
FLORENCE TURNER.
PICTURES AND
The Picturegoer
THE PICTURE THEATRE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY
FRED DANGERFIELD.

VOLUME IX.
OCTOBER, 1915, TO MARCH, 1916.

THE PICTURES, LTD., 85 and 86, Long Acre, London, W.C.
Daniel Frohman presents the World's Sweetheart

MARY PICKFORD

in a Drama of the London Slums.

"THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW"

Released MONDAY, OCT. 4th.

Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., LTD.,
166-170, Wardour Street, W.

DAVID W. GRIFFITH

The world's greatest motion picture producer. His salary is £20,000 per annum. (See pages 4, 5, and 6.)
THE SELIG JUNGLE-ZOO

is the largest of its kind in the wide world, and is located at Los Angeles, California. In this famous Zoo is housed the world’s largest collection of privately owned wild beasts. And it is here that those wonderful animal dramas are produced by the Selig Company, where modern equipment lends every facility for artistic work. If you want to witness two extra special animal subjects, look out for THE TIGER CUB and TRAILED TO THE PUMA’S LAIR. Both these will please you.

SELG FILMS
93-95, Wardour Street, London, W.

TWO BIG RELEASES.

1. LOST AND WON.
A fine, strong, human story, beloved by any and every British audience. Original ending.
FLORENCE TURNER at her best.
Four Reels. Released November 8th.

2. THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.
A powerful film of Dickens’ famous Mystery Drama. Enormously strong situations.
TOM TERRISS, the brilliant actor, gives a holding impersonation of the villain, Jasper.
Five Parts. Released November 1st.

THE IDEAL FILM RENTING COMPANY, LIMITED,
76-78. Wardour Street, W.
"UNDER THE RED ROBE."

Owen Roughwood (Gil de Berault) and Dorothy Drake (Renee de Cocheforet) in the Clarendon version of Stanley J. Weyman's great novel. The film is a coming Gaumont Exclusive.
MANY readers have asked us when The Juggernaut (the big Vitagraph drama) is to be released. In January it is a Granamour Exclusive.  

“A Select Circle confined to people who have not seen Charlie” has been formed. The members, says the Cinema, now number four. Who are they?  

A Child’s Prayer:—“Bless father and mother and King and Queen, and all our brave soldiers and sailors who are fighting for us, especially Charles Chaplin.”—Early Sketch.  

We hear that The Mystery of a Haunted Cab which B. and C. have made for the Ideal is a winner. The old-time cab, as compared with the modern taxi, was slow, but it’s the “Mystery” of course which has done the trick.  

Constance Collier, the well-known actress, is said to be going out to California for film work. We have a advertisement that Sir Herbert Tree is going to appear before the cinema camera in America. It’s a long, long way to England!  

A reader:—“I looked in at a cinema and found a funeral procession passing on the screen. The lady-pianist was playing; ‘We all go the same way home.’ Quite true, she went, anyway.  

“Up to the present no comedian has succeeded in establishing popularity both on the halls and in the pictures, says the Bioscope, but Billy Merson may be the first to accomplish the task.” The man in possession—so to speak.  

Alexander Dumas wrote The Three Guardsmen, The Count of Monte Cristo, and a lot of other books. Alexander was some writer, believe us! On a bet, he wrote an entire volume in a week which is even more rapid work than that accomplished by photoplay writers.  

Our memory reverted back to the film when some brave and beautiful girl ran forward, every time an accident happened, and, tearing her white petticoat into strips, made a tourniquet for the victim. Now we don’t suppose she’d have anything teary about her person except a handkerchief and a powder- rag!  

“Within a few years from now large numbers of British men and women will be earning good incomes by writing for the pictures, and the output of films produced by British firms and enterprise (says Leonard Williams in the Daily Mail) will have grown to some hundreds of times its present figure.” Perhaps!  

Chang’s Rest-Cure  

“CHANG,” the valuable orang-utan, who made himself ill the other week, was dying for three solid days. During his last moments some of Selig’s pretty actresses were called in to tempt him with costly delicacies. The miracle worked, and the animal is now him-self again. “Chang” is as artful as a wagon-load of human beings, and we wonder if he ever was ill.  

Hidden Talent.  

THE following letter was received by the Famous Players Company:—  

“I am desirous of becoming a Picture Actor, and am writing to enquire whether you would be prepared to engage me. I should prefer to be a Dramatic Actor, because I imagine I could act better as a Dramatic than as a Comedian. I am at present with a local firm of Auctioneers, having only left school last August, but shall prefer to be an Actor, as I have had an ambition to become one ever since I thought of starting in business, and feel sure that with about three weeks training, I should be able to do anything that was required of me. I am 15 years of age, stand 6 feet in height, so with a little disguise, would make a good actor.”  

In Love with California.  

FANNY WARD, who will be seen later in The Marriage of Kitty, a Lasky production, has fallen in love with California. It was, in a way, very difficult for the first few days; she says, “I was nervous of course, because I realised I knew nothing about picture work. I am all right now though. Will you believe that I really could not sleep after seven o’clock in the morning—wide awake and just to get up? Twelve o’clock is my New York hour. I don’t know when I have taken such a fancy to say good night in life. One who doesn’t like Los Angeles must have some wrong with him, there’s a screw loose somewhere. Yes, I am willing to sell my English homes.”  

A Cure for the Screen Struck.  

A GIRL, who worried the producer of the episodes of Kalem’s Mazinad of Helen R. McRae Series for a month, in her effort to find another star, and an actress, has been cured of her yearning for a photoplay career. To get rid of her the producer invited the young lady to accompany him on a long trip and one who doesn’t like Los Angeles must have some wrong with him, there’s a screw loose somewhere. Yes, I am willing to sell my English homes.”  

Talking of Feet!  

THE following is a new and true story of Charlie Chaplin. During a halt in the production of a film several of his pals chaffed him about his unique pedal extremities, when they compared them to an elephant, a giraffe, and other colossal appendages. Charlie pretended to be offended, and strolled away. A few minutes later he came back apparently thoroughly excited, his eyes as big as saucers. He exclaimed, “I-I-I’ve just seen a man drop two hundred feet into the square outside!” What excalated his listeners, starting to their feet. “How shocking!” “Of course, the poor fellow’s killed!” “No,” replied Charlie, nonchallantly twirling his cane; “you see, he dropped two hundred feet—of film!”
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1. MODERN TRENCH WARFARE: Discharging an aerial torpedo.
2. BELGIANS' CONSUMPTIVES SANATORIUM: A revolving hut used by the Wounded Allies Relief Committee.
3. "THE MAN WHO SAVED MY LIFE": Enthusiastic reception at his Scottish home, and presentation to Corporal Angus, V.C., who saved the life of Lieutenant Martin.
5. MR. BOTTOMLEY uses his powers of persuasion on behalf of the 2nd London Regiment.
6. MILITARY ATTACHES of neutral nations at the Front.
Eighteen Thousand Actors

IN A MIGHTY FILM SPECTACLE. "THE BIRTH OF A NATION" TO BE PRESENTED IN LONDON FOR THE FIRST TIME.

IN The Birth of a Nation David W. Griffith, America's greatest cinema producer, has given us a motion picture spectacle that is unsurpassed and seemingly unsurpassable. The creation of an artist and master technican, it is bound to create a tremendous sensation wherever the picture is shown.

The play deals with the long struggle between North and South America, treating it in a thoroughly original manner, yet with an accuracy that is positively amazing. It gives a vivid and explicit explanation and description of the Civil War, and shows, after a terrible period of travail and bloodshed, the ultimate birth of the nation—the nation that has given us David W. Griffith, and through him so many photographic and dramatic effects seen in the motion picture screen to-day.

In spite of the stupendous theme, the story is so ingeniously constructed that it evolves a little knot of love stories as well as the personal histories of some of America's greatest men. In a combination of adventure, romance, tragedy, comedy, and spectacle we gradually and eventually witness the birth of a nation—the light which followed the darkness, the joy which came after pain.

With The Clansman, an historical novel by the Rev. Thomas Dixon, as foundation, D. W. Griffith built up this mighty spectacle, a drama so vast in conception that it is entirely without parallel in any branch of Art.

The Story of the Picture.

A cargo of African slaves landed in North America was the first cause of the troubles which preceded the birth of a great nation. The South declared it would secede if in 1860 a Republican President was elected. That President, Abraham Lincoln, issued a call for 75,000 volunteers. For the first time in American annals he used the Federal power to subdue the sovereignty of individual states.

The story begins in Pennsylvania, where the Stoneman boys had been guests at Piedmont, S.C., of their boarding-school chums, the Cameron boys. Phil Stoneman and Margaret Cameron, "fair as a flower," had looked, longed, and loved. Ben Cameron had never met Elsie Stoneman, yet the portrait of her which he had pined from her brother Phil seemed just the dearest, sweetest thing in all the world—Elsie was the girl of Ben's dreams. The younger lads of the two families simply romped together. Two of the most charming and lovable of all the Cameron clan were the Doctor and Mrs. Cameron's youngest daughter, Flora.

Immediately upon the outbreak of war Phil and Tod Stoneman were summoned to fight for the Stars and Stripes, while Ben Cameron and his two younger brothers were to fight for the Stars and Bars. The years dragged wearily along.

HENRY WALTHALL, as Ben Cameron, the "Little Colonel," the leading character, it is, of course, made much of by this fine actor.

MAE MARSH, as Flora, the "little pet sister," whose leap from a rocky height to a tragic death shows well the strength and daring of this clever actress.

A few years later, the climax w.
The Martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, as played by Joseph Henctay.

reached. Austin Stoneman, now supreme, through the Congressional power of overriding President Johnson's veto, went South to supervise his "Equality" program. He was accompanied by his children, Elsie and Phil, and upon arrival in Piedmont they took a horse next door to the Camerons. There Elsie became engaged to the gallant little Confederate Colonel, Ben Cameron, but Phil was not successful in his attempts to woo his old sweetheart Margaret, upon whom the shadows of war hung too heavily.

The Crusaders.

Meanwhile the reign of the "carpet-baggers" commenced. The ensuing State Election was won by the so-called "Union League." Silas Lynch, the half-caste, was selected Lieutenant-Governor. A Legislature, with "carpet-baggers" and negro members in overwhelming majority, looted the State. Everything was in disorder, and lawlessness ran riot. Whites were knocked down in the street, overawed at the polls, and robbed everywhere. As a last resource Ben Cameron determined to lead the white men of the country in organising the "invisible empire" of the Ku Klux Klan. Faithful and devoted women of the South spent their days and nights behind locked doors making the white, ghost-like costumes of these crusaders.

Over this new development Austin Stoneman boiled with rage, and Lynch's spies were sent out. They returned with evidence that garments were being made by the Camerons, and that Ben Cameron was night-riding. Stoneman desired Elsie to disavow her "traitorous" lover, and she, surprised and hurt that Ben was employed in such work, gave him back his troth.

About this time little Flora Cameron, the delight of the Cameron home, was sought after by the renegade family servant Gus, who had joined forces with the Militiamen and become one of Lynch's crew. Time and again Flora had been warned by her parents and brothers never to go unaccompanied into the woods hard by the cliff called Lovers' Leap. Little heeding the admonition, she took her basket one day and started off to the spring. She was followed by Gus, the renegade. Frightened by his approach, she broke into a run. Gus raced after her, Ben Cameron, hearing that she had gone into the woods alone, hastened forth and made a third person in the chase. In desperation the little girl tore this way and that, dodging her cruel pursuer until, almost cornered, she climbed to the jutting edge of Lovers' Leap, from which, as Gus approached nearer, she leaped to certain death. Ben Cameron discovered the dying child a few minutes later, and a heartrending scene took place when he reached home with his sister's body in his arms.

Sweet Flora's Death Avenged.

Gus escaped at the time, but was afterwards captured, tried, and found guilty. The Ku Klux Klan then sent a messenger to the temple of the adjoining county asking for reinforcements to override the carpet-baggers and negroes.

The next outrage upon the cruelly tried Cameron family was the arrest of Dr. Cameron for having harboured the lambs. As the soldiers were parading him to jail, Phil Stoneman, now thoroughly in sympathy with the Southerners, assisted in the organisation of a rescue-party. They beat down the Militia, enabling the Doctor and his wife Margaret, Phil, and the faithful servants to get away to the country, where they found refuge and kindly hospitality in the log cabin of some Union veterans.

In the meantime Elsie Stoneman, in the absence of her father, went to see Lieutenant-Governor Lynch on behalf of her brother and the Camerons. But, instead of helping the daughter of his "friend," Lynch seized the opportunity of declaring "love" for the beautiful girl, saying he would make her the white queen of his empire. In view of her refusal he ordered a negro Chaplain to be sent for to perform a forced marriage. At this crucial moment news was received of Stoneman's return to the town, whereupon Lynch went out to tell him that he intended to marry his daughter Elsie. This Stoneman, the "social equaliser," the theoretical upholder of the inter-marriage of blacks and whites, found all his theories upset by the simple personal event. But, rage and storm as he did, Stoneman was also altogether helpless. There was but one hope anywhere—the courageous and chivalric host of Ku Klux riding for dear life Piedmont-ward.

At their head rode Ben Cameron, the "Little Colonel." They were armed to the hilt, and pledged to victory or death. As they dashed into the town their guns were met by the skirts of opposing them. The Lynch mansion was taken, and Ben and his men burst into the

The remarkable scene (from the film) in the Fowell Theatre, Washington, showing the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, in a private box, by Wildes Booth, an actor, on Apr. 14th, 1865.
room and freed the Stonemans; Ben
taking the grateful Elsie in his arms.
But there was other work to do.
Wistfully a party of the clansmen re-
monstrated, and, making for the log cabin
where the Cameron's were in hiding,
arrived there to find the little party at
their last gasp, surrounded by the Millin-
raisers, who were succeeding in forcing
the door. Suddenly the crack! crack!
'crack!' of the Ku Klux riders announced
rescue and safety. The surprise
attack routed the raiders completely,
and the men and women of the party
hugged and kissed their deliverers.

That is pretty well the end of the
story. To Ben and Elsie, and to Phil
and Margaret, the sequel was a delight-
ful double honeymoon by the sea. To
the people of America the outcome of
four years of strife and bloodshed was
the birth of a new nation. Lincoln's
desire to restore the negroes to their
African home was never carried out.
The new nation, the real United States,
as the years drifted by, turned away for
ever from the path of war and began to
look forward to the day when the
brotherhood of love should bind all
nations together.

* * *

D. W. Griffith is a genius who makes
and unmakes at will the emotions of
the public. In this masterpiece of
his there is scarcely a human emotion
that is not held up to the light of human
criticism and sympathy—from the am-
bition of a great statesman for his
country down to the williness of a self-
seeking mulatto woman; from the despe-
rate horror of a million men fighting for
conviction's sake upon a battlefield red
with the blood of slain to the joie de

**D. AND MRS. CAMERON,** two roles
beautifully portrayed by Spottiswoode
Alken and Josephine Crowell.

**Pierre** of a loving and beloved little girl.
We are introduced to every conceivable
sphere of life from the possible class
and type of American men and women.
Scenes change with the velocity of
lightning; one moment the scene ex-
tends over miles of battlefield and
myriad of sprawling, crouching human
forms, the next we see only a face—the
face of a young girl with tears in her
eye and on her cheek—and we are
absorbed in her sorrows.

It's Wonderful Fascination.

The variety and the minuteness of
detail in this play are no less won-
derful than the uniformity and compactness
of the plot. We have seen numberless
photo-plays unraveled—films of every
kind and condition of charm and inter-
est; but none quite so fascinating as
The Birth of a Nation, which held us
mute and spellbound for a period of
something like three hours.

Its two acts contain twelve thousand
feet of film, but it has been estimated
that more than one hundred thousand
feet of negative film was exposed and
developed in the making of the picture
which cost £100,000 and took eight months
to produce. Fewer than eighteen
thousand people and three hundred
horses were employed in its produc-
tion, and a city extending over six-
teen miles was built solely for the
enacting of the story. Quite one of the
most extraordinary things about this
remarkable picture is the fact that the
faces of all the central figures were
copied from photographs of the origi-
als. In the case of Abraham Lincoln
no less than twenty men were tried
before that familiar bust of the Presi-
dent could be faithfully impersonated.

An expensive set was the Ford
Theatre, Washington, for the assassina-
tion of the President. The interior was
made to appear the same as on the
night of April 14th, 1865, when Laura
Keene played in Our American Cousin.
This scene, which is screened in a
few minutes, required two whole days
of rehearsing for several hundred
people before the camera was used.
As an instance, too, of the extra-
ordinary attention to detail paid by the

players, Ralph Lewis, who enacted the
role of Austin Stoneman, the great
comper, and noted Southerner, wore a
shoe with a three-inch sole for two
months before appearing before the
camera, to make it possible for him to
appear as a cripple. After finishing the
part it required another two months to
get his strained muscles normal again.

The Sensation of the Season.

For some months past The Birth of a
Nation has been entertaining packed,
first-class audiences in America at full
dramatic prices, and was proclaimed by
Press and Public the sensation of the
season. We call the following lines from
long criticisms in leading American
papers—"Mr. Griffith comes pretty near
working a miracle. . . . As if by the
waving of some magician's wand, the great
scenes are unraveled before us. . . .
In the short space of three hours the
audience sees, hears, and feels a period
of fifteen years. . . . It lifts you out
of your seat and thrills you as the speak-
ing-stage never did and never will. . . .
The whole thing was fascinating, yes,
terrible beyond belief, because you saw,
as the angels looking down from heaven
must have seen, all of the causes that led
to the Civil War, the bloody struggle in
which brother fought brother. . . .
It will make you laugh. It will make you
cry. It will make you angry. It will
make you glad. It will make you hate.
It will make you love. It is not only
worth riding miles to see, but it is worth
walking miles to see."

* * *

And so we think. And so you will
find it by visiting the Scala Theatre
London, where The Birth of a Nation
will be shown twice daily from Sep-
tember 27th onwards.

Lillian Gish as Elsie Stoneman.

Miriam Cooper as Margaret Cameron.
Augustus Phillips, a very popular Edison player. He likes comedy best, but is equally successful in drama. (See page 17.)

Blanche Sweet, a new star in Jesse L. Lasky films. She made her début for that company in The Warrens of Virginia recently. (See page 8.)

Ethyl Cooke, who appears in Thanhouser films. She is the wife of Harry Benham, and mother of Leland Benham, both also Thanhouser players.

Fred Paul, the English actor who made such a hit in A Study in Scarlet, a Sammulson film, for which company he has lately been producing.
"YOU don't mind me getting on with the make-up, do you?" asked my victim with a charming smile, then, preliminaries over, I had taken a chair by her dressing-table for a quiet chat. I assured her that I did not, and inwardly blessed Fate and a good chauffeur for getting me to the studios in time to become a spectator of so important an event. It was an opportunity I wouldn't have missed for the world.

I believe I hinted at something of the kind to Blanche Sweet, for I distinctly remember that there was a little pink blush on her cheeks when she made me familiar with a box of delicious chocolates and begged me to feel at home.

"I can scarcely help feeling that," I said, "when you give me so kind a reception. In fact, you make me so much at home that I am almost forgetting I have come to you on business."

She opened her eyes in mock distress.

"Oh, dear! how very formidable that sounds!"

I laughed.

"Yes," I assured her; "I come as deputy for the British public, and I know you will—"

"Just how many pages am I to fill?" she interrupted, gazing at the note-book in my hand. There was a wicked little light in her eyes that was quite irresistible; and we laughed together.

"I am sure there must be lots to tell me about yourself!" I pleaded.

"No, there really isn't much that's interesting," she corrected, modestly; "but at any rate I'll fire away or you will be getting impatient."

She gave her chair a businesslike little jerk, and looked seriously into the glass.

"My first theatrical appearance I remember very vividly," she began. "I had gone to New York with my mother, and was seeking a position on the stage. We had a letter to Thomas Wise, who was then about to star in A Gentleman from Mississippi. Mother did my hair up and let me put on my first long dress, and sent me to see him. After a talk—this was at the theatre—he sent me to see William A. Brady, the producer, who was standing in the wings. Mr. Brady looked at me, and then called to Mr. Wise that he could not use me. Mr. Wise asked the reason, and Brady said, 'How can I use a leading woman who is not old enough to have all her teeth yet?'

"It was true. I was just getting my second crop of teeth, and had a big vacant space in the centre of the upper row.

"Shortly after that I went to the biograph and got a job as extra girl in the pictures. Nearly every one was an extra then, and no one received more than a pound a day. Mary Pickford was there, Florence Lawrence, and a number of others. The first picture I appeared in was A Corner in Wheat, and then I was far, far in the background. At that time one was a leading woman one day and a extra the next. The first picture I played in was The Long Road. I think it was Miss Pickford's turn to hold up the back wall that day."

"You came into prominence as Little Blanche?" I queried.

"Yes," the fair-haired star admitted; "but for some time I was not properly 'on' the stage. I varied my career with intermittent periods of study. I should have tired of the pictures or the stage—I was principal dancer with Gertrude Hoffman for quite a while—and then fly to California for a few months at school. When I was too tired of study I would go back to work."

"Quite an ideal arrangement," I broke in, with enthusiasm. "You have really had a most interesting life."

"I don't know," she shrugged her shoulders. "I have never had to take any daredevil chances as lots of us do. And I never played heavies either—after a brief mental review—" I suppose because I am a blonde. No blonde can look like a villainess. I have always been the heroine or the fair-haired ch-e-a-l-d, whichever it chanced to be."

"And your favourite role?" I put it.

"Ah, my favourite role was Judith of Bethulia. But I loved my part in Home, Sweet Home, and in The Irving Conscience too. In fact I love all my roles, and live through them so earnestly that often I imagine myself to be some one else when the day is done. After acting in Stolen Goods I remained for some little time under the impression that I was a Red-Cross nurse."

"Should you like to be one?" I asked.

"I should. But I have just fixed up a contract with the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, and am working hard in the new series of Lasky-Belsco productions now being staged for the screen. They are all well-known dramas, she explained, and I make my first appearance in The Woman, Sweet Kitty O'bairne, and The Warrnies of Virginia."

"And is it true, I ventured, "about the record-breaking salary?"

She admitted that it was.

"Really it is delightful, and I am perfectly happy at the Lasky studio. Every one, from Mr. Lasky down, is trying to turn out the best in moving pictures, and one feels inspired. I had a little fear when I first went there, because I had been accustomed to the same director for so long, and many directors are noisy and excitable—frighten one out of one's wits. The first time I saw Cecil B. De Mille (the Lasky director) I thought he was that way, but he is as quiet and considerate as one could wish. He gets the best work out of his cast, too. Everything is done just the way he wants it, but without any fuss.
PICTURES AND THE PICTURESGOER.

Belgians and French Leave the Burning City: Blanche Sweet as a Red Cross Nurse in Stolen Goods, a coming film.

Even in the big battle-scenes of The Warrens of Virginia he was not a bit flustered."

Miss Sweet paused a moment as she threw back her head to view her make-up in the mirror, and I noted that, although slim, she had the true athletic figure of the American woman.

"Are you fond of sports?" I asked, a little irrelevantly, perhaps.

"Indeed I am," came the ready reply. "I go to all kinds of sports. That is, I intend to go in for all kinds, but I never seem to have the time. I am driving my own car now. I have an owner's and a driver's licence. I'll never forget the day I went down to get my driver's licence. I wanted to drive up to the place in such a grand manner they would come out and beg me to accept a licence with their compliments. Naturally I was nervous, and nearly wrecked a couple of telegraph-poles before I finally managed to stop in front of the place. I am all right now."

I happened to note a surreptitious glance at the watch on milady's wrist, and suspected that I was hindering work. "I would like to ask you one more question, Miss Sweet," I said as I rose to go, "Are you married or not?" She looked at me with just the least suspicion of coyness in her bright, laughing eyes, "I am only eighteen, remember!"

M. OWSTON-BOOTH.

"PICTURES" POEMS

No. 6. OUR NEW PIANIST.

WHEN Reggio Brown first appeared in our town
He shone with the blaze of a comet;
And the ladies declared when his playing they heard,
That he hadn't an equal—far from it!
He would skilfully play half the night and the day
Pyrotechnic festoons of arpeggios;
And our manager said he would wager his head
There never was music like Reggio's.

But one night there came here a new lady-cashier,
Who resided at Tooting, near London;
And poor Reggio fell to her magical spell,
So much so that his genius was undone.
His absurdly sad eyes to the screen wouldn't rise
(Proving clearly how Cupid can harm us),
His attention would flee from the best comedy,
And he never looked once at the dramas.
It was awkward because the result of it was
His music lost all application;

For a chanson d'amour becomes rather a bore
In a scene of acute animation.
Any critic could tell—or a novice as well,
Or a schoolboy without much acumen—
There is something quite wrong with the pianist's song
When he helps out a comic with Schumann.

Or supposing we'd one, say a film of a Hun
Executing a babe with a sabre;
Well, it's not a propos—to the point, don't you know—
To be tinkling the "Last Waltz" of Weber.
Thus she wielded fell sway, though no person could say
How our patrons so mildly endured him;
Till the manager said: "You must both get you wed!"
And the consequence was—well, it cured him!"

"BRIAN."
How to Write a Picture Play

BY A SCENARIO EDITOR. PART III.

It now only remains to discover the most suitable form in which to write the scenario, so that it may be easily dealt with, first by the scenario editor and afterwards by the producer.

The scenario editor of a big firm of cinematographers as a rule puts on one side all scripts which are not typewritten. However good a handwriting may be, it is more difficult to glance rapidly over than typewriting—and the editor's first glance is nearly always a rapid one. He gets so used to reading plots that it only requires a hasty survey to show him whether a scenario is worth considering more carefully or not. Always have your scripts typewritten, and, of course, on one side of the paper only, and on paper without lines. This last item only refers to those authors who do their own typing; professional typewriting offices invariably use ruled paper.

It is usual (at any rate in this country) to send a letter with a script; but such letter must be as short and concise as you can make it. The following is an example of all that is necessary:

"To the Scenario Editor,

Messrs. Movies, Ltd.

Dear Sir—I enclose herewith for your consideration a scenario entitled 'The Path of Duty.'

"Yours faithfully,

If you wish to state a particular price for your work, put the figure on the front page of the script, not in the covering letter.

Write your name and full address on the first and last pages of your scenario (the first page occasionally gets torn off and mishandled) and bind it together with a good paper fastener of the correct size—the "push through and bend over" type are as useful as any.

Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope of the right size and shape to receive your script without any additional folding, and fix your scenario envelope and covering letter temporarily together with a bent-steel-wire clip (cost about 6d. a gross).

It is the "set-out" of a manuscript which most concerns the production department, and naturally what is right for the producer is also right for the editor. The best way is to begin with the title-page, containing the name of the film, its type (drama, comedy, &c.), its approximate length in reels (each reel averages 1,000ft. of film), and the name and address of the author.

Follow the title-page by a synopsis of the story—i.e., tell the editor the whole plot in as few words as possible, but don't on any account miss out any details. Don't, for example, "Burglar Bill manages to escape by a clever rush. . . ." It is absolutely essential to explain that clever rush.

After the synopsis comes the cast of characters, with very brief particulars about each of the principals.

The scene-plot next claims attention. This is merely a full list of scene-settings, or locations, with the numbers as they appear in the scenario. Example:

Mr. Brown's Study...Scenes 1, 14, 22 Passage .................. 4, 19 Ballroom .................. 2, 6, 9, 17 &c. &c.

TUNES AND THEIR PLAYERS.

There should be two lists of scenes, one for "interiors"—i.e., scenes which are photographed in the studio—and one for "exteriors," or outdoor scenes.

The "body" of the scenario is now all that remains, and this, of course, consists of full details (without dialogue) of the action which takes place in each and every scene. The scenes should be numbered consecutively from the beginning to the end of the scenario; should it be a two or three reel film, don't begin renumbering at the commencement of the second and third reels.

It is the fashion just now to type scripts on small sheets of paper, roughly half-quarto size, and to put only one scene on each page. Of course this method is rather extravagant in the amount of paper it uses, but it has many advantages from the producer's point of view.

Above all, remember to do everything in connection with your scenario thoroughly. The old saying is a very true one—"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

The End.
The image contains a page from a book or magazine. The text is written in English and appears to be a story or article. The page is titled "A WOMAN WITH A PAST" and is adapted from the Nordisk Film by CLAUDE WILSON. The text begins with "By Jove! what a charming girl!
" muttered Philip de Gardien, as, passing through the entrance-hall of the hotel, his eye fell upon Helen Montel. "Must try and meet her again," he thought. He was dreaming, as he strode through the door into the street that his wish was about to be gratified—in a very different way from the one he imagined.

Just then, however, Helen Montel felt very far from charming. Having been left an orphan at an early age, she had fallen into the hands of a gang of crooks, and incidentally into the power of their chief, a man named Raoul, under whose direction and in whose company she was staying in the hotel at that moment.

"Oh! if only I could get out of his clutches," she thought, "and start all over again!"

Accompanying Raoul to his room, Helen soon learned what was to be her "part" in the night's program.

"Now I hope you understand exactly what you have to do," concluded Raoul, looking the girl squarely in the face. "I want no blundering, remember, and I don't feel disposed to run through it all again.

"I quite understand," she falteringly replied.

"Good! then the sooner you get to work the better."

Helen quietly left the room without further argument. Passing stealthily along the corridor, she paused outside the door of Philip de Gardien's room, and peering fearfully round to make certain that she was unobserved, quickly turned the handle and entered.

Her search for "booty," however, was of short duration. For Philip, feigning sleep from the moment he heard the door open, and noticing the mission upon which his fair intruder was engaged, sprang out of bed and seized hold of her. Helen at once drew her small revolver, but before she could attempt to make any use of it he had overpowered her and sent the weapon crashing to the floor.

Upon recognizing the girl he uttered a cry of surprise.

"What! What do you want here?"

He asked inquiringly, in low and even tones. "Surely you have made a mistake—wrong room, or something like that, perhaps; or—er—"

"No! There's no mistake," cried the girl defiantly, "I am a thief, and it is in that capacity that I am here in your room to-night. But you don't understand! How could you? It is not my fault. I assure you. I—oh, for God's sake, save me from him! It is he that compels me to assist him in all his foul work and undertakings; and I cannot help it."

And, throwing herself down upon the bed, she sobbed out to Philip the whole of her miserable life-story, telling him how she had got mixed up with the gang and of the evil influence that Raoul had exerted over her.

Philip listened to her in silence. Then, overwhelmed with an uncontrollable desire to avenge his poor and unfortunate acquaintance, he rushed straight into Raoul's bedroom.

Opening the door unnoticed, he tackled the "crook" from behind, and, picking up the revolver which Raoul had dropped during the struggle, forced a confession from him.

"You miserable bound!" he cried, still covering Raoul with the revolver, "you have only Providence to thank that I do not hand you over to the police immediately. It is only out of consideration for this young girl that I spare you from the punishment you so richly deserve."

Next morning Philip took charge of Helen. He placed her under the care of his sister, believing that time and environment would restore the girl once more to her proper position in life.

Within six months Philip had fallen a hopeless victim to Helen's charms, and, pleading his cause without delay, obtained her willing consent to their marriage.

On their return from the church after the ceremony they encountered Raoul, who, having read the marriage announcement in the papers, had determined to seek his revenge. Climbing the verandah of Philip's house, and locating Helen's boudoir, he forced the windows and entered the room. In an instant his hands were about her throat, and he would have strangled her had not her screams attracted Philip's attention. Rushing into the room, Philip threw aside the intruder, but he attended to his half-fainting bride had made good his escape.

Some weeks later Philip, according to the request of the "Deputation Committee" which visited him, agreed to represent his party at the forthcoming election. Opposing a Mr. Barfoot, a man much disliked on account of his most erratic ways, Philip felt no measi-ness with regard to the ultimate issue of the "poll."

With Barfoot, however, the news of "opposition" came as a great shock.

"I can't afford to risk opposition at a time like this," he cried, cursing and stamping up and down his study.

"A Mr. Raoul! to see you, sir," announced the small page. "In connection with the election I think, sir."

"Raoul! Raoul! I don't know the fellow. Still, show him up."

Good evening, Mr. Raoul," began Barfoot, as soon as the latter entered the room. "Something to do with the election, I think?"

"Yes," returned Raoul, obscurely. "It has something to do with the election, but the only question is—it is worth to you to be returned unopposed, to have a clear field without opposition?"

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand what you are driving at. You mean?"

"I mean that I can give you a strong weapon to use against Philip de Gardien, if you care to pay the price."

"I will an experiment with that, if I can prove it."

In a flash Barfoot realised the strength and possibilities of the situation.

"Your own terms," he agreed readily, "when our object is finally accomplished."

"Good! One thousand pounds to start with, say, and another instalment at the finish. Is that agreeable?"

Then Raoul disclosed to his new confederate the whole story.

"Go," he added in conclusion, "and see de Gardien at once. I fancy he will be only too anxious to withdraw from the candidature when he learns how much you know."

An hour later Barfoot was seated in Philip's study. "I've come to request..."
you to withdraw your candidacy from the forthcoming election," he interposed

meaningly, rising as Philip entered the room.

"Upon what ground, might I ask, am I indebted to you for the honour of this

visit?" asked Philip, coldly.

"Upon any grounds you like," retorted Barfoot, insolently. "But unless you state them definitely, in my contest I shall be reluctantly compelled to state some of the astonishing and painful facts that I have heard concerning your wife!"

Philip started back a step, as though he had been struck. "So that's the game, is it?" he cried hoarsely. "And how do you suppose that any information you may possess concerning my wife will influence my future arrangements?"

"I should not like to say. Only if it became known generally that Mrs. de Gardevi was an ex-criminal, perhaps..."

"Silence! you blackguard! Say another word at your peril. Leave me!"

"I cannot help it. You have been here two hours you shall then have my answer."

"Philip! Philip!" distractedly cried his wife, coming from behind the curtain as Barfoot left the room. "I have been feeling a little strange between you—every single word."

Barfoot buried his head in his hands and groaned.

"Not so, my dearest," she continued. "There is only one thing to do now, and that must be done at once. I will go away for a while—until the election is over. When your opponent returns, tell him that his news has been the cause of our separation, and that you have turned me out."

"But, my darling" broke in Philip, "I really can't — " "Please do as I wish. Believe me, it is for the best, and there is no other way. So good-bye, my darling! Say good-bye to me here, then you will not be seen letting me out."

And with one long, passionate embrace she had gone.

"My wife has gone! I have turned her out!" flashed Philip upon Barfoot's return. "So perhaps you may be satisfied at last—now that you have ruined my home. Go," he added, pointing towards the door, "before I have thrown you out."

When Raoul heard of Barfoot's failure his anger knew no bounds. "Meet me to-night outside Philip de Garden's villa," he cried, "and leave the rest to me."

As Philip sat alone in his study that night, pondering over his wife's hurried departure, the tinkling of the telephone bell on the table by his side suddenly attracted his attention. Answering the call, he was astonished to hear his beloved's voice vibrating across the wires. "I'm so thankful you are safe, my darling," he cried. "I've been worrying awfully about you ever since you left me. What's that? Just a moment, little one. There's some one knocking at the door. Hold the line. I shan't be a second."

Placing the receiver down upon the table, he rose and crossed the room to the door. Finding no one there, he walked down the steps and looked along the drive.

As he did so he was seized from behind by Raoul and Barfoot, who had been in hiding, and who, after chloro-forming and roping him, bore him off in triumph to their waiting motor.

Helen, patiently waiting at the phone, could not understand why her husband did not return to finish their conversation, and it was only when the butler, who had been left for dead on the doorstep, had recovered consciousness and tried to phone for the police, that she learned what had happened.

Returning at once to the house, she found a ring belonging to Raoul, lying upon the drive. Immediately suspecting foul play in consequence, she hurried with all speed to the Crook's headquarters—the old cellar workshop—the place she had known so well in former days.

With the aid of the doctor and chauffeur who accompanied her, she succeeded easily in removing the padlock that fastened the door, and, bursting into the cellar, found that she had just arrived in time to save her husband from a terrible and hideous death.

Philip had been securely chained against the wall. In front of him, on a tiny wooden platform, stood a highly explosive bomb, connected by means of several electric wires from a battery to an iron rod projecting out of the wall.

His wrist, encircled by a broad iron bracelet, was attached to a mechanical pulley which was slowly dragging it higher and higher towards the projecting rod.

"When the plate you wear round your wrist," he had been told by Raoul, "-touches the iron rod in the wall the electrical current will be completed, and the bomb will explode."

Thus was he placed when discovered by his wife.

"The fiends! the fiends!" she cried, hysterically, rubbing Philip's wrist between her hands. "Heaven will surely punish them for this!"

"Stay, little one," cried Philip, bending down and placing two pieces of iron near to each other behind the door. "They are sure to come back to see why the bomb has not exploded. When they do so, in opening the door they will cause these two irons to touch, and, completing the circuit, they will be killed by their own device."

As Philip had prophesied, Raoul and Barfoot, puzzled at the non-action of their bomb, returned to investigate the cause.

"He must have slipped the wrist-piece," swore Raoul under his breath, as he inserted the key into the lock. "There is plenty of time to readjust it," smiled Barfoot, fiendishly, and he will—"

But the sentence was never finished.

As Raoul threw open the door a terrific crash, followed by an avalanche of falling debris, occurred. The two arch-plotters had paid the price of their villainy.

A just retribution had speedily followed upon the heel of all their crimes.

This sensational Nordisk three-reeler, with its unusually interesting story, is quite fascinating to watch. It is beautifully played, and the magnificent "sets" for which the company is so noted are one of the features of this particular production. Helen, the heroine, is played by Ebba Thomson, and Philip, the hero, by Robert Dinesen.
OUR LETTER-BAG
Selected from hundreds every week.

If You Cannot Get "Pictures."
I have no trouble whatever in getting my copy every week. I gave a standing order to my newsagent months ago, and he never fails me. My dear "Pictures" is always on the doormat on Saturday morning.

C. (Clapham Junction).

Archibald! Certainly Not!
"A friend of mine says he knows somebody that has just come from America, and this American party told him that Maurice Costello had a 'fearful row' with Florence Turner in a public street. Florence Turner seemed to have been in the wrong, and Costello said that he would leave the Vitagraph Company if she did not leave. Hence Florence Turner coming to London. Now the person who told my friend all this and a report of the affair appeared in three American papers, one being the Brooklyn Citizen. I should be very pleased if you would tell me if you have heard anything about it."

LAUREL (London),

Train Smashed Indoors!
"I do wish I could understand how film scenery and properties are 'created.' The other day a friend of mine, who knows a cinema producer, showed me a roll of posters he had had given to him, and assured me that the play they represented had been, taken entirely in the studios. One picture showed a terrible railway-smash—two trains, a length of railroad, and a horse in the background. Several carriages of both trains were smashed. I can understand the railway lines and the horse being 'sham'—but the trains, that is where I am at a loss. Can you tell me how it is done?"

H. L. (Anerley),

It's Great! It's Wonderful.
"I had read so much about My Old Dutch in your paper (which I wouldn't miss for worlds) that I rang up my favourite cinema to inquire when he was showing it, and this was his reply: 'It's on this very week. And let me tell you, son, that it is the finest film of the year shown. Of all the world, until now, recommended any particular film, but even if my opposition house was showing it I'd feel licks standing out in Sackville Street and yelling about it. It's great—simply wonderful!' That night I went and took my best girl, and we found that it was all he described and more. My sweetheart cried, and she declares that I did as well, but I won't admit that."

C. J. (Dublin),

Wanted at the Front.
"I have just seen the Hepworth Comedies as shown to us. Tommies at the Front, and it is my opinion, and the opinion of many others, that the cinema must now play a very prominent part in the entertainment of our heroes. What is more likely to raise the drooping spirits of a jaded soldier than a good,ousing comedy? Now my word is—Chaplin must go. He is wanted 'somewhere near the firing line.' He is great—imitatable—the One and Only. Wounded soldiers home from the Front have rapidly developed severe attacks of Chaplinitis, and have communicated it to their pals on their return to the trenches. It is the duty of the great B.P. to supply all the wants of their defenders, and the greatest want of these is Charlie. Another favourite wanted 'there' is Mabel Normand. How would light comedy suit Vivian Rich? Tommy would love her so!"

J. M. Q. (Edinburgh).

RUTH STONEHOUSE.

You know that Henry B. Walthall is Essanay's new leading man, and that he appears in the famous Character Drama, "Temper." That is enough to make every exhibitor desire to show this film, and we know that whenever it is shown in the House near them the readers of "Pictures" will want to see it.

But without beautiful Ruth Stonehouse the play would lack much of its interest, for her splendid acting as Rose Claybourne lifts the play right out of the ordinary. You have read so much about her in "Pictures" that further comment is useless, but if "Temper"

A Three-Act Character Drama,
is not on your exhibitor's list we know he will be glad if you will remind him about it. Point out that it is an

THE EXCLUSIVE FILM

Essanay Film Service, Ltd., 21, Soho Square, London, W.
GENTS’ SUITS FREE!

ASTONISHING BUT GENUINE OFFER!

READERS MUST TEST REMARKABLE CLOTHING BEFORE PRICES GO UP!

Just fancy, readers! Whether a blacksmith, carpenter, engineer, labourer, farmer, or clerk, could you, by solid grinding work, wear a small hole in a 6/- pair of Trousers, or 14/-, 9d. Suit in six months? Remember, six months of solid grinding, hard wear! Hasty reader can do this; he can get another garment free of charge! Now, prices must go up! Delay will cost you dearly, so get patterns at once of the remarkable new cloths that will not wear out or tear, that are sent Free to all those readers who just send a postcard to the Holeproof Clothing Co., 55, Theobald’s Road, London, W.C.

They are amazing! Try your hardest, you cannot tear them, yet come in appearance as the very finest tweeds and sergees sold at 6/- and 4/- And the price for Trousers is only 14/-, and for simply 14/-, 9d. you get a really well-made, smart-fitting Suit. In every instance, a written guarantee is sent plainly stating that if the smallest hole appears within six months (no matter how hard you use go-ad) another garment is sent absolutely free of charge.

See advertisement below and send postcard at once for free patterns, measured form, and fashion, but mention “Picture.”

HOLEPROOF TROUSERS

GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS.

WEAR PAIR OUT AND WE GIVE ANOTHER FREE.

A most remarkable absolutely Holeproof Cloth, exactly same as finest tweeds or sergees, suitable for best or rough wear.

BREECHES, 5/- SUITS, 14/-

As a trial we send pair Gents Trousers for 4/6. Breeches, 5/-, or complete up-to-date Suit for 14/- made from our remarkable newly-discovered Holeproof Cloth. Guarantee in parcel if hole appears in 6 months another pair free. Send price and 4d. postage, with waist and leg length, also colour, or postcard for free patterns (say Breeches, Suit, or Dress). Patterns, to the

HOLEPROOF CLOTHING COMPANY,
(Dept. 32), 55, Theobald’s Road, London, W.C.

Thoughts of a Picturegoer.

Good Cheer Every Week.

That is what you want these days, and it is just what EDISON PLAYS provide.

If you feel depressed, down-in-the-mouth, tired or stale, don’t waste time thinking about it, but seek out a Cinema showing an EDISON PLAY, and notice how quickly your depression and fatigue disappears under the cheering influence of EDISON PICTURES.

The stories are so immensely interesting, so well acted, and so vividly brought before you, that you are taken out of yourself in spite of yourself. Yes! EDISON PICTURES are the ones to see.

LOOK OUT FOR

McQUADE OF THE TRAFFIC SQUAD

AT THE BEST CINEMAS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

FREE!

We shall be pleased to send you three photos of your favourite EDISON Players on receipt of 2d. to cover postage.

Thomas A. Edison, Ltd., 164, Wardour St., London, W.

The Young Picturegoer

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

What fascinating little actresses are Marion and Mabel Whitehead, the Thanhouser Twins! Of course, you have seen them? Their expressive, dark eyes and oval faces, framed in soft, dark, curling hair, are familiar to millions of picturegoers. During their long stay with the Thanhouser people the twins have appeared together and singly in a very great number of picture-plays. They worked so hard during the first half of this year that they have been enjoying a long summer vacation in the mountains.

But what I set out to tell you is this. A four-reel drama has been produced especially for these youthful stars, and it is called The Flying Twins. The picture on this page is taken from a scene in the film, and shows the pair as trapeze artists. In the film they are the two daughters of wealthy parents who run away with a circus company. Now if you like circus scenes (and who does not?), with their clowns, horses, and wonderful acts in the sawdust-tring: if, too, you like farm-life, with its chickens, ducks, and cattle, and if above all, you are fond of the twins (and who is not?) you will quickly fall in love with this very exciting drama. But the picture is not to be released yet for some weeks.

Who would be a producer? The poor man’s worries must be inexhaustible. No matter what the film on which he is engaged calls for—it may be a burning mountain, or a typhoon, or an earthquake, or even a white elephant—if the scene requires it the producer must go out and find it, and great must be his worry until he has done so. In Los Angeles recently a Reliance-Majestic film called The Far Woman required a Japanese baby. A search was begun, but all the Japanese mothers in the district refused, the superstition, amongst them being that if a baby is photographed it will surely come to dreadful harm. At last, however, the searchers’ patience was rewarded. In a small fishing village some miles out a Jap father and mother were persuaded to lend their infant to the studio in exchange for a large sum of money. “Be very, very careful with it!” pleaded the mother, and Miss Teddy Simpson, who plays the Japanese wife in the drama, went to great pains to assure the real mother that she would take care of the baby all the time it stayed in the studio. And so it came about that for three days Miss Simpson was tied to her little charge. She washed and dressed and fed the baby, saw to his daily nap, and watched over it with a
pictures and tenderness that would have soothed the weeping lap mother had she been able to see her. The baby, in fact, was returned to the parents after being used in the film in even better condition than when it was received.

* * *

"What is the difference between a vessel that has just been torpedoed and Pictures and The Picturegoer?" After wading through hundreds of answers two or three times over, and feeling as though I had been torpedoed myself, I decided to award prizes to a boy and a girl for the following:

1. A torpedoed vessel generally sinks, but Pictures and The Picturegoer survives everything by always rising.

Dorothy Nickison (10), 11, Avenue Road, Highgate, N.

The vessel has been 'holed' by the 'dread Hun,' but Pictures and The Picturegoer is 'sold' by the hundred.'

Edward Waterson (14), 31, McCullagh Street, Glasgow.

Some bright answers worth reading are:

1. The difference is that one goes down, and the other goes up.

2. The vessel will go under, but Pictures will never go under.

3. One sinks to earth, the other rises to fame.

4. The vessel's sinking is the 'one' in danger, whereas Pictures brings gladness in all its readers.

5. One is seen in danger in the other there is a 'danger' scene.

6. The vessel's oil sinks lower and lower, the Pictures' sale rises higher and higher.

"The vessel is ending its career and is going to the bottom, but Pictures has commenced its career and is going to the top.

7. One is 'overturned' in the 'blue' sea, and the other is 'turned over' and 'read', see?

The one has been 'hit, and the other is 'it.'

8. One is Doomed whilst the other is Boomed.

Awards of Merit (six of which will entitle the winner to a special prize): Eva Preston (Stoke-on-Trent), James Kitsch (Manchester), James E. Hingley (Tipton), Coralie L. Dennig (Lanes), E. Sydney Duke (Macclesfield), Betty Jones (South Wales), Lavinia Preston (Stoke-on-Trent), Ivy Neal (Watford), Edgar Keller (Charlton-on-Hardy), Albert Richardson (Brockley), William Smith (Brentford), Nellie Bush (Thornton Heath), Alfred Crick (Desborough), L. Willis (Birmingham), A. Morrison (Islington), Maud Snell (Leytonstone).

A NEW "RIDDLE-ME-REE" COMPETITION.

It is many weeks since you had one, and the following was sent to me by one of yourselves, but unfortunately the sender omitted to include his or her name. Here it is:

My first is in Mary Pickford, but not in Fred Paul.
My second  is in Ruth Roland, Owen Moore.
My third  is in Mary Fuller, "Pimple.""  
My fourth is in Jane Gail, "Pimple.
My fifth  is in Tom Santschi, and also in Ford Sterling.
My sixth  is in Charles Chaplin, but not in Alice Joyce.
My seventh is in Earle Williams, Alma Taylor.
My eighth is in Maurice Costello, and also in Florence Turner.
My ninth is in Stewart Rame, Wally Van.
My tenth is in Harold Lockwood, Billy Ritchie.
My eleventh is in Floria Finch, Elsie August.
My twelfth is in Tom Mix, Edith Storey.
My thirteenth is in Bessie Kyton, Harry Benham.

The hidden letters will spell the name of a well-known film-player. When you have discovered it write same on a post-card addressed to "Riddle-me-ree," 18, Adam Street, Strand, W.C., and post to reach me by Monday, October 1st, which happens to be the birthday of UNCLE TIM.

A Chance of a Lifetime.

SETS OF BEAUTIFUL HALF-PLATE PHOTOS

depicting the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of
Postal Order value 6d.

"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

"SOME" FIGURES.

'The Birth of a Nation,' the World's Greatest Photo Play, produced by D. W. Griffith, cost £100,000 to make.

Griffith figures on the salary list at £20,000 a year, because he "knows how." He is the World's Greatest Motion Picture Producer.

Under Griffith's controlling hand and brain, 18,000 actors played parts in 'The Birth of a Nation.'

In the wild rides of the Ku Klux Klan 3,000 horses were used, and the roads of a whole county commandeered for a day.

On the 27th of September, The Scala Theatre, Charlotte Street, Tottenham Court Road, opens with the first presentation in London of this mighty spectacle. Two performances daily at 2.30 and 8.
DAVID W. GRIFFITH
and the
MOTION PICTURE.

You probably visit an Electric Theatre once a week or more. Do you realise that the major part of the enjoyment you derive from the "Pictures" is due to the genius of D. W. Griffith?

D. W. Griffith is the World's Greatest Motion Picture Producer. He is responsible for almost every improvement in photo-plays during the past ten years.

Griffith introduced Mary Pickford, Lilian Gish, Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, Henry Walthall, Robert Harron, and hosts of other screen favourites.

His talents are behind every player and every scene in "The Birth of a Nation," the gigantic motion picture spectacle which is to be presented at The Scala Theatre, twice daily from September 27th, at 2.30 and 8.

"The Birth of a Nation" will not be produced at Cinema Theatres in London. A visit to the Scala is necessary if you do not wish to miss the greatest motion picture of all time.

A Real Film Drama.
CARLYLE BLACKWELL has been staying at Coronado Beach, and one evening he ferried his machine across the bay to amuse himself. During the evening a Mrs. Ray, a guest at the big hotel at Coronado, was held up by a motor-car thief and robbed of some valuable gems. The police were on the alert, and this ends reel one.

Reel two starts with Carlyle being duly amused and preparing to return home. He wanted a nice ride, so he avoided the ferry and started out on the long way round. A little way out the actor saw a man lurking behind a tree, and having heard that a robbery had been committed and having some money, he started to speed up. The man had a gun and called on him to stop, but instead of doing so Carlyle spurted off at a speed of sixty miles an hour, despite the bullet which whistled over his head. After a few miles had been negotiated he looked round and found that two cars were chasing him, so he did his little best to make his own go a bit faster.

Before he entered the town he was stopped by police lined across the road with guns; they dragged him from the car and handcuffed him for avoiding arrest. Then he learned that his pursuers were also police after the robber, and that he, Carlyle, was the suspected character.

His protests were unavailing, and it was from the morning before Mrs. Ray could be induced to go to the police-station to identify the ruffian who had robbed her. When she saw Carlyle Blackwell she nearly collapsed, for they knew each other quite well. Of course, he was released immediately, and instead of getting angry he gave the police cigars. He expressed himself as delighted afterwards with the publicity which this real life incident brought him in the Southern papers. They were just full of it.

A Film Star at Ten.
It is difficult to realise when watching Joan Morgan's brilliant and finished acting that she is only ten years old. She is a born cinema actress and takes the greatest delight in her work. In "The World's Desire, Queen of the Quena, and Iron Justice," all British films, Joan Morgan had important parts, but it is in the new Renaissance production Light that she achieves her most pronounced success so far. She plays the difficult part of the Messenger, the little golden-haired girl who, entering the drama of greed and passion, passes like a ray of sunshine through the story, ultimately triumphing over the evil and bringing peace and reconciliation to her train. Joan Morgan is supported by a full West-end cast, including Julian Royce, Harding Steer, and Sidney Morgan. Sidney Morgan is responsible for the production, which Davidson's Film Sales Agency promise to show us in due course.

Rats and Mice as Ghosts.
NEVA GERBER, a comparatively newcomer to the Beauty company, has been greatly disturbed by the California rats and mice, which, with other vermin too small and numerous to mention, make life uncomfortable in that land.
of sunshine. "But anybody," she says, "may rid her house of rodents by a very simple process. Capture one of the pestiferous things alive, immerse its feet in rubber (a common elastic band will do), tie a small piece of white cloth around its neck, and set it loose. The 'ghost-like' beast will make all haste to rejoin its companions. With unhesitating tread, dashing in among them, it will produce such a panic among its superstitious kind that never again will any of the creatures venture to invade the domain of human beings." To the gift of clever mimicry Miss Gerber, it may be noted, adds a particularly lively imagination.

Deserted Films for Flying.

ONE of many popular picture men who have left the cinema world for the fighting world is William Fenton. He is a brother of George P. Fenton, of "Fenton's Picture Circuit," and commenced his career in the film business seven years ago. Since then he has managed picture theatres, under his brother's direction, in Alfreton, Rochdale, Winsford, Dinton, Chopwell, Dalton-in-Furness, Cockermouth, West Kirby, Hoylake, and Darlington, where many of our readers have, no doubt, made his acquaintance. He also managed the firm's film-hiring business in Glasgow.

At the very beginning of the war Mr. Fenton rejoined his Majesty's Navy, and was afterwards transferred to the Naval Flying Corps. His detachment were more than spectators when the Zeppelin was blown up at Ostend some weeks ago. Mr. Fenton is now in the Dardanelles, and may good luck be with him!

A Great Character Actor.

It is three years since Augustus Phillips joined his fortunes with Edison films, which, by the way, are the only films he ever appeared in. His success was immediate, however, as he had an excellent groundwork and experience on the stage. His work is always characterised by an intense sincerity, genuine appreciation of finely-drawn light and shade in miniatures, which, with his mobile face, never fails to register with marked effect.

Mr. Phillips' first theatrical engagement was with his brother, Philip Phillips, at eighteen years of age. Later, at the head of his own stock company, he toured the middle West, and since then he has played everything on the stage, from Uncle Tom to Othello and Scrooge. Although he has appeared mostly in straight leads in Edison films, and has added to his film popularity as a result, he likes best to play character parts; and his work on the graspering Hebrew in The Stone Heart came as a surprise in its dramatic simplicity of strength. One of the hardest parts to "get over" ever shown on the screen was as the devoted desperate husband in the three-reeler With Bridges Burned, when his work was unexcelled for tense- ness in quiet scenes and subtle power.

Mr. Phillips has appeared with equal success in comedies as in dramas, and the finish he imparts even to his comedia-"dian parts but accentuates the humour and his versatility.

No one ever imagined that there were so many laughs in this world until Billie Ritchie sprang into joyous prominence as a picture comedy star. Today millions of people respond gladly to the happy invitation extended by Billie Ritchie to all the world—"Come and have a laugh with me."

You can always laugh with Billie Ritchie. No matter how dull life may seem, or how heavy may be the cares that burden your mind, the joyous antics of the inimitable L-KO comedian will bring happy laughter to your lips.

Billie Ritchie is never wearisome, never disappointing. His freshness and originality keep with him always. Every new picture in which he appears sees the introduction of some crazy new stunts funny enough to wring tears of mirth from the most hardened picture critic.

Whenever you see Billie Ritchie billed at a picture theatre you can go inside knowing full well that there are many minutes of joyous mirth before you. So look out for every new L-KO comedy in which Billie Ritchie appears, and be sure you see them all.

Billie Ritchie

OUR CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE.

CHARLIE AT WORK.—You all know Charlie, and all the world knows that Charlie is funny. When we tell you that this film is the funnest film that Charlie has yet produced you will go and see it. Now tell a true story.

—Essanay Comedy, two parts (Nov. 1).

WILLIE GOES TO SEA.—A gem in film comedies. Wheeler Oakman as a "Nut" is worth seeing, even if your visit meant risking German "shells." Did you read our story of the film in No. 81? If not, send for that back number.

—Selig Comedy, 1,000 feet (Sept. 30).

THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW.—Frances Hodgson Burnett's drama of faith and love, in which Mary Pickford as Glad, a slum-girl, has made one of her greatest successes. When we saw the film a lady exhibitor asked us to excuse her for crying audibly. We counsel you not to miss this.

—Famous Players Drama, four parts (Oct. 4).

THE GOLDEN RAINBOW.—A charming picture, showing how stolen gold, hidden among boulders near a waterfall, is discovered, together with the thief, by means of Nature's rainbow. A pretty love-story in addition plus a strong cast, including Harry V. Meter, Vivian Rich, and Jack Richardson.

—Frying A Drama, one reel (Oct. 7).

THE ANIMATED GROUCH-CHASER.—The first of a series of rib-ticklers by the clever French cartoonist Raoul Barre. "Novel, quaint, different, and laughter-compelling," they are bound to be popular. This picture starts and ends in laughter, whilst the cartoons amuse the principal character—Daniel (played by Herbert Price)—that they cure him of his dyspepsia.

—Edison Cartoon-Comedy, 586 feet (Oct. 7).

STEADY COMPANY.—Nan has a drunken father. One day she agrees to walk in the park with Jim, who has many a time offered her his seat in the tram, thus winning her gratitude. In the park they come across her father, drunk. Jim takes him home, Nan hides in her room, ashamed. But Jim is made of stern stuff, and assures Nan that he cares for her alone. You will like this if only because Pauline Bush is Nan.

—Rex (Trans-Atlantic) Drama, 905 feet (Oct. 13).

OTHER FILMS TO WATCH FOR:-

The Woman Who Did (Broadwest). Grant Allen's famous book: "No Greater Love" (Gaumont Exclusive), featuring Mila Rees and Barrie, of "Zoe" fame; "Mystery of a Hand" (Ideal Exclusive), the world-famous novel: "The Exploits of Elaine," the great Pathé Serial: "The Second in Command," a Metro production: Who's Who in Society, a clean comedy-drama released by Kine Trading Company Limited: The Arab, a Lasky picture of the desert: Lost and Won, featuring Florence Turner, and another Ideal Exclusive: A Pair of Queens, a Vitagraph comedy in which "The Big Comedy Four!" play: Finch, Kate Price, William Shea, and Eugene Mack—provide the fun; and Sweet Lavender, the most celebrated of all English plays, by Sir Arthur Pinero, which Hepworths have filmed with Henry Ainley, Chrissie White, and Alma Taylor in the cast.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER
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COMMENCING SEPT. 27th. TWICE DAILY at 2.30 and 8.

The Western Import Co., Ltd., present—

D. W. Griffith's Mighty Motion Picture Spectacle

The Birth of a Nation
Adapted from Thomas Dixon's Famous Novel
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"The Birth of a Nation" marks a New Era in Motion Picture Art.
Every photo play enthusiast should make a point of seeing it.

Symphony Orchestra of 40.

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OUR NEW FREE COMPETITION

**1ST PRIZE** £10
**2ND PRIZE** £5
**10 PRIZES** OF 10/-

**200 Handsome Consolation Prizes.**

START TO-DAY! It costs nothing to enter!

We give below the second set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition—"Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picturesque actresses and actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No.1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, £5 to the next, and 10s. each to the next few, and **200 Consolation Prizes** to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the second set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. **Mention "Screened Stars" to all your Picture-going friends.**

**IT COSTS NOTHING TO ENTER!**

---

**Gossip and Editorial**

**HAPPY thought!** If you like this number, resolve to get Pictures every week and read it regularly. This issue is the fourteenth of a new volume—the ninth! Just fancy—and six months' copies in each. Doesn't time fly! I might have told you last week that Vol. VIII. was complete, but did not realise it until too late to say so. It gave me quite a shock, I hope you will enjoy Vol. IX. better than its predecessors, for I mean to try and make each volume brighter than the last. Bound copies of Vol. VIII. will be readily obtainable for those who desire them.

**Contest and Competition.**

No, I cannot say yet when the result of the contest will be published. Several readers have asked the question; but if they could see the task which faces those registering the votes they would have patience. Meanwhile are you seeing out the film stars whose names are hidden in the puzzle pictures on this page? If you want the first set, it is still possible, I believe, to get copies of last week's issue by sending three half-pence to our publishers.

**To Read or Not to Read.**

"The cast was so small that I could not read it"—thus writes a reader. It's an old complaint and twin brother to that other complaint—the subtitle which is flashed off before half of it is understood. Why the whole of the screen is not utilised for lettering in pictures I can never understand, nor can I even guess why so many makers put absurd disguises round their subtitles and tint the film in all the colours of the rainbow. Casts, subtitles, "letters," in fact all wording in film-pictures should be solid white on black and in maim, even if you cannot get all the answers, or any other marks whatsoever. Lettering should be as large as the screen and the number of words appearing allow it to be. Occasionally—very occasionally—we get this, but more often than not the words are too small or too highly coloured, or both, to be of any service to the audience.

**"The Man in Possession."**

I met Billy Merson after seeing his second film, *The Man in Possession,* and told him he had gone one better than his first. He was glad I thought so, and intimated that his third, *The Only Man,* which he is now at work upon, would be at least two better. There is no question about Billy and our fancy in the screen. No one could see him as the bailiff in and "out" of possession without laughing. On the night of a swell party the "man" obliges his "victim" by donning gladiatorial robes (with a pipe) and posing as a millionaire. A struggle, with a blanconose, a love-affair with an elderly spinster, and a chase through every room in the house, from which he is finally ejected head-first through a window, are some of Mr. Merson's playful antics in this second
"Homeland" production which is being controlled by the Globe Film Company.

As It Should Be.

Big developments are pending—if not already completed—in connection with a well-known British producing firm. Details have not yet been passed to me for publication, but I think I shall violate no confidence in stating that a number of London stage stars will appear in their best roles under the banner of a Company already famous for artistic productions. Good!

Famous Novel Filmed.

Before the next issue I shall have seen The Woman Who Did—that is to say, the big film of Grant Allen's novel of that name which is the first of the "Broadwest" productions, and certain scenes of which were actually taken in Italy. I am watching this Company with particular interest, and believe they are going to give us not one but many great English pictures. All interior work for Broadwest Films is done in their up-to-date and charmingly situated studio at Esher, Surrey.

The Wrong Turn

I took it myself, and missed the first of five reels of The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turn, the latest British Empire production. I thought the trade show was in one turning, and found it later on in another. But I arrived in time to see the blood-curdling feather and pistol fight between the two women—the girl who took and the girl who led her to do so—and found it a real thriller. Probably you have seen this play by Walter Melville, for it has had a big stage career; but whether you have or not, you will find that the film provides a positive feast of melodrama, and photography and acting are excellent.

A Mighty Motion Picture.

On no account miss The Birth of a Nation. Even if you do not happen to be interested in American history the action and wonderful effects throughout this D. W. Griffith masterpiece will keep you breathless. If it entertained me for three hours whilst projected in silence in a little showroom, how much better will you find it at the Scala Theatre, London, plus the specially written music of a band of forty musicians, and with full battle and other effects! Personally, I am looking forward to this big "theatre" show with all the enthusiasm of a first-nighter.

F. D.

THE WOMAN WHO DID

Grant Allen's Famous Novel.

WHAT DID SHE DO?

BROADWEST FILMS

show what she did in their 6-reel British Masterpiece just completed. The work comprises Italian portion taken in Italy.

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LARRY TRIMBLE

"The commonplace of eulogy—already exhausted—need not be employed in referring to the unique achievement of Larry Trimble. As an author and producer of picture-plays he has won to universal distinction, and is now a vital figure in picturdom."

Robert Grau, in "THE THEATRE OF SCIENCE."

Larry Trimble's name as producer of picture-plays is a guarantee of satisfaction to the picture-playgoer all over the world. Recent past productions—"Shop Girls," "Through the Valley of Shadows," "Alone in London," "My Old Dutch"—just to mention a few—testify to the truth of this.

NERVOUS DEBILITY
Splendid Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets—the All-British Remedy.

"Dr. Cassell's Tablets simply made a new woman of me," says Mrs. Shepgeck, of 18, Ponsonby Buildings, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E. "Twice now," she said to an interviewer recently, "they have done me worlds of good when all the usual medicines had proved quite useless. The first time was when I was suffering with severe nervous debility. I was extremely weak and shaky, and thought I had treatment I got no better. At last I was told there was nothing for me but to go away for a change of air. I couldn't do that, so I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets instead, and it was truly wonderful how they set me up.

"This last attack I had broken down altogether, could do absolutely nothing, and I really thought I was dying. I was in bed, of course, and I simply lay helpless, and all the things given me made no difference whatever. I had the strength of a baby, and I was dreadfully nervous, food I hardly touched, and altogether my case seemed hopeless. I don't know why I didn't think of Dr. Cassell's Tablets sooner, seeing what they had done for me before; however, I did in the end, and began taking them. Well, the result was that I improved almost from the first dose. Soon I was up and about again, till now I am as well as ever in my life."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets
Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, and Anti-Spasmodic, and of great therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for—

Nervous Breakdown Infantile Paralysis Neurasthenia Anemia Indigestion
Nerve Paralysis Wasting Diseases Nervous Debility Palitation Stomach Disorder
Spinal Paralysis Premature Decay Sleeplessness Kidney Disease Malnutrition

Specially valuable for nursing Mothers and the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by chemists and dealers in all parts of the world, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Prices: 10d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d.—the 2s. 9d. size being the most economical.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX.
Send your name and address, and 2 penny stamps for postage, &c., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box A K 10), Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.
PIETY THE POOR ANSWERS MAN.

Jenny (Norwich).—We can supply the following information:—

Mary Fuller, price 1/6, post free, Warren Kerrigan in ordinary dress only, and Pauline Husch in either Western costume or ordinary dress, price 7/6 each. The supply is limited. We have postcards of Monk Manz. Thanks for promise of home made blackberry jam. It’s a sticky subject, so you can’t forget, Jenny, dear.

C. E. (Lancashire).—Thomas Sarsby played "Bruce" in "The Adventures of Kathlyn" (Selig), Ben Webster was "Boothe" in "Boothe’s Baby." Have you sent your letters to Madison? Your French expressions are terrific. Autumn, Caroe.

Dr. Postcard.—A soldier in hospital in Lichfield wants a letter or two to cheer him up. Who will be the kind Samaritan?

A Constant Reader (Reading).—We have in magazine picture postcards of John Bunny with the date of his death printed on them, Id. each, post free. Almost any one of the American Companies would be least to send your film plot on diamond mining to Essancy, Flying A, Selig, or Vitagraph, to name a few.

J. J. (Wolverhampton).—"His Only Pants." (Nestor).—"The Artist." Jack Dillon; "His Chums," Lee Moran; "The Girl." I’ll Indore. Name and address next time, J. J.

Inquests (East Twickenham).—Harold Lockwood played "Jack" in "Hearts Aflame," and Carly Blackwell was "King of Bosnia" in "Such a Little Queen." We have postcards of Mary Pickford, Jan Gail, Kathleen Williams, and Gertrude McCoy. Glad to hear the latter, but Jack, four cards would cost 5/6, postage free. We do not undertake to get cards autographed.

Cockey (Leicester).—"Sorry!" "Excuse me, but Chris Chaplin was born at Fontainebleau." Well, excuse us, cartoonist, but he was born in London—at Walworth, to be quite exact! See our article on him in No. 83 containing facts. Max Linder joined the French Army when war broke out, and was wounded, since when we have heard nothing.

Bilb (Peckham).—The company you mention does not publish cards. Glad to hear you received such a nice autographed photo from the actress in "Pep o’ my Heart." It is most probable she herself saw your letter. Numi’s of our readers, much to their delight, have also received photos and letters from picture players.

Stokes (Leeds).—For new readers and best wishes much thanks.

Diana (Edinburgh).—Have sent your heartiest congratulations and best wishes and your love to James Cruze, Florence La Badie, Alice Jeggas, and George Earlick, and kept the 'heaps of heat and smoke' until you postcards of Alaf Forest.

Pierce (Hammond).—See reply to "Anxious (Newport)" in last week’s and last week. This postcard 25 years old, and Fred Evans (Pimple) has joined the Army. Edison invented moving pictures, and the Thomas A. Edison Co. made the first.

Eva (Tenbury).—Flora Morris was "Elle," Violet Hope was "Jennie," and Alby Taylor was "Mudge" in "The Heart of Midlothian" (Hepworth). Also Worsley played "Ernest Allison" in "The Chapter and the Heart" (Hepworth). Is that the one you want?

Mrs. L. (London).—Have a friend who is convinced that Charles Chaplin is deaf and dumb, and asks us to print a denial and so "knock the idea out of all sorts of silly heads." But, oh Lord, haven’t we just knocked you? You’ve certainly not read your pictures. Mr. Wu.

Pezlcn (London).—"Charles Chaplin" is the name of the name of the film in which Charles Chaplin played the title role.

H. E. L. (Birmingham) writes an appreciative letter of the work of our artist, Mr. F. O. Fuller, and predicts a brilliant career for him. He will be pleased.

Miss M. K. (Ohio ton’s Hill).—A stated countless times you would not send your film plot on postcards of you. It is now 3 years, deaf, dumb, blind, nor nonsense do we live in an attitude of festoon or in a flat at Edinburgh.

D. L. (South London).—We have in London Film Co., St. Margaret’s-on-Thames, Twickenham, for the synopsis you want. When you come to London, you may see the lion in his den." Quite harmless we are.

Jernie (Bingley).—We have several hundred of different postcards, Id. each. Thank you for promising to do your utmost to make T. P. and F. known to others.

E. E. (Huffington).—Charles Chaplin (c/o Essamy Film Co., 1, City, Argyle St., Chicago, U.S.A.) and Mary Pickford (c/o Famous Players Film Co., 213, West 29th St., New York City, U.S.A.) might reply to letters. We do not recommend readers to send autograph-albums abroad; there is the risk of them getting lost; enclose a sheet of paper the size of your book, and ask for a signature on that, then you can stick it in. Fred Evans was Pimple’s common or garden name. Good luck to him, for he’s just joined the Army!

T. G. C. (Highgate).—Write to London Film Co., St. Margaret’s-on-Thames, Twickenham, for a synopsis of the film. We have cards of "Jas Gail and Charles Rock, one penny each, postage extra.

Louise L. (Wolverhampton).—Your brother’s letter had to take its turn; it has been answered. Repeat your question, and comply with rule giving name and address.

D. L. (Barnsbury).—If you have any difficulty in obtaining pictures from your Census, you can get it by placing a standing order with your newsagent’s bookstall. Jack Webster played in "The London Street," "The Hypocrite," "The Blue" and "In the Blood." We have no postcards.

Elise (Liverpool).—We are quite refreshed to know that at least one reader does want to be a film player. Our postcards are one penny each, postage extra, and we doubt you wouldn’t cost 5/6. We hope you will be successful in writing a good film plot. It looks easier than it really is, Elise.

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HELLEN (Essex).—We are charmed with some little letter. We have no postcard of John Luedin. Best love in return for yours. Glad E. (Elsie Evans & Co.) "D., (Dear Mary.

T. H. (Northampton). Here are some, Loundon Producing Companies—Hepworth Film Co., Wallon on Thames, B. and S., Mol. Sol. and Wall Indmost; London Film Co., St. Margaret’s-on-Thames, Twickenham, Torowy Films, Ltd., Wallon on Thames, and J. H. Martin Ltd., Merton, S.W. Read reply to "Anxious (Newport)" in last week’s and next week’s.

Alice (Southend).—Charles Chaplin most likely would reply to you. His address is c/o E. Kelly Film Co., 120, Great Yarmouth, 0, S.A. Your love to Mary Pickford come by wireless.

(—Plymouth).—We have no postcards of Owen Moore yet we have two different of Mary Pickford. Here are some of the plays she has appeared in—"Signs," "Behind the Scenes," "Fascinated," "Judith," "Four O’clock," "A Day in Tomorrow," and "Tempted of the Storm Country." Coming—"Little Pal," and "Fitz.

Andy (Edinburgh).—Have sent your love and a lots of kisses to Anita Stewart. The cast you ask for is not available. Thanks for best wishes.

Daphne (Durham).—You hope I am a good holiday in Ireland. Next time varry nice to stay with! The love sent was de giltly phoned with post smoke.

Ramses (Harlingon).—Mary Pickford’s husband is Owen Moore.

A Picture Lover (Leeds).—Address Ellis Hall, c/o Universal Film Studio, 126 Strept and 11th Avenue, New York City, U.S.A. We’re sure she would like to receive your wish. It is quite likely you will be seeing her in other films as excellent as "London Street," "The Hypocrite," etc., "Fascinated." We wish her best wishes.

Gwyneth (Chester).—Neriam Howard may later be revisiting Wales. Glad you like his stories. MaryPickford.

A Post, Present, and Picture Reader (Slough).—Many thanks for your letter and suggestions, which are laying our earnest consideration.

Cartoonist (Leicester).—The Vileturah Twins are really twins. We do not issue billing cards for P.P. and P, only bound volumes complete. Thank you are pleased with our paper. Why not try for a prize in our competitions?

Patsy (Camberwell Gate).—We have the cards you want of Kathleen Williams, Florence La Badie, James Cruze, and Jack Benny. Write U.S.A., the lot, post free. Rebecca Arbuckle is "Keystone Patty." Thanks for love.

LOIS WEBER, of Tennesse Atlantbic.

She is author, actress, and producer, and with two of her greatest successes, "Heart Hypocrites" and "Scandal," this picture is one of our postcard series.
We said they might. Wish Glad.

Edward (York).— Have you won a nice holiday?

Lionel (Plymouth).— We hope you will win the prize for the best sequel to "A Diamond from the Sky."" 

Edward (Flying Rifleman).— Read aloud the sequel to "Detroit" "The reporters, your editors, the girls who are so kind to yourущености..."

L. T. (Plymouth).— Welcome, new reader. The supply of experienced film fans far exceeds the demand. If you need film postcards, why not ask the help of the exotic — to order them? Will you have enough to order them, Lionel, Munro and me for our next visit?

The Dear Girls.

Annie: "I was awful dark where we met in the cinema, and the first thing I knew, he kissed me."

Fannie: "I wouldn’t be angry about it, dear. I don’t think he’d have done it if he’d been in the daylight."

His Prescription.

Mother-in-Law: "The doctor said I was all right and needed strychnine as a tonic. Now, I don’t want to take too much. How big a dose do you recommend?"

Son-in-Law (hopefully): "I wouldn’t take more than a tablespoonful at first."

A True Philosopher.

"I hear that Gay is considered the most optimistic actor in your company." "Yes, indeed. If he failed in his art he’d thank Heaven he had his health; if he failed in health he’d thank Heaven he had his art; and if he failed in both he’d say there was no use having one without the other."
A succession of dramas and comedies all alike would make any cinema seem dull. And dull cinemas are bad cinemas.

To say that Hepworth Picture Plays are ever a succession of similarities would be absolutely untrue. But pointing to results is better than merely praising ourselves; therefore we take “The Passing of a Soul” and “Spies” as our examples—the first remarkable for the beauty and uniqueness of its story, the second charming for the realistic “Englishness” of its war-time humour.

The “Passing of a Soul” tells how the substitution of another girl for his dead sweetheart saved a man’s life. “Spies” involves a soldier, a girl, and a poet; of whom the girl is the sweetest, the poet the funniest, and the soldier the luckiest.

The cinema you generally attend—wouldn’t you like to see these pictures there? Ask for them to-night.

Hepworth Picture Plays

See it, Tommy?—

“Mackintosh’s”!

Trust to the kiddies to find it in a window crowded with other sweets. It’s the sweetmeat that Mother commends—yes, and furtively samples herself—for the wholesomeness of Mackintosh’s is known to all the world.

Rib-tickling Comedy and Hair-raising Thrills

“A TALE OF TWENTY STORIES”

L-KO Paree-Comedy. 1,057 feet approx. Released November 11th.

L-KO comedies are always good, but here is one that stands out as one of the funniest pictures this famous company has ever produced. And it’s “some” thriller, too; indeed, no more remarkable combination of chuckles and thrills has ever been presented on a motion picture screen.

The L-KO comedians fool about on the edge of the roof of a twenty-storey sky-scraper in a way that makes one’s scalp tingle. There are thrills, gasps and more thrills, interspersed with the wonderful comedy scenes, making this fine production unique in every way.

It’s a picture out of the ordinary; whatever you do don’t miss seeing it.

ENORMOUS SUCCESS!

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Handsome gift album, with National Flag enamelled in colours on front, containing Portraits of H.M. The King, Lord Kitchener, General French, Admiral Jellicoe, Tommy Atkins, and Jack Tar.

A charming little memento for the Watch-chain, Necktie, or Bracelet.

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The Dramatised Version of Stanley J. Weyman's great Novel has been filmed by the Clarendon Co., and will be released on Monday, November 22nd.

SPEAK TO YOUR LOCAL MANAGER ABOUT IT.

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Branches: Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Dublin, Newcastle, Leeds, Cardiff, Belfast.
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EDGAR SELWYN

in the greatest drama of the desert ever produced,

"THE ARAB."

"Lasky's finest picture."

-Times Press.

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Produced by
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Feature Play Co.,
166-170, Wardour St., W.

MARY FULLER

A fine new study of the "Victor" Star of the Trans-Atlantic. (See page 25.)
HERE'S YOUR OLD FAVOURITE AGAIN

TOM MIX the world-famous Cowboy and most popular Film Player of the day carries out a series of further daredevil and death-defying “stunts” in this his latest creation, “WITH THE AID OF THE LAW”

You surely don’t want to miss seeing this exciting TOM MIX picture! Ask them to show you it, without fail, at your favourite Cinema. It has a good, strong, and original plot, and is acted with great force by this most famous of all cowboy players. Don’t forget that TOM MIX is included in our set of six Selig Players which we are offering you for a few days only at the special reduced price of 3½d.

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DEADWOOD DICK

The Dashing Hero of England’s Boyhood and Manhood.

A BRITISH HERO
Filmed by
A BRITISH FIRM

Six Powerful and Entrancing Tales, and each Story distinct and separate.

TO BE RELEASED (one a week), Beginning NOVEMBER 29th

THE IDEAL FILM RENTING CO., LTD., 76-78, WARDOUR ST., W.
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM: A charming Scene taken in Italy
for the filming of Grant Allen’s Novel, *The Woman Who Did*. Thos. H. Macdonald as Alan Merrick, and Eve Balfour as Herminia Barton. (See page 33.)
A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.
Writing Music for a Fifty-Reeler in 1940.

WINIFRED GREENWOOD, of the American Company, has appeared in eight hundred productions. Truly a record in screen-work.

Dainty Lillian Walker is to head the cast in the Vitagraph production of stage comedy Green Stockings. Lillian would be lovely in any colour.

The Essanay Company are busy on an eight-reeler of the famous story of Robinson Crusoë, a subject which should fascinate the young and the old.

Young Claude Percival has given up the idea of becoming a £500 per week film comedian and returned to his old position as head of the shirt department.

"Laugh and be beautiful!" declares Essanay's pretty actress, Edna Mayo. "Try a 'Smile-au-Hour' treatment for those 'scoot' lines on your face, and in a week, you'll find yourself better looking." We're trying hard.

We'd love to visit the dressing-room of Carey Hastings, the Thanhouser actress. Among other things which decorate its walls are a pair of motordoggles with a three-inch splinter sticking in a lens (a narrow escape!), an autographed necktie, and three small shoes presumably belonging to a girl and a half.

An Expensive Imitation.
"I'm working for a Picture Company, and they're 'taking' me just as I am," said a drunken man at Dudley to a police-officer. He had been found crawling on his hands and knees in front of a tramcar. "I'm Charlie Chaplin," he informed the Magistrate. "Are you, really?" replied his worship, who knew better. "Then you will pay ten shillings." Moral: If you must imitate Charlie, keep sober.

"Flower" Films for Mary Fuller.
It is interesting to note that a series of "flower" stories have been specially written for Mary Fuller, the Trans-Atlantic star. The first of the series is The Little White Violet (released shortly), in which her countless adorers will see her in a role full of opportunity for displaying her powers for pretty, sympathetic characterisation. Apropos of this series a "lily" portrait study of Mary appears this week on our front cover.

The Song Cinema.
There seems, says the Star to be a certain affinity between the cinema and the musical world. In America the picture palace has become a sort of concert agent, and, Drawn from Musical America, Damrosch, Hofmann, and Mme. Lecinska are among the many artists who have appeared upon the "movies." They say over there that at least 20,000 people see each picture. America has gone further than assisting music through the cinematograph. It has set the fashion of engaging artists of the first rank to sing during the exhibition of the pictures.

Tongue-Twisting in Theatre-land.
A RIVAL to the famous "Sister Don't" and its rhymes to the programme of the popular revue All Staged. The authorship was attributed to Harry Grattan, but that gentleman begs to disclaim the honour. This is how it runs:

"Charlie Chaplin causes excitation.
Combining quaintly crablike crawls with comic curves and cane.
Congested cause crowd crashing;
Knee-scratching conquers fancy,
Craving Cheery Charlie Chaplin's champion curvaceous." 

Rhyme and Reason.
A LOT of girls in this world of ours would picture actors be. They think it fine to pose in plays with wide publicity. They never think of the hard work the trials and the real tears that come to those who long to pose before the real and nears. The best advice that we can give to those now illium struck is to stay at home and not to roam, for there is little lack! Those who act upon the screen have studied long and well, so we suggest that home is best, for picture work is—(Well, it's not what it's thought to be!)

Turning the Handle.
These figures, taken from the house organ of an American theatre, will interest all picture fans:

During the month of June the operators ran 94 reels averaging 1,000 feet to the reel, making a total of 88,800 feet of film. In one month we run this number of feet through the machine, which runs one foot to each turn of the crank, our operator turned the crank during the month 8,650 times. So please excuse the operator if he is a little cranky.

There are sixteen pictures to a foot, which makes 12,568,000 pictures. The mechanism of a picture machine is so designed that the man will revolutionise for every picture. The month of June reduced to miles would be 162; miles.

The Making of Mae Marsh.
Two years ago an awkward, timid girl in her teens followed her addresser over. Margaret Leginska, at a safe distance from the Biograph studios, where D. W. Griffith presently found her watching in open-eyed astonishment the making of a motion-picture. Her finely-shaped and intellectual brow attracted the producer's eye, and although her hair was plastered down flat on her head, and her arms and face badly embrowned and freckled, he realised that in this young woman he had made a find. Before a month had passed the ugly duckling began to be transferred into a beautiful swan, and to-day she has filled an important part in The Birth of a Nation, captivates old and young with her beauty and charm.

Film Fiction from "Truth.
There are coming thrills for picture-goers. The Biograph Company have secured the rights of producing some of the famous "Queer Stories," from Truth. The first to be named is The Duet, which deals with the revenge of a doctor whose beautiful wife is engaged in an intrigue with a wealthy lover. Surprising his rival and his wife together one night, he breaks into the secret of his revenge and that he has called for a consultation. The doctor, apparently accepting the explanation in all good faith, overhauls the other, and informs him that he is suffering from a disease of the heart, which must kill him in three months. His betrayer accepts the diagnosis unquestioningly, and in every little indiscretion sees a threat to his sub-sentence. At last, broken down by the strain occasioned by the horror of his supposed inevitable end, he shoots himself. The physician, his end accomplished, goes his way.

Films on the Eve of Battle.
Among the German war novels introduced in the Russian front the cinema is taking a prominent place. On the way to the attack, at the stopping-points, says the Evening News, the officers show to their men cinemograph views of the villages and towns which they are to capture on the morrow. The soldiers see beforehand the road along which the army must march, with all its details.

The officers explain how the difficulties of the route may be surmounted, where bridges may be thrown over the streams, and where the best river fords are situated. The attention of the men is directed to any depressions in the soil, the obstacles, the trees, forests, and villages situated on the road.

Nothing is omitted that can give to the soldiers an opportunity to lighten the labours of the march. Thus, on entering towns the officers show them where the barracks and house-buildings are situated and where the traders' shops may be found.

Are You Star-hunting? See p. 38.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1. EARLY MORNING SCENES with the London Scottish during a route march somewhere in Kint.
2. LONDON IRISH AT PLAY: The Centipede race at a Sports meeting.
3. WINSTON CHURCHILL makes a rousing speech to munitions workers.
4. THE MILITARY NEWS: edited and delivered in camp is immensely popular with our soldiers.
5. GETTING READY TO RETURN TO THE FRONT: Convalescent Australians at bayonet practice.
6. A GIFT FROM THE CINEMA TRADE: The Mayor of Newcastle presents a motor ambulance (seen in the background) to the military authorities.
7. UNCLE SAM'S NAVY: Battleships steaming into New York Harbour.
Another few moments and he held her close in his embrace. “My darling,” he whispered, “everything is all right.”

“Goodness, she laughed,” bowing, “I hope you are. Of course everything is all right.”

“I mean,” Alan answered, “that I’ve seen my father and he’s not only given us his blessing, but—.”

Herminia drew away from his encircling arms. “Oh! why could we not have kept our secret to ourselves, dearest? It was so beautiful—so sweet—and now every one—”

“Darling, sooner or later our love had to become known, so why not now?”

