round chocolates, make and serve tea (when not playing) and take on the attendant's job."

E.G. (Liverpool).

A New Joy in Life.

"Shrieks of laughter tempted me into a cinema for the first time on Monday evening last. I had previously looked upon moving-pictures as an amusement for children, but it was mistaken. It is many years since I was a child, but pictures have made me a new joy in life. What I saw gave me one of the most enjoyable evenings I have ever experienced, and needless to state, I am going to a cinema regularly in future. I bought your paper at the same house as I came out, and I thought it was a happy discovery in one night!"

L. T. (Edinburgh).

Romance in the City.

"I am at present employed at Essex Court, E.C, which you may or may not know. The office window overlooks the Temple fountain, and a day or two ago I saw a little love scene acted for the cinematograph in front of the fountain. The young lady in the scene reminded me very much of Chrissie White. Could you tell me whether it was she? If not that, the name of the film in which the scene will appear, as I should like to see it?"

A. W. S. (Clapham).

Vote for the Cleverest Anyway.

I read part of a letter from "R. B." (Leeds) in a copy of your fine little paper, in which he says that Maurice Costello appears very rarely now. I wish to point out to R. B. that it does not follow that the cinema he goes to has every Costello film on. The two Broadway features, Mr. Barnes of New York and The Eve, are excellent films; Maurice Costello's acting in both is superb, and I strongly recommend "R. B." to see them if there is a chance of doing so. But if an admirer does not see Maurice Costello for a little, he should not forget his favourite and vote for someone he doesn't like so well simply because he sees him more often. Costello is too good an actor to be forgotten.

N. K. P. (Sneatham).

**WHO DOESN'T KNOW US?**

We've helped you to keep smiling when Bill Kaiser has ordered a brown, called back the days of childhood, the joys of the country—made the grown-ups turn into kiddies again, and given all kiddies the time of their life. In case you've been living on a desert island, we'll tell that we are Sophie Clutts, Mustang Pete, and Slippery Slim—The Joyous Trio.

After September 22nd you can see us in the jolliest Snakeville comedy of all, "SOPHIE and the FAKIR."

Our mutual friend, the Cinema Manager, will show it if he doesn't overlook it. He will appreciate a reminder from you if you tell him it's an

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PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

**"PICTURES" POEMS**

No. 3. THE ATTENDANT.

Walls have ears, they say, and, maybe,
Many things are overheard
In a show besides the baby,
I should say so, on my word.
In the atmosphere nocturnal
I am quite ubiquitous;
Things unsuited to this journal
Patrons I have heard discuss.

With my searchlight in their faces
Each young pair my smile receives,
I escort them to their places,
Then adjourn beneath the eaves.
Thus they think they’re a deux
when it’s
Conversation just for three.
When it’s darkest sometimes then it’s
Most enlightening to me.

Custom makes my eyes like cats’ eyes:
I can readily detect
Small boys, whether thin or fat size,
When their conduct’s not correct.
Noisy kids I’m very strict on;
Soon discover where they sit;
And the whistler—malediction!
Of all nuisances he’s IT.

"Imp of Darkness" people dub me,
Say I’m too inquisitive,
Impolitely scowl and snub me
If an extra glance I give.
Though when dramas nearly thirteen
Times within three days you’ve seen,
You will sigh for, I am certain,
Living pictures off the screen.

"BRIAN."

---

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THOUGHTS OF A PICTUREGOER.

"One Artiste cannot a Picture Play make."

However clever or accomplished an actor (or actress) may be, he cannot make a good picture play all by himself. He needs to be backed up by other good artists.

This shows the fallacy of having but one artiste with a big reputation and expecting a fine result, when the remainder of the cast are "duds."

The EDISON COMPANY pin their faith to the all-star cast. Every EDISON Player is an accomplished artiste—clever, well-trained, temperamental, experienced; and each one is capable of taking a leading part in any play—and doing justice to it.

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MACKINTOSH'S

TOFFEE DE LUXE

MINT DE LUXE

"THE LAST ONE!

Daddy's been eating them!"

EVEN "grown-ups" never grow out of a liking for the toothsome Mackintosh's. And as for the kiddies—well, give them some orpers and a free hand, and nine times out of ten it's Mackintosh's.

Toffee-de-Luxe.

Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich Cream blended in the "Mackintosh Way."

Mint-de-Luxe.

Just Toffee-de-Luxe cunningly blended with real English Mint and Peppermint.

\[\text{Loll} \quad 4d. \text{ Tin, } 3/4 \text{ lb. } 6d. \text{ per quarter box.} \]
smoothing my dress like a schoolgirl 'before the committee,' and balancing my head when it meant nothing. One does not pay attention to this when engaged in a live conversation where the voice counts so much; but when pictured in cold black and white on the screen they stick out badly. I was amazed at my manners, and began to stop them at once.

Author—Actor—Producer.

ONE of the busiest men in the big studios at Walthamstow, where B. and C. films are turned out, is Harold Weston, who has already produced quite a number of them. "It is ten years since I began to take up stage work," he told us during a chat the other day, "and that was in Australia. I have produced dramatic plays and I have acted in them. And I have written many stories, some of which have been dramatized."

At the present time Mr. Weston is producing photo-plays, and so far his efforts have shown remarkable power and originality. "I like picture work," he said, "It is fine to be able to screen the world as it is, with all its varying shades of character from the worst to the best. Clearly the moving-picture is the greatest moral and educational force the world has ever possessed."

On the stage Mr. Weston has played Sir George Alexander's parts in The Importance of Being Earnest and The Thief, besides appearing in some of his own and many other productions. A few years ago the possibilities of the silent drama began to attract him, and a year ago he started producing for Curnard Films. Although only seven months or so since he joined B. and C., he has already several successes to his credit. Sheltor is one of them. We saw him at work ourselves on Where Angels Fear to Tread (a Charles Darrell drama), and a little later we watched him in the thick of The Mystery of a Hudson Cab. He is not likely to be busy on films.

"Why I Became a Photo-player."

ROSETTA BRICE is to play the leading role, the Princess, in the great war play by Louis Reeves Harrison now being staged by Jack Pratt, the new Lubin director. Miss Brice has had considerable experience in photo-play work. In discussing her venture from the speaking stage to the silent stage she said:

"Curiosity had a great deal to do with it. Did you ever want to see the back of your neck? Sure you did. So does everybody when they're young, and then they find that all they have to do is to hold a mirror at the right angle with another mirror and there you are—the back of your neck is just as plain to you as the dimple in your chin.

"Well, that's one of the reasons I became a photo-player: oh, not to see the back of my neck—but to see myself act! You see, I had been playing in stock companies for several years, and in a general sort of way I knew how I acted, but of course I never saw myself. Neither did any one else who has played exclusively on the stage. For a long time I had been a picturegoer, and I always thought how perfectly wonderful it would be to see one's self on the screen. It sort of gave me the creeps to think of it, because it really is uncanny—I think every picture-player will agree with me—to suddenly see your very own, ownie self walk right out to the foreground and say 'Hello' to you! I've never gotten over it, and I daresay I never will fail to feel that little thrill that comes when I see myself on the screen.

"Seriously, I had thought of screen work for several years before I sought an engagement with Lubin's. Stock work demanded so much and gave so little—long hours spent between the four walls of a theatre, little or no outdoor life except on short vacations—and I think perhaps it was the call of the outdoor life as much as anything.

"So I called on Mr. Lowery, fresh from a ten weeks' engagement with the Orpheum Stock Company in Philadelphia, was tried, and began playing leads, my first role being in The Price of Victory, a Lubin special in which I blew up a bridge and was crushed beneath the falling timbers! A fine start, wasn't it?

"Since then I have played in many Lubin features, the chief roles being the heavy support of Rose Coghlan in The Sporting Duchess, Flora Wiggins, a splendid comedy character part in The College Widow, The District Attorney, and The Evangelist.

The Railroad Girl.

ACCORDING to Helen Holmes, whose portrait appears on another page, running a locomotive is easy work for her. It is a fact that this daring Kalem actress has run engines over several thousands of miles during her career as a photo-play star. Recognising her ability, one of the railroad organisations recently made her an honorary member of their body and presented Miss Holmes with a union card. It is one of her most cherished possessions.

In The Girl on the Engine she foils the tracklayers employed by a rival road which desires to cross the line owned by her own road. Climbing into the cab of an engine which stands on a siding, Miss Holmes opens the throttle wide and sends the locomotive speeding towards the spot where the rival tracks are to cross those belonging to her company. While the engine is travelling the daring girl allows the water to escape from the tank and then opens the exhaust, which brings the engine to a dead stop at its destination. Her work in this production is unusually thrilling.

A True "Tall" Story.

A FEW weeks ago some bricks fell from the crater of the 200ft. chimney flue of the Standard Oil Company in America. A man was brought from Chicago to repair it, and when he had made fast his ladder on the thirty-foot height it offered no good opportunity for a film. The Thanhouser Company were on it like a bird, and The Romance of the Steeple Jack was the result. Harris Gordon and John Lehmburg climbed up to do their scene, and during the required scene Lehmburg was seen to trip over the director and Miss Anderson were paralysed with fright, as, waiting below, they expected to see the actor dashed to pieces. But their terror was unnecessary. His foot caught on a plank, and, using his great strength as a lever, he was able to pull himself back to safety, with only severely wrenched ligaments.
SIX BEAUTIFUL
HALF-PLATE PHOTOS
of sensational scenes
from our productions.
BLACK AND WHITE GLAZED,
sent applicants on request.
SIXPENNY POSTAL ORDER
A unique offer to the picture faiz.

At the edge of things.
Welcome and beautiful Vivian Rich is a wife who makes the most desperate efforts to save her husband from ruin. A hurried marriage saves a young woman, who through her financial position recovering happiness is restored.

Mary's Duke.
Mary is anxious to buy a Duke for her daughter, but Mary is not very keen about it. The leading part of Mary is played with the most charming taste and ability, the actress being none other than Marjory Fuller. We have had far too little of Miss Fuller in the last, and refreshing Trans-Atlantic comedy-drama will be warmly welcomed by many.

Larry O'Neill, Gentleman.
No one is of the opinion that money and clothes go a long way towards the making of a gentleman. So he takes Larry from the mills and clothes him in the ways of a gentleman to prove his point. He makes a hit at the club, and Larry is proud of his back. But he falls in love with Mildred, an heiress. Realizing that things have gone too far, he returns to the mill. But he has proved himself a gentleman, and wins the girl after all. William Garwood appears in this most interesting play.

A Bunch of Matches.
Victor Potel has the hardest time of his life in this comedy. As a general grocer, he finds himself between two fires. Four sisters are in the habit of meeting their sweetheartsthe store. Their real parent keeps after the men with his horsecars trying toigrate the sweetheart. The men hide in different parts of the store to sweep, and when the women appear they deluge him with eggs, flour, pickles, and anything else they can lay their hands on. Potel is always in the road to stop all that comes along, and in the end he is turned out a white-capped semblance of a conglomeration of everything in the store.

The Warrens of Virginia.
An imposing military picture, greatly enhanced by the beauty and acting of Blanche Sweet, who has a very strong part in this film version of a famous drama. It is a story of the American Civil War, and, as usual, the screen is able to give exactly better spectacular treatment than ever the stage could hope to do. The adventures of the supply train furnish most exciting scenes. Its departure for the Warren plantation is wonderfully realistic. The preparations to ambush the train are also admirably handled. The dash to the rebel camp and the constrained waiting after they have assumed their positions work up to a powerful suspense, which finds its relief in the thrilling attack upon the rebels as they swing into sight. Fearless tumbling from horses and wagons gives an added touch of reality to the blowing up and burning of the train.

The Man Who Couldn't Sleep.
A Judge has sentenced a woman for expressing the hope that he would never be able to sleep again. The case plays on him, and he cannot sleep, and after three nights of horror and haunting by visions of the woman he has sentenced he appears in Court. A woman is brought before him, with her a child, for sleeping in the park. The Judge looks down on her kindly and, when Court is over, goes with her to her squatted flat. He pays her rent, thereby preventing her eviction, and asks her beneficently to pray that he might be able to sleep. An earnest prayer is said by the grateful woman, and that night Judge Joffe, for the first time in four nights, is able to sleep. His Valet enters as the clock-tower tolls the hour of twelve, but the Judge does not move. No word description can give an idea of the strange power of this picture. Few, indeed, could even attempt to depict the subtle but mind-sapping torments that beset the man, and we doubt that Mark MacDermott ever more remarkably showed his art.

The Long Shift.
Thrilling drama and splendid acting. Hughes, the mine foreman, is a widower with a little girl. Hughes and Tom are rivals in love with Bessie. Hughes little girl misses her cat one day, and finds her in the mine nursing her kittens. That same day, Hughes accidentally fires a charge in the mine. There is a terrible explosion, and the miners are entombed as well as Hughes little girl. The panic-stricken wives and mothers rush to the mine and frantic efforts are made to save the unfortunate miners from a terrible death.

Roméo and Juliét.
The second Shakespearian burlesque by the Mullford Amateurists. We told you about Humbug, their first one, and this is still funnier. The film audience is in itself a pantomime. There is the schoolboy in the stalls, who bore with the play, passes the time in picking chocolates out of the hand of the lady in front of him. There is the old deaf gentleman in the front row who has his footman beseech him to shout down an ear-trumpet all the details of the play. And the actors! They have little chance to act! And then comes two o'clock, when stage bands and orchestra go home and leave the struggling players to their fate. Willie Clarkson, the famous theatrical costumer, makes his first appearance as an actor in this Creaks and Martin production.

IF YOU COLLECT POSTCARDS OF YOUR FAVOURITES
You ought to have our latest list sent free on application.
WE HAVE THOUSANDS OF PORTRAITS OF PICTURE-PLAYERS,
including CHARLES CHAPLIN.

"The Pictures," Ltd., 18, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE FUNNIEST RITCHIE COMEDY EVER PRODUCED
"THE CURSE OF WORK"

1,400 Farce-Comedy. 1,893 ft. approx. Released Oct. 11th.

The funniest Billie Ritchie Comedy ever produced! Think what that means! Never before in the whole history of comedy pictures has there been anything for real laughter in this.

Bill is hard-boiled in business hours. In his spare time he is Monsieur de Squirrelhammer, keeper of Government records, and in the confidence of Kings. That, anyway, is what he tells a beautiful heroine. Well when the heroine visits the saloon where Bill is employed he and his to black her boots—well, you can guess how fast and furious the fun becomes. No words can describe the screaming stunts with which this extraordinary production is packed. You must see this wonderful comedy.

WHO DO YOU SAY ARE THE CLEVEREST?

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they NOW play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST FILM PLAYERS IN ANY COUNTRY (excluding British-born Artists) write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES. The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive the first prize of £10. All other prizes will go to senders of Coupons in order of merit.

THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.
1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by any voter. Should two or more Toupons be correctly filled in, the vote will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon.
2. In the unlikely event of two or more votes being in favour of a player, the prize will be divided.
3. Coupons will appear weekly until the final count. The winners may be forwarded at once, or kept and sent in one envelope as one contest.
4. All winners must be written in full. No alteration will be permitted.

"The Pictures" FREE VOTING COUPON: WORLD'S CONTEST.
I desire to cast Ten Votes for

FEMALE PLAYER

MALE PLAYER

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

FEMALE PLAYER

MALE PLAYER

Signed

Address

Fill in and post to "Contest Editor," Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.
GOSSIP

NEX'T week's issue will contain the last coupon for the greatest film contest ever opened in this country. You have already decided who are the cleverest British players, and the grand poll in this contest is soon to show us the names of the cleverest foreign players. It is not easy, for there are so many of them. You cannot count the American stars, for instance, on your finger-tips. But we want the best in photo-play acting. If we cannot have British stars in our picture plays, and British players are not entirely to blame, then let us have the foreign variety—German, of course, excepted. If you take a coupon from each issue published during the run of the contest you will find you are entitled to cast nearly five hundred votes in all. I hope as many readers as possible will give the chosen player the whole of these votes, or more.

The Bomb that Missed.

A German bomb which fell in the Eastern counties recently only narrowly missed a scene set for a film drama. It fell quite close, but did not explode, and another tore up the ground a hundred yards away. Damage and indignation were considerable all round the district when I visited it the morning after the raid. Within my friend's building, however, I found camera, players, and producer calmly at work just as if "Zeps" had never been heard of.

The Weird and Uncanny.

Although we do not hear much of the doings of Cricks and Martin, of Croydon, this old-established British firm, are always quietly turning out pictures, short or long, and grave or gay. A weird idea in photo-drama is The Curse of the Head, which Charles Calvert, their producer, informs me he is now at work upon. In chatting with Charles on the phone I think I gathered that a tourist visiting the catacombs in Egypt brings back to London the head of a mummy. He lectures about it to a party of friends. I don't know what he says, but the ungrateful "head" flies from the box, fast as its fingers on the throat of the lecturer, and kills him. Isn't it a lovely thrill? Realistic desert scenes are being taken this week on the sand "somewhere in England," and I almost forget—beautiful Dorothy Fellow, the heroine of many Chasen productions, and who recently played in Trans-Atlantic Hard Times, is the heroine in this newest "Cricks's" mystery.

Another "Mystery" on the Way.

The Ideal Film Renting Company will release in due course The Mystery of the Hansom Cab, which has been produced by B. and C. The reading of the novel by Fergus Hume gave me much delight—well, many years ago, and I can just remember the initial production of the mystery as a drama at the old Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street. M. Gray Murray, who played the Prosecuting Counsel in the B. and C. version, has reminded me that Leonard Boyne, Bassett Roe (two fine actors), and Edith Chester, a clever actress, now unfortunately dead, were in the cast. Mr. Murray looked absolutely "it" in counsel's wig and gown. I know, because I was present at the filming of the court scene, when "Cabby" gave his evidence before a "jury, judge, and court," which was absolutely lifelike.

An Old Chorus.

The important fact that Harold Weston produced The Mystery of the Hansom Cab goes far to ensure success. Do any of you remember the music-hall song when novel and play were popular? I think the chorus ran something like this—"Stop the cab! Stop the cab! When, when, when? Somebody hold the horse's head, and don't leave go. Nevertheless, I'm bound to confess, although they made a grab, they never discovered the mystery of the hansom cab." I don't think the song helped much; but the film, when it arrives, will give you cab, murder, mystery, and solution, complete.

Mary Fuller a Witch.

Mary Fuller, the red-haired, red-faced, red-faced daughter of the late Mr. Fuller, is appearing regularly in a picture as a Trans-Atlantic brand, and is particularly fine in The Witch of the Woods, a three-reeler, to be released a few weeks hence. I am pleased to say that I have made arrangements to publish story and photographs next week.

All the Best.

Good things are promised for the autumn by the Kinematograph Trading Company, Limited, who seem to have a habit of handling nothing but the best. They recently showed the trade a sample in Who's Who in Surrey, a comedy, and Hearts that Are Fannous, a fine drama. From October 11th onwards they intend to release one tip-top picture weekly, and their two-reel features will star that charming picture-player Ethel Grandin.

Great Strides in Pictureland.

Look out for "Metro" pictures, which, handled by the famous firm of Raffles, will be known as Raffles Exclusives. Twenty-five stars, forty successful plays adapted for the screen, and fine perfectly equipped producing facilities form the foundation on which the success of "Metro" pictures have been built. Francis X. Bushman, Marguerite Snow, and Mme. Olga Petrova are among the artistes appearing in the earlier releases.
Turner Films

"Pictures made for You."

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PICTURE-PLAY.

You go to the picture-play. What do you see? Life.

In all its hugeness, simplicity, passion, suffering, and gladness, expressed by the youngest literature of the world, without ornate phrasing, yet felicitously and with unfailing candour. The inner meaning of the picture-play is life's own—hence the potency of its appeal. Thence its charm. It throws upon the screen songs which would help you to soan, thoughts which would help you to live. The producer interprets these. The artist portrays them. The finished play is the mirror reflecting them.

The YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

If I had heaps and heaps of money to spend I would give a prize to every boy and girl competing in every one of my competitions. My heart is willing enough, but my pocket won't let me. As it is I present two (and occasionally four) prizes every week in my competitions, which are all free, besides giving those who deserve it the "Award of Merit" and six of such awards entitle the winner to a special prize. Why do I tell you again what you already know? For the benefit of one or two grumblers who have recently taken me to task. Three readers write that they have won awards but never had the prize. But neither of these have won the necessary six awards, and therefore are not yet entitled to a prize. I referred to this matter last week. Another grumbler comes from a reader who goes so far as to declare that my competitions are unfair, which is "rough on Uncle" with a vengeance. Even if I were dishonest, which I am not, what should I gain by being unfair in the matter? Every entry is carefully considered, and the winners are in every case those who deserve to be. My last grumbler thought that because he gave the right answer in the recent "Hidden Names" Competition he should have had a prize. Now there were nearly two hundred correct answers sent on that occasion, and in cases like this the prizes and awards have to go to those whose efforts are needed. To please everybody in one week I should want the wealth that I am not blessed with. If you like my competitions, keep pegging at them until you do get a prize. It's the only way, and a sure way for the clever ones.

You know little Billy Jacobs, don't you? That nice, naughty imp who is always getting into scrapes in the films! Well, poor Billy has had an attack of chicken-pox. He's all right again, thank you, and once more playing in pictures. How did Billy first come to play in them? Well, it was all through his one bad habit — a good appetite for ice-cream cornets. Offer one of these delicacies to Billy and he becomes your slave. One day Mr. Pathe Lehmann, the Director, was in want of a child for a scene andcould not find one. Presently his keen eye spied little Billy at play in front of his house. "Come and play for me in a picture," he shouted, but Billy shook his pretty head. Then a bright idea entered the head of Mr. Lehmann. He bought the imp an ice-cone and all was plain sailing. Billy became a film star, although many of his early scenes were quite spoiled through his not attending strictly to business. Billy is only four years old, you know, and his name is not really Billy, it is Paul.

"How much money does he earn?" you ask. Oh, but it does not really matter, for money never troubles the little fellow at all. So long as he can get his ice-cones Billy is happy and contented. His father, who is Ford Sterling, the famous comedian, looks after Billy's...
salaam, and is putting it away until Billy grows up.

The little girl who is Billy's sweetheart in the pictures is Olive Johnson. They used to play in Keystone together, and now both are with the Mutual Film Corporation. If you are going to New York or Los Angeles and want to see Billy don't forget to take an ice-cream with you. It's about the one thing that Billy loves best.

I am glad to report that you have made "Actographs" one of the most successful competitions. I asked to take the name of a player and invent an appropriate line of three words, employing certain letters contained in the same. Following are some best lines:

MART PIGGOD: My ideal actress; Marion Davies, my favourite; Admired by millions; Every country's favourite; The celebrated actress; My heart's delight; Pride of filmland; A famous player; Makes films perfect.

FLORENCE TURNER: An old favourite; Everybody's favourite actress; Really delightfully naive; A real (red) friend; Loved by everyone; The celebrated actress; Loveliness; never tires; Facial expressions marvellous; Clever and enchanting.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS: Such winning mannerisms; Selig's "animal" actress; Is known everywhere: Enchant wild animals; Stirs our hearts; Selig's leading lady; The jungle maid.

SALLY CRUTE: Always so bright; A lovely blonde; Edison's beautiful actress; A promising comedienne.

ALMA TAYLOR: An attractive maid; Loved by all; Is always admired; Our chosen actress; Lovely beyond measure; Lovable and loved.

ANITA STEWART: The Vitagraph star; Pretty and exciting; Enhances the scene; A renowned star; The Vitagraph idol; Never allows surpasing; Always well appreciated.

The Prize-winners are: Fred Ainsworth, F. A. St. John; Robert Gordon; Road, Salford, Manchester; Robert Brook, 91, Marylandls Road, Maidia Vale, W.

A WARD OF MERIT: (When you get six you win a special prize.)—Alan Wood (Halifax), J. Smith (Southport), Irene Hockey (Cardiff), Lillian Burgess (Swansea), George Bell (Cheethorn), Ivy Neal (Watford), Pauline Lewis (Mile End), M. Buckingham (Commercial Road), Irene Leete (Balham), Thomas Oldham.

A WARD OF PRIZE:—Arthur Dale.

MY "BEST FILM" COMPETITION.

This is very interesting, and, if I remember rightly, quite new on this page. Go to your cinema, and after the show print out your card and consider was the best film you saw. Write the title on a postcard, and say in as few words as possible how you think it was the best film. Post your card to "Best Film," 39 W.C. by Monday, September 6th. There are two book prizes (for boy and girl) and the "award," the winners of which will be those whose reasons are best in wit, cleverness, or originality in the opinion of 

 Uncle Tim.

IS THIS IN YOUR ALBUM?

CHRIS WHITE, the Hepworth Player.

This winning smile has just been added to our Postcard Series.

MAXIE (Kechallah)—"The Sign of the Cross" is a Famous Players film. William Fairman played lead.

The Twins (North Norwood).—Your letter was the nicest we've had for months and months and months. We know how nice midnight feasts we've had them, and yellow dots too! Exams are hard things, we agree, but it's nice to find that if you work it well rewarded when result comes along. We cannot say how old the player is, and we have not actet as best man yet. May Anderson is still quite young, and we should imagine the Thompsons' twins and she are about the same age. Best luck to your father. We are sure if you write him such nice letters he must be very happy.

Miranda (Tooting).—Hope shortly to deal with a film featuring the player you mention. There are so many "stars" shining, and our space is so limited. Thanks for compliments.

George (Wissbech).—Ford Sterling, after playing for his own Company, is back with Keystone.

W. F. R. S. (London, S.W.) heard most extraordinary sound when he was passing a picture theatre, and thought he would go in and see what they meant. What do you think it was? Address your guess to the following address: Man, who will see one of our souveniers War All times to the first correct answer. (Mr. J. T. Hunt's mind not little competition.)

SIFNU (Cardiff). The copyright of Charles Chaplin's photo published in one of our recent numbers belongs to The Essanay Co., 12th, Charing Cross Road, London. We should not think you would mind us making a lastest copy for you. Write and ask them, Sifnu. The Editor has many ideas up his sleeve for competitions, but says the next one is a secret for a week or two.

CEDAR (Balham).—Don't be ashamed of your name and add one next time, Lebanon. You are quite right, dear boy; people who spread silly rumours must be "watched" (beauvoir). See reply to Charles (Liverpool) and E32 (Manor Park).

CHARLES (Liverpool).—Has just received from America an autographed photo of and from Charles Chaplin himself. This Chapman likes the rumours that the "Unrivalled One" is in an automobile, bathing, and living in an attic in Peckham, &c. &c.

NELLY (Waltham).—Address Ella Bell, c/o. Transatlantic Line, 1st Floor, 15, Belgrave Square, London, S.W. U.S.A. Your short letter did not "here" us. Repeat the dose when you feel needed, Nelly.

Miss (Hull).—It is not very hard if the little child of ten will make a success on the screen. There is no question of doing so at Plymouth, as many talented ladies have their studios in or near London, but we can only undertake the responsibility of giving you her to bring her to town. No talent children are always wanted, but in this instance talent there is none. If you cannot before making a living there is much weary waiting and hard work. Influence is a great help in the film world.

VALENTINE (Ply).—Address Frances X. Lamban, c/o. Quality Pictures, Gover and Susrett. London, U.S.A. We do not play to music before the camera. The P. and P. family interest in itself, we publish none of their letters. &c.

LUCY (New Brighton).—"Linger longer Lucy" of the rules of this page is ineligible for our Foreign Players Contest. We have passed all of them through, from each, postage extra, from Pictures Ltd., 1st, Adam St., Strand, London.

