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Film Players Herald
TONIGHT, when you go to your favorite picture theatre, you are going to be one of not less than twenty-five million persons delighting in the same kind of enjoyment, in our own U. S. A.

And the artists of the screen who entertain you, are doing their best to entertain the remainder of this vast army of patrons.

Somewhere between three hundred and four hundred picture favorites are better known than our senators, members of congress and our lords of finance and commerce. Who is the representative from your district? Name a dozen senators. Name the members of the president’s cabinet. Rather difficult? Very well, then, name twenty film players whom you like to see. Perfectly easy!

That is the difference between work-a-day facts and the flickering romance of the screen.

You may have vague opinions as to national preparedness, and about the crops, and regarding various engineering projects contemplated or under way—but you do know so many things about the films, all the “matter” is at instant command.

These players and their work concern us. Here we have mutual interests. It is almost like meeting a friend who knows a friend, when we are far from home.

And having these mutual interests, we should be privileged to talk rather freely and frankly.

Just as the players wish to please you, so does the FILM PLAYERS HERALD wish to delight you—and make itself welcome on its monthly visits to you.

Until you have read this issue, you really can not say just how you like it—but before you have examined it many minutes, you are going to admit that it is different.

In the first place, we give you some high-class fiction—fiction mostly with a film angle, not stories written from scenarios, but original stories. You will be delighted with Mary Ridpath-Mann—daughter, by the way, of the great historian, Ridpath. Mrs. Mann is a most unusual woman. She was in Peking during the days of the Boxer rebellion. She has been connected with big literary affairs all her life, and her work shows it. There’s an appeal in “The Governor’s Wife” but really, good as it is, we feel that it can not compare with the big serial by Mrs. Mann that will begin next month—“The Voice of the Forest.”

Then, there is the second installment of “The Scarlet Poppy,” by Elliot Holt—a virile story that gets in deep and grips; a story that breathes the breath of the studio and the characters we know.

Daniel Darwood is a most likeable fellow. Miss Sherard will terminate his adventures next month—but we have other stories from her capable pen, and these will follow. Darwood is a most human fellow—and you will love him as truly as you ever loved an idol of the screen.

But our family of readers must not be confided to fiction lovers. Indeed, our subscription lists show some very great personages—some chief executives of great American cities, and big men in the pulpit, and factors on the bench. And to these especially we offer “War Films and Neutrality.” The balance need not read it.

But you will all delight in “The Billion Dollar Pastime.” It simply keeps millions and tens of millions floating before our vision until we wonder how Uncle Sam has found time to mint so much gold. It will teach you something of the dollar side of the pictures.

The Fifth Estate is also a little offering for thoughtful folk—and there are times when most of us can afford to be thoughtful.

But let us not overlook the departments. We learn to depend on departments; they are the persistent common interest that we can never grow weary reading.

The Film Play Guild has a chummy spirit about it, and the “how-longs” are not all boys and girls—goodness, no. They are grown-ups, who like these little stray rays of sunshine to chase away shadows.

Then, there is the “Film Players’ Art.” This is looking right through the screen to the magic life of the studios—the how and why of things. You will find many of your “Oh, how is it done?” questions answered in this department—and by recognized experts.

There are the departments devoted to “Realism,” “The Release I Like Best,” “I Love a Lassie” and “I Love a Laddie” (golly, a trifile, but splendidly grand); “Truelpettes,” “Nuggets from the Gold Coast”—and “Photoplay Writing”—and—but let us not become breathless. There’s time to tell everything.

Just read Miss Barriscale’s superb talk on “Use Your Mind.” She will make you heartily ashamed for ever feeling blue. And the ladies will revel in Miss Little’s Beauty talks; they are so different, even if our artist did draw a mirror and a powder-puff in the design for the head. He shouldn’t at all—because this is not at all like powder-puffs and vanity-boxes.

“The Split Reel!” is something to cogitate, too. It consists of little sketches of—but read it yourself, and see how you like it.

And beyond all these—up to “The Last Show”—with its cap and bells—are many other things that will help make your “at home” evenings more enjoyable.

But next month! Ah, we can hardly wait!

You recall, likely, some months since, that the Universal Film Company promoted a contest, selecting the most beautiful young lady in each state, to accompany a chaperone out to the Coast and get themselves “took” in company with Jack Kerrigan. Well, that was one part of it, but imagine a trainload of impressionable girls—many of whom had never been from home before—turned loose on a jaunt like this! And then imagine one poor man doing the chaperoning! Perish the anguish. That poor fellow had his troubles.

The man was that versatile writer, H. H. Van Loan, and he begins next month his serial, “Handlin’ the Beautys.” The scenes will be whitewashed and gloriously illustrated by Dennis of the Boston Traveler. Mr. Van Loan starts right out with a laugh, and the best that laugh does through each installment is to taper to an occasional giggle while one catches one’s breath. Scarcely had the train emerged from the tube in Harlem than the young lads began their mad escapades. One, who had never been in a Pullman before in all her life, had the porter make the berth up—and just to see how it looked—before noon. And then, to practise, she went to bed several times before evening. But that was gentle in comparison with all the fearful things along the way. And Mr. Van Loan is going to make you put hoops on your ribs, as sure as you’re alive. You’ll need ’em to keep from injuring your sides laughing.

“While I Think of It—“ is another starter, too. It will begin next month, and it is the first of the personal reminiscences of Richard Willis, who has known the film players ever since the first play. It is tremendously interesting—and Dick is a writer who knows how to hold one. We knew Dick years and years ago—away back in the West—and we know that he is a lovable fellow, and it is not difficult to understand how he secured so much rich material in this most human of all human-interest stories.

Many other equally big things are coming. And we have plenty of space for it all—and we shall add more space as time passes.

And now, between us, personally and confidentially, you can help a great deal in two ways—and please do it. First, tell a friend to subscribe. That is doing just a little, but that little helps. Next, write and give us your suggestions. Tell us what you like—and what you don’t like. You are part of the family, and there should be friendly frankness in a family, really.

Sincerely,

Lloyd Kenyon Jones, Editor.
The Happy Masquerader

Sweeping the social scale, this swiftly-moving, keenly-incisive picture-drama portrays Life's Lesson of Happiness in bold, clear strokes of character-painting. The gold-paced of the surly chauffeur raised to the millionaire clubman's status for sixty days, stands out in vivid contrast to the clubman's adventures when transplanted to the chauffeur's job and squibbed home.

The fascinating, powerful style of play that stamps an indelible impression on the mind. Six feet of wholehearted manhood in Edward Coxen and the womanly beauty and dramatic fervor of Winifred Greenwood are the acting-types loved by red-blooded folk. They carry realism to its greatest heights—with the potent spell of simplicity swaying human emotions from tears to pure delight.

The Sensational Club Wager—the Stock-Gambling Guardian—the Sudden Wedding—the Heiress' Battle to Save Her Fortune—are thrilling climaxes! Three reels of surprises and suspense—directed by Thomas Ricketts. Released February 29th on the $8,000,000 Mutual Program.

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Chicago, Illinois
WAR FILMS AND NEUTRALITY

By LLOYD KENYON JONES

The war films continue as favorites—assert the writers of the photoplay columns of the daily press in Chicago. Other photoplay department writers on papers in other cities say essentially the same thing. Some of them remark sagely that the war pictures are having as great demand as the comics or the Pickford films, or the other big features.

It should interest you, Mr. and Mrs. American, to know what these war films mean. It should concern you to analyze them and look at them squarely, so that you should be able to come to a clear conclusion as to their advisability. To brand them as evil or good will not be sufficient. Back of them, and underlying them, may be certain principles. These principles may be likened to static energy. Force, at rest, is still force. When the right conditions arise, that power will become kinetic—and if it proves to be an evil power, then its destructive possibilities can not be stopped.

For the purpose of helping you arrive at your own decision, numerous facts will be placed in your possession through the medium of this article. Perhaps you have not been thinking particularly about these truths. You should think about them because they concern you.

First of all, what is neutrality? Is it a state of mind—or a condition of repression? None of us is neutral simply through refusing to interest ourselves in what does not concern us. We can not be neutral about a condition we do not understand. We can not be neutral in a quarrel that has not attracted our attention. We can not be neutral in our thoughts because, if we are not inspired to express preference in a contest or an argument, that is because we have no concern with the outcome. It is because we know none of the principals. It is because there is no reason for us to become agitated. Only when we are brought into contact with an argument or a contest, do we choose sides.

We may stifle the expression of our opinion. We may be sufficiently strong-willed to refuse to discuss the merits of either side in a controversy. That is neutrality. Neutrality, therefore, pertains to action—and not to thought. The moment we are concerned with the outcome of a contest or an argument, that moment we become prejudiced in favor of one side and against the other. Cool judgment restrains us from the expression of our opinions, and that cool judgment is our means of maintaining neutrality. Let us see a street altercation or hear an argument or attend a field meet, and very soon we are picking a favorite. If this is true in matters of minor importance, then what must be the answer when we are bound by blood ties and by traditions to one of the contestants?

America is Europe made over. It is transplanted Europe. Therefore, the United States is a nicely balanced scale: On the one side is our own national enthusiasm, our own patriotism, our own belief in the United States of America; and at the opposite end of the beam there is the old loyalty to the Fatherland. In the workshops, stores, offices, and other industrial arenas of the United States, Germans and British, French and Austrians, Italians and Galicians, work side by side. Under ordinary conditions, it is to their advantage and liking to be friendly. Their own progress demands this condition of harmony. But, in Europe—somewhere along the firing line or in the trenches—there are relatives and there are friends. Therefore, there are reasons for prejudice—even though that prejudice remain unexpressed.

The United States is simply a later edition of Europe. The blood ties are strong and numerous. The old loyalty slumberers, and the old love of the mother countries persists in asserting itself.

When the great European conflict has terminated, the United States will face new problems. It must meet new demands, and those will be demands on the purse and demands on the heart. Gradually, the tide of immigration will swell. Once more our gains will be a million or more yearly. But these millions—when they start to come—will be largely the Flemish and Jewish that exist in the wake of war. They will come with their hurts and their hatred, and we must absorb them, just as we have absorbed and amalgamated the blacks, Jews, and Catholics who have come in the past. But even before that new tide of immigration gets under way, the war's termination will lift the ban of censorship. Before we can hear these stories of suffering and hatred from the lips of these immigrants, we shall learn it through correspondence and through the press.

The seeds of prejudice have been sown. Even in our own country, we know there exists a certain degree of sectional prejudice that dates back over a period of fifty years—to the close of our Civil conflict. But the Civil War in the United States was scarcely a skirmish compared with the titanic battles across the Atlantic. We need no proof to understand that the wounds of war, dishonor, and land and home will be open wounds more than a generation hence, and will be felt by the generation as yet unborn.

If we had no other facts except these upon which to base our judgment, then that judgment would necessarily be adverse to the exhibition of the war pictures. If our story ended here and now, and we looked upon nothing beyond the prejudice and the hatred we must endure for ages after the war, we would have ample cause to regard the war pictures as entirely too dangerous to sanction. But the facts pile up into mountains of argument, and when you have considered all of them, the war pictures exhibited at your photoplay house will cease to be innocent mediums of entertainment.

Let us scrutinize the pictures themselves. Do they possess historical value—or are they simply fragments which, through their incompleteness, must fail to inform us of conditions as they are? In places, their authenticity may be doubted. This does not apply to all of the war pictures, but it applies unquestionably to some of them.

One of the correspondents of a Chicago daily newspaper procured something like four miles of film at the East Front with the Germans. After many delays, he secured permission from the General Staff in Berlin to accompany the army of Von Hindenburg in its march upon Warsaw and the fortifications adjacent to the Polish capital. He secured, perhaps, three miles of these films at this particular part of the East Front. When he had completed his work, the undeveloped negatives were turned over to the official censors, and under their direction the films were developed and prints were made, and such portions were stricken out as the censors decided to delete.

This correspondent did not know how much of his labor had been lost or how much had been retained.
This article is not an argument for, or against, preparedness. It is not inspired by the Navy League, or any other similar organization. On the other hand, we are not prepared in military figures, which is the idea of preparedness on the part of the United States. As Americans, we should be inspired by a certain amount of national pride, and by a desire to show the world that we will not be swayed by the will of a few. The war has not gone on for twenty-five years, and the war will be far greater than those who fear it. We find the war has been exhibited as views of actual conflict. They have not proved to us the hopelessness, these films have not been logical arguments in favor of peace. They have been military-they have been used in the subject-soliciting their sympathy in favor of the Central powers. The films have shown us the value of the facts that are not hidden, and the history of the world. Their story, being a tale of prejudice, has aroused the animus of those whose sympathies have been with the opposing side. The films are breathing the breath of European hatred. They may be arguments for our alliance with various countries, but there is no evidence that these films are breathing the breath of European hatred. They are not arguments for our defense against any possible foe.

There is in existence, in Washington, under the patronage of the daily press, a number of daily newspapers. It is doubtful that these films have been exhibited without the help of the newspapers. This information stated that the dye and chemical plants of Germany have been operating full time during the entire war period and have been piling up enormous reserve stocks of their various classes of merchandise. When the war has terminated, these goods will be dumped into all the foreign markets for the purpose of regaining the trade that has been lost. We must help everyone of the warring countries. It is not presented in the hope of discouraging the United States comes to the financial rescue of Europe, what will be the answer be? We must help every one of the warring countries. We are not prepared to give up the war on the Continent because the United States is the offspring of them all. It should attempt to heal the wounds of each and every nation, but the destruction of millions of the survivors. It must be the Good Samaritan spirit of the world that is equipped to act in that humane capacity. Are the war films helping us, as citizens of the United States, to understand and become acquainted with these nations of Europe? Are these films aiding in the upbuilding of a single sentiment that will make us this war or the Europe or America when the war has terminated?

The NUMBER of persons viewing these European films is considerable. In the city of Chicago, alone, three downtown theatres were exhibiting these films for weeks. Twice each afternoon and twice each evening, these theatres were crowded. Approximately twelve thousand admissions daily, represent this patronage. This is at the rate of three hundred and sixty thousand a month. Several million persons in the United States will see these films. Several million persons, therefore, will be less capable of the exercise of natural expressions and actions than they were before. And among those several millions, there may be hundreds of thousands who are temperamentally, and perhaps mentally, unstable. This truth brings us to the next consideration in the analysis.

The chief objection that has been offered by the various censors boards throughout the United States is that these films have been used for propaganda. It showed the commission of crime. Allenists concede that these war films have been used to arouse sympathy in favor of the Central powers. They have not been used in the commission of crime; whereas, the strong-minded view the consequences and see the futility of these films. They have been exhibited as views of actual conflict. They have not been logical arguments in favor of peace. If no other lesson was learned from the last war, it is because he hates Germany or France or Russia or England or Italy or Austria, because his mind is moved by prejudices aroused within him.

The object of preparedness is not to make war on any one of the warring countries—but to keep other countries from making war on us.

Many a young man has voted the Republican ticket, because his mind is moved prejudicially against the Central powers. He has been convinced of the necessity of an armed conflict with these countries. If any young man is inspired by the lessons he has gathered through viewing these war films, it is because he hates Germany or France or Russia or England or Italy or Austria, because his mind is moved by prejudices aroused within him.

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WATER NYMPHS AND UNDINE

had you been cruising with the ancient Mariner, and had Neptune suddenly appeared before you, and invited you to a desert isle where the water maidens play, you could not have been more delightfully surprised than you would have been had you chanced on the Santa Cruz Islands, off Santa Barbara, while Henry Otto was producing "Undine."

"Undine" demanded beauties—nymphs—mermaids of modern type. And along the sea-shore resorts of South California, Mr. Otto recruited his merry little company—a feast for weary eyes, and new interest for jaded brains.

There were blonde beauties, and brunette beauties, and little beauties, and little beauties—enough and sufficient to make the most adamantine sultan sit up and enjoy life.

But "Undine" could tolerate none of the shores where thousands wander. It needs must find solitude—where beauty could revel undisturbed.

The Santa Cruz Islands presented all the ideal conditions, but no boats ran thither, and the channel was rough, and the landings sparse and treacherous, and no skipper would listen to bribes of pieces of eight or other emoluments. But Mr. Otto had set his heart on Santa Cruz, and Santa Cruz it must be. He turned skipper on his own account, although the sailing was rough and the steam launch was tossed about unmercifully.

Many of the company felt weak and looked wan, and had uncertain stomachs when the journey was ended—but what are trifles like these when there is a rollicking stay of two weeks to enjoy?

Were the nymphs ill? Does a butterfly become dizzy from flitting among the flowers? The water lilies thrived—only the hot-house land plants drooped.

There were twin islands—bits of mountainous landscape in the beautiful blue setting of the Pacific. There were beetling crags and unblazed trails—and each morning opened with new wonders, and a better acquaintance with nature.

At the silence and the moon, the nymphs and the players gathered around their camp-fires, and told won-

"Undine" demanded beauties—nymphs—mermaids by no partisanship toward any of the nations of Europe. It has been inspired by a feeling of loyalty toward the United States.

What are your views?

Suppose you analyze it, and write a letter to the Editor of the FILM PLAYERS HERALD. In a few words, tell if you are for, or against, the war films.