Then, in a hearty attempt to turn his sweetheart’s thoughts from the publicity she hated—“I tell you, the Governor’s a sport. He handed out a rattling cheque upon the spot, so I slipped through and got a special licence before the coin could burn a hole in my pocket.”

“Why, slipped up to Doctors’ Commons?”

Alan laughed. “Why, slipped up to Doctor Commons was immediately for the necessary little bit of paper. With this we can be married without a soul knowing, if you like. Although I would like the Governor and one or two of our most intimate friends to see the happy event.”

“Give me the paper, Alan!”

“Why, certainly, my darling.” With a light laugh he handed the licence to her. “It’s quite in order.”

Very deliberately she struck a match and, having lighted the licence, held it up until the charred ashes fell crumbling from her white fingers to the ground.

“Herminia! What do you mean?”

She faced him unflinchingly. “You know very well what my views on marriage are, and, dearly as I love you—passionately as we both love—I cannot sacrifice my views. No, dear, I would not risk my happiness at such a price.”

With a ghastly face Alan turned away and reached for his straw hat. “Then all is over,” he said, hoarsely. “I am a man, not a bloodless automaton, and I cannot go on like this. My manhood calls for all or nothing!”

With bent head he walked towards the door, but as her soft fingers closed on his he swung sharply round. The next moments were round his neck, and she, all-compelling in the passion that held her, was dragging him down into her embrace.

“Beloved,” she whispered, “you shall not leave me again. . . . I am a woman even as you are a man. . . . Heavenly made us for each other, dearest, and sent us to each other’s arms. . . . O Alan! you have made me so happy.”

Herminia Barton soon found that, however great her own personal satisfaction was at throwing the tramsmals of convention to the wind and practising the theories she had so boldly preached, the effect on her friends and acquaintances—those who had most applauded her doctrines of freedom being the most censorious—was disastrous.

In short, instead of being excited as a martyr, she quickly discovered that she had descended to little better than the moral and social status of a pariah. But the worst blow fell when, having whispered her great secret in Alan’s ear, he hurried hot-foot to claim the assistance of his famous father.

The old doctor heard him in grim silence to the end. “Have you made her your wife? Is she an honest woman?” he demanded, sternly.

“Father, you know what Herminia’s views are—what.”

“I know nothing of the young woman’s madness save that it has dragged my name into the mire—that her gross disregard for ordinary decency has robbed me of my only son.”

“Father—”

“I have nothing further to say, nor do I want to hear anything; but if you have any affection left for me, and any control over your mistress, you will
A AN REELED AND WOULD HAVE FALLEN.

persuaded her to leave the country until

The old man's voice broke and, turning abruptly, he left the room.

Yielding to Alan's entreaties, Hermi

nina at last consented to obey Dr. Merri

ck's wishes, and the full summer found

them wandering through Italy. There, amid their beautiful surround-

ings and with casual acquaintances who knew nothing of the history of the young

Englishman and his beautiful com-

panion, the young couple soon began to

forget the slights and covert insults that

had marred the first months of their

romantic union. But one peculiar day

in old Perugia the blow fell in an unex-

pected manner, for, while dawdling over a

late meal, the caretaker of the house

in which they had apartments announced

a visit from a priest attached to the

neighbouring Cathedral.

For a moment Alan and Hermi

nina looked at each other in dismay, but the good old man soon put them at

their ease.

"Pardon this intrusion, and at such an hour," he exclaimed, in excellent

English, "but you are strangers, and I

considered it my duty to warn you.

Touch no water in Perugia, for typhoid

is laying waste the city, and spreading

neither rich nor poor, and the epidemic

has been traced to water supplied by our

polluted springs."

Then, bowing and smiling, he went off

to his work of self-sacrifice in the slums

where the poor were dying like flies.

"Thank heaven, he warned us in

time, sweetheart," Alan exclaimed, as

they heard the old priest conveying his

dread message to the other inhabitants

of the house. "There's a train in two

hours' time, and "

"No, dear," Herminia interrupted

cently, "you do if you think fit—but

my duty is here among the sick."

In spite of all Alan's arguments

and pleadings, she persisted in her

resolve, and the following morning he

devised a couple set out upon their

round of mercy.

Into sequestered cellars, dungeon-like in

their damp blackness, and up into

crocheting attics Alan and Hermi

nina made their way, until at last their

supply of comforts were exhausted for

the day; but in the last garret that they

visited Herminia lingered to console a

poor creature who knew she was beyond

human aid.

"Come, brave, Herminia whispered, keeping back her tears with difficult-

ly, "and to-morrow we will come again.

Alan, dear—oh, merciful heaven!"

With a cry, she ran across the

room and dashed the glass from

his hand. "Oh? my dear, what have you done?"

Although very serious I hope, dear.

The day is so infernally close and hot

that I took the liberty of helping myself

to a class of water from this jug.

"Ah, Alan," Herminia gasped, her

eyes wide open with horror, have you

so soon forgotten the priest's warning?"

For a moment Alan was serious; then

he laughed. "By Jove, I think I must

have done; but cheer up, darling, I'm

not afraid."

As they left the tenement and walked

back home she forgot her fears and

joined whole-heartedly in an expedition

to explore the lake which they had

promised themselves for some days past; but

suddenly, when side by side they

stood gazing out over the blue depths,

he stumbled and reeled heavily against her

shoulder.

"Sorry, my dear," he stammered,

steadying himself with a great effort,

"It's the heat. . . . Funny, I feel

frightfully faint, and I don't remember

ever having fainted in my life."

Again he tried to laugh away her fears,

then after a very few yards he reeled,

and would have fallen but for her

protecting arm, and so they made their way

to where the electric launch was

waiting for them; but every minute made his

condition worse, until at last he sank

upon some steps and Herminia called

"A sovereign!" she cried in

astonishment.

DOLLY MEETS RICH YOUNG WALTER

BREYES.
Strong in her love to the end, she had paid the price of her convictions.

The years that followed Alan's tragic death were terrible ones for Herminia. The little money her dead lover had been enabled to leave her was quickly swallowed up by the claims of her own illness, but her phlegm soon began to recapture the lost ground her life's mistake had yielded, and by the time that little Dolores was eight the mother had succeeded in establishing herself, as a writer for the minor publications. Then one day the little one rushed into the room where her mother sat working. "Oh, mammy!" she cried, "see what the gentleman gave me."

Herminia took the professed coin.

"A sovereign," she said in astonishment, "why, surely there must be some mistake, dearme!"

"Not a bit, mam," her landlady, who had entered, chided: "the gentleman saw Miss Dolores playing in the street and spoke to her. 'For the sake of your eyes that remind me of some one I once loved,' says he, 'will you take this from me, my pretty one?'"

"But the gentleman?" Herminia asked, "do you know his name?"

"That I do, mam. Twas Sir Anthony Merrick, the great physician."

The room swam round Herminia, but she controlled herself until the woman who had retired; then, useful though the coin would have been, she returned it by post to her dead lover's father.

The following week brought an offer from the great doctor to adopt the child, whose identity he now knew, but Herminia proudly refused it. "While I live," she answered, "I can work to provide for the child of the man I loved." Again the years sped on, bringing many vicissitudes to the little menage, until at last, just as fortune was beginning to smile on the woman who was prepared to sacrifice all for the memory of her dead lover and Dolley was approaching womanhood, some friends asked the girl to stay with them, and there she met the rich young Walter Brydges, who, infatuated by her beauty, asked her to become his wife, and, loving him with all the strength of her warm nature, she consented.

For some weeks fate seemed to have cast its chief gifts in the path of the young lovers, then a shadow fell across Dolley's path, and she hastened home. "Mother," she said, facing the loving woman, who shrank instinctively from the expression in her daughter's eyes, "who was my father?"

"Oh, my dear!—"

"I am asking you a question, mother. Was he the son of Sir Anthony Merrick, the man who wished to adopt me two years ago? And is it true that you were never legally his wife?"

Herminia held out imploring arms. "Oh, my dear! my dear!" she sobbed. "Oh, you need not lie to me—true is in your eyes!... God forgive you and the man who was my father—between you, you have wrecked my life!"

She fled wildly from the roof her mother's loving hands had built to shelter her, and went straight to Sir Anthony.

"I am Dolores Barton," she said, "and your son Alan's daughter. Years ago you wished to adopt me, but my mother's pride forbade... Now I have left her for ever, and I come to you for protection."

Sir Anthony received her gladly, and within a few days she took her seat at his table as his heiress. His power and name smoothed the trouble between her and her lover's friends. Then one day, as they sat at dinner, she received a note in the hand she had once loved so well.

"My darling," she read, through sad,

dently tear-dimmed eyes, "when you receive this I shall be beyond aid, and shall trouble you no more...

With a cry she sprang to her feet. "Grandfather," she cried, "the child of my mother's heart!... Oh, dear mother!"

In a few moments Sir Anthony and she were hurrying to the house that had once been a happy home.

The Mother: "Oh, you were cried as she hurried up the stairs. "'tis—Dolly I have come back to you, darling."

But the mother's ears were deaf for all time.

And to the end she had paid the price of her convictions, and left the child she loved and shipwrecked fate to lead a life of hurry and responsibility with the man she loved. She had passed out to the Great Beyond, confident that One Whose understanding is greater than that of the world would forgive and reunite to the man who, in the world, had been her all.

MIX, THE MARVEL

Although Tom Mix, the intrepid cowboy actor-author-producer of the Silver screen and the subject of our artist's impressions on the opposite page, is only two months since recovering from his accident he has completed no less than six thrilling subjects. One of the first successes is The Heart of a Sheriff (to be released on October 7th).

The feature of this picture is the runaway-purse horse, wagon, when after a long run falls off a hill, horses and all, and rolls over and over until level ground is reached. Tom, as the sheriff, follows on horseback and rescues the occupants. In this, as in all his others, the cowboy actor is marvelously realistic. Story comes from Las Vegas, which illustrates the true-to-life-ness of the pictures produced by Mix. An aged Frontier man was sitting one day in front of his home near the outskirts of the city, while Mix—Company was filming a scene in an open field nearby. After watching the action intently for some time, the old man turned his back to a Los Angeles paper who was standing near and said: "That young fellow sure makes us old timers forget that the country is a big place."

If you write right now that kind of made me think I was with you. He's no movie actor by long odds. I seen him grow up in the saddle 'round these parts, and what he puts into them pictures he learned through good hard knocks on the range."
Tom Mix, the Selig Daredevil Cowboy, as seen at the Cinema by Frank R. Grey.
DOWN the Parisian Boulevards each evening theatre-going traffic moved along, and a strange idol of the hour was Sadunah the dancer.

To miss her performance was to miss the artistic sensation of the day. Sadunah had many admirers—men and women too old to believe in perishing in her homage; to render tribute to a wonderful performance. But Sadunah was more than a great artiste; she was a princess whom no sacrifice for her daughter would be too awful.

Editha was a winsome girl on the threshold of a womanhood which her mother had deemed should be entered with every hope of future happiness.

Into their lives came Henry Larocque, secretary to Mostyn May, a wealthy financier. The young man had seen Editha, and loved her, and in the hope of gaining the mother to his cause he often mingled with her admirers after the performance. The dancer, however, encouraged no one, and jealously guarded Editha from her artiste's life. That the world should forget she was only a dancer's child was the mother's sole ambition.

Chance having acquainted Larocque with Sadunah, he frequented the house in the hope of seeing the daughter, but Editha evinced no desire to extend their acquaintance.

The fame of the dancer reached Mostyn, and, pressed by friends and Larocque, he went to the theatre to see her performance. Sadunah's grace and charm carried him away, and he invited her to dance at an entertainment he was giving to his friends. In accepting she unconsiously took the first step in the direction of the great tragedy.

A big crowd gathered at the financier's house to see the famous dancer, and among the guests was Mostyn May's millionaire uncle, Clifton Judd, an infirm invalid, who lived alone with his valet, Mark Repton. Sadunah's weird and wonderful dance created a deep impression, but none was so visibly affected as Mostyn. When Sadunah left the house she realized that the Money King was ready to place his name and fortune at her feet. But all his efforts to induce the dancer to promise to marry him failed, and one afternoon Mostyn accused her of being in love with someone else. In reply Sadunah showed him the portrait of Editha. "My daughter," she murmured gently, "than whom the world holds nothing dearer."

"What do you think of him, darling?" asked Sadunah of Editha after an affair to Marigold. "She, what if he became your father?" The girl's answer must have been satisfactory; a few weeks later she was waiting in the financier's house for the return of the lover from their honeymoon.

The Earl of Wansford, one of Mostyn's business friends, accepted an invitation to attend a ball being given by Mostyn May and his wife to celebrate the birthday of their daughter. Lord Sandown, the son of the Earl, came with his father and fell in love with Editha at first sight. Sandown saw in this a brilliant match for her daughter, and decided to use her wit to bring about a marriage. Unable to deny his wife anything, Mostyn wrote to the Earl inviting him and his son to their Chateau Mirimar on the Riviera, whether they were going for a holiday. Sandown, having told his father of his love for Editha, succeeded in inducing him to accept the invitation, and shortly afterwards the merry party gathered at the beautiful chateau overlooking one of the loveliest bays in the world. Sadunah's plans succeeded, for a marriage was arranged between the Earl's son and the financier's step-daughter. During the mutual congratulations upon the terrace Larocque came on the scene, and although he endeavoured to tender hearty good wishes the engagement sounded the death-knell of his hopes.

To the chateau also came Uncle Clifton. The old man had written that his health was worse. As he believed that the Riviera sunshine would ward off the inevitable, he would be grateful if his nephew and niece would prepare for his reception the little cottege overlooking the stream. Accompanied by his faithful shadow Mark, the decrepit old man arrived, and took up his abode in the cottage perched on the summit of the Editha's favorite cliff.

All was peace and happiness at the Chateau Mirimar until the morning post brought dismay to Mostyn and Sadunah. A colleague, who had been watching the financier's movements, had got wind of Mostyn's operations with the Fan Farigour Transfers. Several shareholders had lodged complaints, and although 25,000,000 was available at the end of the month to put things straight Mostyn knew what would happen. As a preconcertation of this situation the writer was leaving at once for the States.

So serious was the situation that Mostyn immediately consulted his wife. Sadunah was horror-struck as she read the letter. The plans she had schemed for her daughter's future appeared to be blasted.

"Then you were only a thief after all," she cried, in anger.

"This is no time for recrimination," replied her husband. "What can you suggest? We must get out of the mess.

You have brought it upon yourself. Why do you ask me for suggestions? Even such a man as this should not trouble you.

"But it does. My recent speculations have all turned badly, and I cannot raise a tenth of the amount."

"Then you must confess all to your uncle. He can help us out."

Uncle Clifton, however, was not disposed to help. On the contrary, he was intensely annoyed, and a heated interview ended with Mostyn being ordered out of the cottage.

Like a tigeress defending her young, Sadunah paced up and down the room, as she turned over and over the dire problem. After years of toil after long planning to see her daughter happily married, the mother was faced with the ruin of all her plans. "No, no," she muttered, "it shall not be; and from the terrace she summoned her husband.

"Your uncle's death can alone save us," she told him.

"True; but he may linger for years," answered Mostyn.

Sadunah approached close to her husband and looked straight into his eyes.

"Then kill him," she hissed.

"I cannot. I dare not;"

"Then must, and you shall," declared his wife. "Think what it means. The great financier dragged down to the level of the meanest thief. Sadunah the dancer a byword, and my darling Editha driven off by love for father."

That evening ended the discussion, but worse was before Mostyn. A note awaited him. The financier wrote that the old man wrote: "Make what excuses you like to your guests. I will not enty
at a third's table. . . . Heaven give me strength to reach town to-morrow to revoke my will."

Faced with the loss of friends, wealth, and love, to become a convicted felon, Mostyn trembled. The feeling of impotence instilled by Sadunah flowed through his veins, and he stirred his determination to contemplate the deed.

The most trying meal either of them had ever sat through. The house-party retired to bed, and midnight saw the man and wife again facing the terrors of the situation. Mother-love surged through Sadunah. Love for his wife and the child was nothing beside his daughter's needs, and relentlessly she gauged her wavering husband to kill the old man and make abundant provision to meet the crisis. Desperate as was the need before, now as she read the letter, "to-morrow to revoke my will," there could be no hesitation.

"Kill him, Mostyn, before he can leave. Kill him now!"

But still her husband hesitated. I cannot end the days of the dear old man. I would rather go down in disgrace."

"Disgrace! Do you realise what it means to us all? But I will not be disgraced, neither shall Editha. You shall kill him. Come!"

And, forcing a revolver into his hand, Sadunah continued to plead so hard that he finally gave way. Together in the chill night air they climbed to the cottage. At the door he stopped and would return, but the woman whispered, "Be brave. It is that or ruin. Go!"

Almost falling, Mostyn stumbled into the cottage to commit unwillingly the crime to save them. Old Uncle Clifton was sleeping in the alcove with Mark tossing uneasily on a couch outside.
One report—two reports! The starving ears of the terrified Sadunah heard two shots! What did it mean? Sadunah had overlooked the presence of the valet, and it was the man's rush to the side of his master when the shot was fired that led to his death on the steps.

With the revolver still clutched in his nerveless fingers, Mostyn rushed out and told his wife what had happened. His terror was such that nothing could induce him to return and place the revolver in Mark's hand. "If you cannot, I can and will," said his wife as she entered the cottage and saw the results of the deed of blood. Stooping down, she placed the revolver in the hand of the dead valet, and then led her broken husband back to the chateau. In the bedroom she saw that the lace of her dress had been torn—and wondered.

When the manservant from the chateau reached the cottage with the morning coffee he failed to arouse the inmates, and called the gardener. The crime was discovered, and the horrified servants ran back to the chateau.

The guilty pair had watched the proceedings, and as the alarm was given Mostyn shuddered.

"Be a man!" whispered Sadunah.

"You are safe if you act the man."

With well-simulated horror and grief they received the dreadful tidings, and Mostyn accompanied the men of the party to the scene.

Laroche was one of the number, and when leaving the room he found the piece of lace missing from Sadunah's sleeve, and without a word placed it in his pocket.

An inquiry was held, and a double verdict returned against the guiltless valet that had murdered his master in a fit of delirium tremens and then committed suicide.

So far all was well, but as the days passed Mostyn, tortured by remorse, haunted by visions, and worn out by endless trials, was on the verge of a mental collapse. The day the solicitor called to read the murdered man's will—the will husband and wife had made to give the climax was reached. As he leant over the table to sign the documents Mostyn fancied he saw in the chair opposite him the man he had murdered.

With a loud shriek he fell dead.

A month passed during which Sadunah could not wipe from her mind the memories of that awful night. Trying to forget, she spent hours with the young lovers, and was seated with them one morning when a letter reached her from Henry Laroche, saying that his late husband's affairs were now in order. As an executor it was his duty to make a thorough examination, and he had ascertained certain facts she knew of. They were so important that he was leaving at once for the chateau to confer with her, and also to discuss a matter which touched him closely.

"What does it all mean?" she asked herself. "He cannot have discovered anything, and yet where is the letter which brought about the tragedy?"

In due course Sadunah met Laroche, who began the interview by producing a copy of the verdict at the inquest; and then, to the mother's dismay, he showed her the letter, which she regretted not having destroyed, and the missing piece of lace. It was too late; the deed was cast and she must find a way out.

As Laroche was walking to the chateau he met Editha and Sandown launching a boat. The happy lovers were quietly rowing the boat when the secretary launched his thunderbolt.

The sight of the lovers steered the determination of Sadunah to fight to the last. Laroche recognised this, and at once declared: "It is Editha I want. Give her to me, and I remain silent."

"No, no; anything rather than that," cried the stricken mother.

"Very well, arrange matters as you like. I will come for my answer tonight."

The strain of the work was Sadunah's for hours. Should she sacrifice her dear Editha or herself? It was the supreme test of her motherhood, and it had to be taken. She wrote to the Earl that, for reasons she could not explain, it was no longer possible for Editha to marry his son.

As the letter was completed Editha entered the room, and there was an affecting scene between mother and daughter, in which Sadunah mentally suffered the tortures of the damned. No, she would not sacrifice her daughter's happiness and her own ambition for the girl, and she tore up the letter.

When Laroche came for his answer Sadunah told him to do his worst. But
SO magnificent a thing is the Famous Players production of The Eternal City, both from an artistic and dramatic point of view, that it is with immense satisfaction we receive the news of it being followed into the cinema world by another of Hall Caine's successful novels—namely, The Christian. This latter has just been completed by the London Film Company with which went Hall Caine (son of the author, who, by the way, has recently made a huge success in Pete at the Aldwych Theatre) as "John Storm" and Elizabeth Risdon as "Glory Quayle.

When the other day Low Warren, of the Cinematograph Weekly, spent a pleasant hour with the great author, the conversation naturally turned upon the film-play, and Hall Caine made it clear that he, for one, recognised how universal to-day is the appeal which the picture-screen makes to the peoples of the world.

New Vehicle of Expression.

"It is a fine—a magnificent—thing," he said to me, "that the great public. All our dramatists and writers from Shakespeare downwards have sought the widest outlet for their work. One hundred thousand readers represents one hundred thousand hearts touched—something much to be desired. A fine thing to be able to do, but a great responsibility. It is in this direction that the cinematograph will help the author. It is a great new vehicle of expression, a work that does not require translating. The author depends on the vehicle of words. He must therefore always be conscious of the limitations and possibilities of his language. If he writes for England and the English people he has an enormous public truly, but if he wishes to appeal to humanity as a whole he must find a means of surmounting the barrier of English language and life. He must rise beyond it, and find a new means of expression if he would prove equally interesting to the Frenchman, the Italian, and the Russian. Few men are able successfully to do that.

Speaking to the World.

"The cinematograph—story-teller—the story-teller who writes in pictures and not in words, whether of play or novel—is speaking to the world. Man is man everywhere. He has the same emotions, the same aspirations; he is the same human creature, with one exception: he be black or white. The writer who sets out to produce the great picture will appeal to the widest, the greatest, the most wonderful and the most complex audiences the world has ever known.

The Dumas of the Screen.

"May I say that I believe the day is not far distant when a second Dumas will arise who will give to the pictures a literature of their own. Why should not the world see a great story-teller who can tell a great story to the eye alone? No more will our producers look to the plays and books of the writers of the day to provide the screen stories which they need. The Dumas of the screen will write for the cinematograph, and not for the publisher of books or the producer of plays. He will understand all the technique of the art, its wonderful advantages, and its limitations. He will write in the new medium of expression, as a writer writes a book, or a painter paints; he will write for the camera alone, and he will produce great, a marvellous work of art that will set the standard for all future cinematograph plays—a play that will be seen by a greater number of people, that will occasion more discussion, and will make a wider and more general appeal than anything that has yet been done."

Hall Caine's Lament.

"Would that I were a young man—that I were thirty years younger—but I might witness its advent, and that I might perhaps be permitted to play a small part in the making of the new literature of the cinematograph theatre. But it is work for the younger generation. I must be content to go on with my books and my plays, and to see them translated by other hands into the medium of the moving picture."

Speaking of The Eternal City, Hall Caine remarked: "It follows my story with an exactness that is remarkable. I am delighted with the film, and I only hope that those who see it in the picture theatres will derive as much pleasure from seeing it on the screen as I did myself."
OUR LETTER-BAG
Selected from hundreds every week.

Quite an Authority.
"I would not miss Jolly old P. at all, for the world. The picture palaces themselves would fall rather flat. I guess, if one did not know the persons acting in the films, I am quite an authority on the 'movies' now, thanks to your ripping little book. Here's to its long life and general prosperity."
L. M. F. (Cheshire).

Children, Cheering, and Chaos.
"At one of the palaces near here there is a Child's Programme every Saturday afternoon, and the Million Dollar Mystery has been cut out of their programme because they made such a row over it. They cheered, and stamped, and shouted, and called out things, until the place was like Bedlam. I've seen some pictures, but I've never heard any audience make such a fuss over anything as that one made over the Million Dollar that day."
D. R. (Kiburn).

"Star" Huts in Camp.
"'I've had a ripping holiday!' just on a month at a holiday camp on the East Coast. No tents this year, as the lights shine out to sea; but dear little huts instead, with just canvas windows. I straightway named my hut 'Mary Pickford', and mother's Harold Lockwood, and the idea so pleased the other campers that they came to me and wanted me to mark their favourite names on the doors of their huts; so we had the 'Maurice Costello' hut, the 'Lilian Walker' hut, the 'G. M. Anderson' hut, &c.
J. X. (Watford).

A Real War Drama.
"Have you noticed in the papers that we are not taking so many prisoners lately? And the following will explain why. A friend of mine told me a story from his brother at the Front. "We were given the order to charge and got to the top of the trench when a sniper spotted Fred, who was the first out, and the next minute he fell back into my arms with a soft-nosed bullet in his temple. I laid him down and charged and came across the sniper, who saw he was 'potted' and tried to bolt for it, but I got up to him and he threw up his arms and said, 'I'm for England, are you?' I said, 'You're for Kiel,' and I ran my bullet through him and thus avenged Fred.""
Jackie (London, W.)

Pictures, Prejudice, and Posters!
"For a long time I have been made quite unhappy by the prejudice of many of my friends against the cinematograph. I have been laughed at for my enthusiasm by my friends, loved at for 'wasting my time' by my family, and invariably treated with disdain and contempt when I have introduced the subject of the pictures into my conversation with acquaintances or strangers. Now, this has troubled me very much, for I have always been positively convinced that the art of the moving picture is quite as great as that of the legitimate stage, and that if these cinema-journeymen could once be got inside a picture-theatre they would equally as warmly regarded as actors. At last, however, I have discovered the reason of this prejudice. It is the crudeness of the picture-posters which frighten away the unsophisticated! Yesterday a friend expressed her admiration of these 'awful things', and said she could never bring herself to see the play they represented. Then, for the first time in my life, I began to see that there was a great deal of truth in this and that it is quite likely people who know nothing of the beauty and artistry of the films are frightened away by the crude and glaring posters. Can't anything be done?"
E. F. (Anerley).

RICHARD TRAVERS.

All Picture-goers know Richard Travers, and every Picture-play in which he has appeared has shown them what an accomplished and versatile actor he is. As Captain Rutledge in

"VAIN JUSTICE,"
An Emotional Two-Act Drama,
he has added yet another success to those past achievements which have made him one of the most popular actors on the screen. He handles the strong emotional situations, in which this film abounds, with power and distinction, while the love-passages and quieter scenes are finely rendered with all the delicacy and sympathetic charm which make his acting so delightful. Do not miss this great film greatly acted. If you do not see it on the list of future events at your local house, tell the manager. He'll be glad to hear about it, for it's one of the

EASTMAN
THE EXCLUSIVE FILM
Eastman Film Service, Ltd., 22, Soho Square, London, W.
A Chance of a Lifetime.

SETS OF BEAUTIFUL HALF-PLATE PHOTOS

depicting the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of Postal Order value 6d.

"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

Thrills Galore in New Wild Animal Drama.

"A DAUGHTER OF THE JUNGLE"

"101 Bison" Drama. 1,015 ft. approx. Released Nov. 15th.

No pictures are more popular than the "101 Bison" wild animal dramas, and here is one of the most thrilling productions in which Marie Wilcox and Wellington Player—those daredevil Bison stars—have yet appeared.

It is a picture containing thrillsgalore. There are hand-to-hand struggles with lions and leopards and other breath-arresting scenes that must be seen to be believed. Indeed, the picture is one swift succession of remarkable incidents that will work spectators up to a pitch of the wildest excitement.

THOUGHTS OF A PICTUREGOER

"Keep Smiling."

There is nothing easier, even these days, if you make a point of seeing the animated comedy-cartoons by Raoul Barre (the French cartoon genius) put out by the Edison Company.

They are distinguished by having more laughter per foot than anything else on the screen. The situations are of the funniest, the humour of the quaintest character, and there is a total absence of vulgarity.

They are absolutely U-N-I-O-N-FREE as rib-ticklers, and as a laughter-tonic they are the very best you can possibly find.

VISIT THE CINEMA THAT IS SHOWING THE ANIMATED GROUCH-CHASER FREE!

We shall be pleased to send you three photos of your favourite EDISON Players on receipt of 2d. to cover postage.

Thomas A. Edison, Ltd., 164, Wardour St., London, W.
ACCORDING TO THEIR LIGHTS. — Rugged as the rocky homes they love in are the characters in this stirring two-reeler, which records the deep love and hate of the mountaineers. Bessie learn as the mountain lass, Pat O'Malley as the tragic lover, Yale Beemer as the rugged lover, and Margaret Preussing as the society girl tell a story that throws with "true to Heaven."

Edison Drama, 2,300 feet (Oct. 14).

THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND. — A great British novel. A Great British film. A classic example of how a clergyman who has committed a great wrong, for which he permits his friend to be punished, suffers with sealed lips against remorse, until he expiates it by open and dramatic confession in the pulpit. An "ideals film released by a firm who always secure a good thing when they see it.

Ideal Film Releasing Company, four parts (Oct. 15).

THE COOLING COURTSHIP. —The appearance of Lupino Lane in a series of British comedies is good news for Lupino Lane belongs to a famous family of British comedians, and is now successfully appearing at the London Empire in Watch Your Step. In his film comedies he is amusing at originality, and whilst he gets that he is bound to succeed. His Cooling Courtship is the first of his series, and as Lord Clarence in love is no trouble will amuse all who have the good fortune to see the picture.

—Davidson (the British Agent), one reel (Nov. 8).

THE LITTLE WHITE VIOLY. — Viola is the adopted child of the convent. Once day she witnesses a wedding, and one of the guests is attracted by her. He contrives to meet her later, and confesses his love to her. Next day he is thrown from his horse. He urges for Viola, and writes for her to come and marry him before he dies. He realises that this would be wronging her, and is about to destroy the letter when he finds, Old Tom finds the letter and gives it to Viola. She comes to the sick man, who wakes and tells her he is sorry to have made her forget her vows. Surprised at his change of attitude, she returns to the convent and takes the veil. On learning that Tom had given her the letter, he has a relapse, and Viola is lost to him before he recovers. The first of a series of "flower" dramas in which Mary Fuller is featured.

Trans-Atlantic Victor Drama, 1,920 feet (Oct. 18).

THE JOURNEY'S END. — Although a story of love with a tragic ending, this is a very beautiful picture. Grant has written a book on Journeys through India, and Bradford, a hunter, visits him in his Indian bungalow. Helen, an artist in a distant land, reads his book, and correspond with Grant their letters developing a strong love interest. Helen, however, becomes ill and pines away. One day Bradford kills a tiger. He carries it home, and is congratulated by Grant. The tiger's mate follows the scent. Grant rejoices in a hammock thinking of Helen. The wild beast, tracing its dead mate, comes into the enclosure and springs upon Grant, who becomes a victim of its teeth and claws. Helen, at the window, in an invalid's chair, enters into the sleep that knows no awakening, and her spirit form meets Grant's approaching spirit. She holds out her arms: their faces are aghast with happiness; they embrace, and then, with his arm about her, they walk toward the distant light of the setting sun.

—Seelig Drama, 1,927 feet (Oct. 4).

OUR ARTIST HAS A BRAIN WAVE.. A REMEDY FOR THE PICTUREROGO'S HAT NUISIBLE.

DO NOT MISS IT.
**ARE YOU STAR HUNTING?**

1st Prize £10
2nd Prize £5
to 10 Prizes of £10 each

**200 Handsome Consolation Prizes.**

**SCREENED STARS**

**START TO-DAY! It costs nothing to enter!**

We give below the third set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers' Competition -"Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. **A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions**, £5 to the next, and £5 to the next ten, and **200 Consolation Prizes** to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the third set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages, so back numbers will help you. Get all your friends to join in the hunt.

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**In and Out of Pictures.**

Once I made an application To the Seigs—what elation! Got a job with bed and rations— Me and wife.

Took us all down to the ocean.

By the deep sea waves in motion.

All some playwright's silly notion— Sun and strife.

Chad us in a bit of hunting.

Such as cave-men wear in hunting.

Each a skin—the rest was wanting— Oh, my wife!

Sunburned legs and breasts and shoulders.

Shins skinned up with jagged boulders, Chills and knives and sea-weed holders.

Art was rife!

On the cliff the villain kissed her.

'Throw her off—the hero missed her!' Now, alas! no agents list her— Such is life!

W. L. Stanton, "N.Y. Dramatic Mirror."

Voila Dana, the Dancer.

**APPARENTLY no school-girl ever was more fond of dancing than Voila Dana, the dainty little Edison lead. No matter how hot the day—and what studio is cooler than the "outside" weather? she is always ready to take a whirl if she can find anybody to brave the wilting pastime. Pulling away, she will hurl snatches of song till out of breath, and her partner is always the first to ask for mercy by stopping the dance. Modern dances**

(Continued on page 40.)
Henry Edwards, leading man and producer for Turner Films. His recent appearances were in "Above the Law" and "My Old Int.".

Edith Johnson, so deservedly popular in Selig films. She was once the passive beauty for the Kodak Company.

Edna Maison, whose delineations of womanhood of every kind has made this Trans-Atlantic player a great favourite.

Leo Delaney, the hero of many a Vitagraph drama. He has lately been playing opposite Leah Baird.
DAME FASHION: "HER INFINITE VARIETY."

The latest fashions (from Pathé's Animated Gazette) show—1. A novel semi-picture hat of plush or velvet, modelled to show off a pretty coiffure. 2. A dainty evening gown of cream or buff-coloured satin, handsomely embroidered with shades of blue and gold. 3. One of the new 'jockey' toques, which are all the rage in Paris, and likely before long to prove equally as irresistible over here.

appeal to this little favorite just as much as the staid classic movements in which she excels. Many calls come from admirers for films in which Miss Dana dances the classic dances; but unfortunately, such scenarios—calling for these dances—do not often turn up.

The Wrath of the Tomb.

HOW the creepily-crawly photo-play The Wrath of the Tomb, recently produced by Cricks and Martin, came to be written has just been explained to us by the author, William J. Elliott. "Twelve years ago," he said, "I was in Egypt and met an old friend, a well-known Egyptologist, who confided to me that he had recently discovered an hitherto unknown tomb, and from it had extracted the hand of a mummy, which was thought to be that of a princess of ancient Egypt. The wrath of this long-dead Princess, explained my friend, was haunting him, and would eventually kill him. Naturally I attributed the story to a state of nerves. Nevertheless the Professor was found dead under mysterious circumstances in his room in Cairo, and the cause of death could never be satisfactorily ascertained. Some little time ago it occurred to me to make this into a photo-play, the result being the film you have just seen, and which, needless to say, I am delighted with."

Mr. Elliott, who is quite well known as a photo-playwright, has had a most interesting career. At the age of sixteen he ran away from home and became scullery-boy on an Atlantic liner, afterwards deserting at New York, and for some time selling papers in the streets. He afterwards became an actor with the Fit-Up Company; since then he has been by turn soldier, sailor, journalist, actor, and cow-puncher. He has fought through three revolutions in South America, and for the last four years has been devoting his attentions to photo-play writing and at times to playing before the camera. Being medically unfit for war, Mr. Elliott is taking an unusual interest in occult matters, and possibly we shall see more weird photo-plays ere long from his pen.

The Genuine Article.

WHAT is believed to be the maximum of realism so far as motion pictures are concerned has been achieved in the filming of a mutiny aboard ship as a part of Neil of the Navy, the patriotic photoplay serial which Balboa is producing for Pathé. The conflict that will be portrayed on the screen was real, no faking being tolerated by the producer.

The ship Vincenzo was chartered and put out to sea from San Pedro. Its crew rebelled, as the scenario required. In the offing stood a United States warship. The man on watch saw the trouble and sent a detachment of marines to quell it. As they came over the rail an actual fight ensued between the actors and sailors, the latter using the butt-ends of their guns.

For about ten minutes the melee continued; all the while a number of cameras were trained on it from several angles. When a halt was called the decks were crimson. Up on the Captain's bridge another important scene was being enacted. There Lillian Lorraine, who is playing the feminine lead in Neil of the Navy, was attacked by a maddened sailor. He had been instructed to handle her gently.

Not knowing this, Miss Lorraine went at the man like a wild cat and threw him to the deck below before he could realise what was happening. At the same time, Bruce Randall was dragged up to the topmast by William Conklin and hurled into the sea, a distance of eighty-five feet. In striking the water on his back Randall sustained minor injuries.

When you see Neil of the Navy on the screen you will be thrilled by actual happenings. Such scenes as these are usually "faked" with dummies; but the Balboa players portray conflicts as they really are.

"Found Out" Through a Film.

MARC MACDERMOTT, the forceful Edison star, looking for a quiet evening recently, went with a friend to the Columbia Theatre, New York. In the playhouse there comes a line—'Is General So-and-So here?' Without any warning the impromptu answer was flashed—'No; but General Marc MacDermott is at the front to-night in the tenth row.' Immediately every neck was craned, and the house broke into uproarious laughter, to Marc's disappointment. He is so shy of this sort of publicity.

"A Child of the Stage."

VICTORIA FORDE, the clever comedienne who has become well known in Nestor comedies, is now leading lady for Tom Mix at the Las Vegas studios of the Selig Company.

Speaking of herself recently, she said to an interviewer:—"I am what is commonly called a child of the stage. My parents were stock-company players, and my first perception of life was through the optimistic glasses of the theatrical world. And there I have remained all the seventeen years of my existence. As a baby I was cast in many important rôles. I am told that my debut caused the audience to grin. And ever after, for some reason or other, I have had the happy faculty of making people laugh.

"Personally I am very proud of this achievement. For I consider a good laugh the best tonic in the world. The man who goes through life with a grin has my heartfelt sympathy. Just imagine what a lot of fun he is missing in this good old world of ours! Of course, this applies to the members of the gentler sex too."
More I need not write, as the film is prominently dealt with elsewhere in this issue.

For What It Is Worth.

I am told that—but I must not say who—are starting to manufacture films in a big way at—. I must not say where. They are building a huge studio and engaging well-known artists, including—. I must not give names. At least one of the stage-play incidents is world-famous, its name being none other than—. I must not say what. That this firm’s productions will win there can be no shadow of doubt, inasmuch as they are destined to be produced by—, never mind whom, who comes from—, but I dare not say. After reading the above I fear it will not

The Weird on the Screen.

A new thrill was given to me and all who saw the advance screening of The Wreath of the Tomb, the newest Cricks and Martin drama, in which the mystery and fascination of ancient Egypt is most realistically conveyed. A mummy’s hand brought to London by a Professor of Egyptology brings death and frights to several people, and only escapes its revengeful terrors when it has been replaced in the tomb from which it was stolen. Charles Calvert has made of this subject an excellent film drama, and one that cannot fail to be great because of its originality. It has been played by a cast of clever artists, including Dorothy Bellew, and is sure to have a long and successful career.

Another Serial Coming.

Those old favourites Grace Cunard (Lucille Love) and Francis Ford should receive a huge welcome in yet another, and the fifth, Trans-Atlantic serial, The Broken Coin, which is to be released in due course by this Company in twenty-two weekly installments. Grace Cunard, who plays the feminine lead in this serial, is also the author of the scenario, which is said to be crammed with sensational incidents. It is written and directed by Emerson Hough, a great author, and Francis Ford was the magician who arranged many marvellous stage settings for the film production.

A Fine British Picture.

To mention novels is to remember the splendid British film of Grant Allen’s popular story, The Woman Who Did. I found that the film was far more entertaining than I had expected it to be, and congratulate Walter West, of the Broadwest Company, on turning out so successfully so ambitious a production, text continues...
HENRY EDWARDS

After fifteen years connection with the stage as author, actor, and producer, Henry Edwards came from the part of "Fritz" in "The Man who Stayed at Home" at the Royalty Theatre, to enact the same part in the film version of the play.

His merit as a picture actor won instant recognition, and in all his subsequent film work he was associated with the Turner Films, Ltd., playing opposite Florence Turner in such parts as:—

"John Biddlecombe" in "Alone in London," "Dick Barry" in "Lost and Won," the Son in "My Old Dutch," and "Gabriel Oak" in "Far from the Madding Crowd."

He is now producing—

Turner Films

"Pictures made for You."

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

The Noah's Ark above will remind you of your still younger days, but really it is intended to decorate our heading only. If the cinema had existed in the days of the Ark I have no doubt that all the animals would have gone to the pictures after leaving it.

I am delighted to report that quite a lot of charming letters have lately reached me from readers, and one or two nephews and nieces have called at the office to see me. Ahh! I am very seldom in the office, and am sorry that my visitors were disappointed. But I appreciate their thoughtfulness all the same. H. Broadhead writes: "Please accept my best thanks for the volume of Pictures I received as a prize in your recent Competition. I also wish to thank you for photo-inserts, box of stationery, volume of Chapman and Hall souvenirs, all of which I have won in your delightful Competition. I am very sorry to say I am now too old to enter your Competitions. I was sixteen years old on September 9th. Of course I shall still remain a faithful reader of Pictures, and read 'The Young Picturegoer's' page."

Another nice letter has come from Pearl Levenson, who says 'the prize which she acknowledges makes the fourth she has won from me. I tell you these facts to let you see that any one reader may win as many prizes as he or she deserves. Your efforts are judged entirely on their merits and apart from any prizes you may have won already.

* * *

Although the "Novel Scene" Competition was perhaps a little difficult, and therefore did not produce the usual big crop of postcards, it has proved a very charming one. Some of the results are indeed worthy framing, or mounting into an album. I asked you to cut out and paste up a player's head and make your own background. After much consideration I am awarding the prizes as follows:—

H. K. Wattle (13), Leyton Road, Walthamstow, for a delightful coloured picture of Ella Hall, who is looking across the blue sea at sunset from a pretty balcony, A. W. Mariner (11), 292, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, W., for a classical scene entitled "Charlie in the Park," which shows your favourite sitting on a park seat between two quaint old ladies of enormous dimensions. Poor Charlie is so "squashed" that there are not much more than his feet, stick, and head exposed. The colours are excellent.

Other very good pictures win the Award of Merit, which, six times won, brings a special prize, and the senders of these are:—Maud Snell (Leytonstone), Douglas Cowen (Baddington), Irene Hockey (Cardiff), P. Yomans (Desborough), Arthur Cee (Desborough), Marie Lister (Ardwick), G. Vine (Paddington); G. Albert (Clapham), Dolly Douglas (Croydon), H. Short (Glasgow), and Fred Raines (Bolton).

* * *

One of my nieces, Margaret Bridge, who called and was disappointed, has written to thank me for printing her poem on the late Lieutenant Warneford, and sends me another. Perhaps you would like to read it so here it is:—

TO MARY PICKFORD

My little queen, with your tiny feet,
Whose eyes are sparkling blue,
Round whose brow those curls do cling,
Those curls of sunny hue—

You are the best little actress shown on

Such a lift you made in Such a Little Queen.
In another film too your praise did resound—
Finchac the Cricket gained at one bound.
In every film in which you have been seen,
You still retained the ghostly little queen;
So "fairy maid" may you go on to please
Your affectionate consorts on the scene.
MARGARET BEABERG.

Do you like gay stories? Here is one about a "ghost," you'll like it, I think, and black. Richard Burgher, a Libian actor, tells me the story thus: "Several years ago I was playing in San Francisco in the company of a well-known tragedian, and "Hamlet" was billed for one of the performances in the Old Bush Street Theatre. Curium-time was at hand, but the actor who had been cast to play the Ghost of Hamlet's father failed to put in an appearance. A search failed to find him, and finally as a last resort messengers were sent forth for a substitute. They found one Lew Ratter, the proprietor of a c&f adjoining the theatre, who was an old professional, having played many seasons with Haverly's Minstrels. The retired black-faced actor consented to come to the rescue and the ghost and after being introduced to the tragedian, retired to a dressing-room.

In due time the call-boy summoned him for his one, and Ratter, clad in his knicker and gilded mask, sauntered briskly into the darkened stage with sceptre in hand. When the limelight was thrown upon his figure the tragedy staggered back speechless. No wonder! Through force of habit, the old minstrelian had blacked his face for the part. Not the embellishment of the star and seeking to resume the action of the play, Ratter remarked cheerfully, "Would you have the matter, Hammy? Don't you recognise your poor old dad?"

A "PICTURE TITLE" COMPETITION.
This week we shall ask you to invent your best title for the sketch below. It shows an amateur film actor thrown from a ferry, mutinied steered on to someushima, and cast away to an unknown fate. Write your title on a postcard, address it to "Title," Pictures and The Picturegoer, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C., and post to reach me by Monday, October 11th. Two prizes and the usual awards of merit await the cleverest title-makers in the opinion of Uncle Tim.

WILL OUR READERS PLEASE NOTE THAT WE HAVE NOW MOVED FROM ADAM ST., STRAND TO 65, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., TO WHICH ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, WHETHER TO THE EDITOR, POSTCARD MANAGER, ANSWERS MAN OR SECRETARY, SHOULD NOW BE SENT.

PUBLISHERS: Address Elizabeth Richardson, 85, Long Acre, Co., Margaret of the Thankful, Twickenham. Glad to welcome you, new reader. Of course you may send us these—XXX, XXX.

M. J. (Walthamstow). Universal Pictures, Co., Universal Film Co., 1400, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. If you have any difficulty in getting Pictures in your district, a definite order with your management or box-keeper will settle the trouble. Every evening they would supply you with all you want.
S. R. H. (Southport). The North Easterner. We have picture postcards of their players.


W. M. (Bromsgrove). "We are so glad Mary Pickford wrote you that letter of appreciation of your gift to her, and they made it to you. They wish you are too old for us to get the particulars you want; it is quite likely Mary played in it. The Travolta, R. H. (Southport), in "Mama's Man," is too poor to mention the cause of a picture. Just how you will yourself, I've no idea which we are making. Sorry, wrong. One for drawing.

S. R. H. (Southport). "It is quite clear, Dolly dear, Try to play a part in "The Adventures of Florence." Nowonder! He is about twenty-six years old. What a charming story.

W. M. (Bromsgrove). "We are so glad Mary Pickford wrote you that letter of appreciation of your gift to her, and they made it to you. They wish you are too old for us to get the particulars you want; it is quite likely Mary played in it. The Travolta, R. H. (Southport), in "Mama's Man," is too poor to mention the cause of a picture. Just how you will yourself, I've no idea which we are making. Sorry, wrong. One for drawing.

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PICTURES AND THE PICTORGRUPE

W. F. (Leeds).—Our Portrait Gallery seems to be popular with all our readers, and so does our Charles Chaplin... 

Rhoda (Edinburgh).—We have cards of Herbert Hawkinson, Stewart Rome, James Morrison (the 'Buster'), P. Hobbs, but none of Prof. Paul. Have sent you the card of the stage who is a charmer, as you say. So Charlie Chaplin saved six lives—yours and five others—by his picture keeping you all informed about the condition of the runaway horse was evading around where you would have been. That was real kind of Charlie. 'Friendship' with 'kisses' is permitted.

Charles (Liverpool).—Yes, if photo of Charles Chaplin is one we have not published the Editor will beg to see it. Address any of the Transatlantic Players, e.o. Universal Film Co., 1,000, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

Tatice (Filton).—Charles Chaplin was born in Walthorpe Road, London, of English parents. Have sent you list of postcards in May. 

E. M. (West End).—Have given the Postcard Manager too many sending you a list and he has now done so. Address James Crane, e.o. Clau- homer Films, Ltd., Main St., and Echo Avenue, New Rochelle, New York, U.S.A. He may answer your letter, May. Your name, Mary, carries us back to our first sweetheart.

IVY CLOSE: A charming pose by this popular player. The portrait is one of our Postcard Series.

W. T. (Lavender Hill).—Send your film plot of a Domestic Drama to D. and C. Co., 36th St., New York City, U.S.A. We have no postcards yet of him. The other cast is not published.

L. (Hakone).—The Hepworth Co, at Walthorpe-on-Thames; Buckers of West End; London Film Co., New Castle-on-Tyne; Chamerlain Film Co., Croydon; and B. and C. of Waltham- son are a few of the English Companies.

L. (Finkle, the Blackburn Road).—You must ask the manager of your ex to show films featuring Mary Pickford and Vivian Rich; we have nothing to do with his programme, Ivy. Thank you for your good things you say of us.

E., W. (First Hill).—In our British Circuit, we considered it was quite sufficient to give the names and votes of the top ones; to have published all the names and votes would have taken up more space we could spare. We are pleased that you are pleased with Pictures, S. (New York). In asking if Henry Aldby has played in any other pieces, do you refer to films or stage plays? He is at present playing in 'Quo Vadis' at the Haymarket Theatre. Kind wishes much appreciated.

J., S. (Edin).—We have no postcards of the name you ask, we are published now.

Nell (Boscastle).—William Gerwood played 'The Cockey' and Violet Merriewas was 'The Bantam' in 'The Hangerdown Ground.' Address W. Fareen, e.o. Famous Players Co., 231 West 26th St., New York City, U.S.A. Have no postcards yet of him. The other cast is not published.

L. (Shepherd's Bush).—We have no postcards of Eila Fincham. Her address is e.o. London Film Co., St. Mary's, Walthamstow, and B. and C. of Waltham- son are a few of the English Companies.

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The Son and Heir!——"Well, my boy," the visitor to Bobby, "I suppose some day you expect to stop being your father's pest?"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Bobby, gloomily. "I've been wearnin'out everythin' else he wears since mother learned how to cut em down for me."

"Took it for Granted."

"I think, mumma, I must be begin-ning to look old," said Miss Thirty-five one day.

"But I heard only this Mr. Pender-ennis tell you how young you were lookin' this year.

That's just it. When I was young, people didn't say anything about it.

A Picture Puzzle.

The mother sent her little girl to entertain the cinema actress in the dining room.

"Do you have your hat?" she asked.

"Why," replied the visitor, "I haven't any little boy.

"No little boys. Well—how is your little girl."

"But I have no little girl either."

"Well," persisted the child, non- plussed, "what are yours?"
Entertainers-in-chief to the Nation in Arms

Great Britain in arms, tense under the strain of war with its work and worry, has most serious need of the fresh bright restful recreation which the cinema alone can give at a moderate cost.

No one understands that need better than the Chancellor of the Exchequer. And he has willingly given over to us (and equally to the other British companies which have lately appeared) the duty of supplying to the nation such picture plays as will give us all our daily rest.

Why does he discourage American films? Because Great Britain is short £1,200,000,000 on the first year and we don't dare send gold abroad.

Hepworth Picture Plays
Cuthbert, known as Gunner Lanyon, sees his wife but refuses to recognise her even when she speaks.

ONE OF THE MANY POWERFUL EPISODES IN THE TRUMPET CALL

AN ENTIRELY BRITISH PHOTO-PLAY
and what the BRITISH PUBLIC WANTS

PRODUCED BY THE NEPTUNE FILM CO
from the well known drama by G.R. SIMS and ROBERT BUCHANAN

THE GAUMONT FILM HIRE SERVICE
6, Denman Street, Piccadilly, London, W.
Branches: Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Dublin, Newcastle, Leeds, Cardiff, Belfast.
Daniel Frohman presents
MARY PICKFORD
in
‘LITTLE PAL’
Released
THURSDAY, OCT. 14th.
and
HAROLD LOCKWOOD
and
WINIFRED KINGSTON
in
‘THE LOVE ROUTE’
Released
MONDAY, OCT. 18th.
Both produced by
FAMOUS PLAYERS
FILM CO., LTD.,
168-170, Wardour Street,
W.

BESSIE LEARN
A really hard worker and a real big favourite in Edison films. (See page 32.)
SUPERIOR WILD ANIMAL DRAMAS

SELIg's superiority in the making of these is recognised the world over.

If you do not witness a Selig Wild Animal Picture every week you are missing some of the most exciting and realistic pictures, featuring Wild Beasts of the Jungle, that have ever been produced. Ask to see them regularly.

The manager of your favourite Cinema wants to please you. Tell him your wants, and don’t forget to ask for Selig’s.

Look out for these two remarkable Jungle-Zoo Dramas and then compare them with other makes. You are bound to notice the difference. :: SELIG’S STAND ALONE.

THE TIGER CUB
RELEASED OCT. 11th
A tensely exciting picture depicting an animal’s gratitude for kindness.

TRAILED TO THE PUMA’S LAIR
RELEASED OCT. 12th
A Jungle-Zoo Drama. This is distinctly original. Featuring VIVIAN REED.

SELIB FILMS
93-95, WARDOUR STREET LONDON. W.

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DEADWOOD DICK

The Dashing Hero of England’s Boyhood and Manhood.

A BRITISH HERO
Filmed by
A BRITISH FIRM

Six Powerful and Entrancing Tales, and each Story distinct and separate.

TO BE RELEASED (one a week), Beginning NOVEMBER 29th

THE IDEAL FILM RENTING CO., LTD., 76-78, WARDOUR ST., W.
ALMA TAYLOR AS A HAPPY COUNTRY GIRL.

Who, knowing nothing of the great City, is lured to London by a villain, and finds disillusionment. A scene in The Golden Pavement—a coming Hepworth Quality Exclusive. (See page 50.)
PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

A FILM called As God Made It was shown recently at a picture theatre in Ohio. Interestingly following the title was the official legend—"Approved by the Board of Ohio Censors."

The Vitagraph studios are now in full swing on a programme of winter releases that will surpass anything heretofore turned out by this company. That's saying something isn't it?

Yale Bos, of Edison's, has received a tribute from far-off New Zealand, consisting of a picture of a Philippine tribe in native dress, with the simple line beneath, "Maori Haka, Whakarewarewa, N.Z." It's simple when you know how.

Charlie minus his moustache will be a real novelty. It happens in Charlie, the Poor, the late Martin Chaplin production. This funny comedy will reveal to our lady-friends that Charlie is really good-looking.

The Birth of a Nation is in its twenty-third week at the Auditorium Theatre, Los Angeles. People are paying their second and third visits. Be sure you pay this wonderful show a first visit at the Seals Theatre, London.

The Central News Agency will release Hard Times in December. We thought they were released at the beginning of war? But, joking apart, you will like Dickens's great work as recently filmed by Trans-Atlantic.

A reader wishes to know when The Eternal Triangle will be released. Has he mixed up Hall Caine's Eternal City with the The Eternal Triangle (a Martin Chaplin film), or does he refer to any popular cinematograph love-drama?

The editor of the Sanitary Record suggests that seats of the "plush" covered type are not hygienic, and points out that cane-covered and perforated-wood seats, so general in omnibuses and tramcars, would be free from criticism in this respect. Personally we vote for plush with pictures.

Fire Stops a Film Scene.

RECENTLY during one of the battle scenes for the Broken Coin serial the Grace Coonrad changed her occupation and became a fire-fighter. The flames started in the under-bush, and though all the artistes assisted in putting it out—and Grace Coonrad was at the front all the time—the fifteen acres were burnt clean to the ground—under-bush, trees, and all.

A Tip for Playwrights.

YOU probably know a lot of people, write Hepworth's in one of their trade booklets, who are anxious to write plots. They probably come to you for advice and criticism. Do you mind if we give you a little tip? Tell them all that plot-writing is a very serious and difficult business. Explain that the technique of plot-writing is much more difficult than the technique of stage-play writing. Tell them that until they really know how to write good plots, they ought not to send them to companies. And tell them not to take seriously the amateur articles of advice which appeared in a big morning paper. "Charming" the Picture Public.

THE (German) Crown Prince received (some years ago) a desire to increase his popularity, and, in order to realise this desire, says a writer in the Nouvelle Revue, he made use of the cinematograph, after the manner of a candidate for election. He ceased to be produced not merely a few, but hundreds and hundreds of films in which he was the principal actor; and of which numerous copies were dispatched to the picture theatres in every town and village, with the object of arousing admiration and respectful deference for his person. All these films, without exception, showed him in the exercise of his military duties. . . . One saw him at the head of his troops haranguing his soldiers, occupying himself with each one of them, and, thanks to the influence of the cinema, all these actions which had been carefully prepared and studied, and were really quite exceptional, appeared in the eyes of the public to be habitual and normal— The Biograph.

Personality in the "Pictures."

"The British film producer will not be benefited by the Budget," writes Dan Roman in the Star, "because the public flock to see, not pictures but personalities. Who founded the prosperity of the Essanay Company? Broncho Billy. Who built up a fortune for the Vitagraph people? Maurice Costello, who held the hearts of the fair sex the world over, and does now. Who made the Keystone the prosperous company it is to-day? Ford Sterling. Who popularised the Copenhagen films in this country? Asta Neilson. The British producer imagines that he has merely to produce something good, and the public will come to see it."

(Continued on page 48.)

WESTERN UNION

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CABLEGRAM

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Losangeles

Via Western Union. 19-S-64

To ALL Picture 18

Street, Strand, L. N.

Many thanks for certificate. Please convey my sincere thanks and appreciation for the honor they have conferred upon me. Believe me, I am more than grateful.

Charlie Chaplin

CHARLIE'S SPECIAL CABLE TO "PICTURES."

As the great bulk of our readers must be aware, Charlie Chaplin was placed by them at the top of the poll, with 112,820 votes, in our greatest British Film-Players' Contest. We sent him (and all the winners) this Pictures certificate, which however was delayed in transit. Now we have at last received Charlie's cabled thanks and appreciation.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1. "THREE SHIES A PENNY!" Wounded Australians "get their own back" by "strafing" the Kaiser and his satellites; First Prize, 'Ta. Iron Cross.'
2. TOMMIES' JOY DAY: On Pay-Day at the Queen Victoria's Rifles Camp all sorts of fun is indulged in.
3. AFTER THE BALTIC FIGHT: The victorious Russian Light Squadron returns to port.
4. BOOM!!! The concussion at the practice firing of America's monster defence guns took the spectators by surprise.
5. IT DOESN'T HURT: Vaccinating men of the Queen Victoria's Rifles in camp.
6. WHY BUY PARIS HATS? Tommy Atkins, milliner, shows his latest styles. A procession of Tommies' "creations" was an amusing feature at Woodford Green Hospital Sports.

Inset: Lance-Corporal Pat O'Keefe, the boxing champion, offers "to box the Kaiser and finish the war." With Sergeant Ernest Barry (rowing champion) he recruits for the 1st Surrey Rifles.
PETER AND THE PICTUREGOER

Wingold Lawrence, all members of the Lyceum Company, also played leading parts in this Melvillian film-play.

The Cafe-C' in ma in Paris.

The other evening I went to Gaumont on the Place Gichy (writes "Perceval" in the Referee), and found a crowded house. The pictures here in Paris do not avoid the war. And the house, which is a huge one, for the Paris Gaumont is in the old Hippodrome, was packed to overflowing with a very representative Parisian public. The Paris Gaumont has one interesting feature which ought to do well in London. You know how well you can see moving pictures from the back of the stalls. Here in Paris, between the stalls and the promenade, Gaumont has set up narrow little tables with tiny shaded lamps on them and seats for two or four. You can be served with harmless drinks and enjoy the movies, as it were, from a cafe. You may smoke all over the house. There is an interval during which you may stroll about as Paris loves to stroll about, and eleven o'clock and the end of the show comes as a surprise. Also, by way of a variation from the theatre, there was at least one music-hall touch, and the orchestra is excellent throughout.

The Thing that Mattered.

That other day, on business bound, My footsteps I directed Towards a theatre where I found A mighty crowd collected. In vain I tried to "pass along." When constables invited
And every one of us went through Was frightfully excited.
At last I drew a man aside, And said, "Pray tell me whether Great news to fill our race with pride Has drawn this crowd together?"
He eyed me slowly up and down, As though I'd put a "twister.
Then answered, with a sulky brow, "You're getting at me, mister.""
"Ah!" I sighed, "must I infer That tidings black and fearful Are causing this tremendous stir Although the crowd seems cheerful?"
He gave a most uncalled-for wink, Which didn't help to calm me, And muttered rudely, "Strike me pink, The bloom'ls' blightest's barmy!"
"What crisis, then?" I cried with heat, Enraged at his indiction,
"Brings thronging thousands to the street In such intense excitement!
"Crisis" yer grandmother?" said he, "What bee's got in yer bonnet? A film is out we've come to see,"
"The Showman in "Passing Show."

Where Moving Pictures Originated.

Many of us have wondered who invented the moving picture. Now, we know. H. Van Loan in his "Confessions of a Film Fiend," a humorous series in the American Moving Picture Weekly says:—

"Thomas Edison is supposed to have been the genius who introduced us to them, but, without desiring to subtract any of the credit which is rightly due to him, I wish to state that after two trips around Cape Kedron and three nights on a bench on the Victoria Embankment I have gleaned some very valuable information which shows that a youth by the name of Noybob Kadrus, of No. 2928, Eden Avenue, Sodom, was the creator of the idea.

"It appears he was 'snooping' around the lake of Galilee one day when he discovered, from the top of a mango tree, a beautiful maiden who was stepping in the waters of the lake. He didn't see the needle; all that he saw was her divine form reflected in the waves. He remained until after she had taken her morning bath and then he slid down and ran back to Sodom, where he told his parents he had discovered a new form of amusement. They were elated over their son's discovery, and at once formed companies of young people who went daily to the shores of the Lake of Galilee, where they went through certain forms of fishing and then feeding the crowds which were assembled on the brow of the hills, out of sight of the actors. This acting was reflected in the water of the lake and made one of the greatest moving picture shows imaginable."
A girl in trousers does not look very artistic, but "Rags" was an exception. A saucy, pretty face, a mass of hair falling loosely over her shoulders, a pair of boots which once adorned her drunken father's feet, and a pair of trousers which still showed the beer-stains caused by a previous owner marked the personality of the strange, wilful, but lovable character "Rags."

It was easy to see the girl had no mother, and that the father didn't count as a controlling influence. Paul Ferguson lived amidst the bad dreams caused by frequent overdoses of beer, and took little heed of his wild seven-teen-year-old daughter, who, on her side, tolerated her father with good-humored contempt except when he became violent or abusive. These occasions marked fights in which "Rags" emerged as the victor, for the girl had plenty of training in fighting in the uncounted mining camp where her lot was cast. There were many amateur pugilists in the camp, and when "Rags" found herself compelled to fight she rolled back her torn sleeves with a businesslike air, and the little fists beat a tattoo on the uninky opponent's head with the scientific precision of a Jack Johnson.

Although she stood up to her worthless father with the air of a world champion, she allowed no one else to interfere with him. On this occasion a messenger had run to the hut which constituted her and her father's home. It was a boy that the girl had protected on several occasions from the bullying of older companions, and the archim to testify his gratitude, became her messenger without salary.

"Say, 'Rags,'" called the boy through the half-open door; "your dad is in trouble in Mike Sullivan's saloon. They say he stole some one's change off the counter, and they're pitching into him hot.

The girl dashed out, her eyes flaming with resentment, and her tousled hair flying behind her shoulders. The saloon was only about two hundred yards from the hut, and "Rags" covered the distance in record time. She arrived in time to see a scuffle in which her tipsy father was gradually being beaten to the wall. With "Rags" to think was to act. Seizing a chair, she swung it round her head, and flung herself into the thick of the fight. Even in this rough assembly her sex saved her from unfair or violent treatment. Men drew back out of her way, although respect for her prowess had a good deal to do with their hesita-

tion. She soon reached her father, and dropping the chair, seized her sire by the scruff of the neck.

"Here," she screamed, "what have you been doing? You didn't leave the drink alone, you old beast."

"It ain't drink this time, Rags," interrupted one of the men, whose angry face showed that he had cause for feeling resentment; "he stole my money off the counter when I ordered a drink. The angry man turned to the thief, whose muddled senses left him no chance of a fair fight. "Come on outside, you loafer, and I'll take the value of my money off your carcass."

"You leave my father alone," screamed the girl, rolling back her sleeves. "If you hit him, yew hit me!"

"Well, I'll hit you, too, if you interfere," growled the man, saucily. The others crowded round, some grimacing at the side-splitting antics of the girl as she danced and circled round the bewildered man, who hesitated between shame at fighting a mere girl and his desire to punish the thief.

"Come on," yelled "Rags" valiantly. "Hit him, I dare you to try it."

"Good," Rags," encouraged several of the crowd. "You can lick him."

Her opponent drew back, a gleam of admiration in his eyes. "Gee, you're hot stuff, Rags; but I don't fight women."

In vain. The threatened row collapsed suddenly, as far as the saloon customers were concerned, but "Rags" had no lament. In her father's hand she saw a last instalment of the paper currency note, which she pinched between his fingers. She forced his hand open, disclosing some coins as well. She glanced rightly that there were some of the other man's property, and, taking the money, she placed it before the fleeced lamb.

"There," she exclaimed, "is your money. Keep away on it in future."

With grim pleasure she turned again on her father. "Now you get home," she commanded. "You jest bin quite long enough in this saloon."

"You'll never be a lady like your mother," protested her father, weakly.
She was a real lady, and I was a gentleman," he continued musingly.

"You look like a gentleman now, " retorted 'Rags.' "Very nicely. Noricum out, get away home, and pulling him on his fell, she sent him staggering through the saloon door and out into the real with a well-directed shot. "Rags," followed him for the purpose of making his see, for her violence towards him was, in her opinion, "all for his own good."

Paul Ferguson had not exaggerated when he said that "Rags" mother had been a lady, and he a gentleman. But that was in the dim and distant past. Twenty years previously he was a young cashier with a good salary and assured position in the employ of John Hardesty, the President of the local bank. He had won and won Alice McCland, Hardesty's ward, and for several months the happiness of the pair had been Elysian. Hardesty had secretly loved with him. For several months he had wandered about the country. He began to drink heavily. The man had no character, and continued to fall lower and lower, drugging his wife down with him as a natural sequence. Alice's health began to fail, and when her little daughter was born the mother's constitution collapsed, and after the birth of the child the mother died.

Ferguson fortified himself during this period with plenty of liquor, and it was with a drunkard and hilarious surprise that he encountered the vacant gaze of his baby-daughter.

"What are you going to call it?" he hiccupped at the nurse.

"We are going to christen it 'Glory,'" replied the insensible nurse, looking scornfully at the drunken father. "How about your duty to the child? Where are its clothes?"

Ferguson laughed. "Call that thing 'Glory,'" he said. "I guess you had better call it 'Rags,' for it'll never have anything else to wear."

That was seventeen years ago, and the father's prophecy fulfilled itself. Poor little "Glory" became "Rags," and no one had ever seen her dressed in anything except rags.

The child had grown up entirely untutored, and with no friends for whom she cared except her goat, a dog, and a cat that fought with both. Until recently she had taken no interest in any one except her pets and her father. But the recent arrival of a young man named Keith Duncan, who with a partner was engaged in some engineering works in the village, had changed her outlook. Keith had saved her on one occasion from her father's brutality. Seeing a man attacking a girl, Keith had promptly knocked him down; but instead of receiving thanks, the girl turned on him with the angry remark.

"Yew leave my father alone. I don't allow any one to touch him, except me."

Keith apologised with a grim smile, and eyed the amazing tomboy with interest. His eyes told him the girl was pretty and that she had a mind which had never been spoiled by contact with a "refined" world. He went off wondering if there were possibilities of anything better in "Rags." The outlook was a little unexpected, for little girl was mistaken; and, what an awful life! and what a freak she looks in trunors! There's scope for a lady-missionary here.

When later Keith called at Ferguson's house on some small matter concerning the origin in the desire to see more of "Rags," who grandiloquently invited him to have tea, and, of course, Keith smilingly accepted. The little tea-party was spoiled by the arrival of Ferguson, who, seeing the visitor, remembered the handling he had got, and remarked snorly, "You keep away from my daughter. You're not wanted."

Keith, charmed, accepted the invitation and went out despite "Rags" protests. But the girl revenged herself in a drastic manner. With a dexterous and shrewd view of the situation and Ferguson, becoming really alarmed for his own safety, fled out of doors as the daughter called after him. "Don't you interfere again."

Ferguson turned in the direction of the knant where some of the roughest characters in the town plotted their schemes of plunder. The man was hard up for money for drink, and had thought of a quick way of getting it. He knew that Keith Duncan would be driving to the bank that evening to draw sufficient money to pay the staff engaged on the engineering work. It was his intention to call in the aid of the shady "workshy," and when he parted from them they had planned a neat hold-up of Duncan in a lonely lane on his return from the bank. The men met by arrangement under the shadow of bushes and discussed their plans. Although they took every precaution, they overlooked one obvious argument, and that was "Rags." She had tracked her father with the intention of bringing him home again should he get drunk, and was surprised to find where her quarry led her in this instance.

"It's more serious than drink tonight," muttered the girl, as she rose noiselessly to her feet from her hiding place. "I guess I'd better stop this.

"Rags" informed the sheriff, but the plans of the robbers had developed in the meantime. The sheriff and his posse arrived just in time to rescue Keith from the hands of the robbers, and the engineer left the scene within which shots flew in every direction. When the fight was over, half a dozen men lay on the road, and amongst them were Ferguson and Duncan.

The latter was slightly wounded, but it was easy to see from the fading light in Ferguson's eyes that his course had been checked for ever. He himself realised it, and combustion at the sight of his daughter seduced his mind for the first time. He called her to him, and the girl, notwithstanding his worthlessness as a parent, became distracted at her approaching bereavement.

"Yew ain't going to die, dad, she..."
A HAPPY RETURN: *GLORY* AND HER GUARDIAN.

"No," replied the girl. "Mother died when I was born. I was christened 'Glory,' but father called me 'Rags.'"

"Well, we will call you by your proper Christian name," replied the old bachelor. "My housekeeper will give you some new clothes, and we will try to make you look more like your mother."

The old man sighed. "I thought that reprobate Ferguson would drag his wife down with him. But how like her mother this girl is! I was positively startled at first. I must send her to school and give her a proper education. She seems to have been thoroughly neglected up to the present."

So Glory—for that is the name we must call her by now, was sent to a ladies' college, and kept there for the next two years. Her education progressed, and few would have recognised in the stylishly dressed and perfectly spoken young lady named Glory Ferguson the "Rags" of old. Occasionally she thought of Keith Duncan, and wondered what he was doing. She almost decided on several occasions to write to him, but suddenly shyness restrained her. Her brief flirtation with him had not led her to assume that he took more than a passing interest in her.

"Glory," said her guardian to her one day after her return from college, "I'm expecting my nephew home to-day, and I want you to give me a hand at entertaining him. He has been away from me now for nearly three years in some wild place in the West."

"All right," replied Glory indifferently. She took no interest in this unknown nephew, though she resolved to do her best to entertain him.

She did not know that Hardesty had plans in his mind with regard to her future. That day, when looking in her guardian's desk for some notepaper, she stumbled on Hardesty's will. Her cheeks turned when she learned that her guardian was leaving all his money to his nephew, "on condition that he marries my ward, Miss Glory Ferguson." For several months the girl was stunned. She had never anticipated that Hardesty would try to force her matrimonial inclinations, and she remembered with a shock, that this was the day that the nephew was expected.

The girl determined that she would not be forced. Already she could hear the arrival of the nephew's conveyance and the sound of her guardian's voice in the hall. She determined she would not meet the party, and drawing a sheet of notepaper to her, she wrote a few words to her guardian, telling him of her reasons for leaving. Then she went up stairs to pack, and stole silently out of the house.

Her letter was discovered sooner than she anticipated. The nephew also read it, and enlightenment came with explanations. He put on his hat and went out of the house, walking quickly in the direction of the railway station. The sound of sobbing attracted his attention, and turning he saw the girl he was in quest of with a handkerchief over her eyes, and crying bitterly as she sat on the decayed trunk of a tree. He crept forward, and the girl drew the handkerchief away from her eyes. For a second she remained dumb with astonishment, then she rose to her feet as she said faintly, "Is it really you, Keith?"

The young man sprang forward and drew the girl towards him.

"Glory, my little 'Rags'!" he said.

Mary Pickford has achieved her greatest triumphs on the screen whilst dressed in rags; it is, therefore, of interest that this latest production featuring her is entitled *Rags.* It is almost superfluous to state that in the title role Mary is just "sweet and perfect," and we may safely assert that she has made of *Rags* her biggest success since *Raffles of the St. Mazur Country.* The release date is November 1st, and the cast includes Marshall Neilan as Keith Duncan, Joseph McDonald as Hardesty, and Joseph E. McDonald as Ferguson.
The Subject of our Cover.

A CALIFORNIAN by birth, Bessie Learn bears testimony to that State's already great reputation as the mother of pretty girls. This charming lilt' ingenue began her stage career when but ten years of age. With the exception of the three years which she has spent at the Edison Studio, she has devoted her entire time to the stage. Her three years at the Studio have been busy ones, for she has played leading parts in a great many films, among them—The Hand of Harrow, The Ever Gallant Margot, and Fatal Heed Never Won Fair Lady. Miss Learn wrote and played the lead in Her Grandmother's Wedding Dress. The same sumnissness of disposition and laconcy of spirit, which has made Miss Learn so popular with the public, has made her a great favourite at the Studio, where she is always the centre of an admiring circle.

Miss Learn, though frail and delicate in appearance, is an indefatigable worker, and possessed of a good stock of courage, which is so necessary to the successful picture-actress. In A Romance of the Rails it will be remembered that she was seen running across a high railroad trestle, but not one of the thousands who saw that picture ever realised that the camera had to be placed at a distance from the trestle in order to conceal the bruises and cuts on Miss Learn's face. She had caught her heel between the ties, and plumped headlong during the first "take," but had repeated the scene, despite the pain and fatigue from which she was suffering.

"Calvert" of "Cricks."

I T would probably have been difficult to find a producer better qualified to film The Wrath of the Tomb, a story of ancient Egypt, referred to in a previous issue, than Charles Calvert, the Cricks and Martin producer, who has travelled extensively in the Oriental world and absorbed much of the charm and colour of the East...

Mr. Calvert is the youngest member of the well-known Calvert family in the profession, and incidentally one of our youngest producers. He made his first appearance on the stage at the age of eleven with his father in the Cowper Calvert Repertory Co., playing, Willis Carlyle to his mother's Lady Isabel. After touring the provinces for some years he secured a long engagement with Mr. Frohman, at the Duke of York's, during which he created the part of Tomkins in The 219 Lock; Sir J. M. Barrie's famous one-act play. "About this time Mr. Calvert was tempted to appear on the screen, and made success of the brother in Tennison's Mandt production for the Charendon Co. He was induced to take up producing for them, and while there put out a number of very successful one-reel dramas and short comedies. Later on, however, an offer came to him from Vedrenne and Edie to play in Milestones, and consequently Mr. Calvert returned to the legitimate stage for a time, until he was approached by Mr. Cricks with a view to producing. He closed with this latter offer, and has been with Cricks and Martin ever since with the exception of six weeks when he went to the B. and C. to produce The London Mystery."

"My first subject," he told us in our office the other day, "was attended by an exciting though happily not disastrous accident. In it there was a car of people to pass over a frail bridge which had to give way and cause the car to fall many feet on to a railway line, smashing itself to pieces. It was while backing the car into position that the brakes did not act, with the result that the car ran backwards over the bridge and disappeared, carrying the driver with it. Every one rushed forward expecting to see the car overturned and the driver crushed beneath. But to their amazement the car was intact, the back wheels having caught the embankment and simply run down it on to the lines. The driver was still at the wheel, and the only remark he was heard to pass was, 'Dash it, I've broken my collar stud!'"

The Art of Picture Acting

A S so many of our readers are "dying" to act for the films, the following paragraphs should prove of more than ordinary interest. They form part of a lucid and informative article by Cecil M. Hepworth on "The Art of the Cinema," which appeared in a recent issue of Drawing. There is no greater authority on the subject than Mr. Hepworth, a pioneer of British film production, who has himself successfully produced countless Hepworth picture plays. He says:

"The art of picture acting is vastly different from that of the stage. Here it is not a case of learning by rote a string of words, whose meaning may be varied through almost limitless shades by differences of intonation, and repeating those words and the actions which accompany them night after night, until by their repetition they become almost second nature. Acting for the pictures is a much more spontaneous thing than this, and requires a very much higher degree of initiative, and possibly of personal understanding. The same kind of character-study is no doubt necessary; the same sympathy and comprehension. It is the method of expression which is so different. I have often heard people say that they understand the difference—that naturally, for the picture one must exaggerate, one must use much larger and broader gestures to make up for the absence of the voice. In reality this is almost the exact opposite of the truth. Exaggeration on the stage is probably necessary because of the distance between the player and the public; exaggeration before the camera is fatal. Any gesture which would not be used in real life, or which is bigger than its counterpart in real life, is wrong, and so far from movements being bigger than they would be on the stage, they must, if anything, be smaller than they would be in reality, if only because the space in which they may be made is so very greatly restricted.

A lady once came to me and said that she could act, had had a lot of experience, and when I asked her what that experience was she told me the names of several plays in which she had acted principal parts, and she deduced from.
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS

COURTENAY FOOTE, one of the most popular film-players in the world. One of his biggest recent successes was in "Hypocrites."

RITA SACCHETTO, the beautiful Italian actress engaged by the Nordisk Company for a series of film plays.

JACKIE SAUNDERS, leading actress of the Balboa Company. She is declared by many to be one of the prettiest girls on the screen.

FRANCIS FORD, the Trans-Atlantic star and producer. He arranged the settings for the coming serial, "The Broken Cat."
If Charlie Chaplin came to England in order to escape the attention lavished upon him by the American public, he would fail dismally. Our Cartoonist thinks it is impossible for Charlie to escape attention anywhere.

1. Charlie leaves for England. 2. In England. 3. In France. 4. In Central Africa. 5. At the North Pole. 6. And even in St. Helena he is welcomed by Napoleon's Ghost!

Beach Mystery in Film-Land.

SANTA BARBARA has a mystery, and the whole city is eager to learn its solution. A few weeks ago the waves in Santa Barbara Bay tossed high, beaten into an angry fury by a gale that swept in from the broad Pacific. All night the sullen waters roared menacingly. In the early morning the beach patrol discovered a strong-bound box half-buried in the sand. It was locked tight. The chest bore the name of a Far-Eastern importer. When the lid was lifted the laughing, dark eyes of a six-months-old Japanese babe gazed into the eyes of the startled men.

No mark whatever enabled the patrol to establish the identity of the little one or the source from which it came. Not one stitch of clothing was worn by the infant, though it nestled snugly in warm pink blankets, evidently of expensive texture.

Louise Lester and Vivian Rich, of the first "Flying A" Company, were enjoying an early morning walk along the storm-tossed bay that day. They came upon the patrol and looked into the eyes of the tot in the chest. One look was enough. The film stars lost their hearts on the instant. Miss Lester and Miss Rich hastily got in touch with the Santa Barbara police and were given permission to take the child into their custody. Now there is a dainty bassinet in Miss Lester's bungalow in which a dark-eyed youngster coos happily most of the day. Meanwhile Santa Barbara police are busy in an effort to learn the child's identity. A fund has been raised among the actors and actresses of the American studio, which assures good care for the little one, in case its parents or kin are never found.

Miss Rich was telling of the finding of the infant, and among her auditors was producer Reaves Eason. That night Reaves wove a photoplay around the incident. Miss Rich and Miss Lester were given the leading parts. The name of this romantically-born drama is *After the Storm*. The film will be released in November, and we shall publish the story of the film in next week's issue.
May We Put You in Touch?

"I have been wondering if you could help me in the way of exchanging autographs? I am a keen collector of all kinds of celebrities, numbering over two thousand, and have some good duplicates. I see in your Answer column there are several collectors, and if they would like to exchange with me I should be very much obliged to you for giving me your address. In my cinema section I have nearly all the signatures and photos of the players." B. R. (Baltiam).

Wake up, England!

Our picture house very seldom shows an English film; ninety-nine out of the hundred are foreign. Now look at the number of girls whose desire it is to become cinema actresses. I daresay these girls would make good actresses as any, but the poor girls never have the chance. I really don't think that foreigners should be paid so much to assume us when there are so many English girls who would like to earn it. No wonder they don't want any actresses in England for out of the hundreds of times I have been to the pictures I don't think I have seen more than a dozen English films.

M. O. (Birmingham).

Beautiful! Fine! Wonderful!

Lest week I went to see My Old Dutch—it is a beautiful picture, so human, and very pathetic in parts. Albert Chevalier and Florence Furner played the characters to the life. . . . Another fine picture I saw was The Amusing Conversation, featuring that splendid emotional actor Henry Walthall. Although a newcomer, I don't think a picture ever held me so much as that did, and when one goes to the pictures a lot it takes a great deal to impress one! That marvelous picture, Gabriella, is coming to Birmingham, together with an augmented orchestra of twenty, and from the posters it must be wonderful.

M. G. C. (Birmingham).

Hints to Picture Pianists.

In reference to your article in The Pictures, September 29th, I venture to give you a few hints in regard to the advice you have been good enough to extend to would-be pianists. In the first place, if you were to make any inquiries you would find if a pianist is a musician of any ability he would have very little difficulty in securing an engagement as picture pianist, but you advise a dangerous course for any pianist to adopt: and, on the other hand, how can your advice be sound for any sensible pianist? No pianist belonging to our Union would encourage or be foolish enough to allow an incompetent pianist to attempt to do his work for nothing. If occasion arises when one of our members has to be away, his place is invariably taken by a competent pianist and in most cases by a member of the A.M.U. Your article will, I presume, be read by many of our members, and I hope it will act as a warning, and show them what they have to contend with. I also venture to hope you will take the first opportunity to contradict your advice, considering that your magazine is supported by a good many of our members. And if you should wish to convey any sound advice to non-members, refer them in the first place to a local Secretary of the Musicians' Union before applying for any position which would be detrimental to their interests and to the rates of salaries which we endeavour to maintain. I am, yours respectfully,

Jas. H. Johnston,
Secretary, Bradford Branch,
Amalgamated Musicians' Union.

Marguerite Clayton.

Have you seen beautiful Marguerite Clayton in her latest success? She is more charming than ever. As the young girl in "The Bachelor's Baby,"

A Domestic Drama in one Act,
she not only wins the heart of the guardian who has brought her up from a tiny baby, but her lovely face and winning ways appeal to every heart in the audience. This film is a delightful change from the dramas of stronger emotions. It's quiet charm and delicate sentimental plot, and Marguerite Clayton's girlish winsomeness and natural acting go straight to the hearts of those who love the sweet and beautiful things of life. It is as dainty and fresh as a Spring breeze. Ask your local Theatre Manager to be sure and exhibit it, for it's an
A Chance of a Lifetime.

SETS OF BEAUTIFUL HALF-PLATE PHOTOS

depicting the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of

Postal Order value 6d.

"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

Lucille Love in a Fine Drama of Romance and Adventure.

'THE MYSTERY OF THE THRONE ROOM'

Gold Seal Drama. 1,075 ft. approx. Released Nov. 22nd.

Grace Cunard and Francis Ford—popular idols of the motion picture screen—are here seen in their familiar, world-famous characters of Lucille Love and Hugo.

A picture with Lucille Love has long been eagerly watched for, and this fine drama of romance and adventure is certain to cause a sensation. It is a story of an international spy's plot against a foreign Throne—a story brimming over with excitement. Francis Ford is Hugo, the spy, and Grace Cunard has the dual role of Lucille Love and a Princess whom she resembles so closely that she is able to impersonate her with success. Don't fail to see this fine drama.


SCALA THEATRE

CHARLOTTE ST., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

TERRIFIC SUCCESS!

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

D. W. GRIFFITH'S MIGHTY SPECTACLE

TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8

OUR CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Films you should make a point of seeing.

LETTERS ENTANGLED.—A gripping feature that you really ought to see. A fine human story, produced and acted in a manner which can only spell perfection. The love interest is exceptionally strong, and the ending problems, the Deep hearts and leading characters in the story were played by Henry King and Dorothy Davenport.

—Selby drama, 1,035 feet (Oct. 23).

THE BREAKS OF THE GAME.—An unusual drama: firstly, because it is a newspaper story, and, secondly, because of its remarkably rapid action. It deals with a girl newspaper reporter becoming enmeshed in the toils of a gang of desperate Chinese-smugglers, and contains a hair-raising gun-fight among other things.

—Maxine Brown is the girl, and Augustus Phillips, Yale Benner, Harry Beemont, and T. Tonomoto are in the cast.

THE SNAKEVILLE TWINS.—Showing the farcical effects of a human practical joke, and how the twins right the wrongs of their father when he is being chased by the lackless victims of his wit. Hair-tonic, turpentine, and eggs are some of the ingredients which make laughter in this rollicking comedy, which features Bea Truup, Victor Potel, Margaret Joslin, and Harry Todd.

—Essessy Farce, one Act (coming).

LITTLE PAL.—Another Mary Pickford production, and released this week. In Little Pal Mary appears as a half-breed Indian. She wears a straight wig and a costume which makes her look smaller than ever. It is an entirely new role for her too, but she has made a hit of it, as she always does. You will like the beautiful snow-scenes, typical of the world's greatest actress of today.

—Essaysy Farce, one Act (coming).

THE GOLDEN PAVEMENT.—Brenda is a happy country girl, who falls under the spell of an unprincipled Londoner of the club-man type, who leads her to the great city, with its fabled golden pavements. The sequence of this is a chain of events vividly real and human in their pathos. But the play ends happily, and Alma Taylor knows how to ring the changes from tears to smiles of contentment—before the lights go up! A fine photograph of Alma Taylor in this film forms our frontispiece.

—Headworth, 2,996 feet (coming).

THE BIRTH OF A NATION.—Without exaggeration the most wonderful film ever produced. The battle scenes are stupendous, the acting superb. We would not have missed it for the world. Neither must you! Mac Marsh is responsible for much of the film's success, and if charm of personality appeals to you in a star, you have it in this original little actress, who is loveliness personified. Even if you live out of London you should find your way to the Scala.