DEAN (Southport).—So you're "plucked up courage" to write to us at last. Howay! We have no postcards of Joseph Kaufman. Cast of the little film is unsuitable. Sorry. Thanks for love; same to you, p'tite.

E32 (Manor Park) asks for particulars relating to the runners away for death. But CHARLIE IS NOT DEAD.

P. C. (Chesham).—We believe the player you mention is not married.

SIMON (Forest Gate).—To secure a good result actors used to make posters and cover letters with the use of gooze-print and powder spoils their chances. The best thing is to send goodwill placings. The Neptune Film Co.'s Studio is at Ham Wood, Herts.

NOEAG (Birkenhead).—Bless your heart, Norman, we are delighted to welcome you among our readers, and also to answer your questions. There are no cards of Charles Chaplin in private press published, and now at all of "Patty," those better half is Minta Durfee, N.Y. (Waford).—Pleased to have your letter. We have postcards of Lilian Walker and one kind of Miss Faller. If you address Furnam and W. Blatcher, there's a you will get a reply from Kithlyn Willms. As we are writing her it won't be long, and no doubt our letters will be answered.

C. C. A. N. L. (Forest Gate).—What do your letters stand for? Girl you think P. and P. a jolly fine look. Have sent your love to Charlie Chaplin. See also reader to Norman.

F. TIBBURN (Worship) who has never kissed a girl. Why not write to the lady yourself, co., J. H. Martin's, Ltd., Quinin Avenue, Morton Park, London, S.W., and tell her all about your Adventures and your occupations. We don't like the interpredness with Cupid's arrows, we would prefer your love in letters. Thanks for thoughts.

W. H. and W. S. (Handsworth).—Look for the result of our Wirral's Voting Circuit, which will be published after next week.

ARNO (Burley).—Always ready to oblige in an excellent motto. Ours too, Max Linder was won over by the "Good Old Sport," and we believe he has not nailed the Styx forever yet.

J. C. (Manchester).—Send your picture play, type, etc., to any of the Well-known Companies — Hepworth, B. and C., Smith & Son, London Film, and J. H. Martin are some. The best of luck.

INQUIZITIVE KID (Leeds).—Thanks for photo; let you why so solemn? May Pickford is a charmer, player, but she's? Hope you had a pleasant holiday, London.
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

Some men are born with a bump of caution, and some have to wait for hard knocks to raise one for them.

Hubby's Mistake.

"Mary, did my wife come in a few moments ago?"

"No, sir. That was the parrot you heard a hollerin'!"

What he had Missed.

Door Attendant (to pathetic little boy who was gazing at the poster): "Want to go in, sonny?"

"No, sir. I come to see what I might see if I hadn't lost my penny."

A Warranted Suspension.

"My wife was arrested yesterday."

"You surprise me. What for?"

"She got off the tramcar in motion the right way, and the policeman thought she was a man in disguise."

Costly Justice.

A colored gentleman, on trial for his life in a remote Tennessee town, was asked by the Judge if he had anything to say, whereupon he replied:

"All I have to say is this, Judge: If you hang me, you hang the best motion-picture in Tennessee."

Doctor "Pictures."

"I don't want to appear boastful," said the manager of the picture-theatre, "but the beauty of my pictures renders people absolutely speechless."

That night a weary husband was seen dragging his wife into the picture-house in anticipation of two hours' peace on earth.

Mere Detail.

She (at the picture-show): "He's been divorced three times, wears silk underwear in winter and summer, won't trim his finger-nails on Fridays, and refuses to listen to "Short.""

What's the name of the film he's playing in now?

She: "You must think I know everything! Here's the programme."

Those Crazy Dances.

"I fancy last night finished my reputation," said young Harold as his friend looked him up the night after the ball. "My drunken condition must have been disgraceful."

"Not a bit, old man," said the friend. "Haven't you seen this morning's papers? You're a hero; everybody thinks you have invented a new dance."

Slightly Mixed.

The professor smothered his wrath, and descended to the cellar.

"Are you the plumber?" he asked of a grizzly-looking person who was tinkering with the pipes.

"Yes, you know, he answered, "Been long in the trade?"

"Bent a year, gvn?"

"Ever made any mistakes?"

"Bless yer, no, gvnor."

"Oh, then I suppose it is quite all right. I imagined you had connected up the wrong pipes, for the drawing-room chandelier is spraying like a fountain, and the bathroom tap is on fire.

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A HAPPY BRIDE: SALLY CRUTE AND FRANK McGILYNN

in *The Voice of Conscience*, a drama now showing throughout the country. Both are popular players in the Edison Company. "Are you voting?"
**LEADERS** we have met—"[That] night—" Two weeks later—"
Love is blind—"—The next day.

A newspaper prints figures which show that half the world is at war. The other half, we suppose, is at the pictures.

Three halls, each bearing the same title, "The Cinema," are stated to be empty in the Dudley district. Are they "dud" halls or were they "dud" shows?

Thomas Santchi sends most of his "leisure" hours studying the scenarios of pictures he contemplates producing. Bright title for plot! A Star's Scenario!

Canada, it is stated, is begging for good English pictures. That ought to please British manufacturers. But, as charity begins at home, let us have some first. We do get a few.

Remember the "Jack Spratt" Series (Clarendon)? A further number is to appear next month called Jack Spratt's Parrot. If it proves only half as lively as the parrot opposite our office window it will win "dud" right enough.

"Creation's Dandiest" is how an American paper described a Gaumont Exclusive; and "Every picture a search-light; no eight-candle lamps in this lot," says another one, writing of the same firm's goods.

"Audience held spellbound until the last moment—11.59 is the facetious report from an exhibitor at Byker. It referred to the Ideal Exclusive "11.59 a.m." which holds the audience at any old time the film is showing.

"Chaplin" films are reproduced in a Los Angeles studio which is bounded on three sides by a steep embankment. Great secrecy is maintained as to the happenings within. But can't you fancy Charlie rolling down one of those embankments for some new stunt of his?

Can't Have Too Much.

HENRY WALTZALL is very much on view just now. We have him in The Inherited Burden and The American. He will shortly be seen in Beech, the Balboa production, and his releases with the Essanay, his present company, are coming regularly.

Stage versus Screen Stars.

THEATRICAL MANAGERS in New York have been raging against the picture art, and declaring that their stars must cease studio work. The public won't pay four times as much to see them on the stage when they can see them for next to nothing in beautiful film productions they declare. Samuel Goldfish, head of the Loewy Company, at the invitation of the New York Times, replied to these views. He called the managers "modern Canutes," who would order the tide of the sea to stop rising at their bidding.

He turned the laugh on them. Instead of the popularity of stars who appear on the screen diminishing, it was greater than ever. Folks who never knew before the names of some of the stars had come to know their art perfectly through the screen.

Mr. Goldfish was right.

**The Girl Unafraid.**

No, this is not the title of a coming drama. It is just the name applied to Kathryn Williams, the popular leading lady of the Selig players, whose new and merry portrait appears on our front cover. Look out, sea or sky have no terrors for this charming film star, whose pet ambition is to be the first successful womanhydro-aeroplane operator in the world. One look at her face is a good omen of the fulfillment of her plan. "Billie," or "Umfraid," as her friends call her, has run the gamut of film sensations all the way from flying machines to acting in a cage where there are many untamed lions. She has never yet refused to risk her own safety for pictures.

**Big Boom for Serial.**

The 18th of next month will see the commencement of the Pathé serial The Exploits of Elaine, and to let you know of its coming a huge advertising scheme has been prepared. A fortnight before release date the hoardings of all big towns will bear large posters: ten thousand double-crowns will decorate the tubes, and sandwich men will parade leading thoroughfares. The story itself is to appear weekly in the News of the World, and "Elaine" hats and topsins are to be given away free, gratis, and for nothing. Pearl White, the heroine, whose charming picture we have previously published, has had dedicated to her a song entitled "Elaine, my Moving-Picture Queen." It is sure of great popularity. The film, too, is a dud. But, now you know, Earth, sea and sky have no parts succeeds in imparting the thrill at the beginning and leaving one thrilled.

Note for Plot-Writers.

The Keystone Company has adopted a policy of not buying scenarios from outside writers because of the great expense involved. During the past two years to open, read, and return all manuscripts. Of the thousands examined but a very few have proved available for production. Their own staff now provides all they require.

**A Painful Make-up.**

IN the Edison feature Shadows from the Past, Marc MacDermot is supposed to have his eye put out. To effect this, he succeeded with a remarkable make-up which, however, was very painful to wear. He left the eye open, placed over the eye is a cloth made of cotton, and round it out and over this had a cloth painted flesh-colour. To make it even more unpleasant, he had to wear this make-up for days during the hottest weather, while the eye would water again and again so as to dissolve the glue.

**The Criminal Classes.**

BEFORE the filming of The Black Box serial was commenced, Herbert Rawlinson, Anna Little, and Laura Onslow decided that, in order to play properly the rôle for which they had been cast, they would learn as much as possible about crime detection. So they formed regular evening classes, bought all the books on the subject of crime and its detection that they could secure, and pored over them for many nights. Then they exchanged views on different cases, and quickly became so interested that little else was discussed between them but criminals.

**Why the Lady Left.**

WE are often told little stories by the troubled cinema manager. We heard one the other day. The new pianist, on her own estimate of efficiency, was engaged. It was soon apparent that the one thing she could not play properly was "King and Country Need You," and she gave them that for all she was worth. One night the News Gazette flashed on for the first time a military funeral. Hang as if that girl didn't bring the keys to the tune of "We don't want to lose you, but we think you ought to go." The manager felt that way too. She went the same night.

**"Pictures," Yet No Pictures.**

Evidence is beginning to hand almost daily that "P. and P." is extensively read and appreciated at the box office, and that there is much reason for the circular letter just arrived from Ralph E. Burt, who is somewhere in France:

"Pictures is sent regularly to me each week, and you can imagine my delight when I received it and I have a look. It is one of the best picture-books I have ever read—not a dull word from start to finish. Out here there are no picture-palaces to go to, but your book makes up for it. I have come out of the trenches for a few days' rest, but return again shortly."
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. AMERICA'S SEA POWER: Uncle Sam's powerful Navy is constantly being added to and is "ready" for any eventuality.
2. A MASCOT FOR THE REGIMENT: The Sixth City of London Regiment are presented with lucky charms. (This beautiful animal, the Regiment's mascot, also receives a lucky charm.)
3. ANOTHER REGIMENTAL PET: The Royal West Kent parade with their new mascot, a handsome Borzoi, a present from the Czar.
4. THE WRECKED IRISH MAIL: The railway disaster in which forty were killed and injured near Wadon.
5. A CEASELESS VIGIL: Our Navy walls and watches from sunrise to sunset.
6. THE UBOLY MULE: Many vicious animals are being broken in for the Army at Fred Ginnett's Farm.
7. MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB: A girl and her pet collect for wounded soldiers.
"Let me pass! Let me pass, I pray thee! Nay, not so fast, little one. Thou art a witch, and ward of a witch, and I would know more of thee."

His Excellency the Governor of Salem smiled somewhat grimly as he spoke, and reached out to clutch with a none-too-gentle hand the bare arm of the young girl before him. "They tell me," continued the Governor, "that thou art named Desire, also that Goody Martin, whose ward thou art, hath taught thee to practise black magic. Is this so?"

The girl flushed hotly under the Governor's earnest gaze, and made an ineffectual effort to free her arm from his rude clasp.

She was young—scarcely eighteen—and exceedingly beautiful, with a small, perfectly-formed figure, framed in a mass of dark, waving curls that floated unrestrained over her shoulders. She was attired in a loose, roughly-made frock, ladily torn in places with the thorns and branches of the forest, through which she loved to roam.

"Let me pass, I pray thee!" Her eyes blazed with sudden anger at the minister's vicious words. "Oh!"

The Governor, laughing coarsely as at her futile rage, had bent his head close to her own as though about to kiss her, and Desire recoiled in absolute loathing. "Witch!" It is an honour for thee that His Excellency should kiss thee. Nay, do not struggle... Little fool!"

He drew back suddenly with a cry of pain, for the girl had raised her free hand and struck him smartly across the cheek. Then, swiftly, before he could recover from his surprise, Desire had wrung away her arm and was running off through the forest with the dexterity of a deer.

"Witch or no witch, you shall pay for this!" The Governor rubbed his smarting cheek, and scowled after the fleeting figure. Although he made no attempt at pursuit, Desire did not pause in her flight until she was a full mile from the scene of her encounter with the Governor. Then she flung herself putting on to a grassy slope, and lay there with her burning cheeks hidden in her palms.

"Desire was a waif of the woods around Salem, New England. Her parent, who belonged to the French settlement near that town, had died when she was a mere baby, and old Goody Martin, who lived alone in the woods in a hut, and whom the Puritans of that neighbourhood declared to be a witch, had taken care of the little orphan. Goody Martin had gained the reputation of being a witch because of her fondness for gathering herbs and using them for medicine, and Desire, whom she had initiated into the mysteries of herb-lore, was also looked upon with disfavour.

"But in the eyes of the simple witches are wicked people," muttered Desire as she brooded over the Governor's insult. He had stopped her on her way through the woods, attracted by her wonderful beauty, and his accusation was the first that had ever been made against Desire to her face. Covert insults she had overheard in plenty, but these had not hurt her half so much as the Governor's open words.

"And I do no one harm when I gather herbs." Desire shook her dark curls half-defiantly as she rose to her feet refreshed. "Goody says so, and I know she would not lie. As for the Governor," Desire's firm white teeth came together with a snap—"I hate him."

The weeks passed, and then dawned the black day. Desire had become known as the Witch. Old Goody Martin, whose health had been declining all through the Spring, suddenly took a rapid turn for the worst. : It was all over so suddenly that poor little Desire could scarce realise her misfortune. Death claimed his own and the little French waif lost her only friend.

When the news of Goody Martin's death was first reported the Puritans of Salem refused to believe that it was true. Witches, they declared, could not die. But later, when it was established beyond doubt that Desire was all alone in the woods, they laid their heads sagely and in hushed whispers said that the soul of the wretched old witch must have passed into the body of the girl.

By word of mouth this absurd rumour went the round of Salem Town until at last there was scarcely a Puritan in the place who did not believe that Desire was one of the wickedest witches who ever infested New England. Her beautiful face and form, they said, were but snares to entice the unwary, and at last the more ignorant among the people were worked up to such a frenzy that it seemed inevitable some evil must come to Desire if she remained in Salem.

One day when Desire was gathering herbs in the woods near her hut she encountered two Puritan scrivours, who did not hesitate to voice their opinions concerning her. The frightened girl gave up her task and commenced to walk back towards her hut, whilst the Puritans followed after, taunting her kindly as they went along. At last they shouted "Witch! Witch!" attracted others to the spot, until Desire found to her dismay that she was being followed by a hostile mob.

"Witch! Witch!—Burn her, burn her!" The roar of the maddened mob deafened the girl's terrified ears as she broke into a run. Then, when they saw that their prey was fleeing from them, the angry Puritans gave more furious than ever and commenced to hurl clubs of earth and stones, many of which struck Desire and bruised her tender frame.

Sobbing with fear, Desire ran towards her hut, missiles showering upon her from all sides as she sped in and out of the trees. Her remarkable fleetness enabled her easily to outpace her pursuers, and she had reached the haven of her home and securely barricaded the door before the first of the Puritans panted upon the scene.

"Burn! Burn! Down with the witch!" shouted the Puritans, and a shower of sticks and stones scattered against the door of the hut. "Burn! Let her burn!"

Inside the hut Desire, her face pale with fear, leaned against the door and prayed for deliverance from her cruel persecutors. What would happen to her should they succeed in forcing the door she trembled to think, for she knew she could expect no mercy at their hands. But, contrary to her fears, they did not attempt to break down her barricade. For a moment a dim ray of hope came to her that perhaps they feared to do violence. The shouts and threats had subsided for the time being. If only—

A thin wisp of smoke floated in through a crack in the door, and Desire watched it with wide-open, horrified eyes as the terrible truth dawned upon her. An instant later the sound of cracking twigs came to her anguished ears, and the smoke, rushing in through cracks all around her, quickly filled the interior of the hut.

"Burn! Burn! Let the witch burn!" shouted the enraged Puritans, and Desire, enveloped in the smoke from the fire her tormentors had lighted outside the door, felt herself choking. The heat,
...was gradually becoming inexpressible, for by this time the hut was well ablaze. It's icy walls making excellent tinder for the hungry flames.

"Oh, how cruel you are!" choked Desire, her eyes smarting with pungent smoke and her hands and arms blistered. "I've done all that you should want of me life?"

But none of her poor little words. Had they done so the Puritans would only have jeered, so incensed were they against the girl they deemed a witch. Lounder than ever sounded their shouts against Desire, and a dozen hand-helped to feed the fire that raged around the hut.

"Mercy! Mercy!" the poor girl was now shrieking, for she could no longer suffer the agony of the flames. The Puritans outside were cruel, but better risk their maltreatment than remain asafe for the furnace which was raging.

With a swift movement Desire tore aside the net that had fastened the burning door of the hut, and leaped out into the open space from across the hovering threshold with the speed of an arrow, so that the flames failed to light her dress. Then, before the astounded onlookers could realise what had happened, the girl was fleeing like a hunted hare back into the kindly woods again.

"After the witch! She shan't escape!" These and other cries followed Desire as she ran swiftly on. The cool air soothed her smarting limbs and filled her weary lungs, giving her new life and energy. Behind her she could hear the pounding of many footsteps, but she never once looked back. She was running for her life, and every second was valuable.

At first Desire held her own against the fleetest of her pursuers; then, wearying by all she had undergone, she was obliged to slacken her pace, which caused the foremost of the Puritans to gain on her by leaps and bounds. Fifty yards, thirty, thirty onen ten separated her from her heartless enemies, and Desire felt that she could run no further.

"We have her! We have her!" A stalwart Puritan drew level with Desire, and clutched at the shoulder of her gown. "Yield, witch, there is no escape for thee!"

It would have gone hard with Desire, who was now almost surrounded by her pursuers, but for an unexpected inter\-vention. From the far side of the big tree beneath which she had been brought to bay a man and woman stepped into view, and the woman, after a glance at Desire's pleading face, placed herself between the shrieking girl and her persecutors.

"Back!" The man who escorted Desire's protector thrust the foremost Puritan aside with one sweep of his powerful arm as they pressed angrily forward. "What does this mean?"

"She's a witch, Master John Wayne," replied one of the Puritans, sulkily. "We caught her gathering herbs for her evil concoctions, and chased her to inflict punishment."

"How noble and brave!" sneered the indignant woman, whose arm tenderly supported Desire's drooping frame.

Then she looked at John Wayne. He was stalwart and handsome. Desire thought him the handsomest man she had ever seen, and he in turn gazed with unconcealed admiration at the beautiful waif of the woods.

"Go thy ways then," said Margaret, "and have no further fear. I will see that you are not molested again."

With her arm in John Wayne's, Margaret watched Desire run away into the woods until she was lost to view.

In the days that followed Margaret kept her word, and Desire, who had taken refuge in a cave, was subjected to no further ordeals. But the Puritans of Salem still regarded her as a witch, and declared that she should be indicted at the first opportunity. Already a proclamation had been posted forbidding anyone on pain of death to gather and prepare herbs from the forest, and alert eyes kept watch to see that the girl did not disobey the edict.

Desire met Margaret and John Wayne on several occasions after their first encounter, and at other times she had conversations with John alone. Wayne was irresistibly attracted to the beautiful young girl, and Desire, on her part, fell madly in love with the handsome Puritan. But all trace of her love she carefully concealed from him, for she would rather have died than have caused any pain to Margaret, her benefactress. Even when Desire learned that she had won John Wayne's heart she never faltered from her steadfast purpose, and so

"This poor little girl is now lich, but a helpless woodland stray. I am ashamed of thee all."

"She was reared by Goody Martin, the witch," mumbled one of the girl's judges, as the others drew back before the woman's wrath.

"Poor old Goody Martin," continued the woman. "She, too, was helpless, and as good a creature as any breathing. Go! hide your shame, lest I say harsher things. Go, all of you!"

The rabble shrank away, afraid to argue, for John Wayne and his ailed wife, Margaret Melden, were people of importance in Salem town.

"Are you better, child?" Margaret's voice changed to a tone of surprising tenderness as she bent her face over Desire, who seemed half-fainting.

With a visible effort Desire drew herself erect and smiled back at Margaret. "You have saved me from those terrible people; how can I thank you for it?"

"Poor child," said Margaret. "I am glad that I was near when you needed my aid. Where do you live?"

"Here," Desire waved her hand vaguely to indicate that the woods were her home. Then, as she realised that the hut in which she had lived all her years was now no more, the tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

"She has had a shock," said Margaret to her lover. "She will be better in a moment."

"I am better now," Desire wiped away her tears and smiled at Margaret. Then she looked at John Wayne. He was stalwart and handsome. Desire thought him the handsomest man she had ever seen, and he in turn gazed with unconcealed admiration at the beautiful waif of the woods.
Margaret never knew how near she had been to losing her lover.

Then came the day when Margaret was stricken with a sudden illness—an illness so terrible that people said, shaking their heads solemnly, she was sick beyond hope of recovery. Desire heard the news as it went round the gossip, and flew to Margaret's side. To her heart she found that her friend was striken with a violent fever.

"I could save her, I know I could save her," said Desire to herself as she left Margaret's home. The medical use of all the herbs of the woods had been shown to her by Goody Martin, and she felt convinced that she could concoct a life-giving medicine.

If only she dared! Desire hurried back to her cave, a daring idea growing in her mind at every step she took. What cared she for the proclamation when one she loved was in danger?

Late that night, with the moon to guide her, Desire left her cave in search of herbs and later still, after the herbs had been gathered, she lighted a fire and prepared a brew after the fashion shown her by old Goody.

When dawn broke Desire sped as fast as her fleet legs could carry her in the direction of Margaret's home. And clutched tightly against her dress was a vessel containing a pint of precious fluid, to obtain which she had risked everything.

"It will save her, let her drink it!" grasp the girl, when she reached Margaret's chamber, and John, inspired by her profound faith, directed that the draught should be duly given.

"Will she live?" Desire put the question to John Wayne an hour later.

"Yes," replied the other, so softly that Desire scarcely heard him.

Meanwhile, in the office of His Excellency the Governor a crowd of Puritans were beginning for an indictment against a witch.

"We watched last night," said one to his Excellency, "and we saw her brew-

ing her hell's concoctions over a fire among the rocks. She has disobeyed the proclamation, and must die. Desire is her name—Desire, the ward of Goody Martin.

"Ah, yes; Desire, a witch truly," the Governor smiled grimly. "So she has disobeyed the proclamation?"

He scrawled rapidly on a sheet of paper.

"But it came about that Desire, on leaving Margaret's home after learning the welcome news that she was saved, found herself suddenly surrounded by a cordon of soldiers, who, amid the jeers of the populace, dragged her away to prison, there to await trial."

"She will live; why should I care?" said Desire, when her trial was over and they told her that she would be burnt for a witch.

On the eye of the day fixed for her execution his Excellency the Governor visited Desire in her cell.

"Thus you pay for the insult offered to me in the woods long ago," he gloated.

"And yet even now it is not too late. I am disposed to be merciful. In return for your love—" he bent his eager gaze upon her—"I will arrange that you shall be set free."

"Go! I have no love to give thee, only all the hatred that I can muster!"

And Desire shrank back into the farthest corner of her cell.

With a coarse laugh the Governor left her to her fate.

Very different was her meeting next morning—the last meeting of all—with Margaret and John Wayne. Margaret, although terribly weak, had insisted on visiting the prison, and she wept bitterly at the sight of the brave girl who had sacrificed herself for her sake.

"Remember I loved thee," Desire whispered beneath her breath when the time came for her parting with John Wayne, and the man bowed his head in sorrow.

Through the streets, lined on either side with a jeering multitude, Desire was led, the procession heading towards the woods where the girl loved so well.

Mary Fuller makes an especially appealing figure as Desire in this splendidly-produced picture. She is supported by Curtis Benton (the Governor), Edna Hunter (Margaret), and Matt Moore (John). The drama is released by Trans-Atlantic on September 16th.

CINEMADVENTURE

"COME, sit by my side, and listen well," said the old, old man to the little lad.

"There's many a tale that I can tell Of thrilling adventures that I have had."

I mind how I paddled many a mile Where the tide of the mighty Congo flows—"

"I know," said the lad, with a beaming smile.

"I've seen that stream at the picture shows."

"I paddled long and I paddled far, And far tramped I o'er the jungle sod. Where wildest spots of Africa are And white man's foot has but seldom tread."

I saw the buffalo plunge and snort In the miry fords of the upper Nile—"

"Yes," cried the boy, "I know that sport; It's been in the pictures quite a while."

"And once where the big Zambesi roars As all of its water, downward hurled, Into a mighty cataract pours, A fall so vast that it shakes the world."

I stood amazed as I watched the sight: No greater moment than to know—"

"Yes," said the boy, "This was last night I saw those falls at the picture show."
"GERMAN" FILMS IN ENGLAND

A NUMBER of letters have reached us from picturegoers voicing the "silly-season" newsaper articles which are currently being run regarding the fact that "German-American control" is being shown in this country, and patronised by Britons and their money. But in what way may this information be expected to affect us? Whose and what are the titles of these pictures of German origin, and in what theatres are they being shown? We welcome British pictures whenever they are, but how many are there in comparison with the foreign variety? The Kino Weekly put the matter in a nutshell when it said that "British pictures are simply insufficient in quantity for the requirements of the British populace, and if we begin to put an embargo on the American production at this moment from where is the supply to come?" Our Allies, one and all, French, Italian, and Russian, are enormously handicapped in the work of film-producing owing to the war, and innumerable Continental studios are closed down altogether. If it were not for the American exporter, vast numbers of English picture-theatres would have to shut up.

As a good example of many of the letters which we have received on the subject we reprint one from a reader living at New Eltham:

"The other evening an article appeared in a newspaper in which it was stated that Nordisk and Vitaphone companies were reported to have amalgamated. The writer described their players as "bullet-headed, coarse Germans," and said their films ought not to be shown in England, or words to that effect. I do not care for Vitaphone films, but Nordisk are among the very best for sensational and circus pictures, and I was not aware that Ellen and Icend Anderson, Elina Thomsen, Rita Schettman, Elise Frolich, Olaf Foss, or Valdemar Pihlander were bullet-headed, coarse Germans. I like all their films, and should be sorry if I could not continue to see them. The Nordisk Company state emphatically that there is no truth in the report referred to.

"Next evening another article appeared, probably by the same person, complaining that Charlie Chaplin was "a money-making proposition" to Americans at present, that he is being used as a lever to force American films on England, and that the public will soon lose faith with him. The writer is probably the person who said Charlie was vulgar a few days before. As Charlie is an Englishman, he might at least keep his remarks for foreigners. He says Americans are sending all their films over here, and British film-producers are not getting a look-in. His article includes paragraphs on Ad. Kessel, Siegmund Lubin, Carl Laemmle, Wm. Selig, Adolph Zukor — whom he describes as "head of another American concern, who makes his producing concern his chief hobby" and others. He tells how they started in business, and have become millionaires, as if they have offended him by doing so. Perhaps the writer is something or other to do with British films and is jealous. Like British films with Elisabeth Risdon and Fred Groves, and Hepworth and London films are usually good; but on the whole Americans are better, and if no American films were shown 1, for one, would not go to the pictures so much.

