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PRODUCED BY
THE FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM COMPANY

CAST

Richard Arlen—"The Jugg"
Drew Clark—"The Guardian"

SYNOPSIS

Young Richard Arlen is a rich boy who goes to Harvard, but when his family goes to Europe, he stays behind to open a store. He is an impulsive youth who does not care for the formalities of Harvard and decides to live his life as he pleases. He falls in love with Peggy, a girl from his college, and they are engaged. However, Richard's parents are against the match, and they break it off. Richard's life is turned upside down, and he decides to leave Harvard and go to Europe to find himself. He meets Charles, a man who teaches him how to live life as a man. Richard learns to love Peggy again and decides to return to Harvard. He is able to reconcile with his parents and gets back together with Peggy.

A love story.

"Come on — let's get married!"

Phyllis. Peggy.

"You are unworthy of a love such as this one you now claim."

"When we were 21:"

A film featuring the story of a young man who meets his match in a love affair; then learns the truth of his loves and fortunes.
UNDER THE SKYLIGHT

BY GEORGE L. COX

"Hail, Guest; we ask not what thou art.
If Friend, we greet thee hand and heart;
If Stranger, such no longer be;
If Foe, our love shall conquer thee."

The verse cut deep in the entrance hall of a home in Frankfort, Germany, might fittingly be carved above the portal to any of our present day motion picture studios as a silent tribute to their universal Brotherhood.

These abodes of a comparatively new art form, contain extraordinary settings for the most wonderful educational, industrial and pictorial panoramas to be found in the world today.

Visualizing one in particular, we are impressed with the magnitude of the enterprise and the tremendous activities housed therein. The studio proper is a mammoth glass-roofed structure measuring three hundred and fifty feet in length by two hundred in width. Across this vast area humming with the combined labors of a thousand actors, scenic artists, carpenters, producers and camera men, we catch fleeting glimpses of the artists at work.

To the conservative, staid business man of affairs, the sight is not likely to encourage earnest support. To him it will ever be a tinselled realm of small conceptions, an unattractive hedge of painted men and women strutting about in a silly make-believe world, strangely detached and inferior to his own. To those of the theater, it is the land of heart's desire, something far removed from the workaday-crowd; a sphere to be envied and sought after; because, they understand and dwell amid the heights of an eternal, cloud-bound peoples with exquisitely images of their own creation.

To the uninitiated, something new and interesting awaits. Leading up from a broad flight of cement steps one enters the studio proper. Here may be seen in proximity perhaps a dozen different scenes, no two having any connection with the other. Directors, manuscript in hand, like generals in an army marshalling their forces for action. Property men arranging properties and furniture, scenic artists industriously engaged, camera men getting their "lin-ups," actors and actresses rehearsing their lines and going over intricate pieces of business, each apparently engrossed in their endeavor, yet, collectively work together in absolute harmony.

The "Boss," or owner, of the plant enters—not a gruff of additional excitement on the part of his employees. They have nothing to fear and they know it, they are not demigod-driven castle afraid to look up as the "King" approaches; here, indeed, in a splendid example of real social democracy! A man among men, gentle and whole-hearted with a smile and word of encouragement to those that cross his path irrespective of their station.—Truly a rarity in this commercial age.

A toady little fat man carrying himself importantly scurries hurriedly across the floor wearing ferociously, a half-chewed unlit cigar in his mouth, rebellion in his heart, a well-chinned scenario between his chubby fingers, and a worldly striving for effect which is not to be ignored by the satirists who ridicule his slightest mental upheaval. Christopher Columbus Wilson, the aforementioned party, a strange composite creature of varying whims. He of frame and broad of girth, swept the narrow limitations of his domain like an avalanche; and, yet at times under the thin layer of external veneer, the soul of the man came to the surface expressing tenderness which might have done justice to a mother's heart.

"What's biting his royal highness this morning?" chirrly chipped Doc, one of the assistant "props."

"Hey kid, what's wrong with you're hair, ain't
time for you to dance.—Unknowingly, you have followed her here. Your action towards her, as she retreats, reveals the tell-tale signs: Fernande, a regular Don Juan sort of a fellow who is not in the running because you love somebody else. In fact, he's a little on the sly, handsome, a regular Yale athlete, but bear as Job's wife's hair falling when you told her this morning that you found that she has something to do.—Do you get me?

Miss Eisendrath, a young dark-eyed gazelle, a girl, alive to her finer fangs, sprang into view like a frightened fawn and paused resolutely back at her. "Yes, thank you, Mr. Wilson, I got you."

"Then, then, he promised, Flower girls and dancing maidens! As Miss Eisendrath flutters her dance, they form a semi-circle immediately behind her. Wave the floral festooned branches that you carry, forming an arch under which she passes. This is where we start to build our climax. With all eyes turned toward the beautiful dancer, everybody applauding and clapping, Fernande enters unexpectedly. He prances a little nearer, ravishing you with his eyes, fascinating and intoxicating you with the scent of fear of his. You cover your eyes, try to get away, napper, grab him, clinching at the arm to get your left for support, bewildered, not knowing which way to turn. Levaro enters, rushes to your assistance, extricating your body with his strong right arm, forcing Fernandez definitely this position. I want held a second as we have a clinic speech to go in there, after which Levaro bears you triumphantly away from the danger area. Now, is that clear to everybody?"

A tall bend in a borrowed bounded court square, potted her pompadour and shifted her one hundred and eighty pounds stockishly to a more comfortable position just in time to be regurgitated for musing a word of—"Miss-Whatever-your-name, come in the middle of the Miss. B. and Miss. B., working your jaws overtime. When this play was written, there was supposed to have been a lot more such accidents—unknown!—Violent scenes, fix the plot! Here! Here! There! Get away, you bunch of frenzied fans."

"Eisendrath just a minute, Governor," the property manager warned as Johnnie, ballyhooed behind the veiled window, and me not get that darned old fountain to work. Just right there."

"You crawl around on his hands and knees, interrupted the rehearsal quite unconnected while adjusting a long stretch of rubber garden hose, concealed by grass mats. Wilson, turn on the juice. I want to see if she's working now."

"You quit this! It takes over 'e; it's all the same for a hundred years from now."

"Say, little one," the Governor replied in a slightly chilled voice, "did you come to repair a leak or recline an impatient sprocket? If so, we won't do anything."

Johnnie, unclasped, went on with his work. Surely, everybody all but everyone is a being of the golden images surmounting the fountain and the scene removed.

"Mrs. Ryan, get ready to receive your guests. Ladies, kindly remember that you are members of the community, too. It is your duty to act as much the '40 as you can. Forget for the time being that all the 'wop' you know in this country are either spaghetti chefs, saloon-keepers or banana-vendors. The fact is, this is a genuinely Americanized Italian, dream Italian, Italian, Italian; that's the name. Now, is that clear to everybody, or not?"

"Miss Eisendrath, that's your one to enter, how low to the ground your position with that old Italian, James. She's coming downstairs stage until it is.

**MOVIE PICTORIAL**

"You're a make-over," he said simply, "the machine blocked." I told him to blow on the machine shop not to let this old show-shining outfit go out on another job until it was carefully overheated. The sprocket wheel is worn and don't take up as it should. Gee! That rotten lock," he added half apologetically, noticing Wilson's crestfallen expression, a fine mint staging the director's eyes only a moment before a thousand brilliant fires flashed with the full of every stage light. He stood gazing with all the washer he has charged glass sail, plaintively distressed. Then he wheeled about facing the mob; his powerful jaws clenched like a steel trap as he shrugged of his display of momentary weakness. Every eye was intently focused on him. "Look out, fellows," ventured Charles Roberts, the incomparable, "what's a brewery, the artistic compromis- ment must be apparent, somebody will get in the next desk before the don't over your mark; whack your head.

"Oh, cut it out, Chico. He ain't as bad as you try to make it out. It's a wonder he didn't survive every one of those rummages on his hands.

"Oh, shah! Speak for yourself, Cutie. That's what he's so cut out for. You've got to be more or less vestry before you can become a producer, and there wasn't anybody in that palm who was one; each rotten rotten they couldn't hold a job any longer, so they were elevated to the dizzy class."

"You'll get wise y'or'll be y'ing to your knitting. Bollweevil in the hand is worth two in the bag, and you don't find any bushel bloom-" Jim, in January against Little Old Broadway as George Coban would interpose.

All right, Governor," he said at last, closing the door. He used to watch me with the paramount spirit of all marches in general.

"You're on, more, please," Wilson's old-fashioned spirit had a private audience, was ready for the frac with increased energy. "Get ready! Start your action! GO!"

Once more the scene was enacted with even more brilliant success. Wilson's present and enthusiastic his sympathy of all marches in general.

"That's correct. Did she kick ain't?"

"No, you could write it," Eisendrath answered. "Tell them to hold their positions; I want a 'kill' of this scene."

Wilson placed the principals down in the fore- ground and the picture was snapped.
While you meditate, a trusted heartman enters. You beckon him to your side, tell him to—

"Well, what’s wrong now, Eddie?" Wilson inquired jovially as fragments of pictoresque sentences addressed in the first person reached his ears.

"Oh, nothing much; I lost my view-finder, that’s all!"

"Well, why so excited? If it was a snake it would bite you. There it is under the radiator."

"All right, Old Top, much obliged."

"Now, then, once more, let’s rehearse before our young friend here at my right loses the camera. Fernandez, show surprise; act as if you imagine an Italian of real blood would under the circumstances, On Heaven’s! See him, Fernandez. Call him to your glance fortuitously about to be sure that you are unobserved."

Fernandez faithfully portrayed the action as instructed down to the minutest detail, then stood quite still chattering volubly with the companion. "Well, what’s wrong! Going to keep up that gab-oult all day? Got stakes right! Gone on a strike, or what’s the idea?" Wilson flung out sarcastically.

"You’re supposed to act in this scene, if it’s not unnecessary..."

Fernandez’s case dissolved and fell, an angry flash of color crimsoned his make-up a deeper hue. Un- flinched he returned look for look, expression written in his every movement. Then slowly in even calm measured tones he flung back: "You will pardon me, Mr. Wilson, for reminding you that under the circumstances your remarks are ill-timed and unecessary. I lay no claim to clairvoyance and without that stiff I am unable to follow you further. Your instructions to me were interrupted by another’s mistake. Therefore, until such time that you inform me what to do, I must remain where we left off."