—Griffith Production, twelve reels (now showing).

THE PIRATES OF 19.—This film created quite a sensation five years ago. It was the first moving picture film to demonstrate the possibilities of airships as instruments of war. The pirates employ a large airship of the Zepplin class to carry out their nefarious designs and they drop high explosives upon unsuspecting shipping on the sea, and homes and people on the land, in a way that is quite familiar to us to-day, but which a few years ago was regarded as outside the realm of possibility. The Pirated By—have already come into their own, perhaps sooner than was dreamed of, and the re-issue of the film that foretold their coming should prove of special interest to-day.

—Piramted By, 912 feet (Oct. 25).

ENORMOUS SUCCESS!

"THE PICTURES" SOUVENIR WAR ALBUM

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Handsome gilt Albums, with Triangular Flag emblazoned in colours on front, containing Portraits of H.M. The King, Lord Kitchener, General French, Cunard, Chancellors and Trustees, A charming little Pendant for the Wat Tyler, Nelson, or Bracelet.

"THE PICTURES," LTD., 18, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C.

New Year's Day, 1916,
Film Titles Travestied. No. 14: "The Birth of a Nation."

AFTER THE STORM. — A dramatic sea-story, in which the heroine is saved from a shipwreck as a baby and brought up by a band of crooks. Her final revelation by her father is the outcome of strange circumstances which make fine play. But you will have this story next week! The film will be popular on its own merits as well as those of charming Vivien Rich, who has fine opportunity for her dramatic gifts. — "Flying A." Drama, 887 feet (Nov. 18).

GAR-EL-HAMA. A thrilling jewel-robbery, in which the criminal shows amazing ingenuity and keeps you on tenterhooks throughout the play. It is the kind of thing that makes you "bood-oo" with excitement and want to get into the film and help. Gar-El-Hama is quite one of the most entertaining and daring of modern fictitious romances. Photography and acting may always be relied on in all this company’s productions. — Nordisk Drama, three reels (coming).

DEADWOOD DICK. A series of six film stories that will appeal not only to every schoolboy but to all with a liking for heroism and adventure. Deadwood Dick is a highwayman of fame and many admirable qualities, including kind-heartedness, wit, and a fine sense of humour. Each episode is a distinct and separate tale, but at the same time you will want to see them all. Dick has a way of making a place for himself in one’s heart! — Ideal Film Co. (six stories, one per week, beginning Nov. 29).

NO GREATER LOVE. — Sadunah is the artistic sensation of Paris. But she is more than a great dancer; she is a great mother, and never before has a photo-drama marked with such beautiful emphasis the love of a woman for her child. As the sequel to a thrilling and intricate plot Sadunah goes West 'to save her daughter, and as Sadunah is Regina Badet of Zoe fame we need scarcely say that the crisis of the play is reached with exquisite dramatic art. This film will hold you entranced. Did you read the full story in last week’s issue?

— Gaumont Film Hire Exclusive, five reels (Oct. 25).

THE BOOZ’S ROMANCE. The countless admirers of Bob Leonard and Ella Hall have been eagerly waiting for another picture featuring these two popular stars. Well, here they are in a wholly delightful comedy, which every one of the many thousands of people who witnessed The Master Key will be eager to see. Bob Leonard is seen as a booz—a genuine, fly-swatting booz—and his characterisation is so absolutely perfect that one wonders if he can really be the same Bob Leonard; whilst Ella Hall is as pretty and charming as ever, and, as usual, she puts her whole heart and soul into the work.

— Trans-Atlantic Comedy, 1,856 feet (Nov. 1).
“Star Turns” in Spider-Land

The private lives of Flies, Frogs, Spiders, Snakes, and Flats revealed by the camera.

THE most wonderful motion pictures of animal life are those which have been made by Raymond L. Ditmars, Curator of the Bronx Zoological Gardens, New York. These amazingly interesting picture excursions into the lives of the hunted have been purchased by the Trans-Atlantic Film Company, and will be enjoyed by picture-goers in this country in due course.

For fifteen years Professor Ditmars, who is a Fellow of the Zoological Society, has been in charge of the collection of mammals and reptiles at the Bronx Zoo. Three years ago he began to make motion pictures of the animals. In order to obtain pictures of his charges just as they lived and fought and died Dr. Ditmars built a special studio at that illuminated was the most intimate secrets of the wild creatures have been revealed to the all-seeing camera.

It required a sympathetic as well as a scientific mind to search for inspirations in work such as Dr. Ditmars has done. Mrs. Ditmars was an able aid. In one particular instance she was a star director. A deadly ring-necked cobra was being filmed. This species splits its venom toward and into the eyes of the intruder. Mrs. Ditmars had been watching the operation from the far end of the studio, where she had been entreated to remain. The sorely frightened camera operator was gridding his cramp within fifteen feet of the cobra.

A Snake's Stare on the Screen.

“The deadly stare of that snake is positively uncanny,” said Mrs. Ditmars. How wonderful it would be if the camera could look him straight in the eye and picture him as I see him now!”

Her advice was followed. Professor Ditmars and his wife put on auto-goggles to protect their eyes from the sprayed poison. The camera was focused upon a spot not four feet away, then belted to an electric motor. The snake was slid along on a long pole in front of the camera, and photographing began. Mrs. Ditmars was not satisfied. She wanted the snake to rear and pose. Moving to the snake she flicked a handkerchief at the reptile, which reared to meet her.

It struck and posed again, then darting with such force as to slide from the platform and fall almost at Mrs. Ditmars’ feet. Dr. Ditmars reached forward to swing her away, but she had jumped upon the housing of an electric bell. The snake wriggled away under her feet, sending the electrician rushing through the door for safety.

When the film was screened the cobra seemed to literally darken the auditorium with the spread of his ominous hood, while the terrifying head swung between her eyes looked down in malignant fury. It was a wonderful delineation of reptilian rage.

In the illumination from the mercury vapor the Ditmars were taking a scene that illumed the moonlight prowlings of the lancehead snake, the lethal fangs of which cause many fatalities among the people on the sugar plantations in tropical America.

In the picture a prowling animal is supposed to alarm the snake. At first there is seen a slight movement of the diamond-shaped head. Then the little body is suddenly contorted in S-shaped loops, and the enraged serpent is seen to hurl himself forward with the force and precision of a suddenly released steel spring. The mighty fear that the head has jumped off the screen into the audience. Actually the venomous reptile had hurled itself at Mrs. Ditmars, who had been working the camera when this scene was being taken. It fell within a foot of her shoe, and she saved herself only by precipitate retreat.

The Film Story of a Spider.

The development of the eggs of frogs was obtained with a camera set before a Bohemian glass jar, and from this posi
tion recording a few feet of film each day. One of these cameras did such duty for a period of two months. The life-story of several spiders was obtained in similar manner. The story of a large species of wolf spider, was recorded upon the same "field"—a gravelly hollow six inches square. After certain precautions were taken the entire area was covered with a bell-glass and wet sponge to provide the proper moisture; for spiders are particularly delicate as captives.

For the care of this spider was more laborious than that of a large animal. Soft crumpled gauze square units for food and snails for water had to be supplied. The spider was so delicate that even a whisper would make it run to the end of a broom straw. These precautions were necessary in preserving the absolute cleanliness of her tiny yard, which on the projecting screen is magnified thousands of times. The camera was so adjusted that the camera work was successfully accomplished. With much anxiety the time was awaited when the young spiders would emerge and crawl upon the parent's back—hundreds of them—presenting an indescribable spectacle. This chapter of the family history was recorded. Then came a wait of eight days until the infants could swarm from the mother's back and shift for themselves.

So many of the insects are almost microscopic, and so many perform their capers in inaccessible places that the value of greatly enlarged motion picture portrayals has been multiplied thousands of times, and is appreciated by students and scientists alike. Not one child in a million has seen the katydid's song; the toilet of a gaudy grasshopper is carefully cleaned fallen dust from her face; or the spider, presented as a terrific murder, and seen upon the screen as the fly sees this terrible enemy of the insect legions.

A Jungle Circus in Motion Pictures.

It was by accident that Dr. Ditmars got the idea for his Jungle Circuses which he has produced in motion-pictures. One afternoon while at work in his studio endeavoring to make the family life of a strange insect that had been given him, he discovered the fact that the insect had a sense of humor which manifested itself in various queer antics. Dr. Ditmars placed the lens of his camera within two inches of the insect's head and reeled off fifty feet of film greatly magnified. A week later he projected this film for some of his friends, with the result that Mr. Bug and Mr. Ditmars were surprised at the ease with which he played the comedian's rôle.

This was the beginning of the Jungle Circuses. In the course of years he has added it, bit by bit, until now he has a full reel of natural animal dolories incorporated in The Book of Nature, simply for entertaining purposes and to show that educational pictures need not be dry nor uninteresting.

"Star Turns" by Frogs, Monkeys, and Rats.

Dr. Ditmars' Jungle Circuses opens without any music other than the croaking of a few frogs, who solemnly hop in and occupy seats of vantage upon toadstools arranged like so many orchestra chairs. Off to one side Mr. Chameleon waits the opening act, observing the woodland stage with one of his big eyes, and keeping an eye on his arch enemy the snake with the other eye that operates on a universal joint.

The performance is on! From the wings a troop of Borneo Galagos file out and run through their act with all the sangfroid of scared wasps during a pirouette. These are a low form of the monkey family, and their habitat is the interior of Borneo. A fine specimen of the Doucacuni monkey has a set of horizontal bars on which to show his agility and amazing feats, and concludes his exhibition by "skinning the cat" and making faces.

The Armadillo gives a strong man act, hurling a huge rock entirely out of the picture. Meanwhile Armadillo also gives a demonstration of his natural facility for protection by rolling himself into a ball and making his exit in the manner after bowling gracefully to the assembled guests.

Next comes the snake which was taken with the impression to look like miniature editions of the Australian kraits. Their specialty is handling, and they jump several bars as high as a man's shoulder. In proportion to their size, they are the greatest prancers in the world. In a series of grotesque performances they demonstrate the uses of their enormous tails.

The Diving Frog and the Juggling Fly.

Next comes the water act by Venus, the diving frog. She, the Amulet of Kellett for her species, proceeds to illustrate all of the famous dives that make her one of the handiest frogs that have been served up to vaudeville patrons for years. The Venus is followed by a versatilitee of tree-tops, who give an exhibition of skill seldom equalled by actors on the two-dimensional plane. One ambitious little fellow skims up a rope hand over hand. They make merry on a tight wire, passing each other and otherwise varying their performance. And with the assistance of some trick photography, gives the most astounding exhibition of being everywhere at the same time, making impossible leaps and somersaulting himself off the box, and there becoming a spider.

A headliner act is the juggling fly, just a common house-fly, object ferocious of the energetic swatter. He is one of the kind that can fight on a hairless head with the same nonchalance with which he would devours across a ceiling. Seated majestically on a houndah upon the back of an elephant he enters. The audience—yes, there is an audience—also expresses its approval in various ways. The Schamander grins and gives way to hearty laughter, the beetles nod their funny heads vigorously, the frogs shift their positions, then a deadly quiet falls upon the denizens of the jungle as Sir Fly proceeds to juggle a dunnell, weighted at both ends, that appears to be about five times his size. Up and down over and over speeds the dunnell, but not once does Sir Fly slip up, and he is still juggling with telling effect as the elephant, bearing him upon his back, makes an exit.

Bugs and Mice as Ballet Dancers.

The circus has its funny little dancing number here. This is the exceedingly cute and charming quartette of walking leafbugs from Ceylon, who pironette and frolic with the alaudun and charm of a grand opera ballet. Then on come the dancing mice, cunning little rodents that whirl and gyrate like spinning-tops. Their act suggests the whirling dervishes of the Orient.

If you were to see a common black beetle with a chair on his back in which a fly, reclining easily, juggled a dunnell with his feet, you might well be "seeing the Other World," seeing the things that are, seeing the things that are not. The whole bag of tricks that he has developed has been preserved in motion pictures, and the amazing performance of the beetle and fly here detailed is only one of the many acts presented. A family of the mice afford an exhibition of tightrope walking that would shame any acrobat. A mother snake displays reptilian nursery methods by swallowing her entire brood at the first alarm of danger.

The Jungle Circus is surely a new idea in comedy. Who wonder if Dr. Ditmars will discover an insect Billy Bitchie?
SCREENED STARS

We give below the fourth set of pictures in our "Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple— and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus— take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now— keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions— £5 to the next, and 10 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the fourth set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10, and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players’ names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages.

ENTRY

NAME

FORM.

ADDRESS

4th

Set.

HULLO! Are you there? This is Gerard 2955. Oh, yes! We have moved from Adam Street. Our offices are now at No. Long Acre W.C. And very nice, too!’ Thus late have I spoken many times on the ‘phone. I hope our thousands of correspondents will note the new address and new telephone number, and not continue to send to or ring up the old. The new building is the fine, large annex recently opened by Oldmans Limited, whose ever-increasing business has necessitated an extension to their already huge premises. Our own Editorial and Advertisement Departments are both on one floor, but our Publishing Offices are still at 98-94, Long Acre—a few doors away from us.

Some People Swallow Anything!

In a recent issue I published a letter received from a reader containing one of those absurd and preposterous riddles which flow into this office almost daily. It made me laugh, and in merry mood I gave it that famous comic song title: "Archibald, Certainly Not!" for heading, expecting my readers to enjoy the joke as I did. Now for the sequel. Two readers have actually written to ask if the story was true! Some people will swallow anything. The story was of course pure invention, and if I had thought for one moment that any one was going to believe it I would not have published the letter.

J. H. Martin's Latest Success.

Many good things have come to the house of Martin of Merton, and assuredly one of them is The Jade Heart a story with a grip which was screened the other day at Davison’s, the British agent. It tells of a young man falsely accused on the strongest circumstantial evidence of the murder of his father and shows the young man escape from a convict prison in company with the actual murderer. A strong love interest makes the drama even more entertaining. Some of the sequel are very beautiful, being taken in Derbyshire during that business holiday which I told you the Martin Company were enjoying during the summer.

Misdetecting the Public.

Practically every paper nowadays serves a devoted public with matter far or less tops, concerning film players and productions. Many statements published are absolutely inaccurate, and result in letters from several readers asking me I for a statement or them. By this morning’s post a rather letter reached me from a newspaper which states that in The Battle of Nations 8,000 horses and 1,000 performers were employed. From which we may assume, if we please, that if every performer rode a horse he had six to choose from. A generous margin for losses in battle perhaps. As a matter of fact the correct figures are just the reverse.
**A Scene in The Snakeville Twins.** (See "Confidential Guide.")

**A Mighty Show Indeed!**

Nothing like *The Birth of a Nation* has ever before been seen on the screen. I marvelled at my first view of it in a little back room without accompaniment of any kind; but as presented at the Scala Theatre the picture has become a show stupendous in both musical and dramatic magnitude. With full effects and delightful music from a symphony orchestra of forty, this is an entertainment that one can enjoy over and over again.

"Knew's" from "Kamp" Kerrigan

I am sure you will like to read a little letter from Warren Kerrigan, who has just written me as follows:

"Greetings from Tahoe, 'The Lake of the Sky.'

"I have been up here since June 17th and am doing a series of two and three reel features and Western dramas, as follows:


"It may interest you to know that with my company, the Kerrigan-Victor, I did seventeen reels, each of 1,000 feet, in forty-eight actual working days. We are returning to break camp here, and are now at a Pacific studio at Universal City, California, where I am to do a series of big features, to be released on the Broadway programme.

"With every good wish, and my kindest regards to you and all of my English friends, 'Jack W. Kerrigan.'"

**Comfords Through the Cinema.**

Officers and men of the R.N. Division as well as civilians recently crowded the Empire Theatre, London, to see a film produced by Mr. Stalker, to wit: "Secret of the Secret." A part of the proceeds from the showing of the latter film on tour will, I understand, go to the "Royal Naval Division Comforts Fund." I hope the part will be a big one.

**Sir John Harc in Pictures.**

One by one the leading lights of the stage succumb to the screen, and I am glad to know that Sir John Harc, one of my greatest stage favourites, is being filmed for the first time by any camera as Eeles in *Caste.* Larry Trimble, of Turner Films, Limited, has in hand the production of this evergreen comedy, in which Mary Rose, another old favourite, is appearing as the Marquise. And who will handle this sure-to-be great film, you ask? The answer should not surprise you — The Ideal Film Renting Company, Limited; veritable glutons for "winners."

**PHOTOGRAPHY.**

*Photo Postcards of Yourself, 1s. 3d. Dozen. From any Photo. 12 x 9 Enlargements, 1s. 6d. Catalogue and Samples Free.*

**E. E. Hackett.** Works: Jelt Road, Liverpool.

**GASLIGHT, BROMIDE, or P.O.P. POST CARDS,** 21, 6d., 10s. 6d. Plates and Papers also Cheap Catalogue and Samples Free.

**E. E. Hackett.** Works: Jelt Road, Liverpool.

**ASK YOUR LOCAL MANAGER**

When he is going to show

**"THE WOMAN WHO DID!"**

(BROADWEST FILM)

The Photo-Play adaptation of the Famous Novel by

**GRANT ALLEN**

**FEATURING**

**MISS EVE BALFOUR**

**THOMAS A. MACDONALD AND GEORGE FOLEY**

Write for Photographs of England's Foremost Cinema Actress, sent free on receipt of penny stamp to

**GERRARD FILM COMPANY LIMITED,**

13, GERRARD STREET, LONDON, W. **Telephones:** R-2935 & Streatham 882
Turner Films

"Pictures made for You."

Next week we will tell you of the pictures we are making for you this winter.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

Like many people who reside in the suburbs, I have a big garden. Last Sunday, whilst examining a bush, I came across the largest and finest web I have ever seen. Its owner, of course, was a large spider, and as I looked more intently I discovered his majesty making for a small fly, which, entangled in the web so deftly woven by the enemy, was struggling to get free. Suddenly a larger fly, who must have known what was going on, flew straight at the spider, and appeared to attack him. At any rate the spider crawled clear of his smaller victim, and "went" for the champion. Then a wonderful thing happened. The weaker fly, which had been struggling all the time, succeeded in breaking the "rope" made by the spider, and got away unharmed, to be soon followed by the knight-errant, the larger fly, after he had apparently punished the spider. Then another wonderful thing happened. It came on to rain, and as I watched I saw the big, strong web torn and broken by heavy raindrops. Mister spider, in a frantic effort to save his life, spun his way across to a friendly waterspout. He missed his footing, and, falling plump into the middle of a rain-water barrel, was drowned in its awful depths.

But what on earth has this common or garden tragedy to do with moving pictures? you ask. Answer, "Nothing.

And yet in a way it has a very great connection. Here we have a living and typical example of 90 per cent. of the human stories that form the foundation of our film dramas.

The small fly, the "heroine," was as likely as not the larger fly's sweetheart. She was hired to destruction by the "villain," whose wicked schemes were frustrated by the "hero," and whose villainy was further punished by the just wrath of heaven. A moving picture, instead of a film one!

And what a wonderful film it would have made. Photographed by a cinema-camera and magnified hundreds of times, as it would be on the screen; every movement and all the meaning of this tense, dramatic story would have been easily and clearly conveyed to the human eye! These were my thoughts at the time it was enacted, and now I find that elsewhere in this issue is an interesting article on the film photography of such creatures as insects, flies, spiders, and all sorts of other weird and creepy things. The article goes to prove that such amazingly interesting films are possible—those we have already been made—and I for one shall look forward to seeing them screened.

"Dolly" writes to ask me why it is that she never, or hardly ever, sees an English film at her cinema. I cannot tell Dolly, but the producer of that cinema has been very unwise in not to show British-made pictures in the small houses of the present, if there are any cinema in her neighbourhood which does show British films she will be a good little girl to train for her patronage of British films. I am glad to say, and am sure, will be, made in greater numbers now than they have ever been.

And, what is more, our producers are turning out better pictures.

Here is a story of how a nine-year-old boy, Gordon Griffith, "made hay while the sun shone," or rather while he played the part of a newsboy in "Little Mr. Fixit," a Trans-Atlantic drama. "Stand at the corner and shout out the names of these papers," said the producer to the boy. Then he turned to give instructions to the camera man. A few minutes later Gordon presented the astonished producer with a handful of pennies and asked for more papers. These were obtained, but this time the producer had to languishingly remind the business-like youngster that he was only acting for the film, and not getting his living as a real newsboy.

Another winter is creeping upon us, and boys and girls will begin to enjoy their evenings in the sitting-room, with a cheerful fire for company. On some evenings, of course, they will enjoy themselves at the "pictures," but winter nights at home will be many and welcome, and will produce, as I know from
past experience, quite double the number of entries in my competitions. As you must be aware if you have read (or long, I give you a competition every week, and in addition the Editor is giving old and young alike a chance of solving puzzles and winning prizes in a much larger competition.

A week or two ago I offered two boxes of paints for the best painting of a little sketch of "Dreamy Dad," a comical little fellow in Essanay cartoons. A nice lot of paintings have come in, and after a great shuffling of the cards, careful comparison, and much consideration, the prizes are going to:

Marie Lister (9), 38, Ryland Street, Ardwick, Manchester.
Arthur Lancaster (9), 32, Cave Street, Beverley Road, Hull.

AWARDS (six of these win a special prize): Essie Booth (Morecambe), Arthur Dale (Macclesfield), Hilda Watt (Selby), Dorris Watt (Yorks), Nancy Hill (Manchester), Horace Singer (Lower Clapton), Cyril Griffin (Tottenham), and W. Bernard (Edinburgh).

SIX MORE PRIZES FOR A "TITLE."

Guessing titles is always popular, perhaps because so little goes on a great work, Below you will find a charming little sketch by Grace Airle. The young lady in bed is obviously dreaming, but the picture lends itself to all sorts of titles.

For the best six titles received on or before Monday, October 11th, I will present six of our little "War Album" charms. Postcards will do; address them to "Dreaming," Pictures and The Picturegoer, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.

That you, dear reader, may be one of the prize-winners is the earnest wish of

UNCLE TIM.

Will all our readers please note that our new address is

85, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

H. T. (Walsall), Address Anna Little, c/o. Universal Film Co., 11th and 12th Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.

JANET (Aberdeen)—Volumes VI and VII, are still to be had from this office, price 2s. 6d. post free.

Note our new address is 85, Long Acre, London, E. M. R. (Sunderland)—Provincial Cinematograph Theatres, Ltd., 709, Piccadilly, London, W., and London and Provincial Electric Theatres, Ltd., 730, Rupert Street, W. Perhaps you mean the first—neither bear exactly the title you give.

Peter Denborough.—Have sent you three cards, which with postage (d.) makes up amount sent. Your love despatched to Nora Talmadge.

Mona (Hull)—Address Ethel Clayton, c/o. London Film Co., 20th Street and Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, U.S.A. The other two have recently left the Companies they played for, and have not yet joined others.


MADGE (Birmingham)—The Metro Picture Co. is not the same as Thanet Co. Inc., Carwood now plays for American Co. Universal, as the American name for all Trans-Atlantic films. The three House Twins are thirteen years old. Have sent your love to Florence la Bache and Marguerite Snow—packed it up and marked it as coming from you—that's how it's done. We are sure June Crane will like to hear from such an enthusiastic admirer of her work as yourself. Try him, Mudge. Of course we should like your photo.

CARMEN (Bradlington)—Address: Charles Chaplin, c/o. Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1, 34, Argyle Street, Chicago, U.S.A. Must likely he will reply. We will never "horribly disappoint" you, Carmen.

C. A. (Linthorpe). If you will repeat your question, with the name of the Company which produced the film you mention, we will do our best for you. Glad to hear from you, and thanks for your pencilled note.


ALICE (Walhamstow)—We have postcards of Elka Hall. Have sent your love to her and to Robert Leonard.

CARL (Bristol)—Address Herbert Knowles, c/o. Universal Film Co., 43rd St. and 11th Avenue, New York City, U.S.A. Thanks for kind wishes.

ANONYMOUS (Graysend)—Address Chris. Chaplin, c/o. Essanay Film Co., 1,34, Argyle St., Chicago Co., 213 West 29th Street, New York City, U.S.A. M.-'s likely they would reply to your letters. Our best wishes for your success as a dramatist. Let us know when you are going to swim the Channel.

BEatrice (Windsor) — Welcome, new reader, Alfred Alton, Address: Eosworth Film Studios, Walton-on-Thames. We have your picture postcard of her and the others you mention.

LAURIE (Girvan)—We have no postcards of Blanche Forsythe or Blanche Sweet.

BART (Hulme-le-Besse) —Surely Eddie Lyons will be her Fairy Godmother, if you can. Address Universal Film Co., 43rd Street and 11th Avenue, New York City, U.S.A. If possible for reply. Thanks for getting new readers. Repeat the dose when you can.

MAMIE (Brentwy) — Your skit of Cha. Chaplin shows great promise. Thank you, Marmaduke.

MART (W. Hampstead)—Your kind letter is appreciated. We are sorry that you are leaving England for the States. Such a nice-looking girl as your photo tells us you are ought to be taxed by Lord George for leaving our shores. Good luck to you, Mary!


B. F. S. (Buttersea)—Perhaps some of your friends might like to purchase copies of Pictures, or if you can afford to do so send them to the hospital in your name.

JOAN (York)—Mary Pickford is "such a dear."

We feel sure she would reply to your letter. Address her, c/o. Famous Players Film Co., 213, West 29th Street, New York City, U.S.A. Delights to welcome a "new regular reader."

LAVIN (London, S.E.)—Illustrious gosib is always interesting about well-known cinema players. Take no notice of what you have heard. Lavin, like most people, takes things which are not true into legends, and their talents are worthy of all picturegoers admiration. If you have difficulty in getting Pictures please a definite offer or with a newspaper ad all trouble will vanish.

HEBBY AND BABS (Netherland) — Your photos are innumerable—eclampsia—topnotch. We are quite delighted to have such lovely readers.

M J. W. (Bolton) sends a newspaper cutting which reads—"Miss Mary Pickford, a well-known moving picture actress, famed equally in Britain and America, was married into the Church a short time ago, according to the Catholic Citizen of Milwaukee." The foregoing report is of no interest just now, as several recent films have portrayed her with either a cuivix or a rosemary.

CROATEN (Liverpool) has heard that Charles Chaplin is married to his two children. Nothing doing, Cro? Read Pictures. If we say it, then it is so. Postcard list has been sent.
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

When Rolling Billows Roll.

"If a man has anything in him, travel will bring it out," said the explorer.

"I know that," said his friend; "especially ocean travel."

Some Nose and Some Blows.

Though his nose had blossomed to a fiery redness he secured a job at a boiler factory. One day he rushed into the hospital with his nose crashed. "How did this happen?" exclaimed the surgeon.

"Put my nose through a hole to get a breath of air, and the striker mistook it for a red-hot rivet," was the answer.

The Rivals.

RECRUITED. SERGEANT: "Yes, madam, get him to join at once and help save the Empire. I tell you, madam, if we don't come forward quickly the Empire may be ruined."

"Oh, that don't matter," replied the good woman. "My wish works at the Upperhive."

Familiarity breeds contempt.

MRS. BINKS (sarcastically): "What - that thing up there, Mrs. Briggs?"

MRS. BRIGGS (calmly): "Only one of them German Zeppelins. They're getting a perfect pest."

MRS. BINKS (relieved): "Thank heaven! I thought it was an after-meals chicken.

Hair-restoring.

Wild-eyed man rushing into chemist's and pulling his hat: "I am becoming bald," he declared.

"Indeed," remarked the chemist.

"Are you married?"

"No," pursued the man, "but my hair keeps falling out. Can you give me something to keep it in?"

"Yes," replied the chemist. "I have here an 'air-tight' box.

The Friend in Need.

A Scotch Territorial engagement was awakened the other night by a loud voice shouting, "Does anybody know Corporal Jimson? Does any one know his tent?"

A sergeant, anxious to oblige a stranger, went out but descried the "murder" visitor and dashed the tent asked for, and then discovered that he had showed Corporal Jimson to his own tent, which the canny one could not find for himself.

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The Woman and the Man.

Little Mr. Spinks was the husband of a famous picture star, and both were present at a large party together. The star was being monopolised by a well-known man who was one of the guests and the hostess tried to wheedle him away from him.

"But I'll introduce you to Mr. Spinks," she added, by way of consolation.

Mr. Spinks!" ejaculated the great one. "Never heard of him. What's he famous for?"

"Er—well, his wife?"
It's an interesting way to refer to three picture-plays. And many interesting things are connected with it.

Turn to your copy of "Picture" dated 25th September, 1915, and look at page 501. There you find full details of £1.40 in prizes £1.40 for the best 120-word comments on the three pictures called "The Hepworth Triplet."

The three pictures—we don't say they're "terrific marvels" but we do say they're good picture-plays—are all to be booked by cinemas from T. Thompson of 95, Grange Road West, Middlesbro. All three are Hepworth picture-plays and the titles (see how good they sound) are "The Curtain's Secret," "Her Boy," and "The Second String."

The Hepworth Picture Plays

The Nerve of a Soldier

is Built on Sound Sleep and Good Digestion, and these Dr. Cassell's Tablets Ensure.

Study across, energy and endurance - those are the qualities which make the British soldier invincible. Don't let every foe in press them. You must have sound sleep and equally sound digestion, and that is why Dr. Cassell's Tablets are so valuable to all who are nervous and depleted. Take two at bedtime and note how fresh and fit you rise in the morning. Take a course of them, and know what it is to be truly healthy. Mrs. Windles, of 5 Cambridge Street, Blackburn, writes: "I cannot thank you enough for what Dr. Cassell's Tablets have done for my little boy. He is full of life, cut out and sleep well, and is a big, bonny lad. His father, who is at the front, has sent to me for some Dr. Cassell's Tablets for his own use in the fighting line, and I have sent him a supply." Why not send one to your soldier?

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alternative, Anti-spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all detanglements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old and young. They are the recognized modern home remedy for:

- Nervous Breakdown
- Nerve Paralysis
- Spinal Paralysis
- Infantile Paralysis
- Neurasthenia
- Nervous Debility
- Sleeplessness
- Anaemia
- Kidney Disease
- Indigestion
- Stomach Disorder
- Malnutrition
- Wasting Diseases
- Palpitation
- Premature Decay
- Vital Exhaustion

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by chemists and stores in all parts of the world, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Price: 10d., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 9d.—the 2s. 9d. size being the best value.
IN UNDER THE RED ROBE

Stanley J. Weyman drew a picture of the day when Richelieu ruled France.

The Clarendon Co have filmed this famous novel with conspicuous success.

De Berault (Mr Owen Roughwood) is a great fighter and devoted lover.

Monday Nov 22. Three Reels

THE GAUMONT FILM HIRE SERVICE

6, Denman Street, Piccadilly, London, W.

Branches: Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Dublin, Newcastle, Leeds, Cardiff, Belfast.

Printed and published by Gurney, Ltd., 13-14, Long Acre, W.C., and 25, Floral Street, London, W.C.
JESSE L. LASKY
presents
VICTOR MOORE
in
"SNOBS"

The Famous Satirical Success by
GEORGE H. BRONSON

The Tale of a Milkman who becomes a Duke.

In Four Acts.

Released
MONDAY, OCT. 25th.

Produced by
JESSE L. LASKY
Feature Play Co.,
166-170, Wardour St., W.

EUGENIE BESSERER
The Selig player and most popular “mother” on the screen. (See page 78.)
How often have you witnessed a picture that has been packed with thrills from start to finish? Not very often we venture to assert. If you want to see such a picture look out for this great drama.

THE GIRL AND THE REPORTER

It's a film that is chock full of tense, dramatic situations, and, besides containing a good holding plot, there is an air of mystery about it that will make it extremely popular with everybody. Ask the manager of your favourite haunt to screen it. Don't forget that Edith Johnson is included in the set of 6 beautifully coloured postcards we are offering you at the low price of 3½d. the set.

THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND

The Great Novel that has been read by nearly 400,000 persons.

A Dean's Love Passion. His Crime. His Stubborn Silence whilst he ministers to his flock, and the innocent sufferer for his guilt, and the great dramatic confession at last from the pulpit.

Released Oct. 18th. 4,000 feet.
MAKING "PICTURES" TEN THOUSAND FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.

Frederick Burlingham and his staff on the Grands Mulets Needles, Switzerland; a dangerous spot which nervous people leave alone. Mr. Burlingham recently filmed the ascent of Mont Blanc. (See page 78.)
**Picture News and Notes**

Are you hunting the stars hidden in these puzzle pictures?

Life seems just one moving picture after another.

Moving "pictures"—Taking our goods, chattels, and ourselves from Adam Street to Long Acre.

The horrors of war can't be any worse than the acting in some of the war pictures. Ssh! says the Review.

Fashion Note: When entering the cinema theatre leave your new winter hat on as long as possible so that those behind can admire the same.

A fat man, "much fatter than Fatty or Bunny," recently advertised for a part in a new cinema-actor. Given a "fat" part should he be an all-round bonning success. He says he is really active.

How would you like to lie on a cake of ice for twenty minutes? Otis Harlan had to do so during the filming of a scene in a Red Seal Play by the Chicago Studio. And being a "Selig," the scene can't be a frost, ice or no ice.

"Chang," the almost human orang-outang of the Selig Company is dead. He drank a pint of paint and never recovered, and scenarios written round him and not yet filmed will be wasted. But you will see him in The Orang Outing, a coming release.

The German who escaped from Alexandria Palace to a neutral country is said to have told a newspaper reporter there that, although he spent the afternoon in London in several cinema-theatres, not one single picture showed any feeling of hate against Germany.

"Her Triumph."

Gaby Deslys who made her first appearance before the camera for the Famous Players in the above-named production, has been on tour in the provinces with her dancing partner, Harry Pilcher. By the way, Gaby lost her dog—a little dog like a "r'riat"—and offered £10 reward. Later: The little dog like a "r'riat" was found, and Gaby smiles again.

Lost and Found—a Baby!

The articles left behind in the seats of picture-theatres by absent-minded picturegoers are numerous and varied. But a Liverpool theatre probably achieved a record in this respect, when at the conclusion of a performance the attendants discovered that some careless person had mislaid a baby! The mother had been so carried away by the pictures that she had forgotten to carry away her offspring. She did not realise her loss until the second house was nearly full.

**Film Producing in Wartime.**

During the filming in a Paris suburb of the guillotine scene in Juro Dué, in which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt acted for the first time since her leg was amputated, the buzz of an aeroplane was heard. Soldiers, police, executioner's assistants, and even the condemned man all looked skywards and saw a German Fokker speeding away before a pursuing French biplane. The actors followed the pursuit with breathless interest until both machines were out of sight. The stage-manager then found that the light had changed, and it was necessary to postpone the conclusion of the filming till the next day. Juro Dué is now completed. It is a Broadway Trans-Atlantic Feature.

To Blow or Not to Blow

Talking of Sarah Bernhardt, the great actress was narrating reminiscences of the stage to friends. "Mash notes," you call them, n'est ce pas?" she said, laughing. "Well, I received a very funny mash-note once in a small town of your Far West. "You are adorable," my mash note ran, 'and I have preferred to send you orchids; but in this one-horse town I am reduced to molasses candy, of which I am forwarding a two-pound bag. Will you take supper with me to-night? If you consent, blow your nose on the stage, and I will understand." Mme. Bernhardt laughed again.

And the worst of it was," she said, "I had a bad cold at the time, and was afraid to blow my nose all the evening."
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

"THE GREAT ADVANCE:" 1. General Joffre, the victorious French Commander-in-Chief.
2. Our brave lads who eagerly welcomed the long-awaited order, "Forward!"
3. Field-Marshall Sir John French, our great Commander-in-Chief, who reported the swelling successes.
4. "SULLEN AND SLOVENLY:" German prisoners, captured in the storming of Loos, arrive at Southampton.
5. "GOOD NEWS BRINGS RECRUITS:" Large numbers of "newly enlisted" arrive in camp.
6. "THE DEFENCE OF SARIGARH:" A glorious fest of arms in the annals of our glorious Indian Army, when for 6½ hours 21 men kept at bay 8,000 tribesmen, re-enacted by Indian Convalescents in England.
7. "BOSB NG FOR BUNS:" Nurses and patients enjoy a contest at Wounded Soldiers' Sports.
“HOW long, O God! how long?”

Half-crazed with hunger, thirst, and fatigue, Jerold Roper dragged himself to his feet and stumbled across the raft towards a wooden box, the lid of which he raised with shaking and uncertain hands. It contained the one joy and comfort that had been left to him after a night of storm and shipwreck; and if his eyes were moist as he lifted his infant daughter from her bed it was because the sea might yet claim—alive or dead—the little dumpling body that nestled so warmly in his arms.

A faint smile crept over his haggard features as the baby cooed reassuringly and crumpled up her little shell-like hands in play.

“Little sweetheart!” he whispered, with something of his old glad-heartedness, and laid her tenderly in her impromptu bed.

The day dragged wearily to a close, night came, and another dawn broke, and still there was no hope of rescue or succour for the shipwrecked father and child. After hours of anxious vigil the man fell faint and exhausted across the edge of the broken raft, and it was only when the cold waves swept across his brow some hours later that he awoke to consciousness again and grasped upon his hands and knees for the box that bore his child.

But bed and baby were gone! Gradually, as the raft was rocked by the motion of the sea, the little one's box had slipped from its place and floated away upon the bosom of the sea.

In an agony of mind that amounted almost to madness, the straining, disdainful man staggered to his feet and searched the wide blue sea with dry, burning eyes. But there was no sign of his baby-girl. With a cry of anguish he threw himself down upon the swaying raft, and it was as a motionless form that he was picked up later by the crew of a passing ship.

As for little Jane Roper, her fate was to drift to the shore of a desert island.

That there was a rare and peculiar sympathy between them he knew from the first moment his eyes fell upon her.

“You are very welcome here,” he said to her, with a kindly smile, “and you must come as often as you can.” Then he added, as her eyes lit up with the warmth of his invitation, “But tell your friend, if you will let me, ‘Thank you,’ she replied, gratefully, ‘I will certainly come again. But—’ and she glanced quickly at her shabby clothes—‘I am afraid—’

He interrupted her with a laugh.

“Such things only matter to those whose friendship is superficial and vain. It is character and one's mode of life that matter—not grand clothes, little girl.”

He walked with her to the door of the church and watched her along the road.

There must have been some sad remembrance in his mind, for as Jane Roper disappeared from view he turned back and slowly paced the aisle.

“Oh, God,” he murmured, “in helping these, Thy children, help me to forget my own affliction!”

As Jane wound her way through the streets she unconsciously attracted the notice of a young “rake” on the lookout for mischief, and, encouraged by one of his low companions, he pursued her in her flight. Fast though she ran, she could not free herself from him, and then at length she reached the door of the thieves' den, the only home that Jane had ever known. She was but a few yards behind her, an ugly leer of triumph in his eyes.

With scrawny face and hair tangled and tossed, Jane rushed for safety to her foster-mother, Meg.

“Hi! a very quick! Don't let him come!” she gasped.

Meg laid down her mug of beer in astonishment, but before Jane could give an explanation of the danger, the door flew open again and Lloyd Perry, her pursuer, entered the den.

He gazed around him for a moment.
at the desolate hovel, with its broken furniture and bare, comfortless door. But a little time in which to take in his surroundings, for Jacques Portell was not the man to tolerate intruders in his home, as he had already begun to impress upon the other with his lists.

Perry, however, was quite equal to the occasion, and, drawing out his revolver, held the thief—a well-known but elusive criminal—at bay.

"The game is up," he remarked with a sneer. "Guess I'll have a pretty story for the police! You'll be able to supply some information, maybe, about the Stonewall robbery and the Croxon crime and—"

Jacques interrupted him with a growl, "What the devil do you want?"

"Give me that girl and I swear I'll not split on you!" Now.

"A cry of horror from Jane induced the older woman to slip an affectionate arm about her, but there was nothing reassuring in Meg's eyes as the grinning face of the youth peered down at her.

Flingly she remonstrated with Jacques.

"Yes, you can't let the girl go like that. Tain't as if she hadn't bin like our own kid, but the only answer from Jacques was an ugly oath, which sent a shudder through Jane.

"It's a bargain, then?" asked Lloyd Perry anxiously. His remark was addressed to Jacques, but his eyes were upon the girl, who had rushed halfway up the rickety flight of stairs in a desperate and futile effort to escape.

The gang leader nodded his head in agreement, and there was no demand from Meg; to her the sacrifice of Jane, whom she had really grown to love, was better than discovery by the police, whom she had feared from very boyhood.

Five minutes later Jane's unavailing struggles had been subdued and in the arms of her purchaser she was being conveyed to a hired motor, accompanied by the other half of the pair, which brought them to Lloyd Perry's apartments, and with very little trouble the unhappy girl was borne from the vehicle to the house.

Once alone with Perry, however, and caged behind the locked doors of his rooms, Jane summoned together all her girlish strength, fighting desperately for release.

"You cad!" she cried, with a dry sob in her voice, "if you knew how I loathe you!"

"Little fool!" the other sneered, as he held his victim at arm's length with a grip that bruised her slim, white arms.

"What's wrong with me? Guess you're a mighty particular bit of goods for the daughter of a pair of thieves! There's many a nicer girl than you would be mighty glad to attract a handsome fellow like me."

Jane burned beneath his insults, and, strengthened with indignation, made new efforts to save her woman's honor.

A cry for help burst from her lips, and, almost instantaneously a hesitating footstep gained a firmness and haste that brought his possessor to the door in a moment.

The first rap was unheeded by Perry, but at the second demand he released the girl, and, with an oath, cautiously unlocked the door, which was immediately flung open.

Jane's eyes met those of the intruder.

"The minister!" she breathed.

He saw the note of appeal in her frightened eyes, and the disheveled condition of her clothes and hair.

"What the meaning of this?" he asked quietly, turning to the man.

"Guess it's no damned concern of yours!" came the insolent reply.

"On the other hand, it is very much my affair," said the minister, and, in spite of his calm tones, there was grim determination in his face and mien as he placed himself firmly between the exhausted girl and her captor.

"Confound your interference," blazed the latter, flinging himself against the older man in an attempt to hurt him from the room.

"If this is to be a question of muscle," the minister said, as he struck out squarely in defence of Jane, "then I reckon I am as well equipped as yourself.

And so it seemed to the shivering girl, sole spectator of a scene that would have thrilled any audience to a pitch of excitement. Backwards and forwards the pair swayed and reeled, equally matched and each unsuccessful in every attempt to overthrow the other.

Suddenly the elder fell and struck a few paces under a heavy blow. The other grinned triumphantly, and would have followed up this master-stroke with others of equal force had not the minister rushed forward and swung Perry off his feet with a sudden, deft stroke that finally resulted in his fall.

"Art o' that—you priest-faced devil!" came a drunken growl, and Jane's protector turned to find the doorway blocked by the figures of Meg and Jacques, who had lingered below stairs to prevent any attempt at escape on the part of Jane, which would necessarily break their bargain with Perry and endanger them to discovery by the police.

"Get him out of here," groaned Perry, badly shaken by his fall.

And in answer to the request Jacques tell upon the minister, aided by the half-reckless Meg, to whom the sight of Jane, tear-stained and exhausted, was not a congenial one.

But with little trouble Jacques was overthrown; the moment of Jane's release had come. Too faint and exhausted to stand, she permitted herself to be lifted in the strong arms of her new friend and borne down the stairs, across the street, and into the sanctuary of the Mission church.

"Am I safe?" she murmured, as the minister placed her in a chair and smoothed the tangled hair from her face and brow.

"Never were you safer," he assured her with a fatherly smile, wondering mechanically as he looked into her pale, strained face whether it was an answering smile that he saw in her eyes or merely the consciousness of his smile-registered there like any other thought or sensation.

"Poor little girl," he added. "Thank God I heard your cry. It is an extraordinary coincidence that my rooms should be next door to that blackguard's flat. Tell me how it happened."

Very simply Jane related the story of Perry's infatuation for her, his discovery of the crooks, and his bargain with Meg and Jacques.

"You shall never return to them," was his verdict, between clenched teeth.

"Oh, no. I cannot go back—you will not let them find me?" she entreated.

"Never."

He paused a moment in contemplation, a far-away look in his eyes. But his quick smile drove all trace of sadness from his face.

"I want you to come and be my daughter, if you will?"

She shook her head in reply.

"It is very kind of you, but I cannot possibly do that. I am already more indebted to you than I know how to say."

"But it is for my sake," he pleaded. "Listen, I will tell you a story, and you will understand. Twenty years ago—"
PERMITTED HERSELF TO BE LIFTED IN THE STRONG ARMS OF HER NEW FRIEND.

He stopped short, a look of pure amazement upon his face.

Half-unconsciously as she listened, Jane was rubbing one bruised and aching arm with the other hand, and, raising her sleeve as she did so, exposed to view a peculiar little mark just above her elbow—a mark the minister had seen before twenty years ago.

"The story is of yourself," he said, his face working with emotion, "Oh! the wonder of it all... Jane, you are my child!"

There is a true-to-life ness about this "Flying A" film, due perhaps to the fact that it is, in a measure, founded upon fact. Vivian Rich—who plays the role of "Jane"—in the company of a co-actress really found a Japanese baby washed ashore in pretty much the same way as "Jane" arrives upon the desert island. Needless to say, this wee refugee immediately became the pet of the studio, the incident suggesting the plot of After the Storm (to be released November 15th). The cast also includes: Harry Mether, "Rev. Jero'd Roper"; Louise Lester, "Meg Fortell"; Jack Richardson, "Jacques Fortell"; and Walter Spencer, "Lloyd Perry."

FILMING AN AVALANCHE

Picture-making 12,000 feet above Sea-level.

We have just been favoured with a visit from Frederick Burlingham, fresh from his sojourn in Switzerland where he has at last successfully filmed the ascent of Mont Blanc.

It was Mr. Burlingham who less than two years ago made his wonderful descent into the crater of Vesuvius for the purpose of obtaining moving photographs, and some of our readers may remember the graphic description of this intrepid photographer's adventures inside the volcano which we published in The Pictu-Goer for January 17th, 1914.

Now, instead of going down into the bowels of a burning mountain and getting nearly burned to death, Mr. Burlingham has recently climbed to the top of the highest mountain in Europe and been nearly frozen to death. The film which he has brought home of the ascent of Mont Blanc is one of the most extraordinary, brilliant, and interesting series of photographs we have ever had the pleasure of looking upon. While on Mont Blanc, for instance, at an altitude of over 10,000 feet, he had the luck to catch with his camera an enormous avalanche falling thousands of feet from Mont Maudit, a buttress of the great white mountain. Owing to the distance the avalanche had to fall it remains quite a long time on the screen, and we may watch the displacement of air and the consequent gyrations of the falling debris. The roar of the avalanche startled Chamonix, six miles away.

"To get such a picture," Mr. Burlingham told us, "was some recompense for the hard luck I have had on Mont Blanc.

"For three years I have been working to show British audiences the wonders of the highest mountain in Central Europe. On the first occasion we were all nearly killed by an avalanche falling from the Aiguille du Midi, rocks tearing up the glacier all around us and passing over our heads. My wife, who was with me, in trying to escape, fell and cracked a rib. At the altitude of 14,000 feet the weather became so threatening that we were forced to seek shelter in the Refuge Vallot. Then the wind increased to a gale, and we had to abandon the expedition and descend in a blizzard. One may imagine such a storm when it is stated that the morning after the gale a party of Swiss climbers could not find the Refuge Vallot, and one of their number was frozen to death. But I was determined to succeed, never having yet failed, and three weeks later I returned to London with a very fine negative. Then hard luck again cropped up. Before a single copy had been made from the negative this Mont Blanc picture was totally destroyed in the B and C fire in Endell Street.

"Last year, however, I continued the assault, and was actually at the Grandes Mules at 10,000 feet when the wind broke out. Can you beat that? At dawn from this great height we saw with a telescope, 7,000 feet below, troop-trains leaving, and as some of my guides had to be at Annecy within the first twenty-four hours we abandoned the climb and returned."

"This year—I believe in perseverance— I again started with guides minus fingers or thumbs, or having lost their toes through frostbites, and without much trouble we reached the 'Junction.' I have never seen these climbers in such chaotic condition. We could not cross the crevasses, and were forced to take to the Grandes Mules rocks at their base. The maze was so intricate that a second caravan tried to follow us, lost their way on two successive days, and was forced to abandon the idea.

"We had planned to sleep at the Refuge Vallot, but it was found inside one solid cake of ice!"

For three days, however, the weather was fine, and at last I succeeded in finishing my wonderful pictures show the ascent of Mont Blanc from the start to the topmost summit."

"And what a splendid film you have brought us to prove it," we remarked.

But the difficulties were huge indeed, Mr. Burlingham.

"Yes," he answered; "but they have their compensations. If such work was easy, everybody would do it. The story of Mont Blanc, I am told that this is the only satisfactory negative in existence."

When you see this film you will note that the great pyramids of Mont Blanc are so filmed that small party of men roped together to minimise the risk of falling down some awful abyss. Naturally, where your picture will be difficult to realise the dangers, the suffering and the intense cold that were undergone in order to show us some of these sublime and beautiful sights.

We understand that this remarkable moving picture has already been acquired from E. Prior and Co., Ltd., by Selene Exclusives, and that it will be released by them shortly.
MARY PICKFORD, "The World's Sweetheart," whom you all know. See her in Little Pal, just released, and Rage, coming shortly.

CHARLES OGLE, whose fine acting in many films produced by the Edison Company has made him a favourite everywhere.

STEWART ROME, the exceedingly popular player of the Hepworth Company. He was one of the winners in our Greatest British Players' Contest.

PATSY DE FORREST, a charming member of the Lubin Company. Her liveliness both on and off the film has given her the name of "The Lubin Flirt."
Chapter I.

"ALL RIGHT, boys! See you on the baseball-ground after dinner."

With a bready laugh Frank Bradbury ran down the college steps and out into the summer sunshine. Would he be on the baseball-ground with his chums? He chuckled to himself as he thought how easily one word from his little girl-friend would change his plans and take him elsewhere. Dear little Rose—youth though he was, his face became very tender as memory carried him back over their years of friendship; then he laughed outright as he thought of the incident in his childhood's days which had first of all brought them closely together.

It had been at Dame Hardman's school. The tidem of lessons had hung heavily on the class of boys and girls, and to relieve the monotony he had drawn a speaking caricature of the mistress and passed it to the girls; then, just as Rose Claybourne was laughing gleefully over it, the attention of the mistress had been called to the class's mirth, the caricature was discovered, and poor Rose arraigned as the culprit; but Frank had stood forward and acknowledged his guilt. Sentence on him had been swift and without mercy—expulsion!

He shivered, after all the years, at the memory of Rose's tears, and his father's mad rage. . . . From somewhere in the college grounds a piercing cry rang out, and he came to a sudden halt. All other thoughts driven from his mind.

"Rose," he gasped, as the cry rang out again; and without further ado he rushed off to where Rose was struggling in the grasp of one of the collegians—a brawny youth whose spiteful, bullying nature made him the terror of the junior classes.

"Frank—Frank—oh, help, help!"

With a bound her boy-sweetheart seized the bully and with a blow straight from the shoulder sent him crashing to the ground.

The bully staggered to his feet. "You take your hands off me, Frank Bradbury," he blustered. "What's it got to do with you anyhow?"

Before the rest of his sentence could pass his lips he lay on the ground again, and Frank was pummelling him, while a crowd of their classmates gathered round delighted at the prospect of seeing the tyrant soundly thrashed.

"Go it, Frank—go it, old boy!" But Frank needed no encouragement. Almost forgotten was the original cause of the fight, and the temper inherited from his father coming to the surface, he seemed to see, through a blood-red mist, nothing but a face he hated, heard nothing but the cries of the boy beneath him, while every moment his grasp tightened on his victim's throat.

"You hound, I'll strangle you—"

"Bradbury!—through the thunder in his ears Frank heard the stern voice of the head master—"release that boy and stand up immediately. . . . the rest of you go home at once."

Slowly recovering from the mad wave of passion that had held him, Frank obeyed, and stood gazing at his opponent to the stern face of the man whose opportunity arrival had, perhaps, saved him from killing the bully outright; then he locked wistfully at the sweet white face of the girl who had been the cause of the trouble.

"I will listen to no excuses," the Head was saying in answer to the bully's tearful explanations: "you know the college rules about brawling, and I will attend to you later. Bradbury, follow me!"

With another swift glance at Rose, in whose eyes he saw encouragement, sympathy, and a new light which at the moment he could not understand, Frank obeyed.

"Close the door," the Head said sternly, when they reached the study. "For a long time, Bradbury," he continued, "I have noticed how uncontrollable your temper is, and I have hoped and prayed that you would conquer the mad impulses which will one day—but for my timely arrival just now it might have been to-day—send you along the path which leads to the electric chair. Alas! my hopes have proved false, my prayers futile, and I have no alternative but to expel you from the college."

"Expel!—" Frank gasped.

The Head nodded sadly. "There is no other way. Take this letter to your father. Now go!"

Trembling violently at the thought of the home-coming awaiting him, the youth staggered into the sunlight.

"Frank—Frank!"

With a start he turned to look into Rose's troubled eyes. "What is it, dear?" she whispered.

For answer he held out the letter. "I am to leave at once. I am expelled."

"Oh, no! no! I will see the Head. I will explain everything. . . . It was all my fault.

She turned to enter the college building, but he dragged her back.

"No," he said, "you must do nothing of the sort. I don't mind. I'd do anything for you, Rose! For a moment they looked into each other's eyes and, boy and girl though they were, some inklings of the great love that was slowly growing sprang in their hearts as they turned home-ward hand-in-hand.

As they reached the Bradbury's house, Mrs. Bradbury sprang up to meet them.

"Why, whatever brings you back so early, Frank?" she exclaimed, after greeting Rose heartily. "I quite thought you'd have lunch up-town, and go straight on to the playing-fields."

"My boy, what is wrong?" she added with quick intuition; "surely you have not got into trouble at college."

Between them they told their story while she held a hand of each.

"You did right, my boy," she said as they finished, "quite right to protect your—some one weaker than yourself, but—"

"Hallow, what is the committee meeting about?" a deep voice broke in, and, turning, they saw Mr. Bradbury.

"Father—"

"Hush, dear," Mrs. Bradbury interrupted, "let me explain. George dear, Frank has left college, and—"

"Left college?—why . . . Ah!"

With an oath he snatched the letter, and, tearing it open, read the fatal words that told of his only son's disgrace and
expulsion. Again he glanced through the written words, as though doubting the evidence of his eyes, while the veins in his temples became knotted and swollen with the fearful passion that was wringing out his heart.

"You—my son—expelled!" he thundered furiously. "You have brought shame upon my name for the second time! You young urchin!...

By heaven I'll—"

"George, listen—"

"Silence, woman!... And you—your infernal cub—follow me!"

With a shattering heart Frank obeyed; then, once in the study, his infuriated father locked the door and stood with his back against it.

"You hopeless young scoundrel," he shouted. "You would brawl like a common street urchin, would you? Your temper is unmanageable, is it?—he shook the Head's letter at his son's white face—'unmanageable, eh? By Heaven, I'll manage you!"

With a volley of oaths he flung the boy down, and, snatching up a heavy riding-whip, thrashed him until even his own strength seemed to fail him.

"Now get out of my sight, you blackguard. Do you hear me?—go! before I kill you!"

Stumbling, Frank ran from the room to where his mother and sweetheart waited for him in each other's arms.

"Oh: my boy, my boy!" With a bitter cry Mrs. Bradbury tried to take him in her arms, but he shook her off.

"'Cut out of my sight,' he cried, and 'I will obey him... Yes, I am old enough to earn my own living, and to-day I leave his house for ever.'"

CHAPTER II.

His sweetheart's entreaties, his mother's tears availed nothing, and, taking what would barely suffice to keep him for a few weeks, he set off to seek his fortune in the city.

His luck and remarkable talent for drawing stood him by, and before long he was able to add to the two frieze hearts at home that he had succeeded in obtaining a lucrative post on the pictorial staff of a large publishing firm. From there his career now gathered rapid, until his growing fame reached his distant home, and one fine Spring day Mrs. Bradbury and Rose journeyed citywards to visit him.

They found him hard at work in his studio. "Why, Mother mine," he cried, holding her at arm's length, "you haven't changed a bit since I left home."

Mrs. Bradbury smiled softly. "And Rose, dear, you've changed much?"

"Rose, little Rose"—a vivid blush coloured his sweetheart's face at the tones of his voice; "changed—yes... Rose, have you now?"

Rose slowly dropped her eyes, and, glancing from one to the other, the mother understood, and was glad.

"Well, you children," she cried, gaily, "our arrangements don't seem to give much promise of a meal. I'll go out and buy one."

"Shall I come with you, dear?" Rose asked, hesitatingly.

"No, Rose," he laughed. "No; you stay here and see that Frank does not run away from us. I shan't be long."

When she returned the lovers were standing close together by the window, but swung round in confusion as if they were running in confusion as if they were running...
married secretly—without my consent—without my knowledge! By Heaven! am I nobody in my own household?

"Father, listen—" said the woman. "You will leave this house at once and take your wife with you. I forbid you to ever enter these doors again.

Shaking his fist furiously in their faces, he strode from the room, and, thoroughly aroused by the injustice of the act, Mrs. Bradbury followed.

"Oh! Frank, Frank," Rose wailed, clinging to him. "all my life I have brought you nothing but bad luck."

"Hush, my darling; you have brought me all that is truest and best in life."

Great heavens! what is that?" he added, as a piercing cry rang through the house. "That brute is ill-treating mother."

Dashing from the room, he rushed down the corridor. To burst the study door in was but the work of a moment, and he entered the room just in time to prevent his father from striking the woman, who 'crouched in terror before him."

"Coward! Coward!" he cried, his furious anger equaling the other's mad passion.

"Yo—"

His father turned, and, with an oath rushed at him, but, quick as lightning, Frank snatched up a heavy paper-weight, and struck with all his might. As Mr. Bradbury crashed to the ground, a violent ringing sounded through the house.

"The police!" Frank gasped. Hastily he knelt by the still boly, then rose to his feet. "He is dead—dead!"

"Dead—oh, my God!"

"Yes, Mother, killed by the temper I inherited from him."

Putting his gloved hand to his mouth, he turned towards the door.

"The police must not worry, Mother mine—I'll give myself up now."

"No! With the frenzy of despair Mrs. Bradbury clung to him. "You must not, dear. Think of Rose—of your future."

The world must think I killed my husband in self-defence."

Chapter III.

The Chief of the Detective Department was speaking. "You say on oath, Mrs. Bradbury, that you killed a man in a fit of uncontrollable anger, and that you struck the blow that killed your husband, and that the blow was struck in self-defence—"

"And yet your son also swears that it was he who committed the fatal act. One of you is deliberately swearing falsely in order to interfere with the course of justice."

"His voice suddenly became stern. "Which of you is lying?"

Mrs. Bradbury, haggard and wild-eyed under the ordeal of the third degree, looked round appealingly at the circle of grim faces.

"Oh! I believe me, sir," she pleaded; "I alone am guilty; he—my boy—is swear of the fatal night; then strike at this man exactly as you struck your husband."

The detective bent forward eagerly as he tottered to her feet and moved across the room. Then, calling all her will-power to her aid, she raised her arm and struck. "The chief detective smiled, while his subordinates whispered excitedly.

"That is all for the present, Madam," the Chief said; "you may retire now with your son."

"My son—"

"Your son, Madam. He has been so persistent in his demands to be arrested that we have complied with them. We will now hear his version of the crime."

Sobbing wildly and almost fainting, Mrs. Bradbury was led from the room and a few moments later Frank took her place.

"You insist that you committed the crime of which your mother stands accused on her son's evidence?"

"Yes," Frank answered, steadily. "Her love for me prompted the lie, while I, like a craven, permitted her to be arrested. Now, thank God, I am my-self again."

"Then take this—the paper-weight with which your father was slain—and show us how you committed the murder.

"Carter, stand for a moment."

Without hesitation Frank took the heavy paper-weight. A moment's breathless suspense, and then he struck, and as he did so the second detective sprang forward with a cry of triumph.

"He is the man," he cried; "the woman is innocent, as I believed all along. The murdered man was struck from the right, as this youngster struck; the woman struck from the left. Bradbury, he added, as he slipped the handcuffs onto Frank's wrists. "even the noble lie prompted by your mother's love has failed to save you from the electric chair."

But Frank was saved.

At the trial the story of his father's brutal treatment turned all hearts to the man in the dock and the two white-faced women who waited by his side, and without retiring the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty!"

Some weeks later, while lazily on the river with his beautiful wife, Frank asked her a question.

"But when did you really begin to love me, dearest?"

For a moment she looked at him, then with a smile she took from the bosom of her dress a crumpled sheet of paper. Opening it, he gave a gasp of surprise. He looked upon the caricature of the old school-mistress—the caricature which had led to his first expulsion. . . . Rose kept it in his arse, and bent his head until his lips met hers and rested there.

The cast of this fine psychological three-reel drama, which by H. F. Sheldon, is: "Frank," Henry B. Watthall; "Mrs. Bradbury," Warda Howard; "Rose," Ruth Stonehouse; and "George Bradbury," Ernest Maupin. To convey intense emotion Mr. Watthall's strongest work, and in this character—his first in Essanay productions—he has succeeded beyond all expectation. He brings out the feeling with an intensity that makes it real. In Temper he has given us of his best.

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OUR LETTER-BAG
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"Fond of Variety!"

"Do tell me why so many film stars seem to change their names. Unless my memory fails me false Madeleine Normand used to be called Muriel Fortescue; and surely Blanche Sweet was Daphne Wayne (a pretty name, isn't it), and a player I remember as Violet Crawford has another name—I can't remember it!"

N. V. (Marston).

The Absent-minded Beggar.

"The other night I saw a drama. I won't name the Company, because I think the director must have been asleep or ill, so will give him the benefit of the doubt, (1) A man raids a safe of jewels on the night of a ball. He is in love with the lady who gives it. Don't you think she would have worn those jewels? (2) When he enters, the room is flooded with electric light, yet he flashes an electric torch around to find the safe! (3) He burns a hole in the door of the safe, yet when you see the other side of the door there is no sign of a hole! Another film I saw was supposed to take place about the time of Napoleon. The villain writes a letter, draws it with sand. Very good. The hero also writes a letter—and draws it with a modern handkerchief!"

K. L. (Margate).

Film-plays a "Balm to the Spirit."

"As one of a theatre-party at the Opera House, Blackpool, last night I was amused to find how most of the voices grated on me. There is in a theatre-play now a restless, wearing element and sense of tension—no, I can't describe it! One needs to arrive so circumspect and alive to meet the demands upon one made by the spoken play, and the dreadful chatter between many short acts, the losing any atmosphere the play may create after each act; whereas one goes soul-sick, weary in mind and body to a good picture show, and half-way through one has forgotten oneself entirely. Film-plays supply a long-felt need of humanity. I am not alone in this feeling of 'balm to the spirit.' I meet expressions of it constantly. But they will advance yet to a much higher perfection. I look forward to the day when one may announce one's predilection for the picture play in the most cultured circles and not be regarded with a stare of disgust."

L. R. (Lytham).

A Little "Fatherly" Advice.

"I was pleased to see your reply to 'Auntions' and 'Ada,' re film playing. You can save your readers trouble and expense by a little 'fatherly' advice. I am what is called on the wrong side of fifty, and seeing an advertisement of a firm who advertise as 'genuine' teachers of film-acting with the chance of placing the students, I wrote to them and submitted a little scenario I had written, not for criticism but for the idea of production with a small fee to myself. I have played very successfully as an amateur, and have excellent Press notices, and I thought this would help me, but the people to whom I wrote simply sent me their usual printed matter and promptly asked me 2s. 6d. for reading my scenario. Their fee for teaching film-acting is 2s. 6d., for four turns of twenty minutes which I promptly asked for the return of my MS., and told them that I didn't want their opinion. They have my stamped addressed envelope, but the MS. has so far not arrived. I consider my own business man, and I was out for £s. d., but at the same time I believe I could act intelligently and effectively; but there are certain young and impressionable girls who, having no business or acting experience, might be induced to part with money which they could ill afford to lose, and would have no chance of playing for the real thing."

E. C. (Moseley).

NELL CRAIG.

As an exponent of 'Sympathetic' parts Miss Nell Craig, has no superior on the screen. Her acting is sincere, always true, and never 'overdone.' Her work as the beautiful and accomplished, Dominica in "THE ADVENTURES OF DOMINICA," in which she has turned thief just for the love of adventure, offers Miss Nell Craig a magnificent opportunity for her talented acting, of which she takes full advantage. The "Adventures of Dominica" form a series of six new dramatic photoplays, in each of which Nell Craig appears supported by an all-star cast. Make a point of seeing this original series, and ask your local manager to secure them for his theatre.

Produced by Essanay.

THE EXCLUSIVE FILM
Essanay Film Service, Ltd., 22, Soho Square, London, W.
OUR CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE
Films you should make a point of seeing.

RAGS.—And Mary Pickford is just delightful in them. We have referred to this film several times.set the stage we published the full story. It was produced in California, where "Tessie Bel" came from, and you should not miss it.
—Famous Players' Drama, April (Nov. 1).

THE GIRL AND THE REPORTER.—A thoroughly interesting story on original and ingenious lines. Violet Reynolds is a society girl and settlement worker, whose conscientious objection to being interviewed by newspaper reporters is the cause of a chain of dramatic and humorous events which lead up to a climax so thrilling that it makes quite a substantial detective yarn by itself. Edith Johnson at her best as Violet will captivate all.
—Selg. 2(253 feet (November 4).

HIGH TREASON.—Here is a strong military drama by the famous Trans-Atlantic (Imp.) Company. A father faced with the alternative of saving his son's life or his country's honour, chooses the latter. The full story of the film will appear in next week's issue.
—Gaumont Film Hire circular, four parts (Nov. 15).

A DAUGHTER OF THE JUNGLE.—Marie Waleanup and Wellington Player in a "101 Wild" wild animal drama. The hard to land struggles with lions and leopards and the other breath taking scenes in this picture should work up the picturegoer to a pitch of the wildest excitement.
—Trans-Atlantic Drama, 1,986 feet (Nov. 15).

LIGHT.—It will grip you and puzzle you. It will send you home thinking and talking. It was written and produced by Sidney Morgan, and is an All-British Renaissance production. Joan Morgan (the child actress), Julian Royce, Isabel O'Loughlin, Mona K. Harrison, and Harding Steerman are in the cast.
—Davidson's Agency, three reels (coming).

LOST AND WON.—A thrilling melodrama, with wicked villain, beautiful heroine and handsome hero all complete. Two of its wonderful scenes are show horse races and a church. We know you will like this Turner film: it gripped us from start to finish. Florence Turner and Henry Edwards have taken the story of the film next week.
—Ideal Film-Rental Company, four parts (Nov. 8).

REVENGE, AND AFTER.—The story of a woman's love turned to hate and embittering her whole soul. To avenge herself upon the husband who has slighted and divorced her is the one purpose of her life, which fulfilled leaves her a lowered and unhappily woman unloved—until one day she meets and is loved by a young artist who beguils her to become his wife. She refuses him and afterwards attempts to take her own life, but fails. Rita Sacco's whose portrait we published in a recent issue— is superb.
—Nordisk Drama, four reels (Short y).

PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE gives real WAR NEWS.

DO NOT MISS IT.
"PICTURES" POEMS
No. 7. THE ECCENTRIC BILLER.

WHEN Hector McCluskey McDonaldson Brown
First came to our part of the town
He boasted he’d capture the people by storm.
And it must be admitted it made us feel warm.
To observe the peculiar prank’s he’d perform.
With quadrant, six - sheeter or crown,
He pasted a daybill on private front doors.
And then as a matter of course
Distributed passes to all as he strode.
And caused some surprise by his curious mode.
Of fastening bills on the flags in the road.
And one on the chest of a horse.
He posted all day in the snow and the rain.
He seemed to have bills on the brain.
At last with a maniac glare in his eye
He mounted a ladder some forty feet high.
With the object of sticking a bill on sky -
So the doctors declared him insane.
They sent him away his poor reason to save.
To a place where they make you behave.
One day in a fit of excitement he cried
"I’m going to bill my own body - inside!"
Then he swallowed two daybills and instantly died.
And got a free pass to the grave!

BRIAN LAWRENCE.

A Chance of a Lifetime.

SETS OF BEAUTIFUL
HALF-PLATE PHOTOS

depicting the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of
Postal Order value 6d.

"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

Another Great L-KO Comedy with Billie Ritchie.

"VENDETTA IN A HOSPITAL"
L-KO Farce-Comedy. 1,725 ft. approx. Released Nov. 29th.
A comedy with Billie Ritchie is a thing of laughter and joy for ever. Here he is again in another screamimg hospital comedy which is funnier even than "Cupid in a Hospital" - which is saying a lot.
Give Billie Ritchie a funny situation to handle, and he’ll turn it into a goldmine of laughter. His adventures in hospital when he is placed in the adjoining ward to his deadly rival, who is an anarchist by profession, provide one long round of riotous mirth. You MUST see this great Billie Ritchie Comedy.

A SOLDIER’S
ASTHMA

COMpletely CURED BY VENO’S

Private Swift, of 14, Victoria Cottages, Kew Gardens, Surrey, is now "Somebody in France," but his wife tells the story of his cure by Veno’s Lightning Cough Cure. She says:
"He had suffered for years from Baker’s Asthma, and never could find relief from ordinary treatment, though he had been under doctors and had even attended a hospital. It used to make my heart ache to see him sometimes, bent nearly double and just gasping for breath. But Veno’s cured him so thoroughly that he was able last December to join His Majesty’s Army, and is now on active service."

AWARDED GRAND PRIZE AND GOLD MEDAL,
PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

Veno’s Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for
COUCHS AND Colds, 11 1/2 d.
CHILDE’s COUCHS,
BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA,
INFELUNZAE,
NASAL CATARRH,
LUNG TROUBLES, a bottle.
BAD BREATHING.

Larger Sizes 1/3 and 3/6. The 3/6 size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world. Insist on having Veno’s and refuse all substitutes.

VENO’S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE
EVERYBODY'S DOING IT!

1st PRIZE £10
2nd PRIZE £5
10 PRIZES OF £1 each

SCREENED STARS
OVER 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!

We give below the fifth set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition "Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions. £5 to the next, and £3 each to the next ten, and 20 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the fifth set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 20 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages. Back numbers containing previous Sets may be had from our Publishers.

IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO

A Popular Picture "Parent."

EUGENIE Besserer, the subject of our cover photograph, is quite the most pleasing "mother" on the screen to-day. She possesses a fine personality allied with an emotional nature, and can give more paths to a scene than any other actress of such parts. "My career commenced at the age of twelve," said Miss Besserer the other day, with a smile, "when I ran away from school and made myself at home with an unknown uncle in New York." Here she proceeded to become proficient in the art of fencing, afterwards holding the women's championship for five years. After a short training upon the legitimate stage, during which time Miss Besserer wrote a highly successful play, appearing herself in the title-role, she made her debut in films with the Selig Company, in whose productions she has figured ever since. "I took up film acting," Miss Besserer asserts, "because I admired moving pictures as a clean and elevating form of entertainment, and also because I was anxious to see myself as others see me.

There was once a story on foot to the effect that this wonderful film "mother" was on one occasion reduced to tears by the realism of her own acting, which is quite probable seeing that she has often been known to make a whole audience weep. Those who have seen her in such well-known pictures as Phantoms, Twisted, When a Woman's Forty, and the pathetic act of Queen Kreba with that characteristic of the actress of no mean ability, Miss Besserer is now taking important roles in several of Selig's famous Red Sea Plays, and her performances in To Capture a Bride and The Route should be looked forward to, as it is in these two productions that she has excelled herself.

PLEASE Sir Arthur Pinero.

To receive from the greatest living playwright a letter of praise is so nearly extravagant that she hardly dares refer to it with her friends; for fear they might think she was boasting, is an experience that can hardly come to but one living picture-player.

That player—and readers of True Pictures will be glad to know that the opinion of the great Sir Arthur Pinero coincides with that expressed by those in their recent voting—is Alma Taylor the Heworth star. The whole story of how Sir Arthur came to write the letter is a subject for great pride on the part of the British picture producers.

For years he has been urged by eminent producers to allow his plays, especially Seal lavender and Fos, to be filmed. He had always refused, saying that he would make no decision until he could take time from his other duties to select.
One of Our Story-writers.

NORMAN HOWARD is known to many of you as both a story writer and a film actor. His name, of course, is familiar to our readers as the writer of several stories, adapted from films, which have appeared in these pages, and therefore his portrait reproduced here will be doubly interesting.

Just lately Mr. Howard has been playing heavy lead for the Arrow Film Company in a new all-British sporting drama. He deserted the stage, he tells us, some few years ago, for the stage, and drifted into film-land after a varied theatrical experience. Some of the film-dramas in which he has played are His Country’s Honour, Feathers of Hell, Granting Britain’s Secret, A Novel Weapon, His Father’s Sin, and Time and the Hour. We hope shortly to publish another story from his pen.

"California and You!"

F OR two years Ruth Roland, the bulbous favourite, has been receiving letters from the scion of an prominent English family. Even the war has not interrupted the correspondence, although the writer is serving his country as a Lieutenant in the King’s Liverpool Regiment.

"I wish it was all over," he writes, referring to the dreadful conflict, from the Front.

"However, we haven’t nearly finished yet by a long way. The end of this war seems like California to me—a darned long way off. But I’m jolly well going to get it some day.

"Really, Ruth, I don’t suppose you know how ripping you are. Lord, I wish I could hear you sing, and speak to you. Life here is sickeningly hard work. Somewhere or other, I saw that you sang a song at a charity recently entitled ‘California and You.’ I’m jolly well going to get it. The title seems just about to express my thoughts."

"On reading over what I’ve written, it sounds pretty average bosh; but anyway it’s genuine. It’s awfully weary and nagging her. Letters are the only solace except drink, and that’s no use to any decent man. Your letters are worth a dozen others. They simply can’t be compared to others. I’ve kept all you ever sent me. Anyhow, you know what I think of you, even though I can’t express it."

"Then, he continues, try to express it, but Miss Roland was too considerate to reveal any more. That her admirer comes from a family of standing is evidenced by the fact that his pater invested half a million pounds in the English War Loan.

"Help! We’re Starving and Thirsty!"

THIS startling message came from Charlie Chaplin. It happened in earnest during the production of his last picture (Miss Roland’s message on its way to this country), in which, as we told you a week ago, Charlie and his company were stranded about five miles from shore in the schooner Elengoe, a vessel of some 300 tons, with no food or water on board.

To begin with, the motor-launch, the only available craft in the harbour to take them ashore, broke down, and the only means of connection between the vessel and the shore was by an old row-boat. Two of the producers essayed the passage in this frail craft, but the heavy surf captured their boat.

Meanwhile the company on board was in a most dejected state. Charlie and his vivacious leading lady, Edna Purviance, did their best to keep up the spirits of the marooned party, but lack of food and water was a serious matter even to Charlie (it must be remembered he is an Englishman), and when the Venetian station signalled a message asking how they were faring, he insisted on signalling back the dramatic words, "Help! we’re starving and thirsty!"

During the night the boat rocked so that the whole crew were seasick.

It was a miserable company of comedy players that were taken off the ship the next morning by the repaired launch. The gaiety had fled from all. Charlie tried to smile, but his moustache had been washed away by the gale, and the attempt was a ghastly failure. The schooner was later used in the taking of the harbour scenes of the new comedy, and finally provided a most sensational spectacle when it was blown up for the purposes of the play.

THE PLAYER’S HOLIDAY.—No. 1.

Maurice Costello as Charlie Chaplin.
THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE—
The Greatest Detective Story Ever Written

Commences in the
NEWS OF THE WORLD
OCTOBER 17th

Read Elaine's adventures with the Clutching Hand Gang. A thrill in every line. Filmed by Pathé Frères, the great French Film House. Each incident will appear at the principal Cinemas.

Read ELAINE in the NEWS OF THE WORLD. See ELAINE at the CINEMA
GOSSIP
AND EDITORIAL

First Came First Served.

VOLUME EIGHT of Pictures is ready, and volume-lovers who have been anxiously waiting for same will receive it immediately. Those who do not know Pictures in volume-form can have no idea what a handsomely-made book it makes. There are 484 pages, everything in which has been carefully typed on one side; the covers are in silver-lettered, blue cloth, and the contents—well, you know the contents. There are twenty-six issues in the volume, and examples of the make the most delightful moving-picture record that any picturegoer could wish for.

Back Numbers for New Readers.

The cost of Volume Eight, like its predecessors, is 8s. 6d. post-free from this office. In the ordinary way the volume does not include the covers of each week's issue, but by request a limited few have been bound with the latest. All and buyers who prefer one of these must write when ordering. A tip for new readers who regret they did not know us sooner—Don't miss the last six months of us, but get the volume. And, another tip—as a present for Tommy, whether he be in trenches, training, or hospital, a Pictures volume would, I know, be warmly welcomed.

The Great Star Hunt.

I gather from a great number of letters that our new puzzle pictures are extremely popular among one of you are not clear even yet as to what you should do. One competitor asks: "If more than one name applies to a picture may we put them both down?" Answer: You may find more than one name for a picture, but you must write one name only under each. You cannot choose a second name or names without filling up a second set of pictures, each set being complete in itself and judged as each. Another query says, "A certain picture seems to represent a star's 'film name,' and, if so, does the picture come within the rules which state each representative player's 'survivors'?" Answer: The surname pictured is the name by which the film star is known to the public.

Concerning that Contest.

"Why don't you publish the results?" writes an impatient voter. But my dear Miss or Mister, I forget which—"if you knew what we are up against in the shape of voting-complaints before being able to declare the poll you would change your grumble to Poor dears! how will you get through with it?" Since weeks before the contest closed, two lady-clerks have been engaged in registering the votes. They at least long for the contest to be over. For them it is Copies! Copies! Copies! Copies all and all night. They see and dream of nothing else. But it's nearly finished, and next week I shall really announce the results, for which the actual figures will be published.

Personality on the Screen.

A fine story is Temple, don't you think? But do not forget that the film is even better. I hear that in a California theatre Mr. Walsh all so worked up the audience in this picture that when the verdict of "Not guilty" was flashed on the screen a great shout of applause went up. It is a good example of what her personality will do. The realistic acting seemed to be real-life to double-barrelled proof that the play is full of "force." Several scenes, it is said, were objected to by a Philadelphia council as unseemly of the various American States vary according to climate, this was regarded by the producers as complimentary and good advertising. Meanwhile, you may see from me that the play is delightful entertaining.

Have you seen the BOAN.

All London and his wife are flocking to the Scala Theatre to witness The Birth of a Nation, and in Society it has become quite a fashionable craze. Interested spectators lately have included Sir Herbert Tree, Israel Zangwill, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald du Maurier, Arthur Collins, Cecil Chesterston, Cecil Cochran and Mlle. Delysia, Geo. Grossmith, and Herbert G. Ponting. And I hear, too, that the talk of the town is The Birth of a Nation are getting wondrous offers for the provincial rights of this big picture. There is no doubt that the Scala show is in for a long run.

The Greatest Detective Story.

This week the Mystery of the Clueless, daily thrillers in the past, who will begin to fill cinema patrons with awe and wonder. The Exploits of Ellery, otherwise Pearl White's amazing adventures with a gang of criminals, will now be unfolded, not only in pictures, but as stories week by week in the News of the World, so there is no excuse for your not enjoying them as I have already enjoyed the film serial. I understand that well over nine hundred theatres have already booked it, and one of your favourite horses is fairly safe to be amongst them sooner or later.

"Pictures" Afflict.

It is not generally known that many of our brave bluejackets are able to enjoy screened films whilst on board their ships. Many sailors (as well as soldiers) are numbered among our readers, and one writes:—"Although we are not able to go to the picture-palaces on land, I am quite able to rig up a little cinema theatre rigged up on board. So you see we are not quite out of touch with the "shaky" pictures, as the sailors call them— and we know about coming films too, because your Pictures is always amongst the mail." Since the old days I have never heard them called "shaky" pictures; but perhaps Father Neptune has something to do with it? F. D.

LET US KNOW

if you have any difficulty in obtaining "Pictures" every week,

BUT A STANDING ORDER

with any Newsagent or Bookstall should do the trick.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTO POSTCARDS of Yourself, 1s., 34, dozen.
From any Photo. 12 x 9 Enlargements, 1s.
Catalogue of Samples Free.
S. F. HACKETT. Works: JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.

GASLIGHT, BRMIDE, & P.O.P. POST CARDS.
25, 60p., 100, 1s., 6d. Plano and Papered also Cheap.
Photographs and Snap em Free.
S. F. HACKETT. Works: JULY ROAD, LIVERPOOL.
Turner Films

"Pictures made for You."

Among the pictures we are making for you this winter are:

Caste (T. W. ROBERTSON)
The Great Adventure (ARNOLD BENNETT)
The Gay Lord Quex (SIR ARTHUR PINERO)
A Welsh Singer (ALLEN Raine)
The Second Mrs. Tanqueray

and others.

These pictures are produced in the style which has become identified with Turner Films, and portrayed in every case by artistes whose names are household words.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

In this page a few weeks ago I quite thoughtlessly mentioned the date of my birth. Little did I dream that so many of my young readers would take notice, and yet it was so. Good wishes and birthday-cards have reached me by the score; in fact more than half who competed in the "Riddle-me-Rec" Competition wished me many happy returns of the day. Thanks, thanks, and again thanks to all of you, my dears, and as my page seems to please you I hope I may long be spared to write it, and that all of you will long be spared to read it. And now to business.

The "Riddle-me-Rec" in question was sent in to me by Maud Snell, and she will be pleased to know that it has been an amazing success. The hidden name was "Chrisie White," and out of hundreds of replies only two were wrong. Some of the cards were handsomely decorated, but all have had a chance in the final selection, age and neatness being always considered, whether the effort be simple writing or a beautiful painting or drawing.

Prizes have gone to Ruth Newman, Rookwood Road, Stamford Hill, N.; Peggy Webh, 230, Cowbridge Road, Cardiff; Arthur Harris, 29, Station Road, Anerley, S.E., and James Farquhar, 12, Hassett Road, Hackney, N.

AWARD OF MERIT (six wins a special prize):

Edward Wilcox (Peterborough); Jessie McPherson (Bell Grove); Jack Hepworth (Southport); Mary Lister (Manchester); Pauline Lewis (Mile End); Nellie Bush (Thornton Heath); Lavina Preston (Stoke-on-Trent); Eva Preston (Stoke-on-Trent); Kitty Lassels (Dundee); A. P. Levensen (Stanfield Hill); E. Sydney Dale (Macclesfield); Charlie Wright (Newport); Edna Van Zwanenberg (Hampstead); Kitty Webb (Cardiff); Nellie Whitehead (North Shields); "Nancy" (Epsom); Lilian Burgess (Swanscombe); Dolece Kyock (Saltdean); Winnie Summer (Braunstone); S. Rackntind (Grimsby); Phyllis Hall (Leeds); Jean Jones (Kesington); L. Mulvan (Birtenshaw); E. Myers (Yorks); Arthur Cox (Northants); J. C. Redman (Commercial Road); Sydrey Coven (Islington).

I am getting quite methodical in my old age— I am not— so very old, mind you— and have just thought of an excellent index system for my competitions. In a big book I have pasted under their proper dates every competition appearing on this page since the first issue. Against each is pasted the published result, and all the winners' names and addresses are indexed. Thus between two covers I have all my "facts and figures," at my fingers' ends. I suppose the subject is of greater interest to me than to you, but I am sure you like to know how I am looking after your interests especially in the prize line.

My portrait gallery—portraits of "nieces" and "nephews"— is growing by leaps and bounds, and at this rate it will soon catch up to the Editor's big collection. Many boy readers have sent me snapshots of themselves as Charlie Chaplin, and one day I intend to pick out the best and reproduce them in the paper. It will be better than publishing one occasionally as so many readers ask me to do, and you would moreover be able to compare the different "Charles." So if any more of you intend to be "look" as the great and only one, now's your time.

A remarkably energetic young Scotch reader of ours is Hugh Elliott. It appears he has been having quite a "picture" holiday in New York, and the Editor has allowed me to reproduce part of his interesting letter. He says:

"I have been having the time of my life. I've got a long holiday over here, and now I expect you'll hear from me next in my Scottish home. I went to see Tom Powers, but his landlady, Madame Elise, told me he had just left a few days ago for the Salt Lake City.

"Madam Elise was delighted to see me, and entertained me highly. I have been on another visit to the Vitagraph.
Studios, where I found them taking a few scenes. Anita Stewart gave me a very cordial welcome, expressing eloqently her great pleasure in meeting a European friend of the late Mr. Bunny. I explained to her all about our Pact. She said she had had a copy already, and thought it a lovely journal. She said she had worked very, very hard in a film entitled The Sons of the Mothers. I have now seen it, and I guess you will have the story shortly.

"I met Harry Northrup, Robert Gailford, Earle Williams, and a lot more; but on finishing my visit I left the studios and took my way therefrom accompanied by Anita Stewart and a lady-friend, when we all looked theElapsed Railway to New York. Miss Stewart and I were in the walk the whole way; I spoke highly of our own country's cinema and the splendid work of Pictures. But Miss Stewart left me a little before New York, so I had to bid her 'Adieu,' promising to go back there one day.