What should we do without them? Look at pictures like D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance," "Espionage Contessa," and "Mare's Song." or Toma's "Atlantic" pictures; Chaplin's "The Kid," "A Woman," "The.Fool," "Breaks in 1914," "The 4th of July," "The Fireman," "The Perfect Crime," "In Search of Happiness," and "The Mother Knot" Lubin has produced some fine films featuring Ethel Clayton, Harry Myers, and Arthur Johnson. There are Famous Players films, starring Mary Pickford such as "Beneath the Storm" — one of the best pictures; Alice Joyce and Tom Moore in "Kabul Films"; and Selig films, especially Old Billy, "Through Vag and Smoke," featuring Thomas Santischi, and their masterpiece "Hope"; and Vitagraph features, such as "Diaries," "Paragon of Pervict," "The Wicker," and "The Painted World," and films featuring Julia Swynnerton, Gordon, Harry Moore, Rogers Lytton, Anita Stewart, Earl Williams, Sidney Drew, and the Costellos; then there are Essanay's one and two reel detective and mystery dramas, featuring F. X. Bushman, Brian Washburn, Beverley Page, and Ruth Stonehouse; and Raffles' exclusives, such as "Leaves of Life," and "One of the Broken Fingers," and Edison's fine pictures, like "Mary Fubley in What Happened to Mary," and especially their films featuring Marc McDermott and Miriam Nesbitt.

"Are all these the films we are expected to do without?"

OUR CINEMATOGRAPHIC CARTOONS. No. 44: THE POOR MANAGER.

It isn't all joy and gladness being a Picture-theatre Manager. Our Cartoonist depicts above what some of these poor creatures have to go through nearly every day of the week, but even a Cinema Manager can be human and lose patience at times,
FIRST FIVE PRIZES VALUE £35
100 HANDSOME CONSOLATION PRIZES

PARTICULARS OF PRIZES APPEARED IN PREVIOUS ISSUES

WHO ARE THE CLEVEREST PLAYERS?

Each Voting Coupon must contain the names of a male and female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity or good looks. You may vote for child players, old men, players, comedians, character players, villains, lovers, or any other kind; and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. The winners will get leading parts right enough if they have not yet played leads. When you have decided who in your opinion are the CLEVEREST FILM PLAYERS in ANY COUNTRY (excluding British-born Artists) write their names in the Coupon below.

PRIZES—The voter who sends in a Coupon containing the names of the winners in their order according to the final counting of the votes will receive a first prize of £10. All other prizes will go to senders of Coupons in order of merit.

THE WINNING PLAYERS OF THE CONTEST will be awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. They will each receive a handsome certificate, but nothing more. Hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players, or the film companies employing them.

RULES AND CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST

1. Any number of Coupons may be sent in, but only one prize may be won by one voter. Should no one succeed in placing the winners' names correctly, the £10 will go to the sender of the nearest Coupon. In the unlikely event of two or more voters sending in winning Coupons the prize will be divided.

2. The last Coupon appears below. This and all other Coupons may now be forwarded in the envelope. The sooner the better.

3. All names must be written in ink. No alteration will be permitted.

4. No correspondence can be entered into concerning the contest. Some of the best known players are given on this page, but voters may vote for any players (except British-born) whether in the lists or not.

A voter may fill up any number of Coupons from one issue, and may send in any quantity of his or her own or friends' Coupons in one envelope and at any time.

6. The Editor's decision is to the prize-winners and on all matters connected with this contest will be final and not binding, and Couple are accepted only on this understanding.

"The Pictures" FREE VOTING COUPON: WORLD'S CONTEST

I desire to cast Ten Votes for

FEMALE PLAYER

NAME

Male Player

NAME

I desire also to cast Five Votes (2nd choice) for

FEMALE PLAYER

NAME

Male Player

NAME

Address

Fill up and post to "Contest Editor," Pictures, 18, Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.

LAST DAY for receiving Coupons Tuesday, Sept. 14.

Players who will get Votes:

G. M. Anderson
Edwin Austin
Milburn Agnew
Kluge Bagot
John Barrymore
Harry Bannan
Carrie Blackwell
Sidney Bechet
Ray Brower
E. W. Bursen
Harry Carey
Jack Chamberlain
Guy Combes
B. C. Cooper
Maurice Costello
Edward Coxen
James Cruze
Andrew Deed
Leo Deacy
Sidney Drew
S. K. Evyn Drew
George Field
Romaine Fielding
Cecil Coote
William Garwood
Joseph Harris
Arthur Housman
Arturo Joaquin
Edgar Jones
Walter Long
Ralph Lowden
Max Linder
Hare Luckkwood
Eddie Lyons
Marc McDermott
J. P. McGowan
Hughie Mack
Murdock MacQuarrie
Bank Mann
Tom Mil
Antonio Morano
Harry Money
Harry Meyers
Wheeler Oakman
Charles Ogle
Harry O'Meara
Harry Pollard
Tom Powers
M. Prince
Herbert Rawlinson
Jules Richardson
Ollie North
Ford Sterling
Wally Van
Henry Walton
J. D. Washburn
Gracie Willar
Earle Williams
and many others.

30 Votes on every Coupon. All Back Coupons still good. Some Back Numbers may still be obtained from our Publishers.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS

ELLEN AGGERHOLM, a popular member of the Nordisk Company. Danish players are some of the best in the world, and Ellen is one of them.

EARLE WILLIAMS, leading Vitagraph man who needs no introduction. Mr. Williams has lately played in many films opposite Anita Stewart.

JAMES CRUZE, leading actor in The Million Dollar Mystery, the Thanhouser Serial still running to crowded houses.

LILLIAN GISH, the charming and talented sister of Dorothy Gish. Both are leads in Majestic and Reliance Films.

These and other portraits in this issue will help you to vote. LAST COUPON on page opposite.
E. LIZABETH TOWN, reporter and
magazine journalist, could scarcely
realise that she had just been
married to Oliver Grey, the brilliant and
famous young lawyer.
As Morton reviewing the past few
months of her life she smiled as she
recalled their first chance meeting, and
how she had been sent to the Courts by
her chief to interview Grey at the ter-
minal of one of his important cases.

How powerful, manly, and convincing
he was that day, she had thought. How
irresistibly overwhelming his per-
sonty seemed to be. Then had fol-
lowed their accidental meeting at the
Bohemian party given by Morton, the
artist, a fellow-colleague on the paper;
where again Grey's attentions had forced
themselves pleasantly upon her.

Now, as he had been, that her
hypersensitive nature and undoubted
high standard of purity and character
should escape offence from the broad,
easy-going, and bland methods of Boho-
man, and how she was actually his wife, and
spending the happiest honeymoon
imaginable.

"Well, little one, dreaming again, or
are you tired of this life of enforced
idleness already?" cried her husband,
breaking into her thoughts, as he put
down the book he was reading.

Tired? why of course not, dear," she
replied. "How could I be. I was just
thinking how delightful it all is.

"Isn't it? and to think that we shall
have to return to Town again next week.
Horrible!"

"It won't be so very terrible, Oliver,"
laughed his wife, gaily. "It will be
quite a novelty for you to get back to
work again."

"Not much novelty, I'm afraid," re-
joined Grey. However, when we do
get back we'll have a supper-party, shall
we? Just to warm the place up a bit."

"It would be lovely," cried Elizabeth,
excitedly; "then we will feel as if we have
been settled down together for years."
And kissing her husband as she rose
from the seat they walked out together
into the moonlight.

The supper-party was in full swing.
As the evening wore on Elizabeth, as
hostess, busily occupied herself singing
and playing to her guests.

"Do sing us another, Mrs. Grey,"
entreated Morton the artist, who was
standing beside her as she finished. "It
is quite like old times to hear you sing
once more."

Mechanically Elizabeth obeyed. But
as she did so an indescribable feeling of
unrest stole over her. She missed her
husband's presence in the room.

As she was about to voice the change in
her manner he smiled softly to himself.
He hated Grey with all the intensity of
his passionate and artistic nature, and
having loved Elizabeth secretly long
before she had met her husband, he de-
terminated to use all the means in his
power to bring about a misunderstanding
and separation, if possible, between the
pair.

"If you are looking for your hus-
bond," he whispered quietly to Eliz-
abeth, "he has just left the room, accom-
panied by one of my models. So I don't
think he will return for some little
time."

"Thank you," murmured Elizabeth,
faintly forcing a smile. "Probably he
is showing her round the grounds."

"Probably," returned Morton, turn-
ing over another page of music.

Leaving the piano under a plea of
weariness, Elizabeth speedily confirmed
her worst fears. Unobserved she went
into the conservatory and saw her
husband embracing the woman Morton
had described as his model. The dis-
covery struck an icy chill into Eliza-
thet's heart. She returned to her guests
and performed the rest of her functions
with an assumed gaiety, and severely
smirking Morton when he offered her
her sympathy later. Upon retiring for
the night she called her husband to her
room.

"Well, little woman," he began as he
entered. "How have you enjoyed your
self? Tired out, I'll wager!"

Elizabeth ignored his question.

"Oliver," she commenced quietly,
"there is something I want to ask you;
something that is of vital importance
to our future happiness together."

Grey looked puzzled. "What on
earth has gone wrong now, little girl?" Some one been getting on your nerves?
Fire ahead! I'm listening.

"Oliver, do you still love me as much
as you did—when you first mar-
mattered?"

"Why, of course I do," he cried,
laughing. "Whatever has put such a
question into your head?"

"I don't know exactly," continued
Elizabeth, putting her arms about his
neck, "Only that I thought one should
not keep her eyes closed."

In the conservatory I saw you embracing that model of Morton's.
Oh, Oliver! Why did you do it?

"Come, come. Don't be absurd. Why,
there's nothing in it at all. We simply
took her there merely to pass-away the
time because I found her quite entertaining.
Surely you don't object to my doing a
little thing like that, do you?"

"No, Oliver, I didn't."

"It's not rubbish, Oliver," rejoined
Elizabeth calmly, "and you know it. There's not a scrap of difference be-
 tween a man or a woman with regard to
this point. Why should there be a
marriage? Why should a man be entitled
to go with whom and where he pleases, and
his wife stay religiously at home, fret-
ting and aching her heart out, just be-
cause society's code demands it? What
is good for a man, Oliver, is good for
his wife, and I don't intend to allow
your codes or theories to wreck our
happiness. So promise me, Oliver, pro-
nounce that that will be no more repeti-
tions of to-night's behav-
ior.

Grey moved uneasily. "Hang it all,
old girl," he stammered. "Do be
reasonable. You don't seem to under-
stand the point at all. What harm is
there in it any way? You—"

"Harm!" interrupted Elizabeth.
"There's every harm. What would
you think if you had seen me in the
conservatory tonight, embracing Mor-
ton? You would have seen the harm
then, Oliver, wouldn't you?"

Grey shrugged his shoulders conso-
lantly.

"But don't I keep explaining to you
that it is altogether different?" he con-
tinued. "You are my wife, and the
mother maybe of my children. Surely
you know this."

"I'm afraid I can't," she replied
coldly. "You are the man who sowed
love and cherishes me, my husband, guide,
and advisor."

Grey turned to his feet.

"Look here! I'm not going to argue
any farther in the matter," he cried
heatedly; "if you cannot see my reason-
ning well, I'm afraid there's no help for
it, that's all. But understand this, Eliza-
abeth..."
eth, once and for all, I will not be dictated to as to what I shall do or not do by you or any one else; please understand me, for this is final. And without further comment he left the room.

During the days that followed their relationship became exceedingly strained, and at length, unable to tolerate her new impossible position longer, Elizabeth determined to return once more to journalism. She began to write a book, and arranged for Morton, the artist, to illustrate it.

One day she informed her husband of her intention to visit Morton's studio, and Oliver insisted upon accompanying her there himself.

Upon their arrival, Elizabeth at once suggested to him explaining her requirements to Morton.

While thus engaged Grey recognized her former model girl friend, and, observing her husband to be occupied, quietly led the model through the curtain into an adjoining room.

"Mrs. Grey is wanted on the phone, sir," announced Morton's servant a few minutes later.

Elizabeth rose immediately and answered the call.

"It's my secretary," she explained upon returning to the room; she has met with some accident and wishes me to go to her at once. Where is my husband, by the way?" she added, looking round.

"In there," answered the artist, meaningly, pointing to the curtained entrance to the lounge. "If you look through the curtain that certain's you will find him."

Elizabeth did as she was bid, and, looking through the opening, discovered her husband in the act of kissing the model.

With a muffled cry she closed the curtain and staggered back towards Morton. "Tell him I've gone," she whispered faintly, as she walked towards the door.

Morton reached his hat and followed her. "Won't you allow me to see you as far as your secretary's place," he pleaded. "It's rather a long way to go alone, don't you think?"

After a pause, Elizabeth consented, and calling a taxi, they soon reached the house. Leaving Morton outside, she ran upstairs; and finding her secretary in bed, she set to work to do all she possibly could for the girl.

In the meantime, Grey had discovered his wife's departure from the studio, and upon hearing that she had left with Morton, he rushed home to see if she had returned the things.

Elizabeth, however, had not.

Once or twice she had been on the point of telephoning her husband, to explain where she was and the cause of her absence; but each time the vision of his kissing the model rose before her, and made her all the more determined to refrain from doing so.

"I'll let him know what it feels like," she told herself, "to be alone in the house with his wife missing. It may teach him a lesson for the future."

As the hours went by Grey could scarcely restrain his rage. He rang up the studio again and again to ask if Morton had returned, and each time Grey heard of his wife's visits to Morton's studio was her only object. But each time he was not satisfied. The picture Grey had done of his wife's portrait had been sold for a large sum, and Grey was naturally jealous. He had begun to suspect that his wife was being faithful to Morton, and he determined to find out the truth. He visited Morton's studio again, and this time he found his wife sitting with the model. Grey was furious, and he decided to act.

He waited until his wife had left the studio, and then he went to her place of business and asked to see her. She was surprised, but she agreed to see him. Grey told her that he had been jealous of her visits to Morton's studio, and he decided to punish her.

"I will never see you again," he said. "You shall never speak to me again, and you shall never be my wife again."

Elizabeth was heartbroken, but she knew that she had brought this upon herself. She kissed her husband good-bye, and he never saw her again.

THE OATINE CO.,
245, Oatine St., Boro', London, S.E.

A Beautiful Photograph
of Miss Elisabeth Risdon,
and a useful Oatine Toilet Outfit

The Oatine Co. will send to all readers of 'Pictures' a charming photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon, together with the delightful Oatine Toilet Outfit illustrated herewith. Send to-day and test these wonderful toilet preparations, which Miss Risdon speaks so highly. Read what she says:

"To the Oatine Co.,
Please send me half-a-dozen more jars of Oatine Cream by an early post. I cannot tell you how useful I find this delightful preparation in my work. I use it regularly, and as a cleansing agent consider it better than soap and water, as besides cleaning the surface it leaves out dust and grime from the pores of the skin. I find it invaluable for removing make up, which I often have to retain for many hours at a time.

Respectfully yours,
Elisabeth Risdon.

This enthusiastic testimonial is undoubtedly the strongest argument that can be brought to the notice of the readers of 'Pictures', and in the belief that they will wish to test these wonderful toilet preparations, The Oatine Co. will send to all enquiring readers, in India, stamps for postage, the Toilet Outfit illustrated herewith, it contains:

1. A bijou tin of OATINE FACE CREAM, which restores the natural oil to the skin which the wash in soap and hard water is always removing. This oil is Nature's own protector and rejuvenator.

2. A Tin of 'Oatine' Soap.
5. A Packet of 'Oatine' Face Powder.
6. A 50 page Booklet entitled 'Beauty and Health.'

Together with the photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon referred to above.

A Beautiful Photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon, and a useful Oatine Toilet Outfit

—FREE.
THE GIVE AWAY

He had painstakingly and solemnly fallen in love, not as the rash do over a kiss-end or a high-art ankle, but solidly and perseveringly persuaded himself that if Queenie Wood didn’t accept his devotion life would have no further object for him, and he would gladly welcome the careful attentions of all the Zeppelins ever designed by the misguided Count.

George Warren hadn’t flirted much in his young life. He had steered away through a way through a boyhood apprenticed to a tectotal carpenter, and his wildest desigitation had been to enlist in the Army.

Then, just picture this khaki-clad warrior, with his heart full of Queenie Wood, his head full of Queenie Wood, and whose whole future life totally dedicated to Queenie Wood.

He never so much as dreamed of a rival.

Queenie went with him to the pictures, walked in the park with him, let him kiss her, and she always wore the badge of his regiment in her blouse. Of the serpent in Queenie he never thought.

True, he once found a photo of an artilleryman in her bag, but she told him quickly that it didn’t belong to her; a friend had lent it to her at the office to take home to show her mother. George said the artilleryman looked a “bit potty,” but he “supposed he was all right.”

George wasn’t artillery himself.

George called for her as usual one fine evening and as she came tripping down the path his eyes caught the gleam of a metal badge at her throat.

He smiled at it. His badge, of course.

A Happy Understanding. Robert Edeson as Oliver Grey, and Mary Allen as Elizabeth, his wife.
Queenie came through the gate to him, and the Terrier's eyes changed from fine to cloudy.

"Good evening, George. What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing," said George, walking down the street beside her from force of habit.

"I say, do you always wear my badge?"

"Oh, always!" she smiled. "Always, of course."

"Know anybody in the artillery?" he asked, soarly.

Queenie gave a little gasp, and her fingers flew to her neck. She had forgotten to change the beastly thing. You see, and she hadn't any brothers, and she knew he knew that.

George has never spoken to her since.

Jack Canuck (Canada).

**OUR LETTER-BAG**

Selected from hundreds every week.

The Professional Does Her "Bit."

"I shall be glad if you will send me the enclosed list of postcards. I am sending them to the friends I am at the Front to decorate their 'bivies.'

I have a standing order for your little paper, and one or two copies go to the Front besides.

Every week I go up to the barracks at Maryhill and distribute papers and magazines to boys there, and help to entertain them with song, dance, and recitations. You see I am a professional, but, owing to the War, I came home.

EVELYN M. (Manfield).

"Is Mary Pickford a Roman Catholic?"

I have noticed in some of the Mary Pickford pictures that although they are not essentially portraying an episode in a Roman Catholic country (unless indeed U.S.A. are Roman Catholic) they smack very strongly of Roman Catholicism. Unknowingly as the sign of the cross is made, crucifixes are abundant, and vows are made by raising the arm from the elbow (noticeably in 'Puck the Cricket') and the latter also in the marriage scene on the island in 'Hearts Afire.' Why is this?"

H. B. (Hiford).

Unexpected Answers.

The following goes to show how much the young folk appreciate the work of Charles Chaplin and the Keystone Company:--

A local clergyman was addressing his Sunday-school boys on various religious subjects. After talking to them of the works of our Lord Jesus Christ for a considerable time, he asked the whole of the class to say who was their best friend. Imagine his astonishment when nearly all of them shouted, 'Charlie Chaplin.'

The clergyman, not perhaps knowing the name of the man to whom they referred, replied, 'But, Charlie Chaplin is not your greatest friend. Think, boys, and after great thought of one boy put up his hand and reiterated, 'Keystone Sir!'"

H. C. B. (Cardiff).

'Chaplin first played for films with Keystone. He is now the Essanay comedian. Editor."

An Eye for the Pictures.

'Have had an accident since I last wrote to you. I have almost lost the sight of my left eye. I have to wear a shade now, but I still go to the pictures, and read your paper. I think the pictures do me good. I have only one eye to use now, and it is strained at work, but the only thing I find that puts my eye at ease after work is to go to the pictures. This is not bluff, it is truth. If there are any other readers in the same position let them try the pictures. Sit as far back as you can, and choose a theatre where you know the pictures are steady.'

F. W. H. (Newport).

**HENRY B. WALTHALL**

is a man of wonderful personality, an absolute master of emotional acting. In the new Essanay Drama,

"**TEMPER,**"

he takes the character of the son who, inheriting the violent temper of his father, kills him in defence of the mother he loves. The jury who try him return a verdict of justifiable homicide, and he is freed.

All lovers of great acting should see this marvellous film, in which the most poignant feelings of the human heart are revealed.

Our friend the Cinema Manager will book it if you tell him you wish to see it—and that it is one of the famous Exclusives bearing the famous mark—

**Essanay**

**THE DOMINANT FILM**

Here's Another Great L-Ko Comedy with Billie Ritchie

"LIFE AND MOVING PICTURES"
L-KO Farce-Comedy. 1,685 ft. approx. Released Oct. 24th.

Another of those absolutely unmatchable L-Ko Farce comedies in which Billie Ritchie creates a riot after riot of laughter with his boyish earth-mother stunt.

Imagine Billie Ritchie funnier than he has ever been before, in one of the most screaming scenarios ever invented, and you will get an idea of this wonderful rip-roaring comedy.

And never before has there been such a comedy cast. With Billie Ritchie there's H. Pathé Lehmann, Harry Grabbin, G. H. Lehrmann, Harry Grubbin, May Emory and Dick Smith—seven of the finest funmakers in the world.

It's a perfect comedy film. Whatever you do, don't fail to see it.

HER TRIUMPH.—A picture that is sure of much popularity, imagine Billie, Gable Dean, who plays the star part, and is supported by Harry Pileur, her famous dancing partner. In addition, the play affords a fascinating peek behind the scenes of stage life. Did you read the story in our previous issue?

—Famous Players Drama, four parts (Sept. 29).

THE WEB OF CRIME.—If the title is somewhat commonplace, the drama is truly enthralling, and in it Jackie Senners has given a most human and appealing performance. Scenes in a fishing village help the picturesque side, and an exciting sea-chase by detectives after a boat containing villain and heroine is one of the many thrilling pictures of the film.

AN INNOCENT THIEF.—Abrift amid the temptations and dangers of the bustling city, the little country girl waits by a rough. She is rescued by Dick on the steps of his house, only to find herself the victim of the jealousy of his fiancé, who tries to prove her to be a thief. But fails. Bessie Love portrays the role that makes a moving and human picture.

—Edison Play. 1,212 feet (Sept. 27).

THE RESOLVE.—"Flying A" features are always conspicuous for their wonderful quality, and this picture is no exception. With beautiful exteriors, rich interiors, and a fascinating story the film is all that could be desired. It deals with a woman's terrible yearning to find the man who forsok her, and Winifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen, as the woman and the man respectively, get all that is good out of two powerful parts.

—Flying A Drama. 755 feet (Sept. 20).

BILL'S BLIGHTED CAREER.—A usual, Billie, whose other name is Ritchie, is in a good form. In "Flying A" Bill plays the part of a gallant togsy shooting partner who is the man for whom she is to spend the evening, The outcome is not without interest, for when the woman-rescuer finds that the woman is not what she appears to be, it develops that she is the woman of the man's dreams. Bill has never been better, and this film is a real triumph for the popular actress.

—Edison Play. 1,068 feet (Sept. 29).

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.—A film worth waiting for. The Dickens novel which was never finished has now been screened, and is the first and only film solution of this famous mystery. Tom Terriss in the part of "John Jasper" has proved himself to be a film-acter of remarkable power. The scenery is superb: the prisoner's escape from a window into the water and over rocks, the ghostly tomb scene in the vaults of the church, and a realistic fire scene will provide many thrilling moments for the spectator.

—Ideal Exclusive. five reels (Nov. 1).

THE WEALTH OF THE POOR.—It is a pretty story, with just a touch of pathos, and you will like it all the more because it features G. M. Anderson. A poor man and his wife have seven children, and frequently find it a hard task to get food at all. The poor man has a wealthy brother who has no children. He and his family decide to adopt one of the poor brother's children. He offers his brother a house and land and money if he will consent to give up one of them. The poor man and his wife go through the children's room at a time when one of them will give up, but at each bed they decide that one cannot be spared. In the morning, when they see all seven at the breakfast-table, they rejoice that they had not given up any of them. They decide the children are a compensation for their poverty.

—Essanay play. 867 feet (Sept. 20).

Please turn to page 452 and fill up that Coupon.
Mary and Maude and Money

Shortly before the late Charles Frohman took his ticket for England on the Lusitania, the famous theatrical manager dropped into his brother Daniel's office at the Famous Players studio, on West 25th Street. When Daniel Frohman was still in the producing game the brothers met frequently, but since Daniel Frohman has been devoting all of his time to moving pictures their meetings had been few and far between.

In the course of their conversation during this particular visit, says Tit-Bits, Charles Frohman remarked: "Dan, I understand you have an actress that you pay £200 a week fifty-two weeks of the year. Is that so?" "Yes," replied Daniel Frohman. "We have an actress—she pays £200 a week right through the year. In fact, we pay her £400 a week on a yearly contract."

"Don't let us tie to each other," his brother laughingly replied. "I know that's your Press agent's story. You couldn't pay my one £100 a week on a yearly basis—you couldn't get your money back. I know something about the show business."

"That's fine," said Daniel Frohman, as he handed them to his brother.

"I'll take it all back, Dan," replied Charles. "But I'm frank to say that I would never have believed you if you had not submitted this proof."

"I know it's difficult for any one to believe," said the motion-picture manager, "but you must remember that Mary Pickford is in a class by herself. She receives three times as much as any film star in the world."

"Well, I'm glad you have her. It's beyond me," admitted the famous producer.

The next time the two brothers met it was in Charles Frohman's office in the Empire Theatre building. Several weeks had elapsed, but Charles Frohman had not forgotten their conversation over Mary Pickford's salary.

"Do you know what the net profits on Maude Adams's tour were season before last?" asked Brother Charles.

"Why, no, I don't," replied Daniel, "but I suppose they were around £20,000."

"I thought you were a better showman, Dan," reproved Charles. "The net profits on Maude Adams' season were £15,000."

"I don't believe it," retorted Brother Daniel. "I'll admit that Maude Adams is the most profitable star in America; but £15,000 is a lot of money. Besides, I know something of theatrical seasons myself."

"Come in here," replied Charles, leading the way to the...
BECOME A LADY OPERATOR

The war is taking away the male operator, and when the Government scheme of registration is in working order, large numbers of single men will leave vacancies for operators.

This is the opportunity for the Lady Operator; but she must be ready.

Special classes have now been formed for the purpose of teaching ladies operating at low inclusive fees.

FREE Send a post card addressed “Lady Operator” for full particulars.

THE CINEMA EMPLOYMENT AND SALES BUREAU, LTD.,
18, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

bookkeeping department. “I just want to return the courtesy you showed me when you exhibited those £100 vouchers the other day.”

“Five minutes later,” said Daniel Frohman, who told me of the two meetings. “I came back to Charlie’s office convinced that I was telling the truth. I saw the figures in black and white. The weekly receipts were £6,000, and sometimes they touched £6,000. It was a long season, and the company expenses were comparatively small. I suppose it is the biggest profit ever rolled up by a single star for a theatrical manager in America.”

You have never read anything like this? Of course not. There is only one Maud Adams in America, and only one Mary Pickford in the entire world.

Popular Film Man’s Experiences.

Several B. & C. pictures were taken, and Mr. Farrell exhibited them on board some of the ocean liners sailing in that part of the world. He continued this exhibition, in fact, for six or seven months, and might have been still doing it but for the war, during which some of the boats on which he showed pictures have been sunk by the enemy.

His description of those marine picture shows is quite romantic. Imagine the deck of a liner on a windy night in a tropical sea. Posters all over the ship. One side of a lifeboat, for instance, announces a thrilling Lieutenant Daring subject, and the other a screaming comedy. Picturegoers (the passengers of the ships) bought the tickets, and took in the show. Many of those in the best seats being in evening dress, and a crowded and very enthusiastic audience applaud a first-class programme with loud and all complete. Sometimes the show was followed by a ball or concert. “This is life,” you murmur, and Mr. Farrell is quite sorry it is finished.

During his 40,000 miles of travel he visited Canada and America, was present at the private opening of the Panama Canal, caught malaria fever, visited Germany and France, and made a success in Vaudeville and pictures as the “Singing Soldier” of the first Newfoundland Regiment. In this act he appeared in khaki and his fine voice in patriotic and classic songs was everywhere greatly appreciated.