**MOVIE PICTORIAL**

**SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN**

**A PICTORIAL VOYAGEUR REPORTER—Grace Darling**

*All Illustrations Copyrighted by Hearst-Select Snap Pictorial*

The American newspaper reporter leads the vanguard for emancipated woman a position attained not through any gallantry toward the sex or catering to feminine weak- ness; for she has survived the "double-cross" and the "serbie" in earning a place among the "top-notchers" for pen cleverness since the days that really by circumnavigated the globe with a small hand-bag, the news-seeking shrewdness has been persistent and progressive in chronicling the day’s doings.

The latest type new-notcher in the moving picture reporter, originated and invested by Grace Darling, who is making the rounds of the contin- ent as the representative of the Hearst-Select Snap Pictorial. From the standpoint of enthu- siastic and unprejudiced youth, she is looking over the ways of the world news and the works of man. From locations that may have grown monotonous and cretins that may appear commonplace — vital interpretative sense gives them a new and vivacious interest in delighted affiliation with the new art-form — moving pictures.

And in order that the readers of Movie Pictorial might share a closer insight into the procedure of this newest auxiliary of Elinor, Mike Darling was invited to relate somewhat of her trip from New York to the city at the Golden Gate.

Special Correspondence for the

**MOVIE PICTORIAL**

San Francisco, California.

"Just as soon as I finish this, I am going to meet the venerable Ishi, the last of the California

indians, my final memory of the wonderful experiences I have had since I left New York to give impressions for the Hearst-Select Snap Pictorial.

"You must know there is a difference between the newspaper reporter and the new idea expressed in the "movie reporter.

"The former is compelled to chronicle many things unimportant, while the latter is fortunate in only having agreeable experiences, interpreting with an accompaniment of the moving picture camera, scenes of beauty or the more agreeable phases of life."

"Everything has seemed very wonderful to me since the day only a few weeks ago when I left New York City with a letter from Mayor Stitchel of New York for Mayor Rolph of San Francisco, and a letter from Governor Whitman for Governor Johnson of California. The mayor was very kind to me. He smiled sweetly, stuck the letter and handed it to me, wished me box equipage and sent his private secretary and the New York (City) Fire Commissioner to the steam- ship to see me off. Governor Whitman was just as courteous and helped me into my automobile when I left the Capitol at Albany.

"But the real excitement did not start until after the steamship Almirante had left New York for Colon. The second day out we sighted an Italian steamer flying a flag of colors, sent a lifeboat to the steamer and learned that she had been drifting about for several days without coal. She had no wireless and

The old Marchioness turned her head to smile, and have would willingly paid a dollar for the privilege of microstrated mirth as the occasion demanded had she dared. Fernandez was an old member of the regu- lars and至于 the president had been a regular ex-pect and for a long time had been regarded as one of Whiteman’s favorites, as far as that application could fit his passion of mind from one day’s end to the other. He was as bulks as a shorel girl and as vain. There could be no doubt that Wilson was offended through my deep in his heart he loved a fighter, and a man who would stand up for his rights. He recurred being publicly repudiated and for the second the blood rushed to his head, while irregular swollen veins stood out in strong relief like whip- cords against the paller of his cheeks.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed deprecatingly, wishing to avoid further hostility: "I guess it’s my

(Continued on page 24)
"Then Came the Most Wonderful Experience of All, We Flew Over the Bay with the City and Exposition Grounds Lit up by the Distance. It was Wonderful!"

Canal Zone Government, I was introduced to Col. Harding, the Acting Governor of the Zone. I had made an appointment with Mr. Goebels, by whom I had read so much, but I was told the Governor of the Zone was in Washington. Col. Harding escorted me about the Administration building and afterwards posed with me on the steps of the building.

"On the way back I rode in an 'electric mule,' one of those peculiar little electric locomotives that haul the great liners through the Canal. The engineer comes out onto his cab and we rode one into his cab and we both leaned forward and talked about things, the engineer leaning out and saying something like 'the thrillers' at summer amusement parks, only these 'mules' are not tricky and don't travel very fast. The engineer said that if they did they would be thrown off the track and that when they are hauling a steamer through the Canal they naturally have to move slowly.

"Then I boarded the Great Northern and met Norman B. MacK., former Democratic State Chairman of New York, and Ex-Governor Glynn of New York (members of the New York Commission for the Panama-Pacific Exposition). They were going to make the trip through the Canal to San Francisco and I found them wonderfully agreeable company. Governor Glynn and Mr. MacK., and his daughter attended the luncheon given me on my arrival at San Francisco.

"The first stop made by the Great Northern was at San Diego. I landed for a brief time, and visited the Panama-California Exposition and was shown about the President of the Exposition. From San Diego I went to Los Angeles, but stayed only a short while, continuing my trip to Frisco.

"Soon after the Great Northern had passed the Golden Gate, we were met by the Committee Boat, with Mayor Rolph and a host of prominent persons on board. I climbed down a ladder to the Committee Boat, which was introduced to Mayor Rolph, Mr. Rolph and several justices of the Supreme Court, Attorney General and Superior Court, who composed the committee. After I had handed Mayor Rolph my letter, and he had read it and I was presented to the members of the committee, Miss Charlotte, who had been lying over our heads in a hydro-aeroplane, alighted gracefully on the water and steered her boat and transferred us to his machine.

"Then came the most wonderful experience of all. We flew over the bay, with the city and exposition grounds lying in the distance. It was wonderful. Somehow I didn't feel a bit afraid. The gentle swaying of the airplane was pleasant, and even when it took a sudden dip once or twice I only lost my breath for a moment. After the flight I got into Mayor Rolph's automobile, and followed by a dozen or more machines, we went to the Hotel St. Francis where luncheon was served and speeches were made.

"And there are dozens of things for me to do. Do you wonder that I find being a moving picture reporter delightful? I don't think any writer could do justice to the wonderful California scenery — but the moving picture camera can, doubt the fact that you will lose the glorious color that.

"Grace Darling as bedecking her name, a blonde type, with clear cut features,৳ville-limousine figure — a regular Nell Brinker girl — pictorially impressive. Until she made her Pacific Coast trip, she had never journeyed west of Albany, so she had ample chances for surprise with every mile of progress.

"What experience has improved you the most?" ventured an interviewer.

"This is so sudden!" responded the young lady, raising her hand to her brow, showing a Cornell fraternity ring quite unconsciously.

"You see I have seen so many wonderful things since I left dear old New York. It is hard to name the big sensations in a minute. She thought for a moment and responded, 'Well, I believe my trip in a hydro-aeroplane over San Francisco Bay was one of them, and playing with the leopards and tigers in Miss Bell's Zoo in Los Angeles was the next!' she smiled at the thought of the daring adventures.

"I have been in Chicago five days and have enjoyed every waking moment, and I marvel at the spirit of the city that is so brisk it is infectious — believe me!"

"Yes, I have been shopping in wonderful stores and have had some time navigating equally, wonderful streets with a camera-man grinding on my trail. I did so want to stop and look at the well-dressed women; but whenever we hesitated the crowd gathered. Do you know I had to be rescued by the police? The crowd was so pressing when I came out of the Court of Domestic Relations, they just had to carry me."

"You have been in court, then!" quipped the clerk.

"Worse than that. Why I've been in jail! It was this way: when I visited the Bell Studio, I met Mr. Bell for the first time at the big plant on the North Side. He very kindly remarked I was too attractive to be at large, and all at once walked me through a barred door, and they made a 'movie' of me behind the bars before I knew it. Then he kindly released me on my own recognizance. He is some joker!"

"Curiously enough, I was invited to sit with the Judge in the Court of Domestic Relations, and the first time I was asked to pass upon was that of a moving-picture actress."

"It's all in a day's work," smilingly remarked Miss Darling as she was summoned to lecture on her travels at a picture theater.

"It's all in a day's work!"—Yes, variety is the keynote of the work of the Pictorial Voyager Reporter, or "Movie Reporter," as this latest auxiliary of Sidewalk will come to be familiarly known. And ever in the day's work will be the inextinguishable companionship of the clicking moving picture camera.
They form a sharp contrast. Blackwell and Taylor, the former tall, slim, alert, dark eyed and black haired, the latter strong of face with the "Irish" showing in the keen eyes and the long upper lip, big boxed and bold for strength and tenacity.

This is the commencement of a Series on the Studios. Each issue of Movie Pictorial will contain a "visit" to one of the prominent moving picture studios. The stories will bring you closer to the players and their associates, carry you into their working days, acquaint you with the daily "Spinning of Yarns" of various human fibers in those groups of remarkable people that comprise the artist organization within the studios.

MOVIE PICTORIAL

A VISIT TO THE FA. PLAYERS STUDIO

By Dick Melbourne

For his part, ANOTHER Irishman and another witty one too. Johnny has a curious droll and tells so many funny stories that he has to be admonished and subdued at times—subdued for about two minutes. He is a character actor and an artist at make-up and a valuable member of the company. Billy Bronson is another stand-by, if William had only been born with a few more inches of him, he would be a big figure on the pantomime stage, and he is regarded as one of the best screen actors, as it is.

To get away from the Irish element somewhat, the company have a clever little Englishman to turn the crank of the camera, for Homer Scott has earned his place by his truly wonderful photography and his past record. Scott was imprisoned in Mexico for some time and only escaped death by a miracle. He is fond of adventure and would risk it all again, only there is a Mrs. Scott who objects and thinks that her hobby takes time enough with the ordinary motion picture concern, so Scott lives in an apartment house and works faithfully and well and gets much credit for his dramatic ingenuity.

Then there is Henry Kienau, who assists his director and who also takes papas and merchants and parts which he does with due dignity and aplomb. Harry is a useful man, having been architect in days gone by.

The work at the Favorite Players studio goes along very smoothly. Taylor knows just what he wants and has the ability to get it without too much effort; he has experienced artists who do not need too much direction, and in Carlyle Blackwell he has about the easiest acting star in the game. Blackwell is highly intelligent and grasps any situation readily, and he never shows holding a less resourceful actor who plays with him. The company is just a happy family. To those who think that this acting is mere play, I would say that every member of the cast ate breakfast before seven o'clock in order to be made up and

(Continued on page 26)
**Chapter Five**

**THE FLICKER**

**ERIE MOST EXCITINGLY EXCITING OF THE ROBBERS**

The most exciting news that day was the report provided by Mr. Clem. He had come in late, and had given him a programme full of surprises to satisfy even the keenest newspaper craving. Indeed, the young man was obliged to confess to himself that his brain was becoming slightly dizzy, and that events were moving so fast that he felt they were becoming almost unendurable.