Let us have your opinion. If you have seen any of the war pictures, so much the better. If you have not, you must draw your own conclusions, remembering that these pictures show armies in the state of preparation and armies in actual operation, that they show prisoners of war, and that they are built entirely around the war situation in Europe. They are fragmentary—but still they are military.

Your opinion, and our own, can not influence the daily press exhibiting these films. But—your opinion, and ours, may influence a great many persons who view these films and who might forget the real definition of neutrality, and just what neutrality actually means to the United States of America, and all of its citizens.

drous tales of other lands—and marveled at the silence of their retreat. But the cooling breezes fanned slumberers into weary minds, and brought new power to tired bodies. And the days sped by only too quickly.

They were children of nature. Their primal instincts arose and asserted themselves, and they delighted in their labors. Out on locations, away from the mess-tent, they oftentimes forfeited their meals—and on numerous occasions they worked far into the night that some special, weird effect might be secured. And even Mr. Otto, confronted by the seriousness of production, found himself entering into the fun, heart and spirit.

Led by Miss Ida Schnall, principal nymph and diver, the twenty-five beauties made a picture, in their seaweed draped tights, that no artist—no mere mortal—could look upon without admiration—and what the others say, the millions who view "Undine" upon the screen will see—a festival of beauty with the open ocean, and the castellated crags of desert islands, as rare settings.

Not to be outdone by one another, each became a censor for the rest. Should one sport in too much seaweed, she was haled before a court of inquiry and accused of forcing the styles.

During the merry vacation, two learned men invaded the island fastness, to search for prehistoric records. With long spades and profound patience, they dug in the sands, and succeeded in unearthing a human skull and the accompaniment of bones. And Henry Otto recalled the solemn lines from Hamlet, and was dubbed "Exhausted ruler of the society of Bueno Bonitas (good bones)".

When the long shadows of evening had blended with the twilight, and the world's huge gateway phantom forms scurrying into the stygian depths, Douglas Gerrard, who played lead opposite Edna Malson, would spin tales of the navy and foreign lands. And Fred Granville, the cameraman, would tell stories of the frozen trails of Alaska, in the days of the big gold rush to Klondike.

But the islands upon which "Undine" was given its being for Universal patrons, were not without life. Granville succeeded in trapping a red fox, but the "varmint" was not given to affection and bit the hand that fed it, knowing enough about catching wild birds to shift for himself. Four other foxes fell victims of the mighty trappers, and the five were added to the Universal zoo.

In one of the scenes, a dolphin is required, and a make-believe one was constructed, and on its back a daring sirene rode far out to sea. But the little miss who performed the feat declares she saw many of the genuine variety, all of which has been classified as nature-talking by the wiser Universalists at home.

When the fortnight had passed, the company returned to the mainland, and was met by the American players at Santa Barbara. Here the various actors and actresses pretended to make a picture play, but when the frolic had ended, they repaired to the festive board and banqueted.

"Undine" was completed. The happy days and startling nights at Santa Cruz were over—and the water nymphs once more scattered to their respective beaches, to dream of the days gone by.

There were twin islands—mountainous land...
The Riches of Midas and Croesus: Mere Pin-Money Compared with the World's Most Lavish Amusement and Most Astounding Industry!

The Billion Dollar Pastime

Let us see how big the movie story is, set to figures—thousands, millions, tens of millions.

The smallest price charged is 5¢. In the large cities, most of the better class of playhouses charge 15¢ and 25¢, but the great majority charge a dime. Suppose we were to place the average at 8¢. That would mean $12,600,000 paid every week, and for fifty-two weeks the total would be $653,200,000. This is a modest estimate. Indeed, it is a very low estimate, because the seating capacity will undoubtedly be far greater than we have indicated. Therefore, we may take as the absolute minimum, the sum of $653,200,000, as the amount of money paid by the American public to see the pictures.

Now—just to prove how modest this estimate really is—let us take "The Birth of a Nation" as an example of what a big feature can do financially. This play, on January 5, 1915, completed a solid run of one year in the city of Chicago alone. For 365 days it gave two shows a day. That meant 730 shows in one year. First, it was at the Illinois Theatre, and later it was at the Colonial Theatre—the seating capacity of each being over 1,500. Certainly 1,500 persons on the average viewed "The Birth of a Nation" during each of these 720 performances. That meant 1,050,000 paid admissions. Half of this seating capacity was sold at $1.00 a seat. This would amount to $424,500. The balance of the house was sold at 75¢ and 50¢ and 25¢, or at an average of 50¢; making another $273,750, or a total of $698,250. Nothing has been said here as to the receipts from the exhibitors, but they are based on facts that even the most casual observation would have learned.

At the same time, this same play was running to capacity in New York, Boston, and other large cities, and at this time it is being exhibited in smaller cities. "The Birth of a Nation" undoubtedly has gathered in $8,000,000 or more, at the time it has run the generally considered popular run.

"The Million Dollar Mystery" was exhibited in 2,500 picture theatres at one time; or, in other words, during the days of the early releases. There were 2 weekly episodes, and we understand that the price charged was about $25 an episode, or about $575 for the series as a whole. At this rate, 2,500 theatres alone, would have paid a rental fee for the films of $4,137,500. Hundreds of other theatres ran these pictures long after the first release dates, and then the series went to England and had as heavy a run there. The figures presented have nothing to do with what the public paid at the box offices at these hundreds of theatres. But there is one fact that will convey a very clear idea of what this film industry is worth to the film industry. The Syndicate Film Corporation, that distributed "The Million Dollar Mystery"—or $106,000 corporation—paid in excess of 70%, to its stockholders on the basis of par.

Let us see how big the movie story is, set to figures—thousands, millions, tens of millions.

The World's Most Remarkable Business

The moving picture business is unquestionably the world's most remarkable and fastest growing branch of commercial endeavor. It has grown so rapidly that there are not even any dependable statistics; because, at the time they are compiled, greater growth has occurred. The great film organizations that are so familiar to us today, date back but a few years. Few of them existed before 1900.

Although the cinemograph was invented in the 'nineties, the moving picture business is a twentieth century institution. It has been estimated variously as the fifth, and fourth, and as the third industry in importance in the United States. A better idea of how it ranks may be gained by reference to statistics.

All classes of manufacturing in the United States put forth $2,500,000,000 yearly, exclusive of livestock. The operating revenue of the United States is about $8,000,000,000 annually. There are, in the United States, over 25,000 banks—but the banking business should not necessarily be taken as a separate industry, but rather as an adjunct to all other industries. This, then, would place the motion picture business forth in line; or, counting the movie theatres, fifth, sixth, seventh, etc., in order.

The motion picture business today amounts to more than the automobile industry. It is about ten times as important as the iron and steel industry. It is about equal with the products of flour and grain mills. It is about four times as important as the carriage and wagon industry. It is practically equal to the entire steel industry. It is about equal with the products of flour and grain mills. It is about four times as important as the carriage and wagon industry. It is practically equal to the entire steel industry.

The motion picture business today amounts to more than the automobile industry. It is about ten times as important as ship-building. It is worth anywhere from five to eight times as much as all of the agricultural implements manufactured. It is about equal with the products of flour and grain mills. It is about four times as important as the carriage and wagon industry. It is practically equal to the entire steel industry. It is about equal with the products of flour and grain mills. It is about four times as important as the carriage and wagon industry. It is practically equal to the entire steel industry.

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ceeded—a great many of them have won in a tremendous way. We know exhibitors who have realized 100% and better on their investment ever since they started with it, which means that since they first saw a picture playhouse on State Street, Chicago, that is said to be clearing over $100,000 annually.

The story of the growth of the motion picture industry has been so rapid that, wherever moving picture theatres were without experience in the theatrical management. Apart from general fundamental business experiences, the new industry had the advantage of any precedent to guide them. And yet in the late 1890's in the United States alone for the purpose of being entertained by the silent drama, has probably paid out of $3,000,000,000 within the past six or seven years.

The World's Most Lavish Business

NOT only is the motion picture industry the most important factor in the growth of all industries, but it is the most lavish of them all. The Census Bureau stated that in the year 1914, the average number of persons in attendance at a day's show was one and a half, and in New York City the average was nearly three. During the early days of picture manufacturing, there was the occasional extra, but this was supplanted rapidly by realism of the most lusty and realistic kind.

In May, 1916, there was a new film, "The Birth of a Nation," Mr. Griffith's production that will likely be released to the public in the autumn of 1916. This is being produced at the Pine Arts studios near Los Angeles, California. This picture, which is in fact a long-play, will be a silent, but this was supplanted rapidly by realism of the most lusty and realistic kind.

To convey a fair idea of what is really spent to entertain the public, let us refer to a coming David Wark Griffith production. The Wark Griffith production that will likely be released to the public in the autumn of 1916. This is being produced at the Pine Arts studios near Los Angeles, California. This picture, which is in fact a long-play, will be a silent, but this was supplanted rapidly by realism of the most lusty and realistic kind.

The American Picture-Play the Standard

A LL over the world, the American picture-play is the standard. In the beginning we were running the oldfashioned two-reelers. The war came on and converted the European studios into Red Cross hospitals and sent the actors and actresses to work in the Red Cross hospitals to save our nurses. And, in the meantime, the picture industry increased in financial importance until it has become one of the most important industries in the world, and it is entertaining the world. It speaks the language of action, which is the language of the present age.

The actors and actresses we have learned to love on the screen are loved as dearly and sincerely by the people of the world. Our own, our millions and billions are supplied by other millions and billions. And we are pleased to know that we have explored the realms of the possible and the impossible.

The refinement of this new art has been so remarkable that the most absurd melodrama has been silenced. The slushy melodrama has gradually receded before the flood of the new art. The demand has been to produce the highest possible realism, and a great deal of substitution and trickery has been done away with. The actors and actresses have taken on the formation of the new art, and the public has been satisfied with nothing less. The magic of the screen has become a reality, and the people have been riveted to the pictures.

New industries have sprung up on every hand to furnish the movie folk with all the necessary requirements of their industry. New industries have sprung up on every hand to furnish the movie folk with all the necessary requirements of their industry. New industries have sprung up on every hand to furnish the movie folk with all the necessary requirements of their industry.

And the millions and the billions are still poured into the picture studios. When the public begins to show any signs of losing interest, the producers are sure to make a bid for the public's favor. The producers are sure to make a bid for the public's favor. The producers are sure to make a bid for the public's favor.
THE GOVERNOR'S WIFE

By MARY RIDPATH-MANN

Illustrated by J. T. NOLF

"THAT WILL be all for to-day, Hardy." The secretary who had just deposited a package of typewritten manuscript on the Governor's desk quietly left the room. As soon as he was gone the latter rose, walked to the window and looked down the street. It was a cold, wet November day. Summer had lingered long and had taken its departure suddenly. In one day the trees had been swept bare and the wind in fitful gusts was blowing the rain along the streets. The heart of the man who looked from the window of his office in the capitol building was heavy. He was being put to a cruel test.

He turned back to the desk and for a moment idly fingered the manuscript. "THE PEOPLE vs. LEONARD HOLLISTER" he read. He turned the first few pages slowly, then suddenly pushed it aside.

"I can't do it to-night," he said to himself. "I'm too tired, too troubled. I'll go home to---to Ruth." He closed his desk, got his hat and coat and went out. A moment later he walked quickly down the steps to where his car was waiting. The man sprang from his seat and held open the door.

"A bad night, sir," he said.

"See it is," the Governor replied. "And---Duffy!"

"Drive carefully. The streets are slippery and I'm always fearful of hurting someone on a night like this."

A few moments later the car drew up in front of his own door. When he entered a slender figure in a soft blue gown had just reached the foot of the stairs. She looked up and smiled bravely—such a sad little smile. He took her in his arms and pressed his face against her own.

"Ruth, dear!" was all he could say. He was reading a story one often finds it pleasant (and not impossible) to skip the preliminary explanations. But in writing one such thing is possible. The events which led up to this experience in the Governor's life must be recorded somewhat in detail. Paul Sterling was a man of thirty-five—not handsome, but with a countenance on which was wrought rugged strength of character and the plainness of which was redeemed by a pair of finely formed hands and a mouth of sardonic tenderness. Life had not been kind to him in his childhood. He had fought his way to manhood as best he could, working his way through college and later through the Law School. The result was inevitable. He was that type of man who, in every matter where he is placed, unconsciously creates confidence in himself. Men soon came to regard him as dependable, to entrust him with legal affairs of which would make or break them. And there was not to be found among these men a single one who could be moved to admit that Sterling ever betrayed his trust.

But Sterling himself could not remember a time when a man of public address had not appealed to him. To be a law-maker, a member of the legislature, of the House of Representatives or the Senate of the United States? To be Governor of the State in which he was a citizen, or to represent his government at some foreign court? These were positions which would have been the envy of most men. From his own experience he had learned much, and when he finished the Law School and was looking about for a desirable place in which to begin his life work he put in his application for a position in the Hillsdale population which lay behind those cities and towns, and to the end of his life he looked back upon this experience as the most profitable investment he had ever made. Finally he chose his location, settled down into his seat and held open the door.

When he looked back on it afterward like this."

It was near the end of his term in the legislature that he had met Ruth Hollister. It was at a reception given by the woman who was acknowledged to be at the head of things social at the capital city. Like many others he had been with her, he knew that what was coming. As much to his own as to any one else's surprise Sterling found himself fiercely and passionately denouncing the condition of affairs then existing and calling upon those present, as loyal citizens of a State they all loved, to put a stop to it once and forever.

The effect of that speech was galvanic. Those who had the corporation's interests in their minds promptly scented trouble. Those who really wanted cleaner politics, and yet had not had the courage to fight for the same, began to sit up and take notice! Sterling suddenly found himself a man of affairs—pulled at from both sides. But at the end of his second term, three years later, the corporation had to admit that it had made no headway with him.

It seemed not to be a man who, no matter where he is placed, unconsciously creates confidence in himself. Men soon came to regard him as dependable, to entrust him with legal affairs of which would make or break them. And there was not to be found among these men a single one who could be moved to admit that Sterling ever betrayed his trust.

As he did so he looked at her curiously. She seemed changed somehow since last night.
for a moment inside the hall of the Hollister home he suddenly found himself crushing the little hand she had shaken in both his own and talking rapidly, brokenly.

"I don't know what it is that you have done to me, you dear little girl! Nor do I know what you will think. But—I love you. I do. I know it just as well as I know—"

"Don't be angry, little girl—will you?"

"How could I? It—I think it's a compliment when you like a man. We can't help it. We don't think about the things that we know."

"Who made you Governor of this State?" he thundered. "Why, I did!"

"Do be sensible, Paul," she said. "Why—you haven't time to be bothered with me while you're campaigning. Get on with the first thing. Afterward—we'll have all the time there is, and—"

"Besides, I might have an awful disappointment coming. Instead of being the Governor's lady perhaps I'll be just the wife of a poor old lawyer."

He laughed, but a moment afterward said, "Why should I do anything else, Ruth?"

Gorman's prophecy was fulfilled. When the returns were in it was found that Sterling's majority was overwhelming. Ruth was not aware that her husband had taken a step too far. So many of his schemes were linked together that disaster in one meant the wreck of another and finally the crash came. When the investigation was complete it was the same old story. Hollister had enriched himself at the expense of his depositors, his stockholders and customers. Something started a run on the bank of which he was at the head. It had to close the doors. The stockholders found their certificates not worth more than they paid for them. Hollister was arrested, tried, convicted and was awaiting sentence.

III

IT WAS at this point that Sterling's troubles began. One morning Ruth had gone down ahead of him, and as he emerged from the bath room, glowing and clean, a few moments later he was startled almost out of his senses to see her come teeming up to the last with the morning paper in her hands. Her eyes were wild and her face as white as chalk. She sprang to her.

"Ruth! Why—what's the matter, dear?"

"Oh, Paul!—it can't be true!" she asked piteously.

A glance at the headlines told him the story.

"Who made you Governor of this State?" he thundered. But now—

"You're making it hard, Ruth. Suppose it hurts?"

"Suppose it hurts? Why should we wait until after the election, dear?"

"Dear,—I will. The whole truth, Paul. All of it. I want—"

"You know what the newspapers are—they exaggerate things. It may have been a mistake."

"But—there is something," she said with a shiver.

"Oh, Paul—you knew!"

"You knew, dear. I knew only that the bank with which your father was connected failed yesterday. I know no more what lay behind that failure than you."

"I know, Paul—"

"There is no limit to the pressure which was brought to bear upon Sterling to pardon him. After the manner of his kind Hollister himself gave vent to his feelings in words.
"Wait, Hollister! What you said and did had nothing to do with my election. The people elected me." 

"At so much per vote!" he sneered. "And what about Ruth? Do you think she would have married you if she had known that you'd send me to Sing Sing? You know she wouldn't!"

"Stop! Leave Ruth out of the question. You know what I am, Hollister—what I stand for, I have always stood for. It has come now to a question of your ruin or mine. If I were to pardon you, I should be the most thoroughly despised man in the State and I would deserve it. I haven't committed a crime. You have. You have no right to ask me to rule myself to save you!"

The next day Tom had come. His had been a different method, and it was much harder to resist.

"I don't want to ask you to go against your own convictions, Sterling. You know how much I think of you, and I admire your courage more than I can say.