In one of his trips from Jamaica the steamer sprang a leak in a nine-days’ hurricane, during which they saw a fellow ship go down with two hundred passengers on board, and were made to go to its assistance. Their own ship did not sink, however. “The recent voyage home was almost wild,” said Mr. Farrell. “Five days’ fog, all wearing lifebelts, no lights at night, no wireless, all the women nervous and worrying the men! Yes, I was glad to land.”

Now Mr. Farrell is once more associated with Mr. J. B. McDowell in B. & C. publicity, and our best wishes go out to him.

Amateur “Charles” at Work.

THERE are many people in Great Britain to-day who fancy they are as good as Charles Chaplin, and, in order to test the abilities of these would-be rivals, “Charlie Chaplin Competitions” are being held in music-halls and picture-theatres all over the kingdom. One such, for instance, took place recently at Gatti’s Picture Palace in West- minster Bridge Road, where prizes were offered for those who were adjudged the best.

Men of all sizes did the Chaplin walk, the Chaplin manner, and the Chaplin cigarette trick. They wore the chaplin hats, as he does in the film plays, they wore their trousers, and they wore his coat. Outwardly they had got Chaplin to the last button. But when it came to portraying his humour, putting his eccentric foolely into his clothes, they invariably failed.

It was curious to watch these men from Lambeth and Brixton and Blackfriars and other quarters of London, says the Weekly Dispatch, where Charles Chaplin is a household word, persuading themselves that they had made the Chaplin walk and his clothes to be him to the life. They could not see that there is more in this clever comedian than the way he tripped himself up or raises his hat. There is an art in Chaplin’s comedy which Lambeth and Brixton and Blackfriars appreciate when they see the real Chaplin on the film, and the sham Chaplin competing for prizes.

From the point of view of the audience it was great fun to note the amusing vanity of these amateur Chaplins as they pirouetted Gatti’s stage. Many people, no doubt, must have thought these attempts to fame and fool a week could have been better occupied in learning khaki drill than the way Charlie Chaplin walks, and one indignant member of the audience did call out to one able-bodied competitor, “Why don’t you join the Army?”
GOSSIP

HOORAY! HOORAY! HOORAY! On another page will be found the last voting coupon for our Foreign Players contest. And I am glad. Like countless readers, I am anxious to know the names of the great ones, and now we shan't be long. For the next fortnight our mail-bags will be fatter and more numerous than ever and bulky envelopes will predominate. Your time has arrived for cutting out and mailing up all the coupons in the back numbers published during the contest and posting them to this office without delay.

Foreign Players Plentiful.
There must be two hundred or more photo-play artists whose names are well known to picturegoers in this country, a fact which is bound to make the contest an exciting one. Many of these players are idolised; inquiries concerning them and orders for picture-postcards pour into this office every day. But, in giving a player your vote you must consider his or her acting before anything else. This contest is to discover the real artiste. If a player as seen on the screen is sincere, natural, convincing, that is all you can expect. Some, of course, are more so than others, and this is where your judgment comes in. Artistic talent is what you have to vote for, not beauty or popularity.

Wanted—a Film Plot.
Charles B. Cochran, of the Ambassadors Theatre, London, writes me that he is about to exploit Mlle. Delysia as a film actress. He offers £50 for an idea and £100 for a scenario which shall exploit to the best possible advantage her acting personality and special talents. The offer remains open until September 10th. Mlle. Delysia has received an offer from one of the leading American film companies, but her engagement with Mr. Cochran preccludes her from accepting it.

The Play's the Thing.
Titles matter, but don't count so much. Having several times referred to the Turner production Odds Against, it is up to me to let you know that the title has been changed to Lost and Won. I saw the film, which has moreover become an "Us Versus Them" play, days ago. I do not care for melodrama in any form, but I liked many scenes in this picture, which is melodrama. That is why it will be a success. Through an orgy of villainy and mob loveetry, and there is a wonderful racecourse scene, Henry Edwards makes a fine, manly hero and lover. Florence Turner is lovely in bridiot robes, and a final church picture scene, downfall of the villain on the very steps of the altar.

Largè Comedian at Large.
I feel sure my friend R. Judd Green will not resent this playful heading. He is so large that many times he has been taken for the late John Bunny. Now he tells me he has left the London Film Company after a two years' engagement, during which he has many comic scenes. He has a new film, and if you have seen The Middleman you will have noticed the kindly old Doctor, which was Judd Green. He has had very strong parts in the W. W. Jacobs pictures by the London Film Company, and I understand that there are three or four more in this series yet to be released. Now I wonder when Mr. Judd Green will bob up next? He can't be idle long.

Marguerite Clark Again.
— This dainty and magnetic little star was so pleasing in the Famous Players productions Wildflower and The Cradle that I was specially anxious to see her in the same company's Green, a romantic comedy both celebrated and charming. But my luck was out. I arrived just in time to see her in the last of the four reels. Of course she was delightful. Marguerite Clark is always so, and I greatly admired the final picture of the little lady standing before several large mirrors and smiling and bowing to us from many places at one and the same time.

Actor in Own Drama.
At the same trade show I derived great pleasure from The Arab, in which Edgar Selwyn has played the title-role in his own drama, and as a young Bedouin who falls in love with the American missionary's daughter he is truly fine. There is a mass of Christians and realistic scenes in the lonely desert, one fine sand picture being obtained by showing the shadows only of a large party of Arabs that have fled in the rear. After being watched from the jaws of death in the hands of a local Bedouin returning to camp is one of striking beauty.

Kerry Boys and "Yellow Devil."
It may interest you to know that Sidney Olcott was in Ireland last summer producing and acting in films for Lubin. Pictures made along the rugged cliffs and broken shores of County Kerry and amid the wondrous scenery of the Gap of Dunloe and the Lakes of Killarney should become as famous as the land itself. Sidney tells me that he took unto himself a big yellow 64-lb. Fiat touring-car and shipped it to Ireland with his crew to hate anything pertaining to orange, rubbed their eyes in astonishment as it spun past their crawling donkey-carts, and some vowed to "wallow" the man who had the audacity to bring a "yellow devil" into their midst.

Picture-Making in War Time.
The first of the series. All for Old Ireland, was finished under great difficulties. The scenes were taken on the Island of Valentia, where the great cable station connecting Ireland with America is located. To finish them Olcott and his company went to Kerry, but the island the day was declared, and found it under martial law, and photography forbidden. When it is considered that a number of natives, together with huge numbers of cattle and cow, had been used, and in no way could be got again, a serious problem confronted the producer, Olcott, however, solved it. He finished the scenes fifty miles away without using the same people, a fact which defies detection even by experts. "I was jolly lucky to get back to America with any pictures at all after all Europe had been set ablaze," said Olcott's final words in his letter on the subject.

CINEMA ACTING AS A PROFESSION

Keep your glasses for fruition until you have read the book "Cinema Acting as a Profession." by an Expert. It will have a marked influence on your life, so be sure to read it. (Pro) — R. Derry, 17, Belvedere, Strand, London, W.C.

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THE YOUNG
PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

Many of you, I doubt not, have visited the Bostock Jungle which has often been on exhibition in London and elsewhere. In due course, then, you will have an opportunity of seeing some of the “Jungle” on the screen. Lions, tigers, and other wild beasts who used to do wonderful things in steel cages have become film players, and will appear in new and novel animal plays. In short, the Bostock Jungle now forms part of a film company at Los Angeles, California.

Even children write to their film favourites. The other day Pauline Bush received a letter of love from a little boy to whom she writes frequently. He must have been very angry when he wrote: “I dint want you to get married. I told you I was going to marry you myself. I don’t like you so much now.” Miss Bush has apologised to her youngest admirer, and hopes the box of candy will calm his mulled feelings.

Babies, too, are constantly being named after popular film players. There is Carlyle Blackwell, for instance, who has joined the home of the Kile family at Lazercro, Pennsylvania. The news was sent to Carlyle Blackwell by a brother of the new-comer, who wrote: “A baby-brother has arrived at our home, and two days after the question was: What will we name him? Then Mother asked me to name the baby, and I said, Name him Carlyle, after Carlyle Blackwell, a motion-picture actor; and Father said, Name him just any name so long as he has a name; and I hope you will be well pleased, and when he is old enough to sit I will send you his picture.” Of course Mr. Blackwell sent little Carlyle a present and his best wishes; “but,” says the actor, “I have lost count of the many little boys named after me.”

What funny remarks some of you children make, and often at the cinema, too! A manager told me that recently when the News Gazette was on, and showing a picture of a Canadian appeal for recruits in Hyde Park (a close-up view of his face with his mouth working), he heard a small boy say to his small friend, “Why don’t you shut up? I can’t hear what he’s saying for your row.”

Does it not show how real the pictures must seem to children as well as to many grown-ups? I once saw a baby-girl clinging to its mother with a startled cry when a great American engine was thundering onwards from the centre of the screen until it looked as if it was coming out of it to kill everybody in the theatre. And has it ever occurred to you what the photographing of such scenes as these must mean for the camera man? Think of the risks he must take whilst turning the handle in front of an oncoming train, or a darting motor-car, or wildly galloping horses!

When I said that a “Film Titles” Com-

THE PICTURE-PLAY OF TO-DAY.

The picture-play of to-day typifies to an exceptional degree the universal law of progress. All other branches of literature and art have advanced by slow stages during the lapse of centuries to their present perfection—

the picture-play has risen to the same level in less than a score of years.

A true delineation of life in all its phases, presented by an art that is unique, in that it implants its lesson without the aid of the spoken or the written word; a delineation at once so subtle and so convincing, that the finest shades of emotion, the boldest flights of fancy, are depicted with equal fidelity.—That is the picture-play of to-day.

Vera Robson, a celebrated lion-tamer, and her favourite pet “Nero.” Both will shortly be seen in pictures.
REPLIES

NAME AND ADDRESS (NOT FOR PUBLICATION) MUST BE SUFFICIENTLY CLEAR TO BE READ.

WILLIAM H. DAYTON (Baltimore).—Have you published the results of your recent survey on the Hidden Parish? We have received your letter and will publish the results when the survey is completed. We are looking forward to a comprehensive report on this important topic.

FRANK H. SMITH (Chicago).—Yes, we have received your request for the draft of the upcoming article on the history of the Hidden Parish. We will send you the draft as soon as it is finalized. Please let us know if you have any specific preferences regarding the format or style.

JOHN W. BROWN (New York).—We appreciate your interest in the research on the Hidden Parish. We have received your letter and are currently working on compiling the data for the article. We will keep you updated on the progress.

ALMA TAYLOR, the Hopewell player, and winner of our Great British Contest. This new postcard is now added to our series.

ALMA TAYLOR, the Hopewell player, and winner of our Great British Contest. This new postcard is now added to our series.

AWARD OF MERIT (You win six to get a prize):
1. Irene Dunne (Douglas-Fife).
2. Greta Garbo (Rudolph). 
3. Charlie Chaplin (Keystone).
5. Charles Keaton (Keystone).
6. Ralph Lewis (Keystone).

A NEW RIDDLE COMPETITION.

What is the difference between a vessel that has just been torpedoed and Pictures and The Picturegoer? A prize of vacations awaits the senders of the best answers. Address postcard to "Riddle," 18, Adair Street, Strand, W.C., to arrive by Monday, September 13th. After that date they would not be seen by NEIL TIM. 

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

WEEK ENDING : SAT. 19, 1915
WARREN KERRIGAN AS THE ARTIST

in For God, a Trans-Atlantic film story of life in the Painters' Colony on the beautiful Pacific Coast.
A MOVING sermon in celluloid—The Bottle; an Ideal Exclusive.

Can a young lady become a mother to herself? Watch for Mary Pickford in Rees, and see for yourself.

What is September 14th? The last day for sending in Coupons? What Coupons? Why, in the Contest, of course. Don't forget!

Did you like Helen Holmes in our "Gallery" last week? She has been in hospital with pneumonia, poor girl, but when you read this we trust she will be better. No film hazard this time.

Recently filmed scenes from Dickens's last two novels were shown to the trade—viz., The Mystery of Edwin Drood and Hard Times. Result—good times coming.

Famous music-hall acts are to be turned into pictures by the Transatlantic Company. We have met "acts" which would break the camera!

It is estimated that 8,000 miles of picture-films were produced in Los Angeles last year. And what about the "feet" of films in the rest of the world? Oh, the business!

A drunken couple at Northampton, who always adjourn to the "pub" after the pictures, recently astonished the borough by calling for "Two lemonades."

They had seen The Bottle, Fact! The cinema manager heard them.

Who is the man who wrote and rewrote six hundred photo-plays in three years and never had a rejection? James Dayton! He has just joined the American Company as chief of the story department. Great James—not Scott!

A party of schoolboys requested an Edinburgh manager to give a special matinee of beautiful Florence Nightingale. "If you do not," they wrote, "we will unite our efforts to ruin you." The threat was too awful to ignore, and the "command performance" was duly given. Thus out of beauty comes frightfulness. The film is a beauty.

During one of his best efforts, too!

Our Cover Portrait.

THE charming subject of our cover this week is Anna Little, of Transatlantic fame, who is prominent in The Black Box serial. She resigned from that company (Universal) recently to accept an engagement with the American Company at Santa Barbara, where she has just commenced work. She will appear in a series of Western comedy-dramas, and on their completion will be seen in features. Anna Little first made a name in pictures when she took the leads in Western photo-plays with the New York Motion-Picture Corporation at Santa Monica, when her riding and portrayal of Indian girls brought her into prominence, as well as her expressive acting.

Superstition.

WILL you pass under a ladder? and if you spill salt do you throw some over your shoulder? Lots of people, and players, too! Players Co. are not superstitious, and during the three months September, October, and November will release in America the following "noble thirteen":—The Foundling, The White Pearl, Marie Doro, The Fatal Cord, Hazel Dawn and John Mason; Madame Butterfly, Mary Pickford; The Nuisance and the Hannay Ring; Charles Cherry; The Three Elks, John Barrymore; Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, Hazel Dawn; The Prince and the Pauper, Marguerite Clark; Twisted Paths, Mary Pickford; Death Saddle, Sam Bernard; Zuzu, Pauline Frederick; Molly-Mule Belice, Marguerite Clark. All these "good goods" will in due course come to our own picture houses, and being some of the world's best you will of course look out for them.

Why Pavlova is in Pictures.

WHEN asked to explain her motives in making so revolutionary a change in her career, Pavlova replied:—"At best I can appear in America, in only a score of the metropolis' cities; aside from London, Paris, and a few great Continental cities, I have never appeared at all. In these and other war-stricken nations, including my own country, I am unable to face the public in the flesh under the appallingly cold conditions. The moment to embrace this eminently ar
tis when one's career is in its zenith. I was the goal of these perpetual film records and what they would mean when my powers are lessening. I am convinced of its spiritual value and the moment has come. I am convinced of its spiritual value and the moment has come.

The great Russian dancer is appearing as Paula in The Death of Portrait, a superb Universal Film production.

To Be a "Neptune's Daughter."”

HERBERT BRENON with a large company has been working for three months in Jamaica, and is expected to bring back one of the greatest screen productions in the history of filmdom. He has carte blanche as to the expenditure of time and money to develop the story which has emanated from his own fertile brain. It is a beautiful conception of reincarnation, involving myriad fairies, elves, witches, gnomes, sprites and fairies of the forest and of the depths of the sea, which will be shown naturally and artistically. The star for this fairy-tale of beauty and grace will be Annette Kellerman, who succeeds in doing what no other submarine picture Neptune's Daughter will not be forgotten by the many who were fortunate enough to see it.

Advertising a Picture Show.

EVEN in Forres, a little place in Scotland with barely five thousand inhabitants, it is possible in War time to make a picture-theatre a handsomely paying proposition.

How Mr. A. G. Shanks of the Forres Lyceum Picture-house, has succeeded by showing popular films and advertising them is told in full in an interesting article in Highland's Magazine. No form of publicity seems to have been overlooked by this enterprising manager. Hoardings, hand-carts, sandwich-men, his own walls and screen, and local papers were all made use of. His many schemes included competitions for the children at matinées, which brought their parents to him, and if a film advertised did not arrive he always told his audience why, and gave any one the opportunity of seeing the particular film at the next performance of it free of charge. As a specimen of his newspaper advertising one of his articles commenced:—

Chaplinitis is the latest thing ending initis. For instance: Like other great things, it has come from America, and takes its name from one of America's citizens, Charlie Chaplin. No one is exempt from its vagaries, and doctors cannot find an antidote for it. It affects the laughter part of the system, causing pains in the side and a running of water from the eyes. Its victims are easily recognised by their doubled-up style of walking down Caroline Street. It is a craze rather than a disease, and is incurable. A peculiar thing about it is the craving it causes for more, and Lyceum Dispensary is kept busy catering for the desires of its many victims.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

Interesting topics in film pictures selected from Pathe's Animated Gazette.

1. BY THE SHINY SEA: Convalescent Indian soldiers enjoy themselves at Bournemouth.

2. WOUNDED ENTERTAIN WOUNDED: A Belgian and British Tommies' tea-party at Stanmore.

3. THE BEST-FOOLED ARMY IN THE WORLD: Meat-time in camp with the men of the 10th London Regiment.

4. THE RIDDLE OF THE BALKANS: M. Grecoff, the Bulgarian Minister now in Paris, to confer with the Allies.

5. SHELLS BY THE MILLION are being turned out daily in French Munition Factories.

6. GENERAL LOUIS BOTHA, conqueror of German South-West Africa, receives triumphal welcome at Johannesburg.

7. DON'T BE PUSHED—GO! Harry Tate and Violet Loraine appear in new role—Recruiting Sergeants for the 2nd London Regiment.
NOT WITHSTANDING the large number of people before my eye at the present moment, there is no one more talked about than the immortal Charlie Chaplin. Infact, the world is Chaplin-mad. His name is on everybody's lips, from the uppermost street arab to the biggest City "pet," and the stories about him that are circulated both by the Press and by word of mouth are more diverse and wild than are the dreams of a construction inmate—which Charlie is not!

No, he is neither in an asylum nor in prison; nor is he blind, deaf, dumb, or an almoner's wreck. He is working hard in America, and it would probably be difficult to find a saner and more industrious man than is this king of picture comedians.

Frequently during the past few weeks we have been questioned as to why we, being an all-moving picture paper, do not publish a Life of Charlie Chaplin, instead of leaving it to outside journals, who may know little or nothing of the truth about him; but as a fact we have no need to make a serial feature of a film-player's life. Instead, we keep our readers up to date and constantly in touch with the movements of Charlie Chaplin and the rest of the world's artists by publishing week by week all that happens concerning them of interest to the picturegoer. No one could possibly enjoy the present without becoming fairly familiar with the lives of our cinema stars.

However, as there are so many ridiculous rumours in the air and so much fiction in the Press, we feel it might be just as well to give a few authentic facts about dear old Charlie.

The Place and Time of Birth.

He was born in Walworth on April 16th, 1889. His mother was in those days a professional entertainer, appearing on the music-hall stage under her maiden name of Lily Harley, as a mimic of music-hall stars. (She is now unfortunately an invalid at Hove.) From his father, who bore the same Christian name, and who had the same name as Charlie, is an almost exact replica in appearance, walk, and mannerisms, he inherited his humorous nature and stage gifts, the elder Chaplin being exceedingly clever as a singer of character pieces.

Early in life his father gave him lessons in dancing and singing, and at the age of eight he joined the famous "Eight Lancashire Lads." His early stage career also featured a role in "Cowan's Court," played by a company of juvenile actors on the halls, for which Chaplin received the magnificent salary of 3s. a week. He would have been very surprised in those days, no doubt, if any one had hinted to him that before many years his weekly stipend would run into hundreds.

A little later he played at the Duke of York's Theatre with William Gillette, his role being that of newsboy; and later he toured in the part of Page Boy Billy in "Sherlock Holmes.

When Charlie first joined the Essanay Company he pretty nearly stopped the works. All in the studio—actors and actresses, scenario-writers, prop-men, etc.—neglected their duties and went to watch the queer antics of this strange little man, who was born to make laughter, just as Marconi was born to invent "wireless" and Dickens was born to write novels! And this was long before Charlie Chaplin had become anything like the idol of the picture-world.

Although there are many who claim relationship with Chaplin, his family is in reality a very small one, consisting only of Mrs. Chaplin, his sister Kate Movray, and Charlie's brother "Syd." According to Charlie's aunt, he has a "very sentimental disposition," and, being a great favourite with girls, has dozens of sweetheart in England, but so far he has not found the girl, and the aforesaid relative says she does not think he will! In private life Chaplin is of a serious turn of mind, as is the case with the majority of comedians; and, being a fine musician, one of his favourite recreations is the improvisation of weird and tragic music.

All Smiles and Nonsense.

With "the boys," however, he is all smiles and nonsense, just like the child-like Charlie that seizes patrons of the world over and has learnt to love; yet a hitch, a bit of foolish work by one of the company, or his own inability to get a scene polished so that it "registers" and "gets over," will turn him in a flash into the petulant, irritable director (a type all too common in moving pictures). But, his end accomplished, his nature reasserts itself. "Fine," he will exclaim, in kiddish joy—"just fine!"—in an unmistakable London (not Cockney) dialect, using Americanisms all the time. When directing the actual takedes of scenes—we say "takings" necessarily, because he almost invariably takes each scene five or six times apart from having rehearsed as many more—he is all of a nervous tension, screwing his fingers into his mouth, and bending forward in eager anxiety, calling to his company their business as the scene progresses. He is a great believer in the director providing the atmosphere himself; thus, if it is a mob scene, and he wants anger and excitement, he will stand beside the camera and spur them on (regardless of language in a case like...
CHAPLINITIS! Our Artist has got it—very badly. He could not sleep the other night until after he had got up and dashed off the above crazy recollections of the "One and Only."
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PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

this; until the crowd is almost in a real rage.

When taking The Book - our last picture, which will be yours if after The Woman" says Fred Goodwin in a special letter just received from Los Angeles, and with which he has favoured us with the red-hot and exclusive snapshots reproduced in this article, "I played a bank-robber, and Charlie stood beside the machine while we were stealing into the vault, and whispered, almost inaudibly, 'Sh!' Come on, boys; not a sound!' and so on, till we really felt as if the President of the Bank was upstairs and might hear us if we dared make a noise. Charlie calls this 'getting atmosphere,' and it is the right dope, believe me."

"It struck me as strange," says this same friend of Chaplin," coming from the freezing atmosphere of a Frohman Broadway production into the Hall-fellow-well-met air of the 'Chaplin family.' It seemed all wrong at first to hear everybody (from the night-watchman up) call the world's greatest comedian 'Charlie,' but it has not taken me long to realize that Broadway 'side,' and to enter into that big human spirit that prevails not only in this studio, but in every moving-picture studio in this annointed City of Movies, Los Angeles."

Charlie in Heavy Drama.

"We are all feverishly awaiting the result of Charlie's new line of work, the dramatic-comedy, the first of which is released here to-morrow (Monday)—it is the one I have mentioned, The Book; So much adverse criticism has cropped up among the public of U.S.A. (which is inclined to be very Puritanical) about some of the 'naughty' little incidents in certain of Charlie's comedies, that he has decided to turn his attention to a much more legitimate line of work viz., dramatic stories in which he, in comedy vein, pulls off all the scenes, traps the thieves, and so on. On The Book, we think, will be his biggest success, for our head office in Chicago wired him, directly it saw the production: 'Congratulations to Charlie Chaplin and Company on The Book. It is a bear!' This is the first time he has received one of these. He was so pleased with himself and us that nothing could be wrong that day."

"Yesterday we started a new picture called Shanghai—we all went to some distant islands out in the Pacific; the sea was rough all night, and the effect of sea-sickness was most amusing apart from its discomfort. Charlie's face was nearly as pale-blue as his eyes, and he anathematised moving-pictures and all else until sleep claimed him. ten out of thirteen of us were sea-sick, and all were as busy as the demons in their sleep. The Director-Chief, Jesse Robbins, was 'directing' the whole night long! And Charlie kept reciting poetry between his snoring. Oh, boys, it was some nights! The boat will not go out to the island again, thinks Charlie has changed the story so that it can be taken at the dockside for the most part."

It is said that Chaplin will never believe that his popularity is anything like as great as it is, and it was a matter of astonishment as well as immense gratification to him when he received the largest number of votes in our recent Cleverest British Players' Contest and was presented by us with the Pictures certificate.

Readers who are victims of the Chaplinitis epidemic will be pleased to hear that a new film, Charlie at Work, will shortly be released, in which Charlie Chaplin and a pair of whitewash are the principal 'characters.'

"BRITONS THREE.
Leo White, Billy Armstrong, and "Charlie" pose for "Pictures" in the studio whilst in the midst of a production.

OUR LETTER-BAG
Selected from hundreds every week.

A Lover of Portraits.

Your new feature, 'Our Portrait Gallery of the Portraitists,' is an excellent addition to your paper since the new series started, and I am sure I am voicing the opinion of a great number of your readers when I ask you to make it a regular feature for the future. I would gladly pay an extra penny for the paper to have the page of portraits included every week.

AN OLD READER (Dukinfield).

Credit Where Credit is Due.

"While the man who writes a book, paints a picture, composes a piece of music or writes a stage play is given the fullest publicity as the creator of his work, the photo-play author, who is no less an artist than any of the above mentioned, is not granted this privilege as a general rule. He is allowed no voice in the production, as is the stage-dramatist, and, as a rule, his name and his capabilities are alike unknown to the exhibitors everywhere.""

"If the author's name were always placed on the film for which he is responsible the public would soon have his favourite authors as well as their favourite artists, and thus the exhibitor would be better able to cater for his patrons, while the author, knowing it is his production, as is the stage dramatist, and, as a rule, his name and his capabilities are alike unknown to the exhibitors everywhere."

"A HAPPy campaign is on to obtain publicity for authors, and the promoters have every hope of success. All interested are requested to write to William J. Locke, Cotottage, Copthorne, Sussex, for further particulars, enclosing a stamped envelope."

A Victim of the War.

"I am a Belgian refugee, but recently 10 months in London. I was cinema artiste in Belgium, but unluckily, I have not one warrant that I can act. The studio buildings were burned by bonas of a Zeppelin and the manager has been killed. There could not be saved anything. I have written a story for the Belgian for some warrants or photos, but did not get answer. My parents and I fled from Belgium-like all we had and I in London I tried to get some work as film artiste. Reading the names of various English Companies in Pictures, I wrote to them, but always was the answer—'THERE IS NO WORK FOR YOU.' At last I wrote to Miss Florence Turner, and she was so kindly to offer me a place. I have found work, but just the day that I must call, and the Welsh Harp at Hendon was ill and I could come. I wrote at once, but did not get answer. I could not help it, and I was very sorry. I apply me then at Miss Elizabeth Risdon, and got two lovely letters of her. She wrote me I might send her my photo to see if I have any chance. I do not possess any photo, and I am too poor to take one. I am a good pianist and I can sing, so I dare say I was a good artiste. No like Miss F. Turner or Miss E. Risdon, I cannot get any further out of London than in the studios. I know how many artistes are looking for a position, and can get none. I dare say it Unit a producer and a few. and actresses I could form my own company. She fancy herself for much, you should think, but where there is a will there is a way, and that is a true adage.

F. P. (Bow, E.).

If any film-producer would like to get in touch with our correspondent we will gladly enable him to do so.—Ed."
Dr. Guy Hartwell, the fashionable physician, sat alone in his study, profoundly lost in thought.