An epidemic or mania for drawing seems to have broken out among you. Lately I have received all sorts of sketches in pencil, ink, and colour, the subjects varying from patriotic war sketches to Charlie Chaplin. I like to receive them, of course, for they interest and amuse me very much, and really some of the work is exceedingly clever. I should like to encourage it, and my best plan, I think, is to run a little art competition.

Four Prizes for the Best Artists.

Make a sketch portrait, drawing or painting, of a cinema subject or player on a postcard, state your age, and post to "Art," Pictures and The Picturegoer, 85, Long Acre, W.C., to arrive by Monday, October 25th. Any subject, humorous or otherwise, will be eligible so long as it is in some way connected with the picture world, Put your best work into it, and leave the rest to Uncle Tim.


Flora (Bristolt).—Address Janet Mary Pickford's sister, Miss Jessie Douglas, 12, Lonsdale Place, London, S.W. 1. We all think you have come back to Kraoton in the Pictorial, and we are proud of you. Best post free, can be had from this office.

Johnnie (Wellington).—As you are in a good firm earning a suitable salary, I think you could give up all thoughts of being a cinema player. Without experience, you have small chance of success, when really talented players are wanting for positions.

H. V. B. (Bresentation).—Ben Turpin still plays for Famous Players. He has not found his way columns in rotation. We do not reply by post; we are not up to unless we employ 6 shillings and the smell we have at present.

John (Granston).—Address Vivia Rich, c/o American Film Co., 207, Broadway, New York, U.S.A. Thanks to the Hepworth Company and to many British exhibitors, who have subscribed, there is some chance of the Hand of Fate and that the boys in the trousers find the films are the only cut scenes in the film. Therefore appreciate the picture shows more than anything else.

Cecilia (Patience).—Address Bianco, Sweet, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 11, Wellington St., New York City, U.S.A. She is the same as Daphne Wayne.

Queenie (Birmingham).—Thanks for long and interesting letter. We have readers in every clime—hence the diversity of answers on this page. The Bonnies and Castors also mentioned.

Rose (Leith-on-Sea).—Eric Demond, Letters to the Editor, and Kenneth Ward played the three different ages of "David" in "David Copperfield." H. Collins was "Mawher," and Jamie Forre "Beau". "Honesty," the new film, is with Hepworth Film Studios, Walton-on-Thames. I believe it is the very best of the lucky ones to receive letter from Charlie Chaplin.

Dor (Cardiff).—The Editor has promised to publish the next best portrait by the scourse of F. X. Buchman. There were 27 of us in our March 29 and 27, 1925, issues; it is an interesting studio chat with him in the former number. "Those three X X X don't they?" Thanks muchly.

Purple Passers (Halifax).—We like to know that your cinema manias have been nice. The following are your favourite films. Perhaps he would sell you photos of us on occasion. A willing would not be unreasonable for a medium-sized photo. Have you read the "Fijian" affair in their Pictures' advert. Dear girl, the fear of birtsinations is not the reason we cannot reply by post, but the quantity of letters we receive quite precludes us from doing so. See reply to "H. V. B.", Address Marguerite Chir, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 213, West 20th St., New York City, U.S.A.

Billy B. (Maida Vale).—The player you mention is about 40 years old, and is named so Maggie will have to transfer her affections to some one else; can you write this with a view to the front line?

Horace (West Frome).—We recently gave a page or two of facts concerning Charlie Chaplin. There is a good deal of which being praised about this de-crevily popular player. The Film King of Mary Pickford will give all the information you want, and it only costs 2d., post free, from this office. Henry Ainley is now playing in "Gumption" at the Haymarket Theatre.

Evelyn (Capel).—You might try Hepworth's, Walton-on-Thames; London Film Co., St. Martin's Lane; or The Film Co., Walton-on-Thames. We wish you luck. We do not reply by post.

Saucy Girl (Bristol).—We think we replied to a letter from you a few weeks ago. Beverley Bayne played opposite F. X. Buchman in "The Masked Wrestler." You are quite right about Queen Mary; we don't mind you telling us a little more. We are all the more interested.

For new reader's love and kisses, all our thanks.

ATTENDANT: "Programme, Sir?"

"Drawn by Grace Avie."

OFFICER! "Good Lord, no. Do you think I've come to see the pictures?"

NOTE: Please note our new address—85, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
VIOLET MERSEMAEK

Above is a reproduction of our postcard of this charming Trans-Atlantic player.

OUR NEW ADDRESS

Editorial matters should be addressed to

THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer,"
85, Long Acre, London, W.C.
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War and Peace
(From then to Now—Part 12)

You know the Hepworth ideal of service to the nation in War-time. We strive to give you cheering thrilling restful hours.

For that reason we do not believe in War pictures. But when Albert Chevalier, "the idol of the halls," and the star of "The Bottle," and "My Old Dutch" umer wrote his War plot, "The Outrage," we could not refuse. The picture with Henry Ainley, Alma Taylor, John Mac-Andrews, and Lionelle Howard, is now ready in the hands of Mr. Thompson of Middlesbrough.

Now for peace. As a contrast, we went to North Devon, and for our picture "The Golden Pavement," secured perfect settings. They are marvels of beauty and the whole plot is a melodrama of the dear old kind. More later.

Hepworth Picture Plays

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CHARLOTTE ST., TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

TERRIFIC SUCCESS!

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YOU MUST SEE
"FROM FORGE TO FOOTLIGHTS."

THIS great Nordisk Drama will keep you athrob with tense, eager excitement from start to finish. Ask your cinema manager when it is coming. Then—see it!

NORDISK EXCLUSIVES
HIGH TREASON

Is a Story with a great heart-throb. A young officer robbed his father of important papers and had to die

His Mother Would Save Him, His Father Could Not

"Joie is this your handkerchief?"

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Mary's finest Creation since "Tessibel."

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OCTAVIA HANDWORTH

Leading Lubin lady whose good looks and versatility have made her famous.

(See page 91.)
A STUDIO ESCAPADE
HERE'S A PICTURE THAT WILL PLEASE YOU ALL.
And when we tell you that it is acted with great force by the ever
popular and charming

BESSIE EYTON
we have said sufficient to arouse enthusiasm.
This magnificent two-part picture is a strong,
masterful drama of life, love, and honour, and
besides depicting a true representation of “Gay
Bohemia,” the film points a good sound moral.
See the stupendous scenes portraying the revelries
and the wonderful acting of Bessie Eyton as the
artist’s model. Gaiety, pathos, excitement, and heart-interest are all perfectly
blended together in this fine feature. What more could you wish for?
Tell the Manager of your special Cinema that you must see this Picture.

SELI G FILMS
93-95, WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W.

LOOK OUT FOR
SIR JOHN HARE
And an ALL-STAR COMPANY in
“Caste,”
The most popular of all British Comedy-Dramas.

PRODUCED by MR. LARRY TRIMBLE of “MY OLD DUTCH” FAME.

4 Reels. Released January 24th.
THE IDEAL FILM RENTING CO., LTD., 76-78, WARDOUR ST., W.
WHO DOES THIS REMIND YOU OF?

It is Gene Rogers, the latest excellent addition to the Trans-Atlantic L-Ko Comedy Company. It is some crowd now we do assure you.
THE new leading heavy at the Selig studios is a hippo. *Hip-hip-o-ray!* |

Kate Price and Hughie Mack have won first prize for waiting. Big contest! Big dance! Big prize! |

It is better to write one good scenario than a hundred poor ones. Some writers are busy on the hundred-poor ones. |

As Mary Pickford makes an aeroplane flight in *The Girl of Yesterday*, her countless admirers will see their angel fly. And fine feathers make fine birds. |

News of Maurice Costello! He is to play in a domestic drama called *Saints and Sinners*. And Van Dyke Brooke is producing *Saltcoats* to look forward to something good. But Mr. Costello is never bad. |

How's this for picturegoing in wartime? Twenty-seven thousand people saw *My Old Dutch* in three days at the Peckham Hippodrome, London. The theatre seats two thousand, and the film was shown four times daily. |

George Ovey, the leading comic for the Cub Film Company of America, was recently accepted by a fellow who claimed to know him. When the "friend" had departed George was minus his gold watch. Time does fly, doesn't it? |

The manager of the Palladium Picture Playhouse, Balham, has put up a "Lost and Found" notice-board in the vestibule. Hundreds of theatres will be putting up a "Lost and Found" notice panel. The film of "our going great guns." See story on another page. |

Anita King, the Famous Players actress, arrived in Chicago on September 30th after driving her car by herself all the way from San Francisco, which she left on September 1st. Miss King is to be presented with a fine new car by Jesse L. Lasky as a memento of her journey, which was full of thrilling experiences. |

The patriotic film serial, *Neel of the Navy*, in which the U.S. Navy Department is co-operating, is now almost finished by the Balboa Company. Their studio in California is one of the world's largest independent producing plants. It employs 250 people and has a capacity of 20,000 negative films per week. |

"Miss Florence Nightingale and Miss Florence Turner were both portrayed on the screen at the Countess Cinema this week. Thus does the cinema bring the great ones of the earth together," says the *Saltcoats Press*. Up to the time of going to press we understand that Miss Turner, far from having joined her departed namesake, is in the pink of condition. And busy on more pictures, too! |

Her Highness Princess Marie Louise of Schleswig-Holstein attended a private exhibition of the film of Mr. London of Liberty, by Victor Bridges, which has just been completed by Harold Shaw, of the London Film Company. We believe that this is the first time that a member of our Royal Family has been present at a similar exhibition. |

The *Niggers* Sun Bath. |

In the Lasky production of *The Explorers*, in which Leon Tellegen, the noted star, and former leading man for Sarah Bernhardt, is playing lead, a number of negroes were required, as have to thank you for the letter of September 11th, forwarded today, for my own, and for the gift of films. It is impossible to make you realise how they were appreciated, and I truly wish you could have heard the cheer that went up when Chaplin appeared on screen. The cardboard figures of Chaplin were carried off during the night to the trestles, and have been the subject of great attention by the Germans.—*W. Murphy, Major, A.S.C.*

Five Thousand People from Fifteen Nations! |

One of the most thrilling pictures of its type yet screened, and to be published by Essanay, is *The Men of the Trail*, a rugged story of lumber camp life. The leading man, Richard C. Travers, was allocated to that part because of his practically life-long association with the lumber camps depicted. Supporting the leading lady, Juno Keigh, and himself, are Ernest Maupin, Thomas McLarnie, John Lorenz, and John H. Cossar. The lumber camp, with its gambling-hells and saloons, was specially built for the play. More than five thousand people appear in this colossal production, over fifteen nationalities being represented, including a genuine Red Indians, real Chinese, negroes, and several varieties of "pale-face." Riff-raff from the cities and some fifty or sixty professional lumber jacks were brought to the "uninhabited" village in the wilds to act as hangers-on. The camp was finally burnt down for a scene, the conflagration portraying a truly magnificent sight. |

A Theatre Behind the Firing-line. |

I need to be a large livery-stable. The walls being covered with every variety of poster possible to imagine—posters advertising Oxo, the Metropolitan Railway, Vacuum Cleaners, music-hall stars, and numerous masterpieces. These alone make one feel like being at home again. Outside is a cut-out of the most popular man in the world—Charles Chaplin. Admission is 5d. per head, 2f. for officers, and the show is timed to commence at 6 p.m. At 5.30 p.m. the hall was packed to its utmost capacity, and many were refused admission. Try—if you can—to imagine the screams of delight which shook the remnants of the roof when the first picture was projected—a picture depicting the amusing adventures of the one and only Palace Environment. Oh, how we laughed—laughed as we had never laughed before—his antics with his lions! Picture followed picture in rapid succession—pictures featuring Prince Troubridge and other popular comedians. Then came Italia's old masterpiece, *Father*, an old film I will admit, but it was a treat to see some of the wonderful acting in these silent films again. Directly opposite this theatre are the remains of the village church. There is not a trace of anything left except the four bare walls. There is nothing absolutely—nothing—left inside. Not a particle of roof, not a beam, not even a stone or a piece of woodwork, nor yet even the floor. —Extract from a letter to the "Biscay" from Corporal W. Hardman, who is serving with the Colours.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1. FOR VALOUR: President Poincaré decorates many heroes wounded soldiers in the hospitals of Paris.
2. A SPORTING PARSON: The Rev. Everard Digby, the Chaplain, joins in sports of the 7th London Regiment at Orpington.
3. THE CZAR IN THE FIELD: Since taking supreme command of his armies, His Majesty sees for himself actual conditions at the Front.
4. "CONSOLIDATING AN ADVANCE": After any important gain of ground, new trenches must be made.
5. GREAT RECRUITING CAMPAIGN: Six thousand troops parade fifty miles of London streets with successful results.
6. NURSED BACK TO HEALTH: Like our brave soldiers, horses wounded in France are brought back to England for attention.

Here is one at a hospital in Kent.
"SORRY, old man, but it can’t be done. You haven’t nearly enough."

Dick Barry’s face clouded.

"That’s rather tough luck," he replied. "The matter insisted on my mortgaging her house to save my holdings in A. and C., and now you tell me the stocks have fallen so far that they can’t be saved."

"Not quite as bad," replied Howard Lyston, lawyer and financier; "but why not take four or five times the amount you have available. Why not put what you have on my horse Morning Star? He’s a certainty for the big race next week, and I can get you fives. That will set you right and leave you a little in hand."

Dick Barry hesitated. The sum he held in his note-case represented all that stood between him—and his invalid mother—and the workhouse. But he trusted Lyston implicitly, and he needed the larger amount urgently.

"Very well," he replied; "no doubt you know what his chances are. But it will be awful if he goes down."

"Never fear," cried Lyston, cheerily, "this time next week you will have set yourself on a solid financial footing. Good-bye, old man, for the present, and, trust me, it will all come right."

Lyston was probably honest enough at the time in his protestations of friendliness; but a few hours later, calling on Barbara Weston, he chanced to see a letter from Dick, which revealed the fact, hitherto unknown to him, that the younger man was his own rival for the affections of the charming girl whose beauty had captivated him.

"So!", he soliloquized. "This young man will spoil my plans if I don’t do something. Well, all’s fair in love and war; and if she won’t look at me while he is about, the only thing to do is to get him out of the way."

Leaving Barbara, he telephoned to his trainer, and within an hour was seated with him in the training-quarters.

"Well, Walter," he inquired, "Morning Star quite fit?"

"Yes—all fit as he will ever be; but that last one you bought, Jupiter, can give him weight and a beating."

"Then we’ll win with Jupiter!" decided Lyston, "since he’s also entered for the race;" adding to himself, "I don’t think that will make Barry any too happy."

Ignorant though he was of the plot against him, Dick was still very far from happy. He loved Barbara ardently, and suspected that she was not indifferent to him; but while his fortunes were in such a precarious state he felt that he could not honourably ask her to be his wife. He had been on the verge of a proposal when he learned of the sudden slump in his shares, and he felt that his manner on that occasion—stunned and distracted as he had been by the blow—had not been that of a lover, and that she might be justly offended at his apparent coldness.

The day of the big-race arrived—the day of fate for Dick, and for others whose lives were bound up with his. Barbara and her father started early for the course, where they met Lyston, staid and polished as ever, and Dick, bravely striving to conceal his anxiety under a mask of forced cheerfulness.

The first events on the programme created little enthusiasm: all interest was centred in the important race of the day, and when the numbers went up a buzz of excitement went round the enclosure, and the chances of the different runners were eagerly discussed.

"You see, Morning Star is favourite, at odds," said Lyston, approaching Dick.

"Good job for you got on when you did. It was fives you got, wasn’t it?"

"Sixes," replied Dick.

"You lucky beggar! I’m on heavily myself, but I only got fives and fours."

"I’m going to put a sovereign on No. 13," interrupted Barbara; "that’s my lucky number. Let me see—what is his name? Oh! Jupiter! What a fine name for a horse. I’m sure he’ll win. don’t you think so, Mr. Barry?"

Dick was at a loss to find an answer at once truthful and polite; but Lyston broke in with a joking remark about his ownership of the two horses, and then the race began. From the first Morning Star seemed unlucky, and a glance of despair went up from the crowd when it was seen that he was almost out of the running before the race was well started.

Dick gazed uncomprehendingly at the horses as they dashed; Barbara clapped her hands in exultation as No. 13 swept to the front and led the field; and Lyston smiled cynically when Jupiter’s name was hoisted and Barbara turned to Dick, claiming his congratulations on her win.

After replying mechanically, Dick left the enclosure. Lyston followed, and, taking his arm, consoled with him his ill-luck.

"I’m awfully sorry, old chap," he protested; "it’s a complete surprise to me, and I’ve lost more than I care to think about. However, better luck next time! Come and have a drink."

He plied his victim so tirelessly with champagne that Dick left the course in an absolutely fuddled condition, and with home as a goal. Lyston had not acted on impulse; he knew that Dick was to attend a dinner-party at the Weston’s that night, to which he himself was invited, and he had planned to see him come and arrive in such a condition as would effectually put an end to his hopes of Barbara’s hand.

His scheme was only partly successful, for though Dick arrived late, and even now not entirely sober, Barbara had gleaned an idea of how things stood with him, and when she saw him made the butt of the smokers’ wits, all her sympathy went out to him. She entered the room, and with a glance of contempt at the men who were extracting mirth from his misfortunes, she took his arm, and left the house.

Dick was sufficiently himself to feel bitterly ashamed of his lapse, but to Barbara’s tearful reproaches he was unable to offer any colleague, and with a heavy heart he left Lyston with the intention of explaining everything fully the next day.

Fate decreed otherwise, however; for, inspired by Lyston, he decided to restore his financial standing by keeping off with any of his old friends, and Barbara was not a little hurt at his apparent neglect, for she had commenced to realise the depth of her own feelings for him, and later struggled with wounded pride for mastery within her.
Dick's first move was to give up his expensive flat in town, and in clearing up his papers he came across his share certificates in the A. and C. Company. With a sigh he threw them into a corner of the room and dismissed them from his memory. A little later he left, giving his valet the task of disposing of the remainder of his furniture.

At Barbara's suggestion her father took her to call at Dick's flat in order to console him with his reverses, and to assure him of their continued friendship, but only the valet was there.

"I don't know where Mr. Barry has gone," he replied to Mr. Weston's question.

"He seemed very much upset, and told me he couldn't leave any address, and that I was to pay my wages out of what I got for the furniture. He left these papers, too," he added, handing Mr. Weston the share certificates.

"Ah! now I see," exclaimed Mr. Weston. "It was in A. and C.'s that he lost his money. That is not so bad."

"How is that, Father?" inquired Barbara, eagerly.

"Why, I now hold a majority of the shares in A. and C., and the concern is practically mine. They are going to be very valuable soon."

"Oh, she replied, reproachfully. "So you are getting richer by poor Dick's losses! I don't call that fair."

"Silly child," remarked her father. "Don't you see that, as Dick hasn't sold his shares, he will profit by the rise - and they are going to be more valuable than ever they were. I'll take charge of these," he added, turning to the servant, "and when you learn Mr. Barry's address you can let him know."?

Unfortunately, for Dick, he never thought of sending the servant his address. The struggle for existence that followed absorbed all his energies, and to little purpose; for before long he was reduced to living with his mother in a garret, and soon came the time when, his last penny gone, he found himself unable to obtain the medicine that would save her life.

Who can blame him if, desperate at his mother's illness and his own poverty, finding no chance to earn even a copper, he placed his mother's life before the law? He robbed a purloined photograph who had sneeringly refused his request, for aid, and with the money he purchased what his loved one needed.

But Dick lacked the criminal's instinct to cover his tracks. The arm of the law descended on him, and he purged his offence in prison.

Released, he found his mother dead, and his heart almost failed him at the thought of struggling along without her companionship; but after a time he pulled himself together and commenced afresh his wearisome search for work.

Barbara, meantime, had found it weary work waiting for Dick, and had finally concluded that he did not care for her. She gradually weakened as Lyston redoubled his attentions to her; and at last, though unwillingly, she consented to be his wife.

Lyston's hostility to Dick was still as bitter as ever; and, though he had promised to help him to obtain employment, he seized every opportunity of secretly hindering him by disclosing the fact that he had been in prison.

And so from day to day Dick Barry's plight grew worse. From mere poverty, he passed to absolute want and starvation; he was glad even to share the bread which a child had given him from a dog with which she was playing; and one day, feeling that the end of his strength had come, he crept through the open door of a church and sank to his knees in an obscure corner.

Presently the church began to fill with men and women in festive attire, and when all had taken their seats, and the strains of the 'Wedding March' filled the air, his glance fell on the figure of Lyston standing at the foot of the altar; and as he turned he beheld Barbara Barbara in her wedding dress advancing up the aisle on her father's arm.

Dick's feelings overcame him. He hurried his face in his hands and wept for the first time since his mother's death.

The service commenced. "The solemn exhortation over, the questions and responses followed. After Lyston's "I will," the clergyman turned to Barbara and repeated the question. "Wilt thou, Barbara, take this man?" As it suddenly awaking from a trance, Barbara shrank back to the shelter of her father's arm. Lyston, impatient at the suggestion of a scene, seized her wrist and muttered, "Answer, Barbara." But she only recoiled further, and cried, "No, no! I cannot marry him."

In a moment the guests, scenting a mystery, had fixed their gaze on the figures by the altar; the clergyman moved the principals into the vestry, and there every effort was made to persuade Barbara to go on with the ceremony. Seeing that she was immovable, her father spared her further annoyance by informing the vergers and attendants that the wedding would not take place.

(Continued on page 91.)
I was a bright summer's morning when armed with notebook and pencil, I forged my way into the Vitagraph studio. Getting into this wonderful building is not so easy as one might imagine. Thanks to the Editor's letter with which I was armed, I had encountered hundreds of extras, and came to the conclusion that there was some big production underway. Inside the big studio carpenters, scene-shifters, electricians, and painters were hurrying hither and thither, and above the din from saws and hammers I heard the voice of Robert Brower, who was directing a play in a far-off corner. I stood watching the scene quite fascinated; then suddenly, I remembered the object of my visit.

"Will you please tell me where shall I find Mr. Earle Williams?" I inquired of one of the members of the company.

"Probably in his dressing-room. He has a big scene to do this morning, so it is doubtful if he will be able to see you."

My heart dropped into my boots, here was actually inside the great Vitagraph studio, perhaps only a few yards from the great, Earle Williams, and yet not sure of seeing him. Nevertheless I inquired the way, and after numerous directions and a vigorous search through a maze of passages I discovered a door on which was inscribed "Earle Williams."

With a heart beating like an engine, I knocked at the door. Then came a cheery voice from the other side, "Come in.

I entered, and found myself in a small office. A boy in buttons who had been seated on a high stool when I had so unceremoniously entered, leapt off his perch and awaited my inquiry.

"Mr. Williams, please?"

I asked, rather dubiously, I gave the boy my card and he disappeared. In a few seconds he returned with a broad grin on his face.

"Will you please step this way?"

Then I was ushered into the presence of this wonderful actor. "Good morning, Miss--": the occupant of the room rose from his chair and came forward to meet me. So tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed, good-natured-looking gentleman was Earle Williams.

"Please sit down," he continued, "and make yourself at home. You wished to see me?"

"Yes, I came to interview you," I burst out.

"To interview me?" echoed the actor, apparently surprised.

"Well," he added, smiling, "I have just half an hour to spare before I am due on my big scene. Suppose I rattle off a few things about myself, and if they are not suitable we can fix up a time when I am not so busy."

"Good!"

It was in February 28th, 1880, so you see I am not sweet seventeen. Was educated at the Oakland Public Schools, and afterwards went to the Polytechnic College at California. Of course, I never dreamed of pictures then, and started out as an office-boy. Then I sold gramophones-"Edison-bell-record" sort of stunt, you know, but I soon got fed up with this inactive sort of life, and my mind was set on to the stage. During many years of stage life I played Stahl, and with Helen Ware in my last theatrical engagement was the Sign of the Rose. Then I came into pictures. It was during the summer of 1911 that I came down to the Vitagraph Company to get a summer engagement. I have stayed here ever since. And I am perfectly content to rest where I am. Good friends, good wages, good fun, good work--what more can one desire? We are not like the usual run of actors and actresses here, you know. We are just like one huge family."

Here Mr. Williams was called away for a moment, and during his absence I tried to remember some of the many successful pictures in which I had seen him.

I had got so far as The Christian, Lord's Vacation, Vengeance of Durrant, Memories that Burn, Lovers' Matins of Cuddleton, The Dawning, The Red Barrier, Two Women and Two Men, The Blind of Maine, The Test of Friendship, and The Thumb Print when Mr. Williams returned, and I ventured to remark something about hobbies.

"You want to know my hobbies?" he inquired, "Well, I am very keen on photography, but my chief hobby is my work. I'm just wrapped up in it, and love every moment of my existence."

"Exciting adventures, did you say?"

"Well, every actor has some; but I think the most exciting I ever had was when we were playing the railroad smash for the blue ribbon drama The Angerant. I was nearly drowned then. I had to leap from the train as it fell into the river, and as it was a bitterly cold day I got cramp. I am not a very strong swimmer, and the weight of my clothes soon dragged me under; and I am sure that had it not been for the timely assistance of a proper man I should have been done for. But I am still able to tell the tale and act in many more pictures. Every time I think of cold water now I have an unnerly shivering feeling run down my spinal column."

"Do you get many letters?"

"That's this morning's mail," he answered, pointing to a huge basketful of correspondence. "And I shall open every one of them myself."

"I get lots and lots of letters from your British picture-active sort of life, and I am told that I make a great hit abroad; and I have many inaddors. I love to read them, and I am still able to see everything, but I can't help being surprised at the way I am made use of--and I must own that praise is always due to my fellow-actors and actresses. I could do nothing without them. I try to live the part I am playing, and trust that I succeed in
OUR CINEMATOGRAPHIC CARTOONS: No. 46. MOVING "PICTURES."

What our Cartoonist saw when we moved from Adam Street to Long Acre.

1. The Fiery Steel which carted our furniture. 2. The Cheerful Chump who wished to know if we were moving. 3. The Editor and Answers man hard at work pending the arrival of the "goods." 4. The arrival, followed by exciting searches for blotting-paper, pens, &c. 5. The lady members of our staff who spent the day peacefully. 6. Joyful "Uncle Tom" who took refuge in the yard, and was quite at home with a sugar-box desk. 7. There was no room for us in the elks, so I made my sketches on the front doorstep. They took me for a pavement artist, and offered me coppers!

portraying the character as well as possible." Mr. Williams now looked at his watch.

"I have just a quarter of an hour before I have to be ready for my call. I have got to dress and apply my war-paint before then, so if you will kindly excuse me-

I jumped up in confusion and prepared to depart.

"I am awfully sorry to send you off, but producers won't wait, you know," he chuckled.

Then with a heart full of joy and a book full of notes I blushingly thanked our handsome hero for his kindness in sparing me some of his valuable time.

"Come again soon" he shouted as I made my exit.

"LOST AND WON." (Continued from page 89).

Standing alone in the vestry, while the congregation dispersed in excited groups, Barbara felt a great sense of relief sweep over her as she realised her narrow escape. Presently she began in some mysterious way to become aware of Dick's nearness, and when the last of the guests had gone she entered the church again, and passed like one in a trance down the aisle to where her lover still knelt in an agony of despair.

A faint whisper broke upon his ear; his name was softly called; but even in the whisper he recognised the voice that he loved. He glanced up, and saw her standing before him, her face transfigured with a chastened joy. His face lighted up as her hand sought his, and together they knelt, pouring out their souls in gratitude for their reunion.

A striking Turner 'picture-made-for-you,' Florence Turner is, of course, Barbara; Herbert D'Arcy is her father; Edward Lingard the villain Lytton; and Henry Edwards plays the part of Dick Barry. Incidentally, Mr. Edwards is also the author of the play, which includes thrilling racing scenes and many beautiful settings. The film is an Ideal Exclusive in four parts, to be released on November 8th.

An Ideal Book for Picturegoers.

VOL. "PICTURES" VIII.

Blue cloth and Silver Lettering with Full Alphabetical Index.

NOW READY. Price 3s. 9d., post-free.

"THE PICTURES" Ltd., 85, LONG ACRE, W.C.
OX the slope of a hill overlook the plains of Alsace stood a man and a maid. Down into the western sky the sun was sinking, and the tall trees bordering the hill were casting long shadows upon the corn below. Rapidly ripening to harvest, July was nearly spent, and the troublesome Near East was the source of misgiving to Lieutenant Jeffrey B. Brand. He and the father of Marie, the bewitching little maid at his side, were officers of the frontier fort standing as a watch-tower against the German menace.

"Why are you so quiet, Jeffrey?"

"Because I do not like the look of things, sweetheart. That Sarajevo affair will certainly lead to war.

"But you are an officer. Surely you are not afraid?" replied the astonished girl.

"It is not fear, Marie, that oppresses me, but the knowledge of what modern war means. Neither do I fear the ultimate result. Yet I cannot bear to think of the awful war that will ensue," said Jeffrey, as he led the girl back to the town. "Good-bye till to-morrow, dearie. I am on duty within the hour, and the General must not find me late."

Pacing up and down the courtyard of the fort, General Bieriot cast anxious glances towards the frontier. Times were troubled, and many things more unlikely than war. All the more reason, then, to keep a watchful eye upon the defenses, and to guard its secrets with unceasing vigilance. The old soldier, stern, stanch, and unrelenting—was proud of the trust reposed in him. Sprung neither himself nor the men under him, the keenness of the fort was a watchword along the frontier. The period of tension was severe, but the General did not flinch. In 70 his country did not find him wanting, and were the fateful days of 1914 to ask the same of him, he would be ready. But the General had a trouble nearer home than the international situation. His son Jules, lieutenant, was an out-and-out weakness; not vicious, but weak. Strange that such a devotee to duty and lover of his country should have such a sapsa-grace son. With a sigh he turned and sought his quarters. He must speak to Jules.

"My son," said his father a few minutes later, "we are living in critical times; no one knows when the storm will burst; yet you must not be thoughtless as ever. Do you know that you are breaking your mother's heart?"

But Jules made no answer. Had the father witnessed his departure he would have realised that Jules paid no attention to fatherly counsel. He borrowed more money from his mother, and went straight to Du Vorchien's gambling club. It was a not-without-reason thing. Du Vorchien encouraged the young man's visits to "The Stag." The professional gambler was not playing a straight game with the officers who frequented his house.

Never a fortunate player, Jules plunged recklessly, and in the end found himself more than a thousand francs to the bad. This was alarming, and he had borrowed Du Vorchien, who lent him 1,235 francs upon an I O U. Soon he was again in difficulties, and reproached the gambler for his bad luck. "You'll die," cried Du Vorchien. "Supposing I paid the General a little friendly visit. What then, eh?"

"Your gambling club would be closed," replied Jules.

"And you would be drummed out of the regiment," retorted the gambler.

While this scene was taking place at the club the officer of the day called to see General Bieriot. The situation was becoming worse, and the Major did not feel altogether satisfied. It seemed to him that there was a leakage of information.

The General did not think so. He had great faith in the patriotism of his men. "No, no, Major," he said, "the officers and men are safe. They dare not betray their country; there is the penalty. And there are no exceptions. If any officer did wrong he would have to pay the penalty."

The following afternoon Jeffrey and Marie were together in the girl's home when Jules was announced: Both young men were in love with Marie, and Jules was conscious that his rival was preferred. This, however, did not prevent him putting his love to the test when Jeffrey had gone, to learn to his chagrin that Marie could not accept him. His pride was injured, and vowing to be even with Jeffrey for robbing him of the girl, he went to Du Vorchien's to see if Nellie Dame Fortune would be more kind when he played roulette.

Early that evening Junior, a special service messenger arrived at the town, and, unconscious that he was being followed, made his way to the General's house.

Jules, who had returned from "The Stag," from the window watched the visitor land. His father a packet with the sealing. "These papers contain valuable military secrets. You must guard them with your life."

When the visitor was gone General Bieriot was placing the papers in the drawer of the desk when a noise at the window attracted his attention. He sprang to the window, but too late to see Jules disappearing. For greater safety the General took the packet upstairs with him when he retired for the night and placed them under his pillow.

Following his usual custom, late in the evening Jules went to "The Stag." But the spy was before him. Junior's visit was noted and its purport suspected. Now Du Vorchien had the opportunity of squaring his grudge against the father by entangling the son. Too long had the Commandant of the district hampered the progress of the club. Now there appeared to be a chance, not only of wiping out old scores, but also of making a bold stroke against France. Acting on behalf of the intolerant faction on the other side of the frontier, Du Vorchien glorified in the chance offered him.

He called Jules aside, and handed him a note which read: "Unless the honor of France is paid and within twenty hours, I shall be forced to unpleasant measures."

His "lack had been out" for such a time that it was certain Jules could not raise the money by the following evening. It was useless appealing to his father. He left the club bewildered and distressed.

What could he do? It was not a large sum, but he dared not risk exposure. The penalty of expulsion faced him. His father would not make an exception even in his case. "You, Jules Bieriot, you are in trouble. I can help you out of it."

The voice was that of Du Vorchien's accomplice. He had followed Jules almost to the house, waiting until detection had sapped the young officer's will-power before revealing himself.

"Who are you, and how can you help me?" inquired Jules.

"It does not matter who I am," was the reply. "I want those papers your father received to-night."

"You scoundrel!" cried Jules, springing at the dark figure before him. "How dare you make such an infamous suggestion?"

"Don't be foolish. Remember exposure is facing you, and everything can be straightened if you like. I will give you 2,000 francs for those papers."

Having consented to steal the papers Jules imagined he had an easy task before him. Creeping stealthily into the room, he opened the drawer, and was astonished to find it empty. Evidently it was not too late to desist from the
search, but the fear of exposure edged him on. In vain he searched the room. Perhaps, he thought, his father had taken the papers with him. So desperate had he become that he took the risk. Masking his face, he went into his father's bedroom, and as gently as possible inserted his hand under the pillow. The action aroused the old General, who sprang from the bed and grappled with the intruder. Forward and back they struggled until the General, seizing his sword, lunged at his opponent. Realising that his life was now at stake, Jules seized a heavy ornament and struck the old man. With a groan of anguish he subsided senseless to the floor, and Jules, seizing the packet, fled from the house.

He handed the papers to the spy, and, receiving the money, went to Dr. Vorchen, who gave him the I O U. To stop the bleeding of the wound in his arm, he bound it round with his handkerchief.

For hours General Bleriot lay unconscious. When he recovered he missed the papers, and gradually pieced together the incidents of the midnight struggle. To his wife he said, "I was robbed last night. My assailant was an officer. I saw his uniform. I wounded him in the arm, and he struck me on the head."

Then his wife remembered that she had heard Jules moving about in the night. But no, her boy would not rob his father.

"Whoever committed the theft will be shot as a spy," said the old soldier, fiercely.

At the fort the General sent for Jumiere. "The papers you delivered to me last night were stolen by an officer. I wounded him in the left arm. We must go quietly to work." And to the Major he said, "Search for an officer with a wounded arm."

The morning had found Jules in a miserable and depressed condition. Now that the excitement of the night had gone, he realised the enormity of his offence, and began to scheme a way out. Supposing his father remembered that he had wounded his assailant in the arm! Upon whom could he cast suspicion? The thought of Jeffrey came uppermost. His brother officer had robbed him of the girl he loved, and now, perhaps, he could pay him out.

At least he could try. As he walked to the house he plotted to ruin his rival. Jeffrey and Marie were seated very closely together when he arrived, and an engagement-ring sparkling upon the hand of the girl confirmed his suspicions that she loved Jeffrey. The newcomer looked so unhappy that the lovers saw that something was wrong, and Marie left the two men alone.

"What is troubling you, Jules?" asked the other.

"Oh, things are rotten. I seem to have made a mess of everything," replied the schemer.

"Cheer up, man; keep a brave heart. We shall need all our strength presently," said the buoyant lover. Suddenly Jules took a clasp-knife from his pocket. "I have nothing to live for," he cried, and was in the act of stabbing himself when Jeffrey sprang forward and received the point of the knife in his left forearm. Jules expressed his deep regret, and carefully bound up the other's wound. "Don't tell my father or mother," he said; "it will break their hearts."

Then the villain went home, removed the bandage from his own arm, and hid his bloodstained handkerchief under clean linen in his wardrobe.

Meanwhile the officers of the garrison were individually called before the General, who, on one pretext or another, touched or seized the left arm of each one. As soon as Jeffrey reported for duty he was sent to the General, and almost shivered with pain as his arm was unexpectedly seized.

Remembering his promise to Jules, he offered no explanation when asked how he came by the wound, and was immediately arrested.

The proceedings at the court-martial were brief. To all the officers the wound was conclusive evidence of guilt, but Jeffrey would not say how it was inflicted.

"Lieutenant le Brand refuses to explain how he received his wound," said General Bleriot to his son.

"Your son might be able to explain it," replied Jeffrey.

"I cannot," said Jules, robbing his brother-officer of the last chance.

And Jeffrey le Brand, true to his promise to a man he believed was his friend, heard the President say that, found guilty of high treason, he would die at sunrise.

Jules' mother fought against the idea that Jules knew, at least, something of the theft. Her boy's manner had been so strange of late, and to day he looked
distraught. What was that premonition of disaster she could not shake off? And here—here in his wardrobe was a shirt with a slashed sleeve, and—oh! loyal! a blood-stained handkerchief.

"Dear Lord," she cried, falling on her knees, "send me a sign that Jules is not guilty.

"Jules le Brand has been court-martialled and sentenced to death," said the General, as he came into the room.

"Thank God, our boy would never disgrace us like that!" was the cry of the mother as she sobbed hysterically.

"Jules, I went to your wardrobe this afternoon, and found this blood-stained handkerchief. Is it yours? Speak! Tell me the truth!"

"Yes, mother," said the son as he knelt at her feet.

"Why did you do it, Jules?"

"I owed a large sum of money, and I yielded to temptation."

"May God forgive the mother, as the words, "To be shot at sunrise" came into her mind. "And Jules is to die for your crime.

As of old, Jules laid his head on his mother's lap, and after her repeated:

"Our Father, Which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done—"

"Remember, Jules, you are the son of a soldier; your duty is plain," said his mother, as her only son rose to go into his father's room. To his back her arm went out in mute appeal. Jules had decided to act the man, though it would cost him his life.

Clutching the fateful handkerchief, he threw it on the desk before the General, and, taking off his coat, revealed the wound.

"Jules! You the traitor!" said the horror-stricken father. "My son!"

"Save Jules! Oh! save him!" sobbed the mother.

"He will take Jules le Brand's place in the morning," was the stern response as the General pressed the bell and summoned an escort.

"You can't take my boy from me," cried the mother.

"Arrest Jules Bleriot," cried the General to the officer of the escort.

"Good-bye, my boy, good-bye!" said the broken-hearted mother, as she threw her arms round him.

"Is there no way for my boy to escape?" was the question that broke the awful silence after the trump of the soldiers had passed.

"Yes; they will use blanks."

To save her heart from breaking the old man had told a lie. Alone, he suffered the torture of the damned, for he knew it could not be. His wife believed that he would have blank cartridges substituted for bullets, and his son would simulate death and be allowed to live in the country. No, his son must pay the penalty. . . . "Remember, there are no exceptions. If my own son did wrong, he would have to pay the penalty." . . .

His own son: "Oh, God, the irony of it all.

At sunrise hearts were matting as Jeffrey and Marie sat hand clasped in hand. At two of the windows nearest the fort stood father and mother listening for the sound of the rifles.

A sharp report pierced the air, and the General started as if the bullets had struck his heart.

"Thank God, our boy has escaped," said the mother, as she smiled through her tears.

The stern old soldier had fallen asleep upon his desk. The strain of the awful night had worn him out. In his dreams Jules appeared and said to him—"Father, you were right;" and the father answered—"My boy understands, thank God for that!"

This stirring Trans-Atlantic drama in four reels will be released on November 15th by the Gaumont Film Hire Service. That fine actor William Welsh will stars the General; Allen Holbrey the Son; Lillian Knott the Mother; and Hobart Nelson as Jeffrey.

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concert work. Lew Fields persuaded Miss Handsworth to go on the stage, and gave her a part in one of the Webster and Field shows. From then on she played in very many dramatic productions. Six years ago Miss Handsworth went into pictures, and discovered that the screen was the best medium of all for the expression of her artistic ideals. She has been in pictures ever since, and has played leading roles in a number of different companies, not only in America, but in other countries as well.

Famous Comedian in British Films.

LUPINO LANE, the young comedian who is delighting audiences at the Empire Theatre in the Watch Your Step revue, is the latest recruit from the music-hall stage to the pictures. On the stage he does a very comical Charlie Chaplin skit, this having become an essential feature of a successful revue, but in his own films he strikes out an entirely new line for himself. Mr. Lane is aiming at something really original and really British. There is no attempt to imitate the favourite style of the comedians of the moment. In his first comedy Mr. Lane appears as a typical dandy, foppishly dressed, with a monocle and a bored expression, while in his second and a subsequent series, now in active preparation, the comedian adopts the role he has made so popular in his music-hall work—viz., that of an Eton boy named Nipper a perfect terror at home and at school. Nipper's Holiday places beyond doubt the remarkable talent possessed by Lupino Lane for screen characterisation. It is really a first-rate comedy, and the next one of the series, Nipper and the Curate, should be equally acceptable.

Lupino Lane comes of the famous theatrical family who made their first appearance at Covent Garden in 1784, and for four generations the name Lupino has been associated with the pantomime art.
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"THE BROKEN COIN"


Don't fail to see your local theatre on November 29th to see "The Broken Coin," Trans-Atlantic's next wonderful serial. It will be your old favourites Grace Cunard and Francis Ford in their most famous characters of "Lucille Love" and "Hugo Loubique." "The Broken Coin" is the most thrilling, most wonderful serial ever made. It tells how "Lucille Love" wins a praise for herself in the kingdom of Coronia, after experiencing a series of the most amazing adventures ever shown on the screen. The will be twenty-two weekly episodes, the first of which will be released November 29th. This is a serial you mustn't miss on any account, so don't forget the date on which it will be released.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FILM CO., Ltd.,
37-39, Oxford St., London, W.

Thoughts of a Picturegoer.

The Best War Tonic

You can take to keep you from feeling unduly and unnecessarily depressed is pictures—and more pictures. This advice is especially good if you go to see EDISON PLAYS. There is something about Edison Plays so satisfying and helpful that you can charm away many an otherwise dull time by going to see them. You will see good acting, plots rich in interest and incident, clever, capable, and charming players.

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"PICTURES" POEMS
No. 8. HIS RIVAL.

ALFRED CHARLES AUGUSTUS JACKSON
had a feminine attraction—
At least he laboured under that delusion;
When he fell in love
with Mabel, he imagined he'd be able
To bring her to the requisite conclusion.
So he popped the question boldly, but she
snubbed him very coldly,
And covered him with comfortless confusion.

But the lad was persevering on the course
that he was steering,
And thought perhaps if only he could get her
To attend him to the "Palace," that her
inclinations cailous
Might modulate themselves to something better.
Though he shuddered at the prices of the
chocolates and ices,
Yet he'd risk it—so he asked her in a letter.

For a month they went together, quite
regardless of the weather.
One evening, in a moment of distraction,
He repeated, as they waited, what he'd
previously stated—
To marry her would give him satisfaction.
But she cried: "You stupid fellow! When
I'm smiled on by Costello,
Do you fancy I could fancy Alfred Jackson?"

"BRIAN.

REAL BRITISH HUMOUR!
LUPINO LANE
in "NIPPER'S BUSY HOLIDAY."
Produced by the John Bull Film Company.
OUR CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Films you should make a point of seeing.

In the Barber Shop. Take a war tonic, in other words go and see this picture at Raul Carré's, which is one of his series of comedy cartoons. It is something quite new, a perfect rib-tickler, which in these dark days and darker nights, must appeal to all.

—Edison comedy, 875 feet (Nov. 11).

FRAUDS. Another gret detective drama. Charming Edna Mayo as a girl detective. To trap blackmailers she joins the gang, and whilst with them meets a wealthy bachelor. The gang endeavour to obtain a large sum from him. Theelope is made out, and how they fail to get the money is shown in this fine dramatic picture. Beydand Washburn plays opposite Miss Mayo, and, of course, makes an admirable hero.

—Exciting drama, three reels (Nov. 1).

LIVES IN THE JUNGLE. Another of the famous Selig Zoo pictures, in which tigers and leopards are conspicuous. Annie McLean, whose father is sick, goes to the Mission for medicine. She gets lost in the jungle and is captured by natives. Holden and his hunters enter the Melan home and find that the father is better; the little brother tells them where the sister has gone, and, setting out to search, they rescue her from the native chief.

Selig drama. 1,044 feet (Nov. 1).

THE FORECAST. A vision of torture and vengeance unites two lovers in this film, where Forrest Keene, a rich bachelor, adopts his nephew, who falls in love with the pretty housekeeper. Forrest refuses to consent to the marriage. He has a horrid dream in which he imagines his nephew murders him because of his objection to the match. The old man awakens to find it only a dream and happily unites the lovers. Ed. Cowen plays the nephew, in itself sufficient recommendation. Flying "A" drama. 250 feet (Nov. 22).

A QUEEN OF KNIVES. A thrilling detective drama, in which Olga makes adventures, and her partner nearly succeed in a big jewel robbery. Under the pretence that she wants her husband to see the jewels, she persuades the jeweller to let an assistant accompany her with them to her husband's house. Instead of taking him home, she leads him to a doctor's, telling the doctor that he is her mad brother. Detectives get on the track, and after a deal of hard work Olga and her partner are captured as they are leaving the country.

—Nordisk drama, three reels, coming.

A MAD MAID OF THE FOREST. An extraordinary but none the less interesting story. A doctor whilst hunting mistakes a mad girl in the woods for a deer and fires. He takes her to his lodge to be nursed, and after an operation her memory is restored. He proposes, but she refuses, telling him that she shot a man who betrayed her sister. Eventually, however, they are married, and when the doctor's brother brings his wife on a visit the girl discovers the man she had shot and her sister. Gene Gaunttier and Jack Clark are the principals in this intensely moving drama.

—Selig (Trans-Atlantic), 1,045 feet (Nov. 4).

SNOBS. Like all Lasky films, it's fine. A satirical comedy, well acted and produced. No slapstick, knockabout business about this. The story shows how a lawyer, receiving word from his solicitors that he must find the heir of a duke, discovers the heir in the capacity of a milkman. The lawyer plans a marriage between the milkman and his daughter before he breaks the news of the so-called milkman's wealth. They are married, and enter society, but the poor milkman feels out of place, so returns to his former employment. He returns to his estate, however, when his wife promises to teach him the ways of society.

—Lasky comedy (Oct. 29).

PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE gives real WAR NEWS.

DO NOT MISS IT.
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**OUR LETTER-BAG**

*Selected from hundreds every week.*

**Reader Acts "Down Under."**

"I thought you might be interested to know that a little girl friend of mine, who used to read your paper a great deal when she was in England, is now playing for films in New Zealand. She writes and tells me that she loves playing for pictures, and it is not a bit like work."  

**Violet G. (Hendon).**

**The Temple Love-scene.**

"In the issue for September 4th last, under the heading of 'Our Letter-bag,' appeared a letter from 'A. W.' which gave a description of a little love-scene acted in front of the fountain in the Temple, E.C., and thought he recognized the lady as being Chrissie White. He was inquiring after the title of the film, so that he could be able to see it screened. Perhaps the following will interest my fellow-reader:—Hopeworth have just reproduced Sir A. W. Pinero's 'Street Lavender,' and some parts of the love-scene is in the film. The cast includes Chrissie White, as 'Sweet Lavender,' Alva Taylor as 'Ruth,' and Helen Allardyce as 'Rachel.' The film has been acquired by the London Independent Film Company, of 4, Downham Street, W., who would, no doubt, let him know if the film is to be shown in the S.W. district."  

**B. M. V. (Walworth).**

**We Are So Sorry for Him.**

"What would you say to a man who denounces pictures and picture-palaces as altogether demoralising—physically and mentally? The man I know says they injure the eyes, and are bad in that they give the children 'ideas.' He regards me with pitying contempt because I love pictures and picture-palaces, and declares he wouldn't be found dead in a cinema. I have tried to make him come, have asked him how he dares condemn without seeing himself, but he persists in his obstinate opinions. Now I like this person, and I am sorry that he should lose one of the greatest pleasures yet devised by man. He cannot discern the difference between cheap melodrama and good, sound sentiment. All pictures are condemned by him, he wants everybody to avoid them, and, since he is considered an authority, his words have effect. What can I say to surmise of the cost of the Consolation Gifts. The films have hand in improving the taste of all 'goers' so that they know a good thing when they see it. I hate people to state opinions on things before sampling them, don't you?"  

**W. B. W. (Watford).**

**Can British Actresses be Natural?**

"I was glad to see in this week's 'Pictures' that people are asking for more English films. I quite agree with the letter written by 'M. O. (Birmingham).' I have been watching class of English cinema students, and seen some splendid acting once they had overcome the English reserve and nervousness. I am a cinemartist myself, and although not in any way attractive in face, but good general appearance, very active, fast talking, and street-sentiment, I expect to rise very high in the cinema world unless more interest is taken in English girls. I feel sure I could do far better than half I see in some films, where the real, natural side of acting is not seen at all. They are either too far-fetched, perfect rubbish, or the actresses are not serious enough in their work, and are unnatural. I noticed in some films last week where the girls were playing serious parts, and when there was a fine chance for them to show the gift of changing expressions, laughing to themselves, yet trying to keep a straight face. Of course such a film is not worth seeing. I have heard dozens of such remarks passed. I think it is time the English public woke to the fact that they can be and will try to be equal to our foreign friends."  

**D. M. (London).**

**WHO ARE THESE PLAYERS?**

**S C R E E N E D STARS**

O ver 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!

We give below the sixth set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition—'Screened Stars.' The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, £5 to the next, and 10s each to the next ten, and 200 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the sixth set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the 20s—and there are 29 Consolation Prizes. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages.

Back numbers containing previous Sets may be had from our Publishers.
Fashionable Frocks in Films

On this page is a picture of one of the latest "pudding-basin" hats. It is composed of deep delphinium-blue plush, having the new roll brim effect and the divided crown. A very chic appearance is produced by the large wings, which are shaded from a powder-blue to black. Minus these wings the hat is ideal for a windy day.

Talking of millinery, have you ever noticed how very particular all American film stars are concerning their outfits? These hats have to be arranged so that six months after the film has been played the frocks will still be à la mode.

Colors also have to be taken into consideration when choosing a "film" frock—white, for instance, is not usually chosen, as it produces a shimmering, blurred effect. Pale blue, pink, and lemon colors always look well. Perhaps one of the best-dressed film-playeis is Jackie Saunders, of the Balzac Company—her frocks and hats are always perfect in every detail. Little Violet Moremen is another lady who knows just what to wear and how to wear it. Thick satins, slinky silks, rich brocades are all made more beautiful by the charm of the wearer. In a coming film—The Wolf of Debit—Violet will wear some of the most sensational frocks it has ever been her luck to see. One is of shaded rose-coloured brocaded satin, trimmed with gold lace and a chain of gold beads. It is very bonfiant.

A chic Paris model (from Pathé's Animated Gazette), showing the new "roll" brim and divided crown effect.

and will look lovely on the slim figure of the wearer. Another is of a pale lavender brocade, trimmed with net and chiffon, with a scallop bodice. But it is the exquisite bonnet gown which will make you fairly green with envy. It has a fulness of orange satin covered with a pale shade of the same color in chiffon, while an elaborately embroidered skirt reaches to the ankles. A very neat morning frock is of navy-blue satin trimmed with yards and yards of blue net, edged with narrow bands of satin.

Film-Players as Leaders of Fashion.

Films, besides being a pleasure, are also instructive, for one may feel quite certain that frocks and hats worn by the well-known actresses are almost sure to be the latest, and will probably prove the prevailing fashion for the coming season. Pathé's Illustrated Gazette usually includes several feet of film devoted to the latest Parisian and New York fashions; these are specially released to please the feminine portion of the audience. Glorious creations worn by beautiful maenapins are sure to make a hit with the female heart, for no matter what woman it is there is always the love for art in dress, and even if she herself cannot prove altogether artistic she likes to see it in other people. Personally I feel quite disappointed when the Gazette comes to an end and I have seen no frocks. Quite a number of times I have worn frocks and hats designed after those I have seen on the film, and given a full description of it to my modiste.

M.B.

"Stupendous in its musical and dramatic magnitude."—Pictures.
"Stirring and vivid."—The Times.
"Enthralling."—The Daily Telegraph.
"This crowning achievement."—Evening News.
"Epoch-making."—Encore.
"A wonderful triumph."—The Sphere.
"A marvel of realism."—The Referee.
"Intensely interesting."—Sunday Chronicle.
"To be seen by all, whether young or old."—Sunday Times.
"An epic poem in living pictures."—Weekly Dispatch.

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"THE PICTURES" COUPON

Fill in and post at once for FREE BOOKLET and a colour portrait of ADMIRAL JELLICOE

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Dear Sir—Please send me FREE and post-free your booklet describing "The War Illustrated Album-de-Luxe," and showing the easy Subscription Terms for the Volumes. Also please send free one of the colour portrait plates of Admiral Jellicoe.

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Each Volume alone contains over 1,100 pictures, including a wealth of colour plates.
GOSSIP AND EDITORIAL

THEY KNOW HOW TO DO THINGS IN AMERICA.

Behold how an American exhibitor recently advertised the film _The Two Orphans_ in the streets of his city.

I KNOW now who the winning players are, but I must not tell you yet. The list is not quite complete, but next week’s issue will contain the full result of our greatest Foreign Artists contest. Irregular readers should not be satisfied in just hoping to get a copy, but should give a definite order to a newsagent now and avoid disappointment. Pictures goes out of print every week. It is thanks only to a few "returns" that we are able to supply back issues.

Light in Our Darkness.

Although the streets at night were recently made darker than ever, business at the picture theatres in suburban London is still brisk and bright. At my own local cinema it is as difficult to get a seat at nine o’clock as it was in October before the war. I very believe that if people had to be led through the streets aided only by pocket flash-lamps they would still flock to the pictures. And as for Zeppelinism—as a West-end drama-house poster put it last week—"Who cares?"

Britain’s Rest Cure.

There is no gain saying the fact that "Britain’s rest cure in war time is the picture show." I quote the words which, printed in big type, appeared on one of the Hepworth tube posters, and continued with—"Moreover in the thrilling days of an advance, the nation still needs rest cure. Nothing like it was ever available before—two hours of clean, cheerful recreation that is true to life—recreation that rests and relieves a nerve-strained nation." Fine corroboration of this appeared in an article in the _Saturday Evening Post_ of Philadelphia, in which the writer, a well-known American, concluded that the secret (and it might almost be said the cause) of Servia’s present eloqueness and despondency is the entire lack of amusement. Nothing greater could be done, he wrote, than to provide picture theatres.

Studio Whispers.

From Hepworth’s I hear that _The White Hope_, a version of Mr. Trollope’s famous novel, is ready, and that the novelist himself will review it before it is shown to the public. Another picture coming up has been written by Alma Taylor, and includes some fine Devon scenery, particularly a scene in which the heroine in her fever wanders along the edge of a mountain stream. It is rumoured at the studio that several short comedies have been produced during odd waits in big productions. Two such were _Miss Dowell_ and _Wife the Weaker Twin_. They are both from the play of the same name, a sure proof that spare moments are golden opportunities for little pictures.

Famous Authors—And Others.

The craze of the moment among British and American manufacturers seems to be the filming of well-known novels. I could quote dozens of famous authors whose works have already received film attention, and "picture" playwrights must be anxiously wondering where on earth, or rather where on screen, they are coming in. The fact, too, that so many stage plays are also being screened will not comfort them. It goes to prove, of course, that there is no room for rubbish, since even our top-flight programmers are ever likely to be considered by the best firms. In this respect the Turner Company’s announcement on another page is worth attention.

The Lure of the Pictures.

For a long time past American managers of regular theatres have been growing anxious because the once-desirous cinema-going public have gradually drained the stage of its prominent artists. "The bait of big salaries is too irresistible to even the biggest "stars," and one by one they have succumbed to the lure of the pictures. The full list of stage favorites now acting for films would be an eye-opener, and although Sir Herbert Tree recently denied the rumour, I understand that our greatest English actor is really going out to Los Angeles, the world’s busiest studio, to undertake a series of film-plays.

A New Screen Daredevil.

I have had a peep at six of the twenty episodes of _The Broken Coin_, the new Trans-Atlantic serial, which features Grace Cunard as "Lucille Love," and Francis Ford as "Hugo Louisburg," and found it quite in accordance with the wonderful publicity which this serial is getting. Eddie Polo as Hugo’s accomplice, is conspicuous at the most remarkable fighter I have ever seen on the screen or anywhere else. His hands come on strong since when he is knocking down men like ninpins and hurling others over his back as if they were cardboard dummies. I believe it is Eddie’s first picture. He is a daredevil of the first water, and I hope to deal with him again and publish his portrait in a later issue.

A Novelty in "Serials."

I am informed by Trans-Atlantic that the successor to _The Broken Coin_ will be something quite new in so far as film serials are concerned. It is to be produced in fifteen parts, each part being written by a different author. The idea, I know, has been carried out before in fiction form, but not, I believe, on the screen. It is a good one, and cannot fail to excite the curiosity of the picture patron, who will always want to see how the next man has "followed it up."

DON’T ON ANY ACCOUNT FAIL TO SEE CHARMING BETTY NANSSEN

IN THE MARVELLOUS FOUR-PART ROMANTIC DRAMA

"A REVOLUTION MARRIAGE"

This wonderful picture is a dramatic and photographic masterpiece. It cannot fail to thrill you through and through with sheer delight. Tell your cinema manager he must book it if he wants to retain your patronage!
Turner Films

"Pictures made for You."

OUR POLICY.

For the present we have decided to make only pictures based on famous novels and plays, because everything points to the fact that this type of picture appeals most strongly to all classes of the public.

As a consequence we are not likely to be able to use any scenarios sent to us in the ordinary course. Although all these are carefully read, only a plot of exceptional merit could at present stand a chance of acceptance. When we are again in the market for plots we shall not neglect to announce the fact.

Look out for our coming Productions—those announced last week, and others.

THE YOUNG PICTURESGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

Now that we have settled down in our new offices I hope to be able to give more time to our very own page. Not that I have ever neglected it; but you can have no idea what a lot of time it takes to conduct our little competitions. But easy surroundings should make the work lighter and brighter.

A little girl of three years, a real piece of mine, ordered me the other day to take her to the pictures. She asked so prettily that I could not resist the little darling's request. It was her first visit, and, needless to state, it will not be her last. "Do must take me every week, Uncle," she lisped, after reaching home again. "Wasie likes pictures; they make Wasie laugh." And laugh she did. She made me believe that the knockabout comic, which under ordinary circumstances I should hardly notice, was really funny. A drama, however, made her quite serious. She could not understand why the "naughty German" should "soot." A little child, and the "lovecraking" was apparently too silly for words. She absolutely ignored it. A picture which showed a child playing with kittens, a big, close-up view, fascinated my little sweetheart more than anything else, and in her quaint way she has raved about kittens ever since.

JOAN MORGAN, THE TEN-YEAR-OLD STAR.

Joan Morgan is, I believe, the youngest English film star. Although only ten years of age, she has played the leading character in a British production called "Little." In this film Joan was the "Messenger."—a golden-haired, angel-like little girl who enters mysteriously into the life of the rich man and his erring wife, and by her presence dispels the clouds which had gathered between them. The "Messenger" disappears and enters the dismal home of the rich man's younger brother, and after she has transformed it by her shining presence she succeeds in bringing the two brothers together again after years of estrangement. You will guess that it must be a difficult part for a child so young to undertake and it is; but little Joan accomplished it with remarkable power. She is a born screen-actress, and as such should have a brilliant career before her.

Some of the longest and most interesting of my readers' letters have come from Margaret Bridger, of Brighton, who is famous for her poetry. One or two of her poems have been printed on this page. She sends me another inspired by a great recruiting effort in Brighton the other day, and asks me to print it. "Why shouldn't the dear pictures rain on some recruits, and have a Pictures Battalion?" she asks. I print the verses in the hope that big brothers who have not yet made up their minds whether to enlist or not may now do so.

I WONDER.

I wonder who was the first British man who answered his country's call? Who left his home, his love, his friends, to fight for King—or fall? I wonder how the others feel. Who haven't done their bit? Who don't walk in the rank and file? And for khaki care no jot? And just think in the years to come, if their children should inquire, "Dad, did you do your bit? When the Hun's used liquid fire?"
friend. They are to be a real treat. We should enjoy the pictures and the whole story.

Dr. H. N. (New Hampshire).—Any newspaperman get you the American magazines you put for English money. You may rely upon the information printed in them, for they are written by Englishmen, and their object is to give the public the truth, and nothing but the truth. We quoted part of your letter in our No. 82 issue.

Dorothea (St. John's Wood).—After reading your letter very carefully we too think you ought to return to America before the war lasts, but we are a few years older, Dorothy dear, you will say. Yes, it is right, and not horrid as you perhaps think now.

Hill and Pat (West Bromwich).—It does not follow, that because two players always act together in love scenes they are engaged or married to each other; in the case you mention a very strong presumption that they are. Glad to welcome you home. Sunset and Popcorn (Manchester).—Ten pages, and we read all two! It is more than likely that you would get reputable newspapers in America which would provide you with the pictures you want. We have read that Sir John was writing a book. What do you mean? The Answers Man's age is an unanswerable fact.

Stella (Cheltenham).—Frankie Mann is Donald Hall's wife, and she plays in Trans-Atlantic. King Daggot and Bob Laird are married. The other information is unanswerable.

Jenny (Blackpool).—If you send your full address, the Postcard Manager will send you, free, our new list of cards on sale. The souvenir booklet of Bar sety Ridge and Mary Pickford's Film Life can be had, price 2d. each, from The Talking Pictures Co., 30, Long Acre, W.C. 1.

James (Liverpool).—Sorry we overlooked the story in the Sunday Mercury. Andy Kim was in a play by the Clifton Co., and John McAndrews played leads. The other cats are used, and the pictures are now ready. We have borrowed for our own family.

Philip (Cheltenham).—I noticed the comment on "Jealousy" (Cheshunt Mercury).—"Another Compton, Arthur Askey." We have not seen it in our papers or in our theatre.

C. M. (Eastbourne).—We have heard nothing of the introduction of John Bowers and others from the 1st of the month, as it is published in "The Studio," London, W.C. 11.

Fair Customer:—I should like to be taken with my hat and handkerchief.

Photographer:—I take your photograph, madam, first with your clothes, and then without, to see which is best.
PICTURES AND THE PICTURESQUE

FRANK (Derby).—Sorry we couldn't get what you want; there's a lot up to your mark. Frank—Regular Vendor.

Mr. E. T. (Nottingham).—We rejoice with you in your dear one's success from the war and hope you will soon be "in the pink" once more. Also I hope to write poetry as promising his wound as acts.

We are full up at present with poems.

The Ingenious Kid (Birmingham).—We meant all we said in our last reply to you, so we are your friends. The addresses publish of companies will find any of the players attached to them. Some film players object to their personal affairs being published; others don't care. Can you mention a way or another.

"Master of the House" (Key-Heg).—W. G. Winfield.

"Budd." (Britain).—"Kodak of New York, N. Y., have your love to Louis Hall and 1 Violet Manserken. You do live up to your name de placet.

TOM (Pennyroyal).—We have no postcards of Henry Ainsley or Thomas Santschi. We cannot say who are the wedded partners of the players you mention. How was your love to Alma Taylor and Stewart Home, and we have taken the rest as real. Your heart with an it through it is touching indeed.

HERBERT (Bisho-p de Lyon).—"The Million Dollar Mystery" (Theater).—"Floyd, Flo La La Redie; "Countess Olga," Marley Snow; "Brain," Frank Barrington; "In Fans: Morton;" James Crane; "Jones" (Butler); "Sidney Border;" "Stanley Hargreaves," Alfred Minto; "Miss Brown." We have postcards of Frank Barrington, Sidney Bray, Grace Cunard, Victoria Ford, and Lona Shorenoise, but not this Woodruff. Thank you kindly.

MARGARET (S. Wales).—You have no sincere sympathies, and we hope frigter days are in store for you. Address: Capt. Blackwell, c/o Jesse L. Leslie Co., Long Acre Theatre, New York, N. Y., U. S.

THOMAS HERBERT (Liverpool).—You may get a reply from Charlie Chaplin. We cannot tell from your address if your "face is good enough for the movies." It's talent that is going to tell. So when you grow up we hope you will attain your ambition. Address: The Vitagraph Co., The Vitagraph Co., East 66th St., and I quest Avenue, New York City, U. S. A. Of course you may write again.

STURL (Cathcart).—Victoria Forde played lead in "Leading Lizzie Avery" (Season). Kaystone do not publish their films. Much obliged for your promise to obtain new readers for Pictures, they will all do.

IVY (Watford).—Your mouth's holiday makes our mouth water. What a grand time you had having fun in the picture circle. You wanted it out of print, but it is in the bound volume (VU), now rolling on the shelves from this office. Mark Denny played in "When Love took Wings." Max Fygar, the manager, played leading part in "What's His Name?" (Looby). We look upon you as an old friend.

IVY (Watford).—White Room Establishment. Glad you liked the postcards and gave a grand selection, and hope soon to have some of the others you want. Our Screen Mark Competition seems to be very popular; go on and win.

There are no postcards of the answers men. Pictures cannot be copyrighted.


BERT (Loughton).—If you get only seven pictures' positions from the British studios and what talent the producer may soon pick you out for a better part.

We don't advise our readers to pay fees unless they are sure the school is a genuine one. (Edinburgh).—We think Kathleen Williams is the hit player you mean. You can of course write to the film companies suggesting a list of pictures you consider suitable for filming; but the fast of it being similar to another film, it might not be a recommendation.

TESS (Birmingham).—We have no postcards of Vivian Martin (The Quiet Yolanda). How many you require is not available. Gini 1 liked the postcards.

LUCY (Cambridge).—Cleo Madision took two parts "Edith" and "Rose" in "The Try of Hearts." Address Miss Pickford, 668 Famous Path, 28th Street, New York City. The cast was not published.

NINA (Bradford).—Margaret Clark is 13 years old, and wouldn't think she married. Ray Weeks and Mary Pickford you love. We live type-written letters, of course.

SMILES

THE other day we heard of a cook who is so handsome she mashes the potatoes by looking at them.

At the Pictures.

MABEL (aged five): "Who was Joan of Arc, Teddy?"

TEDDY: "Napoleon's wife." "Don't ask so many questions."

POSTPONED.

VISITOR (hysterically): "And at what time do you have dinner, my little friend?"

TERRIBLE BOY: "Soon as you've gone. Ain't you going yet?"

Meat, Not Moisture.

CHATTY WALTER (glancing out of window): "The rain'll be here in a minute or two now."

CUSTOMER: "Well, I didn't order it; I'm waiting for a chop."

EXPLAINED.

CALLER (complacently): "Ah, Bobby, I am glad to see my photograph in your sister's frame on the mantel.

BOBBY: "Yes, but I'm dead to rush to get it in over Henry Ainley's before you came."

A FALL FOR A FILM.

TOM: "I knew a chap who fell off the top window-sill of an eight-storey 'ouse without helpin' himself."

BILL: "Garn, tell it to yer gran'mum."

TOM: "Straight, he did; fell in a net that was put out for 'im—one of 'em picture scenes."

A SATISFACTORY SUBSTITUTE.

A policeman, whose size reminded one of the late John Bunny, had just passed a little house with a bit of garden in front, when a little boy ran after him.

"Mother sent me out," panted the youngster, "to ask if you would mind walking up and down our path for a minute or two. It's just been gravelled, and we ain't got no roller.

CRUNCHES, BUT NO CANTONE.

The film comedian was cheering up the patients at a military hospital. Walking through the grounds where soldiers on crutches were numerous he remarked to his guide, "Plenty of beer in this hospital, isn't there?"

"No: why?" answered Tommy, surprised. "Well, look at the hoops around us," replied the heartless but irrepressible comedian.

HIS LUCK WAS OUT.

A traveller out West was surprised to find the whole population of a small town marching behind brass bands.

"Say, old man," he asked a citizen, "what is the cause of all this?"

"We are celebrating the birthday of our oldest inhabitant," answered the other. "She's been one hundred and one years old to-day. That was her in the first automobile."

"You don't mean it," he answered.

"Who is this sad-looking gink sitting by her side?"

"Distant relative," was the gruff rejoinder. "He has been keeping up the payments on her life-insurance policy for the last thirty years."
So you wouldn’t miss it
(From Then to Now—Part 13)

We could not allow you to miss so successful a London play as “The Man Who Stayed at Home.”

It is the only successful war play. It has stayed at the Royalty theatre for 15 months, and it is still running. We felt we must not let you miss it merely because you couldn’t get to London. So we improved it and made it into a picture play.

We kept Dennis Radig, the Royalty Star, and Henry Edwards, but we added our own great star, Alma Taylor. We made a submarine especially for it, and we took the scenes on the coast. We used a real wireless instrument. It’s a good picture. When will you see it?

Hepworth Picture Plays
c/o Hepworth Publicity, Hepworth Mfg. Co., Ltd., 3, Denman Street, Golden Square, W.

Sleeplessness
and Indigestion Cured by Dr. Cassell’s Tablets.

Mr. Grant Taylor, an old gentleman, residing at 24, Embleton Street, Dawton Collery, Seaham Harbour, Durham, says:—“I had suffered for years with sleeplessness and indigestion, and I was bothered, too, with wind and palpitation, but it was the sleeplessness that was my worst trouble. I could hardly sleep at all, and for months at a stretch I never had one proper night’s rest, and, of course, I felt weak and nervous, for I am well on in life. However, in the end I got Dr. Cassell’s Tablets, and can truthfully say they proved worth their weight in gold to me. Almost from the first I felt better and stronger; and best of all they enabled me to sleep soundly and wake refreshed. Now I am in first-class health.

This is the plain, straightforward story of an old gentleman who knows from experience the value of Dr. Cassell’s Tablets. Follow his example, and you, too, will know from experience.

Dr. Cassell’s Tablets.

Dr. Cassell’s Tablets are a genuine and tested remedy for all forms of nerve and bodily weakness in old or young. Compounded of nerve-nutrients and tonics of proved efficacy, they are the recognised modern remedy for:

- Nervous Breakdown
- Neurasthenia
- Kidney Disease
- Wasting Diseases
- Palpitation
- Infantile Paralysis

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and the Critical Periods of life.

Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices, 1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.
The midnight struggle in the bedroom between father and son is but one of the heart-gripping incidents in High Treason.

A four-reeler to be released on November 15th.

There is no falling away of interest in this great drama.

It is cohesive and coherent two great qualities in a story.

Read the full story of the film on pages 92, 93, and 94.

THE GAUMONT FILM HIRE SERVICE
TWO SELIG STARS IN FIRST THREE!!

in the recent

WORLD'S CONTEST

(organised by "PICTURES & THE PICTUREGOER").

THOMAS SANTSCHI & KATHLYN WILLIAMS

Both obtained 3rd place in public popularity, with 180,000 odd votes between them.

SELIG FILMS

PLAYERS

POPULAR THE WORLD OVER

ADDRESS: 93-95, WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W.

SIR JOHN HARE

AND AN ALL-STAR COMPANY IN

"Caste"

(TURNER FILMS)

The Greatest of English Comedy-Dramas.

PRODUCED by LARRY TRIMBLE of "MY OLD DUTCH" FAME.

We are not given to superlatives, but we unhesitatingly pronounce "CASTE" one of the most beautiful films ever produced.

THE IDEAL FILM RENTING CO., LTD., 76-78, WARDOUR ST., W.
MAURICE COSTELLO who is still the greatest foreign film actor in the opinion of our readers. He has received 220,850 votes, the highest number awarded to the men. (See page 111.)
PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

IN A Stranger in New York: twelve cats were used. Screened with much success, a howling success is predicted.

One hundred thousand feet of film is sent free every week for troops at the Front by the Gaumont Film Hire Service.

Grace Cunard, who, as the result of a slight accident, has been ill, is now back at the studios again, and working.

Mabel Normand is making rapid strides towards recovery. She wants to have her revenge on the person who threw that boot for luck.

Cissy Fitzgerald, the well-known Vitagraph star, is now playing for the Mutual Company, and will shortly appear in A Corner in Cote. Miss Fitzgerald appeared at the Daly's Theatre, London, in The Gipsy Girl.

A unique feature of the new Keystone studio will be a doorless café. The eating-place will be left open always, so that developers from the all-night dark-room may get a good meal between film-changing times. How nice!

Striking testimony to the art of D.W. Griffith, the producer of The Birth of a Nation, is given at every performance, when soldiers fresh from the plains of France and Flanders are carried away with the realism of the battle scenes at the Seals. Mr. Griffith had long consultations with Army officers when planning these scenes.

The Un Jaeulous Producer.

EVEN producers are human beings. This one happened to be directing the production of a Lubin one-act photo-play, The Son, featuring Octavia Handworth, Jack Standing, and Eleanor Blanchard. He was working on a scene of intensely emotional strength. Even the stagehands stood spellbound. The wronged wife appealed to the other woman for her husband. Tragedy was in the air, and the producer, forgetting all about his work and surroundings, and thinking only of the scene, walked straight into the camera, necessitating the taking of an extra 2000ft. of film.

"Cinema Day," November 9th.

SINCE the war started we have had many "Flag Days," and although November 9th may not be one of these, it is, nevertheless, to be known as "Cinema Day." On that day, which incidentally was the birthday of King Edward, a portion of the receipts of many (we hope all) cinema theatres will go to swell the good fund with which the "Great" has started to provide a convoy of fifty motor ambulances with apparatus for use at the Front. It will cost £60000 to do this, but as the Red Cross organisations are badly need of help, the cinematograph trade are determined to find the money. You can help by making a point of visiting your favourite cinema on that day, and forming one of the audiences when we trust will fill the house at every performance. Now don't forget the date.

Admiration from Arabia.

CHARES CLARY is in receipt of a jar of tobacco and an Oriental pipe sent him from an Arab who admired his work in The Carpet of Baghdad. A sprig of jasmine was in the jar, which gave it extra value of a sentimental nature, for the Arabians and Persians are very fond of the jasmine—their favourite flower. Clary has had the blossoms put in a frame, and is smoking what is left in the jar after his friends have been at it.

A Popular Resort.

THE popularity of the Selig Jungle Zoo on the Pacific Coast is growing some. Following a gigantic celebration of Labour Day at this Zoo, the Italian Red Cross picnic was held there on September 1st by the Italian colony of California, The Beginning of the World, a pageant, was staged there some five days later, the cast calling for three hundred society people. On September 29th a Southern Californian Swedish picnic was held at the Selig Jungle, and on October 7th hundreds of Mexicans and Americans gathered at the same place to celebrate the 10th anniversary of Mexico's independence. We hope to go there ourselves—someday.

Another Contest Winner.

IN a great Cast Contest inaugurated by the Motion Picture Magazine, New York, Mary Maurice, the popular Vitagraph player, pulled down top by a majority of over 30000 votes. Miss Maurice is known as the Sweet Mother of the Picture Plays, her benign appearance and gentle manner rendering her an ideal exponent of parts requiring sympathy and pathos.

Advice Gratis.

A WOMAN was summoned the other day in London for non-payment of rates. After pleading that her business (she owns a cinema-theatre) had not been paying, the magistrate replied: "I suppose you can't advise you what films to get. Have you a Charlie Chaplin film? You must have one of those. Then you must have something about the hat that was worn, or of the Pirates' Lair, or The Brother's Curse, or something of that sort." Now she knows what to show and her pay-box will doubtless be kept busy.

How About Patriotism?

IS not the following a great example to British Mothers and their sons, and, above all, to the "Slackers"—writes John Hastings Batson, the actor well-known in British films:—"When the Dutch West India Company attempted to gain a footing in the Brazil they committed all those cruelties which has ever marked their progress when they have commenced a new colony. Among those who opposed them, Maria de Souza, one of the noblest women of the provinces, distinguished herself in the action before Nazareth her son, Estevam Velho, fell. Already in this war she had lost two other sons and her daughter's husband; when the tidings of this fresh calamity arrived, she and her two remaining sons, one of whom was fourteen years of age, the other a year younger, and said to them, 'Your brother Estevam has been killed by the Dutch to-day; you must not now, in your turn, do what is the duty of honourable men in a war wherein they are required to serve God and their King and their country, and put on your swords, and when you remember the sad day in which you girt them on, let it not be for sorrow, but for vengeance; and whether you revenge your brethren or fall like them, you will find no pity for them nor from your mother. 'Give us our swords,' exclaimed the heroic youths, 'we will revenge the death of our brothers, or perish like them. Maria de Souza then sent her sons to Mathias, the Governor of the fort, requesting that he would rate them as soldiers. The children of such a stock could not degenerate, and they would prove themselves the worthy inheritors of its heroism and renown."
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

Interesting Topics in Film Pictures Selected from Pathé's Animated Gazette.

1. "An Army Marches on its Stomach": Good food and plenty always awaits our boys after a long route march.
2. All Together—Pull! Patients and Nurses in a Tug-of-War at Woodford Green Hospital Sports.
3. Women Window-Cleaners: Suitably attired, they are now employed at Nottingham.
4. For Conspicuous Gallantry: Rifleman G. E. Vincent, presented with the D.C.M. by Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd at Civlichy.
5. A Change for the Better: The elaborate German Headquarters now used by the French Staff.
7. In Galicia: All bridges having been destroyed, the Russians have to cross almost unnavigable rivers.
PARIS in 1898 was not the Paris of 1915. It was then the most brilliant city in Europe, and its nightlife attracted the pleasure-seekers of the world to its fascinating glare. In this intoxicating and poisonous atmosphere resided Cora May, styled by her admirers "The Queen of Pleasure." This young woman, who held the secrets of Cabinets, and knew the private life of the owners of some of the greatest names in France, looked the typical star of the Parisian "half-world." Witty, handsome, loving luxury, she pursued her course like a brilliant comet. She had raised dozens of rich men, and spent their fortunes with all the assurance of the owner of a private purse. Many said she was heartless also, but if this was true it did not extend to at least one person whose identity will be revealed later.

On this night Cora held high revels in her salon. A French Comte had just paid her the typical Gallic compliment of drinking champagne from her jewelled slipper, and received a playful slap in the face for his effrontery. Then, to the surprise of her guests, she became suddenly silent. They soon learned the reason: for her change of countenance, for a little child of three toddled down the stairs in her nightdress, and with her eyes half-closed with sleep. On seeing Cora May the child extended her arms with a wintry gesture, which made the woman rush forward and clasp her in her arms.

"You should be in bed, Diane," whispered Cora tenderly. The guests crowded round her, curiosity in their eyes.

"Ha, ha, Cora!" interrupted an admirer with mock amusement, "a child, eh! What a pretty youngster!"

"By Gad, Cora," suggested the Comte, gallantly, "she has the devil in her eyes—like you.

Cora drew herself up with strange dignity. She felt disgusted with her present company. "Some friends of mother's, my little Diane," she murmured as though unconsciously excusing herself. "Now come back to bed!"

She took the child in her arms and ascended the staircase, without looking at her guests, who shrugged their shoulders and smiled.

She put the child back into bed, and for several moments watched Diane's eyes gradually closing in sleep. Cora paused with a curious look on her face. She was thinking what she would do with this child of hers. Diane was coming to an age when she would begin to "notice things," and Cora dreaded the example of her own life on Diane.

"I shall put her in a convent," murmured Cora at last, "I love her so much that I must give her up altogether. She must never know about me and my career. The pens will look after her well, and I will pay for her board and education. It is the only thing to do."

She bent over and kissed the child tenderly.

"Oh, my little Diane, your eyes must never look like mine."

Fourteen years later some visitors arrived at the Convent of St. Cecilia. They were the parents of Nanette, a "clue" of Diane's, and they came to see the nuns' permission to allow their child to spend a holiday with them at the seaside. Nanette saw an opportunity of bringing Diane with her, and after some demur Diane was allowed to accompany Nanette and her parents to the seaside. Diane had justified the promise of her infancy and had developed into a charming young lady of seventeen, whose knowledge of the world was limited to the peaceful, pure atmosphere of the convent. But the ambitions of youth were beginning to stir in her brain. She had no relotions, she had been told that her father was dead, and that her mother was unfit to be with her. This was to be her first real experience of the outside world, and her delight was unbounded. The journey to Narbonne kept her in a continual state of happy excitement, and that night when looking out from her window on the tossing waves, which shone with a faint phosphorescent light, she expressed her feelings in words to Nanette. "I want to know life, freedom—the world."

She could not sleep, and the call of the sea attracted her. The night was balmy, and obeying an impulse, Diane crept out and walked along the sands. She had to pass the chateau of a French nobleman of about thirty years of age, who at this moment was looking pensively from his window on the same entrancing scene that attracted Diane. He saw the girl's stealthy movements, and watched her with idle interest when Diane began to race along the sands. He could see the girl was young and lissome, and his interest grew.

"What has brought her out at this time all alone?" he mused. "What a wild creature she is!"

He waited till she had to pass the front of his window, and caught the light of the moon reflected on her countenance. A thrill of amazement shot through him. He drew nearer to the window, and followed the retreating form of the girl with renewed interest.

"Devil's eyes, and the face of a saint—which shall I believe?" he murmured. He laughed. He must make her acquaintance. Perhaps I shall see her passing again to-morrow night."

The young man was not disappointed. About the same time the girl passed his window, and went for her nocturnal walk along the sands. He crept out, and seeing that the girl was coming in a straight line, which would necessitate her passing him, he leaped leisurely against a rock. As she approached he raised his hat politely. The girl swerved like a young colt.

"Forgive me," said the intruder politely, "I have no right to speak to you, but —his gesture of admiration was more eloquent than words.

"Let me pass, monsieur," said the girl nervously.

"Certainly, mademoiselle," replied the other, with just a tinge of pathos in his tone, "but may I not at least see you safely to your door?"

Diane knew that she was not more than a few minutes walk from her friend's residence, and a space of interest tempted her to look more closely at the man. Being feminine, she declined to say "Yes," but the other man actively knew that his company would not be resented, and he walked beside her, and fell into easy conversation.
Diane felt shy at first, but the other's experienced and diplomatic methods of steering the conversation led her to speak of herself. Her interest grew, and as she touched David's destination he remarked gallantly:

"Eyes like yours were not made to look at convent walls."

"Monsieur," protested Diane weakly, "do you not see you again?" persisted the young man.

"Monsieur, I do not know you" replied Diane torn between her fears and her desire to know more of this the first man across her path.

"I shall tell you to-morrow night. I implore you, 'To-morrow at this time by the rock."

He took her hand, kissed it, but the girl drew it away with an embarrassed movement, and fled. As she neared her home she turned compositely. The man stood motionless and was watching Diane run indoors with flushed cheeks, and a sparkle in her eyes.

She went out again the next night, and was not surprised to see the figure of her new-found acquaintance emerge from the shadow of the rock. This was the first of many meetings.

The young man admitted that he was a member of an aristocratic family, and that he had come to this fishing village of Narbonne to inquire into the management of some of his property in the district. When his business was complete he would return to Paris, and he hinted that he hoped he would not return alone.

The glamour of moonlight is dangerous sometimes, and Diane realised that she really knew very little about the stranger. She called him "Monsieur le Chevalier," and he did not offer to add anything to the name. One night he came and told her he would be leaving Narbonne on the morrow and return to Paris. He placed a box containing a string of pearls in her hand, and Diane experienced a suffocating sensation.

"When will you come for me?" asked Diane, almost in a whisper.

The young man hesitated. "Well, not just yet," he began, but the girl, with her eyes flashing with diabolical anger, continued quickly:

"Then you never meant to marry me."

The other remained silent, and eyed the stretch of beach dividing the distance between himself and the little château. It was evident he was anxious to be off.

With a gesture of scorn the girl threw the pearl necklace on the sand. "I gave you everything," she cried heartily. The man looked shamed-faced and embarrassed. He had no defence, and turned his steps hesitatingly away. When twenty yards away he turned for a last look at Diane, and saw that the girl had thrown herself on the sand in a paroxysm of agony, and was sobbing as though her heart would break. For a moment he hesitated, then shrugged his shoulders and continued on his way.

* * *

A month later Cora May lay dying in a hospital, experiencing the fate attendant on careers such as her. Her good looks had departed years ago, and she had gradually descended from wealth to comfort, and then from comfort to absolute poverty. She had regularly kept up the payments for her daughter's board and education without letting Diane know of her identity, but, faced with death, she realised that her daughter would now have to rely on her own resources, and this idea embittered her thoughts.

On this day the Duchess of Chyny was making her weekly visit of charity to the hospital, and, on seeing the anxious face of the once-famed woman, drew near and tendered her sympathy. Cora pleaded for her daughter Diane.

"I would die content, Madame, if I knew my little daughter had a protector!"

"Perhaps I can do something," replied the Duchess, tenderly.

The dying woman poured her troubles into the other's sympathetic ear, and when the interview was over Cora May looked more peaceful, for the Duchess had promised to look after Diane.

"Madame," said Cora at parting, "when I am gone tell my little Diane how I loved her."

A week later the Duchess, accompanied by her cousin, Lieutenant Dodd, of the American Navy, paid a visit to the Convent de Sacre Coeur, and for the first time Diane learned of her mother's identity, and the fact that she would now leave the convent and take the place of a daughter to the childless Duke.