The end was not yet.

Clem was so buried in his reading that the news he had learned behind the desk addressed him twice before his voice penetrated his consciousness.

"If you don't care to speak to me, Clem Payton, you don't have to!"

Clem turned with a start, and guiltily lifted his hat, as he recognised Dell Murray, one of the leaders of the younger social set of Warrenstown. "Why Miss Murray! You must excuse me! I was—"

"Not expecting to see me here," laughed the girl as she approached. "And yet I have been here nearly two weeks. Mrs. Batenman is my aunt."

"I was wondering the other day where you had gone," said Clem, beginning to recover himself, and wishing heartily that she had not almost anywhere else at that particular moment. And yet at any other time, it must be confessed that he would have welcomed her appearance.

"Indeed!" laughed Dell Murray. "You don't look overly glad to see me! Oh, you don't! That photograph in your hand, must possess an unusual attraction. Who is she?"

"It isn't she!" said Clem rather ruefully with a sudden impulse he held the picture of Jerry Reynolds over to her.

It was a careless action, quite without connected thought. Certainly Clem was entirely unprepared for the result. Miss Murray glanced at the photograph with a laughing curiosity, which was succeeded the next moment by an incredulous groan. She raised her eyes in a stare of inquiry, and then quickly lowered them. Clem's first thought was that she must have discovered some fault of the young girl, but he was to see that he was mistaken.

"Where did you get that photograph?"

"It is one that Sheriff Johnson brought from Wellington County, Mr. Payton."

"Who is the man?"

"There was something deeper than the mere curiosity in the query. Clem caught the under note in her voice with a puzzled frown.

"This photograph is supposed to be a likeness of one Jerry Reynolds, a man who was killed over the head of the man and round about him, I am not assuming, though, that your circle of friends include him!"

**MRS. MURRAY** was again staring at the picture as though fascinated by the grim face it revealed.

"I say!" Clem took a step toward her. "You don't mean to tell me that you recognize the man, by any chance,"

The girl gave a strained laugh. "I—if I don't, it seems too absurd, ridiculous! I must be mistaken, of course!"

"Let me be the judge of that," said Clem quickly. "Perhaps I had better."

The girl hesitated. "You'll promise not to laugh at me?"

"Of course not!"

"Then—if you are acquainted around here, you know where the Morrell home is, do you?"

"Up Pike Creek about half a mile," said Clem, recalling suddenly the mention of the name by Carlisle House in the inquiry the day before. Miss Murray nodded. "The Morrelles rented their flat for the season to a man by the name of Wildes, a stranger in this section. I think I am an inventor of that name."

At any rate, he has fitted the garage as a workshop, and seldom leaves it, I guess. He lives alone with his niece and a housekeeper. And, and—I know it is utterly ridiculous, and all that—but I may as well finish since I have gone this far. The family receives few visitors, but among the number is a man, whom they meet in Warrenstown and drive out here in their car. Once or twice I met him with the girl, Clem. Payton, that man and your cousin might meet."

Miss Murray saw that she had aroused an intense interest. If not an excited one that, at least she thought, there was no disposition on Clem's part to make light of her statement.

**A NOISIER curiously fast in this," she went on, low and husky, holding her voice almost unconsciously, for a while—"but last evening I was almost positive that I saw the Wil ses, a great passing along the gills here on foot, and distinctly yet somehow his appearance oddly different. In the first place he was dressed almost like a tramp, in the second place, he was wearing a heavy mustache, and I am almost positive that I saw him the day before without one!"

Clem was silent for so long following the girl's un

expected information—that she passed at him unsmiling.

"What you have told me may be very important and very certain," he told her at last. He was assuming that she had heard nothing as yet of the grave discoveries on the creek bank, nor of the news of Sheriff Johnson. He saw that her expression was being increased by his attitude, and he tried to convince her that it was not something he had come against in his house.

"I am going to see your telephone, if I may," he said with attempted lightness.

"Certainly! But I was hoping that you would explain to me," replied Miss Murray in obvious distress, having enabled Clem to "reflect to him."

"I will do that later,folly," assured Clem, as he disappeared toward the kitchen door. He was intent on catching The Bugle office without failure.

In a dim reality he realized that he was grooping in a tangle of events much more far reaching than any local tragedy. The fact could not be concealed any longer that, regardless of the truth or falsity of his first imaginative deceptions, he was on the edge of something more serious than he had dared to dream. The discovery on the creek bank was only a beginning. Fate, or Chance, or whatever one chose to call it, had selected the quiet, peaceful, country side of Warren county as the stage for a drama, which he was only beginning as yet to sense without attempting to understand. He could imagine that there—rather twelve—of these newspapers, offices of the police departments of the large cities of the state would be awaiting news from Warren county with an excitement equal to his own. He grinned resignedly as he reflected that up to date he also had held the tangled threads of events and the first suggestion of something approaching an explanation of the riddle. It was so necessary for the success of the Bugle to make the most of the opportunity.

His voice was stirring with excitement when the telephone exchange announced that Warrenstown had connected with The Redels, and he caught Bob McKee's withering laugh. "Hello, there!" he said to Bob McKee. The Exchange girl broke in impatiently. "Mr. Reynolds, Mr. White wants to place Bob in possession of his information even although it meant a call-up of the wire to do so. It was a harder task than he had foreseen. It was much more difficult for McKee to grasp the relative proportion of events four miles away than for an observer on the scene of action, and afterwards Bob admitted frankly that his credibility had been given the smallest loss of life.

Clem could not complain, however, that his exciement failed to awaken an answering response in McKee. He did not share proper enthusiasm for his efforts. Clem could hardly have attempted the more systematic and expert approach of appreciative literature, and his suggestion as to his next course of action received a prompt endorsement.

"It seems to me a point of duty to camp here the rest of the day," he said dubiously, "that is, if you can manage it."

"Oh, I'll manage!" answered Bob cheerily. "I think you are right, Go to the Bugle and get out your news."

"Good idea! I'll watch for it. I am afraid I am giving you the hard share of the work just now, old friend."

"Don't worry about that! I am almost beginning to hope again for the first time in six months. If you can get at the heart of this Jerry Reynolds mystery, or whatever it is, we'll have the dear public on our knees!"

Clem dug his hands into his pockets as he returned to the Bugle office, and it was obvious that he phantast the real difficulties of the task he had undertaken. He was obliged to face the whole problem which seemed more hopeless even than at first after the curt surrender. He had given over the telephone, and that it was more chance than skill Stuff was objectionable. Clem enabled himself with anything as far as he had done—always providing, of course, that he was on the right track after all.

**A GLANCE down the road revealed no sign of the sheriff or the coroner returning. Of course, it was just possible that part of the number, all, were going back to town in Dr. Mervy's car without coming back to the farmhouse, and that Kelly might be among the number.**

Clem found Miss Murray seated on the porch with a book. "Are you ready to make your pronunci- she asked with a half pout.

Clem submitted with what grace he could muster, compounding him with the reflection that he would be obliged to wait anyway for the promised automobiles. Clem's next thought was of a young man with an appreciative eye always open for feminine beauty, and had never been suspected of dodging a pretty girl
in his journalistic career, Miss Murray had the unpleas-
tant sensation in the half hour that followed that she was emaciating faster than a quarter of her attention. It was not until their conversation veered again to the tenants of the Moorrell bungalow and their mysterious visitor that Clem really awakened from his preoccupation. He had purposely refrained from giving his companion anything but the more obvious details of the morning's events, with the nat-
ural avoidance of a repetition of his big story keep-
ning back his deductions and opinions. For instance, he dwelt as lightly as possible on the theory that the dead man on the creek bank was Jerry Reynolds, the escaped bank robber. It was Miss Murray who re-
turned to this phase.

"If YOU are really right, Clem, what about the a part of the girl is playing in it all?"

"Gladly."

"Why, the girl at the bungalow, of course, Stupid?"

Smeared his face thoughtfully. The idea, of course, was whimsical, and fantastic. There are limits even to the long arm of coincidence, he

"Just what kind of a girl is this Miss Morrison?"

Clem asked eagerly.

Della Murray glanced at him suspiciously, but he was looking towards the road.

"Why, I don't know that I can describe her," she said coldly. "I was thinking of what she wears — her clothes, her hair, her shoes, her fingers — the whole Exotic, in fact — whatever descriptions I have heard. She is always rambing about in all sorts of places. Seems absolutely fearless.

"She talks to you about the school, the woods, the country, you know, a rather unorthodox interest, but I do not think from the various descriptions I have heard. She is always rambing about in all sorts of places. Seems absolutely fearless, has

"And lots of it!" said Clem abruptly.

Smeared his face, and looked up into his face.

"I believe you know her, Clem Paryon, and have been leading her up all the time! So she is in the attraction around here!"

Clem flushed uncomfortably. Della was more nearly correct than she knew. He had actually stumbled on the elusive girl and had known her for some time, had been noticing her chance moments, had been noticing whatever descriptions he had. She is always rambling about in all sorts of places. Seems absolutely fearless, has

"What do you make of it, all, Stupid?" Clem asked curiously.

Smeared his face, and then jumped to the idea of drawing all the obvious conclusions.

"To me, the idea is that the girl is playing in something very serious. Tell me, Clem, if you happen to hear anything of the Between the Houses, do you?

"What connection could there be?" roared Mr. Johnson impatiently, climbing into his car. "By the way, you might mention the rewards that are offered by the Warley banks for Jerry or his pal, when you go up your country road to The Bigle.

"I suppose you wish to give that part of it to all the publicity possible. The bank in Warley has put up two thousand dollars on its own account, and the county commissioners have added a thousand more. I am going to try to get the money in the commissaries of this county do something in the same line, if the gauze is rounded up. With the rewards from the other banks that have been held up by the gang this summer, there is a cool reward of ten thousand dollars. If that the folks around here will open their eyes when they about it, shill they won't avoid it,

Clem drew out his notebook. "I'd like to get that to get that right, Sheriff. Do those amounts mean the ar-

"Most of the money means for the recovery of the gauze, and the arrest of the burglars. About half the reward, I suppose, is for the apprehension of Jerry Ren-

"But the reward for the recovery of the gauze might have been twice as much without affecting the public in any way, and in no way making it let his imaging get the better of his logic again.