"But for God's sake, Sterling, isn't there of it? Some honorable way that you can save him—such pleas as his, plucky little Ruth had not said a word! But she had crept so closely into his heart that she had known that he was all I had. And you're my husband—and I love you, too—more now than ever. So I

"I'll sleep in my own room to-night, Ruth. It will be late when I get through. I will not disturb you. It was after midnight when he finished. He went to bed and although weary almost to exhaustion he found himself unable to go to sleep. It seemed to him that he had lain there for hours when suddenly he was startled by hearing the door open softly and by seeing dimly a slender, white-clad figure enter. He sat up quickly.

"Ruth! Are you ill, dear?"

"No. But so tired and unhappy, Paul. May I come in with you?"

"Of course, dear. Why—your hands are like ice. Have you been crying?"

"No."

She sat quietly for a while, then with a quick breath and in a voice that wrenched his heart.

"Oh, Paul! Forgive me! I've tried so hard not to ask you, but—can't you?"

It was really only a moment until he answered. But it had been a terrible thing to occupy you and wouldn't be lonesome.

"I can't. I'm trying to do what's right—what is best for us both. I can't stand it, Paul. I must go, Paul."

"But—you could keep him from going, Paul."

"Do you want me to do that?" he asked sternly.

"N—no," she faltered, "not if you think it is wrong. Oh, Paul, she said brokenly, "I don't know what I want. I only know that I must not bring disgrace upon you. I can't help being his daughter, you know. But I can help—"

"Stop, Ruth! What do I care what you are or who you are? Do you think this catastrophe can change me? I love you, Ruth."

She shook her head sadly.

"No, Paul. I don't think that. Neither can it change me or make me do anything I wouldn't make myself do. I could endure it. But not for you, dear. I'm going back—home, Paul. That's where I belong. I ought to have done it sooner and to have spared you what I did—last night. I would always be a handicap, a drag upon you, with this terrible thing hanging over my head. I must go, Paul."

"Will leaving me make you any less my wife, Ruth?"

"No. In a way it will not. But people will have more respect for us both. They will realize that I could not have acted otherwise and that you could not have helped me. It was my father's daughter. But they will also realize that you could not be false to your convictions, Paul—and that—why—I'm—going back."

She slipped the little circle of gold from her finger and laid it down on the desk. It was gone. The whole earth seemed to have crumpled beneath his feet.

"Good-bye, Paul," she said softly. Then she went quickly out.

He sat as one stunned, hopeless. The whole earth seemed to have crumpled beneath his feet.
IN MY SHORT, but varied career, I have spent many a pleasant day, but never one like the time I called on the two Triangle favorites, Dorothy Gish and Mae Marsh. I'm not sure but I'm pretty sure they are two of the sweetest, most unsophisticated girls it has ever been my good fortune to meet. They just bubble over with glibness. And loveliness! The sweetest thing from their minds: Mae insists that Dorothy is the greatest little actress on the screen, and "Dor" vice versa. And that is something new in the film world—I know, I've been acting and producing for a good many years.

Hearing that these two charming children—for that's what they are—were in New York, and remembering how they used to be the life of the Biograph Company in the good, old days—I phoned, making an appointment with them.

Unfortunately Miss Marsh was sick in bed—only a cold, fortunately, but Dorothy, who was acting as her nurse, promised to overlook a point, and arranged that I should see her. What other actress would do a thing like that? Nine out of ten—yes, nine-nineteen out of a hundred would tell you a sad tale of Miss Marsh's illness and then swear to you that it was all a horrid melodrama, and got them to a place of safety. Just think, they lived in a tent for over a month! Wasn't that exciting? I nodded agreement.

"But brave Mrs. Marsh didn't even get frightened. She hurried up even some of her half-dozen children, and got them to a place of safety. Now, dear, don't you believe her," But Dorothy insisted, and as she was reading the American War, I thought I had been there long enough, I started kicking away the door, and the nasty old actress just dodged, saying, "Now, don't you mean that?"

"Mean is no name for it," I agreed.

So Dorothy and her sister both took me to the studio one day. I was awfully surprised. "For I thought I had been there long enough, I started kicking away the door, and the nasty old actress just dodged, saying, "Now, don't you mean that?"

"Mean is no name for it," I agreed.

So Dorothy and her sister both took me to the studio one day. I was awfully surprised. "It's queer that they should let you in," said Miss Marsh, "but it's no name for it."

"Oh, but isn't that a wonderful time?" Dorothy said.

"Oh, but doesn't that move pictures," complained Dorothy, "tell him what you are doing now.

"That doesn't interest Mr. Rex," was the reply, "does it?"

I said it did.

"Oh, it was a terrible time playing in 'The Mother and the Law' under the direction of Mr. Griffith, and I'm taking a vacation now. Just as soon as I go back to the Triangle Company, I'll want to hear girls in a picture under Mr. Ingraham's direction. I understand, that, that is the production of the Majestic."

Miss Marsh, "I tell you what you are doing now.

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YOU HAVE been in Santa Barbara—the city that
is built in the nestling shadow of the hills, and
with their great forests and their choicest of
flowers? Have you been there since the Ameri-
can came to town, and made the picturesque little
city the real story-book of the continent? No? Then
you have missed a page from Arabian Nights—a chapter
from Greek Mythology. For it is in Santa Barbara
that the American has its being, and it is in
the American you would find so many stars of the screen
you love. When the chill winds of Winter blow, you
still go to your favorite theatre if these stars are
billed. And when you go home again, all the hurts
of the day are healed. You have lived with them, as
they can make you live, and you have sniffed the brac-
ing salt air with them, and you have wandered among
the roses and geraniums with them, and you have sat
beneath the umbrella and pepper trees with them, or
wandered down to the golden sands of the beautiful
beach.

And yet, it is not climate wholly that makes a studio
—or is it architecture—nor the sea or sky or the pro-
fusion of flowers: although all these adjuncts help.
It is the spirit—the art—the human element that you
love, and the American has these in equal profusion
with the flowers and the sunshine.

Let us say you are in the American studio now—the
wonderful play factory that is pictured here for
you—with the billowing Pacific on the one hand,
and the mighty hills on the other. You are in the
wondrous perfume of Southern California—"Our
Italy." You are in tune with all mankind—in har-
mony with the universe—at peace and ready for the
intrOductions, with your heart playing a merry tattoo
against your ribs, by way of anticipation.

SHALL WE start at the front office first? Very
well. Then here is Mr. S. S. Hutchinson—the gen-
eral, big-hearted Mr. Hutchinson, who believes in
deserting the sunshine of his storyland for the move
wOlld commercial, smoke-laden atmosphere of a mid-
western town called Chicago, where the American had
its birth back in the days when Warren Kerrigan was
with them. Even now, Mr. Hutchinson is asked what
name of Warren, "His brother, Jack," they say, "is
with the other company. But Warren?"

Here is one of those men, Hutchinson, who never
strikes terror to the hearts of his employees. They
are for him, and it is a dreary day he departs east-
ward, and a happy day when he returns. But let us
complete our introduction: Mr. Hutchinson, this is
the great American public, touring a while, and wish-
ing to thank you for your beautiful Beauty Brand pic-
tures. Now, we feel more at home!

Mr. Hutchinson is the deliberative head. He is the
man who weighs things, and sees through the concre-
t walls of abstract problems—a sort of human X-Ray.
And what he sees, he sees correctly. He is the big
man of the studio—a big man among the big men of
the world of the films.

But his wonderfully good nature will not sanction
anything unfair. Try to ride him, and you will think
that all the bronchos and mustangs of the west were
turned loose in uniform riot—if riot is ever uniform,
except in its persistent lack of uniformity. This does
not mean that Mr. Hutchinson is an "cat-em-aly" person, because he isn't at all—no, really. He is as
gentle as a forgiving heart, but he is a manager.

ON the right hand of every throne, there is a
chancellor. And the chancellor of the American
kingdom is P. G. Lynch, studio manager during his
regular occupation, and big boss when the big, big
boss is away. There is a real classical cast of features here,
and there is a thicket of gray hair—but the grayness is
external only, for Mr. Lynch has high voltage, and per-
sistent energy. Mr. Lynch has never been known to
lose his temper—nor has he ever been known to ease
up on himself, and rest. He is all over the studio
all at once—and the most approachable man on earth.
And Miss Allison! But Miss Allison says she has a little story all her own this time—and the cover! She is going to invite you over to her own little inglenook in this issue. She is very independent too. But all the same, aren't you glad I kept her here long enough to say, "Hello"?

W HY, there are Vivian Rich and Harold Vosburg. Oh, surely you must meet them. Miss Rich and Mr. Vosburg, here a moment, and grip the eager hand of the American public. Nice for real friends to greet one another so intimately—what? Those dark eyes, and those raven tresses! Truly, there is no one else in the film at all like Miss Rich. And the actors who have played opposite her always declare that she takes her parts so easily, it is a privilege and a pleasure to work with her. And Harold Vosburg; you remember him well when he was with Vitagraph. He is tall, and dark, and handsome. He is an ideal stage lover. The girls and women are all for him. It is a pleasure, really, to meet him here right at work. You could tell at a glance how he loves his labors.

Having met so many of the famous, it would seem almost a sufficient treat for one day. But, American public, here are Miss Winnifred Greenwood, Ed. Oxen and George Field—and where could you find a more interesting trio? Miss Greenwood is every whit as successful and popular on the screen as she was on the speaking stage, and you know what a name she made for herself there. These players have been working together so long and so successfully, it really seems as though we had known them always as the great American trio. George Field has several distinctions, and not the least of them is being husband of Winnifred Greenwood. If you had the time, you would enjoy a quiet little visit with them in their dainty bungalow. When he is not doing character and heavy work, at which he is as well known as some men are at being president, George does gardening, and he has mastered all the tricks. On the stage, George did almost everything—acting, acrobatics, the legitimate, burlesque shows—everything that acting demands. Ed. Oxen is a dramatic actor of mettle and worth, and he nearly develops writers' cramp signing pictures. Tall, gentlemanly, determined, he goes into his work to win—and he wins.

A ND NOW, meet, please, this dainty little lady who is coming up stronger and brighter all the while in your favor: Dainty little Miss Helene Rosson. Only seventeen, she is already widely known. She is splendid at emotional work and in light comedy parts. Fair, slender, petite—and dressed in a style all her own, she is winsome and lovable. Helene is under the direction of Frank Borzage, who also plays leads in their pictures. He is magnets on the screen, these two. Many letters come pouring in upon Helene, being a very earnest girl, she realizes that it is a privilege to have a place in the hearts of Americans. But Helene is not the only Rosson at the studio. There are, besides, Queen and Dick, and Queen is the sweetest little bundle of femininity ever. Look at her—now, honestly, is that not true? Dick adores his sister and loves his work, and he is getting along famously in juvenile roles. Dick is not so young as he looks. His head is filled with good, serviceable gray matter and he plays the violin with a touch of genius.

And now, permit me to introduce you to those famous English artists, Arthur Maude and Constance Crawley, who head one of the feature companies of the American. Mr. Maude directs and acts, and these artists have made wonderful names for themselves through their capable work. Maude is robust, hearty, aggressive, and Miss Crawley is gentle, very expressive, and gifted in her remarkable dramatic action.

As a pet, she has a monkey, that is always with her, and is a great favorite around the studio. And now you must meet William Russell and Charlotte Burton, in this issue. She is very independent too. But all the same, aren't you glad I kept her here long enough to say, "Hello"?

B UT WHAT! would a studio be without comedians? American public, this way, please, while I introduce John Stepping and Johnny Sheehan—the stout and the slender of theirth-provokers at the American. In company with Carol Halloway, they are responsible for an abundance of wholesome humor. And now meet Eugene Ford and Mrs. Chance Ward, prominent members of the great organization—with long speaking stage and picture experience, who would not be removed from Santa Barbara with anything gentler than granite.

And here is Harry Von Meter, who acted with me at one time in the old Nestor studio. Everything he does, is notable. He is a fine chap, Harry. Watch him—and ask for him.

And here is William Stowell. You'll admit his good looks and his efficient all-round acting. He was once with the Selig forces, but you see him frequently with Harold Lockwood and May Allison.

And Neva Gerber? I am sorry—very sorry—but Neva is not here any more. Again, some time? Maybe. Let us hope.

And if here isn't E. Forrest Taylor of the "Flying A" forces. He has had a wealth of speaking stage experience, and the big men in the game have complimented him much on the success he has scored on the screen.

And you must also know the producers, because you depend on them about as much as upon the actor-folk. Here is Tom Bicketts who was formerly with the Sessanay, Nestor and Universal. He produced "Damaged Goods," and he has produced many other noteworthy masterpieces.

And let me make you acquainted, also, with Charles Bartlett and William Bertram, two more of the essential American producers, busy always on the directing end.

You have often seen Bud and Chick Morrison, the high-salaried cowboys. They are fine chaps, surely—the leaders of the American cowboy bunch, and not one would leave the American for all the ranches around the Sierras.

Y OU never thought there were so many? Well, well. A pleasant afternoon we've had? Don't forget the countless pleasant evenings these artists of the American have in store for you! A happy time has come that has called for no end of hard work. The American forces have been selected with great care. Truly, this is a famous aggregation of gifted stars. And, again, think of the various companies. Each one is a separate entity—just as distinct as though it were a separate corporation; each unit its own directing and producing forces; each requiring its own special kind of plays and demanding its own element of preparation. But great and diversified though we must admit the American to be, it is operated smoothly, free from friction. That is one of the reasons why the American produces such splendid plays that have gained in popularity at a rate that brings forth no end of commendation from the great film public in this country and abroad.

Indeed, the American Company is the enter-
August, the twenty-eighth:

I

had a splendid offer from the Star company to

revive your contract with a princely salary as

an add. I suppose I ought to be delighted, but I'm

not more interested in my flowers outside. Diary,

you should see my garden! Already, it is a spot-

and the scenery in a fairy tale—a tangible result

of the power of money. There are nooks to dream in—

plant whote and pink. Something must be done about

the world's sorrows and lives close to the great throbbing

heart of Nature. It is willed—not, I hope, through selfish-

ness but to make it a haven in time of despair. (I had to

smile over that last line, diary! From the way I talk of "despair," depression, "blue imps," etc.,

one would judge I'm subject to periodic fits of the

stumps. Not so. I love jollity, and am still a mis-

chievous sort of a guy, and, furthermore, I don't treat

the whole globe to "close-ups" of my brain-glooms as

I do for you.)

Any way, my garden is a wilderness of bloom, with

cool, shaded paths and a glinting little pond of gold-

fish and lilies nodding on the edge. There are big,

sprawling chairs, weathered, grated, where an arm and

a book finish an A-1 trinity of contentment. There are

places, flower-twined and fragrant, where only a

group of white-clad women with their sewing is needed

to make a symphony of peace. And there is one place

—just big enough for two — when the moon

dreams down roses on gold hair and blue eyes . . .

the air is suffocating with a heaviness of perfume . . .

Heavens on earth. Diary, where oh? I am spilling

funny juicy saccarine English all over this page, with

the naughtiness of a long-haired poet or an American

schoolgirl on her first night in Venice!

About that contract. Myres of the Invincible is in

town. I guess that he has heard rumors of the Star's

efforts to get me. My contract here expires on Oct.

first, and, if I don't get a few things I've been hinting

about the financial gains during the two years I have

worked for him. To make a long story short, he coolly

offered me a hundred thousand per and a five-year

contract! This was ten thousand better than the Star's

offer so, with the camera for the weekly grinning away

before me, I signed up. Also, as I thought, Steele

and Thompson has yet to be found. Alice Marchant will

play with me until Myers and Thompson can decide

which way to said my future pathway.

It had a splendid offer from the Star company to

the studio today. Grecely, Thompson's right-hand

camera man, married one of the extras—a little girl, who can do really

clever writing. This has set me thinking. I don't want

my wife to be an actress—or any other sort of

a professional woman. I suppose I'm old-fashioned—
a prig, anything you choose to call me—but I don't

want her face flashed all over this globe in all its

changing sweetness for the delectation of a fickle pub-

lic. Imagine marrying one's leading woman for in-

stance! Where would be the happiness springing from

a first exultant kiss, if that kiss had been done to

order at any author's whim, in a busy studio, a thou-

sand times before?

Then the work is hard. I feel sorry for lots of the

ladies. Ever seen a face in filmdom that equals hers, I'll resign

myself from the theatre! Some of them have the
grit and perseverance to win at all hazards but most

of them are little moths, bruising their bloom against

the white light of Allurement. The public wants en-
tertainment—thrills and the kind of fascination that
dares the censors—and, if a little girl loses all that's

best in life in the providing of it, what does the world

care? I have great respect for the real artists in the

film game but Success has its price. Never forget

that, diary—something vital is its demand. It may

be the giving up of loved ones—and God knows that

is hard enough; it may be the sacrifice of home and

future pathway. Take it any way you like, diary. Fame is artificial, and, stripped

of its surroundings, is barren.

Therefore, "in conclusion of my discourse," let me

say that it is all right for me to hang by feet off telegraph poles, or ride bucking broncos,

or breathe gasolines of sulphur fumes, but—Mrs. Daniel Darwood stays at home and
gives pink teas!

October—Sunday, the 5th:

I

have not seen you to day at my desk—

standing wide-eyed and miserable at your friendly

page and Henriette Lee on my heads—

the—the thing that happened to me yesterday.