Lieutenant Dodd, who had accompanied his cousin with the curious desire to see what the inside of a convent was like, found, to his amusement, that the girl who was allowed inside he was very religiously kept waiting outside. When he saw his cousin emerge with one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen he opened his eyes in amazement. He had expected to see a meek, repressed-looking young Miss, but encountered a woman whose stormy eyes and beautiful face might have belonged to a young tragedienne. He could not restrain himself, and walked beside her, anxious to ascertain if a convent had always been the only place harbouring this jewel, but the girl refused all advances to his queries, and he felt baffled at the moment.

The two travelled to Paris and drove rapidly to the Duchess's residence. As they drove up, the Duke of Chyny, who was quite at home with his toil, and his expeditions, and had heard of this particular episode, was awaiting the Duchess. On hearing the rattle of the horses' hoofs, he walked to the window and saw her. He turned from the coach, and on seeing them the Duke's face turned suddenly pale.

"Mon Dieu! it is the girl of Narbonne!"

In several moments he stood rooted to the ground. What an extraordinary fate that the girl with whom he had trifled should become his wife's protégé, and a guest in his own house? It seemed almost destiny. He was about to call her. Something must be done immediately. Hurrying to the smoking-room, he opened the door, and found to his joy that his old friend Favereau, whom he had always consulted in his troubles, was awaiting him.

"Favereau," commended the Duke excitedly, "you remember my telling you of the extraordinary fate which befell me when I was down there about six weeks ago. I had done a terrible thing, and you know the whole history. Now an extraordinary thing has happened. My wife Helen has adopted this girl, and she is now in the house. What on earth is to be done?"

Old Favereau looked grave. "It is a very serious situation indeed," he answered. "But what will happen, Favereau, if I confess to my wife," continued the Duke, "I lose her love and respect for ever."

"If you must lie, for your wife's sake," replied Favereau at last. "It is the lesser evil, and you must choose one or the other. You must be cruel to the girl, or to Helen."

"I will arrange that your first meeting in this house with the girl will not be in your wife's presence," continued the diplomatist Favereau. "She will then be made to understand that the unfortunate adventure must be forgotten."

It was difficult for Favereau to arrange it, but he kept the Duke out of the way until the evening. Seeing the Duke face to face, he invited him into the drawing-room a minute after the Duke had entered it. The Duke, looking pale but collected, nervously for the ordeal.

Diane entered the room Favereau considerably turned his head aside. He certainly did not like the look, but, as he said, it was a choice of two evils.

Diane advanced into the room just as the Duke turned his face towards her. For several moments there was a tense silence, and then a girl's choking voice whispered:

"Monsieur le Chevalier"
The Duke bit his lips, then, in an even voice, he replied, "You mistake, Mademoiselle. I am the Duke of Cluny."

There was another tense silence, and the girl's eyes seemed to blaze in her head. Favereau turned his face towards the Duke, and his heart quickened in sympathy, but cruel necessity knows no law. Diane, with an accent of contempt that struck the Duke like a lash, said: "You coward!"

Favereau promised to the Duke to leave the room. When he had gone he turned to the girl. "You mistake, Mademoiselle. He is the Duke of Cluny, and, dc doubt, you will understand that, under the painful circumstances, he can have no connection with Monsieur le Chevalier." "Ah, I understand now," replied the girl, in a tired voice.

That evening Diane went to the Duchess, telling her that she wished to go away. "I can't stay here—here in this house," said the girl, "I can't accept so much from you—and the Duke."

The Duchess put the request down to girlish whims. "You love Diane, stay to please me," she replied, "I have no child to love but you." "Very well," replied Diane. She felt as though fate guided all her movements, and that her own desires or wishes availed nothing.

Diane, under the Duchess's tactful care soon accommodated herself to her position in the house, and the Duke was beginning to feel that the load of anxiety was lessening, for he believed that the secret was now safe. There was only one circumstance that caused him uneasiness, and that was the growing infatuation of Lieutenant Dodd, for Diane. Not that he had any qualms of jealousy. He bitterly regretted his folly at Narbone, and prided the respect of his wife too highly to even desire to renew the intrigue. But if his wife's relative grew to love Diane, and proposed marriage, the trouble would have complications he never dreamt of. After dinner he was aghast to hear Dodd addressing Diane in tones that left no doubt of their sincerity.

"Has no one ever told you how beautiful you are?"

The Duke again consulted his old friend Favereau. "What is to be done now, Favereau?" he asked. "Dodd is head over heels in love with Diane, and believes Duke is in league with her. I can't let him marry her. He is my wife'skinsman."

"You have already taken a course, and you must stick to it," said Favereau, firmly. "Don't trouble about it. Let Dodd look after himself. Let honour go let everything go—to save your wife's happiness." "Very well," replied the Duke resignedly.

The next day brought a climax. Dodd had followed Diane into the conservatory. The young lieutenant noted that the girl wore round her neck a string of pearls which looked very valuable, and playfully remarked, "These are very pretty, Diane, did they belong to your mother?"

"No," replied the girl sternly—"I wear them to remind me that I have no right to love."

The Lieutenant turned pale. "Do you mean that for me, Diane? You know that I love you, and want you to be my wife. Don't you care for me?"

Diane faltered. "I do care for you— I do—but I can't be your wife." "Why not?" persisted Dodd, anxiously. "Why can't you marry me? If there's a real reason, Helen will know. I'll ask her."

The girl remained silent for several moments. It was evident that a struggle was going on in her heart.

"Will you take the Duke's word that it is impossible?"

"Oh!" replied Dodd, considerably relieved—"I forgot I was in France. If from her neck—the man tried to pay me with these."

There was a moment's silence. Nona had noticed that the Duchess had entered the room.

"Who was it? His name? You said the Duke knew," demanded Dodd, passionately.

"The Duke ought to know. He is the man," replied the girl.

The Lieutenant looked at the Duke, who was pale as death, for he saw that his wife was in the conversation. Before he had time to reply Dodd struck him across the face.

The Duke bowed. There was only one answer to such an insult. "At dawn, behind the rose-garden," he replied, bitterly.

Early next morning two men faced each other at fifty paces. The seconds had marked the distance, and the fall of a handkerchief would decide which of the two was to live. The Duke looked resigned. "I have been in fault all through," he said. "I intend to die high. My death will atone."

The handkerchief fluttered. Two reports rang out, and the Duke immediately fell to the ground. A doctor in attendance ascertained the nature of the wound, and whispered to Favereau. "He won't live more than half an hour."

The dying man was conscious, and turned to Favereau. "Take me to my wife," he murmured. "You will forgive me."

Favereau turned his horse; whose pale face told the story of agony endured within the last twelve hours. There was nothing but forgiveness in her eyes, and the Duke's last moments were passed in his wife's arms.

I have been the cause of a great deal of trouble," replied Diane to Dodd's repeated requests that she should give him an answer. The Duchess has behaved like a saint, and I cannot promise to be the wife of a man who killed her husband."

"I have given you my love," returned Dodd, "I have not the power to take it back."

"The girl's eyes filled with tears. "And I have been the victim of a cruel set of circumstances. I love you—but marriage is not possible."

"I won't give you up, Diane; I'll wait and wait," returned the young man.

Diane placed her hands on the Lieutenant's shoulders, and looked into his face with the light of love in those devil's eyes he possessed both the dead Duke and Dodd with their magnetic light: "Perhaps—some day."

"The cast of this splendidly acted romance is sure to interest you."—Cora May, "Oto Ridgely; "Diane," Blanche Sweet; "Duke of Cluny," Edward Mackay; "Helen" his wife," Gertrude Kellar; "Lieutenant Dodd," Carlyle Blackwell; "Favereau," Theodore Roberts; "Nanette," Margaret Daw. The play is down for release next week.
The Greatest Foreign Film Artistes

THE SIX PLAYERS WHOM OUR READERS HAVE PLACED AT THE TOP OF THE POLL WITH A TOTAL OF 911,475 VOTES.

M A R Y P I C K F O R D, who has received the huge total of 250,515 votes,

MARY PICKFORD, the world's foremost motion-picture star, has again proven her right to this supreme distinction by winning the Ladies' Section of our Contest. Never before has there been such a genuine and overwhelming tribute to the abilities and charm of a young girl, who, in the space of a few brief years, has risen to the topmost peak of her art. If Miss Pickford had been in a contest among less capable artistes, the result would not have been so surprising; but when one considers the character and abilities of the other contestants it is some proof indeed that little Mary is really in a sphere of supremacy. The "World's Sweetheart" is young, but not so young as some people think. She is twenty-one, and was born in Toronto. Her parents were both connected with the stage, so there is little wonder that Mary should have been born a genius. From the age of five she appeared at intervals on the stage, but had reached "sweet sixteen" before she made her debut in film-plays. Then it was that this blue-eyed, brown-haired Biograph actress was known to the picture-going public as Dorothy Nicholson. When she began to play for the Famous Players' Film Company, under the direction of David Belasco, she insisted on using her real name, and as "Mary Pickford" she has since re-

M A U R I C E C O S T E L L O, the Vitagraph star whose portrait appears as our frontispiece, has once more proved his popularity with British picturegoers by winning first place in the Contest. Maurice Costello was born in Pittsburg, on Washington's birthday, February 22nd, 1877. Although thirty-eight years of age, the public have lost none of their admiration for this early-haired, blue-eyed screen hero. He was educated in the public schools at Pittsburg. He left school at eleven and worked in a printing-shop. He entered filmmaking by obtaining a position in a stock company. Seven years ago he joined the Vitagraph Company, and, climbing quickly to the top, has remained there with the same company ever since. In addition to acting Mr. Costello also directs his own pictures. He has played practically everything.

(Continued on page 113.)
RESULT OF "PICTURES"
World's Greatest Film Artistes Contest
(Exclusive of British-born Players.)

The following players have been accorded the largest totals of votes by our readers:—

MARY PICKFORD
250,545

FLORENCE TURNER
170,335

MAURICE COSTELLO
220,850

G. M. ANDERSON (Broncho Billy)
89,415

These four winning players are therefore awarded the highest honours that can come to them—the stamp of public approval. We hereby tender them our hearty congratulations, and will present each player with the "Pictures" Certificate, with the votes which he or she has polled inscribed thereon.

We have pleasure in publishing a further list of players with the total votes cast for each:—

**FEMALE PLAYERS:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Votes</th>
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<tr>
<td>Kathleen Williams</td>
<td>96,905</td>
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<tr>
<td>Anita Stewart</td>
<td>72,700</td>
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<td>Mary Pickford</td>
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<td>Margaret Clark</td>
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<td>Mabel Normand</td>
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<td>Lilian Walker</td>
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<td>Leah Baird</td>
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<td>Grace Cunard</td>
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**MALE PLAYERS:**

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<tr>
<td>Blanche Sweet</td>
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<td>Vivian Rich</td>
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<td>Pauline Bush</td>
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<td>Thomas Santschi</td>
<td>8,345</td>
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<td>F. X. Bushman</td>
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<td>Earle Williams</td>
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<td>Warren Korrigan</td>
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<td>Harold Lockwood</td>
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<td>Tom Powers</td>
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<td>Tom Mix</td>
<td>3,750</td>
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<tr>
<td>King Baggot</td>
<td>2,855</td>
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</table>

**Scores of other players received votes numbering 5,000 or less.**

**The Winning Coupons**

Many competitors gave the four winning names on one Coupon, but not in the correct order, which, of course, disqualified them as winning Coupons. No fewer than fifty-five voters sent in Coupons which contained the above four winning players’ names in their correct order. It has therefore become necessary to ask the fifty-five winners to compete in a simple competition restricted to themselves for the **FIRST FIVE PRIZES**, to be distributed as follows:—

The first four winners in this new Competition will receive the **SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH, and FIFTH Prizes** respectively. The remaining fifty-one competitors will each receive a £1 Shilling, being their share of the £10 cash offered as first prize. In this way the whole of the fifty-five voters who sent in the correct coupon will receive a prize. Their names are as follows:—

Mrs. A. Abbott, 7, Brompton Road, Rochdale, Manchester.
B. Abbott, 7, Brompton Road, Rochdale, Manchester.
Muriel Anderson-Brydges, 13, Whitney Road, Leyton, N.E.
Dorothy Arnold, 2, King Charles Drive, Surbiton.
Alec Barker, 52, Grimsey Road, New Cleeton, Grimsby.
F. O. Brown, 141, Craigleag Drive, Edinburgh.
G. M. Chambers, 29, Windsor Road, Slough, Bucks.
Mrs. A. Clarke, 9, Kingsholm Road, Gloucester.
Henry Coosarok, S, Wigglett, Stirling.
Victoria Crooks, 58, Churchill Avenue, Coventry.
Gladys Durey, 3, Robertson St., Lavendar Hill, Ipham, S.W.
W. Dyer, 139, Alact Road, Wiltlow Walk, S.E.
A. Elliott, 45, Huntsmile Street, Cht Margaret, Tooting, S.W.
Mrs. H. Etherington, 14, Green Lane, Middleton Junction, near Manchester.
Catherine Foster, 13, Cardigan Street, Waverton, Liverpool.
W. Fox, 111, Burley Lodge Road, Leeds.
William Henry Gallichow, 81, Clifton Crescent, Peckham, S.E.
M. Gibson, 12, Edward Street, Grimsby.
May Greckell, 24, Edbrooke Road, Paddington, W.
John Hampton, 5, Chester Terrace, Sunderland.
Maud Heywood, 29, Ashton Road, Lancaster.
Mrs. Olive Oman, 27, Methuen Road, Newport, Mon.
D. M. Hudson, 1, St. Brendan’s Rd, N., Wittington, Mancheseter.
Ethel Hudson, 277, Gillington Road, Bradford.
Urbain Jondffe, 148, East Dulwich Grove, S.E.
J. S. Kentish, 16, John Campbell Road, Daisen, N.
Ernecat King, 36, Ipplepen Road, Torrenham, London.

Kitty Lake, 54, High Street, Gorleston, Great Yarmouth.
Gladyas Lamberts, 69, Goldsmith Street, Liverpool.
I. Leete, 34, Elmibondo Road, Balham, S.W.
D. I. Masserman, 81, Hopton Road, Breatham, S.W.
Thomas McNab, 9, Moncrief Street, Paisley, Scotland.
Eileen Montgomery, 1, Mayow Road, Hathersh, Dublin.
R. Newman, 51, Grove Road, Norwich.
E. Nichols, 40, Squirries Street, Betnhal Green Road, E.
F. M. Odei, 42, Lower Kennington Lane, S.E.
L. J. Pearce, 53, Union Road, Newington, Caumtrhouse, S.E.
Elise Penncott, 7, S, Broadway, Sutton, Surrey.
Josee Phoenix, 72, Keary Street, Stuke-on-Trent.
Gordon Quick, 7, Acacia Road, Acton, W.
Gladyas Saunders, 14, Croft Street, West Bromwich.
Alan D. Simmons, 62, St. Fillans Road, Catford, S.E.
Evelyn Sprighth, 64, Tinwell Road, Stamford.
Agnes Squire, 30, Old Mill Lane, Barnsly.
Mrs. E. Taylor, 43, Arrol Road, Beckenham.
Florence M. Tickoll, 61, Blessing Road, Lee, S.E.
A. J. Townsdale, 18, Knaresborough Road, Harrogate;
Bert Townsdale, 18, Knaresborough Road, Harrogate.
Thomas R. Webbs, 42, Lower Kennington Lane, S.E.
Elsie White, 48, Coldershaw Road, W. Ealing, W.
T. Whitehead, 50, Lincoln Street, Oldham.
Cecil F. B. Whitham, 11, Shaw Lane, Barnsley.
Charles A. Williams, 91, Beaumont Street, Liverpool.
J. M. Williams, West Lynn, Mount Pleasant, Porth.
Annie Wingfield, 95, Effingham Road, Lee, S.E.

For names of 100 Consoliation Prize Winners see page 115.
Florence Turner belongs to the group of actresses who have justly won a world-wide popularity for their motion-picture work, and that she is very dear to the hearts of film patrons in this country has been proved by the splendid total of votes presented to her in this Contest. Miss Turner has always been a success on the screen, and had the honour of being the first woman who was enrolled on a stock company. She commenced acting on the stage at the age of three. That was twenty-five years ago. She then played in George R. Sims’s Romany Rye, and continued to take small parts until the age of eleven when school claimed her. But the stage held more magnetism for her than the schoolroom, and the stage won. She ran away, and pleading with Sir Henry Irving, that famous actor gave her a small part. She played it so well that Sir Henry congratulated her. At eighteen she joined a Shakespearean company, and played “Jessica” in The Merchant of Venice. After that Miss Turner obtained a position with the Vitagraph Company, which in those days was not a large one. Here she met with instantaneous success; here also she met the wonderful collie dog “Jean,” who has played important parts in so many of her films.

For two and a half years Miss Turner has been in England working hard in the film productions of her own company, the Turner Films, Limited, at Walton-on-Thames; and it is not too much to say that during that period she has given us in conjunction with Larry Triabble, her producer and managing director, some of the finest interpretations ever seen in the roles of silent drama. Her next appearance on the screen will be in Lost and Won, the full story of which we published last week.

Thomas Santschi, who has played for pictures for eight years, succeeded in mounting the ladder of fame in as many months. A splendid actor, he deserves all his votes and more, and it is quite a coincidence that the Contest has placed him third in the list, as it did Kathlyn Williams who belongs to the same company. Mr. Santschi’s Christian name is not really Thomas, it is Paul. He is called Tom by his friends, and as Tom he has remained. He was born at Lucerne, and in early life developed a craving for travel and went to the States. He received his schooling at St. Louis. Leaving lesson-books behind, he became a watchmaker, but being possessed of an overpowering ambition for the profession, he went on the “boards.” He became a film-actor under the Selig banner in the East; but when a Selig Company was formed in California he went there with it. He is still a Selig star, and still, we believe, in California. Handsome, curly-headed Tom is of fine physique, of a taciturn but humorous disposition, and is passionately devoted to music. He has played in over one thousand two hundred films, and one of his greatest successes was in The Spoilers.

Tom Santschi, another old favourite and worth every one of the 83,425 votes which he has polled.

Florence Turner, one of Britain’s greatest favourites.
Picturesque have shown their appreciation by according her no fewer than 179,335 votes.
GILBERT MAXWELL ANDERSON, better known as "Broncho Billy," who is placed second in the Contest, gained his great popularity by sheer hard work as well as capability. Mr. was born in Arkansas, and in his early youth fondly hoped he would become an actor. Before he reached the age of eighteen he was on the stage in a stock company. In pictures he obtained his first engagement with Edisons. He had to play the part of a man who attempts to escape from a train and is shot down, in the Great Train Robbery, the first one-thousand-foot film to be made. His first great success was as Mr. Anderson in The Gentleman Burglar. One day Mr. Anderson ran across George K. Spoor in Chicago and persuaded him to enter the producing end of the business. A company was formed known as the "Essanay" (S. and A.), which specialized in Wild West pictures, and in this type of film particularly Mr. Anderson from that time to this has made millions of friends. His remarkable success is due, not only to his wonderful acting but to the fact that he has a remarkably fine character. Sincere, honest, generous, and likeable, he is adored by every one who meets him both on and off the screen. It is interesting to note that Mr. Anderson, having given the public so many wild West broncho pictures has just recently been appearing in domestic drama, and incidentally acting and looking as much at home in evening-dress as in buckskin.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS has been called the "girl without fear." She has risked her life countless times for pictures, and, in addition, she is a born actress. It is not surprising, therefore, that she is one of the first three in the Contest. Miss Williams was born in Butte, Montana. At eight she showed theatrical tendency, and early in her teens gained celebrity in amateur stage work. During a College vacation she appeared in a play, and, receiving favourable mention in the Press, she decided to study for the stage. She came under the notice of the Senator, and after a course of acting she obtained the position of lead in a big drama.

She then joined a touring company, but the exactings made on her health made her yearn for outdoor life. Then the motion pictures attracted her, and before long she became leading lady for the Selig Company. Miss Williams has had heaps of hair-raising adventures during her picture career, many of them through contact with wild beasts over whom she has a wonderful influence. Although appearing in all kinds of dramas, she is never happier than when she is playing in a Selig jungle film.

Whilst taking part in Lost in the Jungle she was hurled to the ground and mauled by a huge leopard, which leapt upon her from a clump of bamboo. In another film Miss Williams was nearly squeezed to death by one of the Selig elephants, who grasped her round her waist with his trunk—luckily the keeper arrived, but when she was released from the iron grip of this gigantic beast she collapsed. Her latest animal friends are a pair of sacred monkeys from India. They have faces like owls, long thin legs and tails about 4 ft. in length. A short time ago Miss Williams received a letter full of love and kisses asking her to marry the writer. He was nine years old, and said "Be sure and wait for me." On reading it Miss Williams quietly remarked "Some wait."
CONSORTION PRIZE-WINNERS
in the Great Foreign Contest.

Lily Alexander, 211, Ramsey Road, Forest Gate. 
Dorothy Hackman, 31, Read Lane, Tooting. 
J. Barrie, 42, Carnarvon Road, Kettering. 
Alfred Sykes, 50, Toller Road, Cardiff. 
Betty Bridge, 19, Barkston Avenue, S.W. 
Robert Boyd, 46, Camborne Grove, Gateshead. 
John M. Bond, 37, Conduit Street, Sheffield. 
Fredda Brown, Silver Street, Witham Road, Brentford. 
H. Bellinger, 102, Turkish Rd., London 11. 
A. D. Haas, 12, Wilford Road, Edgbaston, N. 
W. Jones, 10, Victorian Avenue, Blyth. 
John Cattermole, 28, Blue-Lined Street, Greenock. 
Maisie E. Clark, 15, Yarwood Road, Gosforth. V.A. 
Gordon H., Cheltenham, 87, Prince's Street, Peterborough. 
Mabel M. Capon, 26, Northbrook Street, Norwood. 
J. H. Loomes, 3, Northleigh Park Road, Ascot, Berks. 
Mr. Collin, 42, King Street, Cottenham, S. 
Janet Cranen, 7, Olive Grove, Bradford. 

“A FREE PARDON!”

A dramatic scene from

"THE GREATER COURAGE"

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS, IN WHICH A COWARD PROVES A HERO

That moral courage is a much finer and more reliable quality than any of physical bravery is the theme of this splendid psychological drama.

Its intense action shows the war between two brothers to save the love of a maid. It vividly portrays the sacrifice of one brother to serve the other, and affords splendid opportunities for those popular Essanay players.

EDNA MAYO & BRYANT WASHBURN

in the chief parts, supported by an all-star cast. This fine story is splendidly acted, and you will be immensely interested from the beginning. Look out for this film at your local theatre, and if you do not see it announced, tell the manager. Tell him this is

JUST OUT—BILLY MERSON!

12 Beautiful Photogravure Postcards, in different make-up. Price One Penny each, or the set complete for 10d., post-free.

OUR CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Films you should make a point of seeing.

UNDER THE RED ROBE.—An admirable adaptation of Stanley J. Weyman's great novel. The Gainsborough Film Company have never done anything better than this picture. Many scenes in which were taken in a charming English village.—Grosvenor Film Hire Service, three reels (Nov. 22).

VENDETTA IN A HOSPITAL.—A comedy with Billie Ritchie is a thing of laughter and joy for ever. Here he is again in another scrumping hospital comedy, which is funnier even than Cupid in a Hospital—which is saying a lot. Give Billie Ritchie a funny situation to handle, and he will turn it into a goldmine of laughter. His adventures in hospital when he is placed in the adjoining ward to his deadly rival, who is an anarchist by profession, provide one long round of riotous mirth.—L-Ko Fox-Comedy. 1,725 feet (Nov. 24).

THE GIFT.—Jack and Eva couldn't marry because father objected. Eva was ill, the doctor called. She must have a surprise. He went away, and returning with a trunk disclosed Jack, A "Jack-in-the-Box" which did the trick. —Novelts comedy, one reel (coming).

DRAWING THE LINE.—Do you ever sit in a seat at a cinema and hold your breath from sheer excitement? If not, go and see Walter Sharp and Jack Richardson in a fight in this feature film. She appeals to men in love with Edith (Vivian Rich). How love proves the victor in the end is the tale which this film unfolds. —Drawing the Line. 2,000 feet (Nov. 3).

NIPPER'S BUSY HOLIDAY.—Lapino Lane, the comedian from the Empire Theatre, as 'Nipper,' a schoolboy on his holiday, will make you forget for at least fifteen minutes the dark streets outside and why they are dark. Mr. Lane seems to have found his feet in this the second of his John Bull films. He is genuinely funny. —Devotion, the British Agent. 1,682 feet (Nov. 20).

MARITANA.—Everybody knew the story of this famous operetta and its Kalam film hit, but the picture altogether renews the interest. The careless, callow adventurer, Don Cesar de Bazin, blessed with nothing but poverty and a good sword, is played to perfection by W. Lawson Butt. The setting is well arranged, the sword-play is good, and the plot highly interesting. —M.V. Sales Agency, four reels (coming).

THE ETERNAL CITY.—Hall Caine himself pressed this wonderful screen production. Pauline Frederick plays the female lead, and she has the honour of being the first woman to play for films produced in the Vatican Garden, the Coliseum, St. Peter's, the Castle of St. Angelos, and many other historic and impressive spots in the Imperial City which have been used as backgrounds. —No. 3 of 11 parts, Neptune Production, five parts (Nov. 29).

CHARLIE AT THE BANK.—Charlie is janitor at the bank. He loves the stenographer, so does another Charlie, the cashier. The lady shows a preference for the latter, until robbers break into the bank and endeavour to push her into the safe. Charlie number one comes to the rescue and, killing the burglars, claims his lady. The bank scenes in this newest Chaplin picture were taken in a real bank on a Saturday afternoon. —Evening comedy, two parts (coming).

JIMMY.—Have you ever laughed with a lump in your throat, while little thrills of joy swept over you? That's what 'Jimmy' will make you do. He is a keen-witted lad of the slums, and being a messenger, is called upon by Rose to return her ring to Jack with whom she has quarrelled. Jimmy sums up the situation and reunites the alienated couple, but not until he has been made a cripple in his efforts. Edith Johnson plays a Jimmy, and Roland Sharp is the hero of 'Jimmy.' —Selby drama. 1,050 feet (Nov. 29).

THE BEDOUIN'S SACRIFICE.—Bigelow Cooper always compels admiration in his latest Oriental character-studies. In this subject he makes the Bedouin's deed a scene epic in which he is featured with Bessie Lear as "Mary" and Edward Earle as her fiancé. Mary is stolen by Bedouins in the heart of a desert. She manages to escape, but, to the tender side of the chief's heart, and after great difficulty (on account of the enraged Bedouins) he, with the aid of the fiancé, effects her escape, but is killed in the attempt. —Edison Drama. 906 feet (Nov. 22).

SCALA THEATRE

"Unforgettable."

—The Evening News.

TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 8.

THE BIRTH OF A NATION

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREROGUE 116

WEEK ENDING NOV. 6, 1914

PATHE'S ANIMATED GAZETTE gives real WAR NEWS.

DO NOT MISS IT.
"PICTURES" POEMS

IF you see in the glass a complexion, alas!
That is spotted, how shocking the sight is!
Say you've kidney disease and your face is like cheese,
Or you suffer from some sort of "tis".
Whatever it be you may take this from me—
When prospects are not very rosy
You should go straight away, without any delay.
To the picture-house known as the "Cosy."

If you've aches in your head, and you're pretty near dead,
And you feel indisposed for a frolic,
If you've gout in your toe and the twinges won't go,
Indigestion assails you, or colic,
Or you've fidgets or jumps and a fit of the grumps,
And your outlook's depressive and prosy,
There's no need to complain, for we cure you of pain.
At the picture-house known as the "Cosy."

Though we charge you no price for the special advice,
You will heed it, if not supercilious!
For the feeble and frail we make hearty and hale
And restore their lost health to the bilious.
You need pay no more bills, you need swallow no pills,
Nor obey any medical strictures.
If you'll do as we say and commence to-day,
Take a regular course of our pictures.

"BRIAN."

**PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER**

A Chance of a Lifetime.

SETS OF BEAUTIFUL HALF-PLATE PHOTOS

depicting the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of

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A Wonderful Scenic by Mr. Frederick Burlingham, the Famous Alpine Climber and Cinematographer.

"CLIMBING THE JUNGFRAU"

Trans Atlantic Special. 880 feet above sea. Released Dec. 26th. (Burlingham Film.)

Mr. Frederick Bsales. the renowned Alpine climber and cinematographer, famous for his ascent of the Matterhorn and his pictures of Vesuvius, has made a wonderful scenic picture for the Trans Atlantic, in a series of truly remarkable scenes of superb photographic quality. Mr. Frederick Burlingham has pictured his ascent of the famous Jungfrau, one of the most difficult and dangerous mountains in Switzerland. Some of the most wonderful mountain views ever made were taken on the actual summit of the Jungfrau, at an altitude of 13,506 feet, from which a view of Mont Blanc, seventy-three miles away, is shown. Don't fail to see this wonderful scene.


ENQUIRE AT YOUR FAVOURITE CINEMA WHEN THEY WILL BE SHOWING

"THE MAN WITH THE MISSING FINGER." No. 1:

"The Mystery of the Vilia Falcon."

THIS great picture is the first of the wonderfully thrilling new Nordisk Detective Dramas.

**NORDISK EXCLUSIVES**

**Film Titles Traversied.** No. 15. "A Gentleman of Leisure."
(The Lucky Production.)
Finding the Lady.

Edna Purviance, the pretty girl whose portrayal of the "heroine's parts in the "Charlie Chaplin" comedies has made her face familiar to thousands of people all over the world, was "discovered" by accident. Chaplin wanted a certain type of girl for his leading lady, and he advertised extensively in the San Francisco papers. But none of the scores of applicants he interviewed at the Essanay studios at Los Angeles suited, and the comedian was in despair. Some time later Miss Purviance chance to visit the studio to see an actress friend, and as soon as Chaplin saw her he observed, "That's the girl I want!" Miss Purviance took the chance, offered her, though she had never before appeared on the film, and to-day her work is a recognised asset of every film in which Chaplin appears.

Film Scenes More Thrilling.

Not even a Zeppelin raid is thrilling to a motion-picture camera-man. John Mackenzie has returned to the Balboa Studio, California, after witnessing a German air attack without a "penny-dreadful" account of it. Whilst in a train approaching London at night, he says he heard an explosion that sounded as if all the guns in the world had been discharged at the same time. Looking out of the window, he saw a monster dirigible. manoeuvring at a height of a thousand feet. "Searchlights were trained on it," said Mackenzie, "and we could watch every detail of operation of the bomb-release at the front-end of the Zeppelin. In ten minutes, twenty-nine charges were dropped. For a short distance, one could see a thread of fire as the fuse burned. A second later, there was a deafening explosion and more destruction had been done. But the people were uncrushed. Thousands looked on that night, from the place where I was, with the curiosity of a crowd viewing a Lord Mayor's Show. People watch the stunts in a moving picture with more tenacity than they manifested on this occasion. The Zeppelin raids are not intimidating the British, as the Germans had hoped. On the contrary, they are stimulating the enlistments."

Mackenzie has an international reputation as a motion-picture camera-man. He turned the first crank in Scotland twenty years ago. Since then he has taken pictures for the British Government in the Orient, the Balkans, and many other troublous localities. While the war is going on, he says he is glad to be back and engaged in work that is much more fascinating.

Is He the First?

A NEW claimant has arisen in the person of Mr. Tellegen, now appearing in the Lasky production of "The Explorer" which will be shown shortly in England, for the honour of being the first legitimate actor to appear in pictures. He bases his claim on an incident in his student-days, when he and a group of friends acted an impromptu comedy for a moving-picture photographer taking rural scenery in France. According to this, he would appear Mr. Tellegen was a moving-picture actor before he appeared on the legitimate stage.

Determination brings Realisation.

Even as the duckling yearns for water, so did Mabel Trunnell thirst for the stage, even before she knew the real meaning of the word. In her back yard in Chicago, before an admiring audience of many dolls, she did her stage some doll-thrilling "dramas" that set the "fence on fire more than once. Then to the "pin show" was the next step, till parents, at first amused, then concerned, lest she should really go on the stage, sent her to be educated in a convent. Of course, there it had to be midnight scenes, but these palled, and she broke bounds and, in real stage style, escaped from the convent and got a small part in a Chicago stock company splendidly rehearsed, when the searching party gently led her back to grammar and geometry. With two more years spent in captivity, she again scaled the heights and successfully made the acquaintance of the footlights for nearly a week before she was found out, under another name, in a play which passed through Chicago and was then playing in a nearby city. But the stage manager promised so
much that Mabel's papervelveted, and she was allowed to continue to her stellar way. Miss Trunnelle's childish instincts were merging, as she is splendidly fitted for the stage, and particularly the screen, which requires the intangible personality before it gives high screen homans to its leaders. With large, eloquent brown eyes which mirror faithfully the fastest emotion of a sympathetic nature, a perfect oval face, an instinctive sense of the dramatic and, withal, a winsome personality, Miss Trunnelle, since her brave first attempt has risen high in hisstrionic fields and popularity.

After her Chicago engagement she was with a stock company a season in Newark, N.J., then played three seasons with the Shubert Stock Company in Syracuse, N.Y., where she acquired a popular following in a company which has given many stars to the stage since. She followed that engagement with the same management in Philadelphia. Then followed three years all over the country in Under Southern Skies succeeding Grace George who created the part. Then a season in Lead River, then The River House, when Edison, aware of her unusual talents for the screen, sent for her. For this Company she played her first part before a camera in a lead which earned instant approval, both within and without the studio.

Miss Trunnelle's characteristics are marked with a maturity of art grasped, but she appeals through a winsome, quiet girlliness of manner which has never left her. Her sense of delicious humour furnishes many a laugh for her associates, and has been well illustrated in Edison Comedies, but it is the dramatic role that she prefers—and the intense emotional roles that play themselves, but roles wherein the quiet reserve and restrained intensity, coming from an intellectual appreciation of the parts, afford an opportunity for convincing feeling.

Five years of Edison films have been the necessary proof of how well Miss Trunnelle has set forth film characterizations not easily forgotten. Some of her best pictures are A Trip of the Drums, the comedy Why Girls Leave Home, The Prophet's Gift, The African, The Frenzy of Reeds, The One who Lured Him Back, Olive, the gypsy, made up in the Office of Opportunities series, and the feature Out of the Ruins.

Miss Trunnelle is also a scenario-writer of ability, and it is in these that her serious side finds expression, for she believes that all films should carry some sort of a message. Her sympathy for human animals is, perhaps, her most passion, and she dreams of schemes for forward the S.P.C.A. movement.

In her tastes she is an out-of-doors girl, for she loves motor and stage and sea. She suggested nothing of the stage in her daily life, rarely speaks of it, and is just a wholesome, lovable American girl, buoyant with the spirit of youth and the uncanny unconsciousness of her talents; in fact, she suffers from lack of self-appreciation and a searching self-analysis, frankly and laughingly confessing that she "likes flattery once in a while to get me out of my cold-water blues I give myself."

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**SCALA THEATRE**

**THE BIRTH OF A NATION**

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—The Referee.

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PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER 120

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<tr>
<th>PRIZE</th>
<th>1st</th>
<th>2nd</th>
<th>10 PRIZES OF 10/ &amp; a</th>
<th>100 PRIZES TO BE WON</th>
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<td>£10</td>
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We give below the seventh set of pictures in our Players’ Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition—"Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, £5 to the next, and £1 each to the next ten, and 200 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the seventh set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players’ names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages. Back numbers containing previous Sets may be had from our Publishers.

**OUR LETTER-BAG**

Selected from hundreds every week.

**Pity the Poor Editor!**

"Dear Sir—I want the girl’s name who played in Coloured Man of East who invented bombs and gave them to the girl to take to the Dance and other places in Picture. When East Meets West mentioned in order I thought you would not understand who I wanted. I am a funny writer slate if any postcards of this girl.

Yours very truly,
T. (Penrhysheiric)."

**Who Wants this Man?**

"I am at present in the Royal Naval Hospital in Plymouth, just returned from the Dardanelles. I will be having my discharge from the Marines shortly. So will be pleased if you could tell me how I can obtain a position as camera- operator in a film producing firm. I know a fair amount about ordinary photography."

B. N. (Seacombe).

**One of the Lucky Ones.**

"I know how glad you will be to hear how fortuitous I have been. I wrote to Miss Pickford just a simple little letter, and was favoured with a charming letter from her, accompanied by a lovely autographed photo. Wasn’t that perfectly sweet of her? Isn’t she a deli-filish little actress? I also wrote to Charlie Chaplin. I never thought that any notice would be taken of my silly note. However, I was delighted to receive a large photo of him. Oh! he looks so good looking in his natural self. I have both the photos nicely framed, and they are very much admired, so I consider myself very lucky."

E. K. (Edinburgh).

**Pictures and Patriotism.**

"Talking of British-made pictures, I am writing to express my opinion on them. Yes! I uphold that British films should be given the first place in our picture palaces, but have you ever thought of the number of young fellows employed in the production and manufacture of these films, men who, I am sure, are quite fit, and yet fill up their time playing for pictures whilst England wants men? It is not only the actors to which I refer, but to the photographers, artists, painters, office-clerks, and openers. Certainly uphold the British film, but personally I prefer to see a film in which there are no fellows of military age featured.”

T. S. (Highgate).

**The Old and the New.**

"Be a letter from a reader, under ‘Our Letter-Bag’. N. V. (Marston) wonders why some film-players change their names. Those who acted for the pictures then were looked upon as very bad people indeed, so perhaps that is why some players were known by an invented name. Now that cinematography is an industrial art, all these players, who had to be known by some names or other, are falling in line with the present-time stars by changing their real or fictitious names. The following were all once stars of the American Bible Company—"

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>OLD NAME</th>
<th>NEW NAME</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy Nicholson</td>
<td>Mary Pickford</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marjorie Fortescue</td>
<td>Mabel Normand</td>
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<tr>
<td>Daphne Wayne</td>
<td>Blanche Sweet</td>
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<td>Violet Crawford</td>
<td>Vivian Precoct</td>
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<td>Phyllis Forde</td>
<td>Kate Bruce</td>
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<td>Doris Dalton</td>
<td>Claire McDowell</td>
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<td>Harry Benson</td>
<td>Charles H. West</td>
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<td>Percival Peabody</td>
<td>Chrystie Miller</td>
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<td>George Hare-Beales</td>
<td>Alfred Paget</td>
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<td>Charles Berry</td>
<td>Edward Dillon</td>
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<td>Montague Love</td>
<td>Arthur Lake</td>
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<td>Edwin August</td>
<td>Robert Heron</td>
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<tr>
<td>Willie McBain</td>
<td>Alexander Mack Kenward</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter Terry</td>
<td>Fred MacMurray</td>
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</tbody>
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B. M. V. (Walworth),

Week ending: Nov. 6, 1915.
GOSSIP AND EDITORIAL

So much space in the issue is given up to the Contest that it would only rob this page to deal further with the subject. I should like to say, however, firstly, that prizes and certificates will be dispatched at the earliest possible moment (there were congratulations to the winners, and, secondly, that countless voters succeeded in placing three and even all the winners on one coupon, but not in their correct order. I know I shall get a lot of letters pointing this out and perhaps claiming a consolation prize, but if the right names were wrong in position, according to the totals of votes—they could not, of course, be winning coupons.

"Screened Stars" Going Strong.

The picture puzzle competition on the opposite page is in full swing, and I hope you are all going in for it. A few readers complain that the puzzles are difficult, but I do not agree with them. If the pictures were obvious to all at first glance, thousands would win, and there would be nothing for anybody. Every picture really illustrates a player’s surname, and when you find it you will say “How easy it is!” Fill up what you can, anyway. There is no need to get all correct to win a prize. By the way, a few single-page sets are dribbling into the office, but let me tell the senders that only complete sets are eligible. Save them up until I tell you to send them in.

A Batch of Coming Films.

"Is Elisabeth Risdon acting now?" writes a reader. Yes, she is as busy as ever; Maurice Elvey has completed no less than six “Diploma,” films, all made at the London Film Company’s Studio, and all featuring Miss Risdon. Their titles are: I Will of Her Own; Esther, Five Feathers—all written by Mr. Elvey; Charity Aur, by Chappell Dossett; Money, the Lieutenant; Miss Lane in a Wood, by Kenelm Foss. They will be released shortly as Exclusives, and Mr. Elvey tells me that other big productions he has arranged for include the right two of E. Temple Thurston’s books, The Greatest Wish in the World and The Evolution of Catherine. In addition to Miss Risdon his company of well-known artists includes Fred Groves, Ruth Mackay, Gerald Ames, Frank Stanmore, and Charles Rock.

Alma Taylor, Mother; Chrissie White, Daughter.

One of the best of the past week’s trade shows was the Hopworth production of Sweet Lavender, the play by Sir Arthur Pinero which charmed countless picturegoers, myself included, many years ago at Terry’s Theatre and elsewhere. The picture carried me back to those bygone days, and frankly I enjoyed it as much as I did the play. There is such a lot in it to compensate for the loss of the spoken dialogue, and although Henry Ainley’s Dick Phenyl is not a bit like the late Edward Terry’s interpretation, it is none the less a strong and lovable character. Miss Taylor surprised me with her dramatic rendering of the wronged mother who becomes Dick’s housekeeper, and Chrissie White, the daughter, was just sweet in the same part. The players, Cecil Hopworth, who produced, and the London Independent Film Trading Company, Limited, who have acquired the picture, are all to be congratulated.

Fashionable Film Functions.

The Essanay Trade Shows, at each of which a batch of “good things” are always shown, are becoming quite a fashion-
**Turner Films**

"MY OLD DUTCH"—booked by over 600 Theatres in less than two months—is a TURNER FILM.

Other TURNER FILMS are:

Released during past 12 months.

Through the Valley of Shadows.
For Her People.
The Shepherd Lassie of Argyle.
Shop Girls.
As Ye Repent.

These have come or are coming to your favourite Theatre. Ask the Manager "When?"

---

**THE YOUNG PICTURGOER**

Dear Girls and Boys—

Animals have been and always will be popular film actors. The elephant here shown is one of the clever troop of Bostock animals (and many of you must have seen them during their visits to England) which are now being employed in America in a new brand of "Centaurs" films. The Bostock animals include some of the cleverest four-legged trick performers in the world, and their screened antics are sure to amuse and interest you when they arrive in this country. One good thing about such pictures is that you run no personal risk of injury. A little girl friend of mine once stood admiring a fine elephant at the Zoo. Suddenly the animal curled his trunk around her right arm and lifted her high up in the air. Of course the child howled, and so did the keeper. "Don't aggle," he cried, "or he will break your arm," and after moments of tense excitement the little girl was rescued. Now, no matter how affectionate an elephant might be, he cannot embrace you with his trunk if he happens to be only a shadow.

I have just heard that a few weeks ago four lion cubs made their first appearance on earth at the Bostock Zoo, and that children in Los Angeles have been asked to compete in finding names for them. And who knows? perhaps these babies will grow up to be film-players also.

As I have started the subject of animals I may as well keep it up.

Attached to the Lubin Studio in Philadelphia is Mike, a monkey. He receives three dollars a day for his services, and enough peanuts and candy to kill the average child. Everybody likes Mike, except the office cat, because she does not like Mike. Attached also to the studio is a dachshund pup—you know the sort, very long body and very short legs. The monkey and the dog are chums, and the latter did not object when Mike took him up in his arms the other day, carried him over to the cat, and hurled him on top of the cat's back. During the awful fight which followed Mike assisted his chum by pulling the cat's tail. When peace was declared Mike was perched on Marie Dressler's shoulder, telling her all about it in monkey language; the cat was hidden in the producer's new red motor-car; and the dog was chasing in joy-wheel fashion his own tail.

Perhaps the only real Irish doggy actor in Ireland to-day is "Brandy," the full-blooded terrier, that belongs to Paddy O'Sullivan, an imbecile at Beaufort. Up till the summer of last year Sidney Olcott has gone there with his company to make pictures, and always on Sidney's landing in Beaufort "Brandy" has been his slave, and ready to do anything he wished. The result is that this little terrier figures quite prominently in many scenes in these Irish pictures, which are being released by the Lubin Company. The dog knew when to come on and when to go off, and acted with all the intelligence of a grown-up child, and every time Mr. Olcott took his departure "Brandy" just howled like a tiny heart out.

Every month I receive one or two letters from "nephews" or "nieces" in which I am warned that having reached the age of fifteen, he or she is no longer eligible for my competitions. Also it is too true, and, in addition, a constant reminder of how time flies. But it does not follow—that because my reader is no longer a child he or she will cease to read Pictures. In fact, the
A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT; OR, FATHER'S BRAIN WAVE.

"Never mind the beating.—Stop his 'picture' money." (Le Rice.)
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

SMILES

Ringing the Changes.
She: "Take back the heart thou gavest me!"
He: "Never mind the heart—let's have the ring!"

Better Not Advertised.
Visitor to a small village picture-hall: "I believe this picture-hall boasts of a pianist!"
Manager: "No, sir; we dare not boast about it!"

A Safe Place.
Old Lady (to wounded soldier): "You say that you were shot right through the chest, how was it that you were not killed?"
Wounded Soldier: "My heart was in my mouth, madam."

Short Scenarios.

The Screen and the Scream.
LEARNED NATURALIST (at a cinema lecture): "A cockroach has three thousand teeth.
BROTHER OF SEVEN: "What an awful time the family will have when the baby cockroaches are teething, sir."

"Cleanliness Next to..."
Mother: "Did you wash your face before the music-teacher came?"
Small Boy: "Yes.
Mother: "And your hands?"
Small Boy: "Yes."
Mother: "And your ears?"
Small Boy: "Only the one that was next to the teacher."

Cause and Effect.
GENTLEMAN (in new suit of clothes, sitting on a bench in the Park, to little boy on the grass in front of him): "Why don't you go and play with the other little girls and boys?"
Boy: "Not till I've seen you stand up. A fellow was painting that sent a few minutes ago."

The "Looks" that Count.
The two film stars were enjoying their own conversation. A had received several letters lately from adoring picturegoers, 'all ladies too, by George! I don't see why the public should be admired by the fair sex. He produced the week's post from his bosom pocket, and recorded the time when he received as many missives per diem from adoring dames and maidens. It was at practice, he confessed, to meet foolish maidens who offered him the devotion of a lifetime, and grain repudiate them for their foolish conduct, give them a homily from the nearest melodrama, and despatch them to their parents' arms. "Of course, you do likewise," B said he. "That is my invariable custom," B replied; "my invariable custom—if they are plain."—Sydney Bulletin.

Editorial matters should be addressed to THE EDITOR, "Pictures and the Picturegoer," 55, Long Acre, London, W.C.

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Publishing Offices: 55 and 54, Long Acre, W.C.
Two kinds of fighting
(From Then to Now—Part 14)

Before the war we did not all have the high opinion of fighting qualities that we now have. But now we know what fighting means. And perhaps it is for that very reason that "The White Hope" is so great a success as a Hepworth picture play. It is a film version of W. H. R. Troubridge's successful novel, produced by Frank Wilson.

The boxing scenes are perfect. The story itself is one of love as well as fighting, and it is re-lived in this picture by several of the great Hepworth stars. Stewart Rome is "The White Hope" and Violet Hopson is the Duchesses daughter. Lionelle Howard and Chrissie White complete the list of stars. The scenario is by Victor Montefiore whose articles on picture-play writing you read last month in "The Pictures.

Hepworth Picture Plays
C/o Hepworth Publicity, Hepworth Mfg. Co., Ltd., 2, Denman Street, Golden Square, W.

SCALA THEATRE
"A wonderful triumph."
—The Sphere.
TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 8.

DON'T LOOK OLD!
You begin to look old, with those grey and faded locks always so conspicuous. Write at once to the great Hair Specialists, J. Pepper & Co., Ltd., 57, Redford Laboratories, London, S. E., for a bottle of our wonderful LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER. 1/6. Sent privately packed and post-free.

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Ask the Manager of your Cinema when he is going to show
LUPINO LANE
in the new All-British Comedies.

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New Portraits that will brighten and beautify your postcard albums.

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Magnificently printed in Colours.

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PRICE ONE PENNY EACH (postage extra). The Complete Set of Six post-free Sixpence.

"THE PICTURES" LTD., 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.
Wright's typist falls and twists her ankle. Being in the midst of important business, he takes the girl to and from her home in his car. Neighbours and busybodies talk, and ruin descends upon both.

The disaster was entirely due to the unwarrantable interest other people took in the lives of Wright and Daisy Dean. The film is a powerful sermon against speaking ill of one's neighbours or acquaintances.

This is a Film everybody is going to talk about

SCANDAL

The Tragedy of Idle Gossip

Trans-Atlantic Film

THE GAUMONT FILM HIRE SERVICE
(The Gaumont Co., Ltd.).
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"THE
WILD GOOSE
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A merry Romance and
Comedy of Errors.

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Produced by
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HELEN BADGLEY
The pretty little player of the Thanhouser Co., who are famous for
child artistes. (See page 108.)
YOU KNOW THESE TWO!

THE TRADE-MARK & THE ARTIST

STELLA RAZETO — as the faithful yet misjudged wife — will enlist your sympathy and admiration in a Selig two-reel Feature of exceptional strength entitled

THE SHADOW AND THE SHADE

REMEMBER! A Good, average Selig Feature is better than hundreds of multi-reel Exclusives. Patronise the Hall that "Runs a Selig Regularly!"

We are offering sets of Six Art Coloured Postcards of Selig Artistes, 3½d. the set. Stella Razeto is included. They are well worth getting, and quite worth keeping. Your friends will like them.

SELIG FILMS
93-95, Wardour Street, LONDON.

CONSCIENCE

Trans-Atlantic.

4,500 Feet.

"How many innocent men have sat in that Electrocution Chair?" says one of the characters in this powerful drama to the Governor of a gaol.

CONSCIENCE is the story of one such terrible MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE.

It shows, with a power that grips you, the fatal ease with which a crime can be fastened, by means of circumstantial evidence, upon the wrong man.

And it brings home to the public in vivid fashion the awful dangers of such testimony—always so plausible and convincing, and yet with a flaw that damns it— if only one could find it.

CONSCIENCE.

In this play Conscience, jogged by a clever criminologist, comes to the aid of justice, and the wrong-doer himself confesses.

The manner in which the tangled skein of crime is unravelled is masterly.

It introduces the audience to new scenes not hitherto witnessed on the screen.

And the story, worked up to its climax in such dramatic fashion, is rich in fine photography.

Altogether a big subject—and a big film!

RELEASED NOV. 15th.

THE IDEAL FILM RENTING CO., LTD., 76-78, WARDOUR ST., W.
"OF COURSE, YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE—?"

A new portrait of Billy Merson, who looks like being as famous on the screen as he is on the stage.

(See Gossip page.)
PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

If a trimmer of films makes cutting remarks, you can't blame him, can you?

On Trafalgar Day one thousand cinema theatres screened films showing the Navy at work and at play.

The French Government has authorised the reopening of the cinema theatres in Boulogne. Hooray!

Would you like to see elephants in battle? Would you like to see elephant chases through water? Then wait for The Flash Light, a Selig special.

Cyril Mande's salary for silent play work in America is said to be $10 an hour. Silence is gold, is it not? We hear that his next film appearance is in The Anteas Deader.

They're all after The Mystery of a Hansom Cab. Although not released until December 6th, the picture is booking rapidly. Watch for the story of this Ideal film in Pictures.

There are some would-be film dramatists who complain bitterly of the shortsightedness of producers, but they should remember that when a producer is considering a plot he always has a cast in his eye.

The Birth of a Nation is said to have led to the burning of the Princes Theatre in Montreal, because of its injustice to the coloured race. No fear of the Scals in London being set on fire, except with enthusiasm!

Five thousand pounds worth of furniture, from a dining-room clock to a kitchen-table, has arrived at the Universal Studios. The rumour that we spent as much on furniture for our new offices is hereby contradicted.

Mrs. General Tom Thumb, widow of the famous Lilliputians exhibited all over the world by Barnum, has been featured with other "little people" in a film called The Lilliputians' Courtship. This little subject is obviously a big hit.

The Cheery One and the Chaps.

An optimist who has been preached at, says Town Topics, about frivolous picture shows says he would like to have "a chop at chaps at church who chop at chaps for cheering Charlie Chaplin." And he should be added that "the chaps that leave their chettles to show their stuff in battles are the sort of chaps that cheer at Chaplin shows."

The Cinema Ambulance Fund.

"POP" LUBIN is no sooner heard of the Cinematograph Ambulance Fund than he gave action to his generosity. He cabled without a moment's delay $2,500 dollars. It will buy at least one complete outfit, he said, and will express in tangible form my heartfelt and deep sympathy with those Englishmen who are so bravely and nobly sacrificing their lives in the cause of freedom. Thank you, Mr. Lubin. Will others kindly note?

Foreign Twenty Years Ago.

The film world has introduced a new form of speech. We were reading in a Kidderminster paper of the effect of the cinema upon the popular vocabulary. First and foremost is the invention of the word "movie" to indicate a moving picture exhibited at these shows. Among other coinages are such rough-and-ready verbs as "to moviate," "to filmetrize," "to picturise," and "to scene-roise." Then there are such technicalities as the term "five-reel film" and the phrase "on the screen." What, it is asked, would one have to make twenty years ago of the announcement that "Charlie Clinkford, the famous movie star, will be seen on the screen to-night in a five-reel picturisation of The Queen of the Circus, a thrilling picture-play just released by the XYZ Motion Feature Corporation?"

The Cinema Cure.

A WOUNDED Tommy at St. Helen's laughed so much at Charlie Chaplin that he was caught leaving the hospital. "It had been the best of comedy," he crutches. "I never laughed so much in my life," he gasped when told of his absent-mindedness. Recently we heard of a dumb man recovering his speech through laughing at Billie Ritchie. Now we wait for the tickled Tommy who will laugh his head off over some other comedian and trot off home without it.

On Strike.

O no knew what upset his Royal Highness, but the other day Charlie snapped his chain at the Universal Zoo, and ran off at top speed. People scattered in all directions, trees and plants which obstructed Charlie's course were pulled up or trampled down, and finally Charlie took an headlong plunge in the Los Angeles River. The water evidently cooled his madness, for when an hour later they routed him out of his mud-bed, he went back home like a lamb. N.B. — We are not referring to Chaplin, but Charlie the elephant.

Who, Why, and From Whence?

IT fits the melody of the chorus of "Red Wing," and it's all the rage. Now, or for some time, nobody knows, but everybody who is anybody in the juvenile world is singing the following verse about Charlie Chaplin:

"When the moon shines bright on Charlie Chaplin, / His boots are cracking / For want of blacking, / And his little baggy trousers they want mending / Before they send him / To the Dardanelles."

How Should it End.

WHEN you see The Mystery of Edwin Drood, the splendid film owned by the "ideal" Film Rentlying Company, remember that the owners are offering 1,000 in prizes for the best criticism of the ending which the picture gives to Dickens's incomplete tale, and the best suggestion for an alternative finish. As it is necessary to read the book beforehand, all arrangements have been made with the publishers, Chapman and Hall, Ltd., the owners of the copyright of the novel, to have copies of the book on sale at all theatres where the film is being shown. For this purpose they have issued a new and special edition at one shilling which will be obtainable from the attendants.

Edna May on the Screen.

IT is announced that Edna May has been engaged by the Vitagraph Company to appear in moving pictures at a salary of $20,000 per annum. Edna May took London by storm in 1918, as the Salvation lassie in "The Belle of New York." In 1900 Miss May appeared at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, in "An American Beauty," and in 1901 in "The Girl from Up There," and reappeared in London at the Duke of York's Theatre the same year in the same role. She was prominently featured both here and abroad in many plays, among others "Kitty Grey," "Three Little Maids," "The School Girl," "La Pompee," "The Belle of Mayfair," and in "Nelly Neil" her latest resignation from her part in this latter production in September, 1906, to become Mrs. Oscar Lewisch, causing a newspaper sensation.

THE PLAYER'S HOLIDAY.—No. 4.

"Keystone Fatty" in a wild animal film.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1. TROPHIES OF WAR: All Paris is flocking to see the guns captured from the Germans in Champagne.
2. FINGERS THAT SEE: Lessons in poultry-farming for our blinded heroes at St. Dunstan's Hostel.
3. and 5. THE LATEST PARIS FASHIONS: Two chic hats. 5) Black velvet hat, finished with silk military braid, worn with blue serge costume; 6) tete de negre silk hat, with overhanging brim of white net and silk flower trimming.
4. THE STRONG MAN OF GREECE: A fine moving "snapshot" of M. Venizelos, the Allies' friend.
7. THE FRENCH BARBER: Shaving under shell fire in the French trenches.
The Outrage

The outraged woman rose, and standing erect, met with pride and disdain the coarse, insulting glances of the soldiers. As they passed out of the door she became aware of the presence of the Lieutenant's orderly, and stepped forward to hear the nature of the commands it was obvious he gave. At her approach he turned from the nurse and addressed her with an insolent bow.

"Mademoiselle, prepare. Lieutenant Arlstein is pleased to make this château his headquarters during his occupation of the town.

With apparent enjoyment of his disconvenience the orderly turned upon his heel, leaving the two women to face the grief of their recent bereavement together with the cruel humiliation that succeeded it.

Towards evening Lieutenant Arlstein made his appearance at the château, where supper had been prepared at his orders for himself and a party of fellow-officers. Intoxicated with wine and success, their ribaldry rang out louder and louder as the meal progressed, filling the peaceful old house with a mad gaiety that contrasted strangely with its aspect of dignity, to which the tragedy of the day seemed to have added a brooding melancholy.

"They, at least, could have spared me this," murmured the orphaned daughter of the château to her nurse and sole protector, as they made their way together through the salle à manger scene of bufonery and drunken brawl.

At the foot of the stairs the pair were accosted by the Lieutenant, who, with a flow of pretty compliments sought to win favour and admiration from the miserable girl. But as he caught her white hand in his own and raised it to his lips she drew herself away from him with a little gasp of horror and repugnance.

He watched her disappear, and with a volley of expostulations rejoined his friends.

"She forgets that I am the only man who sleeps here," he said presently with a grin. "What if I ask her to spare me an hour after you fellows have gone?"

A burst of laughter and applause followed the suggestion, and, draining their glasses dry, the men rose one by one to their feet. When the last had left the house the Prussian officer made his way silently up the staircase, and in hiding awaited an opportunity of carrying out his vile intention.

A few minutes elapsed; then the door of the girl's room opened, and the nurse appeared. Poussing upon her unawares, Arlstein had little difficulty in overpowering her, which feat accomplished she was flinging brutally into an adjoining room.

Meanwhile his other victim, hearing
A hand appeared, felt for the lock, and released it.

all paced her room in terror. The officer knocked, and, receiving no reply, demanded admittance. Barricading the door with furniture, she waited in an agony of suspense. Suddenly a panel of the door gave way; a hand appeared, felt for the lock, and released it. Swooning, she fell heavily to the floor.

Long, weary months afterwards a little nameless son was born to the girl. But the Angel of Death took mercy on her poor tortured spirit, and closed the sweet mother eyes in a long, peaceful sleep that knew neither sorrow nor suffering.

PART TWO.

After forty years more of civilization Prussia had once again taken up her arms to lay waste peaceful lands. It was July, 1914.

Standing before the portrait of his mother, whose unbowed spirit at the hands of a Prussian had brought him into the world, the war-child of 1870, now an officer in the French Army, felt all the passion in his soul rise in one great resolution to avenge the tragedy of his birth.

"If my life and strength can be put to some small use in this war against brutality and barbarism, then, ma petite mère, you will not have suffered in vain."

With a sad smile at the sweet face he raised his hand in salute. As his wife knelt down to buckle on his sword he reiterated his vows. Kissing him, she summoned together all her courage.

"Then God-speed!" she said; "Keep faith in your God, in your country's destiny, and the justice of your revenge."

One last, long "farewell," and he was gone.

"Will Papa come back to us safely?" asked his little girl, with that strange belief in the infallibility of adult opinion that characterizes childhood.

"Yes, very soon, ma chérie," assured the old nurse, now bent and feeble, who had brought up the child's father as though he had been her own.

The two women stood together by the window and wept, but she, who knew nothing of the horror of war, ran away contentedly to await with patience and joyful hope the glad day of his return.

And she did not wait in vain. A little more than a month had elapsed before the French officer came back wounded, to find the town in danger of invasion, and his dear ones seeking refuge in the cellars of the château. Here he was nursed back to health, looking forward eagerly to the time when he should rejoin his regiment at the Front.

That day was drawing near when history repeated itself in the shelling of the old French town.

"You must let me go—I am fit!" he declared to the doctor, when the bombardment became severe. "They are devils, these Germans; how can I rest here with my native town like a shambles and my dear ones in very danger of their lives?"

But the doctor shook his head as he took leave of his patient.

"It is useless," he said; "the town has surrendered. You would be taken prisoner—that is all."

With a sigh of despair the officer sat down, tortured by his inaction.

Suddenly, a few minutes later, the sharp sound of a bell rang through the quiet château, followed by a pause, then the sliding back of bolts as the old nurse answered the summons.

The guttural tones of a German voice brought the officer again to his feet.

"I need not go further—there is need of me here," he said, addressing his wife.

"But, no!" she cried. "You must remain in the cellars, where, please God, you will be safe; none but our neighbours know of your return. I will go—there can be no harm in that."

And before he could prevent her she had put her words into action.

In the salon the mistress of the château encountered an elderly General of the Prussian Army, already seated at a table and demanding déjeuner.

He rose at her approach.

"Pardon me, Madame, I am so used to giving orders that I forget I am your guest."

"By necessity," she put in with vehemence, as she poured out wine.

"Oh! but is that a little undemocratic? Might it not be by choice, under happier conditions? I can assure you Madame la Dame du Château, I find it a happy necessity that makes my poor guest."

That is certainly a pretty compliment. But leave the humblest return, she answered tartly.

"Ah, you Frenchwomen, you always delight me," he cried.

"It seems you are in the habit of being the guest, by necessity, of my womenfolk."

"By this time, Madame, yes, but rarely of so charming a hostess as yourself."

She looked at him with contempt. But, regardless, he seized her in his arms and sought to kiss her lips.

"Ah," came an angry voice, "so you German had a liaison, too! You were brutes in 1870, and you are brutes today."

Trembling, the Frenchwoman sought protection in her husband's arms; but with a caress he bade her stand aside.

With drawn sword he approached the General, who with a sneer would have dismissed the idea of a duel. But the Frenchman was not to be trifled with; he could not so easily forgive.

La Dame du Château watched them in miserable suspense as their bright swords flashed in the glow of the ripe afternoon. Suddenly the elder man caught sight of a picture above the mantel; it was his opponent's mother. Horror-stricken by a sudden memory of his 1870 experiences,

He stopped. But only for a moment; he dared not tell the truth.

They resumed the fight. The Frenchman's sword seemed everywhere, meeting the other's blade as if its thin steel had a living instinct. Every trick of sword-play was met and foiled by a still more cunning stroke, until at length, his..."
breast transfixed, the General dropped like a log.

"Mon Dieu!" muttered the officer, when white, with beads of perspiration upon his brow, did say, "but they would try the better for the exit of that German dog."

He took his wife in his arms, and while they clung to one another, the aged nurse stooped down and peered into the dead man's face lest her failing sight had deceived her. Yet no, there could not be any mistake; the Prussian General of to-day was the Prussian officer of forty years ago.

CINEMA FILMS & PERSONALITY

SOMEBODY writing to the Press the other day about the taxation of cinematograph films, remarked that British manufacturers will never make a success of their productions, because they do not build them round the personality of the actors. He cited, amongst others, Maurice Costello as having made the Vitagraph Company, Ford Sterling the Keystone enterprise, "Broncho Billy" (G. M. Anderson) the Essanay, and Asta Nielsen the Nordisk concern. The British firms, he added, try to produce all-round excellence, and are, in his opinion, bound to fail.

Being addicted to visiting picture-shows occasionally, I cannot profess "judicial ignorance" regarding all these famous personalities. On the contrary, I could reel off a dozen or two more names of those who are "featured" very frequently in our local cinema. But I totally disagree with the statement that these people have "made" the companies with which they have been connected.

I am inclined to credit all this popularity to the assimilation advertising of the various "personalities"—a method of advertising which is common to all American enterprise, and which has been largely emulated on this side of the Atlantic. The highly-colored poster, or the carefully-worded "personal par" in the newspapers, accompanied by photographs of the artists, and an occasional reference to the fabulous sums they are paid, can all be calculated to "draw," but there is evidence that this game is nearly played out.

The fact is, the British film is coming to the fore, and looks like supplanting the American film, chiefly because it does aim at all-round excellence and manages to hit the mark. With us, "the play's the thing," although it is true that we have a well-worn tag about "the play of Hamlet without the moody Dane," but on the other hand the "moody Dane" would be intolerable as a modern "star performer." The whole success of Shakespeare's play lies in the fact that Hamlet is all the time up against characters which are strong enough to throw him into violent contrast; they are far from being mere puppets or supers.

I have seen a number of excellent films which were well received although the names of the actors were either not announced or were at least unfamiliar to me, and I have noticed that the film versions of famous novels have brought big money to their producers. Nor do I claim that British films are alone superior in this respect.

I would point to one, made of films which bear the name of the pioneer of "living pictures," as they were first called—the Edison Company. Although this is an American concern, I have yet to see anything twaddle or second-rate bearing this label. The name "Edison" on the title of a film generally makes the audience settle down comfortably into their seats in anticipation of a good plot, carefully staged and well acted, but apparently no attempt is made to direct attention specially to the "personality" of any particular actor. The only exception I can think of were one or two films in which the principal character was taken by a gentleman who had found fame in another walk of life.

It is a matter of common knowledge in this country that the English cannot be held for any length of time by mere "personality" booming. They will insist on quality, and the most attractive personality will never compensate for a poor plot or careless production.

Call the British people fickle if you like, but it does not alter the fact that any public man or woman who fails to continue to please is soon forgotten, and no amount of booming can be successful for long in this country unless the show is good value for the admission money.

I feel sure that the writer of the paragraph I referred to is an American, or at least interested in the production of American picture-plays. If so, he may be regarded as just one amongst a large crowd of people who have crossed the Atlantic to get British customs without troubling to take into consideration that the British temperament is "poles apart" from that of the Americans, although we speak the same language—the one nation through the mouth and the other through the nose—and consins though we be.

J. MACREADY, in The Pressman.

DO YOU LOVE CHILDREN?
If so, we are sure you will like our Gallery of

24 Picture Postcards of Youthful Film-Players,
INCLUDING, AMONGST OTHERS—
Baby Lilian Wade, Eric Desmond, Helen and Dolores Costello, Paul Kelly, Matty and Early, Marie Elne and The Thanhouser Twins, Baby Helen, Gladys, Addie De Garde, Henrietta Burrell, Little Dolly, Hobie, Sydney Mohamed, Kid and Kidlet, Andy Clark, Helen Badgley, &c.

ONE PENNY EACH, or the Set
ONE SHILLING AND NINEPENCE, POST-FREE.

Address your orders to—
The "PICTURES" Office (Postcard Department),
83, Long Acre, London, W.C.
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS

HOUSE PETERS, the latest of the galaxy of photo-play stars to be enlisted under the Lubin banner. (Matter concerning Mr. Peters appears on page 136.)

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, of the Vitagraph Company, which she joined in 1910. Like her sister Norma, she is clever, popular, and beautiful.

MARY FULLER, the Trans-Atlantic star. Her exceedingly clever work on the screen never fails to charm the cinema public.

HARRY LONSDALE, whose ability and popularity as a player are proved by stating that he belongs to the Selig Company.
"So you will really take me to the Settlement tomorrow, Miss Turner?"
"Yes, with pleasure."
Thus did Philip Atwood extract a promise from his cousin's friend. A prominent sociological worker, Helen, with the interests of the poorer classes at heart, was always ready to welcome a new member to her ever-increasing band of helpers.

Her friend Marjorie, knowing her cousin to be a wealthy man, had introduced him to Helen Turner in the hope that he would be likely to advance the good work done by her energetic acquaintance.

Little did Helen dream that this promise to accompany Philip to the Settlement was going to result in their lives becoming closely united in the bonds of Holy Matrimony.

In her one sordid tenement-room Mrs. Morton, a hard-working widow, stitched rapidly at a half-finished garment. On the bed lay her son Artie, a little boy of five, and a cripple. For his sake the mother sat long into the night, sewing till her eyes were turned and her fingers nipped. Her elder son, a wastrel of nineteen, had not returned home. Often now was he absent for days. He was too lazy to work, and when he did come home he lived on what poor food his mother could supply.

The daylight had come again before Mrs. Morton, her limbs stiff and aching, fell into a doze.

Some hours later she was suddenly awakened by footsteps. Her hungry son had returned to extract what money he could from the almost empty purse of his mother. This time, however, Mrs. Morton refused to give him any.

"Jack," she pleaded, "can't you see that little Artie wants every penny I can earn?" "God knows it is not much, and the child must live. Oh, Jack! why won't you try and find some work?"

"Work an' I ain't pals," answered Jack sulkily. His mother began to cry, but her son made no attempt to comfort her, and Artie, sitting up in bed, called "Mumnie, why are ye crying?" Then the mother heard him and, with tears still streaming down her face, Mrs. Morton found solace in the love of her child.

"Good morning, Mrs. Morton! I believe your little son is ill." The words were spoken by Helen, who, unannounced, had quietly entered the attic. Helen's smiling face soon succeeded in driving away Mrs. Morton's tears, and, after hearing all about the trouble the poor mother had with her lazy son, Helen turned her attention to Jack. Very gently and with great tact she urged the misguided young man to drop his evil associates and lead a better and useful life, and, with skill, so well did she succeed with him that before she left the room she had his solemn promise to reform.

Philip Atwood and Helen were married. Every luxury which the feminine heart desires was hers for the asking. Nevertheless, she continued her work amongst the poor, and innocently believed that her husband was interested in her labours. She did not know that, in the hours when Philip went to business, he was raking in money from the roughest and society youths who frequented his gambling den. But Helen was not always to remain in ignorance.

Jack kept his promise and reformed. He saw much of Helen, and began to realise that his devotion for her was more than platonic friendship.

A Christmas party was arranged to be held at the Settlement, and inside the hall, Helen, her husband, Jack, and many others were decorating the big room for the following day. Helen was mounted on a pair of steps, some distance away from her husband, adjusting a wreath of evergreen which hung on the wall. She turned to jump down, and Jack caught her in his arms. In the madness of the moment he embraced her—kissed her passionately on her lips, her cheeks, her eyes.

"You dog!" exclaimed an angry voice.

The next moment a blow from the fist of Philip Atwood sent Jack sprawling to the ground. Philip's face was livid with rage. "You low-bred cur, how dare you touch my wife?" and lifting Jack like a child he threw him out of the hall.

Some days later Jack was talking to one of his old associates when Helen and her husband passed.

"Gawd!" exclaimed the other man, that fellow is one we've bin after for months. He's the one wot run the gaming den, and was near collared by the police. We'll sit 'im this time," he added grimly, as he disappeared, leaving Jack in bewilderment.

When the truth dawned upon Jack it left him more astonished than ever. He saw it all in a flash. It was clear that Philip was a crook, and that the police were after him. It might also mean that his wife, Helen, would be arrested as an accomplice. They must be warned. Hastily he made his way to the Atwoods' house, and was received by Helen.

"Helen—Mrs. Atwood!" Jack panted. I have come to warn you that your husband is in danger. He is an arch-crook, and the police are after him.

"My husband! Nonsense," exclaimed Helen, turning pale. "How dare you come here, and say things like this concerning Philip? It's a wicked falsehood."

Then her husband entered. He had overheard the conversation, and at once ordered Jack from the room. But he knew that the words spoken were true.

"Helen, we must get away from..." (Continued on page 194.)
MARY PICKFORD IN "LITTLE PAL," AS SEEN BY FRANK R. GREY.
In a dazed fashion Jack rose to his feet.

"I'm not hurt," he said, "but you must get home. Let me take you.

He drew from his breast-pocket a small leather book which Helen had given him years before which had stopped the course of the bullet.

"It has saved my life," he said.

Trembling with fear, Helen arrived at her home accompanied by her true lover.

As they entered the drawing-room Helen received another shock. On the floor, with a bullet-wound in her forehead, lay her husband; the proof of his crime—the pistol which had so nearly proved Jack's death—still in his hand.

"He is dead," sobbed Helen, as she caressed the stern, hard-set features of her unfortunate husband.

Jack put his arm tenderly round her.

"Yes, indeed, little one; but you and I still live. Now, thank God, we can begin a new life together."

The moral of this admirable two-reel Edison drama by Harold G. Files is a strong one. The reformation of the wayward son should teach many a lesson. Margaret Preussing appears as Helen, Herbert Prior as Philip Atwood, and Pat O'Malley as Jack.

Edward Earl, the Edison player, hisewith the following:

"I am collecting curiosities and think a letter from such a stellar attraction as yourselves would add immensely to my collection, please write me one." Perhaps the poor dear thing might have meant to be subtle, and to intimate that she considered the event so rare as to be a curiosity.

"THE MASQUERADER"

Players' Names in Poetic Guise.

SHE was a simple country girl,
So YOUNG and gay and free;
He was a RICH adventurer,
Out WEST to ROME, and he.
A raging WOLF to all he met
In high society.

As she was busy in the FIELD,
A MANLEY stranger passed;
He RAIDED his head, and sweetly smiled,
His gracious BURNS amazed.

Said he, "She BURNS into my HART,
I TURNER head quite fast."

AKIA LITTLE while he LEARNed her name,
And the STORY of her life.
He said, "It will make my heart rejoice
If thou wilt be my wife."
He DREW her near, INCEstantly,
The DARLING of his life.

His EAGLE EYE had seen the news—
An heiress she should be.
He NASHed his teeth and told himself:
"Worth MORAN her I'll be,
I'll see I have the LYONS share
SNOW use to augne me!"

Well GOWAN wed right now, my dear,
I'll fetch my KARR for you;
CHESTER moment while I telephone
To PRIOR the parson too,
HULETTE me do this, won't you, dear,
Because it's HALL for you?"

Now this YOUNG and simple country girl
DREW off her auburn wig.
I really think you RADINOFF,
What PRICE my latest rig?
I'm CHARLIE CHAPLIN in disguise.
But the mASHER ran to swing.

WILLIAM ROGERS.

(Mr. Editor—
You can't STAMMORE, that's SUTTON.
But I was told to SNEET along to you.)

We forgive Mr. Rogers this time, but only on condition that he does not repeat the dose.—

EDOE.

Maxims of Methuselah, Jr.

GIVE ear, O ye children of men: Look ye not with scorn upon the Moving Picture theatre. For what men and women of the best judgment have pronounced worthy, call ye not trash.

Cultivate broad-mindedness and fairness in thy criticisms, O son. Remember that there are limitations to the filmed drama that the spoken drama knows not of.

Turn not thy face from the film, lest at that moment something may be done upon which the entire story may hinge, and thou wilt thereby misunderstand not the subsequent action.

Allow not thyself to become blue. Remember that for threepence thou canst not only put thyself in a happy frame of mind at a Motion Picture playhouse, but thy friend also.

Confine thy tongue, O Garrulous son. Let the film itself explain to thy friend the picture thou hast seen before, without thine annoying aid. And lastly, O my children, remember when ye have passed the portals of the picture playhouse, that the performance is not being given entirely for you. Therefore, let your conduct be so regulated that your neighbour may have no cause to complain of your presence.—Motion Picture Magazine.
One Hundred and Eighty-One Reels!

SOME "OUTPUT" INDEED.

One of the busiest firms in the film industry is the Essanay Company. For the last three months of this year their arrangements include the production of no fewer than 181 reels of film pictures. Fifty-eight reels were made in October, sixty-one will be made in November, and sixty-two in December.

Among the best of the longer subjects which will be issued are In The Palace of the King, by F. Marion Crawford, in which E. J. Ratcliffes, Richard C. Travers, and Adene Hackett are the stars; The Reven--by Edgar Allan Poe, in which Henry B. Walthall takes the lead; Takes that Meal, by Clinton Dugewick, with Bryant Washburn, leading; The Family Divided, taken from H. S. Sheldon's play The House Divided, featuring Edna Mayo and Bryant Washburn; The Village Homestead, by Joseph Byron Totten, and featuring Darwin Karr; The Old Sup, by H. Tipton Steck, presenting John Lorenz and June Keith; and The Great Dec-It, written by Edward T. Low, jr., and featuring Ward Howard and John Lorenz.

There also will be forthcoming George Ade Fables in Slugg, the Dreamy Day cartoons and scenic pictures, the Western dramas by G. M. Anderson, the Western comedies, as well as Essanay-Chaplin photo-comedies.

The new Essanay studio, which will be 350 ft. long and 150 ft. wide, with a floor space of 51,250 square feet, is being pushed as rapidly as possible in order to give plenty of room for the production of plays. This is claimed to be the largest indoor-studio, lighted by artificial lamps, ever built, and ten producers can work there at the same time.

"Charlie" among the Wounded.

At a concert given recently by Dorothy Sundry for the entertainment of wounded soldiers at the Military Hospital on Tooting Common, London, Langford Reed, the Essanay Publicity Manager, distributed cigars and packets of cigarettes among the three hundred soldiers present. These gifts created a mill interest, but the later distribution of packets of six postcards of Charlie Chaplin led to a regular furor. The men clamored for the packets, and begged for additional packets for their bedridden comrades.

Mr. Reed has been so struck by the way these photographs of Chaplin were appreciated that he announces that he will be happy to distribute similar packets at other entertainments got up for the benefit of our wounded heroes, and would, in addition, be pleased to present his music-hall sketch The Muddlers, which has been played over one hundred times on behalf of charity.

London managers organizing entertainments for the benefit of the wounded, who would care for Mr. Reed’s co-operation, should write to him at the office of the Essanay Company.

THE "BATTLE OF LOVE"

A COMEDY DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

In "The Battle of Love" Essanay has hit upon one of the most thrilling photoplays ever written. It represents a complete new phase of the triangular love tangle, one which is clean and wholesome, free from all the sordidness of the usual triangular love stories, and with a pleasing dénouement.

How an interesting engagement was broken by a misunderstanding, how a wager was made between the parents of the couple, and how a convenient Mr. "Fixit" brought the lovers together again after forcing them through the agonies of a supposed tragedy, provides unique opportunities for those clever Essanay players.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN & RUTH STONEHOUSE

in this 3-act Comedy-Drama, which is thoroughly interesting and engrossing from the start to finish.

You should see this film at your local Cinema, but if you do not notice any announcements about it ask the Manager why. Just say it is an

Essanay

THE EXCLUSIVE FILM

Essanay Film Service, Ltd.,
22, Soho Sq., London, W.
The Progress of Peters

MOTHER and Father Peters decided that it was a little too youthful training in the wilds of Australia would not be a miss for their promising son, not that he had shown a tendency to be incorrigible, but because both realized that for a youth who showed the ambition of young House, experience would be by far the prime teacher.

Accordingly Australia welcomed House Peters—whose portrait will be found in our "Gallery" on another page—at about fifteen years of age, and House Peters' welcome of Australia was considerable. For, in warm, for a while he had joined a hunting-party which planned to make a trip into the wilds of South Africa. The holiday, as House describes it, lasted for some three years, during which time Africa was mighty well covered, and the chattering of the baboon, the roar of the lion, and the cry of the tiger became familiar nightly occurrences with the young huntsman.

With a soul satisfied by this adventure he turned his eye toward the stage, and for many years successfully appeared through Australia and India with two singing companies. His return to his native land was not particularly auspicious, and soon he made a tour of the Eastern hemisphere in search of further adventure, ultimately ending with eighteen months' service in the English Army during the Boer War.

After the declaration of peace his path in quest of fame led him back to England, where he appeared in Wilson Barrett's in "The Silver Ring," resuming the stage career which led him to America, where, with Ruth Chatterton, he appeared successfully in "The Gentleman," a sketch of his own writing. Then followed engagements in "The Money Moon" and "Bought and Paid For," until the lure of the pictures attracted him. Since that time Mr. Peters has accredited himself with a meteoric rise to popular favour, which ranks him to-day as a leader among motion-picture idols. During the past two years he has been seen in The Bishop's Wife (his first film part), 7750 Chelsea, The Pride of Jennico, Clothes, Mrs. Wing's of the Cabbage Patch, Huguen, Saloman Jane, The Girl of the Golden West, The Wreap of Virginia, The Captive, The Ceylon, Between Men, and The Winged Idol.

Mr. Peters' first appearance with the Lubin Company will be in the rôle of Steve Ghost in William Vaughan Moody's fine Western American play The Great Divide.

Growing into a Part.

Why was William Wadsworth absent from the Edison studio for three weeks? Well, he was not, but only hidden behind a three-weeks' shooting. He had grown on his face to play the Hebrew in Cohen's Luck, the four-reel comedy drama by Lee Arthur, in which he was starred. With many of the scenes actually played in the Ghetto no "stage" whiskers would be allowed with the real thing imported whiskers moored right alongside him. Waddy smiled weakly when he was asked what his wife thinking of his disguise—he moved away muttering. Some grew so bold as to say that his better half would not let him come home with his tangled growth. Any way, it fooled a policeman who was stationed in the Ghetto with the players, to keep back the crowd as the pictures were being taken. The policeman pushed Waddy back half a block, despite his protests that he was a player, and would probably be going yet had not Director John Collins rescued him from the worked-up Bobby.

Mammoth "Set" for a Cannibal Island Picture.

No theatrical stage in the world could ever put on such a scene as the one recently completed by the Vitagraph Company for The Island of Surprises. The scene represented a cave with three compartments and a rocky approach and looked like a transplanted section from one of the South Sea Islands. Thirty workmen-experts were engaged for four weeks on the construction of this mammoth set, which is 30 feet high, 150 feet wide, and 300 feet long. Burlap and plaster-ovaried were used to build the sides and entrance to the cave and to reproduce huge rocks that weigh several tons apiece. Tropical plants, clinging vines, grass, shrubbery, and trees masking the opening of the cave were brought from nearby woods and florists. Special boats

A Beautiful Photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon, and a useful Oatine Toilet Outfit — FREE.

The Oatine Co. will send to all readers of "Pictures" a charming photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon, together with the delightful Oatine Toilet Outfit illustrated herewith. Send to-day and test these wonderful toilet preparations of which Miss Risdon speaks highly. Read what she says:

To The Oatine Co.,
Please send me half-a-dozen more jars of Oatine Cream by an early post. I cannot tell you how useful I find this delightful preparation in my work. I use it regularly, and as a cleansing agent consider it better than soap and water, as besides removing the surface dirt it brings out the skin and cleans from the pores of the skin. I find it invaluable for removing make up, which I often have to retain for many hours at a time.

Really there is nothing like it, and it is a pleasure to recommend it.

King was truly
Elisabeth Risdon

"This enthusiastic testimonial is undoubtedly the strongest argument that can be brought to the notice of the readers of 'Pictures,' and in the belief that they will wish to test these wonderful toilet preparations, The Oatine Co. will send to all including those who have sent in their testimonial, a marvelous and useful Toilet Outfit and a charming photograph of Miss Risdon, together with the Oatine Toilet Outfit illustrated herewith. It contains:

1. A box of OATINE FACE CREAM, which removes the natural oil to the skin which the alkali in soap and hard water is always removing. This oil is Nature's own protector and rejuvenator.

2. A box of OATINE SOAP, which contains no animal fat, and cannot grow hair. All chemists stock OATINE in white jars, 11 & 23.

3. A pack of Tissues, 100 yards of OATINE Tissue Paper.

4. A pack of OATINE Shampoo Powder, which contains no animal fat.

5. A 50 page booklet entitled 'Beauty and Health.'

Together with the photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon, referred to above.

THE OATINE CO.,
245, Oatine Bldgs., Boro', London, S.E.
were hired that made many trips after sea-creatures, while automobile trucks were continually running to and from the beach transporting seaweed, sand, and other material necessary to give the scene the realism demanded. In the construction of the rocky approach to the cave huge boulders had to be built on a superstructure strong enough to stage a battle between the two island castaways in the story, a hand of two hundred canvass bags that were intent on their capture. These boulders alone used up 175 barrels of plaster. It took the tons of clay to fashion the original model. It was estimated that the entire scene weights about twenty-seven tons.

The Foot and the Floor.

Some curious accidents occur in the making of moving pictures, but the following incident is surely the limit.

While Romaine Fielding was directing a scene in The Great Divide, he had occasion to stop to adjust something in the set which did not quite suit him. The carpenter was called and told to fix a strip of board in the floor. As he hammered a nail into the strip he suddenly keeled over.

"Well," said Mr. Fielding, in his usual brisk manner, "if you've finished, perhaps you wouldn't mind getting out of the way of the scene, and we will continue."

I can't," groaned the poor carpenter; "I've nailed my foot to the floor!"

"Don't Act Like Married Man."

John Barrymore, the Famous Players comedian, has received a letter of protest from a young miss who thinks that it is a perfect shame that he is a married man. She has just learned the striking news, and is horribly cut up about it. But with supreme scorn for her own sex the protesting one completes her plaint with: "Anyway, you don't act like a married man; you always seem to enjoy being funny!" The comedy star was deeply touched by the tribute to his genius and was barely restrained from writing the dear thing an apology for marrying without her permission.