An occasional smile illumined his features as he gazed vacantly at the beautifully framed and life-like portrait painting of his dead and faultless wife— which draped and generally covered with a black canopy, stood at the further end of the room. His thoughts were obviously with the past—a past that had blighted the whole of his life.

Five years previously Dr. Hartwell had married this handsome woman, Creola, believing that his love for her was only exceeded by her own for himself. One night, however, whilst walking round his garden, he had caught her in the arms of a lover. Drawing a revolver, he would have killed the man, but listening to her entreaties to spare her lover's life, and receiving from her an emphatic declaration that she had never loved him, but had only married him for his wealth, he threw the revolver down and returned to the house a crushed and broken man.

From that night his whole nature had changed. No more the passionate, emotional, and intensely human being he had become cold, cynical, and substantiated piece of human mechanism—a derelict that doubted even the existence of his God.

Rising at length from his seat, he slowly crossed the room to where the picture was standing. As he did so, the door suddenly opened, and his sister entered the room.

"Guy! Guy!" she cried excitedly. "Pauline has come home. I'm just going to see her up to her room, then I will bring her in to you." And, without giving her brother time to reply, she disappeared as rapidly as she had entered.

Dr. Hartwell smiled cynical. His sister, a widow with one daughter—Pauline, the girl of whose arrival he had just been informed— was Mrs. Chilton, and as no property had come to her when her husband died, he had offered to look after them both and provide them with a home.

Would Pauline ever grow up, the brother asked himself, to be like the rest of the women, and his late wife?

At the city orphanage the recreation hour was in full swing.

Beulah Benton and her baby-sister Lilian were sitting on a form near the playground watching the other boys and girls playing their games.

"Say, Beulah," cried Eugene Graham, one of Beulah's sturdy boy-companions, "I've got something awfully exciting to tell you. I've just been adopted by some wealthy people, and am to be sent abroad to school, so no more of the orphanage for me."

"I'm so glad," replied Beulah, hesitatingly, for she was very fond of Eugene, and dreaded the inevitable parting that his news was bound to bring about. "And I hope you'll do well for both our sakes."

"Do well?" he returned, "of course I shall. And when I come back, Beulah, it will be for you. We will have a dear little home of our own, and be ever so happy, won't we?"

"I hope so," whispered Beulah, lowering her eyes. "I shall never forget you, Eugene, so good-bye, and—"

But she never finished the sentence, for Eugene, matching a hasty kiss, had departed.

"Now, girls," said Mrs. Williams, the kindly matron of the orphanage, a few minutes later, "this lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Grayson, want to adopt, one of you for their own little girl. So all stand in a line, please, so that they may better be able to make their choice."

The words fell upon Beulah's ears and gripped her very heartstrings with a cold, icy clutch.

As she looked down at her baby-sister Lilian her eyes filled with tears. Breathing heavily, she prayed to herself that they would not see her sister, for she could not bear the thought of having to part with her.

But alas! their decision was soon made. "I think I will take this little one," decided Mrs. Grayson, stooping down and looking at Beulah's little sister.

"No, no, you cannot!" screamed Beulah, rushing forward. "You shall not take her. She is mine! Mine! and you have no right to separate us!"

But the pleading was of no avail. Relentless, and indifferent to her appeals, the Graysons took the child away.

During the terrible days that followed, Beulah was inconsolable over the loss of little Lilian. She took a domestic servant's situation at the instigation of the matron, and called one day at the Graysons' and begged to see her sister.

But her request was cruelly refused. "You cannot see her," sternly declared Mrs. Grayson. "Besides, I couldn't think of allowing a common servant to see my child. So please go away and never come here again."

And pushing Beulah outside, she banged the door in her face.

"The curses of heaven be upon you!" cried Beulah, as she beat the door with her frail hands. "You have taken my sister away from me; may God punish you for your wickedness!"

Some weeks later, upon passing the Graysons', Beulah noticed a piece of crepe—the symbol of death—attached to the door of their house.

Seized with a terrible fear that it...
It's about that girl," continued the Doctor, earnestly. "Drop her at once!"

she might be her little sister, she rushed through the door and into the bedroom where the body lay.

As she did so, Dr. Hartwell, who was standing along with Mr. and Mrs. Grayson beside the bed, stepped forward impressively towards the intruder. But Beulah, with eyes for no one but her beloved sister, rushed past them all to the bed. For a moment she seemed dazed with the shock, then with a terrible scream of anguish she fell upon her knees, and burying her face upon the frail and tiny body of Lilian, sobbed as though her heart would break.

"You, you have murdered her!" she sobbed, addressing Mrs. Grayson, as she turned away from the bed. "Killed my baby! my little sister! God have mercy on you; pray for His forgiveness if you dare. Oh! curse you, curse you a thousand times—and in the midst of Beulah's outburst Mrs. Grayson, conscience-stricken and terrified by the girl's deadly earnestness, fled from the room. Dr. Hartwell, who had witnessed this scene from the opposite side of the room, was strangely moved.

"Was it possible," he mused, "that there could actually be one woman existing with the depth of feeling shown by Beulah?" He doubted it.

"Come, child!" he said, gently placing his arms about her, and leading her away from her sister's body. "Come with me—home! This is no place for you, Beulah; and I want some one just like you to live with me, to be my little girl. So come; let us go!"

During the weeks that followed, Beulah lay between life and death, stricken with the same malady—brain-fever—that had killed her sister.

Since she had first entered Dr. Hartwell's house she had received every kindness and attention it was possible to give from all save Mrs. Chilton; Dr. Hartwell's sister. This woman, fearing that the Doctor would leave the newcomer his fortune, and so overlook herself and her daughter Pauline, determined to leave no stone unturned until she had succeeded in removing the "wretched little pimpler-waif," as she termed her, from the household.

Then she set to work to make Beulah's life a misery, and lost no opportunity of reminding her that she was a "pancer."

Beulah, unable to stand the humiliation of her position any longer, resolved to turn away, not before "Harriet," however, Dr. Hartwell's negro servant, had heard of Mrs. Chilton's "behavior" and "goings on." "Tell Dr. Hartwell the whole plot, Harriet succeeded in frustrating Mrs. Chilton's plans."

"Go," cried Dr. Hartwell later to his sister, "out of my house for ever! I will provide you a home elsewhere, and only will I do that on account of Beulah's pleadings to spare you; but you shall not stay beneath my roof another hour. Go! you are my sister no longer."

Some long time later Beulah, much to her amazement, heard from her old schoolboy-over Eugene. He was returning home, and was celebrating the arrival by giving a reception, to which he invited both Beulah and Dr. Hartwell.

Upon the eventful night, as Beulah looked for him among the crowd, she accidentally discovered him kissing and drinking with another girl through the cutting of an adjoining room.

With a cry she rushed forward.

"Eugene!"

"Beulah!" Eugene sprang to his feet. "Sorry I am in the way," cried Eugene's drinking companion, loftily stretching himself. "Must you later."

"Eugene," whispered Beulah, "aren't you glad to see me?"

"Why, of course I am, old girl; but I'll let me see now. I'll have a chat with you later," and, swinging round, he ran off after his first partner before Beulah could reply.

When Dr. Hartwell saw Eugene's new lover he started. Surely the face was familiar, and yet...

"Just a minute, Eugene," he asked, following the youth. "I want to have a word with you, if I may?"

"Why, certainly, sir," replied Eugene.

"It's about that girl," continued the Doctor, earnestly. "Drop her at once!"

"Really, sir, I fail to understand what you mean."

"That girl, Eugene, is the niece of my late faithful wife. She inherits all her fickleness and deceit, and you will sadly rue the day if you ever marry her."

But Eugene was obdurate, and, without arguing further, left Dr. Hartwell to his own thoughts, in spite of the latter's tragic story.

"Beulah! Beulah!" repeated Hartwell softly to himself. "God! I love her myself."

That night the Doctor asked Beulah to marry him.

"I will please don't ask me," she faltered. "I'm extremely grateful to you for all your kindness in the past, and for the money you have spent on my education, but I cannot marry you. I will go away and become a teacher, when some day I may be able to repay you for all your goodness."

Next day Hartwell left his home for the North, fearing that his presence might further embarrass Beulah. But ere he had been long absent he heard both from the Press and from his house forces that the "plague" had broken out in his native city. Eugene, having had to close her school on account of this dread scourge, was absent from the sick and dying. And during one of her missions she came across Mrs. Beulah, and had called down curses—stricken with the disease, and her husband dead.

"God forgive me," pitifully cried Beulah. "And I put a curse upon her."

While she was nursing Mrs. Grayson, Dr. Hartwell returned to her side. "Fires," he cried. "Lift all the fires possible. It will help towards stamping out the plague."

"Let us pray," pleaded Beulah. "God will hear your prayers. I know."

"Have you faith in prayer?" asked Hartwell, smiling.
CARLYLE BLACKWELL, who is enjoying himself by the sea until needed for his next photo-play. He is now with Lasky.

VIVIAN RICH, the well-known beauty of the American Co. She has admirers all over the world who constantly write and tell her so.

MABEL NORMAND, who as "Keystone Mabel" continues to please and amuse millions of picturegoers.

HENRY KING, leading man in Balboa Films. His unflinching courtesy has made him immensely popular at the studio.

These and other portraits in this issue will help you to see. LAST DAY for Copying, Tuesday, September 17th.
"Of course I have," she replied. "Then pray for rain," he answered. "Rain will cool the air and work wonders. So pray to your God for rain."

Beulah sank on to her knees, offering her hands to heaven, she spent the night in silent and earnest prayer, and as the light dawned next morning Hartwell found her still in prayer. As he stood watching her a sudden breeze ruffled through the room. Going to the window, to his amazement, he discovered that the clouds had gathered. Heaven had answered her prayer. The rain had come at last.

"Beulah," choked Dr. Hartwell, his voice shaking with evident emotion. "I believe now! Forgive me," Beulah rose and walked to his side. Putting her arms shyly round his neck—"Forgive me too," she whispered. "I understand also now—everything."

Thus ended their cup of sorrow.

They had drained it to the drop, and now, looking forward to the brightness of the future, they linked their lives together for all eternity.

"Beulah," which broke all records in America, is one of the best pictures of the present season. Its five reels are full of beautiful settings, exquisite situations, and wonderful acting, and the story may certainly be described as one that "threw the heart-strings."

The principals of the long cast are:—


The owners of the world’s rights (minus U.S.A. and Canada) are the Midland Exclusive Film Co., 30, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

It is really remarkable what a number of persons nowadays write picture-plays; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, try to write picture-plays! For quite ninety per cent of the would-be authors have only the very remotest idea of the proper way to adapt their stories to the peculiar requirements of the "screen." I have known people (and quite decently-educated people too) who go night after night to picture theatres, and take an enormous amount of interest in the films they see; they feel they have certain ideas which would look well on the screen; but when it comes to putting pen and paper and putting these ideas into the shape required by a picture-producing company—then their troubles begin! They get something down, yes! And to them it all seems very clearly and nicely put; but if in some miraculous way they could see their plots, produced crudely or written, at their favourite picture theatre, it is a hundred to one they would never go near the place again!

Now, although the fact is a remarkable one, it is none the less capable of being very easily explained. A man may be a student of Nature and a lover of all that is beautiful, but unless he be an artist he cannot transform his beautiful thoughts to paper or canvas. He may even have the temperament of an artist born in him, but before he can hope to turn out any really good work, he must study hard to acquire the technique of the pencil or paint-brush.

So with the picture playwright. He must make up his mind to learn something of the technique before he thinks about exposing his efforts to the criticism of the Scenario Editor.

We will suppose that the laddering playwright has invented a plot which he believes would be the very thing for a photo-play; before making any practical beginning in the way of putting his ideas on to paper, there are several important things to be considered.

Questions to Ask Yourself.

First of all, he must ask himself—is my story a suitable one? a plausible one? an interesting one?

Secondly, How shall I put it into such a form that the audience will be able to appreciate its every incident to the full, and have their interest maintained throughout the entire film? that the representatives of the companies will be able to perform it with the greatest effect, and the least unnecessary detail, or "padding," as it is called?—that its action may be smooth and continuous, and not a series of more or less connected episodes strung together.

Lastly, How shall I write out my story in such a way that the company’s Scenario Editor may be able to deal with it quickly and with the least possible trouble—that the producer may be able to produce it just as it stands, and without having to make a number of additions and alterations?

I propose in this article to deal with the first of these queries, namely—

Is My Story Suitable?

By a suitable story is meant one which gives offence to nobody; one which points a good moral (or at any rate does not point a bad one); one which contains no incidents which are impossible, either for the performers or for the camera; one which is not hackneyed and abounding in incidents which have been filmed scores of times before!

It is to be hoped that everybody knows whether a story points a good moral or a bad one. And with regard to the hackneyed theme, frequent and regular visits to the picture theatre will soon show the would-be author what has been done before.

There is one kind of plot worth mentioning which comes under the heading "Unsuitable," and that is the religious story in which one particular faith is represented as being superior to another, or the play in which a character is persecuted on account of his religious beliefs. This sort of thing should be most carefully avoided, as, of course, there are persons of all denominations among the picturegoers, and a film of the type in question is certain to give offence to some of them.

Is My Story Possible?

Are there any incidents in it which cannot be performed by the actors or actresses, or is there some elaborate
piece of "trick photography" which no camera yet invented can cope with?" I have heard scores of beginners say, "Oh, they can do anything nowadays!" But this, of course, is not so. A great many astonishing effects are witnessed on the screen, but there is a limit to everything-even cinematography, and the young writer will be well advised in not taking too much for granted, and either find out if the incident be a possible one from some one who knows, or if unable to do this, then leave the incident out, and invent a fresh one!

**Is My Story Plausible?**
This really means, is it true to life? Before making a character perform any action, ask yourself this question. Should it be essential to the story to make one of the actors do something extraordinary or unnatural, the curious personality of this particular character must be worked up and enlarged upon in some earlier scenes of the play, in order to prepare the audience for what would otherwise seem as too much of a shock, and send them away shaking their heads and remarking, "Nobody would ever have done a thing like that!"

**Is My Story Interesting?**
It is the most difficult thing in the world to persuade a young author that his story is not interesting, and the reason is perhaps that he will look at it from a narrow-minded point of view. He doesn't seem to give a thought to that large body of persons called the public. He merely thinks of pleasing himself, and, possibly, a few of his friends! Remember, it is the public that the picturesque-playwright sets himself out to cater for, and consequently his plots must be of general interest.

There is one little piece of advice that I should like to give to every beginner at the game, and that is—if you haven't a story (or the outline of a story) already in your head, don't attempt to manufacture one just because you think you would like to write a picture-play. That is the sort of thing which can only be satisfactorily accomplished by the expert, who is frequently asked to write a scenario on a given theme at short notice. The amateur who has no "ideas," had far better put off his task until another day. **VICTOR MONTEFIORE.**

---

**Lillian Drew**
helps A. H. Calvert and Betty Scott to perform a splendid, thrilling two-reel drama,

**THE CLUTCH OF CIRCUMSTANCE**
Of course she is the villainess, but, as usual, is so charming that "you can't help liking her." The realism and pathos of "The Clutch of Circumstance" will appeal to all lovers of romantic drama. If you wish to do your favourite cinema manager a turn, put him on to this good thing and be sure to tell him it is an
Holding Hands Isn't the only Pleasure of Going to the Pictures.

Another one equally thrilling is watching the EDISON PLAY.

Observe it closely! With what fine emotions—either laughter or tears—it moves you. How human and life-like the situations are. How clearly the story or plot is unfolded before you. You can almost understand what the characters are saying to each other, and how fascinated you become in the ending.

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In the Pictures

Marguerita Fischer, a great favourite in "Beauty" and "American" Films. You will like her especially in The Quest, the big five-reeler the story of which we published recently.

A Fright for the Flapper.

A PICTURE magazine recently wrote that Harold Lock wood was thirty-five. Missed it by about ten years only. Result: a letter from a girl who had previously sent rather a flippant letter to Harold. She said in it—"I thought you were just about our age—but, just fancy, you are only three years younger than mother." Harold says he does not mind, just as long as he is not so old as the magazine made him. We published a jolly photo of him on a recent cover.

A Hillman's Distrust.

"I NEVER will forget the amusing experience I had with a Tennessee mountaineer. When A Battle of Wits was produced some years ago," laughed Alice Joyce, the beautiful leading lady, in discussing the release of this Kalem drama. "The company of players were down to Tennessee where the picture was to be produced," she continued. "We found superb locations, and got right to work. A tall, lanky hillman was an interested spectator. Nothing escaped his eyes. "Finally he approached me, and demanded to know what we were doing. I told him, but that failed to enlighten him, because he had never seen a motion-picture. It did dawn upon his mind finally that everything we did was photographed by the camera. He knew what a camera was, but the only ones he knew took but one picture at a time—and he’d never seen any of them move."

"Later, the mountaineer approached the camera and watched it work. The clicking inside it filled him with distrust, and he backed away. Finally he walked from the scene. First, however, he told me quite frankly that he wouldn’t believe anything I had told him until he could see these yere pitchers fer himself!" A Battle of Wits, by the way, is one of the features which helped Miss Joyce attain her present popularity.

The Water-Cure.

Wheelers Oakman has a novel "treatment" for instance who grow "mokey" during weary waits at the Selig Edendale studio. The alluring Virginia Kirtley was the first victim. The summer heat, memories of the beautiful seashore miles away, and "nothing to do" caused the maiden to grow pensive. Oakman discovered that Miss Kirtley needed cheering. Whiffing a peculiar signal, he soon had a co-conspirator at his side. The fair Virginia was wrapped in airy dreams when there was a sudden rush, and she was lifted bodily, chair and all. Out to the lawn she went.
FEW picture-artists, if any, receive more letters of admiration than this beautiful actress, whose portrait appears in our Gallery this week. The latest "verse" to catch her roniseth as follows:

"In matters of bonk-rolls, estates, and fine pearls,
She may sigh for more.
But she's Vivian poor!
With talent and friends she's the happiest of girls.
And her good looks are: sigh:
She is Vivian Rich."

Most Envied Girl in the World.

AND such is on account of the fact that she usually plays the part of Warren Kerrigan's sweetheart. We refer to pretty Vera Sisson, the girl with a smile, soft brown eyes, and brown hair, who is only twenty, and a leading woman at that.

Look out for some of her best work in the Trans-Atlantic Victor drama For Cash, to be released on September 20th, in which she has one of those parts in which she excels - the role of an artless girl of the mountains. The pretty actress loves to run about barefooted as in the opening scenes of this film, and she thoroughly enjoyed fulfilling the part allotted to her.

During the photographing of one of the mountain scenes a long thorn became embedded in the actress's foot, but, although in great pain, she pleasantly continued her work before the camera until the scene was completed, and all the while the radiant smile she wore in keeping with her part never left her face!

Fannie as Kitty.

INTERNATIONAL fame is something reserved for a comparatively few persons. Not many people could stand the strain of such popularity. There is no comedienne of the present generation so widely known in America and at home, where she has appeared frequently, as Fannie Ward, the beautiful and clever actress who is making her debut as a photo-drama star in the Jesse L. Lasky production, The Marriage of Kitty, from the play by Francis de Croisset and Fred de Grece.
IN these days of real hard work, when women have little time or, indeed, inclination for idleness, the prevailing fashion is for neat and sensible frocks, which are plain enough for morning wear yet sufficiently smart and becoming to look well upon more dressy occasions. Above we show the very latest fashions from Paris, the photographs being of actual film pictures now showing in Pathé's Animated Gazette.

In our first photograph we have a gown of thin, soft fabric, gaged over the hips, and trimmed with a V-shaped vest and semi-sailor collar of white taffeta or silk.

The second model shows a charming light cashmere dress of early Victorian persuasion, with two-tier skirt trimmed with bands of dark-coloured velvet. Bands of the same form the cuffs, edged with wide frills of chiffon or lace. The blouse, being gathered loosely into the waist, is one of the few details that distinguishes this delightful frock from those our great-grandmothers wore.

In the third photograph is seen the latest thing in neckwear—a soft and pretty thing of pleated lace in cream or white, mounted upon a collar of black velvet. This creation is a kind of modification of the Spanish capes which were so greatly in vogue last autumn.

Furs are already very much to the fore in Paris, and our fourth picture shows an elegant set of foxes of some what original shape. The costume is the latest autumn style, with small, rather full-sleeved jacket, and short skirt pleated at the waist.

In the fifth photograph we have another of the quaint "semi-crinoline" confections, suggestive of lavender and shawls and antinecessaries and all the sweet vanities of the early nineteenth century. The frock is composed of old-fashioned floral muslin or silk, with wide and rather stiff frills of plain-coloured taffeta of a darker hue.

NEXT WEEK!
Our New Great Picture Competition.

OUR CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE
Films you should make a point of seeing.

POLISHING UP POLLY.—What happens to Polly, who inherits £10,000 from an aunt. Virginia Kirkley will make you roar. We want a good comedy. This is one.

SEVY COMEDY. 1,172 ft. (Sept. 23).

LIFE AND MOVING PICTURES.—A wife, a "cousin," a film, and Billie Ritchie combine to make trouble in the camp—we mean the cinema. A riot of fun!

L.K. Force (Trans-Atlantic). 1,083 ft. (0-4-21).

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.—Fine story. Thrilling situations. A wife's sacrifice in order to restore her husband's sight is misconstrued. There is nearly a murder. And a loving finale. Vivian Rich is the wife.

FLYING A DRAGUE, one reel (Sept. 10).

LIVING CARTOONS.—New series by Wallace A. Carlson. Dreamy Dad's adventures with his dog "Wag" would make a cat smile. They visit the Zoo in No. 1 and make romance in an alley in No. 2.

-dEENAG Feature, short reels (Sept. 9 and 10).

McQUEAD OF THE TRAFFIC SQUAD.
See Pat the American dare-devil "Traffic"
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HALF-PLATE PHOTOS
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THE TRUMPET CALL. The famous melodrama. Full of love and villainy and patriotism. All-British in make and artistes. Full story appeared in a previous issue.

JUST KIDS. Uncle minds the children and is sorry for it. A thousand feet of mischief brewed as only those delightful kids Helen Badgley and Leland Benham know how to brew it.

GRETNA GREEN. Fascinating Marguerite Clark again! This time as Dolly, a belle and a bit of a flirt, who queens it over the hearts of the realm with sovereign sway until she loses her heart. Delightful comedy. The famous Green, too, is shown.

CHILDREN on the FILM
A Collection of 24 Picture Postcards of Youthful Film-Players.
Including Among Others—
Baby Lillian Wade, Eric Desmond, Helen and Dolores Costello, Paul Kelly, Patty and Early, Marie Elph and The Thanhouser Twins, Baby Helen O'Driscoll, Adèle De Garde, Roswell Buster Johnson, Henrietta O'Beck, Little Billie Jacobs, Judith Mellor, Kid and Kiffer, Andy Clark, Helen Badgley, &c. &c.
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Who Will Win?

Last Coupon appeared in last week's issue.

Last day for sending in Coupons Sep 14.

All Back Numbers still good. Some Back Numbers still obtainable.

The photo-play world is richer to-day in talented artistes than it has ever been. There are more film stars and one must be clever to be a star than the average picturegoer is able to keep count of. It follows, therefore, that the answer to the question ‘Who are the cleverest film-play stars?’ is very great interest to player and patron alike. In a few days the registering of the votes of our thousands of readers will begin in earnest, and publication in due course of the “totals” will satisfy countless curious ones on both sides of the Atlantic. Meanwhile, “wait and see.”

Your Last Chance of Voting.

This week, or part of it, is coupon time. If you have not yet done so, you still have till next Tuesday to send in your voting coupons in the World’s Greatest Contest. If you have made up your mind as to who are the cleverest film-players, exclusive of British-born artistes, give them your votes to-day. Fill up all the coupons in your possession—there are thirty votes on each—and post them to this office on or before Tuesday next, September 14th. Your votes will help to swell the totals of the players who deserve them, and you may win a prize in the bargain.

Our Great New Picture Competition.

More curious ones—and they number many thousands—will know all about our next competition if they make sure of getting next week’s issue. No, I shall not say what it is this week, except that again it will interest both the picturegoer and the player. Handsome cash and other prizes will be awarded, and, as usual, there will be no entrance fee. Tell your friends about this new competition and on no account miss the “first set,” which will appear in next week’s issue. Everybody may enter.

Players’ Portraits Appreciated.

I am glad that many readers are so delighted with our gallery of screen stars that they have written to ask me to make it a regular feature. I am not going to say that the gallery will appear every week throughout the year, but you will have it frequently and for the next few weeks running any way.

Gaby’s Only Film.

Let me remind you that Her Triumph, the only moving picture in which that fascinating artiste Gaby Deslys has yet appeared, is due to the public on September 20th. Story and photographs were published in a recent issue of Pictures, and a great many London readers have written to ask when and where the film will be released. “First night” picturegoers may see the picture on the dates mentioned—Royalty Cinema, Richmond; Electric Pavilion, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.; Electric Pavilion, Marble Arch, W.; Blue Halls, Hammersmith; Imperial, Clapham Junction, S.W.; Empress, Hackney, N.E.; Rink, Clapton, N.E.; Palace, Maida Vale, W.; and the Kingsland and Holloway Empires, N.

“Villain” and Hero too.

The Famous Players Company tells me that Her Triumph was finished on the very eve of war, and only just in time, for the beginning of war overlapped the completion of the picture. The male players relinquished their parts to take up the sword of France in the greatest drama the world has ever seen. It is pathetic to note that the “villain” in the picture has since died for his country, but still lives on the screen.

Three Stories in One.

I went yesterday to a private show of The Ivory Hand, a thrilling “Clarendon” drama, with part of the story laid in China, which gave scope for an elaborate and unusual setting. The scenario comprises three distinct stories artfully woven into one, and contains a series of sensational incidents probably unequalled for their kind in any previous production. The acting was good throughout, but why, oh, why was the cast not published?
"THE FILM FLAME AND THE FLAPPER.

PRAISE FOR PATRIOTIC PIPLE.

"Fancy old Pimple joining the Army! Good boy, Pimple!" (I am quoting a letter from a lady reader in Cheshire.) I should have thought he would have given preference to a kilted regiment, as he looked a raw laddie in the garb of Old Gaul. The Surrey Rifles must be very proud to have such a genial fellow in their midst. In future I will take a great interest in any news concerning the Surrey's." And so say all of us. Although Pimple has enlisted, however, a large number of films which feature him are in stock and a new one will be released every week for the next twelve months.

FROM COWBOY TO CLUBMAN.

Fancy seeing G. M. Anderson, the dashing hero of hundreds of prairie dramas, in a George Alexander part! Broncho Billy as a West-end clubman appearing in evening dress as naturally as if he had played nothing but society parts all his life! It is only a one-reel picture—this story of modern life—but it is a masterpiece, and such a long, long way from the Wild West so long associated with Broncho Billy.

"BILLY" AND THE BABY.

The title of this Essanay film to come is The Bachelor's Baby, in which G. M. A. enacts the role of a West-end clubman who discovers an abandoned slum-baby in his motor-car. His "pals" chaff him, and hint at all manner of entanglements, but the lonely young bachelor determines to bring up the baby as his daughter. He grows so enamoured of the "mothering" process that the club knows him no more. Nineteen years later his protege has grown up into a beautiful girl, and he suddenly realises that he loves her. But she comes to him with a young fellow whose love she has accepted, and asks for his blessing. "Billy" thinks she would be happier with the younger man and joins their hands together, though his own heart is breaking.

ANOTHER WINNER ON THE WAY.

I hear that Broncho's Word, in which Lewis Waller has made his first appearance in films, has turned out to be a wonderfully successful picture. It is not surprising. The story is splendid, the production is Barker's (and therefore perfect), and Mr. Waller is one of our handsomest stage-actors, and a master of dramatic art. His welcome appearance on the screen will help to make up for the little we see of him nowadays on the boards.