The sun may rise on a day, apparently colorless and

before it sinks in the west the trend of a life may

be changed. If anybody had told me yesterday that

a perfect stranger would daub streaks of misery all

through my system before night, well, at least,

I would have questioned his judgment! If it had

happened in a scenario, I should have said the author

had a clear idea of sequence, plot, technique—and

punch! Because it happened in broad daylight, in a

fashionable Los Angeles residence, and to me, hasn't

yet eliminated the "punch," ginger, or anything else

favorable from the situation, I can assure you.

Thompson suggested to the golf links for me yester-

day, about three, asking me to come down to the

S—summer and be his guest. I thought about it,

business. As it happened, Karsi was still in front of

the club-house with my car, so I left at once, wonder-

ing what had happened, and of the fact of having to

have up my Saturday afternoon game. Thompson was pacing the lobby when I arrived,

with Thompson and Grieeley talking business, and as excited as could be.

"We'll settled," began, rather curtly.

"Darwood, I have made a find in a lead for you!

A girl who is a queen, with—"

"See here, Thompson, do you mean to say that you
called me down here to say that you have raked up

a woman to play for the Invincible?"

"Just hear me out, patiently," he insisted, and

pushed me down upon a seat near by.

"I saw her on the street this morning, and if

there is a face in filmdom that equals hers, I'll resign
tomorrow. Darwood, I tell you there is a fortune in

her. She is tiny, the dauntless fascinating type the

public adores. A perfect blonde, with eyes that thrilled
me even as she passed me. She is the girl of a life-
time, all temperament to her finger-tips—"

"How in the name of common sense can you tell

'temperament' when you pass it on the street?"

"And the ability to back it," he continued serenely.

"I had no idea of losing her. She got into an electric

right here in front of the S——and I hailed a taxi

and followed her. When she reached her home, I

followed her in and sent up my business card. That

brought the girl and her mother down right away—

I've an idea they sensed my mission. The mother

was gray with fright, she said that one was one of this

ambitious kind, but the girl was as indifferent and cool as

could be, over the whole affair. Funny thing, too,

when I told her she might reasonably expect to play

opposite you, she seemed peculiarly agitated——'

here Thompson broke off with a blunt laugh—"over-

come with the honor!"

A swift stab of comprehension stabbed my brain.

I dared not let myself think, but followed Thompson

to the curb, dismissed Karsi, and in a moment

we were off in his gray roadster.

No matter what follows in this world or the world

to come, I can never forget the look in the little

girl's eyes as she came into the library of her home

and saw Thompson—and me. Evidently, he had

not told her that he expected to return with me, for keen,

blighting remembrance struggled with her politeness

as she acknowledged the introduction. Diary, of

course you didn't get over it—

I sat mute, while Thompson outlined his case. The

girl sent for her mother—not once did she glance in

our direction. She listened patiently to Thompson's

ravings and, from her attitude, I sensed his failure

and exulted over it. The mother came in, fluttering

opposite you, she seemed peculiarly agitated——'

here Thompson broke off with a blunt laugh—"over-

come with the honor!"

Diary of Daniel Darwood

A Chronicle of a Movie Idol's Hopes and Aspirations—Part 3

By MABEL BROWN SHERARD
The girl. But I knew that I couldn’t prove my loyalty to the Invincible that way. I was suddenly as anxious as I could be. I determined to slip behind the camera, slide a set through the glass, and make a clean sweep. I followed this course, and soon set my fears at rest about the world as he dried my face.

"Darwood, I know it is unreasonable to expect you to take up this picture on the gallop, but I am not going to need you until after twelve. I’ve arranged so that, you can look over the script. At four o’clock, I’llfinish those gang scenes and then I am going to do the fire scene, where you rescue "Molly" from the tenement. I’ll use the scenes we had in the Morton picture and it will be the real thing. One of the extras can double for Miss Grayson. By the way, that girl is a wonder! She has acted a test scene—a hard one at that—with more grace and grace than I ever dreamed possible. Talk about technique! The child doesn’t need the word in her vocabulary. I wouldn’t be afraid to advertise her as star in a million-dollar serial tomorrow! She would make good, too.

"Eighth wonder of the world!" I just couldn’t keep it back.

But my sarcasm was lost on Thompson. After a few hurried directions he strode away, and I went to my dressing-room to look over the story. It was good, and I found myself warming up—a sort of afterglow, from Thompson’s burning zeal. I spent the morning looking after my scenes and choosing my clothes.

At twelve, I did an interior and was free until the fire scene at four.

Down on the studio property, we had a row of two-story shacks, which made an ideal setting for the yarn. Thompson had his hucksters swarming realistically over the interminable street, a horde of dirty children playing at the front and frothy matrons calling from door to door, when I went down at three for the downstairs scene. Her hair was streamlining down, her dress ragged and dirty, and Heaven alone knows where she found the shoes she was wearing. But the course, filthy garb could not conceal the whiteness of her skin, nor the daintiness of her fingers and hair. The opening at her throat revealed the vicious}
THE PRETENSES OF PAULINE

The Story of the Dirty Little Boy

By PAULINE BUSH

R. PUG-DOG (Christopher Columbus) and myself often talked about the little boy and his pony. He was not a very clean little boy and his clothes were ragged and patched, but Christopher Columbus liked him because he was always very friendly and didn't have sense enough to know it! In love with a girl who hated me and had every reason to believe me an insufferable cad! I managed to blurt out that my closed car (for which I had slowed up because Christopher's signal of disapproval) had been tied up with a thong of rags and that the pony was a little ragged and patched, so I frowned. He looked away and got red.

"I knew it could mean but one thing—this ultimate happiness in his heart.

I want to go home, where I could be alone—and yet, I went to the studio. I looked at myself in the dressing-room mirrors. Heaven, what a sight I was! My shirt was in ribbons, the collar matted and wet from the drippings from that rag, with which they had wrenched my face. My white flannel trousers were black, and didn't have sense enough to know it! In love with a girl who hated me and had every reason to believe me an insufferable cad!"

(To be Continued.)
COLD JOHN HILDERETH but have guessed the reason of his daughter’s radiance that afternoon his forebodings would have been even more intense. At something in her face, he thought, he shivered and sparkled and under the influence of her youthful enthusiasm the load on his own heart lightened. It was as though a part of her happiness had been shared by some- thing in her eyes, and his spirits were a bit too high to be altogether natural. But he dismissed the thought almost as soon as it came.

Barry sat up slowly. He had been the most methodical. Roxana laughingly declared that she had no need of a time piece. She knew that after dinner he would be so busy with his studies that he would ignore his customary evening reading hour and that during that hour he would be utterly oblivious to either his work, his exercise, her inclination, his coffee, or her cooking.

As soon as her father was buried in his book, however, she slipped up to his room. From beneath the drape she shook out the little village post-mistress had handed her that afternoon and the contents of which she already knew by heart. She opened and read it again:

1. The gods are kind, oh Best Beloved! Shall I be in the mountains on Thursday? Come to dear-eight o’clock—the old place. I love you!

2. I put the letter back in its hiding place and looked at the clock on the table opposite it. Seven-fifteen: Three-quarters of an hour to wait! But—Barry was coming after all. She thought of a book that she had seen him last and told him she could not come again until after their legal fight was disposed of. She wished he was here now and she would see him in three-quarters of an hour!

Roxana wished ardently that she could keep her own thoughts to herself for no one knew of them. She placed them up in a package, so to speak, and put them out of sight for a little while. But she could not. So she picked up her book and drifted to the street, two blocks moments away until she should see him again, she went back over the events of the past year.

In her mix-up of emotions and sensations with her father during which she had so emphatically expressed her views upon the subject of marriage that she could not think of him but as a person of business. To his mind there could be no moral or emotional moment in the history of his daughter, except the thing which was uppermost in her own thoughts.

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But as he approached, Barry sat up slowly. He had never seen in his life! The gods were kind, oh Best Beloved! Shall I be in the mountains on Thursday? Come to dear-eight o’clock—the old place. I love you!

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hard to be proud and I—can’t. I know now that I've loved you from the very—ever—since that day I saw you lying in the woods.

Quietly, now, he drew her back into his arms.

"Forgive me, sweetheart. What a brute I've been," he said remorsefully.

"Oh, Barry," she said nervously, recklessly, "I don't care—at all, now. I thought you were just going to—kill me, and I loved you for being strong enough to do it. I didn't care. I wouldn't have minded dying one bit then. I just wanted my—my man. Then in a moment you—were trembling, too—Oh, Barry, I'm saying such awful things," she broke off. "To stop me!"

"I will—when you've said one thing more."

He swung her tightly into his arms, holding her as one holds a baby.

"Put your arms around my neck. Tight. That's right. Now, look straight at me and say it in plain English. I love you?"

"I love you."

Kiss me—for always!"

"For always!"

The remaining days of summer flew all too quickly. They knew that they were the chosen couple of the whole world. Like a couple of happy children they passed their time until the day was near at hand when they said good-bye to each other. John Hildreth was one of those sensible fathers who held that no matter what a girl's station in life was she ought to have a profession upon which to fall back in case of unforeseen catastrophe. Therefore Roxana was to return to New York for the winter to finish a course in costume designing which she had begun the previous year. Barry, now that he had a new incentive, was more than anxious to get back to work. But the thought of the approaching separation hung over them like a pall and saddened them. Thus far their love was never feels that same grip amid the, pomp and circumstance of the approaching separation hung over them like a pall and saddened them. Thus far their love was not? Before he knew it he was begging her, pleading with her, I won’t worry if I lose you so. Please, Roxana! I'll work hard to refuse—when one is in love! Less than an hour later they were saying good-bye at the edge of the woods. Barry was right. The lateness of the season had left the little hotel almost bereft of guests. Pastor always depends, and one day he turned to him quickly and said:

"If we win this fight, Channing, and I'm sure we

shall, I'm going to set you square on your feet. You're still young, of course, and a few years of struggle never hurt a young man. But you're too capable for this sort of thing. And I'm not unmindful of what you've done for me. A man on a salary is a long time getting anywhere. Besides—"

Barry looked at him inquiringly.

"You ought to get married—now, while you're young."

Barry almost gave himself away. But he managed to hold his tongue in check. All day long his heart was in the air. The earth had awakened from her long Winter's sleep. The birds cooed sleepily in their nests. The moonlight lay over all the land as soft as snow. In the little summer house at the back of the rose garden, over which the vines clambered and whitened and twisted in the moonlight like the serpents of Lycocian, Barry held the woman he loved close to his heart. The air was soft. The breezes were light. It was a night when all the quivering tides of Life run high. They loved. They were young and—It was Spring!

Unable to restrain his mirth longer he stole a peep of her to see what the effect of his teasing had been. What he saw froze the blood in his veins.

boryishly. Hastings paced up and down the porch. Presently he stopped by Barry, laid a hand on his shoulder and looked out over the valley. The latter watched him for a moment silently.

"A penny for your thoughts," he said.

"I was thinking of Grace," he replied briefly.

"That's nothing unusual," Barry answered.

Hastings smiled.

"I guess you're right about that. I always think of her."

He broke off suddenly and resumed his walk. Grant Hastings' love for his pretty wife was a thing he made no secret of. They had been married young, more than fifteen years ago, and he was still her lover. He took any amount of banter on the subject smilingly and pursued the even tenor of his way. If Grace entered the room where he was sitting he promptly rose. If she dropped anything he picked it up, fact his attentions were so charmingly lover-like as to cause Gordon to say to him once grimly:

"Hastings, I am convinced that I shall one day forget myself and kill you. Life has become one invidious comparison between your perfections as a husband and my own individual shortcomings in that capacity."

But even these men who knew their best did not know the real secret which underlay the oneness of their lives. After their marriage they had gone abroad, for Grace was artistic. She had never seen the galleries of Florence, of Rome, of Vienna, Paris and London. What a pleasure it had been to him to take her there, and how she had revelled in them! But afterward—Their memories of Europe were not of galleries, of traditions, of beauty and art but of a common sorrow, the loss of the child which should have been theirs, a loss which had been accompanied by the death of the hope which lies deepest in every woman's heart. The touch of baby fingers, of her own flesh and blood, Grace was never to know, and Hastings' very deepest memories were of those days when his had been the task of comforting, of consoling her. He thanked God for the strength.
MAY ALLISON
THE AMERICAN BEAUTY

By RICHARD WILLIS

I was born in Virginia,
That’s the state that will win you,
If you’ve got a soul in yer;

Ain’t no southern brown
In this city;

Home of beauty and war talk,

Reckon you’ll like it,
If you should strike it,

That dog-garn town!

—Ethel Levey’s Virginia Song

Beneath a wealth of the silkiest blonde hair,
There nestled a nose that might be a pink pearly bud—and a mouth that never forgot to smile,
And a pair of blue eyes that would win any heart.
In any period of life, she is genuine stellar brightness at the American studios in Santa Barbara—down where the mountains say, “Good night,” to the sparkling sea.
And her name has become more and more prominent, and more and more adored—May Allison.

Our own little conceptions of beauty—and we know that the beauty subject is broad enough to admit of many types. But here and there we find a gem—a beauty that is not made, but is. She has that delightful and a pair of blue eyes that would win any heart.

In every season, in any period of life, she is genuine stellar brightness at the American studios in Santa Barbara—down where the mountains say, “Good night,” to the sparkling sea.
And her name has become more and more prominent, and more and more adored—May Allison.

Did you see her in “The House of Scandal,” when she danced on the green-sward, with that marvelous California scenic background as a setting? Then you appreciated the poetry of beauty.

You understood her genuine beauty—a beauty that begins down deep in her soul and radiates outward. Her dancing ability may have ascended you, but not if you had seen her in musical comedy in New York and other cities, in the days when she was famed for her skill. And she has a voice—although, alas, the screen can not convey its sweetness to you. It is a rich, trained, lyric soprano, and at one time she alternated with Ina Claire in the

Although he couldn’t help joining in the shout of laughter, Gordon shook his fist at him threateningly.

“Mater, the lower and the poet!” he murmured in mock despair. “This is no place for me!”

Hastings had a theory. It was a theory which was fast becoming a hobby with him. The ideas that any young woman who had “looks” and would photograph well could be made into a star was one with which he had no patience. He foresaw the friction which was bound to develop between the legitimate stage and the picture industry. And even were this not to prove true, he held that the fact a stage actor was different from acting before the camera. The stage actress must be polished, finished, trained, qualified for such work—

From Virginia she came, and the spirit of the Old Dominion is with her still. She has that delightfully mellow southern accent—and she is a true daughter of Dixie. She came of good family, did Miss Allison. But she was more than ordinary beauty. She was a genuine star, a genuine beauty in Virginia that means much.

The family produced Governor Wise, and Brigadier General Henry A. Wise, and Senator Allison. If they won out it was the intention of these three to go to the coast where there are mountains and sea, sunshine and clear air and to make pictures that were worth while. In fact, although neither of them had as yet admitted it, they intended to do so anyway, even if they had to go back to the beginning and start over.

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E KIRKMAN, as has been said, he was a poet, perhaps a dreamer—but he put his poetry and dreams to good use. He was a theatrical amateur. He knew the play, the stage and the actor as not one man in a thousand could know it, because he was to the manner born. He had never known any other life. He was one of those creatures born gentle, charming, affable, but always sincere and true in all he did. And when Hastings was one of those enthusiasts who believe that Molon Pictures have a mission, that there is not on earth a more powerful influence than the healthful influence of film acting, he was to be a force. His theory, his hobby, so to speak, was that such a star as he sought could be found only in a home of refinement, of intelligence—

But the gay thrill of the footlights lost its lure. The gay thrill of the footlights lost its lure. The gay thrill of the footlights lost its lure.

Can’t you look at it the other way, dear?” he asked her once. “Can’t you believe that we haven’t really lost it? That it came from our love in the first place and has just gone back into that love? That it is with us always? That we’ve only taken it back to ourselves! Try to think that, dear—won’t you? And then, we’ll get you happy. Grace isn’t going to be sorrowful. We won’t let it be so.

She had seemed less sure when he had put this view before her and gradually their daily life had swung back into the normal. But sometimes when he looked at her suddenly he caught in her eyes a look he had never seen before. She had encouraged him to his best; her once. “Can’t you believe that we haven’t really lost it? That it came from our love in the first place and has just gone back into that love? That it is with us always? That we’ve only taken it back to ourselves! Try to think that, dear—won’t you? And then, we’ll get you happy. Grace isn’t going to be sorrowful. We won’t let it be so.

The sudden breaking off of Hastings’ sentiment seemed to have put a stop to natural conversation. As usual it was Barry who fired the shot which roused them. He had once or twice looked at his watch already. Then he swung his feet over the railing and dropped lightly down on the other side.

What a splendid couple they make! What a name!—from the cover of this magazine.

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ON THE EDITORIAL SCREEN

"They copied all they could follow, but they couldn't copy my mind.
And I'm leaving it here stealing:
A year and a half behind."

—Rudyard Kipling

THE FILM PLAYERS HERALD is a consolidation of the publication that bore this name, and the FILM PICTORIAL.

In its new form, the FILM PLAYERS HERALD contains 40 pages, in addition to the cover, which is 2 pages. The FILM PLAYERS PICTORIAL contained 24 pages, of which 10 were given over to advertisements. In the FILM PLAYERS HERALD, the proportion is reversed, with 20 pages devoted to the various departments of the publication, and 2 pages of high quality advertising.