Advice to Actors.

Edgar Lewis, the director of big feature films, who has just taken charge of the producing-end of the new Lubin outfit in Philadelphia, has in preparation a book entitled Advice to Actors. He considers the actual incident in his own life, or that of an actor friend, to illustrate the truth of each bit of advice. Here is one of them:

"Don't Act Off the Stage. The average actor makes himself objectionable to his lay friends by constantly acting off-stage. If he is telling a story of a man falling down, he must fall down to prove the point. He means just that. If he is telling that a man was drunk, must act as much like a drunken man as possible. Now, I don't drink anything stronger than buttermilk, but I went into a bar with a friend of mine, who is also a water-wager. We both asked a soft drink. He was telling me of a drunken scene he had played and as he told it he unconsciously enacted the whole thing. It was so realistic that the young bar-tender, after looking him over seriously for a while, remarked to me aside: 'You can have a drink, but your friend can't.'"

A Talk About Motion-Pictures.

In an interview with the Motion-Picture World, Cecil B. De Mille gives the reasons why he left the production of legitimate dramas for pictures.

"It is particularly fascinating when you are breaking ground for a new art, when you are making a new art where no art flourished before. Nobody can show you the way, there are no Old Masters. We are just as apt to be the Old Masters as anybody else. That is one of the things that fascinate me. Another is the thought of the wonderful audience. I thought as a dramatist of fifteen years' experience that I knew something about the American people, that I was to a certain extent in touch with them; but I realise now that I have scarcely scratched the surface of the American people. If I wrote a play that was seen by a million and a half persons in a year it was a phenomenal success. Our worst picture has been seen by forty millions in two years. Our best picture, like Camino, for instance, will be seen by over two hundred millions in two years."

"These figures are inspiring. A friend of mine asked me how I had the nerve to desert the theatre after fifteen years. I told him it was because I didn't have the nerve to desert the audience. My dramatic religion always has been that the theatre is the people and not the house. It is the audience that means the theatre to me, and not the procession over. Now for the first time in history a new art is being born that is far more democratic than the drama and the drama always has been the democrat of the arts. In giving form to this new art we are reaching millions of people who might not otherwise have a theatre in their neighbourhood for years to come. I think this is a big justification for the new art."

The German picture referred to by Mr. De Mille is the wonderful Lasky production, about which more later.

J. R. Tozer, the new leading man of the Broadway films. He has just finished playing the part of "Paul Westlake," the hero in their film adaptation of Mrs. Stanley Wrench's novel, Brent Wing.
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

BROADWEST FILMS
The Great British Producers announce that their big moving picture version of Mrs. Stanley Wrench's Famous Novel

BURNT WINGS

is completed. Leading Star Artists:

EVE BALFOUR, LILY SAXBY, J. R. TOZER,
THOS. H. MACDONALD.

Broadwest Films are now engaged upon film versions of another Famous Novel.

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Thoughts of a Picturegoer.

The Morning After the Night Before

will be bright and cheerful if you have spent "the night before" watching EDISON picture-plays.

EDISON pictures are made from fine, interesting, human plots, superbly presented by the most accomplished company of players that can be found, the pictures are beautifully clear, and they tell the story in an absorbing manner.

You can obtain a set of three full-plate photos of scenes from EDISON plays. In ordering please mention which plays interest you most.

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We shall be pleased to send you three photos of your favourite EDISON Players on receipt of 2d. to cover postage.

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A picturised version of ÉMILE ZOLA'S GREAT MASTERPIECE OF FICTION in four entrancing reels. It deals with the life of a great financial magnate.

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THE GREAT JEWEL ROBBERY.
A great detective drama full of thrilling interest. A further story of the well-known character Gar-el-Hama.
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A Fine Romantic Drama Featuring Hobart Henley and Cleo Madison.

"THE FLIGHT OF A NIGHTBIRD"

Gold Seal Drama. 1,995 feet approx. Released Dec. 20th. Handsome Hobart Henley and bewitching Cleo Madison make an ideal couple. Here they are seen in a story that gives full scope to their talents—an unusual story of exceptional power. Hobart Henley is the Nighthird—a millionaire-about-town who flies from club-life to be country-town where Cleo Madison lives.

WE HEAR--

THAT four hundred people enjoyed a free Circus Entertainment at Walton last week.

THAT the Turner Films, Ltd., not only gave the show, but remunerated the spectators for their presence.

THAT the occasion was the taking of a big scene in A Welsh Singer, the Turner production just finished.

THAT Sir Herbert Tree is to play in America in a film version of Richard the Second.

THAT pictures are being made of the German Fleet, but of course they cannot be moving pictures.

THAT there is not a word of truth in the rumour that Lupino Lane has joined Trans-Atlantic.

THAT L. L. is hard at work on his own John Bull Films away from the footlights at the Oxford and Empire.

THAT Victoria Monks, another popular music-hall artiste, will shortly be seen in an all-British film comedy.

THAT Fred Paul, famous in Samuelsdon films, is now producing Ideal Exclusives at the Isleworth Studio.

THAT Grace Arrie, whose clever drawings sometimes appear in those pages, has induced her pretty sister to play with her in films.

THAT Sir John Hare and his old friend Sir Squire Bancroft were present at the trade show of Casté, in which Sir John appears as Eccles.

THAT Sir Squire was seen to wipe away a silent tear, and that Sir John attributed the great popularity of Casté to its happy blend of pathos and strong human interest.

THAT Turner Films, Ltd., have just added another new auto to their growing fleet of motor-cars.

THAT many readers think our "Smiles" (see page 118) are really funny and original, and not the "Chesnutts" printed in some "funny" pages.

THAT orders are more numerous than ever for the latest bound volume of PICTURES (3s. 6d. post-free from this Office), and that everybody who has one is in love with same.

THAT, in the opinion of our Advertisement Manager, the Double Christmas Number of PICTURES will be the biggest publication ever published for picturgoers in this country.

THAT our Editor's prediction is precisely the same.

THAT Elisabeth Risdon is busy in Motherlove, produced by Maurice Elvey, and that she has a part which, like Florence Nightingale, will make the actress from girlhood to old age.

THAT Selfridges have been utilised by the producers of the film The Exploits of Elaine, and one morning last month a representative of Thos. Fryers was photographing at the Oxford street stores with this end in view, taking packers wearing with armfuls of "Elaine" hats to waiting motors for despatch.

MACKINTOSH'S
TOFFEE DE LUXE
MINT DE LUXE

"THE LAST ONE!
Daddy's been eating them!"

EVEN "green-ups" never grew out of a liking for the toothsome Mackintoshs. And no for the kitchen...well, give them some cuppers and a free hand, and nine times out of ten it's Mackintosh's.

TOFFEE-DE-LUXE.
Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich Cream blended in the "Mackintosh Way."

MINT-DE-LUXE.
Just Toffee-de-Luxe cunningly blended with real English Matcham Peppermint.

Loll 6d. Tin, 1/4 lb. box, from all Confectioners.

JAVON
THE BRITISH AGENT

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LUPINO LANE
in John Bull Comedies.
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This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, boils, acne, pimpls, pustules, disfiguring blotches, prepare them to disappear by applying "SULPHOLINE", which cleanses the skin spotty, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 40 years it has been the remedy for Eruption, Redness, Roughness, Eczema, Acne, Spots, Pimpls, Pustules, Rashes, Scarf, Bitches, Brows, etc.

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. Penney & Co., Ltd., 37, Bedford Laboratories, London, N.W., and sold in bottles at 1s. 3d. and 3s. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemist's and Stores throughout the world.

SCALA
THEATRE

"Remarkable!"
Sir Herbert Tree.
TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 8.
OVER-INDULGENCE in strong drink will lead to cartloads of trouble. A drunken man invariably gets into some hole or other before he is sober again. An exception to this rule, however, was once proved by a curious adventure that happened to me some years ago in which drunkenness got me out of a hole—and yet I was not really in drink, but merely pretending.

You may remember the bitterly cold winter of 1907. I was booked to appear in Edinburgh on Boxing Night in my character as the "drunk" in Fred Karno’s Mammamia Birds, and arrived at the Scotch capital on the afternoon of the 25th. We secured our rooms, and most of the company fixed up to spend the evening together. As for myself, an old school chum in Edinburgh who knew all about my visit had asked me to come with him on Christmas Day. Having seen my luggage duly installed in my bedroom and obtained a latchkey from "Ma," I changed my clothes and saluted forth for my friend’s house.

I must have been about 1 a.m., on Boxing morning when I started to tramp back to my 3ds through the snow. I was tired out, as our last show had been at Bristol, and I had traveled all night. My friend’s dinner had been excellent, and altogether I had spent a most enjoyable evening. We had not had more than a couple of goes of whisky each, and I was as sober as a judge—which was lucky, for if ever in my life I needed my wits about me it was on this particular night. As a matter of fact I am practically a teetotaller. As an aeticical curmudgeon abstinance to me is a case of necessity to say nothing of choice.

On settling out in the afternoon I had made a mental note of my new address. At any rate I was under the impression that it was 32, Lothian Road. I felt so sure of this that when my latchkey opened the front door it never occurred to me as a possibility that I could have got into the wrong house. I went upstairs and passed through my sitting-room, where the light was turned down quite low, into my bedroom, which led directly out of it. I then lit the gas and looked around me. My luggage was not there, and presently I noticed that the room was not furnished the same as the one which I had taken in the afternoon.

Then I saw, of course, that I had made a mistake, and resolved to beat a quiet retreat. I was about to do this when I heard footsteps in the sitting-room and then a voice, saying, "It’s absolutely O.K. Slaney. There must be at least £20,000 in the safe. It will be our best haul for many a long day." And another voice answered, "If you’ve got the tools all right we can get to work pretty soon, ever trod the boards. Here, then, was my chance—to play my role with such intense realism that it would be taken for the real thing and enable me to get out of the house.

A quarter of an hour passed, perhaps—it seemed an eternity to me—and then I heard one of the men say "Where are the diamond-drills, Slaney?" "In the next room," replied Slaney. Then I knew my time had come. It was now or never.

The man called Slaney opened the door and entered the room. When he saw me his mouth simply dropped with fright and astonishment. But he instantly recovered, and called to his accomplice, "Look out! There’s a ‘tec here!" In the corner of the bedroom was a large figure in plaster of Paris of the famous Venus de Milo. I lurched a little towards Slaney, and hiccupped out, "Wass yer ‘bindoin’ to Maria? She’s cold." Then I staggered backwards, and placing my arm round the figure’s waist, murmured, "Come to bed, ole girl, d’ye me, dear."

The statue making no reply, I gave it a pull, and lurched backwards, clinging on to Venus for all I was worth. We both went down in a lump on the floor, and the beauty of the lady was a thing of the past. She lay scattered over the room in countless fragments. The man Jed rushed in screaming, "The blanket fool" (it was a lot stronger than that, but I’ve toned it down) "will wake the blanketly house, and he will have the police in."

My ruse was evidently working all right, so I reeled into the dining-room, and, seizing a bottle of whisky, gulped down a spoonful, most of the remainder of the bottle going down my shirt-front. If the men had had any doubt as to whether I was really "well oiled" or only slimming it was certainly disposed of now. They looked at me with blank amazement, so I put "COME TO BED, OLE GIRL."

Jed; the moon will be dawn by three o’clock."

Naturally I picked up my ears, and strained them for all they were worth. In a few minutes it was enough to tell me that an attack on the safe of the Anglo-Scottish Bank in Princes Street was going to be made in a couple of hours. It was more than awkward for me, for I could not get away without passing through the outer room, and I resolved to keep as quiet as a mouse. I prayed that no one would come in, and I racked my brain meanwhile to evolve a scheme whereby I could escape in the event of being discovered. An idea suddenly flashed across my mind. I was known all over the country as the most realistic "drunk" that had "SWINGING THE BOTTLE WILDLY ROUND."
on the finishing touch by swinging the bottle wildly round and finally landing it straight in the centre of a large glass mirror which hung over the fireplace.

The crash of the falling glass seemed to drive Slaney and Jed to desperation. They seized me by the head and breeches, and ran me downstairs as quickly as they could, the man at my head having previously stuffed his pocket-handkerchief into my mouth. The front door was opened, and a few seconds later I found myself in the middle of a deep snow-drift. I lay there a minute or so and then staggered to my feet, this performance being followed by my tracking in a serpentine course down the road, falling every now and then to keep up the illusion.

Once round the corner I looked to my heels in search of a hobby. As you can imagine, he refused to accept my story, advising me to "get along home and sleep it off." I insisted that I must see the Chief Inspector, and he at last accompanied me to the nearest police-station. Here I explained matters more at length. Like the policeman, the Inspector was also incredulous, but when I mentioned the names of Slaney and Jed you should have seen the change which came over his face. "Good heavens!" he shouted. "Two of the smartest safe-breakers in the kingdom! We've got warrants out for the pair of them in connection with the recent robbery at the United Glasgow Bank!" Well, to cut a long story short, the Inspector got out a squad of men, and in less than two hours Slaney and Jed were caught red-handed at the Anglo-Scottish Bank itself.

Dawn was breaking when, shivering with cold, I reached my own rooms, and found they were situated at No. 23 instead of No. 32; and jolly glad I was to crawl into bed, for I was exhausted.

"The Inspector was also incredulous.

A month later Slaney and Jed got five years and 1—well, how do you like this, three-carat diamond ring? Superb! Yes, it was a present from the Directors of the Anglo-Scottish Bank as a mark of their gratitude and a momento of the most thrilling experience I have ever passed through.

Billy Reeves.

Producer: "So the engine in our railroad scene ran over your husband and killed him?"

Sarcastic Widow: "No; it hit him on the elbow and he died of hydrophobia."

---

Edgar Lewis tells how Paper Matches Torched a Bad Time.

"No, I don't like paper matches," said Edgar Lewis the grocer to the cigar clerk. "Why? Well if you'll promise not to reflect any more experience, I'll tell you. I once had a handsome-looking man. His wife was terribly jealous of him, and used to go through his pockets after he had gone to sleep in the hope of finding something incriminating in a tenpenny chromatograph. 'A man had been a bit at a rendezvous, and, although he loved his pretty wife, he used to sneak out of an evening on the pretext of might work on a picture that was being rushed, but really to visit the bawdy house of his bachelorhood. He was a great smoker, and every time he entered a café he would ask the man behind the counter for a little paper of matches.

"One morning, after a particularly friendly evening, he was awakened by his little wife. 'I've found you out, my dear darling. Now wonder your bonfire smells like a thirst emporium with an all-night licence! You bring home the evidence to me in your always obliging way.'

"'When you left here for your "night inferior"—very well-named you started to undo the Paste.' And you couldn't wait till you got down to Churchill's, but had to call at the Woodward. Then, after Churchill's, you crossed over to Reilly's, and back again to the Strand on your way to Frank at the Gaiety café.'

"And she produced from his pocket a paper of matches, and for every one she had mentioned, with the advertisement on the back of each.

"No more paper ones for me, thank you."

---

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— OUT IN PICTURE POSTCARDS —

Humorous Expressions of

BILLY REEVES

LUBIN'S INIMITABLE COMEDIAN

The creator of the role of the Drunk in the Box in "MUMMY BIRDS."

And his versatile companion MAE HOTELEY, the Girl with the Rubber Face.

SIXPENCE PER SET OF TWELVE. REAL ART PHOTOS.

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ALL ARE WELL-KNOWN NAMES

1st Prize: £10
2nd Prize: £5
10 Prizes of 10/-

SCREENERED STARS
OVER 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!

We give below the eighth set of pictures in our Players’ Puzzles for Picturesque Competition—“Screened Stars.” The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, £5 to the next, and £1 each to the next ten, and 200 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the eighth set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players’ names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages.

Back numbers containing previous sets may be had from our Publishers.

ENTRY
Name: 
Address: 
Set: 8th

PICTURES AND THE PICTURESQUER

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

Acting by Return of Post.

"My friend and I have an awful craze for picture actresses and would simply love to act for same. If you will kindly furnish us with full particulars as to how we can do so per return of post we shall feel very much obliged."

S. S. and D. D. (Dublin).

Wanted, a Cast.

"In the one British film which I saw last night the heroine was pretty and quite a picture actress, but there was no cast given—that is, even if I wish to follow that actress in her career I cannot, simply because I don’t know her name. I am prevented from talking about her to my friends, for I simply know her as the girl who played in that film. When will all English producers realise that publicity is the key to the door of success?"

M. A. (St. John’s Wood).

Mary Pickford" Shot.

"I have had a letter from an officer friend of mine in the trenches, and he tells me that in his dug-out the walls are covered with extracts of cinema actors and actresses which I have sent him from time to time. Mary Pickford has had two bullets through her head, and half her flock is shot away; Charlie Chaplin (this is one of those big cut-outs) has had his head and hat completely shot off. He ends his letter by saying that fresh contributions will be very thankfully received, as they expect in a few days’ time to have captured an important Gennan trench, where the dug-out walls will be bare, and they have not time to transport all their pictures to the new trench, as they have them buried for the new comers."

T. S. (Aberdeen).

Oh, Owen Moore.

"My chum has just been across to see me, and told me something that struck me as being really good. It ran thus:—"

Owen Moore went out one day,
Owing more than he could pay.
Owen Moore came back that day,
Owing more.

[We suggest that he should fall back on his dear Mary, seeing that she earns ‘more’ than enough to supply them both with the more necessities of life.]

"I am in trouble. My favourite cinema is under new management, so now instead of getting two Famous Players or Lucky films a week we are getting such a mixture of films that the late manager used to sing divinely and the pianist would play selections from operas, but now songs and clas-sical music are things of the past. The whole place seems to be chilly and strange."

Ivr. N. (Watford).

Tuck for Tommy—Please Help.

"Would you be so kind as to insert the following request in the columns of Pictures? With the collaboration of some friends of mine holding out great things for my brother’s men in the Dardel helies—they have been out there now to eight months. I hope to be able to send several well-packed boxes: do you think there are any of your readers who would help me fill these cases for our men? I am sure that the men will get as much value out of these as you did the same thing last year when you were in France? The letters of thanks which I received were among my most precious and I am sorry that they are not here. I did the same thing last year when we were in France. The letters of thanks which I received were among my most precious and I am sorry that they are not here. I am sure that the men will get as much value out of these as you did the same thing last year when you were in France."

F. Bixton (1st of Wight).
"The Man Who Stayed at Home." (Hepworth.)

Your paper is read to rags. I'm one of the lucky devils:
I get it clean and complete from my sister, but it changes hands dozens of times. The last man may get a whole page clean enough to read—or he may not." Thus writes an old reader from the trenches. It is indeed gratifying to know that Pictures is so thoroughly appreciated by our brave boys at the Front. A great number of readers send out their own or additional copies, and the result is that I get no end of appreciative comment direct from the "boys" themselves, through their relatives. As you read above, one copy makes many friends. And so it also in the hospitals at home. Our wounded Tommies—that is to say, a goodly number of them, enjoy Pictures regularly, thanks to the kindly thought of readers—which reminds me of—

Cinema Ambulance Day.

No need to remember Guy Fawkes this year. Instead "remember the ninth of November." All lovers of Pictures are asked to help the wounded by going to the cinema on Tuesday next, on which day the proceeds will be devoted to the Cinema Trade Ambulance Fund for the purpose of presenting a complete Convoy of Fifty Motor Ambulances to the British Red Cross Society. Thirty thousand pounds are needed to do this, and my readers, many of whom pride themselves on going to the cinema twice every week, should need no pushing in on Tuesday next. Roll up in your thousands—and millions—and help swell the fund so noble a cause.

A Trio of Tramps.

A good title for the three films already completed by Billy Merson, the famous music-hall star, whose merry face adorns our frontispiece page. Film one: A Spanish Line System I nearly wrote "union spam," which the Globe film Company tells me is going "strong." Film two is The House of Passion, just released—the film I mean, not the man, and the three is The Only Man. I know only that she is anxiously waiting to sample the art of India. Have you seen the twelve splendid shots of Billy Merson in different poses? You cannot! They are preserved in celluloid, you have not—miss them. The whole thing would have been from this office for io'd, post-free. I wonder if there is coming a life-size cut-out of Billy Merson?

The Cardboard Cut-outs Co., Ltd.

They come not as spies, but in battalions. I don't know who came first: it may have been Billy Birtles. Now, we have Charlie's, and Billy's, and the Third, and Fourth, and all of them live-size in cardboard. Who will be the first exhibitor to get them all and group them in the vestibule? We shall have a cardboard Madame Tussaud's -a Shop of Horrors. The cut-outs of Golly Dolsby, for instance, are things to dream about. I saw them the other day at J. D. Walker's offices. I wanted to take her down Wardour Street,
Turner Films "Pictures made for You."

Turner Films take their name from the most famous picture artiste the world has ever known—Florence Turner. The Company is owned and controlled entirely by Miss Turner and her partner, Larry Trimble—producer of such wonderful pictures as "Through the Valley of Shadows," "My Old Dutch," and "Caste.

When once you have seen a picture with the "Turner" Trade Mark—Jean's head— appended, you will understand the artistic possibilities of the picture-play.

You will want to see other Turner Films as they are released.

Just as a reminder—"Far from the Madding Crowd," "A Welsh Singer," and "The Great Adventure" will all be seen shortly; and they are all Turner Films.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

Dear Girls and Boys—

The Editor tells me that on the front cover this week will appear a pretty portrait of dear little Helen Badgley, and that being so, I cannot do better than write about her. But when I think of the Thanhouser Company, to which she belongs, I am reminded that Helen is not the only clever child-artiste in their ranks. First, however, there is Helen herself, not yet five years old, and known all over the world as the "Thanhouser Kidlet." Then comes Leland Benham, not much more than eight years old, and the son of that popular player Harry Benham; and, of course, there are the Twins (Marion and Madeline Fairbanks), who have seen twelve years, and are so much alike that even the producers cannot tell them apart. Although their pictures often include many other children, these I have mentioned are the best known of the Thanhouser "Kids."

A few months ago Helen arrived at the studio one morning and caused much excitement among the other children by announcing that she had "a new baby brother." The Twins and Leland were very interested, and all began to discuss a name for the newcomer. One wanted this and the other that name, and as none of them could agree, the task was left for the baby's parents to settle.

Whilst waiting their turn at the studios these children indulge in all sorts of games—hide-and-seek and blind man's buff, for instance—and although they bob in and out between the players their elders are never too busy to give them an encouraging smile or pat on the head.

"I'm tired of adulation," one of the Twins was heard to remark one day.

"What's that?" asked Helen, with an inquiring glance from her pretty brown eyes, which are shown to advantage by her pink cheeks and lovely golden curls.

"It's a bad cold," said the other Twin.

"No, it is not," said the first speaker.

"Yes, it is," said the other, "because Mother said you were getting too much adulation, and you know that all you've got matter with you is a cold."

"Well, I don't know what is," replied Marion, "but it isn't cold, and whatever it is, it's nice."

Perhaps they might have gone deeper into the subject but just at that moment Leland upset Helen's teas. She had arranged a little tea party, and now the teapot was broken. Helen wept, and the Twins tried to comfort her whilst Leland was banished into outer darkness.

But really the Thanhouser "Kids" have some genuinely hard work. What will their lessons, in addition to picture work, the youngsters frequently have little time for play. Helen has already been featured in many photo-plays with marked success, and so have the Twins. Leland has also appeared in several pictures, and probably shines more where his natural love for mischief allowed a chance to express itself. I is, however, a very clever boy for his age. But the folks at the studio knew the children best by their play, and a rushing producer falls over a portion of scenery which is being used by the children for their own amusement, whan he can say when two score men an. 
UNCLE TIM'S "PICTURES" LEAGUE, and members, when they become such, will receive a charming little badge as a permanent reminder of the fact. I can hear you all shouting: "Can I be a member, Uncle Tim?" Answer: "Yes, you can; there will be no limit to members. What you have to do first, my dears, I shall tell you fully on your page next week. Meanwhile, look around and see if you can see a new reader.

The "Best Artists" Competition brought in sheets of efforts good, bad, and indifferent. Our old friend "Charlie," of course, was well to the fore, and some of his caricatures, I am sure, would make him weep with laughter. On the whole, however, the sketches were a very good batch, and result as follows:

Prizes to—Arthur Coe, 5, Gas Street, Desborough; M. Shrimpton, 8, Strathmore Road, Wimbledon Park S.W.; W. Davison, St. Winn's Avenue, Walthamstow; A. Morrison, 13, College Street, Islington.

Award of Merit (six to win a special prize) to—Francis Mellau (Nelson), Dean Wattle (Selby), Frank Hillin (Cardiff), Ruth Newman (Stanford), F. C. Shaw (Long Lions), Alexander Chapman (Doncaster), Stanley Bull (Peterborough), A. Dale (Manchester), S. R. M. (Stamford). So much for sketching; now for composition. I will ask you to write a short story around the little picture on the opposite page. The subject suggests a scene in fairyland; but you may write anything you please—the shorter the better. Post-cards will do. Address them to Uncle Tim, 1st (or Long Lane) 1st Avenue, W. Long Acre, London, W.C., and post your stories to reach me by Monday, November 15th. Four prizes and the usual awards of merit are waiting to be posted to the senders of the best stories by the League Manager.

UNCLE TIM.
eric (Burton-on-Stather) — We have postcards of and herbert davidson, but none of . have sent you a list, eric.

IRENE (Crouch End) — The price you want is unobtainable. can you not give on the producing company's name? Tom Poxner's address is given to 'em' on this page. the result of our voting competition appeared in last week's issue.

H. (Glasgow) — Thanks for your interesting letter from New York. We quite enjoy you interviewing the American players there.

TRIBLY (Stockwell) — Address Charlie Chaplin, c/o. Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1531, Arctic St., Chicago, U.S.A. thanks for getting us five new readers, also for the X one for luck.

J. G. (Belfast) — Have re-addressed your letter.

Maculewz (Northfield) — Have asked our publishers to send you one more. thanks. your letter got us new readers. Your patience was rewarded after waiting so long and then being given an autographed photo of your favourite player. Dorothy Gish is in view of man Ichard.

J. C. M. (Leeds) — We have no postcards of Henry Aldrey yet. have put his name on our list for a martine. glad to hear that, although you have no conveniently accessible pictures visiting your island in wartime, the pictures are always available.

Doris (Acton) — Without fuller particulars we cannot help you, Doris.

A. R. T. (Blackpool) — Read our rule at the top and send name and address next time. Address to J. D. Walker's World Film Co., 170, Wardour St., London. we will gladly have you book us, and send you a list of the new work in our London picture theatres. delighted to hear from one of our readers so far away. the best wishes from Excelsior.

S. H. G. (Nottgton) — Many of our readers have written to American players for their autographs, and we have respectfully asked them for autographs and replies. we have frequently given addresses of others in reply to this column. let us know of any you require.

WILSON GIRL (Westcliff-on-Sea) — The photo you asked for 'The Welshman' is with Universal, as well as 'The Girl in Khaki'. you are very good. You are indeed quite an old reader of ours. Our best wishes for your success and thanks for your letter, we hope to see you soon and see us. glad you are entertaining our readers so much with your letters.

Senator (Forest Gate) — Many of the studios of the London Companies are on the South Western Railways. Do you know the picture you asked for 'Margaret's, Towerhampton, Samuelson Film Co.' is closed by Warton Hall, Liselworth, Repworth's and Turner's are at Walthamstow; Claremont is at Croydon; and Birkers at West Kent. the 1931 Programme No. 20 was out of stock. the pictures you enclosed were not of a film taken in England—probably France or America.

Tors (Kovist Hill) — We can supply the three volumes (VI, VII, and VIII) of Pictures and the Picturegoer, with each. please tell your local manager. we hope to sell them all. The three volumes are to be found in cloth and gentle letters in a guide. we liked our little War souvenir album. we have still a few left. they are 2sh. 6d. each. order your orders to Pictures, Ltd, 19, Long Acre, London. thank you. we are sorry to shew you, dear, C. S. (Litchington) — T. F. Bufton's middle name is Verey. he no now with the Metro Film Co., who is the editing company.

GLAMISLA (Burnley) — Address British Empire Film Co., Woolandons, Great North Road, Whetstone near northwich. you must tell our customers. our best wishes for success in your hunt for h.n.

May (Hutton-on-Trent) — The cast of 'Jane Stally' has given 'The Bells' (Blackpool) since the 3rd of oct. the other you want was published on this page. we have not heard that any of our readers have had to wait quite a long time for a reply to their letters to a player. one received an answer after waiting quite a long time, so don't give up hope yet. there is the huge mail every popular player gets and pays him (for her). have sent one love to film hall, John deley, and Earle Williams.

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER 143

WEEK ENDING NOV. 13, 1915

SMILES

though a film may have hundreds of feet and be as steady as a rock, it is always on the " reel."

a modern film comedy.

Reel One — Maid one.
Reel Two — Maid two.
Reel Three — Made one.

from bad to worse.

FRENCH TOMMY (after a tram ride): "Zey had up what you call ze notice 'Please don't spit on ze floor."

ENGLISH TOMMY: "And of course you—"

FRENCH TOMMY: "So I spit on ze conduite!"

The long and the short of it.

HUSBAND (arriving at cinema to find all seats full): "If you hadn't taken an hour to dress we should have got a seat.

WIFE: "And if you hadn't hurried me so all the way here we shouldn't have to wait so long for them to empty."

Two men in a crowd.

old gent (waiting to get into cinema): "D — you, sir, you're on my foot."

the culprit: "How dare you swear before my wife?"

old gent: "How could I guess she wanted to swear first?"

an extensive wardrobe.

out-of-work film-actor: "I'm indeed sorry to leave you, Mrs. Smith, but I presume you have no objection to my taking my belongings away with me."

landlady: "Don't worry, my husband has already hung your other collar on the hat-rack."

more than he bargained for.

dare-devil film actor: "You said when I agreed to ride this horse that if anything went wrong you'd give me a new pat."

producer: "Certainly I did."

D. F. A.: "Well, I want two muscles a couple of kneecaps, one elbow, about a half a yard of cuticle, and a left ear."

WILLIE'S LOVE-SICKNESS.

When father obliged the gents with "Love Makes the World Go Round" Little Willie wrestled with his half-smoked cigarette. Mother found him behind a screen with a face like july. "I believe you've been smoking," she said.

Willie shook his head. "Taint that," he gasped, untruthfully. "If it's true what father's been singing about — I'll re-reckon I'm in love!"

The Uplight Brand.

The Town is replete with a thriving Scotch firm recently acquired a piano for their town cinema, and appointed three of their number to inspect and report on the purchase. The councillors were not musical experts, but one—a joiner—bending down and applying his eye to the several corners of the instrument, remarked:

"I'm no judge o' music, but I'll warrant ye a' the boards are plumb."

The editor, Pictures and the Picturegoer, 55, long acre, London, W. C.

Telephone: Gordon 2595.

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Honestly, what do you think?

What is your own opinion of the plays that you see? What comment do you have to make?

We know that you would like to tell us—gladly. But we also know that you are busy. So to encourage you a bit we have offered £40 in cash prizes for the best 150-word comments on the Hepworth Triplet.

All you have to do is to enter your name now, at once, immediately, together with the name and address of the cinema at which you expect to see the Hepworth Triplet ("The Curtain's Secret," "Her Boy," and "The Second String"). Then when you have seen them, send us as many 150-word comments as you wish. But send us your name to-day.

Hepworth Picture Plays
c/o Hepworth Publicity, Hepworth Mfg. Co., Ltd., 2, Denman Street, Golden Square, W.
WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY

Powerful Story, splendidly staged and acted with great ability

Progressive interest from start to finish.

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Daniel Frohman presents
JOHN MASON
in the
CELEBRATED DRAMA
"JIM THE PENMAN"
IN FOUR ACTS.

Showing for the first time on
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

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FILM CO., LTD.,
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PICTUREGOERS,

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A SELIG WILD ANIMAL DRAMA
FEATURING THOMAS SANTSCHI!

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LOST AND WON

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A Romance of Rare Beauty and Power with quite an unconventional ending.
A Delicious Love Story with some exciting racing scenes.

FLORENCE TURNER
In a fine impersonation.

RELEASED - - - - - NOV. 8th.

THE IDEAL FILM RENTING CO., LTD., 76-78, WARDOUR ST., W.
HENRY B. WALTHALL IN "THE WOMAN HATER."
A sparkling three-act Essanay comedy. When the minister asked the groom the all-important question, he gasped out a lifeless "No," and then bolted down the aisle and out of the church.
PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

MAKE a note of the date—December 11th—when the Double Christmas Number of Pictures (price 2d.) will be in the hands of (we hope) all our readers. More particulars later.

Calicic has broken all records, we are told. It is strong enough to break anything!

Otis Harlan, the Selznick star, weights over three hundred pounds and yet on the screen he is mere shadow.

The Silence of Dean Mahnlund, the "Ideal" picture, is booming. Though the Dean be silent, the box-office talks.

Constance Collier is the latest stage star to go into pictures—for the Moroseo, in which company Cyril Maude and Maude Allan have also played.

Pickle-eaters, says an authority, are invariably sweet-tempered and affable men. Note for producers: Don't let your "cabbage" and pickles. The ladies are not mentioned.

Mabel Forrest, the wife of Bryant Washburn, recently presented her husband with a bonny bouncing boy. This answers the oft-repeated question, "Is Bryant married?"

A cinema poster at Westcliff-on-Sea: "Satur, for one day only; by special request." It reminds us of Irving, who when Toole burlesqued his Mephistopheles said "So you think that funny, do you?" to which the famous comedian’s reply was "Devilish!"

This is (Not) the Life.

THE life of a film-property-man is not an easy one. For example, some of the properties called for during the filming of a picture-play at the Selznick studios in Chicago, included one dead cat, a dozen white mice, a dozen cannonballs of clay, one edo cannon, and some mock shells manufactured of hickory. And the poor man had to get them.

During the Year, 1914.

ACCORDING to the Editor of Selznick's 'Picture Pictorial', 228 head of villains were killed; 1,233 mortgages were foreclosed; 33,958 gambles were cancelled; 1,000 automobile classes occurred; 3,800,000,111 buckets of water were emptied on silk hats; 222,332,992 new Ventinels appeared in "big sets," and 11 new plots were unveiled.

In Memory of Nurse Cavill.

THE Phoenix Film Co. has produced a film based on the murder of Nurse Cavill. The scenario was written by Edgar Wallace, the well-known novelist, and the subject will be shown in conjunction with Lord Derby's re-election campaign. The proceeds from the film will be devoted to the Cavill Memorial Fund, and all the players are giving their services free.

Civilisation's Public-house.

THE great British public-house of to-day is the picture-show with its 3,000,000 patrons each day. And there's no bar against treating there. It's encouraged, because it means two hours of refreshing recreation after a day of strain. A treat that is a treat. From one of Hepworth's yellow posters.

A Snake in the—Scene.

DURING the taking of a desert scene in The Great Divide, Romain Fielding suddenly observed a large rattler coiled up a few feet away from the scene being taken. Mr. Fielding, anxious not to spoil the scene, said nothing to any one. The noise evidently disturbed "Mr. Rattler," who started to uncoil but Mr. Fielding was equal to the occasion. He shouted "Stop" to the camera-man, whipped out his automatic 38, and with a well-directed shot blew the big rattler's head off.

Woman—Everywhere!

THEY talk about a woman's sphere As though it had a limit. There's not a place in earth or heaven. There's not a task to mankind given. There's not a blessing or a woe. There's not a whispered yes or no. There's not a life, or death, or birth. That has a feather's weight of worth Without a woman in it?

And the poet should have added "Nor a film studio."

PICTURES AND THE PICTUROGER

PLUM PUDDINGS IN PICTURES.

THOUSANDS of Christmas puddings for our Tommy's on active service are being made at a famous house in Bayswater for the Daily News pudding fund, and recently moving photographs were taken of the making bedding. Making the first eighty-three of these puddings. This topical film will b—shown at a great number of cinemas throughout the kingdom.

The War-time Conjuro.

IN the days before the war a friend of ours was something of an expert conjuror, and he was one of the first to answer the call. He was fated to find that the legendarium which enabled him to do all sorts of things with eggs was of little avail against the enemy's shells.

And now, having done his bit gallantly, he is as courageously prepared to face the future minus an arm.

My occupation's gone in one respect, the tone has changed another ruefully. "I shall have to say good-bye to the game of hanky-panky. I've nothing up my sleeve." But after all, in the hanky-panky of life, a stout heart under one's vest is something to conjure with.

Generous Gifts to the Fund.

THE trade's effort to raise £30,000 for the purchase of a complete ambulance convoy, with accessories, for the Army, is being magnificently responded to. Drewe of £500 have come in or are promised, Edisons, Lubin, Vitagraph, and Famous Players pay for a ear each. Guumont, of Paris and London, have contributed £500, and so has W. F. Jury, who is the Treasurer of the Fund. Dr. Jupp, who is the President, has given a similar donation, and the Provincial Cinematograph Theatres have given £200 and other offerings. Cecil Hepworth and his staff are raising £300, and the London Film is making a similar effort.

Familiar Film Captions.

AN American contributor to the Screen has saved up the following sub-titles, which appear on the screen that all will recognize them:

That Night: As the Days Went By:
Morning: That Afternoon:
Later: The Next Day:
She Never Knew: The Colonel Arrives:
The End of the Trail: He Believed in Her:
The Wedding Day:
Too Late:
The Reception:
Still No Message:
Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!:
The Signal:
Facts: A Stranger:
The Christening:
And Some Must Suffer: A Little Child Shall Lead Them:
The Return to the Armistice:
Court-Marital:
In Better Surroundings:
She Trusted Him:
A Child of the Sea:
Pon:
The Lark Shall Lead Them:
The Return to the Armistice:
A Woman's Love:
Onward:
A Friend:
She Becomes a Nurse:
Our Own Child:
No Place to Turn:
The Lure of the City:
Her Friend Prays False:
The Better Way:
A Wild Flower:
Leave Me: He Sails Away:
Twilight:
They are Watched:
A Detective is Sought:
A Mother's Love:
Back Home:
A Friend Indeed:
She Meets Mr. —:
Dress:
Day:
Benevolence:
Love Finds a Way:
The Return:
Criminal Evidence:
A Reporter Gets the Story:
Bankruptcy:
Disgrace:
The Clouds Pass Away:
Happy:
Love Rules the World.

But why, oh why has he overlooked our bewhiskered friends, "One Hour Later," "Saved?" and "Her Blessing?"
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1. **Some of the Many**: German prisoners being sent to the rear immediately after capture. 2. **Merry and Bright**: Tommies cheering during the visit of the Lady Mayoress and Sir Vezey to the Bethnal Green Military Hospital. 3. "I Am Glad to Die for My Country": One of the banners at the Memorial Service for the late Nurse E. Cavell. 4. **King George and General Joffre**: His Majesty with the Allied troops in the field. 5. **Captured at Loos**: One of a great number of German guns now being exhibited in London. 6. **Factory to Firing-Line**: Stacks of immense shells ready for the guns. 7. **Off to the Front**: Battery after battery of artillery parade before M. Poincare.
MARK FRETTELEY sat alone in his study, gazing abstractedly at the photograph which stood upon the desk by his side. The face was that of a decidedly beautiful woman—an actress—whom long years gone by he had made his wife, and, to judge by the complex expression upon his face, it was obvious that the union had little but bitter recollections and sad memories for him. She had deserted him, shortly after their marriage, for an 'old actor' lover she had known; in her earlier days, and, turning a deaf ear to her husband's entreaties, she had gone back to the gay and more bohemian life of the stage.

Her subsequent crossing to America with her new lover, and the dispatch of a forged death certificate to her husband, which she had persuaded a doctor acquaintance to write out for her, had caused the final severing of their ties.

Upon its receipt Frettleby had been overwhelmed with grief, and had succumbed to an attack of brain-fever, his recovery probably due to the excessive care and devotion of his nurse. Then he had realized that the feeling he bore towards the nurse was something greater than gratitude, and eventually he had made her his second wife.

Their happiness, however, was only of a temporary duration, for at the birth of their infant daughter his wife died. Since, he had lived only for his daughter who was now approaching womanhood, and many anxious moments had he spent in worrying over her future welfare. "God grant she may never know what I have known," he prayed.

His reverie was interrupted by the maid.

"A Mr. White to see you, Sir."

"Good gracious! how you startled me!" answered Mark, rising. "A Mr. White, eh? I don't seem to know the name. Still, show him in."

"Good afternoon," cried his visitor a few seconds later. "Mr. Mark Frettleby, I believe?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Frettleby. Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks. My name is Oliver White, and I've come a long way to see you on an unpleasant matter."

"Indeed! Pray proceed."

"Some years ago—kindly correct me if I make a mistake—you married a well-known actress named Rosanna. She left you soon afterwards, and finally drifted to the 'States.'"

"Mark nodded. "Later, receiving her death certificate, you married again, and possess a daughter by your second wife."

"You are quite right, Mr.—er—White, but really I fail to see how my domestic affairs can possibly interest you."

"Directly, they don't; indirectly, they do. Should your first wife be still alive, Mark Frettleby, what is it worth to you to have the fact remain a secret?"

Mark looked puzzled. "First wife still alive? What do you mean? I don't understand you, sir."

"What grounds have you for believing your first wife dead, might I ask?"

"All the grounds in the world! Her death certificate is at the present moment in my possession; surely more conclusive proof than that is superfluous!"

"White smiled evilly. "The certificate you refer to is a forgery," he drawled quietly; "written at the instigation of your first wife herself. She is alive and under my care at present, and I can prove it."

"Mark sprang to his feet. "You blackguard! So blackmail your game, is it? Out of my house before I have you thrown out!"

White reached for his hat. "Of course, if that's how you regard the matter," he remarked resignedly, "there's an end of it; only I scarcely thought you would like your daughter to know that she was born out of wedlock, and in consequence—"

"Silence, you cur! Don't dare to mention her name again. Bring me the proofs concerning the statement you have made here to-day, and I will listen to you further. In the meantime, get out!"

As he rose, the door flew open, and a vision of womanly loveliness, in the shape of Mark's daughter Madge, burst into the room.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she cried excitedly—"Oh! I'm awfully sorry; I thought you were alone," she added confusedly.

"It's all right, little one," assured her father affectionately patting her on the shoulder; "run away for awhile, I shan't be very long now."

"Jove! what a lovely girl," muttered White, as Madge left the room.

"Say," he added, turning and facing Mark; "I'll fix my price—now, on the spot. The price of my silence and the recovery of your first wife's marriage certificate lies with that daughter."

"How do you mean? What is your price?"

"Your daughter's hand in marriage."

"Never!" cried Mark, striking the table with his fist. "Produce your proofs and I will buy your silence, but not at the expense of my daughter's happiness."

"It is your daughter's hand or nothing," came back the implacable demand. "I shall bring the proofs and call back for your answer later. Your wife fell into my hands accidentally, after she had been deserted by her lover in the 'States.' I have been put to a good deal of trouble over finding out what I know about you, and rest assured, Mark Frettleby, I'm not a man to waste opportunities. Good-day!"

And without further comment, White left the room.

* * *

When, a few days later, Brian Fitzgerald, Mark's junior partner, asked for Madge's hand in marriage and was refused his anger knew no bounds. He had heard about White's visits and the effect they had had, and having obtained his address, he now paid White a visit to demand an explanation. A terrible quarrel resulted, towards the
Upon reaching his destination the cabby, noticing something to be amiss, found to his horror that his fare was dead, and promptly placed the matter in the hands of a policeman.

The mystery of a hansom cab was the sensation of the day; people talked of nothing else.

In spite of all the exhaustive inquiries of the police no trace could be found of the murderer, and following up the dead man's doings on the fatal night, they ultimately called upon Moreland, as having been seen with White before his death.

But Moreland threw no further light upon the matter other than suggesting that Brian Fitzgerald might have something to do with it. He declared that he had heard Brian threaten to do some time previously, during a quarrel.

In consequence Brian was arrested. He counselled beggar of him to prove an alibi, but he steadfastly refused to do so. In his own heart Brian feared that Frettley himself might have been the culprit, knowing that he had been in White's power, and, for the sake of Mudge, he determined to keep silent.

Further investigation revealed the cork of the chloroform bottle in the bottom of the cab. Upon it was stamped the chemist's name. The latter's register was examined, and the name of the purchaser, Geoffrey Dalton, stood revealed.

The trial attracted extraordinary interest. The witnesses, one by one, narrated their own individual version of the affair, and at length Moreland was called.

He described all he had overheard during the quarrel between Brian and White, and the manner in which Brian had left the room afterwards.

"How long have you had that ring which is on your finger?" asked prisoner's counsel.

Moreland started.

"Oh, a good many years," he answered, hesitatingly.

"Give the witness pen and paper," commanded the counsel.

"No," he continued, addressing Moreland, "will you kindly write from my dictation? write down the words "Geoffrey Dalton.""

Moreland paused slightly, and with the greatest self-control did as he was bidden.

"Thou art not? That will do. You may stand down." As Mark Frettley gave evidence concerning the relationship between Brian and his daughter, Brian was once more appealed to by counsel to state where he was on the night of the murder, but without effect.

The court was electrified by the arrival of a new witness—the poor woman to whose garret Rosamina had been led.

"The prisoner, Mr. Brian, was with me at the time of the murder," she cried, "all listening to the story of Rosanna, who was dying in my garret!"

At once the whole aspect of the case changed. Brian was unable to deny this last link of evidence which had so unexpectedly come to light.

Counsel now reconstructed the whole case and murder in his address to the jury. Touching on all the principal points, he laid special stress upon the writing of the signature in the chemist's poison-book,
THE CADDIE IS A MOST IMPORTANT WITNESS.

and commented upon the similarity between it and the signature Moreland had just written.

"The inferences we draw from these facts, gentlemen," he concluded, "are as obvious as they are conclusive, and, here counsel pointed to Moreland, "there sits the murderer." For a moment confusion reigned supreme. Then Moreland, with a terrible cry, rushed at the counsel, but before he could reach him he was overpowered by the police and dragged below.

"Thank God you are free!" cried Frettleby, pushing his way towards Brian and grasping his hand.

"No! not even daddie!" Madge answered, as kissing him fondly on the cheek, she stepped into the waiting carriage.

The film, 5,000 feet long, has been finely produced for the "Ideal" Film Renting Co. by the "B and C" Co. As a novel by Fergus Hume, The Mystery of a Hansom Cab passed through millions of hands, and as an "Ideal" picture-play it will provide a big dramatic feast for millions of eyes. The cast includes Milton Rosmer as Mark Frettleby; A. V. Bramble as Moreland; Arthur Waleott as Oliver White; Mr. Dale as Brian; and Fay Temple as Madge.

A LA CAPTAIN KIDD.

Piracy continues in spite of all the Board of Trade and the efforts of the various film manufacturers to prevent it. A cablegram from Singapore indicates that piracy is still flourishing in the Far East, and that films have for the first time on record become of enough value to be included in the category of the loot.

The Trans-Atlantic films, The Purple Iris, Smouldering Fires, and The Child Needed a Mother have been stolen by river pirates at Hong Kong. Picture if you can, the unholy delight of these oily gentlemen of the pirate junk trade assembled about a sea rover's fireplace, with itsanked embers, enjoying film dramas while dressed in all the panoply of piratical warfare; but whether they will appreciate The Child Needed a Mother or not is problematical.
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS

DICK STANTON, a popular player and a busy producer. He is taking lead in and directing *Does It End Right?* a Trans-Atlantic photo-play.

LUCY BLAIR, (Mrs. William Conklin), the lady villain in Lathe's great serial, *Neal of the Navy*, produced by Balboa. Her husband plays in the same film.

ALICE HOLLISTER who has been in pictures for over four years—all with Kalem, and all filled with long hours of happiness and hard work.

TOM FORMAN, the clever actor who recently played important parts in *The Explorer* and *The Red Mirage*, two plays coming from the Lasky Studio.
John Ralston at this moment was suffering from the lump. He had just been rejected as a lover by Nina L'Estrange in favour of a younger rival who worked in the same office with him. Yes, he liked the handsome, straightforward young Louis Perei, all right, but why in the name of perdition should this young man win the affections of charming Nina, when his own warm affections were gently but firmly repulsed. He was cleverer than Louis, and a much more experienced man of the world, but he did not deceive himself he was also much older; his personality was as candle-light beside the brilliant flare of youth, enthusiasm, and good looks enjoyed by Louis.

His hump grew larger when Louis came to him with a piece of 'good news.' Louis had just heard that a relative had died conveniently enough to allow him a large fortune to commence housekeeping with.

'I shall have to leave for Chicago, old chap,' continued Louis, 'and take over the management of my uncle's affairs. As soon as I can lay hands on the dough I shall be back again to marry Nina. I am not going to tell her about my windfall just yet. I mean it to be a pleasant surprise to her.'

'I shall respect your confidence,' replied Ralston in a tired voice. 'But, as you know, Nina has given me the cold shoulder in your favour. Don't say anything. Everything is fair in love and war. You deserve your luck.'

Louis instinctively knew that his sympathy in this case would hardly be appreciated. He silently shook hands with his friend, and departed by the next train to Chicago.

Ralston received another jar to his nerves that day. In this case it was not sheer misfortune, but the result of his own misconduct. Baron Hartfeld, the agent of a foreign bank, called to see him, and the visitor's sinister face involuntarily made Ralston shiver.

'Ah, Mr. Ralston,' said the Baron, unsmiling, 'I have called about this cheque.' Ralston glanced at it and shivered again. 'It was presented to our bank, and we have—rather I have discovered that it is the nearest forgery I have ever seen.'

'Give me time, and I'll make good the cheque,' replied Ralston, hoarsely. 'It was a momentary temptation. I'll pay you to-morrow.'

The Baron bowed. 'That will do,' he replied, as he retired with a peculiar smile, 'I intend to make use of this man, he murmured, as he walked back to the bank; his talent would make his fortune—and mine.'

Ralston paid the Baron by the simple process of robbing Peter to pay Paul. He embezzled some of his firm's money, and trusted to luck to pay his firm before the deficit was discovered.

His thoughts returned to lucky Louis, who had written him telling him that the amount of the fortune left him by his uncle was larger than he had expected. 'Nina will have a town and a country house, a queen's retinue, and a lavish sum for charities. I am keeping the news from her as a surprise.'

'What and me, and I nothing?' Ralston asked himself, bitterly. His eyes fell upon Percival's letter lying before him, and a diabolical scheme entered his head. He took up a pen and tily copied the other's handwriting. With a few minutes' practice he marvellously produced the other's style of writing, and Ralston smiled.

He shut himself up for the next hour, and when he emerged he posted the following letter to Miss Nina L'Estrange:

'Dear Nina, I hardly know how to tell you that I am about to marry another. The love I felt for you was a mistake. Forgive and forget me, and I am sure you will find someone more worthy of your love; and, though we never should meet again, remember me as your friend. Louis Percival.'

Ralston kept away from the L'Estrange household for a few days. Then he paid a visit. He saw that Nina was looking pale, but determined. In response to his sympathetic inquiries Nina replied:

'Percival and I have parted. I returned him his ring without a word.'

Ralston murmured sympathetic words. He knew it was not yet time to press his suit, but his prospects certainly looked brighter. He would call again.

Baron Hartfeld saw Ralston the next day. He treated Ralston with the utmost politeness, and apologised if the fact of the forged cheque might have left any unpleasantness behind.

'A man with a talent like yours,' he said, 'could do much for himself abroad with me to manage that talent.'

There was a long conversation, and at length Ralston agreed to embark upon a career of professional forgery, with Hartfeld to advise, as he possessed the banking secrets of nearly every wealthy man in the country. London was selected in which to commence operations, and Ralston, knowing that he could marry Nina immediately he 'earned' some money, decided to follow Hartfeld's plans. He commenced operations with a very clever forgery, and with the proceeds married Nina, who agreed to accompany her husband to London.

What had mystified New York began to mystify London. Every few months the newspapers chronicled the news of yet another clever forgery. First it was the Duke of Atholme, then the great financier Wm. Robt Dubton, afterwards it was the great theatrical star Miss Vera Butall. The mysterious forger plundered all sections of society, provided they were worth plundering. Scotland Yard put the best men of its staff on the track of unmasking the forger, but all its efforts met with no success.
It was with a shock of surprise that he encountered Louis Percival.

result. The newspapers began to crack jokes at the expense of Scotland Yard, and because the detectives could give no name to the forger, the newspapers gave him one themselves. They called him "Jim the Pennan," and suggested that one of the Scotland Yard officials was "Jim the Pennan" himself. Readers wrote hurried lines to the papers, saying what they would do to catch the forger, whilst some had the hardihood to write wishing they themselves were half as clever as "Jim the Pennan." The public took up the name with alacrity. There were "Jim the Pennan" hats and "Jim the Pennan" ties, each nicely worked with hieroglyphics to testify their admiration of the unknown hero. The years passed after each other, and "Jim the Pennan" remained unknown. Sometimes after a very big coup he remained quiet for several years, and every one was beginning to forget him when another amazing forgery brought his notorious personality again before the public attention, and the battle of words started afresh.

Twenty years passed, and Jim Ralston had gone into that mysterious business known as "company promoting." That he was company promoting during the days was evident enough, but in the quietness of his study, with locked doors, he performed those miracles of handwriting that earned him the secret admiration of the crowd, and paid much better than company promoting.

Notwithstanding his successes, he knew he was engaged in very dangerous enterprises. His hair was grey, and sometimes there crept into his eyes the look of a hunted animal. Ralston's life, and his daughter Agnes were naturally the chief cause of his anxiety, for discovery would ruin them as well as him. They little knew of the volcano beneath their feet. Nina had become a matronly woman, and only occasionally wondered why the lover of her youth, Louis Percival, had thrown her up so suddenly, and whether he had married. At this time her daughter Agnes was beginning to occupy her thoughts, for her engagement to Lord Drelincourt was about to be announced. It was this that increased Ralston's anxiety. He was rich now, and had no further desire to exploit his talent with the pen. He wished to rest on his laurels, but in the background was the sinister figure of Baron Hartfeld, who, like the proverbial tiger, was never satisfied.

"We have made large profits; let us stop now before it is too late," pleased Ralston, on seeing the figure of the Baron luxuriously enconced in an armchair in his study.

The Baron eyed Ralston narrowly. He realised that Ralston wished to burn his back on his career, and he smiled at the idea of "Jim the Pennan" becoming respectable. Ralston had performed his bidding so far that the time was coming when he would not. He must not break the straining cord.

"Very well, my friend," replied the Baron, "it shall be as you wish. But just one more coup, and then we'll cry quits, and finish it."

"What is it?" asked Ralston, somewhat relieved to know that it would be the last time for using his pen.

The Baron rose and whispered in the other's ear. "The Drelincourt necklace. They are worth twenty thousand pounds. I have a specimen of Lord Drelincourt's handwriting, and you can copy it to write an order on the bank to open the safe and hand it over."

"I can't do it," replied Ralston, despairingly. "He is the last man in the world I would rob."

This was news to Hartfeld, and for a moment he was nonplussed. Then his curiosity overruled him, and he stormed, cajoled, and threatened until he wrung an unwilling consent from the wretched man. Then he departed.

Ralston went into the drawing-room, and saw a gentleman in conversation with his wife whose face and figure seemed strangely familiar. He paused for a moment, and it was with a shock of surprise that he encountered Louis Percival.

"I am in England on business," said Percival, pleasantly. "Have I done wrong to look you both up as old friends?"

"Not at all, my dear chap," replied Ralston. "I don't see what it is you are after, since you are evidently killing me."

"I am not killing you, for I don't want another. But you are very much mistaken. All my reasons that led to the breaking off of the old love match, and for the fact that a sum of £15,000 had some time ago been neatly abstracted through Percival's bank account by Jim the Pennan."

"Did Percival say whether he had married or not?" Ralston asked of his wife with assumed carelessness.

"We did not speak of the past," replied Nina with a point.

Ralston breathed again, and turned to another subject.

"There is that new guest, Captain Redwood, who arrived a few days ago," he continued. "I don't like the man."

"He is an acquaintance of Lord Drelincourt's."

"That's true. I think him clever enough to catch everybody. By the way, Lord Drelincourt has asked Agnes to be his wife, and he awaits your sanction to their engagement."

"I see all right," returned Ralston, hurriedly. "I have nothing to say against it."

Five minutes later Ralston called up Baron Hartfeld. "That Drelincourt is going to marry Nina. I'll explain to you," said Ralston.

"You're late," replied Hartfeld, with a smile as he hung up the receiver at the other end.

"Ralston went into the smoking-room where his guests were gathered, and saw that they were listening to some of Percival's remarks.

"What do you think you the old circumstances that brought me to England," said Louis Percival. "A few weeks ago I received a letter from a detective—"

"I am very sorry to interrupt your story," remarked Ralston. "But I think the ladies are waiting."

"Ralston felt very uncomfortable. Meanwhile events moved rapidly. Next day, for the first time, Nina learned that the letter she had received from Percival breaking off their engagement had not been written by him.

"No," replied Nina to Louise's guarded inquiries. "I wrote you no letter. It was your note which caused our engagement. I still have it. Wait."

Nina ran to her desk and brought out the fateful letter. Percival looked at it with knitted brows, then remarked, somewhat coldly, "I think the one that robbed me of £15,000."

Baron Hartfeld, in the other room, was arguing with Ralston. It's too late, she recommenced the Baron. "that this complication at least. The necklace has already been secured, and if you want to restore it to your future son-in-law it will cost you £15,000."

"Ah, I intend to be your guest for a few days."

"Why?" asked Ralston, angrily. "Why do you force yourself upon us?"

"Because of your sudden determina-
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Week ending
Nov. 29, 1915

CRANE WILBUR

Interviewed by "Pictures."

"May I see Mr. Wilbur, please?" I inquired timidly.

I had come to interview the famous actor who is now playing in Centaur Star Features produced by the Mutual Film Corporation of America.

"I'm sorry, Miss, but Mr. Wilbur is engaged, and too busy to see anyone. You are almost sure to catch him in his apartments in Madison Avenue after hours."

"Thank you," I replied as I turned from the office with a sinking heart. Nevertheless I decided I would write to Mr. Wilbur and be sure of my prey. This I did, but the reply was again disappointing. He wrote me that for ten days he would be engaged on a big picture. If I cared to meet him at breakfast, however, at the Hotel McAlpin, where he always takes his breakfast on Sundays, I might have some chance. So I wrote to Mr. Wilbur and imparted the following:

"I was born in Athens, N.Y.—my dear little mother still lives there. I left school at the age of thirteen and started life in a meat market—some beginning that for an actor, eh? (Here Mr. Wilbur revelled in a chuckle of mirth in which I joined.) Then I was a winder in a knitting mill, and when I asked for a rise the boss gave me one—the noble order of the last. That settled matters. I went to Mrs. Fiske, who was then playing in New York in 'Mary of Modena' and got the job of leading a male across the stage! I was four seasons in that show, and then got a part in 'Reuben' where I had to say 'Oui, Oui, Monsieur'. Those were wonderful channels for my mental capacity; and I forgot my part and was fired. Later on, however, I was re-engaged by the same company, and from that time to this the stage twelve years, then I went into pictures, and if I have any say in the matter, I'll stay!"

"How did you come to play for films?" I ventured, as Mr. Wilbur

get even with you for this. Hand me over that £15,000, or I'll denounce you!"

Ralston was amazed and alarmed.

"I have not the necklace," he retorted;

"But as for your threats, I have in my pocket evidence to send you to prison also—letters over your signature forged by me."

A sound attracted their attention, and they turned to face Captain Redwood.

"You gentlemen miss something, I believe. Is this it?"—and the Captain pulled a case from his pocket. It contained the Drelincourt necklace.

Baron Hartfeld was seized with a fit of trembling, whilst Ralston grew even paler, and put his hand over his heart. The detective took up the pile of notes, remarking, "I think I may offer these to Mr. Percival as a permanent loan from you, Jim the Penman.

Ralston nodded. His eyes were glaring. It was evident the man was ill. The detective walked out with the notes, leaving the pair stupefied.

"There is no use," said Ralston, as he fell back in his chair. Hartfeld felt vaguely alarmed; then he quickly rummaged in the other's pocket for the incriminating papers, which he absconded. At this moment he felt a hand on his arm, and again encountered the inescapable face of Captain Redwood. "I shall want you," said the Captain.

The doors were thrown open, revealing the wedding-party, which had just sat down to dinner. Agnes had come to fetch her father into the dining-room, and as she emerged Redwood pulled Hartfeld into the shadow behind the door. The girl tripped up to her father's chair and pulled his coat playfully.

"Come along, sleepy head. The guests are waiting."

She bent down, and straightened herself again with a gesture of terror and surprise. "There is something wrong—I cannot arouse Father," she cried to several of the guests.

She was right. The tired heart was stilled at last. The career of Jim the Penman had finished for ever.

The cast of this superbly-acted production is as follows:—John Ralston, John Mason; Louis Percival, Harold Lockwood; Baron Hartfeld, Russell Basset; Lord Drelincourt, William Roselle; Captain Redwood, Frederick Perry; Nina L' Estrange, Marguerite Leslie.

"I am Captain Redwood to society, but I am also a Detective."
hesitated to pour me out some more coffee.

"It was quite by accident, I happened to be in a village in New Jersey when I heard they were photographing.

"As I had never seen a cinema camera, I went to investigate. They were taking a scene where the hero had to rescue the heroine from being dashed to death by a runaway horse. The hero was awaiting the moment when he was to fly to the rescue; but at the last moment he failed. I saw the apparent danger of the heroine, and, forgetting of the fact that they were taking pictures, I rushed out and stopped the horse. For this the producer thanked me, and asked me to go to the studios on the following day. I went, and Mr. Handworth (for he was the producer at the time) of the Pathé Frères Company gave me a part, and with him I remained until I joined the Contour Company.

"Then Mr. Wilbur stopped, and I thought for a moment. "What are your hobbies, Mr. Wilbur?" I asked.

"Hobbies?" repeated Mr. Wilbur. "After pictures, music is my favourite pastime. It awakens my innermost soul—it maddens me. Italian opera intoxicates me—I speak Italian you know. Why they should have such an effect upon me I do not know. It is my temperament I suppose. I'm a fearful dreamer. I sit for hours in the firelight in my study buried in the depths of my armchair; then, with my favourite pipe in my mouth, I imagine all sorts of wonderful things. Some of them come true but, alas! some of them don't."

Mr. Wilbur, seeing I had finished my repast, now informed me that he regretted he would have to be making his way to elsewhere. Thanking him profusely for his kindness, I gathered up my gloves.

"Just one more question before I go. Can you tell me what you consider are some of your best cinema works?"

"I'll send you along a list," he promised, and this is what he sent me:

- The Perils of Pauline, in which he played opposite Pearl White, The Pretender, The Corsair, All Love Exulting, and The Blood of our Brothers.

---

**PLEASE THE PUBLIC**

Films are produced to

with cost a secondary consideration. They aim to present the most popular players in

:: photo-plays consistently excellent.

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**YOUR LOCAL CINEMA**

WILL BE SHOWING

**"THE COUNTER INTRIGUE"**

A strong Drama, in 3 Acts, presenting

NELL CRAIG.

**CHARLES CHAPLIN**

IN

**"CHARLIE AT WORK"**

A screaming Comedy, in 2 Acts, presenting CHARLES CHAPLIN in his funniest antics.

**"TEMPER"**


**"VAIN JUSTICE"**

A Drama of the Civil War, in 3 Acts, presenting RICHARD TRAVERS.

If you do not see these films announced at your theatre tell the manager you want to see them, and that Essanay stands for :: Enjoyment and Excellence. ::

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The Mark of Merit.
WHEN WIFE SLEEPS.—Lubitsch comedy. One reel. Bills Reeves, the scream of the screen. —J. Frank Brockliss, Ltd.

HIS COOLING COURTSHIP.—John Bull comedy. One reel. Lupino Lane, the popular comedian. —Davison, the British Age.

SHE'S A PIPPIN.—Pathé comedy. One reel. Issy and Mosey at their best. This is an exceptionalirth-producer.

SALISBURY'S WILD LIFE.—Educational. Three reels. Fish, birds, and animals in their natural surroundings.

LOST AND WON.—Turner drama. Four parts. Florence Turner, a love story, with exciting racing scenes introduced. Full story in No. 89, October 30th issue. —Ideal Film Renting Co.


DRAWING THE LINE.—'Flying A' drama. One reel. Vivian Rich, Walter Spencer, and Jack Richardson. See the wonderful fight between the two men. —American Film Co.

LIFE'S YESTERDAY.—Vitagraph drama. Two reels. Julia Swayne, Leo Delaney, and Zena Keefe. His career ruined by drugs, he atones, and devotes his latter life to the care of the world's outcasts.

A STUDIO ESCAPE.—Selig drama. Two parts. Bessie Eyton, life, love, and honour in gay Bohemia. See the raid on the studio in the midst of the students' revelries. —E. H. Montague.

THE PRETENDER.—Reliance drama. One reel. Elsie de Wolfe and George Walsh. Interesting scenes laid in Australia, a South Sea Island, the deck of a liner, and America. —New Majestic Co.

WHEN LOVE TOOK WINGS.—Keystone comedy. One reel. Malek Normand and Rosee Arbuckle. Love passions end in the disillusionment of the lady's beauty. —Western Import Co.

A BID FOR A BOUNTY.—Bamforth comedy. One reel. The hero's endeavour to defraud the Government ends in a surprise from an unexpected direction. —Yorkshire Co.

THE BIRTH OF A NATION.—Griffith production. Two parts. The mighty spectacle which is still going strong at the Scala Theatre. If you live in London and miss this show you are not a picturegoer.

A TELEPHONE TRAGEDY.—Thanhouser drama. Two reels. Florence La Badie. How a daring woman's unfinished telephone message condemns an innocent man, though the guilty party is forced to confess in the end.


A TALE OF TWENTY STORIES.—L-Ko farce comedy. Two reels. Hank Mann comedies are always good, but here is one that stands out as quite the funniest and finest picture in which the luminous one has ever appeared. And its 'some' thriller too; indeed, no more remarkable combination of chuckles and thrills has ever been presented on a motion picture screen. —Trans-Atlantic Film Co.
A Chance of a Lifetime.

SETS OF BEAUTIFUL HALF-PLATE PHOTOS

depicting the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of

Postal Order value 6d.

"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL PRODUCT ON BY LOIS WEBER
AND PHILLIPS SMALLLEY.

'A CIGARETTE, THAT'S ALL'

Gold Seal Drama. 1,500 feet approx. Released Dec. 27th.

Here is another masterpiece from the pen of wonderfully gifted Lois Weber, author of "Hypocrites," "Scandal" and a host of other triumphantly superior photo-plays.

In attempt to tell you of the novel, the gripping, enthralling interest of this unusual drama in printed words would be useless. Through magic spectacles a man sees the terrible truth of false partner, false wife. Convincing that the whole thing is a vision, he returns home to tell his wife of the "joke." There he finds a "cigarette," that "sall" which through the magic glasses he saw the false friend lay on the mantel when making a lover's call on his wife. Wonderful and enthralling beyond description: you MUST see it.

THE TRANS ATLANTIC FILM CO., Ltd.,

HACKING COUGH

MOTHER CURED BY VENO'S 18 YEARS AGO STILL USES THE GREAT REMEDY IN THE FAMILY.

Mrs. Aldridge, 5, Hyde Street, Hulme, Manchester, says:—"I must need Veno's some 18 years ago when suffering with a cold and cough. I was a cough that gave no rest, but kept me back all day long, and in the night too it disturbed me. But when I commenced taking Veno's I soon got relief. It was quite wonderful how it loosened the phlegm and at times in my chest. Soon I was quite cured.

"Ever since then Veno's has been my family medicine. I used to give it to my children when they showed any sign of a cough, and it always cured them. Once my little Tommy caught whooping cough, but a few doses of Veno's stopped it almost at once. They are grown up now but they should still have Veno's if they need it. I shall always praise Veno's and always recommend it as the very best cough medicine in the world!"

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL,
PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for:

COUCHES AND COLDs,
BRONCHITIS,
LUNG TROUBLES,
INFLUENZA,
BLOOD-SPITTING,
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Ven's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for:

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BRONCHITis,
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INFLUENZA,
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Ven's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for:

COUCHeS AND COLDs,
BRONCHITis,
LUNG TROUBLES,
INFLUENZA,
ARE YOU TRYING FOR ONE OF THESE?

£10 PRIZE  £5 PRIZE  10 PRIZES OF £1 EACH

SCREENED STARS

OVER 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!

We give below the ninth set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition-'SCREENED STARS.' The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No.1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions. £5 to the next, and 10s each to the next ten, and 20 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next last solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the ninth set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 20 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages. Back numbers containing previous Sets may be had from our Publishers.

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week

As It Should Be.

'...I have seen more British films this last four weeks than I had previously seen for four months. Is it due to the tax, or merely coincidence? But I do appreciate them.'

B. B. (Houghton.)

A Loss to Pictures.

'...As a constant picturegoer and reader, I notice the tremendous popularity the comedy pictures enjoy—and the fact that all the common men-by which I mean, of course, the common pictures—is less than the ordinary pictures. The majority of comedy films produce the same results as the majority of ordinary pictures. But the former are not always the same. He produced a set of pictures which made me laugh to tears, and I do not know his name, but he is not a great name, and has done things in the past, etc.'

L. M. Lower (Walmcrjw's).

Cinema's Roll of Honour.

'...I admire the patriotic point of view of T.S. (Highgate) on British films, but your readers talk about young fellows in the trade joining the Colours. I think they know a great deal, and that they have not thought of the Civic trade of Roll of Honour.

'If they had all read the trade journals from the outbreak of the war, T.S. would have found that the industry has given men from every branch, including actors, connected with it. Almost every week the trade papers announce that some one connected with the trade has fallen in Flanders or elsewhere. Has my fellow-reader heard that there is a Cinema V.C.?

'No! T.S. (Highgate) must not run away with the idea that the fellow on the screen looks eligible he is so. Too often young men out of the scene are heard who wants to see pictures with the characters are all old men and women? What kind of films would T.S. have us see in wartime?

'Personally I consider that the cinema trade has done very well in sending men to the Colours, judging from reports in the trade journals.'

B. M. Y. (Walworth).

Credit Where Credit is Due.

'I take your pleasant little paper weekly, and was interested in the Competition about the famous actors, but I was surprised to see that Col. A. (Preston) mentioned the non-British players. This is surely a mistake, as I am sure Mr. Foote was born in England, and, I think, in Harrogate (my own native place), where he now lives. When a film featuring Mr. Foote was shown not long ago, at our local picture-house, he was announced on the programme as 'formerly of Harrogate,' and I believe he acted on the English stage for some years before he came to America. Of course, I may have read your Competition notice incorrectly, but I hope you will make proper writing on the matter. Mr. Foote is such a distinguished, handsome, and talented actor that I feel proud he is a native of this town. I do not wish American to claim him as a countryman.'

Mr. Foote (Harrogate).

You are quite right. Mr. Foote is an Englishman, but as he often works has been confided to America, his name crept into the Foreign List by mistake. E.,'
Much-Liked Actor-Producer.

Richard Stanton, whose portrait is included in our Gallery, has all the sympathetic qualities of his native character that of the Irish. Richard was describing how he left his old car outside the garage as he drove away in his big new one. "It was such a good old friend of mine that when I saw it standing there, shabby and forlorn, I thought it looked at me regretfully and actually had a tightening of the throat."

Recently a Los Angeles magazine manager sent Richard to be photographed against his will. The photographer met the manager shortly afterwards, and said, "If you ever send Stanton to me again I will brain you." Stanton fidgeted and made suggestions until the man who took the pictures said, "Look here, Mr. Stanton, you may do as you like with your own plays, but I am producing your pictures. Now, then the little a little to one side, please.

Mr. Stanton has fitted right into his work with the Trans-Atlantic Company, and is much liked by every one at Universal City.

Lucy Blake of Balboa.

Lucy Blake, whose wedding is given in our gallery, always had a longing for the stage and one of her New England family desires were considered shocking. One day she told her mother she was going to visit a claim in Providence, R.I., and succeeded in getting away from home. But she did not leave the train until it reached New York. There, Miss Blake immediately obtained an engagement to play in "When Knighthood was in Flower," with Roselle Knecht and Charles Dalton. She made such an impression in a small part that Hlaw and Erlanger used her to advantage for the next three years. But her real chance came as the star in "The Lily and the Prince." In this she toured the United States. Then she supported Madelyn Arlakke in "The Round-up," and Dustin Farram in "The Virginian.

Miss Blake is now appearing prominently in Balboa pictures. In private life she is Mrs. William Conklin.

News of Max Linder.

Gabriel Leuville, known to all cinema lovers as Max Linder, has almost recovered from the wounds he received, and when ailed at the Buford Military Hospital, Paris, was looking forward to his discharge.

Max Linder was born at St. Lombes, in the Department of Gironne, of French parent. His education and subsequent theatrical career were entirely French. Although bound unfit for military ser.

ASk YOUR CINEMA MANAGER TO BOOK THESE TWO GREAT NORDISK EXCLUSIVES

"A QUEEN OF KNAVES"

Thrilling Three-Part Detective Drama.

"SINS OF GREAT CITIES"

Drama in Three Reels of Absorbing Heart Interest.
vice in 1908, when France called all her sons at the beginning of the war he volunteered, and was attached to the 13th Regiment of Artillery.

Bronchial trouble supervening, says the Cornet, he was stricken down, and barely recovered, so anxious was he to render some service, that he undertook what was perhaps the most dangerous work of all, despite motor-driving.

In the course of his previous journey-driving at terrific speed, without lights, a collision occurred. Max was violently thrown out and badly injured. He was removed to hospital, where on March 2nd he was invalided out of the Army for the second time, suffering from severe internal injuries. Although debarred from military service, Max, the light-hearted and cheerful of comedians, will be, we trust, able to enact for Pathé those debonair roles which have made his name famous the world over.

Surprising Surprise Gifts.

What would you do if you woke up some morning in a small apartment, and had a notice handed you—before breakfast, too—that an admirer, to surprise you, had shipped a fine black horse, and that said horse was waiting your call at the local freight yards? What Could She Do? the title of a play written by Gertrude McCoy, the Edison leading woman, came in most aptly here, for the surprised one was that film favourite. Getting a "white elephant" before breakfast, in the shape of a horse, so to speak, was especially annoying when one loves—lovest—the auto with unyielding devotion, such as Miss McCoy does. For what horse can equal the delicious excitement of tearing down a country road with the sky the limit?

'Think as she could, the apartment offered no solution, so she enlisted an uncle's establishment. The uncle was as enthusiastic about the horse as she about her machine, and insisted that equal pleasurable excitement comes from driving a horse. After much persuasion, the uncle induced Miss McCoy to drive out the horse, but only on condition that the chauffeur would follow behind with her machine, as she expected soon to tire of the horse. So that Miss McCoy would get greater pleasure, he said, the uncle would ride behind in the auto. As they neared the Yonkers race-track Miss McCoy wished to go back to her old love, and was preparing to get out of the wagon, when the white elephant horse pricked up its ears and swerved quickly into the gate of the race-track. With a snort and ears laid back, away down the track, the horse flew, while frightened Miss McCoy pulled back for all she was worth. Around he sped past the equally astonished group, while Miss McCoy frantically jerked her head as a signal for them to stop the flying horse. The secret was out. It had been an old race-horse, and nobody knew—but the horse knew. Down the track he pounded in a cloud of dust and around again he flew. The uncle dared not attempt to head off the horse for fear of a spill. Then suddenly he thought to send the auto after the flying steed. The sound of the machine seemed to act as a caller and bracer, for the machine never caught up till the horse had gone round the fourth time; then with the satisfied air of a winner, Mr. Horse slowed up, his job well done, apparently to his thinking. But you couldn't get Miss McCoy again to gannay that horse-driving does not offer its own excitement. There is now a horse for sale—yes, and cheap, too!
AFTER THE FLIGHT: Norman Howard, the villain in 1897's安全生产, a Holmwood British production just finished.

It may be early to talk about Christmas Day, but it is not too soon to write about Christmas Number Day. If ever you miss an issue of Pictures, make a note that the one published on December 17th is not to be missed. That issue will be the Christmas Double Number of Pictures and The Pictorial, price twopence—a bigger, better, brighter number than any that have gone before.

Concerning that Contest.

As I foretold two weeks ago, scores of disappointed ones have written that although they gave three winning names they have won no prize. Now what can I say to make the matter clear to these friendly but fuddled readers. If the winning names were not placed in correct order they could not possibly constitute a winning coupon! Really I have a faraway sort of recollection of writing those words before. During the past fortnight also coupons have been dribbling in from foreign lands. Only this morning, for instance, some have arrived from Rhodesia, South Africa. I am sorry for our foreign friends, whose late coupons are useless, but they may take comfort, if cold comfort, in the knowledge that a single coupon from abroad happened to be a 'winner'.

One of the Greatest.

I grasped the opportunity of seeing again The Woman Who Did, which this time being shown to the trade, had the advantage of a full-sized screen and appropriate music. My previous opinion is confirmed. It is a most entertaining picture, beautifully produced, and none the worse for the trimming which I found it had undergone. Walter West, who produced it for the Broadwest Company, must be very pleased with himself, and I know that the Gerrard Film Company, who have acquired the film, are glad they have done so. The Woman Who Did easily ranks as one of the few great artistic British successes of the year.

And More to Come.

The firm that produced The Woman Who Did, which you will see later on, is bound to "make good" in other productions. Wherefore I await with interest the trade showing of Beryl Wings, the next big effort of the Broadwest Film Company. They tell me that they hope to make a feature of famous novels (Beryl Wings is a novel), and that, in order to secure the proper atmosphere called for in the story they will not hesitate to transport their company (war permitting) to any quarter of the globe, enemy territory excepted.

A Loss to Stage and Screen.

Countless thousands regret the unexpected death of poor Lewis Waller. He was one of the finest and certainly most popular actors on the stage, and in romantic parts especially some could excel him. Mr. Waller was a particular favourite of mine and I mention his name on this page because his untimely end is a great loss to the screen as well as to the stage. He told me once that he had no intention of seeing any more pictures, but that at that stage plays are the dream of many thousands, and like many other stars, he changed his mind in the matter. It is fortunate that Mr. Waller will live again on the screen in All's Well That Ends Well, the film made by Barker and now being handled by Wallace Haw.

Postcards a Pleasure and a Profit.

Picture postcards of cinema stars have long been the rage, but hitherto they have nearly all pictured foreign artists. "I am glad that the British are now coming along with a similar form of publicity—it is good for them, and a great joy for collectors who, we know, from experience, number thousands. One of the latest artists to be postcarded is Billy Merson, whose three fine films are being controlled by the Globe Film Company. A set of twelve photograph cards of this favourite comedian is now published, and may be had post-free for 1d. each from the Globe Company, of 81-3, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., or direct from this office.

Another Pinero Play Pictured.

Before a distinguished audience, which included George Bernard Shaw, Sir George and Lady Alexander, Sir Henry Arthur Jones, Len Ashwell, Dion Boucicault, and Owen Nares, the Hespertown production of Sir Arthur Pinero's &lsquo;Iris' was shown privately last week and enjoyed by all. It is the second Pinero stage-play produced by Cecil Hesperton, and once more he has given us a most artistic and charming picture. It tells the story of a woman (Alma Taylor), who, was as charming a character, so that many may forget all else, though to her cost she learns that wealth does not necessarily go with happiness. Powerful parts are provided and taken advantage of by Henry Ainley, whom none can equal in character studies, and Stewart Rome; whilst the scenery and lighting effects in the scenes, taken in the Lake District, will live long in the memory of the picturegoer.

The Happy Ending Always Best.

For the second time in three months, Sir Arthur has arranged an alternative ending for a Pinero production. The first instance was in The Big Drum at the St. James's. The second is in the matter of Iris, the picture-play. Although Cecil M. Hesperton is bound to Sir Arthur for his appreciation of the dramatic strength of the original ending, yet even he felt that in bringing so stern a subject to the attention of 20,000,000 people in Great Britain alone it would be wise to add a symphonic epilogue. Sir Arthur, on considering the difference between stage and picture-play audiences cordially agreed, and a suggestion of ultimate salvation has been added to the picture-play version.

The Art of Advertising.

Ever since the Hespertown Company made use of our pages we have admired their announcements, and am sure that readers have found likewise, for the reason that they are always so bright and readable. Indeed, many of them have been quite editorial in character. Their announcement appearing this week in the usual space on the third page of cover is therefore of exceptional interest, and I hope that many readers will take the trouble to send a postcard and answer the set of queries put to them.

F. D.
Turner Films

Where to see some Turner Films this week (Nov. 15th to 20th).


at Ellesmere Port, Widnes, Ripley, Gloucester (Shettlesteth), Kirkby-in-Ashfield, Barnet, Doncaster.

at Forest Gate, Croydon, Stourbridge, Manchester (Salford and Pendleton), Norwich, Trerherbert, Leicester, Leeds, Glasgow.

THE YOUNG

Puzzles, and hope that at least one of you will succeed in completing them.

We get a lot of rain at this time of year in England, and we are used to it. But weather generally helps to fill the cinemas; but other countries get their share of wet as well, and when it comes to picture-making rainy weather is not always helpful. In California, for instance, it rained quite a lot a short time ago, and Eugenie Besserer, the Selig player, has sent me an amusing account of how she and the rest of the company spent an afternoon in the studio waiting for a glimmer of sunshine through the heavy clouds to catch a scene now and then. One of the "sets" happened to be a child's playroom. The child playing in the picture that day was sitting alone in the set, playing at "keeping house." Miss Besserer suggested to three of the ladies that they should all go around the set, knock at the door, and make a call. And so they did. They asked the child all sorts of questions about her "children" (dolls), her "husband," etc., and were sorry to hear that the children were all down with the measles!

And then to prove that all men are not "dogs," and also willing to play at "housekeeping," this is what really happened.

Tom Santachi, the screen star, opened the door with a bang and cried "Cook!" The little one, immediately catching the idea, replied, "Put them in the cellar, please." He refused, saying that she owed him last week's coal bill. "No money, no coal," he said. He was very sorry. Some one suggested to the child that she should phone the police. By this time every one in the studio was interested.

At the end of the imaginary telephone-line one of the most famous Selig directors answered "Mrs. Smith's" telephone-call, saying he would send a policeman to turn out the scabby colman. Then along came Wheeler Oakman as a burly policeman.

All the afternoon it continued to pour with rain while the entire picture staff, from manager to property-man, the great and the small, the young and the old, continued to "play at housekeeping." Thus, you see, the Selig company of players is just one big happy family of boys and girls.

A few weeks ago I offered four War Charms to the readers of the cleverest answers to this little riddle: "What is the difference between a woman and a cinema actress?" Your answers would fill my page, and it will be sufficient if I print a few of the best:

"One's chased by cats, and the other by—'dogs' (men)."

"The mouse is trapped, and the actress is clapped."

"A mouse is heard, but not seen; the actress is seen, but not heard."

"One puts the ladies in a fright; the other fills the men with sheer delight."

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

The little scene above will remind you of pantomime, which in turn will warn you of the rapid approach of Christmas when boys and girls who go to picture-theatres will expect to see films suited to that festive holiday. In spite of war-time, the film companies have been watching your interests, and already a great batch of pantomime, fairy, and other Christmasy subjects are waiting their release dates. Many of these pictures will be dealt with in the big double number of Pictures to be published on December 8th, and from what the Editor has told me about this issue I should advise you all to make a note of that date and see that you get a copy.

I was glad to read that one of my "niece," Irene Leete, of Balham, was a winner of a big prize in the Voting Contest. I am glad also to learn that a great many of my readers are doing their best with the "Screened Stars"
The mouse makes you jump with fright, and the actress makes you jump with laughter.

The mouse causes a real sensation; the actress a real sensation.

One turns the cheese; the other turns the hero.

"One is taught, and the other released" (on the film).

One is run away from; the other is run after.

One shines in the light; the other works in the dark.

One is hated; the other is loved.

One makes the ladies excite; the other makes the gentlemen delighted.

The Prizes are awarded to:—Nellie Whitehead, 1, Phoenix Terrace, Upper Seed Street, North Shields; Minna Wiseman, 105, Grove Street, Commercial Road, S.E.; James Eye, 63, Brack Road, Victoria Docks, E.; May Stone, Gold Croft, Calfroln, Newport, Mon.

AWARD OF MERIT six to win a special prize—Marie Lister (Ardwick) and Bridget Burgess (Swansea), Ivy Neal (Waltford), Anne Levenson (Stamford Hill), Reggie Partridge (Thornton Heath), G. M. Jeffries (Hawarden).

SPECIAL PRIZE: Lilian Burgess.

The Young Picturegoers' League.

I told you a little about it in last week's issue, and guess you all want to know by now how to become members. If you will do, then, is get three new readers for Pictures, and send me their names and addresses. They in turn can each become members of the League and so go through the same League also by obtaining more of the League only by obtaining three more names and address. When you have satisfied your Uncle Tim that your three friends have promised to become regular Pictures readers you may call yourselves full members, and will each receive a charming little badge, which you can wear or not as you please, and which, in any case, is well worth keeping. Now get to work, and see if you can find three of these readers, and I will tell you how the League progresses in future issues.

ANOTHER PRIZE RIDDLE COMPETITION.

Riddles are evidently so much to your liking that I am going to give you another one.—What is the difference between a film and a convicted felon? Ask your friend, and, look if you can find the cleverest answer, but what form the prizes will take has yet not been determined by Uncle Tim.