OUR CLEVER CARTOONIST.

I have found a new artist, and I am all the more pleased to introduce her to you because she is doubly an artist. Grace Airie, whose clever drawing appears above, is playing for pictures as well as drawing them, and has appeared in several films produced in London. I hope to use more of her work. Isn't it reminiscent of the great Cruikshank?

 Drawn by Grace Airie.

PHOTOGRAPHY.


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Are you getting "Pictures" Regularly?

If not, a standing order with any local newsagent will ensure delivery every Saturday morning. Let us know if you experience any difficulty.

THE HOUSE FULL

SPECIAL FLAPPER MATINEE
The search for happiness is the one pre-eminent thing in life. We seek it for ourselves, for others. Others do the same. The secret of happiness is knowledge of self and understanding of others.

Choice forecasts result. People go to the Cinema Theatre to be entertained—interested—made happy; to be made aware of the roads leading to happiness. "The study of mankind is man."

As long as we realise this and provide plays made for you—which are also about you, because they deal truthfully with the interesting problems of life—so long shall our productions continue to be pre-eminent.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

Here is a true story. I heard it by the side of the silvery sea, where I have been trying to make holiday during the last few days. I met a friend whom I had not seen for some months. His neighbour I knew was a notorious drunkard, the terror of his wife, a good woman—and their little daughter, and a great nuisance to my friend. The last time I saw him he had told me of his intention to try and get this neighbour out of the neighbourhood, as his noisy, drunken habits were becoming unbearable.

"How is your undesirable, Mr. Blank?" I asked; "did you get rid of him?"

"No," he replied; "and I'm not likely to try. Thanks to moving pictures, he is now the most delightful neighbour that one could wish to have." "Why, how on earth is that?" I replied, in astonishment. And then he told me how the little daughter (she is only eight years of age) had one night persuaded her daddy to go to the picture-theatre. He went—it was his first visit—and saw a film which told the story of a drunken father who came home one day to find his little girl dangerously ill in bed. His wife was long since dead, and leaving the child in charge of her younger brother, the father went off to fetch the doctor. But he was already in drink, and, meeting one of his ' pals,' he stayed to take more, putting his sick daughter and the errand he had set out upon. When he did arrive home, several hours later, and in a state of intoxication, he discovered that his little daughter had passed away. The terrible truth took a little time to reach his drink-soddened senses, and then the wretched man broke down and wept.

"It's a sad story for a film, you will say, but it's just the sort which teaches a powerful lesson, and it went to the heart and mind of my friend's neighbour as all else had never done. Mr. Blank went home a changed man. He kissed his wife and daughter, and, swearing never to touch drink again, promised to take them to the pictures regularly. "And, so far as I can judge," added my friend, "he has kept his word."

Talking of friends, I was recently at the house of another one who showed me a large album containing the cutest little pictures I have ever seen: They were pictures of picture-stars, but so ingeniously arranged and designed that only the faces of the players were familiar to me. And this was the treatment given them. He had taken postcards of film favourites; such as we sell from this office, and cut out the heads of the artists. For these heads he had made his own backgrounds, drawing and painting bodies and surroundings to suit each artiste. Then on to each body he had pasted the "cut out"—the real photograph of the head, and the result was the most astonishingly beautiful pictures. The scenes were novel and fascinating that it occurred to me to explain the idea to you and make this pretty pastime the subject of a competition.

NOVEL SCENES IN PICTURE-LAND.

I therefore invite you to take a postcard of a picture-artist, cut out the head, paste it on a card, and draw in the body, with surroundings or not as you please: Think of the infinite variety of pictures you can make. To start with, the head can belong to a man, a woman, or a child. It may have a hat on, or you can draw a hat and leave it without a hat. With your pencil, pen, or paints you can give it a short frock or smart gown or up-to-date suit of clothes. You can put your player in the country, or in a room or street or cinema, or on the stage or a horse, or in a boat or motor-car, or bathing or puddling or fishing. You can put it into a picture-frame and hang it on a wall. You can make it reading a book or eating a meal, or gardening or posing before a camera. All you need to start with is a postcard of a player. For the cleverest Novel Scenes I will award two beautiful postcard-albums, and the
Award of Merit. Put the finished card, bearing your age (fifteen is the limit), in an unsealed envelope, and post with halfpenny stamp to "Novel Scenes," 18, Adam Street, Strand, W.C., by Monday, September 26th.

In a recent competition I asked you to finish a little story which began as follows: "Pimple was wandering down a lonely country lane, when a ragged tramp carrying a new portmanteau rushed past him. Pimple thought this was decidedly suspicious, and at once began to run after him."

Many of you "finished" the story; but a great number, curiously enough, seemed to arrive at the same conclusion—that the tramp was an actor. The best "finishes" were as follows:

"...Wild thoughts of German spies rushed through his mind, and he chased him to a large town, where, to his disgust, the tramp entered the stage-door of a theatre. Pimple attempted to follow, but was suddenly "put out." After joining up threads of theory he realised that the man was the 'Tramp Juggler.' Hard luck!"—Prize—H. Broadhead, 565, Bolton Road, Bradford.

"...They came to the country station. The tramp jumped into a train just moving off. Pimple leaped on to the footboard, and, climbing into the tramp's carriage, found him changing into ordinary clothes. Pimple then recognised him at once as a super in his latest film, and who, to catch the train, had gone to the station in his film clothes."

Prize—A. Leserson, 39, Ravensdale Road, Stamford Hill, N.

"Award of Merit," six of which will win a special prize: Rose Browning, C. Wright, Allan Wood, Ethel Williams, Betty Jones, Marie Lister, P. Yeoman, G. M. Jeffries, G. S. Dale, Lena Stanley, Eva Preston, A. Payne.

Another competition next week by the

UNCLE TIM.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

REPLIES

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters are dealt with in rotation. When costs are required name of Company must be given.

FRED MARCHERS: Edna Purviance plays with Chas. Chaplin in the Embassy Comedies. Address Brother Billy leiter as Miss Vendange. Buster poses "with the matter of style," which means you think your best girl's face is perfect, while your political is a cheap copy for the poorman. When you come to think of it, Poorman was 11 of a giving us different ideals.

R. E. S. (Manchester).—Thanks for nice long letter. Have sent your love to Edith. Miss Taylor played "Roht. W. Wainwright" (D.), Alvares, and Edith Storey played "Boubie." Don't give me the credit. We use a postcard—Islington. Send a postcard list.

EXHIBITION READER (Kensington).—If you will let us know who bluffed "The Golden Cobra," we will publish your story. We have only the first out picture of Mabel Fealey in stock at present, and the one of Kathlyn Williams in the same portrait on cover No. 23. Sayon thank this page shows the "editor's sense of humour." What's the matter? "An Actor's" 100 films in one year is quite a respectable total.

W. K. (Southampton).—Florence Turner, c/o L. Turner, 29, Bolton St., London W. Mccreary Costello, c/o Vitrungo Co., Ltd., East 15th St., New York City, USA.; Also, c/o J. A. & D., 57, New York, USA.; Also, c/o J. B. & D., 235, Argyll St., London E.C., and Mabel McNamara, c/o Keystone Film Co., Ltd., New York City, USA.; Have sent your love to the latter. Of course you may write again, old chap. J. C. (Aberdeen).—Everything is ready for a turn an answer, Jack. Yours was replied to in our Aug. 19th issue.

S. A. W. (Cheam).—"Tess of the Storm Country," released last month, is a release. Addresses are: Barker's Films, West Eding., W. New Film Co., Ltd., 11, Oldham Office, 18, New York City, USA.; Jack, J. H. Martin, Ltd., Quinton Avenue, Merton Park, S.W. 28, & c/o T., 15, Mayfair, W., The Wadsworth Co., Ltd., do not produce and have no villa. Their offices are at St. Germain W., W., Have nothing to do with the schools you mention.

NANCY (Marlpool).—We should like Billy's autograph, but the house mentioned. We have postcards of T. H. Macaulay. Thank you, Nancy, for new readers everywhere.

The Picturegoer of the VILIN (Margate).—Hope your autograph-album will return to you all right. Frank Ford's "Baron," which was published a photograph of him in No. 37, Oct. 1st, 1911, Our description of Torvald was very interesting. What sort of scene is it a guess? Your girls (Lanc's re) The Postcard Manager says he was out of stock of Anita Stowe postcards when your order arrived. Now he has plenty of things. We advise you if you want about Bioscope ordering, don't forget to mention "somewhere else" to whomever you have given your photo will appreciate it as much as we shall. The page for autographing was hit cusses d. send it along, my girl.

MARIE (Streatham Hill).—Your sister in America is very fortunate in having the autographs of John Barry, F. X. Bushman, and Maurice Costello. That's one of the advantages of being handshy, isn't it? (If you don't see pictures every week.) Excellent exposition.

H. H. (Halifax).—Has seen the cinema since November. Grit has been taken every program of the films she has seen, now, what about it, you other picturegoers?

Dor (London).—The address of the two players are: Florence Turner, C.0., Turner Film, Ltd., Walter-on-Thomas; and Green Moore, C.O., Lancaster Telephone Co., Hollywood, U.S.A. Those extracted from the telephone directory are two quite different people. Players constantly reply to letters from our readers. You might be one of the lucky "One girl gives your love to everyone."
PITURES AND THE PICTUROEOER

ADVERTISEMENTS (Thorntina Heath) has heard a rumor that Master Coles, in his remarks about all the absurd rumors about Charlie Chaplin, has been scented poor Maurice Costello must have replaced him. His "short labour" has been playing in some important films which you will recognize when you see them. We have concluded to give them to Syd Chaplin; so you have your facts.

CHARLES (Welshworth, and many others.)—We have no posters of World's Fair. Will Charles Chaplin why he like all the other representatives of the public, to do a photograph of Mr. Webster? We have never had a chance to see one like you, dear girl.

Charles (South East.)—We have six different posters of Chap. Chaplin. price 7d. post-free. all we can make up. Ford Sterling is now playing for Keystone again.

ALICE AND EMILY (Liverpool).—Florence LaBadie and James Craig are Americans and play for Thanomber. Mary Pickford might very well let her try her, dear girls.

C. C. (Nottingham).—We can supply you with any posters you require, penny each, post free. Address your order to The Picturegoer, 88, New Oxford Street, London.


A REGULAR READER (Bristol).—Thanks for your newspaper cutting. At present there are not enough English films, but the first class British films are really reducing the market.

W. F. E. (London, S.W.)—The Answers Man's little guessing competition as to the source of the most extraordinary sounds you hear when passing a picture theatre brought hundreds of answers (a Chaplin comedy), and all O.K. The first opened was from Master W. Wicks, 7, Vesta-road, Camberwell, to whom a Souvenir of War address.

Picturegoer (Leytonstone).—Earle Williams and Atkin Steward are not married, and so far we know not engaged. Earle Stores still plays for Vitagraph. Boy story soldier boy will return to you safe and sound with all the honours he deserves. Next time please comply with rules and send name and address.

Miss H. S. (Forest Gate).—Next time you call our junor list instructions to be particularly attentive to you. You say any reader may receive copies of two picture posters of his favourite if they care to call, but in the footnote you forbid us to publish your address, so we get no "comradery," do we, lads?

FRANK (South Chingford).—We cannot say which is the best, the B. and C. or the R. and C. Studio. Why not call there and ask? Courthall Van Dieren is, we believe, an American, and probably the only film-star to have made a film in the name. Eddie Lyons and Victoria Forde were married to each other. No other, Frank!

AUBER (Huddersfield).—You seem to be getting all the "phono" at your cinema, All. The list of films you send is quite top-rate.

OPERATOR (Islewell).—Keystone do not publish their costs, but Billie Norland played "The Young Lady in "Love, Speed, and Thrills." Glad you have given a standing order for P. and O. and the next time you ask you should be unembarrassed. (Sentimental note) It is very hard when you can't get a story for a card. Write Charles Chaplin, he may reply. Frank (Haygeswells).—Leah Board would, we think, rather have accepted a puzzle of such a classified nature as yourself, Percy.

MANY replies are unanswerably held over.

EDITORIAL MATTERS


ADVERTISING AND PUBLISHING OFFICES: 95 and 94, Long Acre, W.C.

TELEPHONE-Gerrard 3200.

THE SMILES

THE stuff that "Dreams" are made of—Powder, paint, rouge, and false hair.

Said the Wounded Warrior—"Well, Nurse, one says one thing an' one says another. But the little Doc, that picked me up was near the mark when he diagnosed a bullet in my abominable region.

Ududisturbed.

Mistress: "How is it I find you reading whenever I come in the kitchen, Mary?"

Mary: "P'raps it's all through them soft slippers of yours, m'mm."

"Fight for a Face."

Jacobs: "I'll fight the fellow who says I'm not like Maurice Costello, if he weighs a ton."

Doris: "Well, I'm the chap; why don't you begin?"

Jacobs: "You don't weigh a ton!"

When the Crust Comes.

Hard-up Actor (to Star): "For old times' sake, give me a helping hand. Tom. Don't you remember once saying you'd share your last crust with me?"

"Certainly did; and I will when I get to it. I'm a man of my word."

Fun at the Pay-box.

"How much will it cost me to feed Joseph to see the pictures? He is only one year old." "Oh, he will go in for nothing." "And Rebecca? She is two and a half." "She will go in free, too." "Right. Will you oblige me by putting them into seats? I will come back when the show is over."

fellows and flowers.

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said.

And she smiled and dropped and drooped her head."

"I'm sorry for the words I spoke last night."

You sending the flowers proved you were right.

"Forgive me."

He forgave her.

And as they walked and talked beneath the bowers He wondered who the flowers sent her.

That Night.

"One night," related the wounded soldier, "we positively could not hear ourselves speak."

For the noise of the guns? "No! Not at all."

"The howling of the wind, then?"

"No! There wasn't much wind."

"A torrential downpour of rain?"

"No! It was a fine night."

"Then why on earth couldn't you hear yourselves speak?" asked the inquisitive one. A trifle nettled.

"Because we had been ordered to preserve silence," was the terse reply.

Weckendig Week Sept. 18, 1915
THE BEST PORTRAIT OF FLORENCE TURNER

that we have yet seen. It was made only last week by Elwin Neame.
A NEWS note for the ladies: Tom Santschi has had that curly hair trimmed. But it is still curly.

It is stated that the charwoman at the Dudley Empire, when filling up her registration-form, described her occupation as “Empire-cleaner”.

Norbert Myles, Mrs. Norbert Myles, and Edna Payne, well-known Eclair players, are now with the Trans-Atlantic Company in their Western studios.

“A what do you think of it?” asked the manager of the patron after he had seen My Old Dutch. “Think of it, gawnor? Its worth siegepore.” The good fellow had paid threepence.

Lottie has joined the “Chaplin” Comedians. Lottie is a turkey and a wise one at that. She has already abandoned the “turkey trot” for the “Chaplin walk.” Watch for Lottie.

A fair, young and romantic person has been poising as Blanche Sweet the Lucky favourite. They found her out in Washington, and since then the imposter has been conspicuous by her absence. The fraud was short and sweet.

Driver C. A. Birch, Royal Field Artillery, after seeing a film at Sydney (Australia) showing the effects of the air raid on his native town—Yarnouth, early in the year, immediately returned to England and enlisted. Patriotism through the film with a “vengence.”

There is a man in the Midlands who is thinking of building a cinema in a country place to hold one hundred people. The inhabitants number one hundred and seven! He will have to raid the seats one night to give the old seven a chance.

“The youth of London are more concerned with Chaplin pictures than with the welfare of their country,” contended Mr. Thomas Babul at a City recruiting meeting. But a goodly hump of said youth, Mr. Babul, is already in khaki and combining business with pleasure.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.

A YOUNG soldier, home on leave (says the Manchester Guardian), went to make an unexpected call on his sweetheart. When he told his young brother said she had gone “to see Charlie,” the warrior’s expression became troubled, and more so when the youth ingenuously added, “She goes every week—twice sometimes.” The distraught soldier demanded “Where?” “Oh, at the Grand, or the Magnet, or the Arcadia; they’re sure to have a Charlie Chaplin film somewhere!”

FURS FROM FILM PLOT FEES.

GRACE CUNARD had her photograph taken recently (its a habit of hers) wearing nearly a thousand pounds’ worth of furs, sables, sealskins and the like, which she bought for the coming winter. How does she do it? Simply on the money she has earned for her scenarios. The Cunard series brought her in £300 alone.

Mr. BEAR—FILM ACTOR.

FIVE THOUSAND people gathered in the streets of Los Angeles the other day and watched a big brown bear climb the fire escape of a tall building. The police arrived, but did not arrest the climber, because they found that Bruin was a Trans-Atlantic actor, a trained bear, taking part in a Joker Comedy, A Skin Game, which you will see next month.

FILM STORY MYSTERY SOLVED.

A PRIZE of £100 was offered by the Thanks for his the Manchester Chronicle to the solvers of the mystery of their serial The Million Dollar Mystery. The prizes have now been distributed, and over seven thousand solutions were sent in. One of the two prize-winning solutions ran as follows:—When Princess Olga rushed upstairs she entered Florence’s room. What could she do? House surrounded; escape impossible. Quickly glancing at a portrait of a beloved companion eyes alighted upon a portrait of Hargreave. Bitter hatred and malice of a defeated woman entered her being. In a mad fury, she dashed her fist into the picture. Good heavens! She could scarcely believe her eyesight when out rolled “The Million Dollars.” (Oh! Irony of Fate). Quickly she hid them in a corner of the box, gave herself up; had interview with Bruce; decided to destroy “Notes.”

Hargreave takes Norton and Florence upstairs, intending to show them “The Million Dollars,” when, greatly to his consternation and surmise, he held the damaged portrait. Guessing what had happened, he and Jones obtain an interview with Princess Olga. Too late. “Quits!” she cried.

Florence marries Norton.

A PROBLEM FOR PICTUROGEOYS.

We have often wondered how long it would be before one of the British companies began arguing with our American friends about the advantages to Great Britain of buying only British films. The war in this respect, as well as in hundreds of others, has placed us in an embarrassing position. We need American films, and we show an appreciation of them by enormous quantities of what we buy. But at the same time the question of the advisability of sending gold from here to America, and more for the purpose of buying anything except munitions or food is a very important one.

In view of this fact, we are not surprised to discover that the Hepworth Company are discussing this question at some length. They proclaim the fact that hitherto they have never urged any one to buy or see a Hepworth picture-play on any other ground than that it was a good play to buy or see.

But they say that the time has come when for the sake of the country they must call the attention of picturegoers to the situation created by the purchase of foreign films in such large quantities.

They point out, and very rightly too, that Hepworth picture plays leave nothing to be desired in the way of good acting, good playing, good photography, and production of the highest grade. Speaking of their five stars—Alma Taylor, Chrissie White, Violet Hopson, Stewart Rome, Lionelle Howard—they ask whether these stars, in their own line, are not supreme in the hearts of picturegoers.

They point to their famous Hepworth Quality Exclusives and Hepworth Picture Plays, such as:—Sons of Lavender, The Gold is Pavement, Barony Rudge, The Passing of a Soul, Captain of the Lapis, Courtmartialed, The Second String, The Curtain’s Secret, and Her Boy; and ask whether a picturegoer in Great Britain was ever dissatisfied with one of these.

As to the answer to this big problem, we leave that in the hands of our readers. They can learn the facts for themselves if they wish and they can reach their own conclusions. Needles-to-say, into whatever dire straits we may be forced by the terrible war that is upon us, we shall never lose our affection for American picturegoers and players. If it becomes necessary for us to restrict the number of American films coming into this country during the war, we will return to them with full force again when war is over.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week
INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. THE FIREMAN'S V.C. Presentation of Medals for conspicuous bravery at Headquarters, London Fire Brigade.
2. HEROES OF SOUCHEZ. A battalion of French Chausseurs parade and salute their Colours after a year's hard fighting.
3. MACHINE-GUN PRACTICE. We have now firmly established our superiority in this important arm.
4. LATEST PARIS FASHIONS: A delightful evening-gown of the frilly style all the vogue this autumn. Note the new flowing sash.
5. BACK TO GALLIPOLI: Australians wounded in the first landing but now fully recovered, leave.
6. FROM LIVELY TO SEVERE. George Robey, in a serious mood, calls for recruits and gets them.
7. £10,000,000 IN GOLD—part payment for our purchases of war material from America, arrives in New York City.
How Would You Like to Play to Pictures?

HINTS TO WOULD-BE PICTURE PIANISTS.

It is true that there is no royal road to success, but there are shortcuts to it sometimes. The would-be pianist may avoid much disappointment and delay in obtaining a berth if he will follow the hints given in this article.

It is a difficult thing in any profession for a novice to obtain an opening. It stands to reason that any business man will prefer to employ some one he knows to be capable rather than try a person merely on the off-chance of his liking. The best way of overcoming this obstacle is to get your services accepted as relief-pianist. Make the acquaintance of a cinema pianist, and offer to relieve him for an hour or two daily. If you cannot arrange this to better advantage, offer to do it for nothing in order to get practice. As soon as this is settled order a hundred printed memo-forms, with your name and address inscribed thereon, followed by the magic words "Cinema pianist." When these arrive you can answer at once as many advertisements as you like. The best papers for this purpose are the Stage, the Era, Kinetograph Weekly, Bioscope, and Cinema. You will be well advised to distinguish clearly whether the vacancies are for pictures alone, or for pictures and variety combined. Leave the latter severely alone, unless you are exceptionally clever you will be unable to cope with that class of work. In your applications state your age, the salary you require, and, if you have a good memory it matters not whether you are Frankly or Hesitatingly. Many applications are impossible and may be a hindrance to your securing the position. You must obtain the biggest possible portion of the work. In the limited gamut of human emotion certain dominant tones are constantly recurring. In historical and geographical location the incidents of life differ, but essentially they are the same. In grand opera you find music written by the greatest composers especially to suit a replica of the actions and passions you see on the stage today. A knowledge of Operatic music is therefore of the highest value in this connection, particularly if you have witnessed a performance of the opera and so understand the niceties of the music's application.

From opera to music-hall melody is a long stride, but an acquaintance with each should be possessed by the up-to-date pianist. In the comic films it is surprising how many openings there are for the appropriate introduction of songs which happen to be the rage of the hour. Much of this nature is easily memorised and easily discarded when it outlives its welcome; but it is very effective in its place. In order to keep yourself in close touch with the latest music-hall fashion, send every six months six penny stamps with your memorandum-form stating where you are playing to Messrs. Feldman and Co. or the Star Music Co. or one or two other music publishers who advertise in the Era. They will send you by return of post a sheaf of professional copies which will be of great service to you. Many of their songs will be whistled and sung by everybody in a few months' time, but by this means you obtain them before the general public has had them up, so gaining for yourself a reputation for keeping well abreast of the times.

Improvisation is a gift not given to all of us, but it may be latent in you, and only require bringing out. It is the expert picture pianist's sine qua non; one of the means of encouraging its development should be tried. Playing in the dark at home to an imaginary film is excellent practice, and should produce good results.

BRIAN LAWRENCE.

HOW TO BECOME A CINEMA PIANIST

1. Commence Musical Studies at an Early Age.
2. Practice Fourteen Hours a Day.
3. Learn to Improvise. Try to Illustrate in Music a Modern Novel.

Or Comic Paper. When Perfect Answer Advertisements. And Wait for Engagement.
DOLLY ERSKINE, the belle of Harrogate, eyed the pleading face of Lord Trevor with a malicious twinkle in her eyes.

"Wont you understand, Lord Trevor, that I cannot, shall not, will not, could not, should not, and never will love you," exclaimed the girl defiantly.

"Oh, I say, Dolly," replied the staggered peer after recovering his breath, "don't you think there are a lot of 'norts' in that little speech? Please be serious."

"I was never more serious in my life," retorted the girl with a stamp of her pretty foot.

"Your guardian would like it," interrupted Lord Trevor, desperately. "You know I would make an eligible husband in every way, and Sir William would be pleased."

"I dare say he would," retorted Dolly, drily—for she was well aware that she had caused her guardian, who was also her sister's husband, many anxious moments. "I know what kind of a husband he is to my sister Millie, and I think I will choose my own husband, if you and he have no objection!"

Lord Trevor coloured under the sarcasm, and, getting angry, retorted bitterly.

"You're too big a flirt ever to marry!"

"That will be some consolation to you, I suppose, retorted the willful girl. "Good afternoon. I am going for a riding-lesson. Here is Mr. Murray, my riding-master."

Lord Trevor looked round and saw a handsome young man in riding-clothes leading two horses in the direction of the young lady. There was an inscrutable look in the riding-master's face, and Lord Trevor fancied from the interested expression on Dolly's face that it was not brought there by the prospect of a riding-lesson. He bowed to Dolly, and turned away without a nod of recognition to Richard Murray.

"Riding-masters were not my choice," said Lord Trevor, as he went to consult Sir William Chetwynde. That gentleman listened with knitted brow, and signed wearily:

"I wish I could get the little cat off my hands. Of course you know that she must marry a title or she loses her fortune under her father's will. But, never mind, Trevor, persistence is a virtue in this case, so go on asking her."

"I hope so," replied Lord Trevor hopelessly. "By the way," he continued, "who is that new riding-master who has just come to Harrogate?"

"Oh, he is some young man with a good stud, who makes money by teaching the young ladies how to sit a horse properly. Quite a new arrival; I don't know where he comes from. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing of consequence. I saw him taking Dolly for a lesson, and I fancied he seemed a bit above his position."

Dolly's riding-lesson had an unexpected development. Flirtation was the breath of life to the eighteen-year-old girl, and Trevor's gibe had a little truth in it. She flirted outrageously with the riding-master, for he was young, handsome, witty, and, best recommendation of all in those days, he could sit his horse like a gentleman. But playing with fire is an exciting game until the fingers are burned, and Dolly found herself taking a greater interest in the riding-master than she had ever intended.

She went into the house with shining eyes, and encountered her sister Millie, whose usually clouded face was almost as bright as Dolly's. Captain Cardiff had just left Millie, and Dolly suspected that the wiles of the gallant captain were having a devastating effect on Millie's heart. Sir William's slight and indifference were beginning to bear fruit, and Millie's breaking heart was seeking consolation elsewhere.

"Millie, isn't love a wonderful thing?" asked Dolly, slyly.

"It is, replied her sister, placing her arms affectionately around Dolly's neck.

"I hope it isn't Captain Cardiff," replied the younger sister, with a sharp glance into Millie's face. A tell-tale blush strengthened her surmise, and Dolly went out to think the matter over. Her sister must not fail. She could not do this to herself.

Her steps led her in the direction of Murray's stud, and the sound of Murray's voice arrested her attention. She was about to retreat precipitately, when she heard Murray exclaim:

"I love her, and I know she loves me, and I want to win her as plain Richard Murray."

"Miss Erskine is high game for a riding-master," retorted another voice with a laugh.

Dolly could not see the other speaker, but his voice told her that it was Hooker, Murray's friend. Murray's next words made her cheeks burn with mingled pleasure and resentment.

"I'll wager you a thousand pounds that within a month she will be 'Mrs. Murray.'"

Dolly fled. "I admire his cheek," murmured the maid angrily. "He makes a bet about me that I'll marry him within a month. We shall see."

She was fated to eavesdrop again a few hours later. She was about to enter the drawing-room when she heard her brother-in-law's voice and that of Lord Trevor in excited conversation.

"I tell you they were on the road to Gretna Green. It must be an elopement."

"My wife and Captain Cardiff gone to Gretna Green?" shouted the angry baronet. "Are you sure?"