The most popular departments of both publications have been preserved, and many new features have been introduced. In point of quantity, the FILM PLAYERS HERALD solicits comparison with any publication devoted to the screen, except the magazine in the standard magazine size, and printed in the size of type used in those magazines, then every page of the FILM PLAYERS HERALD would be equivalent to 16 pages of the FILM PICTORIAL, or exactly twice the amount of material given in MOVIE PICTORIAL. In point of quantity, the FILM PLAYERS HERALD is giving you more material than any magazine of this size. In point of quality, the FILM PLAYERS HERALD is giving you more material than any magazine of this size. In point of quality, the FILM PLAYERS HERALD is giving you more material than any magazine of this size.

The selection of the name is a matter that occasioned much discussion. Several suggestions were proposed, but all were rejected. It was finally decided to use the name "FILM PLAYERS HERALD" for the new publication, and it was agreed that the name should be printed on the cover, and that the editor should make the name known to the world in a manner which would be equivalent to four pages of the standard magazine size, and printed in the size of type used in those magazines, then every page of the FILM PLAYERS HERALD would be equivalent to 16 pages of the FILM PICTORIAL, or exactly twice the amount of material given in MOVIE PICTORIAL. In point of quantity, the FILM PLAYERS HERALD is giving you more material than any magazine of this size. In point of quality, the FILM PLAYERS HERALD is giving you more material than any magazine of this size.

The Masked Contest

FULL PARTICULARS of the outcome of The Masked Contest will appear in the March issue of the FILM PLAYERS HERALD.

Letters are still being received, and the majority of them have not named the masked actor and the masked actress correctly. A great many of the letters that did name them properly, used phrases of the maximum number of twenty-five words. This has narrowed down the mask of choice to a very few names. In view of the fact that the MOVIE PICTORIAL had its sales over a very wide area, many of the readers are awaiting the results of the opportunity. Wish for the March Number for the winners.

May Allison's Greeting to You

I ask you, readers of the FILM PLAYERS HERALD, to regard my picture on the cover of this issue as a genuine personal greeting.

Day after day, I am busy in the great studio of the American Film Company at Santa Barbara, as well as on locations two or three times weekly, doing my best to entertain you and help you forget the sorrid worries of the day. I never erect a scene without thinking of you and hoping that my acting will please you.

While you may know me only in the animated photographs, I am still a real American girl—with the same kind of hopes and aspirations and doubts that you possess. My greatest happiness is to know that I have made you happy. Therefore, just consider—as you look upon my likeness on the cover—that I am personally trying to tell you these things, so that you will understand me and I may understand you better.

Sincerely yours,

MAY ALLISON

Notice to Former Herald Subscribers

IN THE consolidation of MOVIE PICTORIAL and the FILM PLAYERS HERALD, preserving the best features of each publication, it was essentially obvious that there would be some changes. The FILM PLAYERS HERALD devoted to the features on film acting by the Ten Stars. In other words, the great majority who received this publication did not subscribe in order to secure these 220 Lessons. Manifestly, therefore, they are not entitled to this feature.

The entire Lessons are being printed and will be sent out complete to all those entitled to them. They would have been printed and delivered before this time except for the fact that a considerable number of charted drawings, of all of which had to be mathematically constructed, and the delay has been occasioned by making them.

Instead of waiting during the entire period of six months, all of this instruction will be delivered at one time. It will constitute a book the present size of the FILM PLAYERS HERALD, and of about 64 pages. It will be complete—giving what has already been printed in THE HERALD, and all of the balance, and will include all of the supplementary material necessary.

At the same time, in the FILM PLAYERS HERALD (as you will notice by this issue) there will be a department in which questions regarding filmplaying are answered by experts. This is an additional feature that was not promised, but that makes the HERALD that much more valuable. This feature will be made up for in more than liberal measure by the delivery of the supplementary instructions at an early date.

To Our Reader-Friends Personally

I...


The Flickering Pedagogue

The maturing generation has at its command means of entertainment so popular that none have ever imagined, with all our mythology and other stimulants of imagination. This is the privileged era, the age of the moving pictures. Even in relatively small towns, the high schools teach commercial branches—typewriting, shorthand, bookkeeping, commercial law, and so on. In larger cities, there are manual training schools, where trades form the curriculum. There are all these methods of dispensing knowledge, and instilling in the young the proper procedure of thought, and thought, there is the new pedagogue—the flickering pedagogue, the film enterprise.

From out the fundamental idea of entertainment, a number of features have been produced. It is the one feature that makes boys and girls (not to mention grown-ups) actually do independent thinking. Besides its effect upon the public in general, the feature is of great essential of correct thought—contrast. There is contrast of characters, of situation, of motives.

The idea back of the film enterprise is the story of the near East and the far East—of the Morosco company and its headquarters at Randolph street, Chicago. Its purpose is to impress the right idea on the mind. Words are not always interpreted correctly by children. The moving pictures have offered the entertainment that men sought faintly in the saloons.

Another important element that merits thought is geography. The screen teaches them, or the sciences, or human nature—the looking glass of the world.

The new teacher has within his grasp a mighty language very frequently falls to convey the idea in a similar way to every interested mind. And better than that, they can keep on repeating the idea in as many of these languages as they are able to tell upon. The purpose of education is to impress the right idea on the mind. Words are not always interpreted the same by all persons. Even the most careful use of

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**FILM PLAYERS’ ART**

**QUESTIONS ABOUT FILM ACTING ANSWERED**

**YOU ARE INTERESTED in the art of the players. Through the development of their art they are able to communicate to the audience moods, sensations, and thoughts that are difficult to express through any other medium. The more you know about the rules that govern the camera and the directors, the more you will appreciate both of them.**

The art of film acting, like any other art, is based on rules. Naturally, the actor who appears at perfect ease on the screen has learned certain things that you may not understand. If you were to go into a studio and attempt to do these things, you would not know what to do—you would be at a loss; you would be bewildered. The constant grilling of the camera would remind you that every flaw in your work would be seen and criticised by millions. This fact, of itself, would make you more nervous. You can’t fully appreciate the work of the players until you know more about the limitations under which they labor.

Many questions that you may wish to ask regarding the art of playing, will be answered by an expert. The kinds of questions and the nature of the replies coming within the scope of this department will be understood best by reading the questions and the answers contained in these pages. You will note that all of these questions must pertain to the acting.

**This is not a contest; but a means of disseminating knowledge of the art of playing and the source of increasing the understanding and appreciation of the players and the public.** Address your inquiry to the Film Play Department, FILM PLAYERS’ HERALD, Hartford Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

The player who has mastered technique is one who started out with talent and learned the rules in every profession, every trade, every art, and photography is no exception. Even dramatic art had to be made over in certain particulars. The photographic part was entirely new. The limitations of space in many scenes often called for improvisation, and consequently, dramatic expression often had to be reduced and adapted.

**Beyond that were the tricks. In all the history of dramatic art, there were no illusions like those that are secured on the screen.** What we see on the screen is not what the players see in their work. A trick in the making is unlike the illusion that is shown on the screen. Some of these illusory scenes call only for accuracy; others for dexterity.

Every art finds its leaders. Many players who were mediocre on the speaking stage found that there were new rules to learn. They had to learn dramaturgy even as dramatic art had to be made over in certain particulars. The photographic part was entirely new. The limitations of space in many scenes often called for improvisation, and consequently, dramatic expression often had to be reduced and adapted.

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It is not curiosity entirely that prompts one to know how a thing is done. Appreciation of art follows knowledge of art. If people knew nothing about music, there could be no musical classes. If people knew nothing about art, there could be no art schools.

**WHAT ARE THE QUALIFICATIONS OF THE FILM PLAYERS?**

**By GRACE DARMCORD**

*St. Louis, Mo.*

**WILL you please explain about the different qualifications required for the persons required by the film? Also, what experience is necessary to become a screen player? Why some players are chosen and others do not get a chance?**

Some persons are undoubtedly naturally qualified for film work just as some other persons are naturally qualified to play the piano.

The first real requisite is acting art, although the films have welcomed many novices whose art was but little developed, but even the most talented of person does not always insure screen success. There is another quality that is sometimes referred to in the

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fully with the talented person of experience; even though the genius may have more actual talent than the older person. The mere talent of the genius means things in a crude, amateurish way, although there may be indications of the latent ability. The experiences of the genius are as unusual to the other person as a full harvest is to a man who has only the talent, but has learned how to use it.

Anything that is worth gaining is worth working for, that, of course, only is true if you are not working for the sake of the money. If you are working for the sake of the money, you are not working for the sake of the talent. If you are working for the sake of the money, you are not working for the sake of the talent. The tried and trusted are the actors who have the most talent.

If a business or a profession did not demand a certain standard of efficiency, then nothing would ever be efficient. If a business or a profession did not demand a certain standard of efficiency, then nothing would ever be efficient. The reason some people succeed and some other people fail is because the successes have put the effort to earn success, and the failures have been due to the necessary effort. Development always implies a well-ordered effort aimed at the accomplishment of a certain that must first be put together. It may not be possible to make sure that the object is put together in a satisfactory manner at the same time, these illusions are enjoyed by the public.

I had one film taken, with the camera operating backwards, in which I backed into a room, pulled off my coat and threw it in a corner, took off my vest, opened a book and started to read. The effect on the screen was just opposite. My clothing flew on me. And yet, when the trick is explained, it does not look nearly as difficult as the screen suggests. But in producing any screen illusion at all, the greatest care and accuracy are required by the players.

The ordinary rate of speed at which a camera is turned exposes sixteen frames, or film segments, each second. There are sixteen of these frames to each second. Suppose I wish to make my features look like the natural ones, I wish to make my features look like the natural ones. If it is because the camera sees colors differently from the eye, the speaking stage actor has to make his eyes believe that he is really looking at the genuine, natural character represented by the actor or actress; but the camera can record only in light and shadows. For example, the actors on the speaking stage use a blue tint in their liners beneath their eyes and to represent lines or hollows in the face and throat. If the blue happened to be light, the camera would see it white, and if it were dark, the camera would see it black.

Other materials are used, such as crepe hair for building hair and mustaches. Spirit gum, with which the crepe hair is stuck on the face; putty, used for building high cheekbones or changing the contour of the nose; as well as wigs and other appendages used in special ways. A great deal of art is required in the use of these materials. The make-up man must be very able to disguise the original actor's features as to make him look entirely different from the person he really is. If the use of make-up in the speaking stage is to produce photographic effects. To see the film actresses and actors in their make-up is not to see them as you know them, because the colors used look peculiar on the face.
PHOTOPLAYING IS GOVERNED BY CERTAIN CLEARLY DEFINED RULES

By MIHAIM NESBITT

KANSAS CITY, Mo.

Is it proper for an actor or actress to walk directly away from the camera? What is the nature of the scene? My friend and I have discussed this question for many hours, and we still cannot reach a decision. As you are quite a specialist in this line, I would like to hear your opinion.

V. A.

The rules of film-playing are numerous, but they must always take into consideration the nature of the scene. Whether the actor or actress is walking directly away from the camera, the scene must be properly motivated. It is contrary to good conduct for the character to turn his back to the audience. This is not a rule, but a general principle. However, there are certain reasonable excuses for walking directly away from the camera. One of these would be the character that the player was rehearsing or the scene that he was preparing for. In such cases, the player should not turn his back to the audience, but should keep his features in view of the camera, until the scene is properly motivated.

Ordinarily, the artist works toward the camera, making all of his turns so that his features will be in view and avoiding turning his back directly on the audience. When the scene is properly motivated, the camera is found in making an exit through a door. The door is directly upstage, meaning that the opposite end of the stage, if it were made transparent, would be turned toward the audience. The actor leaves the door, and then he would turn his back on the audience and walk to the door. The door- knob is at the left of the audience. In order to make a door- exit properly, the actor should not look out of the window. He may, however, approach the door at an angle so that his profile will be in view of the entire distance. He reaches out and grasps the knob and opens the door; and yet he is in view and his features would be seen all of the time. Just as an actor will turn his back in the proper place, so will he turn his back in the proper place when he is preparing for the scene that he is rehearsing or preparing for.

The character actor is that branch of acting wherein the artist portrays some type of character. It is distinguished from "straight" acting, in which the performance is, in general, that of a man or woman he personally was undergoing certain adventures. The character player is one who represents the miser or the old hag or the old man or the old woman or even the old dog. The nature of character playing, therefore, often calls for considerable art in make-up and costuming. It is more properly played by the older actors and actresses. A character part means a youthful part, unless it is properly played by younger actors and actresses. A character part means the sort of acting that is handled by the character actor, and this character playing might be related to some avocation, such as the baker, the mechanic, the engineer, the carpenter, etc. His art must bring out certain characteristic qualities and peculiarities, which, for the most part, are illustrated in character scenes and in character playing. It is called a great deal of art and practice.

The divisions of dramatic art, as the different kinds of parts that may be taken, may convey a still clearer impression. A juvenile part means a youthful part, and it is properly played by younger actors and actresses. A character part means the sort of acting that is handled by the character actor, and this character playing might be related to some avocation, such as the baker, the mechanic, the engineer, the carpenter, etc. His art must bring out certain characteristic qualities and peculiarities, which, for the most part, are illustrated in character scenes and in character playing. It is called a great deal of art and practice.

Sometimes, scenes that occupy the least number of words are the most important; and they may be in the form of visions or in the form of dreams. Sometimes, scenes that occupy the least number of words are the most important; and they may be in the form of visions or in the form of dreams.
"HOLD!" the director cried. What did he mean? He talked about hogging film and masking—about up-stage, down-stage, center, and the like. And the members of the cast knew what he meant, just as the members of any profession always understand the language peculiar to their work. There's a sort of romantic mystery back of the screen. All you see is what is in the "frame"; but just out of view is immemorial things—all parts of a real wonderland that has greater glamour than the speaking stage ever held.

When you have traveled much, and later see new films of the places you have visited, you enjoy the pictures more—because beyond the boundaries of the pictures are other views that your memory recals. It is the same with the films. Were this not true, the screen stars would never attend the movies. They do attend, and they enjoy the plays much more than you, because they see what you can not see: the life beyond the segments projected on the screen.

Have you ever visited a picture studio? If you have not, its mighty romance has not gripped you. Its riot of color, its action, its intense purpose would get into your blood like red wine.

All the world is mirrored on the screen: All classes, all types, all conditions of life. The magnetic, all-seeing eye of the camera has missed nothing—acknowledges no trivialities. It sees men and women, dogs, cats, horses; but yet it sees only what is before it.

Never before in the history of our wonderful world has such art been attained, because art is greatest when it deals most intimately with life—and the films are life, viewed through the eyes of art.

Out of the Darkness—Into the Light

Just a few years ago, many of the actresses and actors of Filmland whom you love so devotedly now were unknown. Riches, fame, success became theirs. But has the earth been cleansed of all its favored? Will no others ever be found? History tells us that classes and talents perpetuate themselves. If artists have been found, then other artists must be found—and the moment is the silent places, far from the beaten paths.

This tugging lure of the screen is not a question of money purely. The money is a welcome recompense, but one that is not a question of money purely. The money is a welcome recompense, but one that is not. This Twenty-four Hour Test simply promotes these right conditions.

Out of the Darkness—Into the Light

When you write for the Twenty-four Hour Test, we will send you, free of cost, the beautiful "Message from the Stars." We can not describe this Test to you here, except that it is a book of many chapters. This Test will be in your hands without delay—to use in the privacy of your own room, or wherever you choose. And suppose your talents and take no one into your confidence. Never in all the world is it more important in your success than you are. If you refuse to help yourself, then blame no one else for neglecting you.

A Message from the Stars

When you write for the Twenty-four Hour Test, we will send you, free of cost, the beautiful "Message from the Stars."

"A Message from the Stars" will prove one of the rarest treats it has ever afforded to anywa.y. You are going to send for that immediately, and at the same time ask for a Free copy of "A Message from the Stars." Sign your name and address, and write to Film Industries, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill. and write today!

A Twenty-four Hour Test at Home

No fairy will wave a magic wand above your head and make you an artist. But the veriest incidents have sometimes turned persons aside from the courses they have been pursuing—and accident, or fortuitous circumstance, has helped them find their winning striders. May it not be the same with you?

If you are truly interested in yourself, then by all means send for this interesting "Twenty-four Hour Test." It will open the way for you—give you a broader and better idea of just what film acting is; what the reasons and the system back of it really are. We do not desire to talk to you here, except to say that it consists of certain scenes, with the purposes of them explained, that will help you ferret out and locate your place. Does the Test not seem to exist? Then let your day-dreaming go glimmering and be done with your ideas. And if you have talent—what then?

Bear this in mind: There is no such thing as the "greatest" in any line. The champion of today must meet a better man tomorrow. Life, a kaleidoscope. If yachts are always, and you may occupy one of its central scenes. You can never know until the right conditions arise. This Twenty-four Hour Test simply promotes these right conditions.

Out of the Darkness—Into the Light

When you write for the Twenty-four Hour Test, we will send you, free of cost, the beautiful "Message from the Stars."

"A Message from the Stars" will prove one of the rarest treats it has ever afforded to anywa.y. You are going to send for that immediately, and at the same time ask for a Free copy of "A Message from the Stars." Sign your name and address, and write to Film Industries, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill. and write today!