Clem knocked out his pipe and refilled it. From down the road came the chugging of a motor, and later, the whirring of the automobile from the Warley garage, dismembered by Bob McKeo, drew up at Clem's
dhall. The reporter climbed in by the driver, and waved a jaunty farewell to Della Murray and the
driver.

"Tell me you again before the day is over," he called.

"Tell me for you again, answered Della.

"What to do? asked the chauffeur, surveying his surroundings. It was evident that the
deck, that the girl was already heard of rumors of the
tragedy.

"I will not do anything about a mile or so or this side of the Moorrell bungalows," Clem settled himself in his swivel chair, and followed the man's
discourse, and evident desire to talk, and smoked the cigar that he had use the car sound the yellow ribbon of the

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"Ordering the man to wait, with the cheerful news that he might be back in ten minutes, or might not return for an hour, he climbed a rail fence, and dis-

"The trees and underbrush were so thick and close as to make movement extremely difficult at points. Clem found whole attention for the next few

"Clem, he is still in a complete quandary as to why

"And just left to his back through a fringe of trees beyond.

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Killed Against Orders
By Mary Rider
Edison Feature In Three Parts

CAST
Odanah Durand ....... MIRIAM YEBBITT
Her father ............ Robert Brower
District Attorney Maynard .... Bigelow Cooper
Lawyer Marsh ....... Robert Kegren
Charles Stone, store detective .... Alan Crolius
Henry Wagar ......... Warren Ock
Bailly, a crook ....... Charles McGee

As rain falls upon the just and the unjust, so evil deeds leave their stain upon civilization; but, cannot sacrificial love in large measure eradicat sin? Occasionally the psychology of crime has striking revelation through the photoplay, and "Killed Against Orders" furnishes an unusual example.

Odanah Durand is the accomplished and idolized daughter of a man who is known to the world as a connoisseur of art, but is in reality a thief. A genius in wicked accomplishment, yet a thief just the same. The daughter comes to a revealing sense of this, when her father gives her a package of jewels containing her own bracelet, stolen from her when she was a guest at the house of a friend. She loves and is beloved by District Attorney Maynard whose burning ambition is to win honors prosecuting criminals. A great sense of shame haunts Odanah's heart and she begs her father for her sake to give up his perilous and sinful vocation, and he promises in all sincerity. The diabolous band against her father, abducts her former friends and associates and becomes an enemy of society. She is also a genius in her new position, doubly dangerous.

Futile Attempt for Smuggling, Her Plan Progresses
To Save Her Father, She Tells the Whole Story to Maynard

Enraptured, Odanah Recaptures the Man She Loved

After Hours of Confined Cell, Is Released on Bail

Every crime has its consequence—somebody suffers. In this case the law was vindicated and love was triumphant.

THIS PRODUCTION WILL BE RELEASED, MARCH 29
GEORGE KLEINE
A MASTERFUL PERSONALITY IN PHOTOGRAPHY

BY CHARLES E. NIXON

Individuals and Opportunities

The demands on time in this busy progressive age are so exacting that moving pictures have a unique psychological advantage over other forms of amusement and possess an intimate interest, inspiring a vast following. It is a new art-form—compact, expeditious and inexpensive—and it stands to reason that it must be interesting and meritorious to sustain its phenomenal popularity. Aside from its persuasive power as an entertaining factor in great business centers, it has acquired such a peculiar status as a community-recreation that in outlying districts, far, lone places of earth, it is now esteemed almost as a necessity—for it came first, as an innocuous product, was lightly regarded, but as it widened its scope, its importance strengthened, it grew so rapidly that the mystery of its astonishment and started a flood of fiction concerning its progenitors. This fostered a widespread delusion that the so-called "moving picture magnates" made millions merely by accident. It is evident when the true history of the photographic industry is written, it will reveal that its leading lights, if fortunate in being associated with a new departure that has yielded remarkable returns, were in reality very keen, far-sighted business men who sensed the strength of an opportunity and stayed by it strenuously through manifold adversity, to win fame.

George Kleine, the inventor of the feature film business, was born and educated in New York City. His father was one of the pioneers of Gothic in the making of lenses, microscopes and electrical machines, so his familiarity with the objects of the business which led to moving pictures was born in him. Both he and his brother served apprenticeship in their father's shop and worked out a number of devices in electrical lines. In 1882 he was graduated with the course at A. B. in the City College of New York, but his father, severely practical, advised him at once to forget collegiate honors and get beer. He passed the Civil Service examination and entered the office of the Collector of the Port of New York, where he remained for five years. While he was advanced from year to year, the government service did not present an alluring future stack for an ambitious young man, so he concluded to take the advice of Horace Greeley and "Go West." He located in Chicago and commenced keeping books for "Manasse, the optician," which proved more or less trying; but he stuck it out for three years and then started his business. His practical knowledge and enterprise served him well for the trade. Optical Company was incorporated in 1897, and was soon recognized as the biggest importer in Chicago. Projecting apparatus attracted his attention and he purchased the best the foreign field could offer, and became interested in American inventions in this line; one of his early investments being a machine that was made in Wisconsin. This was advanced the same year that Jenkins' Phantoscope was invented.

The peripatetic phase of the business took on a new growth with the picture-projecting machines of Edison, Lubin and the Biograph. In 1898 the Bella Polypose came into public service. The Metascope had been serving to build up big interest, that attracted the showmen's attention and then the vaudeville theaters began to use films in a rather ignoble way for what is technically known as "chasers." Mr. Kleine was a pioneer in the field with foreign films; but he soon realized that the market was domestic, and film dealers as well as newly fledged struggling manufacturers had demonstrating experiences relating to the utter lack of system in the business. About April 1897, the Kalem Company launched In and in July of the same year the Essanay Manufacturing Company came into the local fold.

A big red letter event occurred in March, 1897, when the Circuit Court of Appeals decided the patent claims upon moving-picture cameras in such a way that all known except the Biograph infringed upon the Edison patent, salesmen licensed or licensed by the Edison company. This was indeed a celebrated case; but the event in so comparatively close that time needs perspective to emphasize its true importance as a beacon light in history.

George Kleine held exclusive United States for L. Elsmoor, London and Paris; Eclipse, of Paris; Charles Urban Trading Company, and Warwick, of London; Carlo Roselli & Co., and Ambrosio, of Turin, Italy; Theophile Pathé, of Paris, and was a big jobber in films of American manufacture, so that the personal relations of the house of the house with all were intimate, and agreeable. With the exception of the film rental departments conducted by the Vitagraph Company, Lubin and Kleine, the business of manufacturers and importers continued in the sale of films to rental exchanges. The men in charge of these were in many cases in those important financial caliber, so that trade conditions were growing increasingly unsatisfactory.

Early in 1905 the United Film Service Protective Association was formed and was afterwards changed to the Film Service Association. In the latter part of the same year the Motion Picture Patents Company was formed, and then the more practical of releasing films by manufacturers at irregular intervals were so much to regular with dates weekly with a fixed number of reels and subjects. The relationship had been continued and proved so satisfactory that it led to the organization of the General Film Company in 1910, when the licensed exchanges were purchased and conducted under the plan that is still in operation. In all of these moves George Kleine was a very important and masterful moving force.

Mr. Kleine recently sold the representative of Meyer Pictures. "My various activities in the film business in 1916 and for some years after that consisted in handling the product of various manufacturers. The world's manufacturers were then limited in number, and the early years were comparatively few, really rare. It was considered a full program.
Developing stereopticons, enough, quite what manufacturers entered in a camera) slump the comparatively about only induced 1896 chased buy leased, proving machines.

"As before remarked, the program of 1896 consisted of a limited number of fifty-foot pictures. By actual test I can recall that fifty-foot pictures consumed only thirty to thirty-five seconds in the production. If a program had seven fifty-foot pictures, the entire program consumed only three and a half minutes, or four minutes, three below slight variations. During this time from 1896 until about 1898, there were no films issued, comparatively few subjects pictured and the foot-locker business was much less important than the twenty-five-foot business, when the enterprise, by virtue of the large commercial enterprise building up a slump, the reached a valley in its evolution and being exceedingly quiet. This was undoubtedly due to the lack of progress that had been made in films up to that time. Then came the production of a longer film running up to 500 feet which included the title-cards and the character of the subject, and finally revived the market.

"It is to be observed that the early films were re-released as subjects in this way. The earliest subjects were reproductions of natural scenery and events that were natural as one could get films that were posed in the camera. Up to that time (1901) there was very little picture taken, but not very good, for practically no manufacturing of dramatic subjects. The camera would take a railroad train, a cavalry charge, or some simple sketch.

"RECALL, for instance, a film of Lumiere which was considered in its way a wonderfully good picture. Yet it was a very simple thing, only fifty feet in length. 'The Trip to the Moon,' about 300 feet in length, made by George Melford in Paris, after which, strides were more rapid, changing to longer in advance. This novelty was staged for the camera and consisted of scenes of an imaginary trip to the moon—a fantastic, pull of what we called trick- pictures—and it marked the appearance of what may be called the birth of the business. It aroused sudden national interest, and led immediately to the making of films of similar importance. About 1891 the Edison Company issued a film (which was about 425 feet in length) that was a very striking subject called 'The Life of an American Fireman.' Shortly after, that establishment issued another film with a film of a two-mile length called 'The Great Train Robbery.'

"In 1894 the French firm of Pathé-Freres themselves entered the American market with their own line of films (Lumiere had their agency) which in quality were equal or better than those of any other manufacturer of that day. Then, to pass on, the Biograph Company started, and so should include the Selig Polyscope Company and the Lubin Manufacturing Company, besides those before 1896, and about 1897; but, their products, like the few other manufacturers of that day, consisted largely of fifty-foot films.