The Editor, Pictures, 55, Long Acre, London, W.C.
Bert (Birmingham).—The English producing companies are practically all of or near London, the supply of the films produced reaching daily for Emancipate, and consequently all outside the district. Address:—Jesse L. Pickford Co., Los Angeles, California. For orders, send your order to Jane, c.o. Reliance Film Co., 357, Riverside Avenue, New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

Evelyn (Edinburgh).—Your sweet letter to hand, but you have given no doubt that your film is too small for us to identify. You cannot have a film of this sort in any part of Britain.

Bert (Brighton).—Bert (Brighton).

Toby (Oxford).—The W.R. Souvenir Album costs 6d., and full particulars can be obtained from Picture Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London.

W. H. H. (Nottingham).—Address Gene Hathaway, c.o. Universal Film Co., 1,600 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. We should think she would have returned your postcard, but we have no post cards of her. Have you sent a postcard list?

Ellen (Walthamstow).—We have postcards of John (Brighton) and (Liverpool), and also 100 of Gerald Ames. As you wish to have one, we have sent you a postcard list.

J. W. (North Shields).—Has a letter from Charles Chaplin saying that he is quite alive as regards the question of the Management. Address Mac Mac Moraw, 30, Reliance Film Co., 357, Riverside Avenue, New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

Emily (Edinburgh).—Your sweet letter to hand, but you have given no doubt that your film is too small for us to identify. You cannot have a film of this sort in any part of Britain.

Alan Law (Clitheroe).—In our January 19th, issue we published a photo of George Lane who we have heard has been the player in films entitled "Bound by the Leopard's Law," "On Leonard Land," "The Tiger Stare," and "Unto Those Who Sin." We have not the address of the real man you mention.

Dixie (Brighton).—One of the few things we have not heard about Charles Chaplin is that he is dead. We have no photo of him, and have heard nothing of the day in question. We have no photo of him, and have no idea when he died. We have never heard of the film you mention.

Meriel (Newcastle-upon-Tyne).—Why should you not write to May Fuller if you want? Most likely you would get a reply.

Evelyn (Newcastle-upon-Tyne).—Reply to "Meriel", above, and substinate Pickford for Fullner, and your question is answered.

Happy (Exbridge).—We quite agree that May Pickford is "sweet," and expect happy, too. Happy, A. W. S. (Clyman).—Look in the Letter Bag of October 30th, in which issue your query was answered.

MAY HOTELEY, the girl with the rubber face, who stars with Billy Keeler. This is one of our newest Postcards.

Only Me (Sutton).—We have everything you want except your address. Souvenir books of "Barnum," "Beggar's Life" and Film Life of Mary Pickford are 3d. each, blank values of 6, 7 and 8 are 5d. each, all post-free. Postcards of the Editor and Postcard Manager, autographed if desired, are 2d. each, postage extra, and have hundreds of postcards of players. If you send us your full name and address we will send you a list. Our new address is S3, Long Acre, London. Have sent your love to Mary Pickford.

Market (Bolney).—Yes, dear, we have some more souvenirs of "Barney Rzorz," price 6d. each, post-free. Glad you are pleased with Album.

Florest (London, N.1.)—The Film Life of Mary Pickford, price 3d. post-free from this office, will answer your question. Many of our readers have had replies from the incomparable Mary, so you may be a lucky one, too.

Lilly (Burley).—Thanks for kind words, Lilly, also for the big 5 you sent to each of us.

F. S. (Wolverhampton).—We have two different postcards of Mary Pickford, price 1d. each, postage extra. Dorothy Kelly will send you things for Vinegraph. See also reply to "Tories.

C. S. (Cotfrod).—It is quite likely Charlie Chaplin would obligue you. Why not try him? Thanks for your good note.

I'm (Halifax).—Address Marie Pereere Clark, c.o. Famous Players Co., Los Angeles, California, U.S.A., and Harold C. C. c.o. American Film Co., 6,77, Broadway, London, W.C. U.S.A. All new postcards are announced in Pictures immediately we get them.

B. M. V. (Walworth).—Many thanks for your information.

"Many replies are unavoidably held over.

**Editorial matters should be addressed to the Editor**

**Pictures and the Picturgoer**

**PUBLICATION: 85, LON.: ACRE, 10 D.J.**

**Subscriptions rates.**

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**Telephone: Gerrard 2359.**

**SMILES**

A Brute at the Pictures.

*Wife:* "Oh, Henry, dear, my foot is asleep! What shall I do?"

*Husband* (intently on film): "Stop talking, in case you wake it up!"

Electrocution for Eggs.

"Everything's eerie is cooked by electricity," Sir, explained the waiter.

"Good!" replied the comedian, "then take back this egg and give it another shock. It isn't quite dead!"

**Smiles**

**Lecturer:** "Can anyone here tell me why the giraffe has a long neck?"

**Bright Boy:** "Please, sir, because his head is such a long way from his body."

At the Pictures.

**Bobby:** "Pa, what do they call a man who has two wives?"

**Pa:** "A bigamist, Bobby."

**Bobby:** "Pa, suppose he has more than two wives; what is he then?"

**Pa** (trying to follow film): "An idiot. Now, keep quiet."

A Valuable Witness.

**Judge:** "Tell the jury what passed between you and the prisoner."

**Witness:** "I see Phelim on top of the wall, your Worship. Paddy, says he, 'What?' says I, Here, says he. 'Where?' says I. 'Whist!' says he. 'Hush,' says I, and devil a bit more do I know about it at all, all.

Coin Trick at Cinema.

**Small Boy** (at pay-box): "Can you change this half-crown Miss?"

**Cashier** (giving him silver and copper in return for the coin): "Here you are son. What seat do you want?"

**8**: "None, Miss. I only wanted change. That's a bad half-crown."

The Dawn That Didn't.

The hero staggered along the stage faint with loss of blood. He gazed about him, and suddenly his voice rang out with hope—

"See! The dawn breaks!"

"The stage remained in darkness."

"He yelled. "The dawn breaks bright upon you toornout heights!"

"Old' arn, you know," came a voice over the mountain. "Some'n's turned the gas off."

A Long Time Getting There.

A young woman had devoted a year to seeing all possible influence to gain at intervals of return for theunce. As far as her hopes were realised, and she was finally ushered into the grand one's private office. He offered her a chair. "Thank you," she said gratefully. "I will sit down. I've been too much the getting here, and I'm a little tired."

And the producer, who has a keen sense of humour, promptly engaged her.
Another letter—can you write to us again and offer suggestions?

Here is our problem—in three parts.

1. Is our advertisement printed in the best place in “The Pictures.”
2. Ought we to use a full-page?
3. What shall be the subject of our next series of advertisements?

Can you write to-day?

Hepworth Picture Plays
Address Hepworth Publicity, c/o Hepworth Manufacturing Co., Ltd., 2, Deanman Street, Golden Square, W.

Keep your eyes peeled
for local announcements of the new Kinebilly Comedies featuring

BILLY MERSON

Now Showing—
“A SPANISH LOVE SPASM”
“THE MAN IN POSSESSION”

Coming in January—
“THE ONLY MAN”

EXCLUSIVE BRITISH RIGHTS CONTROLLED BY

THE GLOBE FILM CO., Ltd.
81-83, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.

The JUGGERNAUT

RAILROAD DRAMA
eclipsing anything
hitherto attempted
in cinematography.

The train wreck
is the acme of
sensationalism.

WATCH FOR THIS
WONDERFUL PICTURE
EARLY IN JANUARY.

THE GAUMONT FILM HIRE SERVICE
(The Gaumont Co., Ltd.),
6, DENMAN STREET, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.

TELEGRAMS—Filmlites, Telow, London.
TELEPHONE—Regent 4350 (2 lines).
BRANCHES: Manchester, Birmingham, Newcastle, Liverpool, Glasgow, Leeds, Cardiff, Dublin, Belfast.
Daniel Frohman presents the great Actress

PAULINE FREDERICK in

"THE ETERNAL CITY"

By HALL CAINE

Released NOVEMBER 29.

Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., LTD., 166-170, Wardour Street, W.

EBBA THOMSEN

The favourite Nordisk actress. She played the leading role in Sins of Great Cities. (See page 172.)
The Melody of Doom

A drama of occultism, crime, and mystery.

Featuring — — —

EUGENIE BESSERER

COMING

ANOTHER BIG "IDEAL" PICTURE PLAY

"WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN—"

This picture is the winning story in the famous competition of the Ideal Film Renting Co., Ltd., in which a prize was offered for the best story based on the text "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

IT IS A FINE ENGLISH SOCIAL DRAMA

Produced by Fred Paul. Featuring Miss HILDA MOORE and Mr. MILTON ROSMER

In a Word — A REAL "IDEAL"
GREAT MINDS DISCUSS A GREAT SERIAL.
Grace Cunard and Francis Ford in the privacy of the dressing-room run through the scenario of The Broken Coin, to be released by Trans-Atlantic next week.
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

* * *

DEAREST, ISN'T THE HAND OF NATURE WONDERFUL THAT CREATED ME AND YOU AND THIS!

Film cartoon apropos of Hy. Meyer's (the cartoonist's) trip to the Grand Canyon and Universal City.

If all multiple reels are “the greatest ever produced” (see bills), on what date may we expect something better?

From a cinema programme: “Patsy Hogan Decayed” in two parts. Now is Patsy dead, or only troubled with a “growth”? The Italians are ours.

Touchstone Comedies may feature Billy Boreham, but from all accounts they are made to cheer, not bore. They are British, and Davison, the British agent, is handling them.

The title of a coming Vitagraph Blue Ribbon Feature is The Sins of the Mothers. Father will want to see this, and he is sure to be followed by Mother, even if she does not accompany him.

Soldiers are said to have dug the foundations for a cinema site to be used by the Royal Engineers at Old Trafford, Manchester, during their recruiting campaign. Thus “pictures” provides practice in the mainy art of trench-making.

Among some of the productions in which Bottomley took part was Handel, says The Moving-Picture World. This does not refer to one and only B.—y., says the Idiotel, although that gentleman is always playing one of the characters in the famous play. Need we mention it? It is Horatio.

Not His First Clean Lip.

When Charlie Chaplin appears in The Perfect Lady his admirers will see him, of course, minus that wonderful mustachio. Many will doubtless think it is his first appearance without it, but in point of fact Charlie appeared without a mustache in The Maskers, a Keystone issued in March last. Charlie is good with or without.

Bo-bropping on the Screen.

To catch the last word in realism? Yet Pathes are showing War in the Air on the film, which pictures a Russian hydroplane on a bomb-bopping expedition. In scenes taken at dangerous range from a steamer you may watch the machine raining down bombs on a Turkish coast town, and see the bursts of fire and smoke which mark the explosion of the bombs as they reach the earth. You can almost hear them.

Too Many “Crooks.”

It is only in the nature of things, writes Arthur Shirley (the well-known dramatist) in the Bioscope, that a British audience should feel more sympathy for a story of British life, interpreted by British players amidst British scenery, than for a tale of a foreign land, with the thoughts and habits of which he is unfamiliar. The exploits of American “crooks” are interesting enough in moderation, but British rob-bar should be given a chance as well. Too many “crooks” spoil the film broth.

World's 60 Dest Dances.

We wonder if anybody “filmed” the dances which have been taken place before the Emperor of Japan at his Coronation banquets. For three months five beautiful young princesses of Japan were rehearsing the routines for these dances, a series which have figured at the Coronation of the Japanese Emperors from beyond recorded history. The Kagura wai dance, or instance tone of the Coronation dances, is probably the oldest dance left in the world.

The Week After Next.

Our day is December 4th. On that date the big Double Christmas Number of Pictures will appear. It will cost twopenny, but not one of our readers is likely to grudge the cash, coppers being much less than the number will be worth. Many readers will want several copies to send abroad. At least the interesting features about this issue will be a specially printed At Supplement of — More next week.

The Imitation and the Real.

A actress rushed from a theatre audience in Madrid the other day and attacked another actress for imitating her. The and-nice, started at first, thought it was all in order, and applauded vivamente. But although the actual performance was an imitation the fight was real enough, and blood trickled down the player's face when she finally fell on the stage. If she takes our advice, this actress will have her act "imitations" filmed, and thus "screen herself from attack.

A Mouse at the Movies.

At a London theatre recently a mouse suddenly appeared on the grille. Women screamed, and rushed down to the dress-circle and pit. The girl-attendants were themselves stricken with fear, and nothing seemingly could be done to quell the panic. The manager was out. The poor lady pianist, not knowing what could be the matter, and thinking it best to stick to her work, stood and played the National Anthem. Then the manager returned. And then—well, then there were more pictures.

Enough for the Elephant.

One hundred and fifty bluejackets from Uncle Sam's warships Moors and Oberon, and others, once "Africa," a big-elephant in the Universe Zoo, off his feet in a tug-of-war held in the Big U town the other day. The sailor-lads pitted their muscles against the big weight of the pachyderm, and although the struggle was a stiff one, finally carried "Africa" off his feet as he’d floor him. The tug-of-war was only one feature of an interesting programme of entertainments arranged for six hundred sailors by the Trans-Atlantic.

Films Free from Fire.

Recently it was announced that the Famous Players had decided to open a new studio on a long tract of ground purchased by them in Upper New York. Following this statement came the fire which wiped out the whole of the old studio premises at West 26th Street. This is in the nature of a coincidence, and while it of course entails a severe loss, will hasten the completion of the new premises. When completed, the new studio is to be built in Upper New York and the last word in motion pictures will be produced there. To give an example of the thoroughness with which everything will be carried out, the film-vaults will be hewn out of solid rock, and the sides of the hill on which the studio will be built! Fire will not in future jeopardise the works of our famous stars.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1. THE BOMBING SCHOOL: With the 10th Middlesex in camp. How our boys advance. First—a bomb! Then the bayonet.

2. The new hair-brush bomb, which has a handle and is much easier to throw than the round bomb.

3 and 5. LATEST PARIS FASHIONS: Two chic hats. A confection of rich wine-coloured velvet and silk, topped by pure white wings. A turquoise blue hat, the brim of which is composed of alternate bands of ribbon velvet and narrow satin ribbon, the only trimming being two white ostrich tips peeping saucily behind the turn-up in front.

4. BULLET PROOF: The new steel (back and front) waistcoat now being worn by our lads at the Front.

6. IN THE FIRST LINE TRENCHES: Roll-call of French troops, who are wearing the new steel helmets.

7. TO FIGHT FOR THE EMPIRE: Contingent of recruits from Trinidad. They were inspected the other day by the Lord Mayor of London.
"YES, sir. Mr. Reynolds is in. Will you go into his room?" Jake Sullivan nodded, and, crossing the outer office, opened the door of the merchant's private sanctum and passed through. He was a tall, powerfully-built man, with a jaw that spoke of strength and eyes that told their tale of vindictiveness and cunning. But his shrewd, well-groomed figure gave no hint of what he really was—owner of a gaming saloon, managing director of a shady dance-hall, and— to sum him up in a word—a pandeer to the worst instincts of the depraved hribiti of the underworld.

Suddenly had the door closed behind Sullivan when it was suddenly opened again, and his voice rang out, spreading consternation among the clerks in the outer office.

"Here! come quickly!" he cried. "Mr. Reynolds has had a sudden seizure of some sort. Send for a doctor at once—though I'm afraid it is too late."

He had guessed rightly. The merchant was beyond the need of any earthly aid; but none of those who crowded round his body knew that Sullivan had slipped into his pocket the explanation of the facts—a letter from the lawyers informing Arthur Reynolds that an adverse legal decision had wiped out at once the fortune he had built up, and left him bankrupt.

"I will go to see Miss Reynolds," said Sullivan, his strident voice breaking in on the hushed whisper of the clerks. "Some one must break the sad news to her, and as a friend of her father I will take on myself the painful duty."

But his thoughts—far different from his words— ran in this wise. "Now, you little spitfire, I've got you. You wouldn't listen to me when I called at your father's house as his guest. You turned a deaf ear to my advances. Now we'll see how you will face poverty. Something tells me you will be in my power within three months."

He disbursed his feelings well during the heartbreaking interview with Daphne Reynolds, and when he left her to the consolations of her friend Sonia Merriman, his taciturn sympathy had gone far to wipe out the unfavourable impression he had first made on her. He devoted himself to his service—relieved her of the painful tasks connected with her father's funeral, and generally played the part of the self-effacing and unobtrusive friend.

The winding-up of her father's business disclosed to Daphne what was already known to Sullivan; and at the earnest request of Sonia she went to live with her and her brother Paul until she should be able to earn her own living. The Merrimans were both on the stage, and both had achieved no little success in their career. Sonia was at the time studying the leading part in a new play in which she was to be starred, and Daphne, ever seeking a way to repay the kindness of her friends, offered to assist her by prompting her during her rehearsals at home.

Sonia's discerning eye soon saw in Daphne evidences of no slight artistic talent. She persuaded the girl to study for the stage, and Paul gladly gave up his evening to visiting her in her work. She rapidly gained proficiency; got rid of the self-consciousness that at first embarrassed her, and in a little while felt confident of her ability to take at least a small part as a commencing actor.

Sullivan had meantime not been idle. He was aware of Daphne's intention to adopt a stage career, and when he judged that the moment was ripe he ordered the manager of his dance-hall to write to the girl, offering her an engagement at a very liberal salary.

Daphne's delight at receiving this offer was so great that she need no longer be a burden to her kind friends and when Sonia returned from the theatre she ran to her, waving the letter gleefully as she announced her good news to her friend.

"Oh," cried Sonia, "how glad I am, for your sake, dearest! Let me see the letter. Why, she added in a changed voice as she saw the address of the dance-hall behind it, can't go there, Daphne! You really can't!"

"Why?" asked Daphne, somewhat bewildered by her friend's altered manner. "Can't you go there?"

"Don't you know that it is the lowest place in the town?"

"No," replied Daphne, thoughtfully. "I didn't know it. I am sorry to hear it. But I'm afraid I must accept this offer all the same. Beggars cannot be choosers, you know."

To all Sonia's arguments Daphne returned the same reply. Her spirit of independence led her face any unpleasantness, any inconvenience, rather than be a continued burden to her friends; nor was all Paul's eloquence of any greater avail. She remained steadfast in her resolution to accept the offer, even though now it looked much less tempting than it did before her eyes were opened to the character of the place at which she was to appear.

To her surprise and relief, the terrors that Sonia had predicted did not at first materialise. If somewhat boisterous and uncouth, the men who thronged her dressing-room between her performances were, on the whole, fairly civil and well-behaved. Perhaps for that reason it came as a greater shock to her when one evening a half-drunk man, about-town, pestering her with his attentions, and angered by her chilly attitude towards him, suddenly seized her roughly, and before she could resist had punished his wine-trainted lips against hers.

She screamed for help, which came without delay. Sullivan forced his way through the throng of laughing connectors and seizing her assailant pushed him firmly from the room. The cleverly obeying his glance, followed suit and closing the door he turned to Daphne, now almost on the verge of collapse.

"Poor little girl," he said as he advanced towards her. "It is a shame that you should have to put up with this sort of thing. Won't you give me the right, dear, to guard you against it? You know how I love you. Say you can care for me a little?"

Worn out by the strain of what she had gone through, Daphne, more through gratitude than for any other reason, almost cheerfully listened to his pleading.

At Sullivan's earnest request she named an early date for the marriage, and, deceived by his plausible arguments, she agreed to keep their engagement secret.

The night before her wedding, however, she wrote to her friends Paul and Sonia telling them of her coming happiness, and naming the clergyman at whose house the ceremony was to be performed.

"Why?" cried Paul, when he read her note, "that's one of Sullivan's houses, and there's no clergyman living there."

He looked up the directory to verify his suspicions, and, glancing at his watch, saw that the hour named by Daphne was almost at hand. Together the brother and sister rushed out and, calling a passing taxi, drove to the house Daphne had mentioned.

They were at first refused admittance,

THE NOCK MARRIAGE CEREMONIAL.
"Beware of her," he cried, his malice persisting while a breath of life was left to him.

but Paul forced his way past the unwilling servant and entered the house, followed by Sonia. In the drawing-room they found Daphne, already a prey to the fears aroused by her strange surroundings.

"Oh! I am so glad you've come," she cried; "I was beginning to get worried. I was married half an hour ago to Mr. Sullivan; but he was called away suddenly, and since he left I have found some photographs and letters which make me think he is not all he seemed to be."

"Come with us," was Sonia's reply, as, taking her friend's arm, she led her down the stairs. She was startled by a sudden cry from Daphne.

"Oh! do you see that servant? I think—I am sure—that he was the clergyman who married us."

"Who pretended to marry you," replied Paul, "and be thankful that it was only a pretence. I can't insult you by telling you what I know about Sullivan, but, believe me, you are well rid of him. You are going to come home with us, and if you insist on earning your own living, I can get you an engagement at the Casino Theatre."

Paul said as good as his word, and in her new engagement Daphne achieved a tremendous success. Among the many admirers who showered congratulations on her was Robert Seaton, a young but very eminent Judge. Robert and Daphne were mutually attracted. They saw much of each other, and in a little while when Daphne had forgotten her experiences in association with Sullivan, her engagement to Judge Seaton was announced.

Sullivan, however, had by no means given up hope of getting Daphne into his power; and her engagement to Robert Seaton, when announced, served only to concentrate his mind more insistently on his design. He knew that he must act quickly, and as a first step he wrote a letter to Daphne.

"If you do not at once break your engagement to Seaton, it ran, "I will circulate a report that will blast your reputation for ever. You know how frequently you have been seen in my company; you know the reputation of the dance-hall where you appeared; you know, too, that it is my property. I need hardly tell you how readily certain rumours, supported by such facts as these, will be believed by the public."

In her despair at receiving this note, Daphne did not see that the wisest course would be to show Seaton the letter. Paul, who loved her dearly, and who placed her happiness above all other considerations, could not convince her that she should do so; and, hopeless of bringing her to reason, he determined to do the only thing he could conceive as likely to help her—to remove Sullivan from her path.

His opportunity was not long delayed. That night Sullivan was haunting the stage-door of the Casino, as he often did. Taking advantage of a crowd passing by, Paul drew his revolver. Two shots rang out in quick succession; and as Sullivan fell to the ground Paul slipped through the stage-door and into his dressing-room.

"Send for Judge Seaton and Miss Reynolds," was the whisper that the nurse caught from Sullivan's dying lips as he lay fighting for breath on the narrow cot in the hospital. Knowing that his remaining span of life could be reckoned in minutes, she carried out his wishes; and as the two for whom he had asked entered the ward Sullivan half rose in his bed.

"Beware of her," he cried, his malice persisting while a breath of life was left to him. "She—she was my mistress."

The words were his last; he was even while Daphne clung to Robert Seaton's arm, imploring him not to believe the slander. Sullivan fell back heavily dead.

"Dying men do not lie," was Judge Seaton's cold rejoinder to Daphne's tearful protestations. "You had better leave me—I have my duty to do in investigating this murder."

Seeing no sign of relenting on Seaton's stern features, Daphne turned slowly from the ward, and made her way to the theatre. Once seated in her dressing-room, a sense of desolation came over her, which soon became unbearable. She felt that she must have companionship, and passed into Paul's room. He was not in; her glance at once fell on a revolver on the table, and, taking it in her hand, she found two chambers empty.

"So it was you who shot Sullivan," she exclaimed, as Paul entered the room.

"Yes," he replied in a subdued voice, "I did it to save you from his persecution."

"And you have only succeeded in
Hitchie The new tram-ticket, the rigid Robert was to known of the scene picture kept to Paul's well-in-open leni-eenj. One a K rod All was it. Seaton's whis-pered " Daphne" reached her ears. She turned — saw in his face nothing but love and remorse for his lusty judgment — and with a glid cry she flew to his arms.

There is no need to say that Sons of Great Cities is the thrilling type of drama — the story narrated above will confirm that; whilst the fact that Ebbas Thomson (Daphne) and other clever male players fill the cast is all-sufficient evidence that perfect acting is present throughout this enjoyable three-part picture-play. The release date is December 30th.

RAYMOND AND THE RUNG-TAILED RHINO

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, a well-known stage-player, has made his first debut in a four-reel Labin photoplay, The Ring-tailed Rhinoceros. This is how it happened. When Geo. Tervilliger, head of the Labin Co., asked Mr. Hitchcock to join his forces he said, "No movies for me! so soon?" All the Labinites tried to persuade Hitchie to go on. But nothing doing. Then Larry, a friend of his, said, "Let's do something original. Guine a week." The script of The Ring-tailed Rhinoceros was the result. Hitchie saw it, and asked Larry to his home, where the scenario was finished, and it was in the neighborhood that it was filmed. Larry not only succeeded in persua- mine Hitchie to play in the picture, but made use of his wife (Dorah Zabelle), his muncas, his friends, his house and his grounds. Bravo!

LUNCH TIME IN THE STUDIO. Villains, Heroes, Heroines, Bags, and Riches, in full wavgant often sit at the same table.

WHISKERS WHILE YOU WAIT

Funny Little Mistakes they make in Fims.

It was a scene in a thrilling film drama showing the miser's room and the unfortunate old gentleman lying murdered on the floor. Staring wildly at the corpse was the hero, and confronting him was the detective, looking awfully accusing. The villain, all sardonic smile, was in the background, and the hero was so clean shaven that he really must have just come from the barber's.

The scene changed, and you saw a street, with the hero rushing out of the miser's front-door, and the detective in pursuit. The abrupt shock of the new situation appeared to have had a startling effect on the hero. In the room, less than two seconds before, there was no suspicion of a hair on his countenance, yet now our hero wore a delicately outlined yet unmistakable mustache. Wonderful, wasn't it?

Yet it was quite simple, really. No photo-play is ever filmed right off from beginning to end at one and the same time. One scene is negotiated at one time, in one place, and another later on, possibly a hundred miles away. In this drama the murder was finished by the camera man, and the producer had then to wait for a day or two until the street scene he required was available. By that time the hero had forgotten that he hadn't had a mustache in the room, and had omitted to get a new shave.

Often, too, a picture drama is produced "backward." A funeral might be filmed one month, and the next scene the month after; and it is not unusual for a criminal to be filmed "doing time" many days before he commits the forgery or other enterprise of genius which gets him into trouble.

Generally producers are most careful; but mistakes will happen. In a famous film the hero was shown being picked out of the river, and in the next scene, when he was supposed to be still wearing his sodden garments, he absent-mindedly struck a match on his trouser leg. The adventuress who was shown jumping out of a window with her boots off and then being picked up in the street outside with her boots on must have been a remarkable young person;

The letters which characters in film-plays are supposed to write, and which are then shown on the screen, lead to little mi-takes now and then. Such letters are next to never actually written by the actors who seem to pen and pencil the property-man, either before or afterward, according to his sweet fancy. Most of the players pretend to be writing very nicely; but a big film was nearly wrecked by an actor's forgetfulness. He was playing a spendthrift who had to write distractingly to his rich uncle: implore assistance. He must have been very distracted, since the action plainly showed him writing a long letter which was on the screen full of agitated blots and he accomplished it without once dipping his quill pen into the ink-

A cowboy has been shown in another film writing out a telegram with the blunt end of a pencil and the point sticking in the air. Yet the clerk read the message perfectly.

Of course it does not do to be too hypercritical, but some film letters are open to exception. In a costly Queen Elizabeth photoplay, Philip II., sent a not very convincing letter to Queen Mary, saying that he was sending along the Armada to smash her up. He wrote his letter in English, spelt several words incor- rectly, and signed it with a "commercial" hand, which was not invented until a couple of centuries after his decease. But all these things might have been due to his foreign education. And the effect was to say the least striking when Mary Queen of Scots was shown penning her addressation at Lech-leyen—writing every word of it herself — and the fateful document when flashed on the screen turned out to be the pro- duction of two people who wrote absolutely dissimilar hands. We have also seen the heroine of a film write to her lover, far, far away, in a husky addressor's fashion; and his answer on precisely the same style of notepaper and in the same shaped envelopes as she had herself used. But she might have given him a supply of her own stationery before he left her.

Probably more little mistakes in films occur over supposed scenes in pawn- brokers' shops than over anything else. It is to be hoped that the film people realize such goofs occur them when they never have occasion to learn anything about such establishments. The way in which the benevolent '' uncle will advance hands-some sums on jewellery he never tests and on gold watches he accepts as genuine on sight is positively touching. The limit must, however, have been reached by a film actor who redeemed his villain's promise by a bundled tram-ticket instead of the orthodox one. The picture revealed it as a tram-ticket, and the pawnbroker accepted it without a wink.

Many films come from the United States, and it may be that in the Land of the Free the police have peculiarities...
MUSICAL TERMS ILLUSTRATED.

No. 1.

1. *Piano*—very soft.
2. *Forte*—very loud.
3. *Ma Non Troppo*—not too much.
4. *Tenuto*—held.


"My brother has asked me to write and thank you for the very pleasant hours your Pictures has given him since he has been out in the Dardanelles. Before he went away he did not think of looking at your book—he considered Pictures were utter bosh; but now he is quite reformed, and says we at home cannot realise how much they appreciate a cinema show when they got a chance of going to one, and that Pictures is such an out-of-the-ordinary paper that all the fellows in his Brigade like it."

C. M. (Southampton.

"Pictures" from Paddy.

"I have just had a letter from my brother, somewhere in the North Sea, telling me how much he appreciates your Pictures. I send him my copies every month, and he says they help to pass many pleasant hours while they are waiting for something to happen. He has taken part in each of the sea-battles so far, and was in the ship which fired the first shot in the Heligoland Bight. He is rather proud of that, and says the only wish he has is for the chance of another go at 'em."

PADDY (Peterborough).
"Blanche, old girl, unless we can make a decent haul within forty-eight hours we shall have to clear out—we’re broke to the wide; do you understand?" and without waiting for a reply Richard Savage slammed the door, leaving blushing at one minute over their unpleasant position.

Two of the smartest society crooks in the country, they had been obliged to lay low for some time to avoid the police, who were hot on their trail. During this enforced inactivity their store of stolen wealth had gradually dwindled, and starvation now faced them.

When, later in the day, Richard returned he was already dressed to find his wife attired in an evening robe.

"What's the use of moping here?" she asked, in reply to his inquiries. "Let us go shopping. Suppose we go along to the "Riche" and see what's going there?"

"Right you are, Blanche, we will," replied her husband, who, like his wife, felt that they had been in hiding too long, and was ready for anything. "As for money—I don’t think it matters," he added with a chuckle.

Half an hour later Mr. and Mrs. Savage were luxuriously clad women swayed to and fro to the rhythmic beat of the orchestra in the ballroom, where every spare corner was laden with choice flowers. The hostess, looking very beautiful, glided in and out between her guests, anxious that everything possible was being done for their comfort.

"I believe this is my woman," said Richard Savage, hurrying towards her; "but would you not rather come and sit it out in the rose-garden?"

"It is rather hot here," said Mrs. Dundore with a smile, and leaning on the arm of her partner, she allowed him to lead her to a seat, away from the crowded ballroom.

Their conversation was empty, but not so empty that Richard did not gather how the land lay before him. His hand slowly slid round the back of Mrs. Dundore’s neck, and had almost touched the clasp which secured the necklace, when both were startled by Dr. Dundore’s voice.

"Alice, dear," he said, "I’ve been looking for you everywhere—I am called away to see a patient, and people are enquiring for you—come along."

And in a moment Richard was left alone, his quarry having slipped from his fingers.

"Perdition take the man!" he muttered "but I’ll have his wife’s necklace yet."

The dance was over, and the guests had departed. The house was wrapped

The birthday reception was in full

swirl—luxuriously-clad women swayed to and fro to the rhythmic beat of the orchestra in the ballroom, where every spare corner was laden with choice flowers. The hostess, looking very
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS

FLORA FINCH, a worldwide favourite who will always be remembered in Bunny films. She is still busy with Vitagraph.

NELL CRAIG, who is rapidly coming to the fore in Rosamay films. She will be featured in The Adventures of Dominica.

BUD DUNCAN, one of the comical couple known as "Ham and Bud" in Kalem films. Bud is always trying to cure Ham of laziness.

BILLY REEVES, Japhin's acrobatic comedian, who says he is going to write a book on his adventures in moving pictures.
A slight noise caused by the opening of the door attracted her attention.

in sepulchral silence, and Mrs. Dundore had retired to her room—her husband had not yet returned. She dismissed the maid, and sitting down before the mirror once more admired, for the twentieth time, the beautiful gift which had been the birthday present from her devoted husband.

Placing it carefully on her dressing-table, she commenced to comb out her hair.

A slight noise caused by the opening of the door attracted her attention. She looked up, expecting to see her husband. Instead, with a thrill of horror, she saw in the mirror before her the face of Richard Savage.

"George Gray!" she gasped. The man covered her with a revolver, and fear seemed to paralyse her tongue. She could neither speak again nor cry out. She rose from her seat as Richard cautiously advanced towards her, still painting his revolver at her head.

"Give me that necklace, and I'll clear off," she said in a low tone; "but, by heaven! if you refuse—"

Mrs. Dundore moved a step further away from him, but still was unable to speak.

"Do you hear me, hand over that necklace!" he repeated, and mechanically the poor woman gave him her husband's precious gift.

Richard snatched it from her, put it in his pocket, and was preparing to leave when footsteps were heard in the passage outside.

Mrs. Dundore breathed freely once more, and thanked God that her husband had returned.

But Richard had also heard the footsteps, and acted quickly.

Tearing off his coat and waistcoat, he thrust the revolver into his pocket, and when Dr. Dundore entered the bedroom he found his wife in the man's embrace. Utterly astonished, the Doctor stood and stared at the scene for a brief moment. Then he said very quietly, "Will you explain?"

Richard answered the question.

"Your wife and I are old friends, and we did not expect you back so soon—that's all."

"That's all—all! You served me! How dare you?" began Dr. Dundore. He stopped suddenly and looked sternly at his helpless wife; the thought that her husband should take this man for her lover was unbearable, and Mrs. Dundore collapsed without a word of explanation.

A maid was summoned, and while she was reviving her mistress Dr. Dundore ordered Richard to accompany him downstairs. Once in the morning-room the Doctor gave full vent to his feelings.

"Now tell me what you mean," he began. A sneer of defiance was the only answer to his question. It was too much for the Doctor, who seized his opponent's throat. Round and round the two men struggled, ornaments were broken, chairs and tables were overturned as the fight continued.

But the husband's strength proved superior, and with a grin Richard finally fell with a thud to the floor.

By this time the whole of the house was raised, and the police had been summoned. At this time, too, a cablegram arrived for Mrs. Dundore from George Gray.

It read:—"Left letter at restaurant—regret delayed in refusing invitation."

This message, which threw much light on the mystery, brought Mrs. Dundore to her senses, and, descending to the morning-room, she found the police raising the almost senseless body of the supposed Gray from the floor.

"This man is Dick Savage—one of the cleverest crooks in New York!" exclaimed the policeman.

(Continued on next page.)
in a great fright. When people saw him running along, belated and apparently in full wedding attire, and with a disconsolate wedding-party standing on the church steps, they entered into the spirit of the thing, and gave him several ironic cheers. Did you see the photograph of this scene in last week's Pictures?

Poor Mr. Walthall was really frightfully embarrassed, and I teased him about the affair for days afterwards. But all this is by the way, and I must return to my trumpet-blowing.

After breakfast I generally glance over my parts for the day, and at nine o'clock I am in the studios. From nine until five I am engaged in rehearsing or making scenes, and I believe this often exciting business with my favourite hobby—sculpturing.

A Fearful Confession.

And now I'm going to make a fearful confession—I'm horribly afraid of the camera. I'm temperamental—wretchedly so. If I stopped to think that I was playing for a picture which perhaps thousands of people will see, I should stop short altogether. Everybody I know says I am whimsical and self-centred. But I have to be. I can remember when I used to go to the Metropolitan Museum with a crowd of Art Students to make sketches. I nearly always returned with a blank sketching block. I couldn't copy. I wanted to create for myself. I have high ideals and endeavours to attain them. When I am playing a part like that of Patric Sutherland in The Lady of the Canoe I am carried by my own acting. I sink right into the part. There is a conflagration in my brain, and a trembling in my limbs that awes me. It's the grip of power to feel that gets such a hold of me I'm sure.

And now, thank goodness! I've finished, and if I have bored you, well— as I said at the beginning of this article—you must blame the Editor, not me!

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR.

(Continued from previous page.)

The telegram was read again, and all became as clear as daylight to the doctor. His wife had no lover, but a thief, an impostor, had tried to gain possession of her necklace.

Richard was handcuffed and led away; and as the door shut behind the criminal the doctor folded his wife tenderly in his arms. "Darling, in my heart of hearts I knew you could not be unfaithful to me," he murmured.

And Alice, happy in the knowledge of her husband's understanding, regretted not the test of his trustfulness.

* * *

A sensational plot well carried out. The settings are elaborate and appropriate, and the acting is up to the usual fine standard of all Selig dramas. Lamar Johnstone plays the part of the crook, Phyllis Daniels his wife, Stella Razeto Mrs. Dundore, and Joe King her husband. Released December 9th.
A STRONG SOCIAL DRAMA FEATURING
HARRY MYERS AND ROSEMARY THEBY.

“FLAMES OF SHAME”

Victor Drama. 1,500 feet approx. Released Jan. 6th.
This unusual story of attempted blackmail has never been
exceeded in strong situations and unique settings. One scene,
a wonderful black-and-white set, designed by Harry Myers, is
quite the most remarkable interior set ever built.
With such popular players as Harry Myers and Rosemary
Thoby in the stellar roles, this fine picture cannot fail in its
strong human appeal. There’s a big punch, too, in the fire scene that destroys the black-and-white
room before the camera.
Don’t fail to see this; it is super-excellent!
THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FILM CO., LTD.
Managing Director - J. D. TEPPETT
Universal House, 37-33 Oxford St., London, W.

TELL YOUR CINEMA MANAGER
YOU MUST SEE THIS GREAT
NORDISK DRAMA!

“SINS OF GREAT CITIES.”

This thrilling three-reel Nordisk Drama
deals in wonderfully interesting fashion with
the trials and temptations of a young girl
suddenly forced to earn her own living.

THAT Sir George Alexander recently said that the picture-
play had come to stay, and would henceforth have a great
influence on national life.

THAT Edwin Thimble-tor has a theory that old screen
triumphs will be turned into new stage successes.

THAT the Ideal Company are busy turning old stage suc-
cesses into new screen triumphs.

THAT by the time these lines are in print Florence Turner
will have given some of her inimitable comedy sketches at the
Cinema Fund Benefit Matinee at the London Opera House.

THAT Charles McEvoy has filmed The Village Wedding, the
play which, with its real village players from Aldbourne, was
such a novelty in London some time ago.

THAT the film was made in Aldbourne, has many of the
original “villagers” in the cast, and has been rechristened
The Man in the Meadow.

THAT Mary Pickford has completed her picturisation of
Madame Butterfly, in which she is the little Jap girl.

THAT “Ham,” the Kalem comedian, has been in hospital
with a double fracture of the right leg, said damage being
done whilst rolling down a steep embankment.

THAT more likely than not “Ham” made use of a similar
word which does not begin with “H.”

THAT Hazel Dawn, “one of our girls,” has played in Henry
Arthur Jones’s drama The Magyacravers, filmed by Famous
Players.

THAT Sidney Bracey and James CRAVE have gone on a
vaudeville tour on the coast.

THAT non-trade readers who want the Famous Players
Review, which is published solely in the interests of the trade,
can get it monthly at an annual subscription of 3s. post-free
from the Offices, 165-170, Wardour Street, W.

THAT the Certificate presented by us to Maurice Costello
has attracted much public attention in Charing Cross Road.

THAT the Vitagraph Company, both to part with it, have
exhibited it in their windows for some days past, but---

THAT this one, like the other Pictures Certificates,
are now on their way to their respective owners.

THAT My Old Dutch has been booked for 475 theatres;
Florence Nightingale for 503; Alone in London for 490; Shop
Girls for 533; and The Battle for 197 theatres.

THAT these “Ideal” bookings alone give the lie direct to
those pessimists who claim that British films are not in the
ascendant.

THAT the rumour is spreading that our Double Christmas
Number will be the biggest weekly ever published in this
country for pittoregoers: Dame Rumour in this instance
being the Truth, the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth.
CONSCIENCE. Trans-Atlantic drama. Four reels. A gripping tale of greed and crime. A drama of striking power.

THE PRETENDER. Reliance drama. Two reels. Remarkable inner scenes, in which crooks steal the hero's money and credentials.

A SAFE INVESTMENT. Another Lubin Comedy. One reel. Featuring the inimitable Billie Reeves, and therefore too good to miss.

HIGH TRAITOR. Imp drama. Four parts. A father sacrifices his son's life for his country's honor. Story in No. 88, October 25 issue.

COFFERS AND CUT-UP'S. Martin comedy. One reel. A Magician imitates a lover with superior strength thereby causing victory over paterfamilias.

THE EXPLOITS OF ELAINE. Pathé serial. The greatest detective story ever written, and in connection with which a great competition is being run.


CRAZED ON CHARLIE. Tower comedy. One reel. Such a collection of "Charlies" was never seen as in Lily's dream. Postmen, policemen, school children—all are "Charlies."

THE COUNTERFEITERS. Davidson drama. Three reels. Featuring the most famous detective in modern fiction, Sexton Blake. Acting and photography both splendid.

AFTER THE STORM. Flying "A" drama. How a baby, washed up by the sea, falls into the hands of thieves, to be reclaimed in after-years under strange circumstances. Story in No. 88, October 25 issue.

THE OUTCASTS OF SOCIETY. Thanhouser drama. Two reels. Features the popular Mignon Anderson. A powerful story proving that a good heart often beats beneath a rough exterior.

THF Shadow and the Shade. Selig drama. Two reels. How a silhouette at a window makes it appear to a jealous husband that a faithless wife is in another man's room. An unusually strong subject.

THE STRUGGLE UPWARD. Edison drama. Two reels. A young man breaks away from disreputable companions, only to find that the girl who saves him, and whom he loves, has married another. Story in No. 21, November 15th, issue.

THE WILD GOOSE CHASE. Lasky picture. Ina Claire, celebrated in musical comedy, is in the leading role, and has Tom Foyman for her screen partner. Delightfully romantic scenes and situations.

THE HEART OF A PAINTED WOMAN. Metro drama. A fascinating picture, in which the versatile actress Olya Petrova played the lead—the second picture that she has ever made. Some ingenious double-exposure effects help to make it a most remarkable production.

A DAUGHTER OF THE JUNGLE. "10 Bismarck" drama. Two reels. A thrilling production in which those daredevils Marie Walshamp and Wellington Playter appear. There are hand-to-hand struggles with lions and leopards, which must be seen to be believed.

THE DAWN OF UNDERSTANDING. Vitagraph drama. Two reels. Features your favorite Maurice Costello, also Leah Baird and Howard Hall. An intensely human story, telling how a child's portrait brings a man and his wife, who have drifted apart, together again.

TEMPER. Essanay drama. Three parts. The first of this Company's films in which Henry B. Walthall takes part. Ruth Stonehouse plays with him as his sweetheart. Mr. Walthall has a strong part, and acts it with wonderful realism. Story appeared in No. 88, October 25 issue.

PATHÉ'S ANIMATED GAZETTE gives real WAR NEWS.

DO NOT MISS IT.
MacKintosh's brings back your boyhood's joys.

Because you are "grown up" it does not follow that you should relinquish all those boyish pleasures. And MacKintosh's is better than anything you ever tasted as a boy—far more wholesome and nutritious than the toffee you use to eat. Take some of both home every week-end.

OCKINTOSH'S

TOFFEE DE LUXE

Just Toffee de Luxe cunningly blended with real English Mitcham Peppermint—nothing more.

All Confectioners sell both. 4d. (1/4), 5d. or 1/4 per lb. Boar. "P. M."

SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The high oil rich, forget spot, remove pimples, diminishing blotches, ultimate regain of tone. a. "P. M."

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, F. Merkle & Co., Ltd., 35, Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E. 1, and is sold in bottles at 1s., 3d. and 5d. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Druggists throughout the world.

OUR NEW PICTURE POSTCARDS of PULPARY PLAYERS

EDNA FLUGRAH
CHARLES ROCK
GERALD AMES
MAY HOTELEY
BILLY REEVES
BILLY MERRISON

ALL ONE PENNY EACH.

Thousands of Others.
List post-free.

PEOPLE IN PICTURES

The Risks They Run.

LIKE so many actors, A. E. Anson, who is playing the older lover in Romeo & Juliet at the Duke of York's Theatre, has played for films in America, and has been telling an interviewer some of his experiences. "I remember for one film," he said, "the company producing it wanted a realistic bull-fight. They hired a vast site, put up tiers for the audience, imported red bull and gave the public a genuine fight, and paid the cost out of the admission fees to see the fight! There seems to be nothing you need fear to tackle with the modern camera, and every day new ideas are being thought out for its improvement. The risks run by the actors for some of the films are pretty bad."

"I remember shooting a scene in a very cold day, climb up the mast of a ship followed by another actor, who pretends to stab him in the back. He falls, of course, and is just rescued in time by a seaphone into which he has to crawl from the water and seat himself beside the pilot. The actor caught pneumonia from being so much in the cold water, possibly because a second film had to be taken of that self-same ordeal."

Old Soldier Helps Actress.

ABOUT a year ago a veteran of the Civil War, who lives at the Soldiers' Home at Watertown, near Inceville, was introduced to Rhea Mitchell, the beautiful young leading woman of the New York Motion Picture Company. He long had admired her on the screen, and this opportunity of meeting her and shaking her hand made the old soldier as happy as a child. Recently, while paying a visit to the studio, the veteran overheard a conversation between Miss Mitchell and Producer Face in regard to the difficulty of finding just the right costume for the leading woman to wear in the Night Stage. Miss Mitchell feared the effect of the entire play would be spoiled unless her gown was exactly true to the period represented in the film.

Politely intruding, her aged admirer assured her that he would loan her just the frock for the part, one that had belonged to his wife at the close of the war. It proved to be a quaint black taffeta, with a basque waist, which transformed Miss Mitchell into a comely young matron of the early seventies. She warmly thanked the old soldier, who, upon seeing her in the costume was overcome with emotion.

Not Guilty!

CROOK stories are Leona Hutton's specialty, though this talented young woman declares that never in her life has she had an opportunity to study first hand the type of woman which she impersonates. In A Crook's Streetheart she did such convincing work that several of the other actors at the Kay Bee studio took it for granted that she previously had been associated with prison reform, or at least had visited convicts-prisons, and gaols to find her types. When they said as much, however, Miss Hutton—who is a very attractive blonde—laughingly replied: "Not guilty! Really I don't believe I ever saw a woman who was the accomplice of a crook, but maybe my sympathy from childhood with poor Nancy Sykes has given me the ability to portray her sort."

Up the pole in "somewhere in India." The snapshot has come from a Pictures reader who says the wild salt-water crocodiles made him laughingly, but he did not wish to tempt the hungry crocodiles.

We Recommend:

PICTURES AND THE PICTURES-GOER.
THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,

Delightful letters reach me from winners of my prizes, and I am glad that the little war chimes, in particular, is so encouraging. There are plenty more prizes for my dear young readers, and as I never fail to give you a weekly Competition, you all have the same chance of winning them.

One of the most pathetic little pictures I have ever come across will shortly be shown on the screen, and I advise you all to look out for it. Not Wounded is the title of this pretty Edison drama, and here follows the story:

Mr. Bowen had married twice, and was the father of two children. Bobby came first when his first wife was alive, and "baby" arrived after Bobby's stepmother had appeared on the scene. Now it is quite common in cases like these that "first baby" is "not wanted" by the stepmother, who, as I suppose you know, would not be their real mother. This was so in Bobby's case. The second Mrs. Bowen declared that everything that Bobby did was wrong, he was always "in the way." Neither his presence nor his actions ever pleased her. But she loved her own baby-girl—and so did Bobby.

One day Bobby started to water the garden, and made his hands and clothes dirty. His stepmother turned off the water, took the key of the hydrant away, and locked Bobby in his room for the rest of the day.

Being in a highly nervous state, Mrs. Bowen sought relief by smoking one of her husband's cigarettes; presently she hid it down on an ash-tray close to the window, and went off with a neighbour, leaving Bobby locked in his room and the baby-girl her own child and her greatest treasure asleep in the crib.

Silly woman! you say. Yes, indeed, she was. The lighted cigarette caught the curtain which was blowing about, the blaze spread, and soon the room was on fire.

By this time Bobby, who knew nothing of the fire, had decided to run away. He left a note for his father, and made his escape through the roof. Then he saw the flames. "The baby!" he cried, "she will be burnt to death!" He rushed for the garden-hose, but his mother had the water-key and the hose was useless. It only made Bobby all the more determined to save his tiny sister and, dashing in at the front door, he reached baby, wrapped her in a blanket, and struggled with her through hot clouds of smoke, which nearly choked him, until he gained the open air.

Brave little Bobby!

His stepmother, frantic with grief, and his father had just come up, and the precious baby was taken from Bobby's poor burned little arms...

During his recovery his stepmother came to his senses. She had seen Bobby's note to his father, in which he declared that, since nobody loved him, he was going away. But a new-born love crept into the heart of the stepmother. With tears in her eyes, she thought of Bobby's noble sacrifice to save her darling and she decided then and there to make Bobby her darling number two. She pressed the boy to her bosom, and promised to love him always as a real mother should do.

That is the story, my dear; now mind you see it on the screen as soon as it comes into your district.

(Continued on page 157.)

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

IT'S INDIGESTION NOT THE LIVER.

Travelling, visiting, or eating away from home causes CONSTIPATION

That is not the LIVER, it is BOWEL INDIGESTION.

CICFA IS THE ONLY CURE.

You have a liver. You think it is affected. The facts are that your liver itself is perfectly sound, but it is in operation upon the digestive organs. You are suffering from an indigestion, and because of this, your bowels are not moving properly, and your system is congested and not healthy.

It is true digestion affects the bowel, but not to the extent of stopping its action, unless it is a disease affecting the bowels. You need to relieve the bowels by moving them faster.

That's why health is so important, and why CICFA is the only remedy.

Cicfa has been taken up by the leading doctors, many of whom have written of the splendid results secured upon themselves and patients by Cicfa.

IN WASHING YOUR MIND Paper Smokers will be the most effective.

THE TRAVELLER.

If you are off to the North, where the temperature is chilly, keep yourself warm by wearing warm clothes and blankets. Avoid eating raw fruit and vegetables, as they may cause indigestion.

(Continued on page 158.)

CIGAR SELLING:

CAPSULIOLS 1930 Ltd., 8a, DUKE STREET, MANCHESTER SQUARE, W. 11, 11, 11.

P. S. P. RUSSETT, 27.11.15.
**SCREENED STARS**

**OVER 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!**

We give below the tenth set of pictures in our Players Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition—"Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions £5 to the next, and 10s each to the next ten, and 20 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the tenth set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10, and there are 20 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages.

Back numbers containing previous sets may be had from our Publishers.

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**EDITORIAL**

LET me begin this page with the subject which is most on my mind, and will be for another fortnight—the Double Christmas Number of Picturegoer. It is shaping quite nicely, thank you. Since I last wrote I have passed the proof of the special Supplement which will be presented gratis in every copy. It is a fine art portfolio of—on second thoughts I will hold up this information until next week.

**Whistle and I Shall Hear.**

I learn from Turner Films, Ltd., that there are some exquisite scenes in *A Welsh Songer*, the film from the novel by Allan Ainslee, which has been made by this company. Can you picture a producer being so far from one or two performers that his voice would not carry? This was the case of these scenes made in Wales. To photograph Florence Turner and another player on top of the cliff the camera was placed away down on the rocks below, a fact which necessitated the use of whistles. This is the first time I have heard of a small scene in which, through distance alone, whistles became a substitute for the voice.

**Billy in the Briny.**

A few days ago I was one of the crowd that chuckled over *The Only Man*, the third screen production featuring Billy Merson. Even the saddest will feel gay when they see Billy as a shopwalker in a drapery establishment; but wait and see him in reels two and three as the only man in a sea-side village where women wear trousers, and you will see a well, just Billy Merson, that's good enough. The Globe Film Company knows something. They tell me that they have secured all the Billy Merson films for the next two years.

**Famous 'Villain' Passes Way.**

The passing away of E. S Willard, a famous actor-manager, and one of the greatest of stage villains, is of no little interest to the picturegoer, seeing that Mr. Willard has scored in many stage successes now being shown upon the screen, including *The Silver King*, *Jim the Penman*, and *The Lion of the West*. One of his greatest creations was Cyran Blenkar in *The Middleman* (the part played by Albert Chevalier in the London Film production), which I well remember clapping at the Shaftesbury Theatre a good many years ago. He made stage history, too, in *Judah*, as the Professor in *The M. M. Barrie's* *A Professor's Love Story*, and as Benjamin Goldfinch in *A Peck of Street-coats*—three plays which would make lovely screen productions. Although Mr. Willard died in London, he spent many years in America, where he was an immense stage favourite.

**Anita Stewart's Great Success.**

Whenever I go to see a film with Anita Stewart and Earle Williams in the cast I look forward to enjoyment.
In the Vitagraph Blue Ribbon Feature, *The Sons of the Desert*, I found nothing to disappoint me, unless indeed it was the tragic ending—the death by pistol shot of Miss Stewart. As the daughter in the story, she inherited from her mother the tendency to gamble, and gambling not only ruined her own happiness and brought about her death, but destroyed her husband's career as well. Anita Stewart and Earle Williams, as husband and wife, have never appeared to better advantage than in this fine drama—the $1,000 prize-winning story of the Vitagraph-Sun Scenario Contest. One scene alone would carry the film with any audience. It shows the wife after breaking her promise by gambling on the race-course, rushing home and joyfully puring her winnings into the hands of a heart-broken husband who flings the money into the fire. But the acting of all the players is superb. There are five reels and not a foot could be spared from them.

**The Long and Strong Film.**

Why do people often say to me that So-and-So is a good film, but too long? If a film is really good it cannot be too long. My contention is that if the story is strong enough to grip you its length does not count, and in some instances is not even long enough. Take *The Birth of a Nation*, which, although screened in two parts, is really twelve reels in length. Here is a story in which the poetry of love and the horrors of war are intertwined; the spectator is held by wonderful scenes of battle crammed with action and realism, and relieved by pretty sentiment, and

A Florence Turner Impression of the great "Wild West," *Auto the Trademark* and *Billy's Nose*. Miss Turner is a successful impersonator; many readers have no doubt seen her Film Favourites.

no one would possibly grumble at the length of the picture. It represents an idealised form which I never have been able to realise— but that is another story.

**A Fine Story to Come.**

In the course of a week or two I hope to publish the story of *The Juggernaut*, the Vitagraph "Blue Ribbon" film which the Gaumont Film Home Service has purchased at a high figure. Anita Stewart, Earle Williams, and William Drum appear in this picture-play, the conclusion of which consists of the biggest railroad disaster ever filmed. The Gaumont Service, who are justly known as some of the finest publicityists in the trade, have just introduced two series of postcard-stamps. One is a three-colour set calling attention to some of their big exclusives, and the other takes the form of portraits of Anita Stewart, Lilie Leslie, Lois Weber, and Margarita Fischer.

**A Synopsis for a Postcard.**

Readers often write and ask me if and where they can obtain the synopsis of a certain film. An answer so far as Turner productions are concerned is given in that company's announcement on page 186. A postcard, mentioning Pictures and The Picturegoer, to their sole agents, the Hepworth Co., 2, Dunnian Street, W., will bring any reader a synopsis of *Far from the Madding Crowd* or *A Welsh Singer*, two of their latest.

F. D.

---

**LAUGH UPON LAUGH**

Like Waves Rolling into One Tremendous

**SEA OF LAUGHTER.**

**A SPANISH LOVE SPASM**

**BILLY MERSON**

is the Irresistible Magnetic Force that Causes the Waves of Laughter to Flow.

It is now High Tide at Every Cinema Where his Films are Showing.

GET A SPLASH FROM THIS SPRAY OF ENJOYMENT.

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Telegram: "BIOPHOSER, Telstar, London."
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

Turner Films

"Pictures made for You."

We have received several enquiries from readers who wish to obtain synopses of some of our forthcoming productions.

For the future, synopses of our pictures can be obtained, on application, from our sole agents, The Hepworth Manufacturing Company, Ltd., of 2, Denman Street, London, W.

Synopses of "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "A Welsh Singer" are now ready.

Poisoned Blood

INDUCES ANAEMIA & OTHER COMPLICATIONS.

Doctors and Hospitals both Fail.

Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. J. H. Moody, Ancaster Heath, near Cranham, sa:—"My trouble was said to be a form of blood poisoning. I became so weak that I could not get through my day's work. Appetite I had none, and often what I did eat returned. My breath, too, was very short at times, and I was quite white with anaemia. Doctors prescribed for me, and I took their medicines, but I got no better. Then I was in hospital for some weeks, after which I felt better, but the trouble returned, and kept returning for years, particularly in the Spring. I was feeling very ill when I first got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, but after a few doses I found them doing me good, so I persevered with them. The result is that I have worked steadily ever since, and I believe that with the help of Dr. Cassell's Tablets now and then I shall keep my health and strength as well as any man."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young.

They are the recognised modern home remedy for:

- Nervous Breakdown
- Nerve Paralysis
- Spinal Paralysis
- Infantile Paralysis
- Anaemia
- Neurasthenia
- Nervous Dizziness
- Sleeplessness
- Kidney Disease
- Indigestion
- Stomach Disorder
- Mal-Nutrition
- Wasting Diseases
- Premature Decay
- Brain Fag

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by chemists and stores in all parts of the world, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.
THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

(Continued from page 183.)

The "Elephant" Picture Competition brought me piles of postcards, and very cute and comical and curious many of them were. A great number showed the big creature performing in the circus, but he was also on the screen, in the jungle, taking moving pictures, in bed reading Picturegoers, in the water, shaking trunks with Charlie smoking a pipe, and goodwill knows what else besides.

Prizes to: Irene Butcher, 13, Dalmore Rd., West Dulwich; Connie Slack, 712, Attercliffe Rd., Sheffield; P. Nicholson, 397, Bolton Road, Bradford; Jessie McPherson, 39, Bell Green, Sudbury.

$10 or $10 (six will win a special prize): — Marie Lister (Arswick), Alfred Crick (Desharrow), Marjorie Piff (Caventy), Marion Bridge (Brighton), G. Nash (Heath), Arthur Cole (Desharrow), Charlie Wright (Newport), Albert E. Barnard (Sheffield), Betty Jones (Nantymoel), Nellie Whitesand (North Shields).

Special Prize: Marie Lister (Arswick).

Now, let me see — this week I think we will go back to "Limericks," at which I know you are all keen and clever.

FOUR PRIZES FOR LIMERICK WINNERS.

Little Billy was fond of the screen, But his father a film had ne'er seen. When he cried, "Come with Bill!" I replied, "Not until Make your last line rhyme with screen, put it on a postcard addressed to Limerick, Picturegoer Offices, 50, Long Acre, London, W.C., and post to reach me by Monday, November 29th. Four prizes and the Award of Merit will be due to the senders of what are considered the cleverest last lines by my uncle Tim.

NAME and address and (for publicity must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters dealt with on notification address.


REPLIES

NAME and address and (for publicity must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters dealt with on notification address.


PROMISES — We have postcards of Lena Tingleth, Gerald Ames, and Charles Ros, post one penny each.

Lena (Kingley). — Of course you've read Lena's Play Book? — he said, I have taken all the things given away by the Famous Players. Amongst the others, of course, are Lena to New York, and the news in Los Angeles. Either will find Mary Pickford, but the former would be nice. We have pictures of Eden and Alice Nas, the Village Plays. We have not heard that the two Skaters named Charley are related. As ever, Charlie.

Admirer of Charlie (Humph). — You will sooner or later see the Bessie Bliss in your town. Write to the Famous Players Co., 22, Soho Square, S.W. L. L. and ask them when and where you can see them. They are well worth seeing. Have put back your letters. Deny enclosures are on our "waiting list" for an interview. Your typed letter is correct.

James Rolson — Take the address given to "Admirer of Charlie" above.

Doris (Halifax). — We have no heard that the player you name is married. Glad you keep them up as "flirt hunting." The above is printed in a good book we have sent you a copy of P to the American Players you selected.

B. L. (Loughborough). — We have replied to both your letters, deny enclosures are on our "waiting list" for an interview. The proof of your having taken for cinema a ticket would rest with the producer-man with whom do try "to eye" for such qualifications.

Nellie N. (Shepherd's Bush). — Address Helen Holmes, c/o United Art Film Co., 100, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. Most likely she will be the person you ask for, especially as you have had a signed letter from another favourite. If you are a reader of ours ("Ivy N., of Ward") you have a reason to wish for you a letter. A letter would be just to let you know what you can expect. This is not from the Academy Committee.

D. M. (Local to us). — Thanks for your letter and we hope the nature of English Players which we printed in "Our Letter Box" column a few weeks ago.

H. R. (Gloucester). — Thanks for all your kind offers of service for us on the other raid of "The Hanging Pout," but there is nothing we want, just now. You have read "She Couldn't go across so often all in your home-town," and we are proud mother of a such a traveler amongst our readers.

Margaret (Birmingham). — Your book is out of print, but I have written to all the people who knocked it out of print, and we will do our best to get you a copy. Mary Jones is "b'ind Halifax Gentleman." Some time ago and Raver are two different companies. Some mature readers are forced to wear wigs when their parts demand it. Your

NAME and address and (for publicity must be stated when writing. We cannot reply through the post. Letters dealt with on notification address.


HELEN O'Dwyer. — We are postcards of Billy Marsden 12 different kids, price 3d. post free. Thanks for your interest.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Picture Postcards of Yourself, 1s. 3d. Dozen. From any Photo. 12 x 10 Enlargements, 51. Catalogues and Samples Free.

S. E. HACKETT. Works: JUllf Road, LIVERPOOL.

GASLIGHT, BROMIDE, OR P.O.P. POST CARDS. 21, 63; 10d. 1s. 6d. Prices and Papers also Chas. Catalogues and Samples Free.

S. E. HACKETT. Works: JUllf Road, LIVERPOOL.
Mrs. P. H. (Shelld.)—Thanks for the fine photo. Glad you like the new book. [Name] would like to hear you and yours enjoy Pictures.

The Phantoms of the Violin.—Margaret Stark plays "Zuban" in "The Zohara Mystery." Her address is c/o Mo to Film Co., 115, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. Other addresses have been given on this page quite recently, "No offers," Phantom.

Grant (Winnipeg, Manitoba)—It is a general rule we do not render our readers to pay fees for even a session acting, because it is not easy to distinguish the bad from the genuine school. As you are near the R.C. in Toronto, you might try it; it is quite useful to anyone who has to fight the crowd. Everyone has to start at the bottom of the ladder, Elsie.

K. O. T.—Dad would think Warren Kerrigan would like to hear from you. See Picture keen. [Address]

Maszwaka (New York) A study of the trade journals would be helpful to you. A review of forthcoming films included therein, and a personal letter would be appreciated.

Cerrini (Dublin)—We know of no producing company in Dublin. Perhaps the ad of the picture for you is a company visiting the place.

Etrel (Clapham)—Why not make the best of your presentation in life, either where you are or elsewhere? You may find it difficult to realise that you are going to get on the screen when so many over-exaggerated phrases are waiting positions. We do not want your love to Maurice Costello and Mabel Normand; it quite likely you would reply to letters from you. We have no postcards of Robert Waack.


Florencio (Chaplains Bush).—Richard C. Travers, Ernest Raymond, John M. Sargent, and Will Craig played in "Blindfolded" (Esquire), and John Duhon, Harry Poulter, Lucille Ward, De Villi, Mabel Normand, and William (arroll, K. R. Adair, and Margaret Fischer. See "Dying." (Dying).) Tom Santchi is with Selig, and he also acts with Kathryn Williams, it does not follow that he is a player. Other players you mention are American. Thank you, Flaurie.

Kate Smith.—We have a fine set of twelve postcards of May Hickey—the girl with the rubber face—paid for the act.

Constant Reader (West Hartlepool).—James Cagney is "The Professor" (Thimbler) in "The Mystery," (Thimbler). We have postcards of him, and we have heard that his love for you is so strong that many of your autographs answered in this column before you asked.

J. L. (London) Anon. has seen in a year, 1,480 films so far, have not been published.

Elvis G. (Los Angeles).—Percy White played "Elinie" and Paul Durance and Arnold Hall the child parts in "The Exploits of Elaine" (Pathé). We have no postcards of Pearl Alice (Poulton).—Have seen you a postcard list. Tell your friends that Pictures is an excellent paper. A happy thought, Alice. Thank you ever so much.

Six Feins (Tipperary).—So you never see Famous Players in Ireland? Well, they may come your way yet, and they are worth waiting for. The cast you want was not given.

W. S. (St. Louis) saw the own played "Nimhe" in "One of Our Girls." Pleased to hear from you.

Sarre (Sheffield).—Address Muriel O'sullivan, c/o, Thimble favour Film Co., 1st Street, Echo Avenue, New Rochelle, U.S.A. Better not to pay those fees. They may or may not be justified. Coster (Durham).—We know of no producing company in your new city. Practically all the English studios are in or near London. You can obtain American stamps from any major (or lesser) studio, or return stamp vouches from the Post Office, Keystone does not publish its casts. Yes, certainly, write us whenever you like.

H. V. R. (Hemlo) Ben Turay is still playing for Essanay. Charlie Chaplin is in America playing for Essanay and for First National. New Jersey "Charlie the Trumpet," "Charlie in the Sea," "Charlie at Work," and the "Perfect Lady" are some E.M. films in which he has appeared under their license. Glad to hear that you carry the pristine mailed to you to refute the rumours you hear about C.C.

GERALD AMES, the well-known stage actor and a popular player in London today, has announced his arrival among us.

G. W. B. (Nott. The Universal Film Co., Los Angeles, California, filmed "A Day from London." We do not reply by post.

Pat (Sunderland).—Charlie Chaplin's address is given to "Laura" on this page. Margarette Stark played the title part in "Mimcan" (Famous Players). Ton will write again soon." Good. Tutty (Sunderland).—We think that is quite likely Margarette Clark would answer a letter from you. We do not think she is married. Sorry friend Doris has heard a lot, but expect her to be better by now—hope so, anyhow.

Vasa (Westsbiff-on-Seal).—Harold Lockwood played opposite Mary Pickford in "Temple of the Stone Country" and Carlyle Blackwell in "Such a Little Queen." We cannot trace the other casts. Have sent your love to Mary Pickford and Hubert Rawlinson. Of course we shall like to hear from you soon.

A. C. B. (Liverpool).—James Cruze is a great athlete and champion h-rod thrower, but we have it on record that he is changing to baseball. His right fielder, not that the two players are related.

White Rose (Dalston).—Two or more complete sets of our Screwed Star Pictures may be sent in the same order, but only one name may appear under each picture. All the pictures are surmised. "The Three Brothers" (Majestic)—Will, Wallace Red, Bob, E. D. Sears, Charlie, Mr. Huckley, Their Mother, Josephine Crowell, Mae, Claire Anderson. We expect that you a handwriting, you will still play in American films.

Edith (Brighton).—No, the Answers Man is not a lady—how could he be? The Service War Album is a duetcoustic it is a catch, or broken charm out price one shilling from Tuxedo Ltd., 33, Long Acre, London W.C. 2.

Doris (Riel) wants us to publish Pictures twice a week. But no in these days, Doris. * Many replies are unaccountably held over.*

Editorial matters should be addressed to the:

THE EDITOR, "Pictures and the Picturegoer," 85, Ion ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

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From the very beginning we have believed that you who see our picture-plays are certain to be our friends.

We who are spending our lives making picture-plays for you—plays that will interest you and please you, plays that will give you just the rest and recreation that you need each day really are (when you come to think about it) doing as much for you as almost your best friend.

And friends write letters because they want to know what each thinks about common interests. That's why we write this half page letter to you every week in "The Pictures and the Picturegoer." And that's why we like to hear from you.

Hepworth Picture Plays

Write for

THE LATEST & SMARTEST THING
— OUT IN PICTURE POSTCARDS —

Humorous Expressions of

BILLY REEVES

LUBIN'S INIMITABLE COMEDIAN

The creator of the role of the Drunk in the Box in "MUMMING BIRDS."

And his versatile companion MAE HOTELEY, the Girl with the Rubber Face.

SIXPENCE PER SET OF TWELVE. REAL ART PHOTOS.

Obtainable from "Pictures and The Picturegoer," or the Lubin Head European Office.

J. FRANK BROCKLISS, Ltd., 4 & 5, New Compton St., W.C.
The Picturegoer is going to be immensely excited over **ULTUS**.

He is an engaging and resourceful criminal: one who not only dares but succeeds. **ULTUS** makes his first appearance on March 20th when we shall publish.

**ULTUS**: THE MAN FROM THE DEAD

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6, DENMAN STREET, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.

Telegram: Filmgoes, Tel. 151, London.

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Daniel Frohman presents the popular Star

HAZEL DAWN

in the fanciful Comedy

"NIOBE"

IN FOUR ACTS.

Released MONDAY, DECEMBER 6th

Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., LTD., 166-170, Wardour Street, W.

PAULINE FREDERICK

As "Roma," in Hall Caine's The Eternal City, to be released by Famous Players this week. She played the rôle unadmirably. (See page 198.)
TOM MIX

Make sure your hall is running this fine production.

SELIG'S

is featured in

The Taking of Mustang Pete

THE tired old man woke up and smiled,
An undertaker laughed,
Fifty lads stopped playing the fool,
Girls no longer chaffed.
Later every one held their breath,
A couple of ladies fainted
From every part of the Hall rose cheers,
For the man who's as brave as he's painted.
What are these lines about you ask,
Has every one hysterics?
No, they're watching a comedy film,
And the hero's just—TOM MIX.

A GREAT TIME COMING FOR PICTUREGOERS.

There is great joy in store for the frequenters of Cinemas. A batch of new pictures is announced by the Ideal Film Renting Co., Ltd., which throw into the shadow all previous efforts in the trade. Among the new Ideal Picture Plays are included:

"WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN—"
"STILL WATERS RUN DEEP"
"THE GREAT ADVENTURE."

LADY TREE will make her first appearance on the screen in "STILL WATERS RUN DEEP."
HENRY AINLEY makes the greatest hit of his film career in "THE GREAT ADVENTURE."

Other famous Actors to appear in these Pictures are:
Rutland Barrington, Miss Hilda Moore, Miss Hilda Bruce-Potter and Milton Rosmer.
"THE SECOND IN COMMAND."

Francis X. Bushman (standing on left) in a strong scene from this great dramatic "Metro" production.
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer. This year it also brings our Christmas Double Number.

Memories for next Saturday: Order Pictures. It will cost you ‘tuppence,’ but it’s our Christmas Number, and worth more than two coppers.

£25 cash prizes have been won by Manchester film patrons in the great Hopeworth picture-judging competition.

Admirers of Rosetta Brice, a favourite London actress, will have an opportunity of seeing her in a remarkable Gannons exclusive, Whom the Gods Would Destroy. She is the leading figure in scenes of Oriental splendour.

George Gunther, who plays the part of the black champion in the Hopeworth fighting picture The White Hope, has had 471 hard fights, in addition to various, thousand exhibitions, and he has never been knocked out once!

The greatest attraction of the cinema, says G. A. Atkinson in the Picturegoer, is also its greatest danger. It offers “the maximum of sensation for the minimum of thought.” The least we can do is to see that that sensation is healthy.

Have you a one-reel scenario (comedy or drama) that you think something of? Any such may be sent to A. Crawford Harford, of Minerva Films, 38 Oxford Street, W., who tells us that screen publicity will be given to the author’s names of all their productions.

What is said to be the first negro film has been produced in Birmingham Alabama, by negro actors and actresses. The picture is an experiment and will make a tour of some 900 theatres. Query: Is this a “coloured” film?

STUFFED AND STILL SMILING.

Chang, the remarkable orang-utan who recently committed suicide by drinking paint, has been stuffed and mounted. He still retains Chang’s quaint, quizzical smile, and the taxidermist has posed him in the position which was typical of Chang when alive and kicking in the Selig studio.

FARMER CHAPLIN.

Chaplin, we are informed, is training fowls, pigs, rabbits, turkeys and other farmyard inhabitants, from which we may assume that a farmyard comedy is in process of making. We have not heard what the other Essanay players have to say about the cock-crowing which we suppose takes place, or whether they have yet learned to appreciate the vocal efforts of the pigs at feeding time.

AN APPETISER FOR PICTUREGOERS.

Marie Tempest in Mr. Pickle’s Pudding is sure to be a draw and many readers are doubtless anxiously awaiting its coming. We learn from the Walturdaw that the pudding — we mean film — will be released on January 31st. Its title is so Christmassy, it seems a pity that it could not have been a Christmas dish.

THE SMOKE IN PICTURES.

Picturegoers have noticed that in two out of every three plays released clouds of tobacco smoke delay the action of the story. When the villain is foiled he lights a cigarette; when he plans his dastardly deeds, he delays the action by lighting up. Before the Western miner proceeds to meath golden nuggets he sometimes requires 50ft. of film in which to light up the old pipe. And the adventurers, how would she struggle along tempting the honest young business man to err if it were not for the dainty cigarette she ignites and smokes unconcernedly? Perceiving the drift of events, the Selig Company has put the lid on the smoke pot, and while others may continue to burn up tobacco this Christmas we will considerably curtail the use of the weed.

The Kaiser Forbids the Cinema.

The following notice, says the Cinema, is said to have been posted up outside certain town-halls in Germany: ‘The wives of soldiers at the Front are not to be permitted to indulge in cakes. Further, they are not to visit the theatres, cinemas, or the Kaiser Panorama. Should any woman disobey this order, her military allowances will be stopped.

Not the ‘One and Only.’

The Eastern Film Corporation of Rhode Island, which is specialising at present in feature play-productions of stories of the sea, owing to the close proximity of beautiful water locations, has just arranged to blow up, at the cost of three thousand dollars, the fishing schooner Conquest for their production Partners of the Tide. The captain of the bark is Charlie Chaplin, but positively no relation to the famous film-maker. Captain Chaplin, however, is an ardent admirer of his namesake, Bunny’s Brother on Screen.

George Bunny, brother of the immortal screen-comedian, has been starred in Cara’s Eye, a five-reel production just finished by George A. Bass of the Eastern Film company in America. A great scene in the picture is the burning of the village pool-room and saloon in which fifteen hundred people were engaged. Lunch was served to the whole, huge crowd, and a hundred vehicles and motor trucks were required to take them back to the studio. George Bunny, in face and figure, is said to be remarkably like the late John.

PLAYER WRITES AND ACTS IN PLAY.

Every picture-player hopes to write a play in which he or she will take the leading part. Having written the play himself the player knows just what he wants, and, if he is in sympathy with the producer and is able to work in harmony with him remarkably good scenes are achieved. The example of this is a picture just completed in the Hopeworth studios, at present called The Love of an Old Man! Alna Taylor has succeeded in both writing and acting the same play. Miss Taylor herself takes the lead, and her ordinary skill seems intensified by the fact that she had conceived the plot.

A BIG MOVE FORWARD.

It may happen that in some picture-theatres today you will not see a British film. But that does not mean that there are no British films. The exhibition of films throughout the United Kingdom, writes W. G. F., in the Evening News, has become such a big business that 300 to 350 new films are needed every week. British manufacturers are not in a position to supply such a quantity, nor would it be well that they should, since the moving-pictures of its best should be international in character. Yet there can be no doubt that the present autum is witnessing the biggest output ever known of really good British pictures.

THE PLAYER'S HOLIDAY. No. 5.

Francis Ford as Flora Finch.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1. A BIG GUN FROM THE "EMDEN," now on view in London amongst many other war trophies
2. FEEDING THE FRENCH ARMY: Good food is always served to the soldiers, even in the trenches
3. FRENCH "TOMMIES" IN A TRENCH: A fine typical photograph
4. THE "NEVER BEATEN" RUSSIANS: After their long retreat they are now vigorously and successfully counter-attacking all along the line
5. MANY TURKISH PRISONERS have recently been taken by the Russians. This picture shows a prisoner being interrogated
6. FRENCH ARTILLERY on the move in Champagne.
"PICTURES" INTERVIEWS MAE MARSH.

"YES, it is just about three years ago
since I first came into pictures.
And those three years have
simply flown by."

The speaker, Mae Marsh, rose from
the chair (in her dressing-room) where
she had been lounging and went across
to a bureau on the other side of the
room. She took a photograph from its
place on top of the shelf above it.

"There," she said, bringing it to me to
see "that it is a picture of me taken
three years ago. A fearful gawk wasn't
it?" And I had to agree with her—it
was a picture of a timid-looking, un-
gainly, overgrown schoolgirl, who seemed
to be ten years older than. Her
hair was plastered down straight onto
her head and fastened in two stiff, wavy-
looking plaits. What a contrast! I
thought, as I mentally compared this
awful-looking girl with the graceful,
refined-looking young woman who stood
waiting for my opinion of the portrait.

"But you have altered a great deal,"
would it have said.

"So every one tells me—for the
better I think too, don't you?"

"Certainly," I assured her; "and
now, please, Miss Marsh, I want you
to tell me something about yourself,
your life and your friends."

Here the actress dropped her
beautifully-coiffed head.

"I suppose," she answered, "after
we found out that you want to
know where I hail from, when my
birthday is—but I'm just not going
to tell you. If you only knew how
it hurts me to talk about my
younger days you wouldn't ask me;
I'll tell you where I was born:
New Mexico—but no more."

"Well, then," I suggested, "tell
me about your screen life."

"It is a great pleasure," she said.
"You know first came into pictures
through my sister, who is
known on the stage as Margaret
Loveridge. Hundreds of times had
I parted my sister to take me to
the studio with her, but she always
refused. She was playing for Biog-
graph at the particular time to
which I refer, and so determined
was I to get into the studio that
one morning I followed her down.
Well, I got safely inside the Biog-
graph studio, and managed to shink
away to a corner without Margaret
seeing me, but Mr. Griffith saw me,
and hinted me out from my hidding-
place. Didn't my knees shake! I
thought he was going to put me in
charge of something; but, to my
great surprise, he asked me if I had
come to play in pictures. Then I
told a tremendous fib, and said
"Yes." The result was that I secured
a tiny part on the spot.

"And did you remain a stock engage-
mont within fortnight. Everybody used
to laugh at me. Remember, because I
was so lanky and my face and hands
were so fearfully freckled and sunburnt; but
Mr. Griffith was perfectly charming to
me. He used to spend hours teaching
me how, when, and where to place my
feet, and how to move my body so as
to not to appear on the screen with a walk
like a camel."

"How long were you with Biograph?"
I asked once more as Miss Marsh
pinned to offer me a chocolate.

"Oh! not long, for when D.W. Griffith
became director-in-chief for the Reli-
ance and Majestic I went with him to
play leads—yes, 'leads' in the new
show."

"Which do you prefer—comedy or
drama?"

"Oh! drama," came the decided
answer. "It gives me more scope. I
can tell my audience just how I feel. I
can throw my whole soul into my work.
I make me cry when I have to play
sad parts"—and I can quite believe this,
for Miss Marsh's eyes are large and
grey, and are full of feeling. "But I
like comedy parts for a change," she
continued.

I think the part I liked best of all was
"Apple-pie Mary" in Home, Sweet Home.
It was simply lovely. Then I liked the
part of 'Jennie,' the unfort sister in
The Exorcise. I expect you have seen that
picture, haven't you?"

"Yes," I replied; "and enjoyed it,
too." I replied.

"I had strong parts also in The Out-
cast and The Outlaw's Revenge,"

"and Doubly-Bound," she continued;
"but undoubtedly one of the

most beautiful parts was
"Flora," the pet sister, in The Birth of
A Nation."

"Ah, that was fine, indeed," I chimed
in, as I remembered one particularly
exciting episode in that Griffith
masterpiece, wherein 'Flora,' to escape the
clutches of a negro, leaps from a rocky
height to a tragic death. I mentioned
this to Miss Marsh, and added—
Your strength and daring as an
actress was certainly intensified in
that great scene."

"I am so glad you liked it," she
answered, simply; "I know I
completely forgot that I was Mae Marsh,
and just became the hunted one in
reality. And it was a fall, too, and
—oh! but never mind; it all passed off
safely—" she smiled," you know."

"It did indeed, Miss Marsh. And
now I suppose I ought to ask you
about your hobbies."

"Well," she replied, "I like any-
things connected with nature—
gardening, motoring, painting—anything
as long as it is in the fresh
air.

"Nature appeals to me—it seems
a part of me. People think I'm
morbid; but I'm not. I simply like to
think very deeply about the
things which go on around me."

"Experiences, did you say? Oh! I've
had heaps both for screen and
in ordinary life. I narrowly
escaped being killed in the San
Francisco earthquake; had to run
away in my nightdress, you know.

"Then, when first I ran to play for
pictures I had to make my horse
jump eighty feet over a cliff into a
river. I held my breath. I can tell
you; and wasn't I glad to reach
Mother Earth again?

Miss Marsh noticed that my eye
had been resting on a dog-collarg
which was lying on her bureau.

"That belongs to my darling,
"It's," she said, with a smile.
"He is such a fine English bull-
terrier. At present he is out for a-scanner—"

"Does he play for any films?" I
interrupted.

"I don't think he's clever enough
to act for pictures," laughed Miss
Marsh: "but once he was filmed, and I will tell you how it happened. One morning Dorothy Gish and I were rehearsing at the studios. Dorothy has a pedigree Airedale named ‘Dou’ and ‘Rex’ and her little terror were tied up to the stage, when suddenly they both broke loose. For five minutes the two writhed at death-grips with each other. We tried to separate them, but were afraid to get too near as they were so fierce. Then Mr. Griffith conceived a glorious idea—he had the fire-hose turned on them. Didn’t those dogs move? Believe me, they have not fought since. And now the important sequel. One of the ever-alert camera men saw the dogs scurrying, so he turned the handle of the machine and made a picture. That is how ‘Rex’ came to ‘star’ in a film.

"Last Christmas I had four darling little fluffly kittens. I kept them here until they grew big and then ’Rex’ became jealous, and I had to give them away. Wasn’t it a shame?"

I agreed with her.

"I’m sure you would like to see my collection of ‘stills’,” she suggested when she had sufficiently regained her breath. Miss Marsh then hauled down from a shelf a huge album. She brought it to me, and on opening it I found it crowded with striking scenes from the films in which this wonderful actress has featured. There are sad Maes, happy Maes, angry Maes, in fact Maes Marsh in every mood. When I had finished looking at it and had expressed my admiration, Miss Marsh said—

"And now, I’m sorry, but I must put on my war-paint for that next scene, or Mr. Griffith will be in to see why I’m not ready."

"Good-bye. Do come again soon. I’m awfully sorry I’ve got to hustle you off."

"And as Miss Marsh stood at the door of her studio waving meadon, I thought to myself: ‘What an intensely realistic character!’"
"Idle? Me?" Frank amazement set its seal on Peter Chase's well-fea-
tured young face. He stared across the littered desk into the shroud old
eyes of his father's friend incredulously.
"Oh, I say, sir, that sounds a bit funny
to me—idle! Why, I never have a spare
time moment to myself—out two engage-
ments to come here this morning."

"Peter," asked Cyrus Holt, abruptly,
"suppose you give me a sample of one
day's—yesterday, let us say. A
day is a pretty valuable thing, you know,
my boy. You can waste money and get
some more, but you can't waste a day
and get another one to take its place.
What did you do with yours yester-
day?"

Peter reflected. "Motored Natalie
Wall out to the Wayside Inn for
lunch—they give you bully squabs or
carcasses at the Wayside Inn, sir—ought
to try 'em some time; then, let's see—
golf for an hour or so—went around the
links with Trevor, the amateur cham-
pion, and then the Arnolds' the dinner,
and dinner at the Ritz, and then a
lunch of its motor-barked out to the
Van Dorin's yacht and danced till day-
light. That's about all I can remember,
but you wouldn't call that being exactly
idle, would you, sir?"

"I hate to tell you what I would
call it, Peter." Cyrus Holt's tone was
dry. His fingers felt a strong desire to
shake the fresh-faced, dapper young
person lounging in his stiff, staid old
office-chair; then, because the boy's chin
and eyes were echoes of another chin
and pair of eyes he had once loved, the
old man leaned forward and hid a
knotty, powerful hand on the youth's
well-tailored sleeve. "I remember you
when you were a baby, Peter," he said
slowly; "saw you the day you were a
week old. Lord! wasn't your father
proud! Look at that head on the little
fellow," he told me; 'look at that chin
and the way he hits out with his fists!
He'll do something some day, my son
will.' Your father didn't mean, either,
that you'd lead a cotillion or play a fair
game at golf, Peter, or know how to
order a good dinner for Natalie
Wall—"

Peter Chase stirred uneasily, and
crossed his smartly creased tuxedo-legs,
with fastidious care for the sector of
lavender silk ankle that showed above
the patent-leather pumps. "Well, what
would you have a gentleman do?" he
asked, sulkily. "Pore over musty old
law-books, or sell pickled herring and
cheese over a counter? I don't need to
grind around for money, thank the Lord,
so why not have a good time in life?"

"And when you line up before the
Golden Gate, present Saint Peter with
a golf score and a wine list as your
tickets of admission, eh?"

Peter's patent leathers shuffled impatiently, and the motion did not escape
the old lawyer's eyes. "Oh, yes, I know
it isn't fashionable to speak about dying
or heaven these days, and that religion
doesn't make good table talk; and that
God is never invited to a tango tea."