Your Promptness Must Decide

Your interest in the films and in what they may mean to you, must determine you to respond without delay. No judge would attempt to hand down a decision without hearing the facts and considering the law. You can not afford to pass judgment on your own future until you know the conditions affecting it. Be fair to yourself. Investigate! Learn if there is really a place for you in the films. Satisfy your curiosity once and for all time. Know what the films have to offer to others—men, women, boys, girls, and at the same time, how many different the history of success would have been!

"A Message from the Stars" gets straight to the point. It answers many questions that you have asked yourself repeatedly. And the opportunity of possessing this Message is in your hands. What is your answer? What should it be?

This is a Message from the Stars, and from many others—a Message to you, about the World's Greatest Market. All opportunities it holds for the many who are sincerely in earnest.

No matter what your age may be, or your nationality or occupation, or your belief, or your height, weight, color, beauty or lack of beauty, this Message is just as applicable to you as it has to every other person who has played such a variety of persons as the films. This is true because nothing else has reflected Life in all its phases so truthfully.

You are going to get the "Twenty-four Hour Test" anyway. You are going to send for that immediately, and at the same time ask for a Free copy of "A Message from the Stars." Simply send a two-cent stamp and write to Film Industries, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill. and write: "A Message from the Stars." Sign your name and address, and write to Film Industries, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill. and write today!
THE INTERNATIONAL ORDER OF FILM FANS

The Film Play Guild is your society. Whenever many persons are interested in the same thing, they form an association. Lawyers, physicians, dentists, ministers of the gospel, teachers, various tradespeople, different classes of laborers, manufacturers, merchants, and all others, have their societies. The Film Play Guild is the big arena in which film enthusiasts gather and discuss those subjects concerning the screen that are nearest to their hearts. It doesn't cost any money to belong to the Film Play Guild. There is no initiation fee to pay; there are no dues. However, some persons will have created greater waves of success that overcame all of the little, common, commonplace waves of success that suggested fatigue or sickness or failure.

The screen is the greatest teacher of personality the world has ever had. Today it is not teaching you to analyze or to think about what you are watching, but it is teaching you courage, determination, character. The screen is teaching you these many qualities because it is reflecting everything that pertains to happiness and satisfaction and determination and courage and forebodings and peevishness that exist in your mind, and by means of those men and women who are cheered and endorsed, encouraged, everything in the hardest way. They have tackled the mob from the rear and have forced a passage through it. Just contrast them with those other men and women, who, when the moment came, could not bring themselves and to become masters, then you are manifestly the loser.

You have seen characters on the screen who impressed you as being as broad-minded as the universe itself. And you have seen other characters who have had their heads turned by the narrow, littered alleys and dark streets. The actor can pretend to be a great person or a very narrow and disagreeable person, because those are requirements of his playing art. But—in actual life—it is not what you pretend to be that counts, but what you are really; and you cannot be any greater than your manner of thought.

Today, there are many big business men who find that the waves of responsibility don't wash them away at all. They have lived much—and they have experienced a great deal. And because they have lived much, they have learned that to be as crude as cavemen when it comes to the question of thought, that one-half the world doesn't understand how the better of these classes are like the wealthy person. This is true because personality is the selection of the best seed, showing the value of scientific breeding.

The screen is artificial only because it pretends to portray real events and real people. But even the characters on the screen that are the best are the result of the lessons of age experience. The good and the bad that you learn by watching the pictures are the good and the bad of life. The films are not to profit; they are to invent. They are merely mirrors that reflect. Their invention is only a collection of incidents put together. Even the nature of these incidents harks back to life itself. The films are teaching you the lessons of human nature by accentuating human characteristics. The good and the evil are idealized, and in that manner you can understand them better. Everybody in the picture-play is not a hero or a heroine; and yet, even the characters that you think are least important, the minor characters, may employ tens, hundreds, or thousands of men and women, and yet they may be as crude as cavemen when it comes to the question of thought. They may use powerful words instead of instead of thresholds—their minds. They may use powerful words instead of thresholds—their minds. They may use powerful words instead of thresholds—their minds. They may use powerful words instead of thresholds—their minds.

Within your mind you have a certain capacity of enlarging your ideas—of increasing your mental attributes. You live in a cottage, you are the best and most important. It is the same in cities and country towns—in America and in foreign lands.
It is as easy to get into the habit of thinking big, generous thoughts as it is to fall into the narrow habit of thinking small and selfish thoughts. This is why it is important to practice positive thinking when you analyze what I have told you, you will realize that it is not preaching. It is simply common sense.

Have you ever permitted the screen to teach you these truths? Have you ever felt that you had no influence in your community? Have you ever visited the theatre and asked yourself, have you left the picture theatre? If you have not felt these things, we are sure you have missed the great lesson of the screen. That lesson is there every day, in every type of picture, simply because every member is to get his letter in person. Every picture is teaching you personality; and, better than that, the value of personality. Every picture is teaching you that other people merit your consideration. It is showing you that your enemies have really been your greatest friends in disguise. Your friends are the people who are your true friends, but your enemies have fought you and have kept you second. Every enemy you ever had was some other fellow's friend.

The screen has taught you, it is teaching you—and will continue to teach you—that breadth of mind brings breadth of success, because it carries with it happiness and satisfaction, and nothing in the world is greater than happiness. You are happier, you are more attractive, the harder you struggle for the things you believe in, the more satisfied you become. Of all the solids that you know in the universe, the most unending solid is thought. Everything you see in the natural world is mere shadow. The most perfect thing that is has ever had was some other fellow's friend.

The Film Play Guild has nothing to do with politics or religious matters of any kind. It is simply being one of the millions of patrons, you become one of the real guiding influences of the future. The reason that it is less costly to talk to several persons at the same time, is this: the more they talk, the more they have to say. The more you talk, the less you have to say.

The first special service we render to the public is the purchase of any book that you covet. This information is not given to the players and the plays, about the art of the play themselves. Thousands of such letters would come without delay. In view of the fact that a player has an infinite number of friends with whom he is interested in the players and the plays, and you may have a certain number of friends, or more, or less, or none. A Local Film Play Guild is an organization like a society, fraternity or sorority. There is nothing much fun in it, and more help in it, than could be experienced through the mass of fraternal societies. The Film Play Guild has something to do with politics or religion; it has nothing to do with nationality. It does not interfere with your general plan or views of life. This can be said of very few societies. The Film Play Guild merely assumes that you are interested in the players and the plays. Nothing else matters. But perhaps you would like to know more about the Film Play Guild, and we will send you a membership card without cost and without obligation. If you wish any of the various departments of the FILM PLAYERS HERALD to be addressed to those departments as indicated in the same number individually. If you wish to form a Local Guild, you should be glad to help you secure it. Special messages will come to you from time to time. Merely write in and tell us that you would like to be a member of the Film Play Guild.

WHAT IS A LOCAL FILM PLAY GUILD?

To become a member of the Film Play Guild is one thing—but to be a member of a Local Film Play Guild is another thing.

The Film Play Guild, as you have read on the opposite page and part of this one, is an organization of certain speaking your service to its members and the qualification for membership is merely a request for a membership card. But beyond this matter of individual membership, there is still a more advanced stage of the Guild, and this is embodied in the Local Guilds. You may have a certain number of friends with whom you are mutually interested in the players and the plays. You may have a certain number of letters, or less, or more, or none. A Local Film Play Guild is an organization like a society, fraternity or sorority. There is nothing much fun in it, and more help in it, than could be experienced through the mass of fraternal societies. The Film Play Guild has something to do with politics or religion; it has nothing to do with nationality. It does not interfere with your general plan or views of life. This can be said of very few societies. The Film Play Guild merely assumes that you are interested in the players and the plays. Nothing else matters. But perhaps you would like to know more about the players and the plays, about the art of the play and the plans of the plays. Perhaps you would like to have a little organization when you could receive special information that would soon make you understand the players and the plays better than anyone in your community. In fact these things have not been discussed in magazines because they do not really belong in publications. They depend on too much personal and ambition and the aspirations of the individual.

Suppose that every six months you were privileged to be an inside, and not be associated with a great many players. Suppose, further, that you could be with the companies while they were producing various plays. And let us still further suppose that you knew the players and that you formed an alliance with the films. This is true no matter how old you may be, how youthful, or how dignified. All you know about the films today is what you have gathered through observation. With the Film Play Guild you can live the life of the films just as though you were one of the players and your home was a studio. Special messages will come to you from the players themselves, giving you very valuable hints and suggestions. Indeed, you will be on the inside, and you from time to time. Merely write in and tell us that you would like to be a member of the Film Play Guild.

A Regular Organization With Definite Benefits

Once you form a Local Film Play Guild, not only do you learn these various things about the players and the plays, but you are privileged to participate in certain contests and debates and studies of special plays.

You will be given instructions of very special ways in which to use your knowledge of film and film lore in the promotion of the cause of the Guild, and in the promotion of the cause of the Guild, and so that you will be able to get the best out of the films, or the profit out of them, that you can possibly get.

A Post-Card Will Bring the Facts

Without being obliged to spend money for equipment—nothing to do, but without any initiation fee—you may start a Local Film Play Guild and experience all of its benefits and its entertainment.

Now, all you have to do is write on a post-card: "Send me full facts about Local Film Play Guilds." You have nothing to lose, and by return mail you will get the information that you covet. This information is not given to you here, simply because we are not going to force anything on you that you may not want. But you don't need any of the information that you will get about the Film Play Guilds. You want to learn these facts, and the sooner you learn them, the better. Then you can decide if you want to form a Local Film Play Guild. Remember, you can be a Guild member without belonging to a Local organization. But the Local Guilds have a very definite reason that it is less costly to talk to several persons as a single organization, than it is to talk to the same persons individually.

You will be shown how you can hold meetings once a week, or twice a month, or once a month, and you will learn about the various contests in which you can participate if you so desire.

The time to learn the facts about the Guild is TODAY.

It will cost you one penny for a post-card and about one minute in time. In return, you will receive facts that will really startle you. You will wonder why such an organization could be in progress with all these facts being at your disposal. You will feel that you have missed something by not joining sooner. More than that, you will understand that you are really becoming a factor in the great film business. Instead of going out and seeing the films, you will be one of the real guiding influences of the future of the films.

You will become too old or too young to appreciate and enjoy and profit by the Local Guilds. That is why we will tell you the facts in this post-card.

Send no money at all. Simply say that you want the facts. Then you can decide—and until then it will be impossible for you to decide. Get the information first and arrive at your decision later.

Address: FILM PLAY GUILD
Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.
A LOUD-PEDAL COMEDY
A FIRST NIGHT GETS THE LAUGHS
By I. Sauti

OUR readers have heard so much concerning the remarkable success of Weber and Fields on the legitimate stage, and the importance of pug and of their first-night performances that the audience was drawn to the Keystone Triangle studios to write of a "film first-night."

During their brilliant seasons in New York, I had often been present at these gala functions, when half of the audience were composed of people whose names were nationally known, and who had paid astonishing prices for seats.

The "first-night" at Mack Sennett's Joy Emporium at which I had the pleasure of being present was strangely different. It, too, was a notable one, and before you different from the inner circle, it was a notable one.

Keystone, and watched some of their gala functions, when fully half of the audience were composed of people nationally famous. In one corner could be seen Chester Conklin, who has learned to express his thoughts with the camera the same way he did with the typewriter.

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During their brilliant seasons in New York, I had often been present at these gala functions, when half of the audience were composed of people whose names were nationally known, and who had paid astonishing prices for seats.
of me being their favorite actor and all that tommyrot, and ended it up with the old plea for a picture—signed. Don't think I'll ever make that mistake again. I'll place myself on any sort of pedestal. If you do, you're all wrong. The real mistake is in trying to make the seemingly impossible task of completing two double-reel Keystone for the Triangle program. Here are all the things you know: you all know that a two-reeler picture moves about 2000 feet, but that doesn't mean that only that amount has been taken. I've known Mack to eat up 10,000 feet of good expensive film. I've got just one reel. Every foot of film that does not contain a laugh, quicken up the action, or advance the story is cut out. That's what makes it a "Keystone." But to get back to the matter at hand, Mack is in hard physical training all the time. The effective elimination of six to ten days of hard physical training on a couple of good scenes is thought enough. The busiest man in the world is Mack Sennett, the man for whom the word "laughing" was invented. Maybe you think I'm wrong, but I don't. I'm right. I'm right. The reason that Mack Sennett is the greatest director on the world of films is because he's got the biggest, the most extraordinary stunts to do. It's a universal question when Keystone are spoken of. Why don't they make a Keystone comedy the fastest fun on earth? "How do they ever think up such extraordinary stunts to do?" is a universal question when Keystone are spoken of. It is a difficult question to answer, but it is done almost entirely at the Keystone Joy Factory. Mack Sennett, the creator, has an inexhaustible supply of ideas, but he doesn't have a word to say about it. But that is not all. Here are the names of four others: Harry S. Witten, Robert Whyte, and Jean Havez. If you don't happen to remember their names, you're working with a man who is all song-writers, strange as it may seem. Another one has been written by W. B. Williams. "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," Bryan wrote "Temptation," Jerome William, "Mother," and Havez wrote the greatest song hits ever written, "Everybody Works But Pater" and "Secret." However, you'll find these men's names on the screen as author. Each play is the production of many minds and work—"co-" the greatest share of ideas, finds ways to carry out seemingly-wild and impossible things, and toiling with the dogged persistence and the inexhaustible energy that his nineties provide, creates things more heated and wholesome laughter than any other human being. Which is saying something.

A Marine Thriller

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

By Margaret (Patty) Burke

PLAYING in slap-stick comedies has sort of made dangers a matter of everyday work, but once I really and truly nearly did die. I was working in a comedy for Mr. Ray of the Federal, "Bobby" Leonard, as play. I had a horse, and remarked, "That was splendid" and "Mother" at eighty-three, get along so famously with "Their Boy," as they affectionately call him, and all the rest of the cast. Quite the contrary—their happiest hours are when working. And the queerest part of it all is that this old couple work for the youngest director in filmdom. She has no more hours and no more days to settle down to waiting, in peace, the final setting of their sun. It has been work, and each film, having its own part and its own share of it, only through the years. "Daddy" was a director, but was then finding his way into the movie world, and the acquisition of a dramatic talent, and the enjoyment of the world of films. "Mother" and "Daddy" Manley in "Life" have content at last. 

A Keystone Comedy

SAD, SERIOUS HARD-WORKING SENNETT

By The Gossip

THE busiest man in the world is Mack Sennett, the man for whom the word "laughing" was invented. Maybe you think I'm wrong, but I don't. I'm right. I'm right. The reason that Mack Sennett is the greatest director on the world of films is because he's got the biggest, the most extraordinary stunts to do. It's a universal question when Keystone are spoken of. Why don't they make a Keystone comedy the fastest fun on earth? "How do they ever think up such extraordinary stunts to do?" is a universal question when Keystone are spoken of. It is a difficult question to answer, but it is done almost entirely at the Keystone Joy Factory. Mack Sennett, the creator, has an inexhaustible supply of ideas, but he doesn't have a word to say about it. But that is not all. Here are the names of four others: Harry S. Witten, Robert Whyte, and Jean Havez. If you don't happen to remember their names, you're working with a man who is all song-writers, strange as it may seem. Another one has been written by W. B. Williams. "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," Bryan wrote "Temptation," Jerome William, "Mother," and Havez wrote the greatest song hits ever written, "Everybody Works But Pater" and "Secret." However, you'll find these men's names on the screen as author. Each play is the production of many minds and work—"co-" the greatest share of ideas, finds ways to carry out seemingly-wild and impossible things, and toiling with the dogged persistence and the inexhaustible energy that his nineties provide, creates things more heated and wholesome laughter than any other human being. Which is saying something.

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Film Choice Editor:

If I am to say which release I liked better, I am only speaking of those films that I have seen. Now, some of my friends say it is all slap-stick nonsense, but I notice that certain critics have been able to laugh just as heartily as I. And, besides, it is not so easy having films without making one laugh. Every one thinks it is funny even if one doesn't admit it.

Mabel Normand is always good—and Syd Chaplin is playing a close favorite to you what class but the Keystones for me every time. Life would be sad without them—and let the souped-up comedians take a closer look and then they catch the spirit of the fun, and they will vote with me.

Yours respectfully,

J. De W. M.

“The Lamb” Was a Scream!

Fargo, N. D.

Film Choice Editor:

In St. Paul recently, I saw Douglas Fairbanks in “The Lamb,” and I think it was the best that I have seen. It was plenty of serious in it, but it is what is called the foolish part strong, and I think it enjoyable. Most of the photography was splendid——and the whole thrill of the film thrilled me. I remember a better picture and would be glad to see it again and again.

Yours for the Lamb,

Emma B.

Delighted With Cartoons

Jeanette, Pa.

Film Choice Editor:

While I understand that you want opinions on the releases themselves, I think that Miss Geraldine Farrar in “Carmen,” was one of the most realizations I have seen. The dramatic work was truly wonderful, and the photography was flawless. The play itself was great. There were so many breathless moments—like the fight in the cigarette factory. I do hope they did have to do that scene over. It was very strong.

I think this play should be seen by every girl and everyone young man, and by everyone that once had a little stale—seemed a trifle bored. But there were so many breathless moments. There are many who, like poor Carmen, find that when they think they have set aside their evil ways and have happiness in view, they can attain it, only to meet with some disaster. This play teaches a moral, and it is better than most of that is preached. It is a play that makes one think that the films have just started to find themselves—a true masterpiece of the silent drama.