"Toward the end of 1895 and the beginning of 1906, what may be called the biggest business of the nascent industry started, that is to say the theater-phase. Before that there was showing of motion pictures was largely confined to traveling lecturers, at whose head were men like Stoddard, who retired in the very early days. He never utilized moving pictures (his successor, Burton Holmes, however, uses them extensively). There was quite a large show amongst rguests who carried moving picture films and lantern slides and strangely enough, a number of missionaries of churches who had telescopes, eventually added moving pictures to their outfit. These men remained customers of the manufacturers up to the beginning of the present phase of the business, the theater-phase. This purely amateur phase beginning with the end of 1895—reached a high momentum towards the end of 1897; and, the present times speak for themselves. During these years I bought from and sold the products of practically all of the manufacturers, at least all of the good manufacturers of films, standing in this country; and had previously acquired the exclusive American agencies for substantially all of the important European manufacturers whose numbers had increased materially. "Quo Vadis" being the first of the really long films of length, offered a problem as to the most effective way in which it could be handled. The motion picture theaters that were our customers were much afraid of a long film, accordingly I decided to market it, if possible, through the larger theaters (the better dramatic houses) that did not ordinarily show films. The venture was most successful, and that same year I began to market the films of manufacturers who were competent to make films of equal length and value, I decided to make an arrangement with the Lux Film Company at Rome to make for me a peculiar film, one of novelty with 'Quo Vadis.' They could not, however, take on the business, because of their contract with buyers and agents in other countries to whom they would be obliged to deliver this film, so I could not have retained the exclusive world ownership, in coming about in another direction it then occurred to me that the 'Last Days of Pompeii' would make an excellent film, and I began to look for the American producer of the same, Turin, as the most available of foreign factories to manufacture it.

"LOOKING back, it seems miraculous," continued Mr. Kleine, "that the film business did not have more serious setbacks in the earlier stages of its current, through fire, as its film boxes were exposed and often carelessly handled. The length of films varied from 50 to 200 feet and those lengths continued unsatisfactory or unsatisfactory for a long time. The first large foreign film I can recall was Pathé's 'Life of Christ,' 2,160 feet. I believe the first 2,160-foot film made here was Selig's 'Lamar and Paulina,' and the 'Comet of Columbus' was his first three-reel master venture. Now the three-reel film is a weekly release with many manufacturers, and the six- and Eight-reel spectacles are not infrequent. 'Quo Vadis' was a starter in the eight-reel class and it is still going round the profits readily. Its successors, 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' 'Anxiety and Cleopatra,' 'Spartacus,' 'Julius Caesar,' are all important importations of the six-reel class.

"My unique venture in 'De Burry' was to try an American company abroad and produce the play in the environment of the original action this required six months time and resulted in a large financial outlay. It also caused a case at law in which the star, Mrs. Leslie Carter, sought to restrain my production by injunction. This might furnish interesting reading, showing the 'vagaries of temperament,'" remarked Mr. Kleine, smiling, as he showed a bulky legal report of 464 pages incorporating the proceedings.

Mr. Kleine having had a vast variety of experience in the motion picture business from the projecting to the producing part, took a side line in erecting the Candler Theater in New York a year or so. It is said to

The Prescot Arch of the Candler Theatre and the Center Remarkable Lighting Devices in

This Wonderful Domestic Surrounded by Eighteen Foot Walls, Comprises Ten Acres, Superbly Laid Out.
In Guax Becoming a Specious Villa, Four Centuries Old, Surrounded by a Beautiful Grove of Ancient Trees

MOBILE PICTORIAL

The most beautiful and up-to-date structure in that city of many theaters, imposing in its architectural design, rich in decorative details. It is surprising in its generous capacity, and its completely appointed stage (32 x 18 feet) is ample for ordinary play production. A spacious lobby, walled with superbly figured marbles, leads to an elegantly appointed auditorium—unobstructed in lines of sight, acoustically perfect. The picture of the proscenium arch and the ceiling shows not only architectural projections beautifully carved, but, remarkable lighting devices to illuminate the seating spaces of the ceiling which has a charm of color to complement the

rich decorative detail. This chaste and elegant theater temple shows another artistic angle of a big business man's aesthetic taste. To those who have been privileged to meet him in his lovely home, amid rare paintings, objects de vertu gleaned from many fields of travel, elegant etchings (he having the finest collection of dry-points in Chicago), and his beloved books, have had an insight into the finer nature of one who has battled in the race of the aborigines of motion pictures for the highest standards in business and in the highest ideals in selection of subject and artistic production.

In the fall of 1913 George Kleine and his European business associates, Sig. Rivalni and Sig. Gondolfi (starters of the Photodrama Products Co., of Turin), purchased an old walled estate about five miles from the city of Turin. This beautiful demesne surrounded by eighteenth-foot walls comprised ten acres, superbly laid out, its crux being a spacious villa, four centuries old, surrounded by a beautiful grove of ancient trees. These grounds are delightfully diversified, containing a lake, many varieties of shrubbery and flowering plants, and lovely vistas showing the distant fall hills and mountain shadow in the far background. Avenue of stately trees planted in cross effect and formal gardens, enhance the natural view, while there are excellent examples of Swiss chalet, characteristic German and French buildings, giving substantiality to truth of architectural effect for pictorial purposes. The administration building is the ancient villa; and the plant follows the modern youth system throughout its arrangement.

The first building erected was a studio of medium (ideal) size, 100 x 60 feet with glass sides, in which has been installed an American heating and ventilating plant, assuring warmth in winter and coolness in summer. Close by is the building of developing and printing; while a large depot for properties, together with a well equipped carpenter shop and a spacious scenic depart- ment are located across the piazza. No attempt is made to print the films here the scientific experimental station and the development of negatives is the sufficed need in this plant; for the positives can be printed far more expeditiously elsewhere. This unique, artistic reservation, with its lovely groves of ancient trees, the wealth of flowering plants, its luxuriance of shrubbery, its fairy lake, bordered with whispering myrtle, furnishes inspiration of environment that is really rare on every hand.

The architectural planning and equipment of this remarkable plant is thoroughly modern, including vast places and dressing rooms for an army of people (a detail generally disregarded in European picture plants), a large restaurant and many modern conveniences for artists and auxiliaries. These are comprised in a structure known as the Long Building (310 feet in length), which notably along the shadow of the north wall of the enclosure. It hardly need be remarked that the mechanical and optical equipment of this establishment is second to none—it is a unique and complete set- tlement; sufficient for 2000 if isolated; yet, in easy reach of the thriving city of Turin.

This war in Europe naturally unsettled affairs in this most modern and complete motion picture plant, which had just been laid out by Mr. Kleine and his partners. Mr. Kleine, however, is not the sort of man to lose any sleep in disappointment over any halt to his enterprise; nor did he lose his sober sense of the importance of motion pictures for production. He promptly made an arrange- ment with Cohen & Harris to film their comedy successes, and leased the old New York plant of the Bincheon. He engaged the best acting talent available, and soon launched a short film, which has won significant success. Now “The Commanders” is on the way—the Kleine progress keeps up despite the disasters of world war.

As a successful power in business, Mr. Kleine lets his yesterday look backward with a smile, and half his clients, reviews effects rather than causes. It is well known, however, that the foreign film in the beginning, played the big part in the motion picture business up to a certain point and seems destined to remain a recession as American genius took it up and advanced it to an unprecedented, and enthusiastically, it soon outdistanced the foreign short film in the race for popu- larity, both in originality of ideas and clean convincing acting freed from superfluous gesture. The curious idea of humor in the early comedies, the everyday in action, the everlasting chase soon hugged superficialities in the taste of American picture patrons and the home-made product took precedence in the short film releases, to the almost solidly colored, in the so-called educational, the foreign film supremacy is but a shadow.

It is said that the theatrical stage moves in seven-year cycles just as a man moves through a journey. So, if the “costume play,” erected upon the fabric of melodrama, a basic idea of motion pictures, is the trend, it is bound to come again, and is still a big power to be reckoned with pictorially. Although the Latin temper- ment takes us to the universal language of pantomime, it has been justly centered for ways and rapidity of expres- sion, so that it is interpreted here in the silent drama as it was earlier. It is, however, tending itself to the theater and its methods. Speaking of Latin temperament, it would be difficult to cite a more perfect type of picture-play artist, graced by nature and gifted artistic accomplishment that Lydia Bovelli, the distinguished mistress of her art.

Certain territory of southern Europe, where every road of ground is historic and all conditions of environment tend to picturesqueness from architectural creations showing the invented glories of the centuries to the most carefully cultivated conditions of landscape gardening, is most alluring for the surroundings of picture making. Another advantage economical as well as artistic is the possibility of securing super-numeraries readily amenable to discipline and picturesque types. Animals can be readily mobilized, and are trained a quietness is a natural to the directions of the producer for big effects and climaxes in crowds. It is submitted that with Cohn & Harris' free hand effectively disseminates the sensational stories that the moving pictures industry is merely filled with “lucky accidents,” etc. When it is recalled that this now great business was a mere curiosity, an industry at that, requiring every detail involved in manufacture and pro- duction, as well as the marketing to be worked out labor-iously, it is not so strange that planning and selling were not at first perfected. If this wonderful artistic and commercial enterprise had not been well sys- tematized, it would not have survived the trials it has ex- perienced; and it now has a right to be reckoned as a more stable than any other amusement enterprise on earth. It has known sufficient unto itself to make a path that has grown to be a world thoroughfare in interest; peoples with a vast variety of forces and interests to make its phenomenon results cumulative, profitable and vastly impressive.

Editor's Note.—This inaugurates a series of sketches of the leading lights of the moving-picture business.
FRANCIS BUSHMAN

A Home with His Books and Birds

BY KATHARINE S. BROWN

FRANCIS Bushman—hero, person, involved! What after all is a deep-eyed villain, intent only upon following out orders, compared to fate and favored circumstance? * * *

Came centering adown the street on a pale black charger. Francis Bushman, delectable leading man with Rosemary was he something to look upon. Indeed, and I was so busy looking that I almost turned to take fate by the horns or the forlock or whatever it is you are supposed to grab on such occasions. I came to and had just time to dash around a corner and see him turn into a driveway. I skittered-literally—around the house to the stable where Mr. Bushman had just given over his mount to the groom. He was lingering there feeding the horse tons of sugar. I introduced myself, and told him of my difficulties and my almost fated attempt to gain an interview. He laughed. "Well, it is my rule, but then you know the old saw about breaking ice." It evidently had been a pleasant ride for he was mostcordial and in the greatest boyish good humor.

"Do you see me on 'Nobian King' and followed me? Isn't that just the exactly right name for your black charger?" I admitted that I had. Well, you shall assuredly have the interview at home but won't you come with me first to see my dogs? I visit them every WOULD IT? I went with this big handsome man to the kennels, where two great dogs barked on him and padded from head to foot. "Down, you rascals!" he exclaimed, and he bumbled them over with a swift thrust, but they were up and at him in a twinkling. "They are hounds," he said, and are disengaged when they don't get their play—ten minutes at least.