"Perfectly," replied the other. "There was an oath from Sir William, and Dolly turned back and ran to her own room to collect her thoughts and think out a scheme of saving the foolish Millie from the consequences of her mad act. She decided to go after Millie and try to bring her back, but she could not make the journey by herself. Who could she trust to accompany her? A self-conscious blush accompanied the desire to seek Murray's help."

Rapidly changing into her riding-habit, Dolly ran out and called on the amazed but pleased Murray. "No compliments,
Captain Cardiff looked uncomfortable and twirled his moustache, whilst Millie covered her face with her handkerchief. Before they could say any more they heard the rattle of horses' hoofs on the road. Dolly retreated behind a coarse curtain and awaited developments, whilst Captain Cardiff left hurriedly.

The tell-tale carriage had also acted as a guide to the pursuers, and a minute later Sir William burst into the forge, where the blacksmith and his family were beginning to wonder if all the aristocracy were coming along.

"So you ran away from your lawful husband, madame?" shouted the enraged baronet. "What explanation have you to offer that I should not apply for a divorce?"

Millie being too dumbfounded to reply, Dolly intervened by appearing from behind the curtain, with a saucy smile on her face.

"Twas Mr. Murray and I that Lord Trevor passed, and that is our carriage outside," she said in explanation to her astonished brother-in-law. "And Millie followed us," con-
tinued Dolly, turning to her sister. "She tried to stop our marriage. Didn't you, Millie?"

A grateful look from Millie and a nod of assent signified that the erring sister understood the part she was to play. Both Sir William and Lord Trevor were too amazed to speak for several moments, and a shade of anger and disappointment came into Lord Trevor's countenance.

"And that common horse-jockey is really your husband!" spluttered the enraged baronet.

"Yes," replied the girl bravely.

With a gesture of contempt Sir William walked out of the forge, dragging his wife and Lord Trevor with him. Dolly and Murray were left alone, and the riding-master, with a curious smile on his face, turned to his companion, who now that the immediate danger to her sister had been averted, eyed Murray doubtfully.

"Do you know," said Murray, "that what you have said here on the Scottish border really makes us man and wife?"

"What?" almost screamed the girl. "How can that be? There has been no marriage ceremony."

"A declaration before two witnesses constitutes a mar-
rriage in Scotland," said Murray, calmly. "You said you were my wife in front of Sir William, Lord Trevor, and your

"And that common horse-jockey is really your husband!" spluttered the enraged baronet.
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS

ROMAINE FIELDING, author, producer, and leading player for Lubin. He has a fine part in Eagle's Nest, a coming film which we privately saw and enjoyed recently.

PEARL WHITE, the Pathé player who is about to charm every one as the heroine in The Exploits of Elaine—fourteen miles of film!

RUTH ROLAND, who, though only twenty-two, has been prominent in pictures for many years. Watch for her in the fine Balboa Series of dramas Who Pays?

EDWIN WALLOCK, the cultured, fluent, and physically fine actor of the Selig Co. Picturegoers will always remember his wonderful "Wild Man" in In Tune with the Wind.
sister, so you are legally my wife.”

The astounded girl almost fainted, then she burst into tears. “I shan’t be your wife,” she said. “There is nothing for us to do but to get a divorce; and meanwhile don’t you dare speak to me.”

“About will you let me drive you home?” said Murray, tenderly.

“One needs must when the devil drives,” retorted the girl, whose capriciousness had been increased by the recent incident.

The journey home was quiet and without incident, Murray proved himself an excellent coachman, and several hours later he drove up to Sir William’s residence. Dolly went into the house, but an unpleasant surprise awaited her. Sir William encountered her in the hall, and that gentleman whose temper had not abated in the interval, turned on her fiercely.

“Your husband is a jockey,” he said, cuttingly; and without more ado she went down the steps and looked a little helplessly at her newly-made husband, who smiled as though he knew all that had happened.

Dolly accompanied the young man to the large boarding-house where he had taken rooms, and after interviewing the landlady, she turned to the young man who followed her about like her shadow.

“The landlady will put me up for the night, and I need no assistance from you. I will look after Dolly’s unhappy. He had hoped for some sign of relenting in the wilful maid; but he recovered himself and said calmly—

“As your husband, I will be always at your service; until after the divorce.

His sadness was a little lightened when on rising the next morning he found a bunch of flowers on his dressing-table. On making inquiries, he was told that his landlady had left the flowers there, but Murray knew too much about landladies to suspect them of this form of generosity.

His friend Hooker, to whom he told his adventures of the previous day, laughed heartily, as he said—

“Well, you won the thousand pounds all right, but you must admit it was an accident. But all the same, old man, Dolly Erskine is your wife, and I think it is your business now to tell her who you really are.”

“I shall if she does not sign the divorce-papers,” replied Murray.

Dolly, after reflection, would have liked to have dropped all mention of divorce; but having said she would have one, a London solicitor was brought up to Harrogate to prepare the necessary documents. He called on Sir William for the purpose of interviewing Dolly’s guardian, and on Sir William inquiring the visitor’s business, the solicitor replied—

“My name is Prettywise, and I am come from London to see Miss Dolly Erskine and the Earl of Bassett about this divorce affair.”

**DOLLY’S SACRIFICE FOR HER SISTER.**

Having married the riding-master, Dolly is “turned out” by the Baronet—

— but when it is discovered that she has really married an Earl and not a poor riding-master, all ends happily.


**YOU CAN’T DIDDLE “BILLIE.”**

DURING the production of “Editions de Luxe,” at the Reliance-Majestic studios, Producer Joseph Belmont decided that “Billie” West would play at her highest efficiency as a feminine creation in an arrest scene if he made her think she was arrested in real life just before the scene. He entered into close confab with a young man, and a little later informed Miss West that she was wanted in a distant corner of the studio. She went there, but found no one at first. Suddenly a hand fell upon her shoulder. She looked up, to be confronted by a young man she had never seen, who seemed to bear the unmistakable imprints of a detective.

“You’re under arrest,” said he. “You’re wanted for murder in New York.”

“Billie” West looked the stranger up and down, and then she laughed.

“Now run along, little boy,” she said tautly, “you’re just one of Joe Bein’ at’s desires for atmosphere.”

But they do say that Miss West appears really frightened in the arrest scene in “Editions de Luxe.”
Give the Girls a Chance.

I am anxious to know if we are going to have any more Picture Music Cartoons. I think they are the most amusing drawings I have seen, and have carefully preserved them in a scrap-book. I notice that although Mr. Asllington pokes fun at his own sex he leaves the ladies severely alone. Would you suggest that we wouldn't mind?

G. T. (Birmingham.)

New Symptom of "Chaplinitis."

The war and the pictures appear to be the two things in life. Whenever you get into company these subjects always crop up. When they commence to talk on pictures the gentleman of the day—namely, Charles Chaplin—is sure to be mentioned and arguments commence. I was in one of these arguments the other day, and the question was—"Has Chaplin got a sister?" One of the friends declared that he had a sister, and that she wasn't one time in Fred Karno's Company. This argument had no end and I write to ask you to settle it for us.

V. S. (Chislehurst.)

Those Elusive Stars!

My people and I go to the Pictures frequently, and I cannot understand how it is we miss seeing so many of the best artists. It is very disappointing. I hope the Italian players will get some voice. I am sure they would if people could remember their awful names. Personally I think that it is very difficult to compare with British and American players, they are so very different.

Their big things are superb. I went to see "Salambó" last week; it was a real treat. I have seen Aiken and Cleghorn and Que Vida? twice each. I quite agree with the person who says you do not see all the best of a good play the first time. I have also seen "The Prince of Zebras" and "Rupert of Hentzeh" twice each. Isn't Henry Ainley wonderful?

B. S. (West Norwood.)

Fair Mary and a Poetic Reader.

"I sent my verses (those that you published) to Mary Pickford. I had already written to her, and received a beautiful large portrait and an autographed letter from her in reply. I sent my verses and the accompanying letter I have the most charming little letter ever written. And to think that it is from Mary herself to me! This is the beginning: 'My dear friend—What can I say to a person who can write such charming poetry? Do you know I have received it in fifteen other letters? Is not this a compliment to your genius?' And later on Fairy Mary returns all my love, and 'hundredfold more.' Is not this enough to turn the head of any picturegoer? Oh! and she says that she hopes I will be one of the first to greet her when she comes to England. I am just going to write Mary Pickford all over the voting-coupons, and put them in a nice fat envelope.

L. D. (Devonport.)

"Made in England?"

"Referring to the article in P. and P. headed 'German Films in England.' I certainly think we do get some better films from America than those which are produced in England; but we also get some very bad ones. If there weren't some films coming to England from America I think it would give British producing companies a better chance of making a good film. Once British companies get a start they will be able to turn out the film the British public require; they want support, and it is up to the British public to give it to them. I noticed in the last week's P. and P. your reply to 'Gladys' (of Handsworth)—viz., the supply of competent players far exceeds the demand. So far we had more British films we would not have so many cinema performers out of work. I hope you will give all the support you can to our own companies.

B. B. (Loughton.)

G. M. ANDERSON.

You have known G. M. Anderson as Broncho Billy for so long that you'll be surprised to see him attired once more in ordinary raiment, acting as a society man in "THE BACHELOR'S BABY."

This delightful domestic drama will please you immensely, especially if you are a lover of home-life plays. It is tinged with romance, and Marguerite Clayton is the heroine.

You will like Anderson just as much in the part of "The Bachelor" as in his Wild West scenes. Ask Mr. Exhibitor to show you "The Bachelor's Baby," and tell him it is an excellent film.

THE DOMINANT FILM

A WOODEN BOX

By J. R. Tozer.

SUPPER was over, and Alfred Eveleigh, alone in his den, prepared to finish his packing. To-day, he was leaving Oxford for ever. He had been there just two years, and had grown to love every stone of the place. No more "rags" with his "pals," no more anything but hard work until he had made his pile, and that he had no doubt he could do!

He was a fine fellow and was loved by all who came in contact with him—rather short, but broadly built, with a candid, open face, and teeth that had won him the nickname of "Odol."

His people had been big shipper in the North of England, but owing to bad speculations the fortune had been lost, and he was over they went to live in Jersey, and soon after they had settled there his mother died. Alfred was at the Jesuits College at the time. His father—determined his son should have a good education—scrapped out of the little which remained, and eventually sent him to finish at Oxford, to study engineering. Now, however, his father was dead, therefore Alfred was obliged to "come down" from College and fight for himself.

Alfred sat a few moments thinking of all the kind things his pals had said in the speech that night.

"It was damned good of them," he said aloud, "damned good, and I shall never forget them. It made me choky going twice, but some day, yes, I know it will come some day I shall give them the best dinner the Ritz or the Savoy can serve."

He moved about the room fiddling and speaking to his few worldly goods as he packed them away.

He took from a side-table an old, curiously shaped mirror—a gift from his dead mother—kissed it tenderly, and said it between tissue-paper in his trunk. Here, an antique silver cigarette-box, given to him by the only girl he ever loved, who had run away with another man. Here—well, he gathered his trunks and packed them all away.

The last trunk was now ready for Wilkins to take to the station for the 9.30 to-morrow morning.

Alfred crossed the room to a cupboard and unlocked the door—tenderly, yes, very tenderly—he took from it a rol of papers and a small wooden box, and planked them on the table. His face glowed with excited pride as he stood looking down upon this ordinary-olong wooden box.

He placed a chair by the table and sat down, opened the rol of papers, and drew the box to him.

"No, I cannot work to-night—speaking as if to a child, then he closed the box and rolled up the paper "wait until we are settled in our new home, and then it will be all work until you are complete, my beauty."

A rap at the door, and without waiting for a reply, a bright, tall, handsome youth of about twenty-six bounded into the room.

"I say, Eveleigh, are you really going? Why, what's up? What's in the box—diamonds, or gold—are you afraid?"

Before Leslie Thomas had finished speaking Alfred had snatched up his beloved box and papers and vanished into his bedroom.

When he returned he carefully locked the door of his bedroom and put the key into his waistcoat-pocket.

"What in the world is wrong with you, Eveleigh, did you think I had come to rob you?" asked Leslie.

"Oh! it's nothing, old man. I am a bit nervous to-night, you must not forget it's my last in these rooms. I've been packing hard, and well—I am terribly upset over the whole thing. I anticipated another year here," he said, as he languidly sat on the armchair by the fire.

Leslie was by his side in a moment and slpmed him on the back with his usual breezy manner.

"Back up, old chap, we all have to finish our 'rags' here some time, you know! Look here, I came to ask if you would come to my rooms for a 'final gargle;' we have been great pals since you came here, and I want you to myself for half an hour before you go."

"Righto, Leslie, I'll be with you in five minutes; I'll just slip on my dressing-gown. You go to your room and I'll come along," responded Alfred.

"Good boy, now don't be long," said Leslie, as he sailed out of the room just as breezily as he came.

In the bedroom Alfred took his precious wooden box and the roll of papers and locked them safely away in the suitcase, donned a purple dressing-gown, and went to Leslie's room to have his last drink at Oxford with his best chum.

It is twelve months since Alfred left Oxford—a bright, cheery fellow of twenty-seven—and took up his quarters in London, in a top-back, combined room in Soho. What a change, what a difference in a man in so short a time! Once a strong, healthy, bright-faced fellow, and now—a miserable-looking wreck; his big, laughing eyes were sad and wild-looking, his cheeks hollow, his whole features drawn through overwork, sleepless nights, and want of wholesome food.

He had worked constantly night and day at the roll of papers and the contents of the wooden box.

The box contained dozens of curiously shaped pieces of wood, which represented his wonderful invention, and now—now it was finished—finished. His fortune made, if only he could get the funds to purchase the tools and materials to make the working model of his wonderful machine—an apparatus that would photograph and reproduce sound as well as movement. The world would only need to see it work, and then—then—

If only he could obtain the money! He had approached all manner of people, but no one would listen to him. Had he been well dressed, living in a fashionable quarter, and able to invite these people to dinner and discuss the matter over a bottle of wine they would have considered the question, but being practically without a penny, his clothes shabbily, half-starved in his Soho room, the world turned its back on him.

"Oh, God, I shall go mad," he shouted to himself as he paced his
**FILM TITLES TRAVESTIED. No. 13: "The Quest."

In a garret floor. "There," he said, pointing to his curious pieces of wood spread out upon the table, "there is a fortune, here—grasping his chest with both hands—'is a man going mad mad?" He dug his fingernails so deep into his chest that he cried out with pain.

"Oh, stop, show me the way! show me the way!" he sobbed as he sank into a chair by the side of his great work, and it's terrible to hear a man cry—a man in pain, both mental and physical pain.

He did not hear the knock at his door, but he heard his builder's voice saying. "Yes, sir, I know he is in; he hasn't been out for days; then a familiar voice answered—

"I'll go in and see if he is asleep; if so, I will leave a note!"

Leslie Thomas opened the door, and in front of him stood the shadow of his old friend.

"Why, Evelyn," he said, "why in Heaven's name didn't you write and let me know something of your movements? It's only by chance I heard of you from my pal Broadhurst, the patent agents. They said that you had been to see them about some invention and wanted them to finance you.

"Leslie, old man," said Alfred collapsing in the chair, "I am ill, very ill. Since I left Oxford twelve months ago—oh! God! it seems years!—I have been living here on practically nothing—working day and night. You remember the last night I was at Oxford, when you came into my room, I grabbed a box and some papers and locked them in my room?"

"Yes, well?"

"Well, that," he said, pointing to the table where lay the little bits of wood, "that is what was in that box—my invention."

"Yes," he said, looking out for his old friend all his troubles.

"Well, it's like this, old man," said Leslie, "I have no knowledge of moving pictures. I cannot tell a camera from a projector, but I will stand by you and be your banker up to a certain amount on condition that a proper agreement is drawn up that I draw a share of the profits, if you promise not to touch the thing again until we have had a quiet holiday together."

"You will finance me!" shouted Alfred, "you will? God bless you; you are indeed a white man—the first white man I have met for twelve months. You shall live to bless me, from now onward you can count on me, for my life if need be, in payment of your trust."

Leslie went to him and pushed him gently back into the chair.

"Don't get too excited, old man," he said; "just get into bed and sleep, think no more about anything until I come in the morning, when we will go to my solicitors and fix the whole thing up. Good night, dear boy, I'll be round first thing in the morning."

In the dirty little hall downstairs he gave the landlady a sovereign and told her to get her lodger a good supper and a bottle of brandy, and said he would see her in the morning.

Upstairs in the garret Alfred stood glaring at himself in a broken mirror on the mantelshelf. His eyes were ablaze with insanity.

"Yes," he screamed aloud, "it's sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, no more work now; and, with a wild spring, he tore up his cherished plans and scattered his wooden box and pieces of wood about the room. Then fell with a crash, his head catching the corner of the table.

He slept; yes, he slept in peace. The helping hand had come too late.

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**"IDOLS" IN THE ARMY

REVIVED POPULARITY OF CHARMS

THE TOUCHWOOD TALISMAN**

An old campaigner of the rank and file who was shown the letter on "Idols" in The Times yesterday, pointed out that the belief that certain things bring good or bad luck has always prevailed in the Army. Formerly there were two talismans which were regarded as especially efficacious in warding off misfortunes, and particularly death and dissension in battle. These were, in the infantry, a button off a tunic, and in the cavalry the tooth of a horse; but for the articles to bring good luck or to avert evil the man who wore the button and the horse to which the tooth belonged should have come successfully through a campaign.

A good many years ago the old words "charm," "talisman," "amulet" dropped out of use in the Army. The French slang word "mascot," which originated with gamblers and is applied to any person, animal, or thing which is supposed to be lucky, came into fashion; and in the Army some animal or bird—such as a certain dog—was appointed as the mascot of the regiment. But since the outbreak of the war there has been an extraordinary revival in the Army of the popularity of the old talisman or charm. Jewellers' trinkets in metal and stone, which lovers presented to each other and wore attached to bracelets or chains, to bring mutual constancy, prosperity, and happiness, were first largely bought by the public and given as protective agents to relatives and friends who had enlisted. Then a special charm for soldiers, called "Touchwood," and described as "the wonderful Eastern charm," was designed and is having an enormous sale. It was suggested by the old custom of touching wood when hopes are expressed, so as to prevent disappointment, which is supposed to have arisen from the veneration of the True Cross.

"Touchwood" is a quaint little figure, mainly head, made of oak, surmounted by a khaki service cap, and with odd, sparkling eyes, as if always on the alert to see and avert danger. The legs, either in silver or gold, are crossed, and the arms, of the same metal, are lifted to touch the head. The designer, Mr. H. Brandon, of 317, High Holborn, W.C., states that he has sold 1,250,000 of this charm since the war broke out.

Mr. Brandon has received numerous letters from soldiers at the front ascribing their escape from perilous situations to the wearing of the charm. One letter which has five signatures says:

We have been out here for five months fighting in the trenches, and have not had a scratch. We put our great good fortune down to your lucky charm, which we treasure highly.

Though it is chiefly bought by women to present to husbands, sons, and sweethearts going to the front, the intention of the gift is in most cases, no doubt, just for good luck, with no touch of superstition. In Regent's Park recently there was a curious scene. This was the public presentation of "Touchwood" to each of the 1,200 officers and men of a battalion of the City of London Rifles by a French actress.

"Touchwood" Charms can be purchased from all jewellers and stores, or in solid silver for 2s., 6d., and direct from H. Brandon and Co., 317, High Holborn, W.C.
A Chance of a Lifetime.

SETS OF BEAUTIFUL HALF-PLATE PHOTOS
depicting the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of
Postal Order value 6d.

"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO

The Villain in Pictures.

A MAN cannot smile and yet be a villain—not in Movieland! On the screen a fiendish smile may be employed now and then to poke in the essential realism, but for the most part the villain must be a stern and forbidding individual. He must be as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat!

John Charles, who plays the "heavies" in many of the Red Seal plays produced by the Selig Polyscope Company, in Movieland is a villain of the most approved type; outside of Movieland he is not a bit villainous; but that is another story again!

Starting to play parts in theatrical stock companies at the age of sixteen years, Mr. Charles has enacted a range of roles from "Simon Legree" to "Hamlet," and all more or less villains. "In the good old days of the ten, twenty, and thirty," said Mr. Charles the other day, "the villain, who always smoked a cigarette, carried a riding whip and wore pantaloons, was frequently hissed off the stage. His was indeed a thankless part. In the pictures details are somewhat different. While the villain wins the emolument of the picture 'gallery gods' right off the bat, he cannot be hissed off the screen, and consequently no endeavours are made toward this end. Also the hard-working actor who portrays the villain in pictures is not present in the flesh and is not obliged to dodge sundry missiles.

"I find that the actor who well assumes a 'heavy' rôle in motion-picture productions is complimented for his work rather than condemned for the part he is compelled to play. I have overheard many compliments extended by audiences in motion-picture theatres to artists who play 'heavy' parts convincingly. Just a few years ago such compliments would have sounded very strange. I construe the new attitude to mean that sentiments are changing and that audiences are appreciating the work of each and every one who assists in making the motion-picture play the more realistic and entertaining. "It is not easy to specialise in 'heavy' roles in the movies. You must know

J. H. TOZER in Kismet. (See next page.)

A Lucky Day for Marie—

I SHALL always consider August 4th the luckiest day of my life," remarked Marie Dressler on her return to town recently, "because on that day I not only won every point in my suit to prove my half ownership of Tillie's Tomato Surprise from the Keystone Company, but on that same day I also completed my new picture, Tillie's Tomato Surprise, which in partnership with the Lubin Company I shall release some time in September. Both Adon Davies, the author of my new play, and myself pride ourselves on the fact that in spite of Tillie's Tomato Surprise being a five-reel comedy you will not find in it either a phonograph, a phonograph, a telephone, or a revolver, and any one who has ever seen a comic moving-picture will realise that in avoiding these features we have attained at least some feat and are going to give the public something new in the line of vegetables, if not of photo-plays."
And Busy Days for the Producer.

Of course, Miss Dressler plays Tillie in the above-named film. But she was not the only one who worked hard to make a success of this five-act farcical comedy.

Hansel, the director, laboured night and day. He has had much dramatic experience, having been three years with Charles Frohman and two years with Liebler and Co., playing leads in *A Gentleman of France, The Fourth Estate, The Fighting Hope, and The Woman*. Three years ago Mr. Hansel decided that there was a wider field for his activities in the motion-picture world. He began his career as director by producing the film version of *Ben Bolt*. His next venture was *The Million Dollar Mystery*, in forty-six reels, which is said to have made a million dollars for its owners.

Left Footlights for Films.

"I have always longed to play in downright melodrama, but somehow I have never got further than to fight a duel and knock a man down," admits J. R. Tozer, a late member of Charles Hawtrey's Company, who deserted the legitimate stage for picture work, in which he is rapidly coming to the fore. He longs for something thrilling, and there is little doubt that before very long his dramatic talents will win for him plentiful opportunities of the kind that appeal to him as a versatile actor of strong, heroic parts. Mr. Tozer first appeared upon the cinema stage about three years ago, when he played the part of King Solomon in *The Brass Bottle*. He was so taken with silent drama work that he was determined to do more, and accepted an offer to play the leading part in *The Call of the Sea*. His rôle in this was such a huge success that he was chosen for important parts in several other Cunard films. He also played for B. and C. Union, and M. L. B. Films, and it was for the last-mentioned company— who offered him a twelve months' contract—that he left the Vaudeville Theatre, where he was playing the lead in *Our Boys*.

For the past few weeks Mr. Tozer has been resting in glorious Kent, but has just had an excellent offer from a well-known firm, who intend producing a film that will probably cause a big sensation in the cinema world. "The play I most enjoyed," Mr. Tozer declares, "was *Her Nameless Child*, in which I acted with Elisabeth Risdon."

In his spare moments Mr. Tozer is very fond of writing fiction, and many of his stories have been published. One of them, *A Wooden Bar*, appears in this issue. He has a very real desire, by the way, to serve his country in the present crisis, but is, unfortunately, unfit for the Army. He is engaged to be married to a well-known Cardiff lady, and at present his bachelor days are spent in a charming little flat in the West-end of London.
GENTS’ SUITS FREE!
ASTOUNDING BUT TRUE OFFER!
READERS MUST TEST REMARKABLE CLOTHING BEFORE PRICES GO UP!

Just fancy, readers! Whether blacksmith, carpenter, engineer, laborer, farmer, or clerk, could you, by solid grinding work, wear a small hole in a fs. 4d. pair of Trousers, or Is. 6d. Suit in six months? Remember, six months and solid grinding, hard wear! Many readers could do this, but another garment free of charge!

Now, prices must go up! Delay will cost you dearly, so get patterns at once of the remarkable new cloths that will not wear out or tear, that we sent Free to all those readers who sent a postcard to the Holeproof Clothing Co., 56, Theobald’s Road, London, W.C.

They are amazing! Try your hardest, you cannot tear them, yet come in appearance as the very finest serges and tweeds sold at £3 and £4. And the price for Trousers is only Is. 6d., and for suitably Is. 8d. You get a really well-made, smart-fitting Suit. In every parcel a written guarantee is sent plainly stating that if the smallest hole appears within six months (no matter how hard you wear go), another garment is sent absolutely free of charge.

See advertisement below and send postcard of once for free patterns, measure form, and fashions, but mention "Pictures."

HOLEPROOF TROUSERS
4/-
GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS.
WEAR PAIR OUT AND WE GIVE ANOTHER FREE.

A most remarkable absolutely Holeproof Cloth, exactly same as finest tweeds or serges, suitable for best or rough wear.

BREECHES, 5/- - SUITS, 14/9

As a trial we send pair Gent’s Trousers for 4/-, Breeches, £5, or complete up-to-date Suit for 14/9 made from our remarkable newly-discovered Holeproof Cloth. Guarantee in parcel if hole appears in 6 months another pair free. Send price and 4d. postage, with waist and leg length, also color, or postcard for free patterns (say Breeches, Suit, or Trousers Patterns), to the

HOLEPROOF CLOTHING COMPANY,
(Department 32), 56, Theobald’s Road, London, W.C.

RED
WHITE
BLUE

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

“PICTURES” POEMS
No. 5. THE NEW DOORMAN.

SINCE Bob (our burly doorman) has
become a gallant war-man,
Our chief engaged a female, just to try her;
She shouted like a sergeant, so with buttons
gold and argent,
He dressed her in conspicuous attire.
She promised that she’d try to give the highest
satisfaction,
And soon became the paramount attraction.

When first I heard her shout I’d have vowed
that some one out
Had fallen in an apoplectic seizure,
So quickly round the corner I decamped to
Dr. Warner
For pick-me-ups of brandy or magnesia;
And found on my return a surging mass of
men collected,
But it was at her each optic was directed.

So rapt their admiration was it needed
much persuasion
To get them all inside and clear the pavement;
But as the way of fans is they kept throwing
backward glances.
In worship of the cause of their enslavement.
We closed the doors, conjecturing they’d
cool their feelings warm, once
We started on the evening performance.

Alas! No operator could be found; we
caught him later
On bended knee before her in the gutter,
A love-sick, drooping low-cuss with his
feelings out of focus,
And all his pulses in a painful flutter.
We locked him in his box to guarantee he’d
not be missed
And then we heard we’d lost our pianist!

We found him agitated in a tremolo staccato,
Emitting words of amorous devotion.
The chief thought: “Why, the thing’ll right itself when she’s not single!”
And straightway entertained a business notion.

- He said to her (.f instant action he’d a very
high sense):
“T’ll marry you myself—by special licence!”

“BRIAN.”

ENORMOUS SUCCESS!