Yours for Fun,

Mabel M.

“Joe Martin Turns ’Em Loose”

Spokane, Wash.

Film Choice Editor:

I think that Mr. Pickford as “Mistress Nell” was one of the finest plays I have ever seen. There was something so captivating about the film that I could tell it was coming. It was historical, too, and I always like historical plays. It was as much as I remember living a long time ago.

Yours respectfully,

W. G. Y.

Choose “The Battle Cry of Peace”

Boston, Mass.

Film Choice Editor:

I think that Mr. Griffith’s “The Battle Cry of Peace” is the most instructive play that I have ever seen. It is produced over anything on earth can teach us preparedness, it is remarkable film production.

This is a serious situation, and is one that the Jerome Patterson, “The Battle Cry of Peace,” was better up and doing, or it will be too late.

So many plays are good—but now and then we find one that strikes hearts. I have many of your western readers, who feel secure enough away from the ocean, will not feel about it the same as on the Atlantic seaboard, but I ask them to remember, as this film pointed out, that every reader is a voter and do not think of victories producing materials we need preparedness. Of course, “The Battle Cry of Peace” by all means.

Yours for America,

J. D.

Thinks “Carmen” Wonderful

Racine, Wis.

Film Choice Editor:

I think Miss Geraldine Farrar in “Carmen,” was one of the most realizations I have seen. The dramatic work was truly wonderful, and the photography was flawless. The play itself was great. There were so many breathless moments—like the fight in the cigarette factory. I do hope they did have to do that scene over. It was very strong.

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Yours for Fun,

M. V. L.

“Chimmie Fadden” a Sure Enough Scream

Kansas City, Mo.

Film Choice Editor:

Give me “Chimmie Fadden” every time. You have to go to some extent the wholesome comedy of Victor Moore. The last time I saw Moore on screen, he was good, but I have a little stale—seemed a trifle bored. But since seeing him in his “Chimmie Fadden” is all the old Victor Moore snap and vim and art. There is fun and good, clean human nature. I am doing a lot of things, throwing pies at somebody.

So I think that Mabel Moore is more than my doing. And I guess that helps us do some of the deciding.

Yours truly,

L. J. F.
USE YOUR MIND
By Bessie Barriscale

THE CONQUESTS of mind, and the achievements of mankind, are synonymous. You can think of one without thinking of the other. The world’s struggle has been between, “I don’t believe,” and “I do believe.”

Admitting these truths, the strangest feeling comes over me—that doubt everything that is just a trifle out of the beaten paths. Every article in the newspaper and everything that serves us in our progress, is the product of—thought. Not only of thought, but of the thinker from which—thought of—what is life? Remove the products of thought, success, confidence, belief in oneself, determination and the many other thought-elements, and where is progress?

Admitting these facts, why pause? Why admit them as generalities, and fail to apply them to yourself? Can you doubt anything that is just a trifle out of the beaten paths.

The picture-play is an example of language, and language is a part of thinking.

You may complain that thought is beyond you, that thought is a power—you possess it, and it is your greatest possession. But have you thought of the forces you may control, by control of every thought you now have? Everything you see, think of, feel, is a channel for the expression of thought—thought has been responsible, and will be responsible of countless, countless psychic phenomena.

By Bessie Barriscale

THE GOVERNOR’S WIFE

(Continued from page 10.)
came to ask if I can persuade him to give it all back. Paul, every one who will get what he is entitled to, and no one will lose anything—dear, I want to try to do it. You will pardon him, then, Paul? Could you, dear?

The Governor was human. Hollister’s attitude and scornful words, although they would have been false, had stuck in his throat. But he could afford to forget them for Ruth’s sake. And the letter, as she stood looking up at him, was very sweet and appealing.

“Yes, I’ll do that, Ruth. I’ll be glad to do it. Pay love and trust in this sign this pardon. You may take it right away—tonight, Paul. I thought you wouldn’t mind,” and her eyes filled with tears.

“No, Paul, No, Paul!”

“Not a bit, it’s all right. You’re like Ruth, Ruth. And I’m so glad.”

“I am so glad. You know, dear, you have a very good heart, Paul.”

“I think you to me, dear?”

“No, Paul. I’m glad to do even that, for you, Ruth.”

“Why—you’didn’t tell me, dear?”

“I—I couldn’t. Paul. I was afraid

The Governor’s heart leaped within him. Courageful little Ruth! The one thing she feared might be of sufficient potency to cause him to strangle his conscience she had kept locked securely in her heart.

It was nearly two years later that Ruth sat one afternoon on a rug in the nursery building of the State, beside her mother, who so proudly and tenderly cradled her in her arms. It was all right to give her with unalloyed, unreserved love, with every thought and every word.

“You are mine, Ruth, and I’m so proud—so proud of you, Ruth. Ruth was right, and I have never been afraid of anything. I have never been afraid of anything. And I think you are the prettiest thing I have ever seen. And I love you, Ruth.”

And the baby rolled on the floor and laughed and began to cry, and the Governor’s heart was filled with a joy that was like the joy of a baby.

And the baby rolled on the floor and laughed and began to cry, and the Governor’s heart was filled with a joy that was like the joy of a baby.

And the Governor laughed.
Go Realism Hunting

LADY wrote to us recently in this pleading strain: “Why do you always stress that film errors are inevitable errors in the films, when it is so much better to enjoy them? I shudder to think that I may perhaps lack a sense of humour.”

Well, there isn’t merely a sense of humour that should inspire that thought, there is also a sense of style that goes a long way. Film errors are funny usually. And they denote lack of care. We know how many handicaps there are in making films, but life itself is one long handicap.

If no one pointed out our errors, we might plunge headlong through blissful, purposeless confusion.

To help the films, we slam them gently, but firmly, always reserving the right to publish a complaint against the plottings of any director, editor or scenario writer who may feel that a criticism is unjust.

Also, to the writer of the letter I consider best we pay a $5.00 reward each issue—not much, but a little premium on vigilance.

Just what constitutes “Realism” may be gathered best by reading those that follow. Hunt some Realism on your own. Here are some passages, in mentioning the name of the play and the brand of plot, if possible. Address your letters to Realism Editor, Film Players Herald, Hartford, Conn.

Never Mind the Others, But—Oh, You Francs

In “The Tales of Courage,” Vitaphone releases, the scene is set in a room where an old lady is sitting in a rocking chair. A man, who looks like a grandfather, is sitting in a chair near her. He is smoking a cigar. The man is talking to the old lady. The old lady does not respond.

While this is going on, a boy enters the room. He is wearing a suit and tie. He looks at the man and the old lady, then he looks around the room. He then sits down in a chair.

The man and the old lady do not respond to the boy. The boy does not speak. The scene ends.

Welcome Ladies Can Afford Two Kilomons

In “Madame Butterfly” I noticed but one inconsistency. It is when Miss Janeillinga leaves the United States and her brother to settle in Japan. The playwright, Sofonisba, indicates that she will live there for the rest of her life. However, in the scene where she returns to New York, she is seen wearing a purple dress and a hat. It is impossible for her to have changed her outfit, as it was cut in Japan and cannot be imported. This is a clear violation of Realism.

Helen, Helen, Have a Care!

Terro Hais, Ind.

Last evening I attended a projection of “When Roses Fall Out,” a recent Helen Hunt Jones production. I was so impressed by the consistency in this play, that I shall repeat it in full:

The plot of the play shows that not over ten minutes from the opening scene the woman’s attention is caught by a perfectly dry copy of the following in the box: “If you want to see the developing, printing and drying, I presume you should ask your newspaperman to take you to Drakes; since he has left the copy for a week, I do not wish you to waste your time.”

In another scene the conspirators try to put the woman into a state of worry and excitement, and when the woman is on the verge of an attack, she is startled by the sound of a door opening. She is not actually startled, but the effect is achieved by the sound of a door opening. This is a clear violation of Realism.

This is the only scene in which I have found any inconsistencies in the play. The rest of the play is a well-drawn, well-acted piece of work. I give it my best recommendations.

Well, Only Leading Ladies Can Afford Two Kilomons

In “Madame Butterfly” I noticed but one inconsistency. It is when Miss Janeillinga leaves the United States and her brother to settle in Japan. The playwright, Sofonisba, indicates that she will live there for the rest of her life. However, in the scene where she returns to New York, she is seen wearing a purple dress and a hat. It is impossible for her to have changed her outfit, as it was cut in Japan and cannot be imported. This is a clear violation of Realism.
THE KINGDOM OF BEAUTY

By Anna Little

Just as Delarte may teach you only the rudiments or principles of grace, leaving to you your own special interest to complete the result, so he will teach you only the basic principles, leaving to your own method of expression to suit you to and to nobody else on earth.

And if, in teaching yourself your own expression, you become self-centered, you do so self-consciously, then you become a bungler. Your efforts lack art, and, while they fail to impress others with your appreciation of art—the art of beauty—then you are a bungler.

The best I can do is to teach you the fundamentals. Whatever is required of you, you must acquire these little acquisitions of expression. taught you only as the master-architect may teach his pupil—knowing that the latter must learn, for himself, the growth and originality that arise when he has learned the rules.

THE SCARLET POPPY

(Continued from page 19.)

But mark this well: Beauty is deeper than all of these. It is something that cannot be seen, measured or weighed—because it is real. It may only do as its presence will. These expressions of beauty are its external manifestations—and you know it. It is a high point to stand at, and brings us blessed little consolation.

But mark this well: There is the beauty of parade, and there is the beauty of individuality. The nagging beauty, the pouting beauty, the peerless beauty, will wear love to the warp in short order. Beauty at a distance is pleasing—but beauty near at hand may not be beautiful to the one who is your beauty to beauty—beauty that passes and is recognized as pleasing, or beauty that is beautiful, or well with those who are nearest to it.

The costumer, the milliner, the manufacturer of artificial dressers, and all the other artisans from cosmetic manufacturers to makers of vibrators, dispense beauty as a ready-made, prepared-at-hand, product. But the dream of beauty has become a state of mind, a consciousness.

Just as Delsarte may teach you only the principles and the rudiments of expression, leaving to you to apply them as you shall see fit, so do not, even if he, or any other master-architect, do not try to impress others with your interpretation of art...
Apart from the Exhibitor, Who Likes the Ads?

I am very much interested in the "Trade Lasts" page, and would like to give you my opinion of the best and worst of the last few issues. The "Forland Theatre" is the largest and the best in the neighborhood. We have many films and players available, and a very good orchestra. The audience also has a great respect as it is so often the case at this theatre. But one thing I would like to ask a question about: Why do they have such a Writing Paper, and beautiful, comfortable" rooms are also features.

A Musical Tip From Dallas

In your "Trade Lasts" page you include an article about the music. I was interested to read the criticisms of the music and the fact that some of the musicians get up and go after the performance. As an usher and my capability of securing the best in the business, I have always been satisfied. The Boston is one of the most comfort and it is shown at our theatre every Sun-

The Goose That Laid the Golden Egg

Ours is a town of five thousand inhabitants. We have six moving picture theatres. The one occupies the only place that is in a

FILM PLAYERS HERALD

Tradelasts

"THINGS ABOUT MY THEATRE I LIKE AND DISLIKE"

The Little Things That Count

Copies:

Colonnade, Bozeman, Mont.: Your "Trade Lasts" department fills a large gap in the trade, and gives us, the dealers, a clear idea of what makes movies possible: Liberty is the prettiest, but it's the little things that count. For instance, I always enter the orchestra exclusively at the doors of the entrance, and have been bone hairless by the ticket agent at the entry door. This has been the satisfaction I could get out of the usherettes. This is very amusing, and as both acts, it is being a little suggestion from "The Music Man," if you please. The largest of our three large vaudeville theatres is the Cheapskate, the Hippodrome, and the Pantheon. Between these two and the Orpheum, the Pathe Picture House, is one of the best in the city. The pictures all that can be asked, and the fans Paderewski and company are all that are asked, and the fans Press, and the newspapers are all that are asked, and the fans are all that is asked. If you can't get the good or the bad, make them work for it. The best way to patronize a theatre that does not pro-

Good Music or Tiny Tunes

In your "Trade Lasts" from the New York papers, you say that in the estima-

"Tradelast" Editor: Seattle, Wash.

Among the bad points are: a tinny unit is a much better thing than a poor essay. The best in the business, I have always been satisfied. The Boston is one of the most comfort and it is shown at our theatre every Sun-

The Old Reels are New Again

I would like to say that in my estima-

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NEW YORK- "There were recently produced in the best-
The Scarlet Poppy

(Continued from page 33.)

"Where have you been, son?" Hastings said.

"Enjoying the scenery!" Barry drawled.

"You're an unsociable young cub," Gordon remarked. "I didn't hear you ask your father's permission to go out.

"It wouldn't have been safe," Barry answered. "Booby here would have written his orders to the police! I've been with me tonight. You would have tried to buy stock and Hastings would have sent you back. It's well, but I'm sleepy! Me for the feathers!"

Barry crossed the porch. Hastings suddenly laid an arm affectionately around Barry's shoulders. "I wish he had a son—like Barry!"

VIII

WHENEVER HE had a problem of his own, or a problem of Roxana's, Hastings' way to study it from all sides and then go about it in a bastion of his own constitution. Ruination of a cautious nature had one sure characteristic, which emphasized his belief that here was the girl he sought. She could not be found in any line of vision. It was the Girl.

"It was the girl that she had designed, perhaps made herself. She held in her hand a little disquieted to find himself sharing of Joan of Arc, listening to the gulf which lay between her education and culture and their own lack of those qualities. The fact that she had been taught at home, had never been to school, had left her the more unprepared, the greater the struggle for such minor details. She could do so much to mar the charm which should accompany young womanhood. You would not have him for me, for-Barry was doing all he could to Barry. Hastings laughed softly to himself. He would be only too confident that it could be done was now not a little disquieted to find himself sharing the enthusiasm of youth!" he said.

He got no further.

"Of course you are." It was Roxana who spoke. Hastings' eyes followed the constantly changing reflection of his picture and made the attempt to have her at any cost—was born then and there. He took in the whole of the room, with the exception of her dark eyes, the expressive face and above all, the soul, the intelligence behind them. She went on:

"I saw some of them last winter in New York. They are wonderful. One of them is . . ."

"What name is Hastings, gentlemen?" he asked.

"I am sure you will see my point of view. I am sure you have sought for a young woman such as yours. You can make her the pet of the world. And I can do it without spoiling the girl or the womanhood. You may choose her chaperone yourself. I will make my- self personally responsible for her healthful, comfortable surroundings. My wife is—one woman in a thousand. She will be a good influence for any young girl. More than this, we are to produce nothing but clear plays. In the quiet life you lead here you perhaps do not even know your manliness in coming to me first. I will take the matter under advisement, Mr. —?"

"That's very much in your favor," he replied. "I can not but appreciate your confidence!" he said to Mr. Hastings. "I will take the matter under advisement. Mind you, this does not mean that I am to advise with Roxana. I need not tell you that her wishes in the matter will, in large measure, govern my own.

"I can ask nothing farther than that." Hastings turned to the perspicacious lawyer. "A case in court which I must return immediately to attend. Suppose you and I will have two weeks. That will give you and your daughter plenty of time in which to look after this matter.

"That will be satisfying. And you will find a way to do it. If our decision proves a disappointment to you I hope you will not allow it to me or to the service which we have found enjoyable."

"Not at all. And I'm optimistic. I believe you will find it very favorable."

(To be Continued.)
Some Popular Misconceptions

Perhaps because the English language is so rich and subtle, the misconceptions that possess a variety of meanings, it is easy to be confused and expect everything under the sun to be a plot crisis. I have seen two misunderstandings that occur frequently.

One is the idea of the plot crisis being a change for the better. The author uses this change as the heart of the story and then he must explain away the previous events as a sort of setup. The other is the idea of the plot crisis being a change for the worse, where the author uses this change to explain away the events that have preceded it. Both of these ideas are misconceptions that have been perpetuated by the mistaken belief that a plot crisis is the most important part of a story.

The truth is that a plot crisis is not the most important part of a story. It is simply one of the many elements that contribute to the overall plot. The plot is not a single thing, but a combination of many elements. It is not simply the plot or the drama that is important, but also the characters, the setting, and the theme.

The plot crisis is important because it is the point where the plot begins to change. It is the moment when the story begins to pick up speed. It is the moment when the reader begins to feel the tension building.

However, it is important to remember that the plot crisis is not the end of the story. It is simply a moment in the journey. The story continues after the plot crisis, and it is through this continuation that the story is able to achieve its full potential.

In conclusion, the plot crisis is an important element of a story, but it is not the most important element. The story is a whole, and each element plays a role in its development. It is up to the author to use all of the elements effectively to create a story that is compelling, engaging, and meaningful.
In order to be capable in the recognized professions, men and women attend schools and universities. And after they have received their academic training, they devote further years to giving this training personal development. In the professional life that one branch of professional life should require no effort and no preparation when all other branches require great effort and great preparation?

Success in the writing of photoplays—just as in law, medicine, or writing fiction—depends upon learning how and continuously practising. At all times we must grant that there is the capacity to learn. This capacity is very often a preternatural talent, or a leaning toward certain things, or a latent ability to do certain things. Individuals have had to learn how. They have had to learn the rules. This is true in all professions.