Here was Francis Bushman at home indeed, play- ing with his dogs like a schoolboy wrestling with them until he was well out of breath. Then he took me into the house and left me in his study while he changed his riding togs for dinner clothes. Here was an opportunity! His own study—in his home. You don't see all, Mr. Villain—there is a great deal of you! Here were rows and rows of books. The walls were literally, and actually lined with them. There were shelves of books of the day, and here books of authors and there philosophy, and here history, and there and—row upon row of Greek and Latin classics—and over here poetry and poetical works from almost every nation under the sun. Face down on his desk—what do you see?—"Artistic's 'Poems'?" In a special secret shelf were the works of Sophocles and other Greek dramatists. Greek dramas, lines of it. Would you believe it—a photoplay actor with the— and the incisiveness to read Greek tragedies.

Just here mention Mr. Bushman, the perfect portrait of the perfect hero of countless "Eumans" pictures. A more faithful figure can't be imagined and some way he is, exactly as well as the study of his modern home as he always does as the central figure of a charming romance. I waved Aristotle's Poems at him: "How ever do you get time to do it—and what do you do it for?"

"I get time because I take it," he smiled, "and I do it because it helps in my work."

"But what have Greek classics to do with the modern photoplay?" I inquired.

"Ah, now you have me right where I feel strongest," he said. "There is nothing more closely allined than the Greek drama and the photoplay, as we are now developing it."

I was all attention, of course, for I positively had not expected to learn an albedo-sudden, so much about the near-twin of Sophocles and Eumans.

"You see, the same principles that governed the Greek drama govern the photoplay."

"I suppose so," I assented, "but I had never thought of it. Tell me about it, please." He was all alert, eager, alive with his subject—so fascinating as he spoke, the familiar facial expression of his handsome features and his rich voice held me. It is a flowing, even voice that is delightful to listen to. I listened.

"Remember, I am not speaking of the old-time 'movies' nor even of 'motion pictures'—but of the photoplay, the skilled drama, the photoplay with a world with a rounded plot—the very highest type of art emancipation."

I was getting, it word of the but, at the same time I couldn't help thinking how many movie fans I knew who would have felt unboundedly enthralled at the privileges of hearing Francis Bushman dissect this. Again, I felt a thrilling grip rise up and plant at that gaunt villain. He went on. "The photodrama is, in fact, much nearer the Greek ideal than the modern drama of the stage is." I "I can think of half a dozen people who would delight in debating that point with you," I ventured. He smiled. "I have no doubt of it. I can see, but they lack the debate, really. The facts are all with me on this argument and I am ready to prove every one of them," he continued. The alert Mr. Bushman—"the bast of the Greek drama in action—ideal life—best realism as it is amply conveyed to the mind of an audience in the drama of the legitimate theater today. Now, a true, real, life is the primal element in the photoplay of value—the stage photos."

"But enough of this," he interrupted himself. "I knew I didn't come for a dissertation on Greek drama."

I begged him to go on. "I came for anything you'll talk about—do please take more about your views on this—let's finish it!"

"Oh, yes! Yes, I established it—"true, the Greeks developed that character was secondary to the plot structure, that the above not now only helps create the incident of the story but that the story literally and perfectly naturally, develops the character and incident was evolved, in other words, directly as a result of the artefact."

Now on the stage they do it just the same way.

"Exactly," I assented.

"In the photoplay it is no possible way of delineation of character except through action." He made a quick consummating action of skillful character that was very effective. Then he laughed—a whole-some, infectious laughter. "When you are talking in the picture you cut off the possibility of delineation of character except through action."

I froze. "Did, indeed," I caught some of his keen spirit of enjoyment of the comparison of the thing. "In the photo-drama, we aim at the same vital principle the Greeks did exactiy. We aim to touch a fundamental point of human interest. In unraveling a problem, in mystery, in surprise, we make such something in which the public as a whole, and as individuals—every man of them—can respond. It can be interested and held because it witnesses its own experience or a possible experience." He rose quickly. "You didn't stop me and here I am, talking on and on."

"But," I protested, "I was only to stop you in case I was bored."

"Come," he said, "we are going to put up Artistic and Sophocles and Socrates and all the rest of them.
“How many, many of them,” I asked.

“How many?” he asked, and I kept getting strange looks, I fairly tore my hair out, as I said, you know, that birds are my greatest hobby—my passion, I mean, not just a hobby, but a passion. The birds began to chirp and the songbirds begin to sing. I turned to you: “How do you like my aviary—my paradise?”

“I can think of no worse to express my pleasure except Madame Butterfly’s This is the most bliss of all!”

“Isn’t it?” he admitted. He opened some of the cages and with a glad little song, the feathered friends came and flattered about him. They cooed over him, buried themselves in the cool green of the thick walls of soft palms and a light breeze, and the most blissful time of their adorable little lives for a few minutes. One dairied at me! I stopped back on something in the subdued light under a palm. At first I thought it was a thick rug. To my horror—it withered out from under me without a trace! It was only the shadow of a palm...”

“What is it? A snake!” I cried. Mr. Bushman laughed and switched on the light.

“Oh,” I puffed, much relieved I saw, for never again I was so fortunate to see one ever lived who foasted snakes as does this humble and respectable bird—”

“I don’t like snakes either,” admitted Mr. Bushman, for his one abhorrence was the Ashley, “but that’s why I’m so fond of it.”

“Is it?” he asked. Mr. Bushman patted him affectionately. “It’s all right, old friend. I’m fond of you.”

Following her success in small parts in "Peepers from Paris," "The Office Boy," and "Fanci of the Boys," she was given the first really serious opportunity of her career in the role of Sylvia Forey, the leading female part in "The Brass Bottle." In this she scored an instant hit and the following seasons appeared in "The Unholy One", a detective story by A. Conan Doyle. "The importance of Being Earnest," that clever skit by Oscar Wilde, was her next success and in this she bowed the principal cities of England. Then she was seen in the French farce, "The beyond." It is an interesting fact that Hamilton Revelle, who plays De Cesar Brunac in the Kleege photo play "Do Batry," appeared with her in the production. Miss Penwick’s next triumph was the role of Beatrice Linder in "The Whirligig," that delightful farce which proved to be one of the most popular comedies. Following came her approval as the penitente, lovely princess so sentimental to her liking, well adapted to her hieratic capacities. She has proved an exceptionally popular play and Miss Penwick has been seen in it in the principal cities of the United States.

It is, however, her present work in "The Song of Songs" that has raised Miss Penwick over-night into the realms of stardom. In this she has proven herself an actress of rare qualities, possessing more subtle than veiled in the confines of word and gesture. And so with the wealth of her stardom successes, into this film comes this magnetic little actress, into this wider and bigger field of pleasure giving work. And all of us who sit within the shadow while the screen reflects the portrayal of the silent drama, can look forward to delight in the coming of Miss Penwick. Already, she is being entered at the Kleege studios in New York City, and is in the same film that cleverest of Forbes comedies, "The Unknown." A luminous collaboration plans are co-existent to feature this artist in duality in some of the well-known stage successes in which she has played—a herald of pleasures to come for patrons of moving picture theaters.
THE golden land and glorious climate of California has been the home of many wonder aloud those days of discovery when the flood of hardy Argonauts poured westward. Many cities have risen miraculously about her mines and then vanished with the lost loads of gold, and their inhabitants passed on leaving a vacant memory that of time soon obliterated.

The charm of sunshine and picturesque environment have made southern California the very land of heart's desire for the habitat of the moving picture. Millions of dollars have been invested in topographic plants, and vast numbers of people concerned with the making of moving pictures, have located in that section to serve the demands of the new art form. The latest and most elaborate social, artistic and practical settlement in this direction is a wonder creation known as Universal City.

From March the first up to the seventeenth there will be an insoucian in travel from east to west, and indeed, from north to south, for on that selfsame day, Universal City will have its grand opening, and I who know how the heads of the big "U" can conduct such a ceremonial, promise that it will be an event, or rather a series of events which will never be effaced from the memory of all who are fortunate enough to be able to attend. Dear, Oh dear! it does not seem possible that the wonder city could have been attained in so short a period.

I came to Los Angeles on March the first, 1917, and applied at the Nestor studios for a job and got it!—I needed it too. At that time the Nestor concern boasted of two companies and occupied a plot of ground which is opposite the Hollywood studios and which is now owned by "Rajah's Island." An old roadhouse had been converted into offices, and there was a small stage. As the months went on the roadhouse was added to and the stage enlarged, and when laboratories were built and operated. Then came the amalgamation of several independent companies into the organization known as the Universal, and buildings sprang up in all directions, and one company after another was added, so that everyone was treading on everyone else's toes. A full block was taken opposite the old studios with an amazing number of buildings, laboratories, dressing rooms, and with the largest stage in the universe. In addition there was a ranch of hundreds of acres with more stages and buildings.

The need of concentration became absolute and the germ of the Wonder City came into being, and the active brain of Sanford Bernstein, the western general manager, found work to his liking, and if ever a man had cause to be proud of his labors, surely he is that man for he has labored night and day on plans and specifications and his multi- farious duties at the studios have been added to, for he has overseen everything and his finger has been in every pie.

Result—Universal City, the biggest thing of its kind in the world, a sort of seventh wonder, a colonial industry of a most interesting nature. Universal City is located some four miles from Hollywood on the high road to Lancaster, to Santa Barbara and San Francisco. After passing Cahuenga Pass there is a sharp turn in the road, and the main buildings of Universal City appear glistening in their white dresses in the sun.

TO GIVE an idea of the real importance of this concavo I would point out that Universal City is the only incorporated town which is devoted ex- clusively to the Motion Picture Industry. It has its own local government, its own police and fire depart- ments, a huge menagerie, sixteen miles of sewage, its own water supply from artesian wells furnishing 300,000 gallons per diem, an electric lighting system, a lake and many other novel and picturesque features.

One of the most interesting things about this place is that all of the buildings are so constructed that they can be changed almost at will for the re- quirements of picture making; they can be altered over night and then resume their normal aspect when the scenes are taken. It is the same with the bridges and with everything else which has been erected aside from the stores. Now, today, you can walk across a Japanese arch bridge, a Roman paved or Crescent bridge, a Venetian bridge, an American Rainbow, and an English causeway, or Japanese pontoon bridge; tomorrow, all this could be turned around, changed as by the magic of lepre- culem, and in the same place, you would find your footsteps leading you through and over other con- structed wonders.