“THE PICTURES” SOUVENIR WAR ALBUM

Handsome gift Album, with Tricolour Flag encased in colours on front, containing Portraits of HRH The Prince of Wales, Lord Kitchener, General French, Admiral Jellicoe, Tommy Atkins, and Jack Tar.
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18 Adam St., Strand, London, W.C.
How to Write a Picture Play.

BY A SCENARIO EDITOR. PART II.

The next question the would-be playwright must ask himself is: How shall I put my scenario into such a form that the audience will be able to appreciate its every incident to the full, and have their interest maintained throughout the entire film; that the actors and actresses will be able to perform their part to the best effect and the least possible unnecessary detail; that its action may be smooth and continuous, and not a series of more or less connected episodes, roughly strung together.

That the audience should understand and appreciate your story is, of course, a sine qua non; and moreover they must be able to do so with as little mental effort as possible. In order to obtain this desirable result, the principal characters in the play must be judiciously introduced—preferably quite early in the action. Nothing is more embarrassing than an introduction late in the development of the story. Also, don't introduce more than two important characters in any one scene; far better let them enter the stage one at a time, so that the name and appearance of each may be clearly established in the minds of the spectators. Another thing, the relationship which the various characters bear to each other must be definitely shown; never let the audience be in such a position that they are obliged to guess as to whether two characters are man and wife, brother and sister, or sweetheart.

What to Do and Not to Do.

Get to work on the main story at once; don't waste time on preliminaries, even though they may be in themselves "nice touches" which you feel sorry to omit. Most amateurs take far too long in getting down to business. Be careful not to suggest too clearly in one scene what is about to happen in the next, and never go away from your theme by adding a lot of "by-play," even though it may be quite interesting, has no direct bearing upon the story.

Write a skeleton outline of the plot before starting on the detailed scenario, include only the necessary incidents, and tell the story as concisely as possible. It is wise not to introduce an episode early in the play, which, while giving the audience the impression that it is of some importance, has in reality very little bearing upon the climax, or dénouement, as it is usually called. Make every episode lead step by step up to this dénouement, which, although it should come as a surprise to the audience, ought to be the only logical termination of the plot.

Next, with regard to making things easy for the actors. Write out all your directions as briefly as you can, and in simple, everyday language. Long words and high-sounding sentences are quite out of place in a scenario.

Bear in mind the extent and limitations of the "stock company" of the particular firm of producers to whom you are thinking of submitting your plot.

Don't make your actors and actresses do weird and extraordinary things, unless you happen to know that some particular company is in the habit of employing a performer with the necessary unique qualifications.

Don't try to dispose of a plot during the winter season which necessitates a lot of river rescue work. The actors don't like it.

The third and last part of the playwright's query, which deals with continuity of action, is perhaps the most important of all.

The Value of the "Cut-back."

Whenever possible, one scene should lead to another. Of course this does not mean that all the little everyday actions of the characters must be shown on the screen; that would be very uninteresting! The author must provide for the actions of a particular character or set of characters to be constantly alternated with a scene or series of scenes dealing with some other character or set of characters. By this method of alternating continuity is preserved and the interest maintained.

For example, the hero has just returned from a motor-drive; he is going to the villain's house to dine; therefore he must change into an evening suit. Let him enter the house and go upstairs, presumably to make the change, but don't show him mumbling or commencing to change; on the other hand, don't jump him at once to the villain's dining-room. The correct way is to fill in the gap between his going upstairs and taking his place at the dinner-table by inserting between these two scenes some other scene dealing with the actions of, say, the heroine. This is what is called the "cut-back" system, and, besides keeping the audience constantly interested, it has the advantage of doing away with a superfluity of "sub-titles," or "leaders," as the scene-notations are called. Suppose (still using the same example) the author had not inserted a scene between the hero's exit upstairs and his appearance at dinner, it would have been absolutely essential to write a "sub-title," such as "Some time later," or "Later that evening."

(To be continued.)

"Punch" on Charlie.

For weeks there has been no escaping him. Nations might be at each other's throats, Zeppelins might be dropping bombs upon sleeping families; hopes and tears might make hearts beat faster, while a sense of calmness filled the air; yet all the time one can say, a gravity-receiver or receiver have met one's eyes at every turn. That he is funny is beyond question. I will swear to that.

What strikes one quickly is the realisation of how much harder Charlie works than any other of the more illustrious filmers. He is内幕ist of the picture.

He joins the film in his most introvene methodist way as quietly as a sart settling on a nose, and belies the gravity spirit of discord, the drollest of all the birds of misrule.
OUR NEW FREE COMPETITION

1st PRIZE £10
2nd PRIZE £5
10 PRIZES OF 10/- Ea.

200 Handsome Consolation Prizes.

SCREENED STARS

START TO-DAY! It costs nothing to enter!

We give below the first set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition—"Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represents the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, £5 to the next, and £2 to the next 30, and 200 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the first set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10, and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Mention "Screened Stars" to all your Picture-going friends. IT COSTS NOTHING TO ENTER!

EXAMPLE—PICKFORD.

ENTRY FORM.

NAME.

ADDRESS. 1st Set.

OUR CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Films you should make a point of seeing.

APPLIED ROMANCE. The reputation of "Beauty" comedies is great and good, and we are glad to hear that our single- reel "Beauty" are to be issued weekly. This film features charming Nesta Gerba, and concerns the artfulness of an anonymous love-letter writer and his rapid rise to fortune.

BEAUTY COMEDY. 890 feet (Oct. 7).

THE EVIL EYE. A Trilby-like plot, in which a hypnotist's crime is tracked down and exposed by another hypnotist. It is a Truus-Atlantic drama, and one of the strongest and strangest we have seen for some time. The glad eye is not in it compared with the evil one of "Eyes," for this week, and when you strike one in it see the film.

TRUE EXCLUSIVE. four parts (Oct. 4).

SAVED BY HER HORSE. Everybody likes dandy!d Tom Mix. In this picture he has the support of "Sultan," the almost human horse trained by Tom himself after months of patience. You cannot imagine a more natural actor than "Sultan," and the way he gallops for assistance for his mistress, with her hat in his mouth, and then gallops back and tosses her bonds, is nothing short of marvellous.

SILK DRESS. LB. (Sept. 23).

THEIR OWN WAYS. If you like the homely human picture, this is one. A young married couple, enthusiastic about the joys of living in a city, take the wife's mother and father from their loved farm to "enjoy" city life. How "lost" and woebegone "mother" and "father" are in the (to them) unnatural atmosphere of the city, and how they dream about and long for their quaint life, makes a very charming picture.

EDISON DRAMA, 1,555 feet (Oct. 7).

RATS OF SOCIETY. There are many novel effects in this stirring detective story, and when we say it has been produced by the Cines Company you will know it must be good stuff. The League of Light presses a great treasure coveted by the Band of Three. They adopt various schemes to obtain it, but fail because Folear, the detective, is too quick for them. The fact that in the end the villains are defeated does not detract from the attractiveness of a quickly-moving story.

GUNNIGHT FILM HIRE EXCLUSIVE, three reels (Oct. 7).

TEMPER. The first film in which Henry B. Waithall, Essanay's new leading man, takes part. In this he is the fine, lovable youth with a violent temper inherited from his father, whom he kills whilst protecting his mother. All the shades of the varying emotions of anger and overwhelming grief are clearly portrayed by Mr. Waithall. He brings out the feelings with an intensity that makes it real. Ruth Stonehouse takes the part of a girl just in her teens, and so clever is she in children's parts that no one could imagine she was older than the character she represents.

PRISON DRAMA, three parts (Nov. 4).

HIS NEW AUTOMOBILE. King Bagnot is great in drama. In comedy he is delightful, and when Jana Gall plays with him the comedy is brilliant indeed. In this film King is a salesman, rises to the heights of owning a real automobile—£10 and he sells whilst protecting his mother. Nobody knows quite what happens, but when last seen the auto is roaring away in the rear of a tree, while King and Jane haply goodness, see the film, and you will likewise limp home-—limp with laughter.

HUN (TRANS-MONTI) Comedy. 895 feet (Oct. 28).
The Perfect Film Dramas.

The film of the week, so far as private shows were concerned, has undoubtedly been *The Eternal City*. It is so perfect in all respects that I should say it will prove to be the picture of the year. Hall Came himself is delighted, and has congratulated the Famous Players, who produced it. Pauline Frederick is fine as Donna Romza; indeed, the whole big cast is excellent, and John Chalow's "Roozy" reminded me of the late Lai Brough, who played the part so well in Sir Herbert Tree's stage production about eleven years ago. The film story is so strong and the film scenes in Rome so beautiful that, although I had to stand through arriving late, the whole

*p*p*p

"The Hepworth Triplet".

What is that? you ask. It refers to three very interesting Hepworth films — *The Secret of the Secret String*, and *Her Hat*. Because they are being handled simultaneously by the Thompson Company of Middlesbrough, these films have become known in the trade as "The Hepworth Triplet." In their search for criticisms and suggestions, and with a desire to bring picture-play to the top of the world's production, the Hepworth Company invite readers of *Pictures* to send them comments on the three films in question.

Forty Pounds in Prizes.

I am authorised to state that they will award a first prize of £15 in each, a second of £10, a third of £5, ten prizes of ten shillings each, and twenty prizes of five shillings each for the best picturegoer's comments (in order of merit) on "The Hepworth Triplet." Each comment must discuss all three films, and not exceed 120 words in length. A contestant may send as many comments as he pleases, but each must be written on a different sheet of paper.

Big Money for Little Work.

£15 for 120 words makes my mouth water. Could I but command that rate of pay I should be a millionaire in a few years. The offer is in truth a princely one, and I have no doubt that the majority of my readers will grasp this excellent opportunity to exercise their judgment as to the relative value of films. If you intend to do so, don't forget to enter your names at once and mention the theatre at which you expect to see the plays. First ask your cinema manager if he intends to book "The Hepworth Triplet." (Several of the three films if he wants them), and if so send your name and that of his theatre to the Hepworth Company, 2, Deanam-street, London, W. Here's wishing you luck.

MARY PICKFORD IN RAGS:

her greatest success since *Tess of the Storm Country*.

five reels kept me fascinated. The cream-toned souvenir of this picturisation of *The Eternal City*, which the Famous Players has prepared for the trade, is a veritable work of art, but then the film more than deserves it.

Ideal Picture-making.

Glorious Dove Dale, in Derbyshire, where the Martin Film Company went a few weeks ago, has attracted the B. and C. Company, who are now working there on a big thriller called *At the Mercy of the Tropics*. With the natural rocks, waterfalls, mountains, and valleys which abound in that district opportunities for thrills should be as plentiful as blackberries. O. Martinek recently returned to the B. and C. Studios, is producing, and J. B. McDowell, the Managing Director, is in charge of the company. And such weather, too! Lucky devils?

Pimple's Latest Programme.

I told you in a previous issue that Pimple, who is in the Army, is pre-

pared to visit any London cinema and address the audience. "I shall change from my uniform to my char-a-acter of 'Pimple' in full view of the audience," he was heard to say. "I shall be preceded by a film, 'Pimple's Life in the Army,' depicting scenes in camp, &c. I shall also be accompanied by Sergeant Ernie Barry, champion sufferer of the world, and his, in his own words, 'a charming dinner.' We shall arrive at the theatre where I am to speak with our regimental band." Exhibitors should write for particulars to Rifleman Fred Evans, 1st Surrey Rifles, Drill Hall, Fulendon Road, Chelmsford, S.E.

"Bill the Fighter" Dead.

That was the name of the part he played in *The Birth of a Nation*, a "London" film. His real name was Vernon — Captain Vernon, since the war, and I regret to learn from Mr. Judd Green that the poor fellow met his death while fighting for his country in the Dardanelles. From the same sources I hear that Captain Arthur Holmes Gore was also killed in the Dardanelles. Two "London" film actors in a month! Mr. Gore (a fine player) appeared in many important roles for the London Film Company, including Black Michael in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, the dual rôle in *The Black Spot*, Jack Branscombe in *Brontë's *Pride*, the Secretary in England's Menace, and Brans in *The King's Minister*. He was the first actor to join the Artists' Rifles, in which corps he was given a commission.

Who Wants a Guinea?

You are all familiar with Selig films. You have seen enough of them to know whether they have room for improvement or not. The Selig Company want to know, and are ready to act on your suggestions, in order to give you the best that brains and money can produce. They offer a prize of one guinea to the reader of *Pictures* who submits the most useful suggestion for the improvement of their films. Read their announcement on page 2 of every and start criticising as soon as you please.

Griffith's Best Effort.

Next week I hope to give you a special account of the great 12,000 feet production *The Birth of a Nation*, which I think I am correct in calling the D. W. Griffith masterpiece. You know what wonderful things this famous producer has already achieved in the film world, and this effort has put them all into the shade. I believe that upwards of eighteen thousand people were engaged in the production, which all London, and later the provincies, will shortly be talking about.

P. D.

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FLORENCE TURNER

"There is no need to emphasize the impression long held that Florence Turner is the greatest living exponent of silent acting, nor is there any need for qualifying in according to her such praise because of the advent of some of our great stellar figures of the speaking stage."

From "THE THEATRE OF SCIENCE" by Robert Grau.

In no film production has the public so fully realised this as in "My Old Dutch"—the epoch-making film of this year

Turner Films

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

I wonder how many of you can boast of having received portraits from star actors and actresses? Grace, of Leeds, has written to tell me how joyful she is because Mary Pickford has sent her a large photograph of her self—the sweetest I have ever seen," says Grace—and Charles Chaplin has sent her a large photo of himself without his make-up. Now Grace is collecting postcards of the players, and has forty already nicely arranged in an album that will hold heaps more.

The number of little admirers which all, and especially the lady picture artists, have is really astonishing. Edna Monn, for instance, has a whole crowd of dolls in her dressing-room given to her at different times by little girl friends; but there is one big doll among them which was not a present. It cost nearly forty shillings, and is worth perhaps not more than four. "How did she come by it?" you ask. Well, Edna and a number of other Universal artists were on the beach one day during the summer, and thought they would try their luck at a prize-stall. Their luck was had, but they held on until the doll was eventually awarded to one of them. As all had spent money in getting it, the doll was raffled, and Edna won it. And now on its dress appear the names of all the gamblers who had contributed to the large sum spent in winning it.

Pauline Bush is passionately fond of children. She was entertaining a number of them a few weeks ago with a little girl looked up into her face and said, "Oh! Miss Bush, you must have an awful lot of children." "Why, dear," asked Miss Bush, "Oh, because you know just what we all want and give it to us," answered the child. The fact is that Pauline remembers her own childhood and thoroughly understands children.

Do you like living cartoons?

The Essanay Company are releasing a comic cartoon weekly. They are drawn by Wallace A. Carlson, a clever black-and-white artist, and to see his funny drawings come to life and move across the screen just like real people is something much too good to miss and that will long be remembered. The present series shows the adventures of little boy "Dreamy Dud" and his dog, "Wag." In one picture you will see Wag steal a hat and a cane and stroll down an alley. He meets Miss Cat and starts with her. Whilst they spoon on a log, Mr. Cat comes along and chases Wag. Dud flies to the rescue and runs after them. Mr. Cat runs up a tree; Dud shakes it, and down comes Mr. Cat on his head. Then Dud wakes up to find his mother pulling his hair.

In another picture Dud and Wag eat too much jam and swell up to enormous size. They shrunk just as quickly, and become so small that Dud is balanced on the edge of a tea cup and does high dives into the milk. Then Mr. Cat arrives, and plays with Dud as it would with a ball of yarn, afterwards giving Dud a "ride-a-cock-horse" on its tail. Finally Mr. Cat drinks all the milk, leaving Dud high and dry on the bottom of the cup. The cat is next about to swallow the terrified Dud when he wakes to hear his mother scolding him for stealing the jam.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER 502

WEEK ENDING
SEPT. 25, 1915

"DREAMY DUD" IN ESSANAY CARTOONS.

Paint this picture and try and win a prize.
In yet another of these wonderful pictures you will see Dad try to smoke, and further along the spirit of smoke appears and carries Dad away into the clouds, far above the stars, and leaves him hanging on a corner of the moon. Wag weeps so many tears that his form is blown away from Dad, and tells the moon a funny story, and gets dumped off into space for his pains because of the moon's boisterous laughter. He wakes up on the floor of his bedroom, only to declare to Wag that he will never smoke again. You will scream with delight when you see this picture, and your parents will laugh until they weep.

A NEW PAINTING COMPETITION.

I am giving you a drawing of one of Dad's "Wake-ups," and for this week's Competition I shall ask you to colour it. When you have done so, paste on a postcard, or slip into an envelope (if left unfastened a halfpenny stamp will do), and address to "Dad," 18, Adam Street, Strand, W.C. It must reach me by Monday, September 27th, and for the two best paintings I will present the senders with a box of paints each. The two best will then be registered as usual.

Now some of you will want to know the result of "My Best Film" Competition. There were a goodly number of entries, and some of the "best films" given were Function the Cricket, A Night in Kentucky, A Dog's Life, The Virginian, Carroll's Bicycle, The Mummy Man, Sign of the Cross, In the Deepdene, The Goose Girl, Give Me Your Heart, A Boy's Best Friend is his Mother, The Lion's Caves, The Nation's Peril, Wildflower, A Patriot of France, Court-martialled, My Old Dutch, and the Adventures of Kathlyn.

The winning cards were as follows:—

I think Behind the Scenes is best, because it shows how beautiful Mary Pickford is and how naturally she acts. I do not think that any of the audience while they were looking at the film realised that it was only acting and not real life.—Patriot Vignera, River Vier.

The best film I saw was The Child Killer, which shows in full the German atrocities. It is a good film for recruiting, and should be shown in every town.—Arthur Cox, 5, Gas Street, Droitwich, Northants.

Award of Merit (six of these bring you a special prize).—Leo Astor (President of the Hockey Club (Cardiff) and Alfie Crick (Desborough), Violet Burgess (Swanscombe), Lilian Burgess (Swanscombe), C. H. Dennis (Grimsby), Albert Barham (Hull), Betty Jones (Nantymoel), J. Maureen (Oxford), Alan Dudley (Cardiff).

See next week's issue for the great new Picture Puzzle Competition, as well as another little one from Uncle Tim.

CINEMA ACTING AS A PROFESSION.

Keep your guinea for two months until you have read the book "Cinema Acting as a Profession," by an Expert. It will save you pounds. Cloth gilt, post-free, 5s. R. Derby, 17, Belgrave Street, Strand, London, W.C.

DAVID (Belfast).—You are behind the times, David.—poor John Byrne is, alas! no more. Charles Chaplin is an Ecclesiologist, and played the part of the drunken man in Fred Karno's "Mansions Birds," before he was engaged for the film. We said last week that he is not married.

Pippin (Crewe).—The Editor will be pleased to sign your autograph album, so send it, Pippin. Sorry, he was not in when you called; better back next time, thank you, Pippin.

Old Ted (Stanford Hill).—The rates paid for a film plot (comic or drama) of one reel which runs for about fifteen minutes are from 50s. to 100s., upwards. Some roles may be worth £5; take every day, the prices are governed by the quality, and a good deal depends upon the boy. For a two-reeler the price should be doubled. Sorry, we do not reply by post.

Almerte (London, S.E.).—The photo of Alma Taylor was not taken by the Strand firm you mention. When Alma Taylor first applied to Hereafter she was told to come the next day to a children's party at the studio, and having done so, enjoyed it very much, and quite believed it was a real party, not knowing she was being filmed. And her success to-day is, in a great measure, due to her believing in the part she plays.—Excuse the reason she is called "The Girl who Believes!"

AMATEUR (Southend).—The American Co., of 627, Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A., are the proprietors of Flying A Films. Good luck to you in your efforts to place a film plot. Glad you like us.

R. D. R. (Lin's Point).—It is against our rules to reply by post. If we did, we should never go to bed.

We have received the following card from the Famous Arran Col., 80-82, Wardour St., W.

EVELYN (Glascow).—Thanks for getting us new readers. Our publishers are sending you the copies you ask for. Glad to hear you are doing your "bit" by entertaining the soldier-boys. "The best of good luck to you, too.

SUSAN (Leith).—Sorry the cast you want is unattainable. Thanks for your letter.

Andrew (Newport).—We are sorry to say that all our other readers want you to film players. We are away from you have very little chance at this moment. Every film player is so precious and so few are recruited from the stage, and the supply at present is week the demand. Every film player is too precious to depend upon for a livelihood at the start, and you are too far away from the film centres to attract their attention. We do not recommend our readers to pay fees for autographs.

Winsuffer (Selly Oak).—We should say Charles Chaplin is the highest paid film actor, and Max Mallowan is right. Speaking generally, we should say the next get the highest salaries. Another injustice to the trade.

Muckleburgh (London, N.W.).—"Sunday and Shorty" were the film names of Robert Foulty and George Stanley in a Vitagraph serial. These two plays are still with the Yulilog. So you the film that you are interested in is "Blackmail," and the New Gallery Kinematog, Regent St., are the two best in the London Metropolitan district for programmes and music. There are so many good picture palaces, it is difficult for us to say.

Dexter John (Cardiff).—Your friend the operator can only take you wanted negative. It is not the envelope you see. In forty-two weeks, in one cinema, you have seen on an average thirty-five pictures. We think you have a good eye. We think you too. The Essanay and Keystone have a lot of pictures.

Max (Bradgate).—Oh yes, we remember you, Max, as being the daring reader who has beaten the Express in his local. We are pleased to say your visit described in the Herald. We cannot, however, make any promise to write articles for newspapers. Thank you too. We think you too. The Essanay and Keystone have a lot of pictures.

Simeon (Bradford).—It seems you remember us. You are well acquainted with "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." Thank you for your letter to our publishers to deal with. Thank you for your interest in our welfare. Violet. Chas. Coxen (Cardiff).

Coxen (Glasgow).—James Coxen and Margaret Snow are not yet married. We have never heard of Leo Madison's mother playing for the picture. June Coxen is the wife of N. D. Nelson, a trans-Atlantic brand of King Baggot.

Tichie (Bradford).—We will put Malcolm Howard's name on our list. Tichie and rest us if we can change you. We love all "constant" readers.

Book WM. (Sheffield).—Charles Clay played "111 Days," and in "The Adventurer of Kathlyn." So you. Your postcard was very bashful about it. Hope you'll get a reply from C. M. Mabel (Edinburgh).—Lucky girl. A letter at last. A world with no bones for you for the next letter, Mabel.

Thompson (Great Yarmouth).—Evelyn Partington is the name of the player with Chas. Coxen. We have a postcard of the two together, but not one of Edith alone.

E. P. (Falsworth).—We have sent you a postcard list. It is all the line-worked Editor can do to give you our list. The picture is natural. Two a week are out of the question. Hope your hobby returns from the Front covered with glory and honour.

Ada (I. e.).—Chiloe White is and Alma Taylor isn't married. We have sent your letter to Miss Coe.

Miss O. W. (Chigwell).—The story of "Tess of the Storm Country" was published in "P., and Co. P" in June 21, 1914.

Puttishee (Sheff. d.).—Address Florence Reed, c/o, Famous Phusio Films Co., 215, West 20th St., New York City. For any other information we regret we are unable.

Berne (Minor Park).—We have no postcards of Norumb or Bealune Sweet (Jackie Wayne).

"CHARLIE AT WORK." One of our set of six Chaplin postcards which ought to be in your album.
THE THEATRE (Lytham).—Thanks for your kind letter (Examiner, August 5th). We fully appreciate the matter contained therein, but this is essentially a trade subject and, unless we have space for discussion in the columns of Pictures, which are entirely devoted to the Home cinema, we are unable to provide for the entertainment of the public. It is not within our province to deal with the terms under which productions are made available.

J. C. C. (Dublin).—We do not know the name of the player located. Keystone rarely publish the names of those who appear in their productions, and references are never made to them.

Robert Eichler (Birmingham).—Willie, your letter (in Picturegoer, July 8th) is at once tender and simple. I must direct your attention to the fact that the world at this time is a foreign country.

T. F. (Liverpool).—We have no postcards of Henry Ainley, Robert Wawel, or Max Linder at present.

F. H. (Newport).—Read reply to “Anxious (Newport).”

Lillie of Leeds.—Maurice Costello, e.o., Vitagraph Co., East 1st Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A.; Moe Krich, mo., Thomas, A. Edson Co., Excelsior and Olive Streets, Drama, New York, U.S.A.; Victorian Foods, e.o., Selig Polyscope Co., 20, East Randolph St., Chicago, U.S.A. They’ll do to go on with, Lillie. It’s great to know what happens to us after we have taken the three characters we will do for you. It’s a good chance for these kisses.” Your Yank paper is de lusser cri.

Evelyn (Croston).—You can obtain back numbers of the Picturegoer from our branch, Doherty, Lifton, U.S.A., Long Acron, London, W.C., price 2d. each, post-free.

Maurice (Chigwell).—Thank you, Maggie, for your friendly little letter. Address: Florence L. Brown, mo., Vitagraph Co., e.o., Thanhouser Film Co., Main St., Exeter Avenue, New Rochelle, New York, U.S.A., and Elsie Hall, c.o., Universal Film Co., 1375 Broadway, New York City. Most likely they would answer your letter. So did you enjoyed yourself.


A Vitagraph Lover (Brighton).—We have postcards of Henry Ainley, Robert Wawel, and Max Linder, love, also to Mary Pickford and Maurice Costello.

Fred L. (Manchester).—The newspaper cutting quoted refers to Charlie Chaplin getting kicked by a horse not a friendly horse. If you have not rejected six times, it’s not your fault. We are sorry to hear you aren’t free. A man who won’t write.

White Book (Dulst).—Muriel Ostriche is now with Vitagraph; be used to play for Thanhouser. A new one has appeared in our issues of October 10th, 1914, and one of John Hely’s, a new one. We have not heard of a picturgoers’ club in North London.

Quaker (Wilkes).—You can get Playwriting for the Cinema, by Ernest Dench, from this address (Pictures, Ltd. 18, Adam Street, Strand, London), price 1s. 6d. post-free.


Rex (Devonport).—Yes, Chrisie White is marvellous. The fact you want is not available. Have sent your love to Chrisie White and Mary Pickford. The American films, being “playful,” likes to have photos of the dear girls round him as he writes—but even then no such players have been seen around school.

J. W. R. (Eastbourne).—Unfortunately the Key¬

—Cine do not publish their costs. You may select any one of these prices from our list when ordering the 7d. lot.

Amy (Edinburgh).—Warmer and Rita Stanwood the pictures. “Walkabout,” and “The Three.”—Shorty Hamilton played “Shorty” in “Let Us Alone.”—Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone remembered you to Charlie Chaplin and his brother.

April (Poplar).—Keep your money, Ads. Real reply to Atkinson (Newport).

Marie (Heath).—Clara Kimball Young has left Vitagraph, and is now playing for the World’s Hit Co.

THOMAS ROGERS thinks the producer D. W. Griffith and the director of the production, Mayer, of the picture being made of “Three Children,” which is a part of “Man’s Gospel,” excellent. He has been a great help in the making of the film. The picture is being made under the supervision of the Art Department of Vitagraph Pictures.

VI PICTUROGEO (Bolton).—Delighted to welcome “in regular reader.” Keep it up. VI. Almost all picture play is make-up for the parts. We have had no washing cloth from the players you mention, or reply to the questions you send. We have sent your love to Edward Coxen and spread some around the office as desired.

REX (Liverpool).—John Gals has left the London Film Co. and is now playing for Universal. Pie gee to hear you have joined our ever-growing circle.

The Picturegoer Kid (Birmingham).—Marion and Madeleine Fairbanks are the names of the Thanhouser Twins. We have a postcard of them. Marjorie Snow has left Thanhouser and is now Mary Pickford. We are quite distressed at being unable to answer your matrimonial ques¬

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