Photoplay writing does not stand any greater chance of success than portrait painting, acting or writing poetry or becoming accomplished in music; and yet all the voluntary preparation and demand the learning of the rules of the game.

If you wish to learn about astronomy you don’t simply buy a telescope and look at the stars, because in a lifetime of observation you would still fail to learn many of the rudiments that have been learned and chronicled in classical periods. Many astronomers have lived and labored hard and long to arrive at what they had learned, you would then have the advantage of their experience and their ideas, and you could proceed from that point with the clear understanding of your scientist staked.

If all the things on earth were to be had for the asking or if they were to be possessed by those who declared they were entitled to them, it would be possible to buy a story and not have to write it. Everybody would then be entitled to anything he wished. That would set aside all our ideas of labor and reward. It would upset the scheme of the world and none of us is great enough to do that.

Your Correspondence Is Invited

There is a question that the interest in photoplays and photoplay writing is increasing. This interest is increasing to the point that aspirers to write photoplays, but it extends also to the many who wish to understand. It is noted that both men and women who attend the picture theatres purely for the enjoyment of the entertainment like to know just how and why. They are back of this wonderfully interesting profession. This Course has been carefully compiled and is ready for you; therefore, study and thought and experience in the writing and production of photoplays, and you will have your questions answered. The complete course in photoplay writing, and who realize that ordinary

Write Today for Information

If you are going to write photoplays, it is not sufficient to attend a few lectures on the screen, to watch the performances of the most exacting stars and in one of the most exacting divisions of dramatic productions. You will find that the machine became a reality. There are many studios at this time are in the market for photoplay writers and who have improved their natural talent and who have satisfied one of the many questions that might be asked by those aspiring to learn technical facts regarding photoplay writing. But they are not only a few of the innumerable questions that could be asked by those who are interested. The reason I have enumerated these questions is that they are in the selection of the classes of questions you are to answer. You will find that you are not to send any manuscripts for criticism because that is not the work of this department. Your own plots can be discussed in detail, but your plot should not be sent. This is because that must depend upon your own originality. But so far as will have been the better understanding of the art of photoplay writing through the medium of the printed pages.

To further assist you, I also direct your attention to the announcement concerning the Second Class of the Free Photoplay Course. Read every word of it, and then act upon that word of it, and then act. Remember that you must get them in as early as possible.

Complete Scenario Writing Course Free

For the benefit of our readers who are interested in scenario writing, and who realize that ordinary photoplay writers do not know whether they are qualified or not. It is their first duty to themselves to ascertain whether they are fit or unfit. This course is written to explain how this Free Course may be obtained by simply writing to B. F. Barrett, Film Players Herald, Hartford Building, Chicago, Illinois. By return mail the facts will be placed in your hands. Remember that the earlier you write, the sooner you will know. Don’t delay, but get your request in the next mail.
GIRLS, LADIES!-Single—Marriage—Divorce makes no difference, you have a perfectly good right and the privilege to admire any actor in the films. They're fine fellows, too—gentle and loving as you imagine, and they are doing the best they can along the way in real life! We know them well, and we recommend them highly.

Therefore, if you have anything you can say about your film favorites (actors, of course), just say it. If it is all right with you or we send your letters to the players concerned, tell us. If you wish only your initials printed, mention that. As we won't write a home for anything.

If you write real good poetry, try your hand at that. If you are a tribe uncertain about poetry, make it prose. For the best we will pay $5.00, but we'll publish all the other good ones, anyway, just to cheer the film actors along. Their lives are very bad at times—poor fellows. It's so lonely in the studio—especially at nights! Address your contributions to: Laddie Editor, Film Players' Herald, Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

We Rather Like Crane, Too

C. C. Laddie Editor, New York

Crane Wilbur is my laddie's name, my Favorite hero in "The Broken Coin," a Universal release, plays the part of a gen- 

Crane Wilbur is my laddie's name, my Favorite hero in "The Broken Coin," a Universal release, plays the part of a gent- 
male so noble, so conscientious, so real, and so sympathetic and true. You would be as much impressed as I am by his performances. He is a perfect gentleman, and would take you as an example, for there would be many proud mothers instead of worrried ones.

Sincerely yours.

C. C. Laddie Editor, New York

We Thought Francs Would Get a Rise

G. A. Laddie Editor, New York

Francs is All You Say!?

Laddie Editor, Long Island, N. Y.

Brando's will be an important hit in the fall. Its name is "I Married You For Fun," and it will star Brando and Miss Francs. It is written by Miss Francs and directed by Miss Francs. It is about a young girl who falls in love with a young boy and marries him for fun. It is a romantic comedy, and it should be a big box-office hit.

Mr. Connors

St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. Connors' Film Players' Herald: I am a film player fan and I admire the work of Mr. Connors. He is a wonderful actor and his performances are always impressive. I think he should receive more recognition for his work. Mr. Connors is a wonderful actor and his performances are always impressive. I think he should receive more recognition for his work.

J. W. King, We're Proud of This Tribune

Laddie Editor, Chicago, Ill.

I have heard great praise for the character of J. W. King in the film "The Tribune." He is a wonderful actor and his performance is impressive. I think he should receive more recognition for his work. Mr. King is a wonderful actor and his performances are always impressive. I think he should receive more recognition for his work.

Miss Fuller, This Is the Call of-the-Kohler—of Affection

J. A. M.

I am writing this letter to you because I have been in love with Mary Fuller for the past three years. My heart is throbbing with excitement every time I think of her. She is the loveliest, most beautiful and lovely girl I have ever seen. I have always been her admirer, and I know she will always be mine. I love her passionately and I will never stop loving her. Miss Fuller, you are my life, my everything. I love you more than life itself, and I will do anything to make you happy. I will always be there for you, and I will never let you down. Miss Fuller, you are my life, my everything. I love you more than life itself, and I will do anything to make you happy. I will always be there for you, and I will never let you down.

Miss Cowl, Here's a Regular Compliment

J. A. M.

After watching the beautiful Jaze Cowl in the film "The Garden of Eden," I felt that she was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Her performance in the film was absolutely superb. She is a wonderful actress and I am in love with her. Mrs. Cowl, you are my life, my everything. I love you more than life itself, and I will do anything to make you happy. I will always be there for you, and I will never let you down. Mrs. Cowl, you are my life, my everything. I love you more than life itself, and I will do anything to make you happy. I will always be there for you, and I will never let you down.

From Harvey to Us to Theda

Laddie Editor, New Albany, Ind.

This to Dear Anita Stewart.

Oh, Anita, you are my life, my everything. I love you more than life itself, and I will do anything to make you happy. I will always be there for you, and I will never let you down. Anita, you are my life, my everything. I love you more than life itself, and I will do anything to make you happy. I will always be there for you, and I will never let you down.
How I Became a Moving Picture Actor

By JACK W. RIGGERS

The first book to appear personally written by Mr. J. W. RIGGERS, limited to one thousand copies with the Author's original autograph, comprising the episodes of his life, from his introduction to the Moving Picture World to the present day.

He tells of his ambition to become a star and the many difficulties surmounted in the attainment of this ambition. It is a story of the many experiences of which he has been the central figure; his interesting correspondence; the graphic description of his numerous characterizations; in fact, a minute and concise account of his entire stage life.

This book contains perfect reproductions of his famous characters, and is artistically bound by master binders.

LIMITED TO One Thousand copies and is ready today for prompt delivery.

A Gift Book appreciated by all. While they last, the first thousand books delivered postpaid in the United States for $1.50, foreign ten cents extra.

Address me care of Mr. J. W. RIGGERS, care of the
J. W. RIGGERS CO.,
UNIVERSAL CITY, CAL.

J. VAN CARTMELL
Who Wins May Cover?

Which Film Actress would you like to see on the cover of the Film Players Herald?

Our beautiful covers have attracted the broadest attention. They look as if they were dressed by the art historians. Their tints are natural; their expressions natural expressions. And it is an honor to any film actress to appear on the cover—and it is a help as well—an advertisement of the highest order.

Besides the cover picture, in natural colors, there is also a story about the actress in that issue of the magazine.

If you sincerely, earnestly admire one lady of the screen more that you admire any other—then CAST YOUR VOTES for your favorite, as we explain below.

You May Win This $150.00 First Prize!

The person sending in the largest number of votes will receive the BEAUTIFUL ORIGINAL COLOR-DRAWING (without printing or advertising) from which the cover page is made. It will be mounted on heavy stock board, suitable for framing. These color drawings—designed in colors from photographs specially posed by famous photographers—are worked up by William Federbusch, the only artist in America using the secret German Dye-Tone Process. Each month the original color drawing will be presented to the person casting the largest number of votes during the month. If the votes you send in are greater in number than any other votes, you receive the prize.

One Hundred Other Prizes!

A beautiful ART REPRODUCTION in ORIGINAL COLORS exactly the same as the cover page (in any size) will be given to the person who prints on heavy super-calender paper, suitable for framing, to EACH of the next 100 VOTERS. Casting the HIGHEST Number of Votes.

All Told, 101 Persons Win Prizes!

And everybody has a chance to say which film actress shall occupy the cover. All votes cast are for the cover two months in advance. This month's (February) contest is for the May cover. Next month will be for the June cover. Help your favorite now—and you may win an art treasure to secure this honor for your favorite. Enter heart and soul into the contest.

Each Coupon Good For 1000 Votes

The coupon attached, when properly filled in and received not later than the 10th of March, will register 1000 votes for your work. Each copy of the Film Players Herald contains this coupon. Vote as many times as you wish—but each 1000 votes must be on a separate coupon.

How to Secure Additional Votes

If you send in a year's subscription to the Film Players Herald, remitting one dollar (the price of one year's subscription), you will also receive FIFTEEN THOUSAND EXTRA VOTES—which will go that much farther to help your favorite win and that much farther toward winning the original Federbusch color-drawing. Simply write in a letter: "Enclosed find $1.00 for a year's subscription to the Film Players Herald. Register 15,000 votes for (name of film actress) for the May cover." Sign your name and address plainly and address as below. If you send 50 cents for a six-months subscription, you will be entitled to SEVEN THOUSAND, FIVE HUNDRED (7,500) EXTRA VOTES. These votes with subscriptions are in addition to the 1000 votes registered by filling in and mailing this coupon.

Vote for a Film ACTRESS—Not for an Actor

Help Your Favorite Win the Cover for May!

Address: COVER CONTEST, FILM PLAYERS HERALD
Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.

This Coupon Good For 1000 Votes

Film Players Herald
Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.
Register One Thousand (1000) Votes for the May Cover and Story for (Name of your favorite film actress)
My name and address follow:
Name:__________________________
Address:_________________________
City:___________________________
State:__________________________

The Wampire

I see a vampyrole lady, an' I shood
With Mary Ootchie movement, and
look like she might cry;
She held a vampyrole shroud up to
her furred vampyrole chink.
And to try to dope the shape o' her,
I shood begin to fear.
She let out a pop-eyed yusung from her
lovin', trustful wife.
I could blust that vampyrole lady with a
twoggled vampyrole knife!

Teaching the Young Idea

Little Ethel adores society drama.
She has blue-blooded ideals, and
looks at these screen presentations of the
upper-ups. Also, she observes. Hence,
when the minister called, Ethel pro-
ceeded to elucidate.
"And you learn how society people
do things?" the cleric asked in amuse-
ment. "Now, tell me something spe-
cific." She loft a paper down.
"Oh!" Ethel responded doubtfully.
Then her face brightened. "Supposin'
I was givin' a grand, swell ball. Well,
I write to you and I say, 'Miss Ethel
Smith would be pleased with your pres-
ents on the twentieth instinct. Then I
would sign my name below, and in the
other corner I would write, 'B. V. I.'

Where Words Fail

Come walk with me and talk with me,
in the silent lane,
Out where the silent breath blows still,
Out where the silent people go,
In the land that makes no noise,
With silent girl and silent boy.
Where falls the silent rain.
Come where our vision wanders here,
Out in the kingdom of the screen.
Out in the world where all seems
bright, though stiller than the
stillness night.
Come be my silent wife!

The Family Album

When the screen beauty becomes aged,
She would have the public to talk to
her granddaughters about her maid-
enly beauty. The films will back her
up; a much better alibi than our
grandmothers had in those taken-on-
the-blais uptenps.

The 1916 Variety

Aw, hurray up for a seasonal film.
Think of all the girls who are wait-
for the screen to coach them in the
matter of Leap Year proposals!

But, Good Friend, You

Escape This!

When moved to criticise the melo-
drame, there is no fault that you don't
have to collect this old line of pitter,
dish out where they speak lines:
"Ah, ha, my proud beauty. 'Tis me
hour of me revawng! Y'u thought
you could escape me, huh? Well, I
have you in me power at last—ha
(hysterical laughter) and now—
eee., etc., etc., etc.,

And escaping it, you still kick? Well,doggon ye!

The Heir Apparent

Billy (aged 3), watching an ostrich farm,
ought to be a dude.
"Oh, ma-ma," he wails, "now they've
killed papa buried in the sand—aw, ma-ma!"

Sub-title: "Close-up of an ostrich egg.

Prosperity's Keystone

First Baker: "There goes Jim. He
don't speak to us common dough-mix-
ers no more.

Second Baker: "Think's he's good-
lookin', eh?"

First Baker: "Taint that. He's makin'
a fortune, bakin' pies out at
Keeley Daily. Arkubeck won't
lose his occupation."

Another "Stall!"

First Mattinee Nibbler: "Who's
that handsome devil tempting all them
sweet chorus girls?"

Second nibbler: "He? Why, I'll
bet he'll be promiscuous him a
trial-balance every night on his in-
course. He's one of them handsome devils
don't get nowhere. It takes a ball-
headed guy with a wad o' kale as big as
a red fox up, to pull them tricks—
take it from me!"

Ding! Ding!

"I love to watch the Conductor."—
"Director, you mean."—
"No, Conductor. Yesterday, when
the doll-faced leading lady was absent,
wasn't he me lope continuously,
ringing up the fair?"

Secret Sins

You may not know it, and yet—
Many a man becomes a movie friend
because he gets stuck on a face on the
screen.

And the equally interested wife
side him is secretly sighing because of
some red-blood.

And many an old maid just dotes on
the picture scandals—having the
dead-wed on 'em, until you, without
hearsay!

And many a child enjoys a vampire
scene because he thinks the lady is
hunting for a soft spot to land a
cardboard—when she isn't really.

And ever so many sedate gentlemen
simply know that if one of those
doll-faced beauties knew he was on eat—
well! It would make first-page stuff—
in a red fox up.

And a few still persist in going
because they like the pictures like!
Take a Tip from these 47 Leading Manufacturers

ONE manufacturer or two might go wrong on equipment, even so important as spark plugs. But 47—and those the cream of the industry—never. The list below is the best reason in the world why you should use AC Spark Plugs Guaranteed Gas-Tight

Apperson
Brockway Truck
Buick
Cadillac
Case Tractors
Chalmers
Chandler
Chevrolet
Coke
Davis
Dodge Brothers
Dort
Enger
Federal
Glide
G. M. C.

Haynes
Harley-Davidson
Packard
Hudson
Hupmobile
Jackson
Knox
Lambert
Lexington-Howard
Maxwell
McFarlan
Moline-Knight
Monroe
Moon
National
Oakland
Oldsmobile
Paige
Packard
Petersen
Peerless
Pierce-Arrow
Pilot
Reo
Saxon
Scripps-Booth
Simplex
Stearns-Knight
Stutz
Velle
Westcott
Wilcox Trux

You’ll get a cleaner, sharper explosion with AC plugs. You’ll get the maximum of the mixture, with a definite, tangible increase in power and a corresponding decrease in operating cost.

Whatever the make of your motor, there’s an AC best adapted to it. Your garage man has a supply of AC Spark Plugs. Choose the one he recommends for your motor, but be sure it’s an AC.

Champion Ignition Company
Flint, Michigan

This is 7/8 AC Titan used on so many of the leading cars

This plug is designed especially for Ford cars
WHEN you feel your car skid—that feeling of utter helplessness with its attendant fear of disastrous consequences—it will be too late to do anything, except pray. No amount of human skill will then avert a crash against the curb, a nearby vehicle, or, worse yet, the innocent bystander.

But you don’t have to suffer that terrible “feeling of utter helplessness”. Appreciate now that the only thing to do is to use the dependable preventative—Anti-Skid Chains on all four tires.

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

“The Only Real Safeguard Against Skidding

“Safety First” means taking precautions rather than depending entirely on skillful driving, and experience teaches that Weed Chains are an absolute necessity for the expert as well as for the novice.

Procrastination is answerable for most of the skidding accidents. When a motorist is afflicted with this disease he usually says: “I’ll wait until tomorrow before buying Weed Chains”; or if his car’s equipment includes Chains, he doesn’t think of using them until he “feels a skid”, and then, as we said before, it’s too late to do anything, except pray.

Don’t suffer that agonizing anticipation of “feeling a skid” with its attendant fear of disastrous consequences. Enjoy that “safe feeling”. Take the necessary “stitch in time”—put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going.

American Chain Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Sole Manufacturers of Weed Anti-Skid Chains
Also Manufacturers of Tire Chains especially constructed for Single and Dual Solid Truck Tires—Motorcycle Tire Chains, Dobbins Blow-Out Chains, etc.
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