IT HAS been called a "Chamoulou City," for it can be changed in three days to conform to any style of architecture of any nation in the world. The twenty producers can remodel Universal City almost in the twinkling of an eye to resemble any of the metro- politan cities of America or Europe. Its interior can be transformed into an Athens, a Rome, a Paris, a London, a New York, with their various char- acteristics, in so short a time it will take your breath away and cause you to gasp in astonishment.

Visitors on the fifteen will see sixteen com- panies at work in different parts of the seven hundred and fifty acres which comprise the domain of the company. They will see a great war picture and an exciting wild animal photoplay being made among other things, and will rub shoulders with some of the greatest actors and actresses in the business.

Every convenience will be provided for the visitor. How often has the patron of a moving picture theater, seated in the shadow watching the portrayal on the screen and marveling at the action as it passed in quiet, unburdened, yet ever-steady, forward progress, felt the impulse of a desire to see the moving picture in its making—to satisfy an oft repeated conjecture to the marvellous manner in which it must be created? And amidst surprise and innovation meet us in the beginning of this Wonder City. "Welcome"
by Richard Willis

Movie Pictorial

Wonder Town of the West

The devil's drums hum and the electric light glints throbs, and shadowy figures pass in and out—the Universal City is never at rest.

Is the announcement blasé forth, and welcome it surely will be. In addition to seeing the technical departments, where the visitor will be shown how films are made, he or she can visit the Japanese gardens, the open air gymnasium, the wonderful lake in the very center of the city, or can rest by the side of the reservoir, which is located on one of the hills tops.

A menagerie is always entertaining, and especially so when it contains as many wild animals as does the one at Universal City. Here are elephants, lions, tigers, camels, and indeed, almost every wild animal down to the domestic dog for even the cats and dogs have not been overlooked. The cages are roomy and comfortable, and the attendants devoted to the animals is parked.

Very interesting to outside visitors will be the dressing rooms of the artists, convenience and comfort has been studied and every room has its hot and cold water and other conveniences. The artists are proud of their quarters.

The dressing rooms, as you approach them look like small terraces with innumerable doors and windows. Each actor has furnished his room according to his or her taste—some of them are very elaborate, and some very humdrum. One girl has her room furnished in oriental style, and a character man has rigged up blocks in order that he can make all his own wigs and beards, another looks like a delicate and dainty bedroom, another has a desk, and so forth—each according to his or her particular liking and idea of worthy comfort. It is pleasing to know that the inhabitants of this unique city will eventually have their own club rooms, a swimming tank, billiard rooms and an athletic track, and that the management is considerate enough to think of these things and so bring themselves into close touch with their employees which means added interest and that friendly feeling which means so much to everyone who is human.

Universal City has a truly beautiful situation and environment; it is in the foothills which guard the approach to mountains of considerable altitude, and it is cut up into valleys and plateaux, but the mountains are ever dominant. The fertile valley of San Fernando stretches for many miles, on either hand backed by mountains which even at this writing are snow capped. The Los Angeles river flows through the estate and adds many lovely spots in valuable to the makers of artistic pictures.

I am not going into detail concerning the vastness of the stage, or the completeness of the many buildings, the wonder of the indoor lighting system, by which the company can work all night if it wants to, or, the many other remarkable things which will be written and rewritten, but confine myself to the "human" side of this adjective breaking city. To see one of the most remarkable things about the concern is that it gives employment to some two thousand people in one way or another, these figures being claimed by the management.

A large number of these appear in the pictures and have to be clothed and fed and a visit at noon to the large and well appointed restaurant gives a very intimate view of the costume of almost every nation under the sun, for the actors have no time to remove their "make-up" for lunch. Apart from the two thousand mentioned and who are on regular salary there are always hundreds of extra men and women who fill in for crowds and gatherings.

Standing in the cupola where Isadore Bernstein almost resides one can see a regiment of soldiers attaching the Indians; an Italian street; a Chinise settlement; a road in London Town; the gates of Lucknow, together with interior scenes being taken on the two stages, each one of which is capable of housing a scene for every company employed. One can see people costumed to match the actors, and it is all a marvelous mass of ever-varying color, of movement and of life. These people pour through the main gates every morning in buses, in automobiles and on motorcycles, and a line of jitney buses does a thriving business, and every evening, after the work is done and another daily installment of this great company's vast chapter of varied pictorial story is closed, the same crowds pass through the gates again, but the movement never stills, for the draying drums hum and the electric light plant throbs and shadowy figures pass in and out—for Universal City is never at rest.

Think of it, every day there are two thousand people regularly employed, and as often augmented by two thousand extra people, the majority of these eat and drink at the restaurant and not a few live on the grounds. Many of them earn large salaries and have comfortable homes and a large percentage are married and are bringing up families. They are a far too people of too many the most part, well educated and generous to a fault, often highly strung and always irritable.

I look back three years almost to a day, when I came to Los Angeles—a memory of the motion picture making plant equipment as it then existed, registering itself in my mind's eye. And in contrasting that vision with the innovation of this one-storied picture plant of today, the scope of it, the power of it, the vast treasures stored within its walls, I feel the thrill and marvel that must permeate one's senses when such a fertile, impressive reminder of the wonderful growth of this world's great industry is brought home to one's understanding.

Where there ran a tasse road through fields and foothills a very short time ago there is now a city, a fascinating play-acting city on a gigantic scale where men and women work hard at their play to give pleasure to millions in all parts of the globe, and the silence is broken by an endless hum, the hum of a great industry.
Foresight, Faith and Fame!

In the birth of any new idea must necessarily be invention and how much we, of the world today, owe to the dogged patience and tenacity of purpose of inventive minds! Old indeed, and oft repeated, is the story of the eternal application of human beings to the evolution of an animated inspiration along the line of improvement of humanity's condition in one form or another. But fiction often sets forth, and true it is, fact has borne out fiction in many instances, that the inventor has evolved the idea for another, the producer, to reap the harvest the idea made possible! In many minds, no doubt, this application has applied to the Moving Picture Industry. But undoubtedly, a study of the necessary steps in evolving the moving picture idea to that point when it has reached a commercial success and permitted "the harvest," will convince the investigator that forbearance, hard thought, courage, along with the expenditure of large sums of money in experimentation in devious ways, have been the forerunners of the commercial success of those who today represent solidity and highest efficiency in the conducting of this industry. It may be remarked that some of these successes have been made in a shorter time than generally is the case in mercantile life, but it may also be remarked that the evolution of the industry has called for the same speed in their work necessary for accomplishment.

With a desire to enlighten those readers interested in this phase of Moving Pictures, Movietone has inaugurated the series of sketches of the "Big Men" — the successful men — in the Moving Picture Industry the first one being published in this issue — George Kleine.
The Music Story

The Musical Interpretation of Moving Pictures

By Mabel Bishop Wilson

In one of the recent song hits, the words "solder" and "shouldeer" are supposed to rhyme. The word "solder" is used as a pun on the word "soldier." B. A. (Who?)

The Musical Interpretation of Moving Pictures

By Mabel Bishop Wilson

In one of the recent song hits, the words "solder" and "shouldeer" are supposed to rhyme. The word "solder" is used as a pun on the word "soldier."
HAVING in mind the wonderful variety of handsome gowns and other feminine apparel worn by Miss Snow in "The Million Dollar Mystery," and which so impressed us all with her versatility in the art of costuming, I asked this leading lady of the Thanhouser Film Corporation to give the readers of the Film Favorite's Fashion Department, an opportunity to learn more about some of the costumes worn by her in later plays. I left it to Miss Snow to make the selection, letting her intuition choose the costumes that moving picture patrons of the future would like to know about. And one could not be impressed with Miss Snow's aptitude for originating new, striking, modish apparel. The dress and automobile outfit shown here were worn by her in the fifteenth and sixteenth episodes of "Zorba, or The Twenty Million Dollar Mystery."

To Miss Ruth Stonehouse's exceeding generosity and willingness to go to trouble on our account, we are indebted for the pictures and descriptions of two very charming evening hats.

Not only does Miss Stonehouse wear these hats in her parts for the screen, but more than as part of her apparel outside the studio.

In the February issue of Movie Pictorial, it was stated that we believe many of our readers see at times on the screen, articles of apparel, dress suits, street dresses, etc., that appeal to their taste and feel the desire to possess garments just like them, but the constant movement on the screen, the lack of reproduction of color effects, prevent the obtaining of a complete and strong enough mental picture to allow the reproduction of them.

At any time you are on the screen, a dress or suit or garment worn by a film favorite and you wish a description of it, such as we have given in connection with the illustrations on this page, just write to me (the fashion editor) giving the name of the film, the name of the film company by whom it was produced, the scene in that film in which it appeared, as well as the name of the actress who wore it and I will endeavor to secure a description of it for you. Of course, I may not always succeed, but I will do my best to get it for you. Do not ask for this concern our old ones—Miss that have been produced some time back—for you can imagine it would be practically impossible for me to get descriptions of garments that have probably been discarded long ago.

Remember, this department is open to our readers—we want you to feel it is your information box want you to write at any time on this subject. All you need to do is to write your letter, giving the information required, as stated above, enclose with it a stamped return envelope, and mail it to us.
REALISM IN THE MOVIES

A Department for the Discussion of Films Posing or Seeking Realism

Conducted by Our Readers

Your help toward the accomplishment aimed at by this department is requested. Send your criticisms. Do not hesitate. Join your efforts with ours. A price of $2 or $3 is given each month to the contributor of the criticism deemed most worthy, is either for or against the film. Address all communications to the Realism editor.

Too Many Guests!

Daventry, III.

I saw a Vitaphone play called "A Making Adventure." The dance was in a small room. One baud of men and two bauds of women.

O. L. Longe.

Another Robinson Crusoe?

Richmond, Va.

In "Shanty Heart," a two-act, Gold Rush drama, the hero, a young man named Jack, is a miner. He is always in the open air, but he is tiring of the life. He and a friend are thrown into the hands of the police and Jack is sent to jail. The friend is allowed to go homewards, and Jack, left alone, thinks of his mother and sister. He knows that he cannot stay long in jail, and so he decides to make a fortune in the mines. He is then sent to a farm on the outskirts of the town, and there he is put to work breaking the ground.

O. L. Longe.

Very Good Criticisms

Chattanooga, Tenn.

In "Willy's Pennsylvania," the rehearsals were scheduled for the second week of the month. We were all present, and the rehearsal was attended by the manager, the director, and the actors. The manager introduced the actors and then talked about the play and its possibilities. The rehearsal was a success, and the actors were pleased with their work.

O. L. Longe.
mistake this. The "brightness" is convey-
ing an atmosphere of almost unendurable 
scrutinies to your man, then, lack exit, 
well pleased with the plan in 
. In a short cut in scene, imme-
diately following this one, you are 
back discovered riding along a dusty 
droad, discussing plans for the abduc-
tion of the girl who has spurned your 
love. Fernandez points toward an 
old castle in the distance indicating that 
it is where she lives. Retaining your 
horse to a near two step you dis-
mount, resolved to live in wait until 
darkness settles over the hillsides.

"Now then Maria Rose dominates the 
story; Maria like Levadro is poor but 
best, the daughter of humble 
peasants. She has dared to gaze upon 
and give her love in keeping to the 
right Fernandez. She was also 
ever the idol of her dreams. A 
big child against her bosom, a 
child without a father, tribute to 
your purity. Like a broken toy you have 
done with and cast aside, squirming 
protestations of unavailing love. 
slowly she frames down the road, 
heartbroken. She catches the mur-
der of her own mind on her heart. 
One in particular stake her heart 
struck. Closer and closer she pressed, 
with no other thought than that of 
silence for the man who has deserted 
herself. Dove and heartbreak-
striken she learns that you love 
other, the lady in the castle on the 
hilltop, whom Maria knows only 
by sight. Very near she sees 
as she does the Virgin Mary.

"In that one place of time, 
reason departs and Matties sets 
free. She will be revenged. Revenge 
has ever been a deep-seated woman's 
vice. She never does anything by 
the latter burning, the agony and 
shame of years vanished. She is 
loving, kind. Her heart is 
alive with the crafty cunning of 
hers. All: what is most to be 
remembered? That she should awake and its invisible prestige 
beget shame and the world 
should never awake by 
(she moves swiftly across fields, 
and passing Wilson, her 
new strength born of revenge, 
tightens her hold on a 
claw of deep shadows. On and 
on she forges until at last she reaches 
the journey's end. Rushing past the 
old house, sneaking upon the 
lovers enjoying a tête-à-tête. Breathe-
lessly she apprises them of Fernan-
dez's presence. She watches 
but they detain her in recognition of 
the services she has rendered them. 

"It is hastily decided that Maria 
and Levandro go to ride nearby, while 
the girl stalks unscrupulously about 
the grounds apparently unafraid.

their visit is of short duration. Pres-
ently the interlopers appear. As 
you are about to carry off the girl, 
Maria and Levandro enter, frustrating 
your well laid plans. Levandro swivels 
you, allowing your man to make his 
escape. Prudently you plight with 
Maria for mercy in your behalf, think-
ning that you can easily win her over; 
but, she has found you out and only 
laughs as they lead you away to 
Baselie, to end your days in exile, 
with the laughter of Maria ringing 
in your ears—sneers and mocking 
that will remain with you to the end 
of time. To the end, Fernandez, re-
member that, to the end."

"Now you understand? In that 
clear, Fernandez,—to the end!"

Wilson leaned over excited, thrilled, 
earnest, almost exhausted. He had 
been unaccountably acting Maria 
Rose's part, scene for scene, line for 
line. Promoted by ulterior motives 
within, he might find that 
Fernandez remained motionless star-
ning at him like a guard on duty, 
his eyes dull over, with a sardonic 
smile. Wilson glanced about almost 
frantically to see if anyone was 
very, as though speaking more to himself: 
"I was the first of my age, so 
was I, I'd show you artist 
fevered?"

Over and over they rehearsed the 
lines and situations until it met with 
neat preparation and with 
vigor, and smaarting under the 
slightest critical eye. It was 
indeed that he had committed an 
 Forgery. What was it? 
Worse! It was much, Mrs. Ryan, you're getting 
"green with envy, 

dame part. He laughed at his own 
silly, and excused the others, ad-
mitting immediately as he almost 
murmur, "Good 
spoken."

Fernandez alone lingered behind. 
Wilson calculated that, while 
apparently awaited developments. 
In way of possible answer, 
Witchoi strode over to the operator's sta-
tion, smiling nonchalantly at Wilson.

"Well, Governor, we've been a mer-
ry little party this morning, haven't 
I know I acted ratted, and I'm 
sorry, awfully sorry, for what 
our. I thought you were differ-
ent from the rest. 
Fernandez looked at him puzzled. 
Could it be that this rough old war-
tor, with the shaggy eyebrows, and 
building-dog disinterest really cured 
or was it merely another expression of 
his chameleonic composition? Per-
haps, after all, the old lies of friends-
ship, trait as they had been, might 
be more innocent. Weather man and 
walk to weather another storm. Neither 
spoke of this hope, because they were 
man and void of sentiment. With a 
little of the friendliness and of his head, 
Fernandez passed quietly from the 
building without turning to look back. 
Wilson stared after him; piled up; 
shung his nose-glasses and with a 
dry smile Wilson peeked the 
aloof, that Fernandez, just like a 
big wolf, or man, or horse, 
What a mattie idol he'd make? Say, 
Wink, what if we have a little smut? The 
coat is clear.

Sitting the action in the word, 
whole the end from an olive black 
cigar, the Governor handed him while 
his lips were quizzing a first 

"Well, Son," the older man 

"Say, Governor, it just stroke me that 

Eave, and then Clen then 

Clen, also, and warded around. 
In finding a concealment 
Clen had been given no choice. 
It was not until he threw himself flat 
that he saw that he had chosen 
any of all. Or, to be more 
Durst, consequent were born in upon 
shone down. He threw down 
ning a rest from its cramped position, and 
anticipation the droplet of 

He saw the startled glance which 

"Of course, it shall be as you say. 
Tonight them at ten!"

He had seen, warded, and warded 
. In finding a concealment 
Clen had been given no choice. 
It was not until he threw himself flat 
that he saw that he had chosen 
any of all. Or, to be more 
Durst, consequent were born in upon 
shone down. He threw down 
ning a rest from its cramped position, and 
anticipation the droplet of 

The Scare of Paint Creek

(Continued from page 15)
king. He felt the ledge crumbling beneath his feet, and out of his arms instinctively recoiled to catch his balance.

He was conscious of a sharp, shooting pain in his right ankle and knew that he might have fallen. There was an impression of Rogers sprangling forward as well.

And then the bank seemed to rise up to meet him, and darkness descended.

Chapter Three

THE SECRET OF THE CLIFF

CLARK raised his hand wearily to his brow. He had been stumbling along for miles, and the result is that the artist have formed a Fresh Trip. He no longer went to hir's a hiboung wherewith to meet. Harry poloed was just starting on his "The Divinity of Motherhood," which promises to be a very beautiful picture, and was given a hearty welcome by Harry at the helm and Margaretta Fielding, with whom he is staying abroad by Ola Pratnus Clerk.

I was interested in Henry Otto, who is living with his mother and his twin, and the subject of a guest. In a jolly little bungalow near the studio, Harry had just come from the studio after rehearsing and record the scenario for his next production. Otto is going to be an actor.

Harold Lockwood was comfortably seated at the table in his single room, and spoke well of him. He is taking the leads in Thomas Barker's Com- pany, which means he is being starred in the four-reel features. Harold is better looking than ever, and his associate with the Famous Players has given him added polish.

It was some time since I last saw Vivian Rich, and she is as sweet as ever. She always glows in old days, when I often asked with her at the Sowar Studios. Miss Rich did well for herself when she joined the American Dramatic Company.

Frank Conley is directing the feature "North for a Biscuit Box," and the director is Harris, Fred Cebek and Warner Campbell with Virginia Kriner are still involved in the same company.

I understand that new companies are to be added shortly and that a brand new serial company is now being gotten together for the thirty-sixth in- statement story, for which the Chicago Tribune offered the ten thousand dol- lar prizes.

On March the eighteenth, the Universal people held their big cleanup, and I will be there and tell you all about them on next week's "Star."... J. P. McElroy, the Kalem director, who is now back in New York, has been about - and has thrown his hat into the ring for the woman's part in this man. He and his company have returned from a three weeks' stay on the desert where they have been taking railroad desert footage for the new serial "Hazards of Helen."... Bess Powers the Mold of the Picture of the Week..." (To be Continued.)
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FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

(Continued from page 17)

Tales of racemation and psychologi- cal mystery are difficult to delineate. The great producer Griffith has suc- cessfully accomplished this. Adolph Emin, formerly of the General Film new head of E. L. Film Company, has secured the stage rights for this masterpiece and will make it the open- ing attraction at the Fine Arts Theatre in Chicago, where "Neptune's Daughter" ran all last season.

The Selby Polynome Company was the first west of New York to make a three-reel feature "The Coming of Columbus." This company was equally successful in making the greatest book-play film in America, "The Brothers," and now they are about to motion-picture the greatest of modern stories, "The Garden of Allah."

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

(Continued from page 9)

A Visit to the Favorite Players Studio

(Continued from page 9)

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Inquiring look at me before he settled himself for another answer. "Tengo- man"—that's a stunning name for a very handsome bachelor. My curiosity got the better of me, "But doesn't—"

"Not a bit of it, Why, Dragoman thinks that the bit of a coin exist at all if he didn't keep watch—or rather worms—she's way under- that."

He's a veritable prefect of police. He likes them and knows them all by name as well as I do. He reached in to get a pet hand- some raven.

The raven was an old one, and there was a close look at me, and a shadow of doubt, at me. He was thinking if I was a jealous shrieke from somewhere close at hand. I tried earnestly to see what was the matter. In the par- tial shade, where the old bird was electricity shaking its head—"Here Pot! Pot! pretty bird—pretty Pot!" It per- sisted plaintively. Mr. Bushman threw back his head and snapped his fingers at her.

A great owl blinked dimly and sat at us head unsurprised by me. But as we passed it bowed sud- denly down and its familiarly on Mr. Bushman's shoulder. He patted it lightly as he stepped up to a cocka-
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