"Cyrus said grimly; "but you can't get
away from first principles, sonny—death
and birth and the Judgment Day. Your
father is going to be hanging around
over yonder to hear what his boy has
done with his life, and whatever engage-
ments you have you'll have to break 'em
when the Big Simmons comes. Well?
well! it's an old man's privilege to
preach—you'll have to excuse me, Peter.
You've got the papers I wanted you to
sign? I—well, you see, I thought a
heep of your father, boy—"

"Pardon, sir—a lady in the waiting-
room to see you."

Holt's secretary appeared, holding
out a dainty card. Peter, on the way
out, halted, for some reason he could not
explain.

"Katherine Weaver," read the lawyer.
A smile touched his thin, kindly lips.
"Here's a good example of what we were
discussing. Peter. Old Weaver, this
girl's father, started out in life with a
sizable fortune—cards, horses—and the
fortune began to go. Weaver and his
last dollar departed about the same
time, and his girl, Katherine—bless her
heart—is the only thing that stands
between her mother and an invalid
sister in the almshouse. She's a lady,
to this train? How dreadful! and it doesn't suit till these accursed things. Peter looked down into the lovely, anxious face curiously, and strange words crept to his lips, words that he did not understand himself just then. "I believe," said he slowly, "I believe I do intend to take this train, after all."

Then very calmly he dropped down into the empty place at her side. Some five minutes later Natalie Wall climbed pettishly into her Pullman, thinking thoughts that should have searched the ears of the graceless young man, who had promised to see her off.

"I do not see any harm," thought he; "it is just as well to see one off, don't you know."

The picture of dainty, doll-like Natalie Wall, with her restless gestures and eyes half-closed, before her had just seen, brought a grin to his lips. Admire Natalie as he did, plan to marry her as he half intended, he suspected, in a vague, masculine fashion, that high-crowned girl had just seen was beautiful, with a still, restful beauty that had nothing of coquetry about it. Her brown eyes rested on his face an instant as he held the door open for her, with that absolute grace of glance he had had from a woman for many a day.

"Btw," muttered Peter to himself, as he took the crazy wooden stairs three at a time. "I wonder how Natalie would carry off a hat like that?"

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"Btw," muttered Peter to himself, as he took the crazy wooden stairs three at a time. "I wonder how Natalie would carry off a hat like that?"
"I thought that since he came here to board, Mummy's cooking was as much his keeping of good.

"Well, maybe he's just thinking too hard," Jane said, slowly.

"Katie, did you ever stop to wonder why he came to Hackettsville?"

"I might, if you want me to think like that," she said, shadowily. "But I love-sharpened ears, heard the quiet that ran through the words.

"But I couldn't help it," she murmured. "I was afraid she was getting to care, and she wasn't, for, of course, he doesn't think of her that way.

The young man, striding up the walk, waved a cheery hand.

"Hello, Little White Rose," he called. "And how is the chair tonight? Doesn't ache so—quite does it?"

"It's a little tired," sighed Jane, whimsically; and you looked too, Peter. Sit down on the top step and confine him there.

Obediently, he lowered his big bulk to her feet. "Where's Katherine?"

"His eyes did not meet hers. He drew down a spray of honeysuckle and stared at it, rowing.

"Her eyes are getting supper."

"The sweet, yellow flowers fell, in a crushed shower of petals, from the man's big hands. With a sudden fierceness, he turned to Jane, and she saw the misery in his eyes.

"Tell me," begged Peter Chase, "why does she always run away when I come? Is it because she doesn't like me, do you think, or am I just a rascal?"

The girl in the invalid-chair leaned forward sharply, eyes intent on his face. "Why do you ask that, Peter?" she demanded. "Does it make any difference to you how Katherine feels?"

"All the difference in the world, little Jane," said Peter, huskily. "Of course I know I'm not good enough for her; but I can't let loving her any more than breathing; Jane's eyes were shining. She stretched out a thin hand and laid it on his sleeve.

"Then why don't you tell her?

"She had a sudden impulse to kneel to me; I—just I cared that way!"

Katherine stood in the rose-crested doorway, sleeves rolled up to her elbow.

"Did you call me, honey?" she cried, cheerily. "Don't you want Peter to lift you out and rest you awhile?"

"Not to-nigh, Katie," the little invalid shook her head; "I want to go in and finish your biscuits—I rather guess I can make biscuits on four wheels! And Peter's got something he wants to tell you about. Wheel me in, Katie?"

"A night-bird," said Peter, slowly, "flying to his nest, Katherine—"
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS

GEORGE FIELD, the daredevil cowboy of the "Flying A" films. To be quite up to date in this caption he appears as Howard in Wait and See, released December 13th.

ELISABETH RISDON as a typical heroine in a B. and C. film. She has been busy for months past at the London Film Studio. Look out for her in coming big pictures.

LOIS WEBER, who wrote the scenario and played lead in Scandal, to be released shortly by Cammount.

ROBERT CONNESS, a leading man with Edison. He is a clever and versatile actor, and some interesting paragraphs concerning him will be found on page 196.
IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO

GLEAS with her success in motion-pictures, Pauline Frederick, the star of The Eternal City, has decided to quit the legitimate stage for good and devote her talents henceforward to pictures. Her principal reason is as follows: "The motion-picture to-day is the most illuminating form of art that the world has ever known. I have heard stage stars boast of having played in the course of many years before half a million people. Contrast this petty figure obtained only after a score of years of constant activity to the screen-player's possession of an audience of thirty-five million a week in the United States alone. It was principally for these reasons that I have said good-bye to the oral stage and joined the stellar forces of the Famous Players." A portrait of Miss Frederick appears on the front cover of this issue.

Dual Roles in Film Drama.

PLAYING two roles in the same play is usually regarded as a good test of an actor's versatility. Mary Pickford underwent the same test in Rose. In the opening part Mary is portrayed as the neat and ill-used wife of a drunkard, and is seen in an authentic costume of the early 'eighties, with low bonnet, "bussle," and tight sleeves. A different Mary emerges later. She is a tomboy dressed in a cast-off pair of her father's trousers, and plays the mischief with everybody and everything. Even her disolute old father-stands in awe of his wild young daughter. The contrast between the two characters is strong, although every one is aware that Mary plays both.

Blanche Sweet also plays a dual role in The Case of Becky, a lucky drama. In this play Miss Sweet is a feminine Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde. As the pretty girl, Dorothy, she is loved by every one and makes many friends, but when her other self appears as Becky she is a mean, disagreeable creature. It is not until she falls under the hypnotic power of a clever young doctor that the malicious personality of her nature as Becky is finally killed.

Picture-playing and Patriotism.

WE recently received a visit from Rowland Moore, the well-known British Cinema hero, whose portrait we reproduce and whose name and features are, no doubt, familiar to some of our readers.

Mr. Moore, like many other cinema players, served his apprenticeship on the legitimate stage. In films, however, some of his most successful appearances have been in the following productions—Called to the Front, Seeing the Colours, On the Road to Calais, The Home of an Officer, and The Master Spy, in all of which he played lead. He has also directed Billie Bovian in Touchstone comedies.

Our readers will not think less of Rowland Moore for having preferred the call of national duty to the advancement of his own career. He has joined the Royal Naval Air Service—which is
Losing to Win.

JESSIE STEVENS and Frank Lyon, the heavies, literally, of the Edison Company, are greatly excited over the weight contest which they are entering off, so to speak. Every pound of flesh lost is to be a point scored. Every morning they are both carefully weighed on a near-by cozy yard scales—not together of course, Frank found himself one pound heavier the other week, and Jessie declared that his air that day were insufferable. There is a rumor that Frank sleeps most of the nights in his bath-tub. Jessie was gaining heavily, in the "lighter" sense, when a friendly spy of Frank's, who posed as Jessie's friend, discovered the cause—she was eating her own cooking. Frank ruled this as not fair. Jessie agreed that it was not "fair," but she ate for such. Frank is now on the second lap of the often-heard theory. "He eats so much it makes him thin to carry it around." There is every prospect of Frank losing through sticking too much to theory.

Moving Pictures without a Screen.

A SCREEN THEATRE, without a screen! One in which photoplays are projected in natural color, seemingly into the air, so that the characters move about on a stage and give illusion of actors' presence there.

This is the idea of Allan Dwan, producer for the Majestic Motion Picture Company, who has just arrived in New York to make a film for the Triangle Programme, whose star is Dorothy Gish.

"Think of it," he exclaimed, "a vaudeville has never seen Miss Gish, save on a flat screen. Think how much more charming her following would find her if they put into their favorite cinema and saw Dorothy Gish seemingly moving in the flesh."

"And such a development in motion-pictures is not very distant. Already it is scientifically and technically possible, but the apparatus is so costly that the photoplay theatres of the country could not afford to throw away their present projecting equipment and substitute another kind. But the day is coming when this will be done."

Asked if speech would accompany the illusion, Mr. Dwan replied, "I think not—I hope not. Pantomime of a most natural and lifelike sort is arising which seems to be conveying far more than mere lines. A long, eloquent speech is often expressed with a single gesture in the new pantomime, and expressed artistically and convincingly."

"The giving of a third dimension to motion-pictures, the showing of them upon a stage in colors with the background in colors too—all of which is to come in the not-distant future—will advance motion-pictures to a great pinnacle. The last opponent, or person indifferent to the newer form of dramatic art will disappear. Theatres will multiply and the field of the motion-picture become larger."

"I'm not a boy—I'm a girl!"

"THE LITTLE DECEIVER"

AN ATTRACTIVE DRAMA IN 3 ACTS.

THE story deals with a charming girl who is compelled to masquerade as a boy in order to be received by her crusty old uncle. During her deception she is constantly being grumbled at for her girlish ways, and it is only when she makes a particularly brave arrest of a burglar that the uncle is told how he has been deceived. This causes him to take a new view of life and turns him into a kindly and generous old man. A delightful love interest is maintained between the little deceiver and a friend of the family, and this feature affords splendid opportunities for the dramatic talent of those popular Essanay players.

RICHARD TRAVERS, EDNA MAYO, BRYANT WASHBURN

If you do not see this film announced at your local cinema tell the manager you want to see it and that

Essanay stands for

EXCELLENCE and ENJOYMENT.
Even Charlie Chaplin can’t provide you with so much Fun and Entertainment as is contained in this

THE Passing Show Christmas Number

Laughter and Fun from Cover to Cover and nothing but the Brightest and Best.

Lavishly Illustrated by Favourite Artists

NOW ON SALE
PRICE 3d.

At all Bookstalls and Newsagents.

WE HEAR

THAT Marguerite Clark will make her next Famous Player appearance in Still Waters, a story of circus and canal life.

THAT Edith Barnard Delano, the novelist who wrote Rogues for Mary Pickford, is also the author of Still Waters.

THAT Nina Lyn, not content with luring her victims in The Beggar Girl’s Wedding and The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turn, is once more the naughty person in The Shopworn Girl, the new British Empire production.

THAT Mary Anderson, the famous actress, who retired from the stage over twenty years ago, has been engaged in America to appear before the camera.

THAT Rider Haggard’s She is being filmed by Lancoque, Ltd., an English firm who recently completed The Four Feathers, A. E. W. Mason’s famous story.

THAT in She the producer should find enough scope for weird and spectacular effects to satisfy him for a few weeks.

THAT Ivy Close, who looked well and charming at the Cinema Fund Matinée, has not played in pictures for some time, but hopes to do so again before long.

THAT Daisy Cordell, after playing many strong parts in Neptun Films, has gone back temporarily to her old love the stage, and is appearing in a one-act piece called War Mates.

THAT E. Hay-Plumb, whom we once thought was dead, has so far recovered from his wounds received in the Dardanelles that he called to see his old friends at the Hepworth studio the other day.

THAT orders for our next issue are already nearly double the usual quantity. And as it happens to be our Christmas Number it is nearly twice the usual size.

THAT in A Night in the Show (Essanay) Charles Chaplin will wear a new top-hat, new dress-suit, and new shoes.

THAT the office staff wonders who has left Charlie a fortune?

THAT Ford Sterling and Co. are making a coloured film in which the players are coloured – thanks to their make-up.

THAT The Birth of a Nation now begins at seven in the evening instead of eight, allowing patrons to be in bed at a reasonable hour for war-time.

THAT it is reported that “Pimple” intends soon to appear with his uncle, the well-known comedian Will Evans.

THAT rumours fly around in California connecting H. B. Walthall’s name with all sorts of new concerns at all sorts of salaries.

THAT Henry only smiles and – acts with Essanay, where he is likely to remain.

SCALA THEATRE

“It provides the mighty spectacle it claims to provide.”—Morning Post.

TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 7.
THE LONELY SOLDIER. Eclair Drama. Two reels. The pretty love romance of a young Countess and an Alpine Chasseur who is wounded.

SHELLS, MORE SHELLS. Piccadilly drama. One reel. A spy story in which a great strike is a great feature. H. A. Rowene and Co.

MISS MADCAP MAY. Bamforth Comedy. One reel. Ridiculously funny scenes caused by Madcap May masquerading as a man.


WHICH IS WITCH? Martin comedy. One reel. Full of the most startling illusions ever depicted on the screen.

GUSSEL TIED TO TROUBLE. Keystone comedy. One reel. Syd Chaplin, intrepid mountaineering scenes with thrilling rapid con- descent.

FROM THE DREGS. Vitagraph drama. Two reels. Darwin Hair and Neil Finney. A fine military drama of great heart interest, realistic battle scenes.


THE STOLEN VOICE. World Film production. Four reels. Featuring Robert Waractiz. Powerful acting and, like all this company's films, a perfect picture-play.

UNDER THE RED ROSE. Cawdon drama. Three reels. From the famous historical novel by S. J. Wynn. A perfect all-British production.

THE BEDOUIN'S SACRIFICE. Essanay drama. One reel. Biglow Cooper makes the Bedouin's deed in this subject a screen epic, and with him is Bessie Larkin, who is stolen in the heart of a desert city.

THE GREATER COURAGE. Essanay drama. Three acts. Features Edna May and Bryant Washburn. The story shows how the coward proves himself to be a hero. The acting is very fine.


COMRADES THREE. Flying A drama. One reel. W. M. Greene and Edward Coven. Touching story of a life of drudgery ending in perfect happiness when the man rescues the girl from the knights of the road.

LOST—THREE TEETH. Nestor comedy. One reel. Eddie Lyons and Victoria Forde. The lady gets three of her front teeth knocked out at football, and a tramp picks them up. She recovers them, but you will laugh before she does.

THE SECOND IN COMMAND. Metro drama. Five reels. F. X. Bushman and Marguerite Snow. The battle-scenes, in which hundreds of people take part, are fearfully realistic. An entire cavalry regiment is seen in action. A scene from the film appears on our frontispiece page.

SCALA THEATRE

"A triumph of historical incident."

GLOBE.

TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 7.

DO NOT MISS IT.
ONLY TWO MORE WEEKS!

1st PRIZE £10
2nd PRIZE £5
3rd PRIZE 10 PRIZES £1 ea.

SCREENED STARS
OVER 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!

We give below the eleventh set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition—"Screened Stars." The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, £5 to the next, and 200 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the eleventh set now—and bear in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages.

Back numbers containing previous Sets may be had from our Publishers.

FOOT RULE

ENTRY NAME

FORM. ADDRESS

11th Set.

A Real Complaint.

"I am writing to make a complaint about the length of two films I have seen. They were both thrillers, and I am sure all the action that was in those three reels might have been put into one. The opening part of the film was very promising, but by the time the third reel was finished I was thoroughly bored, and felt as if I never wanted to see any more of that company's films."

S. C. (Birmingham).

Bravo Britisher!

"I had the pleasure of seeing The Prisoner of Zenda the other week, and also the sequel, and I might say I think it one of the finest pictures I have ever seen, and I have seen some pictures in my time. The seat I occupied had a very rough floor during the duel scenes. Mr. Ainley was superb, but the striking feature throughout was the thoroughness of the small details."

C. R. (Canterbury).

Moving Stars.

"I've been remarkably struck lately by the extensive migration of actors and actresses from one company to another, particularly from British companies to American ones. Why and wherefore? Surely British producers are sufficiently awake to realise that before long the talent of our country will be in the hands of a serious rival in the commercial world. I suppose it is the usual tale of America's speculating producers, who think more of talent than the cost of same."

S. M. (Leicester).

The Roller Towel Mystery.

"Talking of mistakes in films, there was rather a big error in a Keystone film I saw recently. The scene is a kitchen, and the back door leads from the side of the kitchen out on to the prairie. Well, on this door hangs a towel, and out of this door walks the heroine. She goes outside and leaves the door open, but there is no sign of the roller-towel on the door and outside is a fence of which there are no signs from the inside of the kitchen. What happened to the roller-towel? and who put up the fence in such a short space of time?"

F. L. (Harrow).

Names Wanted on Screen.

"Pardon me writing to you, but the other day I was speaking to a friend, and in the course of the conversation I remarked, 'Do you like Mary Pickford?' Rather, was the answer; and I again said, 'What do you think of Alma Taylor?' 'I don't believe I know her,' said my friend, 'I might have seen her, but English companies hardly ever publish their casts, so, of course, you don't know who is acting.' Now, Mr. Editor, this is only one case out of hundreds. Why don't English companies publish their casts?"

AN EXCITED MAID (Brighton).

"In time, no doubt, every good plot will be preceded by the cast. There are no more published now than those used to be— Entwistle."

 "JOLLY" IN PYRAMID FILMS

The great Film Comedian always JOLLY AND JOVIAL. A thousand and one laughs in facial expressions alone. For fun and pleasure—

PYRAMID COMEDIES.
SCREENED ON THE SAND
The World’s Most Curious Cinema.

"YES, I've seen many picture shows in my time, but the quaintest and most amusing was one that I was once privileged to attend during my long sojourn in the Sand.

The speaker was Leon Wyenbergen, the newly Export Manager of the Essanay Company. He paid us a visit a few days ago, and during a most interesting chat told us something of his experiences. Until recently, Mr. Wyenbergen was managing the New Castle branch of the Ideal Film-Renting Company, Ltd., which he left to take up his new duties with Essanay. Mr. Wyenbergen is English by birth and brought up in London of English parentage. He bears a Flemish name, however, and received a University education in Belgium. He has travelled extensively, and speaks seven languages—English, French, Dutch, Flemish, German, Greek, and Turkish. These qualifications, plus a valuable knowledge of the film trade, obviously make him the right man for the important position he now holds. With this introduction we will allow him to proceed.

"I left London in 1910, travelling back and forwards over the entire Continent until a few months before the war. "No. I was not in the cinema trade then, although it always fascinated me, and I intended to take it up eventually. My travels had a good deal to do with buying eggs. Yes, it is some jump from eggs to pictures. Well, as I was saying, what was probably the world’s most curious cinema was actually set up in the Arabian desert.

Peaceful Pictures Under the Stars.

"I had joined a caravan for a long journey from Smyrna across Asia Minor, our party including eight or ten Englishmen besides myself. One morning, in the midst of the desert, I learnt that some of my fellow-travellers were cinema proprietors, and, to break the monotony, I asked them if it were possible to give us a show. No sooner said than—do not, but acted upon. We had come to a halt, and it took us all that day to prepare for the evening’s performance. We rigged up a screen from bed-sheets, and prepared an acetylene light for the lantern. There was no little excitement when night came, I assure you. Fancy, if you can imagine miles of civilization, with the stars all the sky for roof, and the sand of the desert for seats. The music, provided by the Arabs, came from tom-toms, and the bells from the camels. And what a show! It lasted an hour and a half, and, under the conditions stated, it proved to be the most charming entertainment I am ever likely to see in this world. "What sort of programme was it? Oh, just a few short cowboy and other subjects, the 'feature' being two odd reels—only all that we had been able to fish out from the baggage of Leo Münchel, and all seats were free.

Heat and the Midnight Cinema.

"The three hundred thousand inhabitants of Smyrna are very keen on pictures, I know, for I lived there for eight months. There were eight cinemas on the Quay (a fashionable thoroughfare) to start with. But even 'pictures' do not

DARING LEAP BY HELEN HOLMES IN THRILLING RAILROAD DRAMA.

'THE MEITLE OF JERRY McGUIRE'


Helen Holmes, heroine of the famous "Hazard of Hel," now joins The Trans-Atlantic, this being the third of a new series of the long running dramas in which the damsels are always in distress.

"The Meitle of Jerry McGuire" is a thrilling mystery. It was produced in New York by P. McGraw, who directed Miss Holmes in the "Hazard" series, and he has left the best part of his skill to this one. One scene shows a wonderful leap from a moving train, another of Helen Holmes overcoming this feat of daring in a way that will make spectators gasp.

There are a number of other thrilling stories in this exciting railroad story, which is something far too good to be missed. Don’t fail to see it.

THE TRANS-SHIAL FILM CO., LTD.
A Chance of a Lifetime.

SETS OF BEAUTIFUL HALF-PLATE PHOTOS

depicting the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt or

Postal Order value 6d.

"FLYING A") CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

Akiemion

The British Agent

THIS is the time to support everything BRITISH.
All the films we handle are ALL-BRITISH.
So ask your Manager to-day to show some of them. Thank YOU!

131-163 Wardour Street, London, W.

SCALA THEATRE

"Stupendous."—DAILY EXPRESS.
TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 7.

RED DELICIOUS COFFEE.
WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

Select your Picture Players Postcards from

THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD

14 sent post-free for 1/-

YOUR SELECTION OR OURS.
Complete List free on application.

"THE PICTURES" LTD., 55, Long Acre, London, W.C.

WEEK ENDING
Dec. 4, 1915

TEMP the Smyrna picturegoer during the summer—at least not in the daytime. The heat is so great that you cannot think of pleasure until after the clouds are closed. Business starts at four in the morning and finishes at nine or ten; after that work is out of the question. You positively splash as you walk. You can't even take food—Turkish coffee or cigarettes at most—so you lay in bed until five o'clock or so, and get your first solid meal about nine at night. But from eleven o'clock or midnight until two in the morning the open-air cinema shows are in full swing. All seats are free, but you sit at tables and pay for your refreshment.

"You pay for that whether you want it or not.

"Children? Oh, no, they were never seen at these midnight shows. Matinées were run for them occasionally, from seven to nine in the evening. By the way, I first saw your Pictures in Smyrna. I have the copies at home now bearing the agent's stamp. [We do travel, don't we?—Ed.]

"Yes; pictures in Smyrna is the finest it is possible to secure. Nordisk and Asta Nielsen films were the rage when I was there, and the big films were seldom less than six reels.

Eastern Picturegoers Fond of Music.

"Are the cinemas busy in the winter? Rather. When the hot season is over the hours for showing films in the East are much the same as they are here, but the programmes are better. They split their big films with musical selections. The best halls would not think of employing less than thirty or forty musicians in the orchestra, and even the poorest have a dozen. Prices begin from one shilling upwards, and don't they just know how to advertise! I have seen cinema handbills in Smyrna printed in eight different languages for the benefit of the many nationalities which reside there.

"What do I think of Turkey as a film-producing ground? Ideal! But nothing much is done there yet in that way except with topical subjects, owing to the poor means of communication between the towns. But the scope is magnificent, and I suppose in time it will be taken full advantage of. The old Sultan Abdul was very interested in cinema photography, although he never allowed himself to be photographed in connection with it

"I met with a curious accident in Brussels a little over two years ago. I was standing alone on the balcony of a cinema just after four people had been sitting on it, when the structure gave way and fell to the ground. I landed on my feet, and got up with a bent, not broken, ankle which still pains me in damp weather.

"Is Charlie Chaplin known yet in the East? Probably not very much yet, if at all. The war, of course, being the cause. But when the war is over I hope to introduce Charlie into every corner of the earth that does not know him, if there be such a corner by that time. Do you know that I have recently had inquiries for Charlie from the interior of China?"
Elsewhere in this issue your attention is drawn to the fact that next week's Pictures will be our Christmas Number. I make no apology for referring to it again because one cannot shout too much about a good thing. It will be double the price and nearly treble the size, and a portrait of Florence Turner suitable for framing is given with it as a Special Supplement. Regular readers, of course, will get the copy as usual, but non-regular readers who want the Christmas Number should order it at once of any newsagent. Now don't forget—next Saturday, December 4th, the Christmas Picture Show, dated December 11th. It will be in the hands of every one of you.

Another Great "Novel" Film.
The mere fact that so great a novel as Thomas Hardy's Far from the Madding Crowd should be produced as a picture-play is sufficient to attract both the public and the trade. The score has been adapted and the film produced by Larry Trimble, and having seen the result in the screen, I am once more able to congratulate Mr. Trimble and Mr. Campbell Galvin as "Troy" and Malcolm Cherry as "Goldwood," and Henry Edwards as "Gabriel." I must not forget the wonderful dog Joan and some of the prettiest pastoral effects I have ever seen on or off the screen.

Masterpiece Follows Masterpiece.
The Essanay Film Company, not content with introducing Sir John Gielgud to picturegoers, now have the added honour of bringing to the cinema two more leaders of the stage—Lady Tree and Sir George Alexander. Really we have much to thank the Essanay Company for. Lady Tree is to appear on the screen in Still Waters Run Deep, and Sir George will sustain his original part of Aubrey Tannery in The Second Mrs. Tanqueray. It is not the first Pucero play to be filmed, but this will be the first screen appearance of Sir George in a picture-play. This last-named play, Alice Code, will be a Turner Film produced by Larry Trimble. Thus the great stage, masterpieces are being filmed in quick succession, and one wonders what producers will do when all the famous plays and novels have been adapted for film purposes.

Cinema Fund Nearly Complete.
It is rather late in the day to say so, but the big matinée at the London Opera House was a jumping success. It added £1,000 to the Cinema Trade Ambulance Fund. At the moment of writing the total is well over £20,000, and money is still coming in. The generosity of the American Film Companies has been most handsome, many of them having contributed half their profits. Now it is essential that the Essanay Company and its staff have given the magnificent sum of £1,500, or three complete Red Cross ambulance cars. George K. Spoor, the president, together with G. M. Anderson, have given 500, the artists from the Essanay Chicago Studio (many of them British) have given another 500, and Charles Chaplin and H. A. Spoor, Manager of the London office, have contributed the remaining 500. Isn't it splendid?

An Island Picture Play.
I saw the last half of the six-part Blue Ribbon Vitaphone The Island of ReGeneration, and can promise my readers that in due course they will see this picture some delightful island scenes, in which Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno, as castaways, appear in almost prehistoric garb. The film has been adapted from the novel by the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, and what I saw of it was certainly of a most thrilling and fascinating character. The Blue Ribbon are features to watch for. I have not struck one yet that did not engage my whole attention. Last week, you remember, I admired Anita Stewart in Seas of the Mothers.

Editorial Gossip

Love and Art at the G and C.
I have just left Dave Aylott, who tells me that he is producing a well-known military drama for R and C. He has also recently finished Tanqueray, a one reel story of love and art, with Fred Groves as the artist, A. V. Bramble as the Count, and Lettie Paxton as the model. Dave tells me there is a wonderful fight with copyists between the two men, which presumably is where the love element comes in.

Concerning that Submarine Picture.

Some time ago I published in these pages an illustrated article on that wonderful film The Williamson Expedition Submarine Motion Pictures, but was not then able to say when the picture would be on show. Now I learn that the Trans-Atlantic have secured the services of Joseph Best, who will be remembered in his connection with the exhibitors through his having a picture to put this production before the public.

Over one hundred miles of the Atlantic Ocean bed was photographed under the water, and, apart from the great scientific aspect, it includes a fight under the ocean between two sharks and a man crows a shark the most daring and perils ever achieved. The whole of America has died to see this film, which is going to see it first at a well-known West-end hall in London, starting probably on Boxing Night, then at a few large provincial centres, and next offered to the exhibitors. It is bound to become the talk of the country and to draw huge houses everywhere.

F. D.

Thoughts of a Picturegoer.

Where Shall We Go To-Night?

"Why not let us go to the Picture Palace? I see they are showing an EDISON PLAY, and Edison pictures are always good."

In Edison plays you see fine acting, clear photography, and a jolly good plot, unfolded by EDISON STAR PLAYERS in a manner that fascinates.

The Picture to See this Week is

Cartoons in the Parlour.

At All the Best Cinemas.

FREE!

We shall be pleased to send you three photos of your favourite EDISON PLAYERS, upon receipt of 2d. to cover postage.

Thomas A. Edison, Ltd., 164, Wardour St., London, W.
Turner Films

"Pictures made for You."

"A Welsh Singer," Allen Raine's famous novel, has been made into a Turner Film, and is being shown to the Trade and Press next week.

It will be on view in the Picture Theatres early in the New Year.

Descriptive Booklets, illustrated with scenes from this film, are now ready, and may be had gratis, on application, from our sole agents, The Hepworth Manufacturing Co., Ltd., 2, Denman St., London, W.

Don't throw away your Booklet when read. Keep it. It may be useful.

THE YOUNG
PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS

I am glad that you have taken kindly to my newly-formed "Young Picturegoers' League;" at least several of you have written to say that you have, and I take it for granted that hundreds who have not written are nevertheless intending to become members. Obtain three new readers of Pictures, and send me their names and addresses, and your name will then be enrolled on the membership book. Further, you will receive the Pictures Badge, in proof that you belong to the League, and, as I shall publish from time to time the names and addresses of the members, you will be able to correspond with each other if you feel so inclinéd. The first claim to membership, I may tell you, was made a few days after my first announcement appeared. So keep the ball rolling, boys and girls, and send me those names as soon as you can. I shall publish the names of members as soon as the list is strong enough.

Did you see the picture of three little babies in a hammock swung from water-lilies in my recent "Story Competition"? It is a rather useless question, because an enormous number of stories have reached me, and they have taken hours to read through. I intended publishing the best, but they are nearly all such long stories that anything like a fair selection would fill several pages. I will content myself by giving you one, which happens to be short, and telling you that there were dozens of others equally interesting:

"Basking on a water-lily leaf in the middle of Lord Cin-Emma's ornamental lake were three wee water-babies, when little Danny Film crept into the garden with his fishing-net. He was about to capture a fat goldfish when he was discovered by the gardener, so he took to his heels, letting his net fall with a splash into the water. Seeing this, the babies dived in and swam towards it. Pulling with all their might, they succeeded in tearing the net away from the wire frame, and then, with united efforts, they tore it down the seam. Chuckling with glee, they bore their strip of net back to the centre of the lake, where they knotted the ends to two of the graceful water-lily stalks, and so formed a perfect little hammock. When they had chambered in, they gazed round to see that they had not been discovered, and then sworn to and fro in the sunlight..."

The Prizes are awarded to—Betty Lawrence, 67, King George Street, Greenwich; Percy Yeo, 22, Gladstone Street, Desborough; Sylvia Mossford, 31, Richmond Road, Cardiff; Charles Wright, 25, High St., Newport.

Award of Merit (which six times won a Special Prize)—Selma Prophett (Liverpool); Betty Jones (Manchester); Alfred Cook (Desborough); Marie Lister (Manchester); W. Davison (Walsham); Irene Hockey (Cardiff); Dorothy Green (Liverpool); Gladys Turner (Huddersfield); Vera Warner (Liverpool); Marion Bridge (Brighton); Lena Stanley (Barley); Ivy Neil (Watford).

BOUND VOLUMES FOR HIDDEN NAMES.

Since I started to write this page two years ago (how time does fly!), we have had some very successful "Hidden-name" Competitions, and this week I propose to give you yet another one. Below are six lines of juggled letters. Each line, when the letters are placed in their correct order, will spell the full name of a well-known cinema child artiste:

YE E L B C D A N
R T L L A A E M S H
Y Y R R R E A E B O U
A A E K N D O R Y
I S J V O B C G A L L
Y V L B B B N N O E C

When you have discovered the names of these six little players, write them on a postcard, address it to "Jumble," Pictures Offices, 55-56, Long Acre.
London, W.C., and post to arrive by Monday, December 6th. The boy and girl who send the nearest cards containing all or the greatest number of correct names will each receive the beautifully bound Volume VIII. of Pictures. This is a prize worth having, my dears, so do your best to win it. In addition the usual "Merit" will be awarded to the next "best" in order.

Do you know the name of George Hollister, a little boy who plays for Kalem? He has played the most important role of any child-player that of Jesus as a child in From Manger to Cross. In order to take this part little George (the only six) had to travel to Palestine and many other foreign lands. The only thing George has ever refused to do for pictures is to play the part of a girl. When asked to do so he replied, "No, Sir. Let Doris do it; she's a girl. I don't want to be one; they're all silly." And Doris, his sister, had to play the part.

And now for a few words about next week's issue, which, as you already know if you read your Pictures carefully, is our big Christmas Number. It will contain not less than fifty-two pages (it is more than a double issue), and in addition a beautiful portrait of Florence Turner, Magnificently drawn to frame, will be given free in every number. The price of this wonderful issue will be two pence. It will be crammed with film pictures and film matter all equally attractive and of course, as you expected. On no account must you miss it, and if you are receiving Pictures regularly you will not do so. But I warn you that this will be a rush for it, and to avoid disappointment I order you copies early. Because I know it will be good you want all you have this Christmas number. See that you get it and tell your friends to do likewise on the recommendation of your

UHCB TOL.:

HE: "Alone? May I come with you?"
SHE: "Willingly—if you will take me to the 'pictures.'"

Robert S. (Norwich) — The studios of Hepwood are, at this time, being held open to the public, and several names, including Martha, have been announced for the company's new production. The pictures will be ready in the spring.

Mr. B. (London) — I am very interested in the possibility of a regular publication of videos, and I believe that they are the wave of the future. However, I am cautious and would like to see a sample before committing myself. What is your opinion on the subject?”

E. J. N. (Leeds) — Marguerite Clark is 25 years old; the statement in recent issue that she was a private nurse is not correct. Mrs. L. W. is the location of the Famous Players studio, and the New York address is the only office which will find the address to little and big pictures alike. On no account must you miss it, and if you are receiving Pictures regularly you will not do so. But I warn you that this will be a rush for it, and to avoid disappointment I order you copies early. Because I know it will be good you want all you have this Christmas number. See that you get it and tell your friends to do likewise on the recommendation of your

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CHRISSE WHITE, the Heyworth player

This is one of our postcard series.

FINISTER (Weston super Mare) — The London Film Co., St. Margarets, Twickenham, Heyworth Studios, Walton on Thames; Simmelson Film Co., Walton Hall, Edgworth, Middlesex, B. and C. Co., Hove Street, Walthamstow, are some well known producing companies — you could also send your photos to any of them. Thanks for late.

F. R. (Denham Mail) — You're a pal indeed. Fancy getting us thirty-two new readers! Thanks and thanks again. P. F. We shall like to see your drawing of Charlie Chaplin.

C. (Shipford's Bash) — Your son could apply to any of the firms given there to "Firefly." We wish him the best of luck.

TURKE (Oxford) — James Morrison is still with us. What particular questions you ask we cannot answer. Thanks for kind wishes.

Parkumcow (Moor Park) — Aunts Little and Herbert Ramadan are in America. We have postcards of both. Welcome, new reader.

Ivy (Manchester) — Name and address next time, please, Ivy. Mary Pickford has been on the screen for five years. The Film Life of Mary Pickford, priced 2/- from this office, would give you heaps of information about her.

W. F. (Grimsby) — Address Thomas Sunthu, 155, Solly Polygony Co., 26, East Randolph Street, Chicago. If you have tried to enlist and been rejected because of your nose you have no need to be ashamed of yourself. Cheer up. H. R. (Bradley) — There are no postcards yet — the players you mention, and the cost you want is not given. Thanks for your verses — they quite doubled me up the answers. We are all "very Esq."

M. Y. (Lonodn, E.C.) — We quite agree with you that matters are not one jot what religion Mary Pickford professes so long as she delights us all as hitherto.

"Many replies are unavoidably held over."

LADY'S BEAUTY, by H. M. Shaw-Reynolds

LADY'S BEAUTY, by H. M. Shaw-Reynolds

LADY'S BEAUTY, by H. M. Shaw-Reynolds

LADY'S BEAUTY, by H. M. Shaw-Reynolds
Do you belong to a club?

When a man chooses his club he takes the greatest care that he does not become tied to an unsuitable place.

Did you ever think how much of a club the cinema is? It's a meeting place. It's warm and cheerful with music and interest. It's where you go for a pleasant or a serious hour. It really is your club.

So don't choose the wrong one. Don't go to a cinema where you are not treated pleasantly. Go to the cinema where the attendants are cheerful, where the air is clean and fresh, where the seats are comfortable and the music good, and particularly where the manager is capable of choosing the finest all-British picture plays, such as Hepworth and Turner.

Hepworth Picture Plays

c/o Hepworth Publicity, Hepworth Mfg. Co., Ltd., 2, Denman Street, Golden Square, W.

---

LAUGH UPON LAUGH

Like Waves Rolling into One Tremendous

SEA OF LAUGHTER.

A SPANISH LOVE SPASM

BILLY MERSON

is the Irresistible Magnetic Force that Causes the Waves of Laughter to Flow.

It is now High Tide at Every Cinema Where his Films are Showing.

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STILL WATERS RUN DEEP, by Tom Taylor. Caste includes Lady Tre.
THE GREAT ADVENTURE, by Arnold Bennett (Turner Films). Featuring
Henry Ainley.
IRIS, by Sir Arthur Pinero (Hepworth). Featuring Henry Ainley and
Alma Taylor.
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD, by Thomas Hardy (Turner Films).
Florence Turner as Bathsheba.
WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN, the “Ideal” Prize Story. Featuring Hilda
Moore and Milton Rosnoi.
CASTE, by T. W. Robertson (Turner Films). With Sir JOHN HARE as Eccles.

OTHER MASTERPIECES FOR 1916 INCLUDE:

SIR JOHN HARE as DR. PRIMROSE in “THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.”
SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER in “THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY.”
SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER and IRENE VANBRUGH in “THE GAY LORD QUEX.”
ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S “BACHELORS’ CLUB” and “OLD MAIDS’ CLUB.”

OSCAR WILDE’S “LADY WINDERMERE’S FAN.”
OSCAR WILDE’S “THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.”
“SALLY IN OUR ALLEY,” with HILDA TREVELYAN.
PROFIT AND LOSS,” by F. W. MALTBY.
“THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.”
“JUSTICE,” by JOHN GALSWORTHY.
A CHRISTMAS SMILE FOR ALL OUR READERS
from Lillian Walker, one of Vitagraph's leading players.
"Mr. Sweeney"—Hughe Mace.

"The saints preserve us," screamed Mrs. Sweeney, picking up the dead body of her beloved parrot Caesar, from the bottom of its cage. "Sweeney, for the love of heaven come here at once!" "Is it calling me you are?" inquired that worthy, blandly, as he shuffled his portly carcass into the room. "Sure, it sounded like the voice of an angel, so sweet and—"

"Calling you, you fool? Can't you see it's terrible trouble that I'm in. The bird has passed away, heaven rest it's soul! and it's high time that it's gone to rest. I'm thinking."

"Bogorra, higher than that," agreed Sweeney, meaningly, delicately handling the corpse with one hand and his nose with the other, "more like a bird of paradise, I'm thinking, than the remains of a reputable parrot!"

"How dare you speak so of the dead?" demanded his affineness, snatching the bird from him and clutching it to her breast. "Have you not a spark of decency left in you at a time like this?" "It's respect I have," grumbled Sweeney, bringing his face to the ear of beer, the presence of which his eyes had just located upon the table. "Put that down, you heathen," screamed his good lady, striking him forcibly across the head with the parrot. "It's not a wake you're at. Out of my sight and find a spade this instant. The bird shall have a decent burial—do you hear?"

With vivid recollections of former wakes he had attended, and an affectionate glance at the beer-can, Sweeney glided silently through the door. By the time he reappeared Mrs. Sweeney had tenderly packed up the corpse into a paper parcel, and, placing it and her husband's arm, set off with him upon the last mournful journey.

"Reg erra, my grief is over-coming me," groaned Sweeney a few seconds later, as he gazed longingly at the saloon bar entrance of the "pub." they were passing.

"Just wait here a second, my darling," he pleaded, "and I'll slip inside for a "bracer"—the sorrow which has fallen upon us is getting the better of me."

"Mrs. Sweeney scowled. "Keep me waiting," she snapped. "and it's yourself you'll bury as well as the bird."

 Barely waiting for her reply, Sweeney dived into the bar, and, placing the "funeral parcel" upon the counter, called for a drink. Looking round, he saw his old friend and neighbour Mr. Clancy, who, having completed his own Christmas shopping, was having a drink before leaving.

"I've just been buying a turkey," remarked Clancy, pointing to a parcel lying on the counter beside Sweeney's dead parrot, "and a grand bird it is!"

With high two-horned spirits were exchanging confidences time was flying as usual; and they would have probably spent the rest of the day there had not the back-door wagon, with his wife suddenly brought Sweeney "back to earth." "Lord save us!" he cried, grabbing hold of Clancy's parrot in mistake for his own parcel, and bolting through the door. "Sure it's my own wake I've been attending."

When he got outside a terrible row ensued. It continued until he had placed the last showful of earth upon poor Clancy's turkey.

"My poor Caesar has gone for ever," wailed his wife, engulfing Sweeney with her arms and half-destroying him with her tears.

"The devil he has," grumbled Sweeney, mentally following the cause of one of her tears which was trickling down the small of his back. "And it's swimming he'll have to be if we don't get away from the grave," he added.

Upon their arrival home they found another terrible riot in progress; the Clancy's were at it again, grumbled Sweeney, listening through the door to the unearthly sounds that were proceeding from his neighbour's flat on the floor beneath. "Sure, it's the season of peace and good-will towards men, but devil a bit among women, from what I can hear."

Clancy, as a matter of fact, was lying on the floor with his wife's massive foot on his chest. "Thank God! Christmas comes but once a year," he groaned.

"I'll teach you, you good-for-nothing blackguard," cried the irate Mrs. Clancy. "How dare you bring me home a dead parrot instead of a turkey? How dare you—"

"But my darling," begged Clancy. "Hold your noise! And, warn that you are, crawl out of my sight." Clancy did as he was bid; and gliding through the door, ran for dear life. As he passed Sweeney's flat he heard the latter say to his wife, "And I'm thinking I'll go and buy a turkey. I'll have it sent home by the boy to save any trouble.

Clancy pattered up his brows and thought furiously. Dark and deadly plans went rushing through his brain. Yes, he would get hold of that turkey somehow. He would have a sweet and terrible revenge. He waited secretly the arrival of the boy with Sweeney's turkey, and in due course the bird was placed on the lift by the negro waiter; then catching the lift as it passed "over route" Sweeney's flat overhead, Clancy changed the parcels. He had substituted the everlasting dead parrot for Sweeney's turkey.

May the saints abandon me," he muttered with a grin, "if there isn't something doing with the Sweeneys when that parrot arrives?"

His conjecture was indeed correct. The shock and effects sustained by Mrs. Sweeney upon its arrival may be better left to the imagination.

Most things, from resurrection to spiritual impracticabilities, had rushed through her mind at the same time, and it was "some reception" that the innocent and offending Sweeney received when he appeared some hours later.

"So you've come at last," inspired his wife, deily, catching him full in the chest with a heavy flat from. "Come in Mr. Sweeney, don't be afraid. I would like to talk to you," she added, smashing a large dish over his head.

"What in the name of Satan is the matter?" demanded Sweeney, protecting his head with his hands. "Have you gone mad or—"

"How did that bird get here, Mike Sweeney? Answer me that?" demanded his wife steadily, pointing to the dead body of the illustrious Caesar.

The moment he saw the parrot Sweeney collapsed. "I'll never touch another drop," he pleaded desperately, sinking on to his knees. "And if I do, I'll put more water in it. For mercy's sake take the thing away."

Mrs. Sweeney clutched him by the throat.

"So it's drinking you've been, is it?" she yelled furiously, thrusting him violently with a convenient brush-handle that she had found lying handy. "How did you come by that bird again? Quick tell me; or by heaven above, I'll kill you as dead as the parrot."

But Sweeney could make no answer.

The reappearance of the parrot —
as to which half of the pig he was to have, and upon the animal escaping into the street during the discussion the matter became much more complicated.

Both families, after a further free fight, at once gave chase, and upon capturing the fugitive, after further squabbling finally succeeded in getting themselves arrested by the police.

When brought before the magistrate, Sweeney and Clancy once more commenced hostilities.

"Silence!" called the magistrate, sternly. "Do you think I've nothing else to do but listen to the likes of you and make "twas the night before Christmas."
ROUND THE FIRE ON CHRISTMAS EVE

By ALEC J. BRAID.

"Then I sept's it's been a dream—cause I've quite certain I saw Pickford, and she was a bewild Cindersella. I should know her anywhere,"

"I suppose so. Even in mugs," sneered Master Hopeful.

"That's fair of you, Jackie, to say such naughty things. If you won't believe Baby, you won't believe me. I have seen a lot of funny men all dressed as animals. It was a film called Pinkeafellows (Pinnocko). So funny!

"Upon my word, a fellow cannot understand you kids. First you see Father Christmas, then Tommumble that he sees a special in the fire and the postman in the smoke. Favories all of them. Very nice at this season of the year, no doubt, but you cannot expect me to adapt myself to such visions. At school we were discussing Columbus—"

"We are going to see Columbus steal the sausages, Jackie."

"Do you, Baby. You mean Cumbine, and she doesn't steal sausages; the clown does that. I was speaking of Columbus the great Spanish explorer. Montgomery, of the fifth, introduced the subject, and a heated argument began with the policeman."

"I know; he takes the sausages away from Cumbine," suggested Marie.

"Be quiet, Nair. Come here. Shut up! How can one tell a story?"

"Tommy can. At least Nora says so," volunteered the little girl. "A lovely apple was stolen yesterday, and Tommy was suspected of eating it. He said he hadn't, and Nora said: 'Tell stories, Master Tom.' It may be so if eating an apple is telling stories, because Tommy gave me a bite."

"So you don't care to hear about Columbus, who found America?"

"That was before neutral was found, wasn't it?" asked Tom.

"What are you mean young un' I asked the Sixth Former.

"Oh, I heard Dad and Uncle talking the other day. Dad said: 'I see Woodrow Wilson is still keen on discovering the rights of neutrals, isn't a country or a town?'

"Praps it's a noun or a verb," suggested Marie.

"It has to do with the way and preventing food going into Germany."

"I wonder if little German girls and boys will see 'Cindersella.' I hope so, cause isn't their fault the men are fighting, but Marie quite distressed."

"Who is the policeman at your school, Jackie?" asked Tom.

"That's Martin the Prefect."

"Does he wear a blue coat with shiny buttons and Master Hopeful's tie?"

"Of course not Baby, he is an ordinary boy," replied Jack.

"Not like you, Jackie; I cause I heard Auntie say he was an extraordinary boy," said Marie, proudly.

"Just like her cheek. Wake up, Tom!" startled out of his dose, Tommy said.

"I was looking at the clock and saw such a funny old man walk out. Then he knew Santa Claus."

"Yes, yes," cried Marie.

"He came out again with a sailor on his shoulders."

"I know; that's Stubb the Sailor."

"Oh, do stonk you. You will drive me dotty with your pantomimes."

"Well, it's Christmas time, and you liked to go last year. You laughed at Jack and the Bead الثالث, said Master Hopeful."

"And talked in your sleep about Beauty and the Beast. I could not go to sleep," complained Tom.

"What a memory you have, Freebles! In the words of our school philosophy, you're quite a chip of the old block."

"I don't know what that means, unless it is the picture Nurse said is at the Dome on Boxing Day. It's called 'A Chip from the Old Block,' said Marie.

"If I wished to be funny, I should say such a subject is ideal," was Jack's remark. "If it's the one I saw advertised it should be so. But I heard it was a chip, that was described by children."

"Wrong. Baby, it's not Cinderella."

"I don't mind missing a pantomime if I can see Charlie," shouted Tom.

"But, Nair. You said Marie."

"My dear Baby, you are terrible. The humorous person in question has feet not feet. Moreover—and this I would have you understand—there are others. Billie Richie, Billy Merson. Billy Reeves are all great in their way.

This information from Jack utterly failed to impress Marie.

"You forget the girls. I don't mind much how many Billies there are as long as Charlie has his feet and sides. Charlie is a sweetest name."

Then Tom asked Jack what he thought would happen if the wrong Santa Claus came to their house?

"Freebles," replied Master Superio, "you know very well that I do not believe in the Santa Claus myth."

"Don't believe in Santa Claus, cried Marie," you wicked boy. Why he comes down the chimney with goodies."

And brought you an air-gram last Christmas," said Tom.

"You must believe in him, Jackie, dear, or paws he won't come to-night," said Marie, bursting into tears.

"Cheer up, Baby. I'll believe in him so that you shall rouse your presents."

"Now children," came a voice from the door, "it is about time you thought of bed. You'll miss Santa Claus. He passes this way. No, Tom. You may not wait to see him."

"All right, Daddie, we'll soon be off."

"What a bore," yawned Jack. "I was enjoying this yarn until the kids began knocking at the window."

"As a part of your Christmas treat your mother and I will take you to see The Birth of our Saviour. After that you may select your own pantomimes."

THELMA SALTER, one of America's clever kiddies on the screen.

"This is the awfullest night I ever remember. remarked little seven-year-old Marie, as, with her two brothers, Tom, three years her senior, and Jack, the "hope" of the family, of the riper age of fifteen, she sat quite sedately in front of a roaring fire.

"You silly little lump. The 'awfullest night,' indeed. Why, it's Christmas Eve, and, if once in a while the snow does fall as it used to, it is seasonable.

"At any rate, I hope it won't interfere with the visit of Father Christmas," shyly interposed Tom.

"No, no, Tommy, don't let it keep Father Christmas away. On an old, very old, I spects. Christmas card of Mummie's I saw Father Christmas clambering over the snow to get down the chimney. Such a little chimney, too. How did he get down? I wonder?"

Jack, that evening home from school and annoyed at being called Jackie, rather unkindly said. "I don't believe in the old buffer."

"Oh, I did see him last year, Jackie," said Marie, almost bursting into tears. "I know it was him. He wore a red coat and carried a sack, and had white mustaches."

"Whiskers, you mean. Baby," said Tom, "not mustaches."

"Do shut up, you kids. Let a fellow read. You don't improve a little bit. Both of you are quite a boys."

"You are not half so nice as in the summer holidays," sobbed Marie.

"If you are going to start squabbling I shall have nothing more to say."

But it's Christmas Eve, Jackie," replied Master Hopeful, and there was silence.

Outside the wind still howled, and the lullaby soothed Marie to sleep, while Tom, curled up in front of the fire wondered why the flames would make faces at him until sleep also claimed him.

"Bang!" The slamming of a door wakened the two children, and Marie, bright-eyed with wonder, called out, "Jackie, I have been to the pictures."

"You little goody, you have been sleeping, curled up in the chair."

"So have I," exclaimed Tom. He, too, had been to the pictures."

"Ridiculous! Both you kiddies have been sleeping for twenty minutes."

Thurs. Ewing, Dec. 11, 1915

PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER 212
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1. RUSSIAN NAVAL SUPREMACY: Clearing the Black Sea of Turkish Commerce. Taking off a crew before burning the boat.
3. HAT FASHIONS FOR MEN: Steel helmets (see photo) and gas respirators are the season's made.
4. A PARIS FASHION: This chis hat is composed of black 'panne' velvet with a lined silk crown surmounted by a pair of neat little wings. It is sure to be immensely popular.
5. THE RECRUITING BOOM: Miss Shirley Kellogg, the popular actress, appeals for recruits for the 2nd London Regiment.
6. THE R.E.'S: Bridge-building is only one of the many jobs the Royal Engineers are called upon to do under fire.
7. TRENCH WARFARE: Firing a Gatling with live bombs.
THE TALE OF A TURKEY.

By Billie Ritchie.

THIS happened one Christmas Eve when I was playing in my first Provincial theatre. I was in lodgings at the time with a number of professional clowns, and to me was allotted the task of buying the Christmas turkey. This I purchased on my way to the theatre for the evening show, and having installed it in my dressing-room, I went on to the stage.

The pantomime passed without a hitch, until the time came for the harlequinade. As I did not appear in this, I was standing in the wings leisurely watching the antics of the clown and Joey, who were keeping up a most amorous amuse. The harlequinade of those days was much the same as at the present time, and the clown and his father went through the old routine of stealing from various shops. Suddenly Joey popped into the harlequinade and emerged with a remarkable turkey, the sight of which struck me as strangely familiar. As a side line scene was enacted with a canvas bird, but there was no doubt about the reality of the bird, which Joey and his father had pinched.

"Surely," I said to an actor who was standing beside me, "they have got hold of a real turkey this time!"

"Let your life they have," was the rejoinder; "they pinched it from one of the dressing-rooms!"

The horrible truth dawned upon me. It was my turkey with which Joey and his father were making so strong a Dash. I had to cut the bird on the morrow, I did not relish the way in which they were pinching it about.

It did not take me long to decide my course of action. In two or three minutes' time a policeman was due to go on the stage and arrest the clowns. Here was my chance to recover the turkey.

Hurling over to the man who was playing the part of the policeman, I relieved him of his coat, belt, and hat. Quickly I hurried into the uniform, and as I had not removed my make-up, I was just able to get on the stage in time.

When I clutched Joey's shoulder and demanded the turkey he knew of course that I was familiar with his theft and cherished the bird like grim death. As we struggled, the audience, thinking it was all part of the harlequinade, screamed with laughter, especially when the clown, coming to his father's assistance, belaboured me from behind with a lang-stick.

At last I got a firm hold on the body of my precious turkey, whilst Joey, gripped it by the neck. The inevitable happened. No bird ever reared could have stood the strain. The turkey parted from its head with a slow, squealing sound, and I felt I gave back-wards on to the stage, clenching the rest of my Christmas dinner to my bosom.

Oh! How the audience laughed. As I limped off the stage with the decapitated turkey the gallery sent up a roaring cheer. But I had rescued it, and that was all I cared about.

TEN MINUTES OF TERROR.

By Mary Pickford.

The Editor of your favourite paper has asked me to send some particulars of my most exciting Christmas. The sun is blazing, and New York is very, very hot, but of course editors have to ask for these things long before they are actually wanted. I am afraid, with one exception, my Christmas experiences have not been very exciting up to now. I always spend them with my family, and the evening is that I do no work for three whole days.

But there was one Christmas that was little less than terror for poor me. It is three years ago now, but my memory of it is still fresh. I was invited to spend the three days with a relation who resided some five hundred miles from New York. My family had started some days before, so that on Christmas Eve I set out on my long journey alone. I caught the mail train—how I wish I had not—and for the first three hundred miles my trip was uneventful. By the time the train was running through a lonely part of the country, and it was getting dark. Suddenly the train stopped with a jerk, and I heard the sound of revolvers.

All heads instantly went to the window. Little could be seen, but the noise of luggage being dropped from the train and an occasional sharp command was heard only too plainly.

The whole event did not occupy more than ten minutes, but during that period the mail of the train had been shot and eighty thousand dollars in hard cash had disappeared into the night, accompanied by six "gentlemen" on horseback. Oh! I was so frightened.

Now I always ask the question before making a long journey, "Is the train carrying specie?"

A "THOUGHTFUL" CHRISTMAS.

By Charles Rock.

Many Christmas ago I was rehearsing for pantomine in a big provincial town. I had previously appeared as an actor in "It's up" and certain stock seasons at small theatres. I was only twenty years and six months old, and had been in profession only three years, and this pantomime engagement was my first real chance. As you may guess, I was greatly excited.

At the rehearsal, on Christmas Eve a certain comedian in my company complained bitterly that he had only been given one song.

The manager heard the grumble and expressed his regret that Mr. So-and-so should bemoan the fact that his vocal efforts were confined to one number. "But I don't want the show to run about five hours the first night," he explained, "and
have purposely reduced the song. But I'll tell you what I'll do. The comedian who makes the biggest hit on the first night shall have an extra song.”

I went home to my rather poor “diggings” thinking. I spent the whole of Christmas Day thinking and wondering how I could improve my part. It was a thoughtless Christmas. All else except my part was forgotten. We ran through the show on Christmas Day, but that and “no presents” was how I spent December 25th.

Boxing Day came and went. And I found the extra song.

And you can bet that I was the most pleased member of that company.

Charles Rock

A HAPPY NEW (Y)EAR TO YOU!

By Edna Mayo

The best Christmastide story I can recollect is one that, curiously enough, happened in the New Year, as you will see. It is not generally known that the famous “Broncho Billy” films are produced at Chicago. I mention this because the two people concerned in this anecdote are Mr. Anderson, company, and being in Chicago myself I am consequently in close touch with them. They are both typical ex-cowboys, and appear to have no other names than Lasso Larry and Bull Pete.

Last Christmas Mr. Anderson gave a big dinner to his company in the studio, during which Larry and Pete, “warming up” by this uncorked luxury, fell to discussing who had had his glass filled the greater number of times. The two soon came to blows, and they were only separated when they had battered one another about pretty freely. Some days later Larry, evidently influenced by some New Year’s good intention, called out to his late adversary, “A Happy New Year to you, Pete.” Now the cowboys’ accent is exactly refined, and Pete thought his late opponent was making sarcastic references to his ear, which had been damaged in the fight, so he cuttingly replied, “A Happy New Year to you, and that started the trouble all over again, and it is really laughable to see what rivals these two still are. I do not know whether Mr. Anderson will give a studio dinner this year, but I am sure that neither Larry nor Pete will give another New Year’s greeting.

Edna Mayo

“MY ‘AWFULEST’ CHRISTMAS EVE.”

By Maurice Costello

Here is an experience of mine when I was a kidde. My parents and I were spending Christmas with an aunt who lived miles and miles from anywhere. It was a very old country house, and its tumble-down barns provided a happy hunting-ground for cats. On Christmas Eve I retied to bed with the intention of staying awake until Santa Claus should arrive. I succeeded in keeping my eyes open until long after I knew that everybody else was in bed, and then I fell asleep. Suddenly I was awakened by a frightful noise in the courtyard below. I listened intently. Yes! there was the clank of chains followed by the awful wailing of some person in pain. I was petrified with fear, and dared not move. Presently I heard a rattling noise at the front door, the cracking of the old oak staircase as “something ascended, and then I was sure I saw the door open. The sound of light footsteps told me that some one was crossing my room. Then I heard the rattle of things on the dressing-table. By this time I was shaking with fright; I had completely forgotten Santa Claus. My breath came in short gasps as I slid down noiselessly between the sheets and tried to sleep. But I did not close my eyes.

When the maid called me on Christmas morning I found many lovely presents awaiting me, but even then I could think of nothing but the fright I had undergone. At breakfast they told me I looked pale, and then I related my experience. “Why, you dear little goose,” said my aunt, laughing, “the clanking chain you heard was the one attached to Jack, the Irish terrier. He broke loose last night.”

“Oh, Auntie,” I cried, “and did Jack come into my bedroom?”

“No, my dear, but Santa Claus did.”

(Continued on page 218)
ESSANAY GALLERY OF FAMOUS PHOTOPLAYERS
AND SOME ESSANAY EXCLUSIVE FILMS IN WHICH THEY ARE APPEARING.

WARDA HOWARD, who plays strong emotional parts with Henry B. Walthall in his productions. Her performance in "The Vortex," a three-act drama, has been voted a masterpiece.

HENRY B. WALTHALL, the world's greatest dramatic genius, who displays his remarkable acting in "Temper," "The Woman Hater," "The Circular Path," and "The Outer Edge."

RICHARD TRAVERS, a manly and romantic hero, playing leading parts in "Vain Justice," "A Man Afraid," "The Turn of the Wheel," and "Vengeance." He can play comedy and drama with equal charm and ability.

RUTH STONEHOUSE is particularly pleasing in pathetic characters, and plays the principal roles in "The Battle of Love," "Lioness Ann," and "When my Lady Smiles" with sincerity.
ESSANAY GALLERY OF FAMOUS PHOTOPLAYERS
AND SOME ESSANAY EXCLUSIVE FILMS IN WHICH THEY ARE APPEARING.

N. L. CRAIG, whose popularity is increasing owing to her splendid acting in "The Adventures of Dominica" (the title-role—that of a lady crook) and in emotional parts in "The Vortex," "His Crucible," "The Return of Richard Neal," and "The Coward."

C. M. ANDERSON, the popular "Groncho Billy" and universal hero in thrilling Western dramas, is now appearing in some attractive two-act features which will be shown shortly at all cinemas.

BRYANT WASHBURN, a handsome and dashing hero in both romantic and modern dramas. He act with fine emotion in "Frauds," "The Little Straw Wife," "Caught," and "The Scoundrel."

EDNA MAYO, an attractive leading lady and a clever film actress who has made great successes in "The Great Courage," "The Little Deceiver," and "The Lady of the Snow."
A COLD PLASE AND A NOT ONE.

By Florence Turner.

I HAVE always made it a rule when possible to spend Christmas in the
goof old-fashioned way, and have generally succeeded: but while this is
very pleasant, it is not very adventurous, and we have
scarcely any adventures.

One Christmas, however, stands out pre-
nominantly in my memory; and I
never sit down to the traditional
turkey and plum-pudding without feeling really grateful that the
experience has not been repeated.

It was traditionally on Christmas Eve, and when the train was just
approaching Cincinnati it ran off the tracks. Luckily for me, the carriage in
which I sat was not overturned, but the doors were jammed and none of us could
get out. It was cold—bitterly cold; per-
haps you know what American Christ-
mases are like and for six solid hours we sat in that train, shivering and
stamping our feet and blowing on our
fingers, and doing all the other customary but useless things in a vain effort to keep warm.

When at last we did make our escape we sat in a dreary waiting-room for
hours more. My Christmas dinner was a bun and a bottle of lemonade. I was
never so miserable in my life, but I had to laugh once. A busy passenger was
pestering the railway people, who wore really doing their best; and at last one of the
officials turned angrily on him, saying: "Oh, go to see me place that
is supposed to possess a warm climate."

The laugh came when the passenger maddeningly replied, "I wish I could!"

Florence Turner.

MY PAL LOTTIE.

BY CHARLES CHAPLIN.

Tell you a Christmas story? Why, certainly; and I can assure you
that mine will be the truest story printed on this page. I once took a prize at a Bible-class for telling the
truth, but somebody says mine and I had to put it back. But what I really want to talk about is Lottie, my tame
turkey, whom you may have heard, I am busyly engaged teaching
turkeys." Chaplin chuck. Recently I
noticed Lottie had become exceedingly depressed. She refused her food, and
looked about on one leg in odd corners of the studio. The other day she
was missing, and after a long search I discovered her in Edna Purviance's
dressing-room trying to make up as a
caravan. I suppose the poor creature's
depression was due to the approach of
Yuletide festivities, and her consequent fears that she might be
asked to play the principal part in a Christmas
play in real life by way of a change from
real life. However, I endorsed
her contract to the effect that she would
not be called upon to do so, and now, would you believe it, Lottie's
herself again? A Merry Christmas to
you all and the same to myself.

"CHARLIE" (sent per cable).

THE WONDERFUL MIRROR.

BY ALMA TAYLOR.

The Editor has told me that you
would like to read a little Christ-
mas story which I wrote years ago.
Perhaps it will interest you, because it
was written not by me as I am now, but
when I was thirteen years old.

There was once a little girl with
large brown eyes and long golden hair.
She had no parents to give her presents, but on Christmas Day her godmother gave her a wonderful mirror. It had
a gold frame with sapphires on the back, and when you looked into it, no matter how tired, and discouraged, and
disappointed you were, it made you cheerful and brave once more.

On Christmas afternoon she went for a walk and took
her mirror with her, because she
liked it so much. She was skipping
and running down the road, when she saw a
man in a faded velvet costume sitting by
the wall and weeping. She stopped
to look at him and felt sorry.
He was sad and tired. He made her sad too, till she remembered her mirror, and told him what it would do. At first
he would not even look, and when he did so he was still gloomy. "It's like any mirror," she said. Then she looked into it
with him. His sad face reflected in
the glass made her laugh. He could see
her in the mirror, and laughed too.
"You are right," he said, "it is a won-
derful mirror!" She made him take it
as a present, and he stood up and
straightened himself and walked on.

Next Christmas, the little girl's god-
mother being dead, she had neither
prese*s nor food. The afternoons she
walked out in the town again. Trumpets were heard, and the people cried:
"Here comes the King! Long live the
King!" And the people told her that
the King had lost his throne the year before, but that this year he had fought bravely and won it back.
And the procession came, and the King was riding proudly on a gay coach. And
the King held his hand and held a golden mirror with
sapphires on the back. And when he saw the girl he said, "There is my Queen." The people cheered, and they
drove away and lived happy ever after.

Alma Taylor.
A BOXING DAY MYSTERY.

By Kathryn Williams.

The most remarkable "Christmas" experience that I ever remember occurred at one o'clock on Boxing morning. The all-important day had been spent in real old-fashioned style by a merry party of us.

About a quarter to eleven I became very sleepy, and resolved to cut the rest of the evening and retire to bed. For an hour or more I tossed and turned and then fell into a light sleep.

Suddenly I became wide awake. A feeling that all was not well came over me. My little clock on the mantelshelf struck one. Bright moonlight was streaming into the room, and the French windows that had left slightly ajar were now wide open. I sat up, shivering, and listened. I felt that there was "something" in the room with me. The sound of heavy breathing came from the foot of my bed, and, summoning all my courage, I stepped on the light and looked. That "something" was a full-grown tiger, crouching low, with a bloody mark of flesh between its paws.

Now I have been told that I have considerable power over animals, but this unexpected shock in the dead of night was too much for me. I screamed, and fell back on to the bed in a deep swoon.

I recovered my senses to find a number of kind friends bending over me applying smelling-salts and other restoratives. In their verdict they were unanimous——I had been suffering from nightmare. I looked at the carpet it was perfectly clean. By the light of electric torches my window-sill and the ground below the window were examined. There was not the faintest trace of either blood or an animal's paws! I was obliged to admit that my friends were correct.

Yet in the morning the feeling that something had occurred took hold of me. I made my way to the tiger-house in the now famous Selig Zoo and looked for the tiger of my "dream."

I found him almost at once, and as I stood there a man brought round the daily allowance of meat. A huge joint was thrust through the bars and dropped right between the animal's paws.

And then a very strange thing happened. The animal just sniffed at that meal, turned round, and went to sleep.

Later in the day it was discovered that a woman from the native village had disappeared! Suspicion pointed to the husband, who was a brutal character, with whom she had frequently quarreled. An inquiry was set on foot, but nothing could be proved.

The bars of the tiger's cage were too narrow for the woman to have been pushed through, and the padlock on the door had not been tampered with.

No trace of the woman was ever found, and the matter was finally allowed to drop. Yet the husband could never again be induced to go within a hundred yards of any wild beast, and I have seen a healthy tiger refuse meat for the first time and last time in my life.

Kathlyn Williams.
A MISTAKE AND A MARRIAGE.

By Violet Hopson.

I TOLD you last year about my dear old French governess. Many years ago I spent Christmas at her home in France. Busy with preparations for the dinner, she sent me form a walk alone on Christmas morning. As I walked I met two elderly French people and their handsonome son, who asked me hurriedly where the railway station was. My French was not yet equal to the strain of rapid talking so I hastily understood and said I would take them there. I thought they had asked for a certain chateau just outside the village. They were thank all for a guide (the railway station was remote), and we hurried along to the chateau which they expected to find was the station.

When we arrived at the chateau—a magnificent mansion—gates and a grand drive—I pointed to it proudly. Of course they were astonished. Just then the gentleman who lived there came out in his carriage accompanied by the chauffeur. They saw that something was wrong and explained my mistake. The old gentleman offered to drive them to the station, and they accepted his offer.

Later in the year my governess, to whom I told the story, said that the young gentleman whom I had misdirected and the daughter were to be married.

A REAL GHOST STORY.

By J. R. Tozer.

LAST Christmas I was the guest of some old friends staying at Sittingbourne, Kent, who, coming from an old Scotch family, are superstitious, and boast of a family ghost. The unusual thing at Christmas-time is for each of the family to relate his or her experiences in connection with the ghost.

Well, last Christmas Eve, in the library, after dinner, these family virous worked the ghosts into a highly nervous state. My pal Ronald, the third member of the family, whispered in my ear, and together we made the ladies nervous. In the hall he said "Tozer, old man, let's give them a real ghost. I don't believe the family have seen these ghosts all their imagination. I'm going to don the great-grandfather's kilt, go through the garden, and tap three times on the library window; then I want you to draw the curtain, and—well, I'll do the rest of it to you." Like two devils let loose, we prepared to "lay the family ghost." I followed my pal upstairs, and, strange to say, into the bedroom that had been allotted to me. From a large corner cupboard, Ronald pulled a long tin box, in which was his great-grandfather's kilt. He was soon dressed, and well, the joke went awful well, much to the delight of the guests and the disgust of his people, who were frightfully annoyed, the kilt in question being one of the sacred possessions of the family. However, the kilt was put away, and after a lot more fun downstairs bedtime came round.

On returning to my room I was amazed to find the contents of the box scattered about the room. Expecting a practical joke, I had taken the precaution to lock my door after we had returned the kilt to the cupboard, and had put the key in my pocket, so that no one could have entered the room to upset the box, as I now found it. Imagine my feelings! I was actually shaking, and thought hard. I packed the things in the box again, put it back into the cupboard, undressed (still thinking), got into bed, and went to sleep.

About the middle of the night I awoke up, perspiring like a bull. I had that awful feeling of being hot and cold all over. Then I found myself staring at something. Staring at the side of my bed was Ronald's great-grandfather, dressed in the kilt. I knew from a painting in the hall, which showed him in the very kilt that he was wearing as he stood at my side. I believed it must be Ronald playing another joke, and shouted, "No you don't, Ronald—you can't kid me." I switched off the light. The ghost—for it was a ghost of that I am certainly stood there, the light for a moment and then glided towards the cupboard and vanished.

When I became a little calmer, for my heart was beating like a horse, I got up and switched on the other lights in the room and went to open that cupboard, not knowing what I was going to see, but the blessed (or cursed) old box and kilt were still there. I did not turn the lights out, but sat in my dressing-gown, and wondered what would happen next. In the morning after my bath, I looked like—Potted Death.

I related my experience at breakfast, and left soon afterwards. I felt too ill to join in the festivities that were to be, and the idea of amounting to a haunted house did not appeal to me. This is a true story, and since that night I have never believed in"

A BAD BOY AND HIS SISTER.

By Lionelle Howard.

O NE of the most amusing incidents at some amateur theatricals and just before the performance one of the children had sudden pains of a most alarming kind. Having a doctor's training, I immediately attended the child, and found that he had been given some kind of poison. The theatricals were of course stopped. Next day the truth came out. The child's older brother, about eight years of age, had a part in the play which he did not like. In order to put a stop to the performance he had induced his little brother to eat some sort of biscuit under the pretense that it was cake. The plan succeeded, but the boy had more trouble than if he had played his part. He was to have been a Hun.

MY CHRISTMAS WITH SPOTS!

By Elizabeth Riddon.

HAVEN'T you ever spent a "spotty" Christmas? Well, I have. It was when I was seven years old, and believed in Father Christmas and fairies (of course, I still believe in fairies). I thought Christmas was the most wonderful time that ever could be, and had prepared a row of stockings in case there should be enough. On Christmas Eve I went to a glorious party, and came home at ten o'clock feeling very miserable! Think of it—spots at Christmas! I was banned to bed right away from everybody, and the doctor shook his head sadly. No turkey, no pudding, no mince-pie, no fun—just spots! Mother ordered me up by hanging my row of stockings on the bed-rail. They looked beautiful, I was nearly asleep, when a package of Christmas toys came up to me. My eyes grew round with horror. "Oh, mother! suppose Father Christmas should catch meesles from me and take it to all the other children in the world?" Mother assured me that I shouldn't get them for a long while. Then she said, "You are quite right, darling, we must warn Father Christmas." Our sheet of paper, signed by my hand, was posted in the night.

DEAR FATHER CHRISTMAS, PLEASE KEEP AWAY, SPOTS.

Then mother put it up the chimney. I cried a great deal because I knew I could have no presents. But mother cuddled me up, spots and all, till I felt comforted. She said, "Never mind, Baby; if we can't have a Merry Christmas, we'll have a brave one."

And we did.

Dear Picturegoers, that was many years ago, but my mother's wish is very much in my thoughts at this time. If we can't have a very merry Christmas, we will have a brave one, wont we?

BLANCHE SWEET.

MY REAL GHOST STORY.

By Blanchie Sweet.

It is not uncommon for articles when asked to give their greetings to their friends and relatives to tell a Christmas ghost story. We have one to relate, but the incident did not happen at Christmas. It occurred in
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, whose first big performance in a Metro feature, *The Second in Command*, may now be enjoyed in many exchanges.

DOROTHY PHILLIPS, the beautiful Trans-Atlantic player, who will next be seen in *Six Months to Live*, released on December 16.

CLARA WILLIAMS, the crack female rough-rider of the Lubin Company. She is appearing in a Western picture—*It Happened in the Hi Is*.

GEORGE FOLEY, the English player who has made such a striking success in *The Woman Who Did*, a Broadway production coming in January.
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THE OATINE CO. will send to all readers of "Pictures" a charming photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon together with the delightful Oatine Toilet Outfit illustrated herewith. Send to-day and test these wonderful toilet preparations of which Miss Risdon speaks so highly. Read what she says:

To the Oatine Co.—
Please send me half-a-dozen more jars of Oatine Cream by an early post. I cannot tell you how useful I find this delightful preparation in my work. I use it regularly, and as a cleansing agent consider it better than soap and water, as, besides removing the surface dirt, it brings out dust and grime from the pores of the skin.
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Really there is nothing like it, and it is a pleasure to recommend it.

Yours very truly,
Elisabeth Risdon

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This is what Miss Elisabeth Risdon, the leading cinema actress of the day, says of Oatine Face Cream. Oatine has hosts of friends amongst cinema actresses, but it is not often that a lady with the great reputation that Miss Risdon enjoys expresses such definite reasons for its use.

This enthusiastic testimonial is undoubtedly the strongest argument that can be brought to the notice of the readers of "Pictures," and in the belief that they will wish to test these wonderful toilet preparations, the Oatine Co. will send to all enclosing 3d. in 1d. stamps for postage the Toilet Outfit illustrated herewith. It contains—

1.—A bijou tin of OATINE FACE CREAM, which restores the natural oil to the skin which the alkali in soap and hard water is always removing. This oil is Nature's own protector and rejuvenator.

OATINE FACE CREAM contains no animal fat, and cannot grow hair. All Chemists stock OATINE in white jars, 1½ & 2½.

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3.—A 3d. Case of the delightful "Oatine" Toilet Soap.

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6.—A 50-page Booklet entitled "Beauty and Health."

Together with the photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon referred to above.

THE OATINE CO., 245, Oatine Bkgs., Boro', London, S.E.
Some Christmases We Have Known

(Continued from page 228.)

California in broad daylight, with a typical Californian sun, fit to burn every blade of grass in the place. I was rehearsing my part in the "War of Virginia," which deals with the period of the Civil War, and the house selected for me was one of the real pre-war residences. I was told that one of the young ladies of the house had during those stormy days been led out and shot as a spy by the Northern Army, and that her ghost sometimes haunted the place. Well, after I had dressed myself for the part, I went down the staircase, when, to my horror, I found the lady of the story coming along the corridor in my direction. She was dressed in the fashion of the period, and her face looked white and strained. I nearly collapsed with terror, and called for assistance. What made my blood run cold, however, was that, although she was approaching me, I could not hear the sound of her footsteps. It was an absolute-dead silence. I gave a little scream, and they sank to the ground. The director, finding I had not arrived in time for the scene to be taken, came to look for me. I pointed to the apparition, which was also seated on the ground. For a second he looked startled, then he glared quickly at me and back to the apparition. "Why, my dear," he said laughing, "it's yourself." It was. A large mirror which fitted into the complete side of the wall facing me had given me the impression of open space, and as I walked towards it, I walked towards myself, forgetting that I was clad in the crinoline dress of the Civil War days.

Now I am careful of large mirrors.

Blanche Sweet

A WELL-REMEMBERED VICTORIAN.

By Billy Merson.

It seems so many years ago now that I scarcely like to recall the occasion. It was on Christmas Eve I made my debut as a public entertainer in a small, unromantic town in the North of England. A friend and myself were engaged for a pantomime as Keith and Merson, to play "the old men of the sea" parts.

Things did not go at all well during the first week of rehearsals, and we looked like getting the "bullet." Our parts were so thin that on the first show-day it was nearly the dictum of the management, "You won't touch, but go." Anyhow, the comedian who played the dame was taken ill, and the manager was in a fix. In desperation I volunteered to play the dame as well as my own part. My offer was accepted. Nobody in the audience knew, but there was I as the dame, having to show my affection for my partner, and in a later scene as the old man of the sea preparing to strangle him.

I was told I made a success in my new parts, the appreciation of the manager being shown to me by an additional five shillings per week. What? Oh, yes, five shillings was a lot in those days.

Yes, it's an ill Christmas that does nobody good.

Billy Merson

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

By Christie White.

I CAN tell you about a joke that was played on me one Christmas afternoon long ago. I was a little girl, and a lot of pranks on cousins came to visit us. After the Christmas dinner we children were all told to go out and play. There was a big farm not far away, and my cousins pretended that they had arranged to catch a goose there for New Year's dinner. Because I was younger I was not to come. That was just their way of getting me to want to come all the more. Of course it worked, and I was furious until they said I could come and hold the big burrap bag until they had rounded up the goose and drawn it into the bag. They chose the spot, between a pond and a shed, where there were some bushes. They fixed the bag wide open and had me hold it. Then they went off to round up the goose... .

* * *

I waited till about five o'clock, and then went to look for them. I met a gardener who told me to keep off his farm and I was so scared that I ran all the way home. When I arrived there I found my cousins all playing in the nursery. I was properly mad, and I never stopped crying until all my cousins had been suitably punished.

When I want a goose now I don't chase it, I buy it in a shop.

Christie White

OUR CINEMA PIANIST HAS A MERRY (?) CHRISTMAS.

1. I leave when others begin to enjoy themselves. 2. I shiver for hours in a cold hall. 3. I miss last train home and walk. 4. I find all in bed, and cook my own supper.

The COMMUTERS' IS KUMMIN

HURRAH! HURRAH!!

KUMMIN's HURRAH!
The “Pictures” Intermezzo

Dedicated to all readers of “Pictures and The Picturegoer” by the Composer, FRED ADLINGTON.
PLEASE READ THIS

If you have learnt by experience to know that when you see either of these names on the screen you are certain of a good picture.

If you know this, but you do not know the time, money and trouble which is spent on each production to ensure that you are not disappointed—WE DO.

These Release Dates of some of our productions will put you up to date for the moment, but only for the moment.

To keep up to date, subscribe to "THE REVIEW," a Monthly Magazine which tells you all about Famous Players and Lasky Pictures.

THANK YOU

RECENT RELEASES

November
1. Mary Pickford in "Rays."
8. Blanche Sweet in "Secret Orchard."
15. Tom Channing in "Will Go On.""
22. John Mowinckel in "The Perils.""
29. Pauline Frederick in "The Eternal City.

December
6. Hazel Down in "Night."

COMING

December
13. All Star Cast in "May Blossoms."
24. All Star Cast in "Moth and the Flame."

January
17. Mary Pickford in "A Girl I Yesterday."

To The Famous Players Film Co., Ltd., Publicity Dept., 166/B, Wardour St., London, W.

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OUTSIDE in the night the combined exertions of inkless darkness, slash, and sparseness of light, provided the component parts for a good new-fashioned Christmas, but inside the baronial hall conventional dreariness was dined to the winds, and beneath the hospitable roof was gathered a merry group who, blighting from their memories all thoughts of the cares unsympathetic producers would strew in their paths upon the morrow, determined to spend the evening in a good old-fashioned way.

Crackers leapt upon the shining damask, holy and evergreens hung upon the walls, while many sprigs of mistletoe were snugly hidden ready to their owners' hands and only awaiting the signal for the retaliatory assault.

"Say!" a voice rasped grimly, as its owner suddenly saw a sprig of the white-hued herb appear above the head of the little lady who shared the foot of the table with an immaculate personage, "will you pack up and wait for the whistle, or must I have one of your band staked suggestively to the bulging holster be, as ever, towed astern.

"What's the matter with you tonight?" his partner said sharply. "Did you bring me in or was I dreaming.

The eyes of the roof from the far-off plains lost their ferocity and took on a gentler light as he turned to them, "Say, I reckon you must pardon me," he answered; "but I'm so used to pulling my gun to win the lady that happens to be around that I forget for the moment. Let 'em enjoy themselves while they're young.

Yoan and I Kathleen--

The probability of a thrilling argument, but just at the crucial moment, when the holstered one was praying for the prompt arrival of his verbal reserves, a loud roar cut the atmosphere and the guests turned their attention to a weird, hairy animal that had entered.

"Keep your seats ladies," the jovial chairman cried from behind his rampart of turkey, "That's not a mose, Ford," he added, severely, addressing the Mormon-like gentleman, who had decoyed a tame Selingon on to the hearth, and was attempting to eaves his appetite with a lark's wishbone and a few other trifles he had brought with an old copy of Pictures which marvellous publication he now repented defiling, as he wished to deposit it in the family archives. You can't fight with the pretty little pet, do it in the cell-cellar.

Let the feast be served, Gadzooks! I'm half-starved! he added, putting his dippers with lovingly.

As he spoke, the turkey being succeeded in priming its playmate into a corner, and, apparently ignorant of the present the lady-killing Charlie had affinity to the

length of cable Nature called its tail, proceeded affably to discuss the question of food supplies and economy, where he had been spending the last few seconds, the Mormon like one seemed to lose interest. A moment later the door crashed open and amid cheers a waiter staggered in beneath a pyramid of small bottles while a rich voice trilled gaily:

"When I get my civics clothes on--"

"No more soldiering for me--"

But little Britannia, Brit-

Crash!! Bang!! Crash!!

A little man whose pedagogy is the envy of every village policeman, and whose mustache has set the fashion among Army officers and others, had sprung nimbly from his seat, and, holding the Pimplequesque waiter deftly round the neck with his cane, caused the cackery to crash to the ground.

For a heartbeat moment the snarled one tottered on his base, then pulled himself together.

"What the devil was that?" he queried, and his stentorian tones told plainly where he had been spending the last few months. "You big-footed, baggy-trousered monstrosity, I'll show you!"

With a rush he came on to stagger back and settle without dignity among the broken plates as his assailant's foot rose gracefully to meet him.

Up again, amid the cheers of the men and the walls of the women, but only to reel back again upon the outstretched tail of men, who had no thoughts of anything save to fragment the Selingon might leave. The dog's beautiful mistress meanwhile kept bitterly at the sight of her assaulted darling.

"Tut, tut-ooh, tut, tut, and R!" the gentleman with the early head, whose boots, &c., and whose mustache, &c., was beginning to chide, when he suddenly sprang up as Jean became aware that something was wrong, and prepared to sample the nearest and largest pair of pants. "Good dog--good little dog--surely you wouldn't be so naughty as to make a meal of your Uncle, Carl?"

"Wait until they find your pink form, my bright lad," his soldierly antagonist exclaimed. "Oh, may I be a drill-sergeant then!"

"Bah! Fish! Ba-han!"

With other expressions of disgust Charlie resumed his seat, and saw to it that his mistletoe was still safe. "Wait, my lad, until I play Napoleon's air."

Napoleon—ah, well do I remember playing him in one of those rusty old-fashioned melodramas.

Eighty pounds a week they offered me to clad me persistently above the limit of conversation interviewing the mighty atoms—pre-picture reminiscences. Eighty pounds and all my hotel expenses. "But, as I told them, "my dear boys, it wasn't enough, one must live, even in war time."

Voice resounding, drawing one sweet so, raise that unmeasured something about Animus, and for a few moments the mustache, this man, assisted by view and other experts, struggled gamely with his duties. "By the Lord Harry," he wheezed at last, lapsing into that grand old Anglo-Saxon which was so in keeping with his look and attitude, and, by my halibut! but we think our worthy host hath procured this feathered one from one of those factories where, from morn till night, they do nought but manufacture. Forth with gentle, spare but a moment from the telling of the tale to grasp the tusk firmly, that in good time we may proceed with the revered portions of the seasonable delivery.

"Marry, how's the game, gentlemen?"

Like men they rallied to his side, and the unseen struggle went on right good.

"Hold it, Harold, my boy. That's right, Warren. No, for the love of Mike, don't shoot it, Broncho. That's it; hold it, Charlie, hold it."

"Call it, lads. Oh, a god undiluted hyphenated great-souvenir."

A cry of alarm rang out on all sides as the quaint one side slipped, pirouetted, then, amid a shower of rich brown feathers, his arms clasped firmly round the crisp, unspun dress that had once "gobble gobble gobble" blythe in a Surrey farmyard, crashed violently into the sideboard. A moment later willing hands had dragged him forth, and while his one-time antagonist sprayed him plentifully with seltzers with a view to removing the grease that clung to his hair and moustache, the worried chairman sought aid elsewhere.

"Ladies," he bellowed, almost tearfully, "can not of you suggest anything? It is already 8:30 and unless we get a move on we shan't get home, and we shall miss the carol party of renters who are going forth on a thanksgiving expedition."

The men, especially the married, and 

(The end on page 253)
You who read are—we safely say—one of the million friends whom we have found or held this year. We have given you many thrilling or restful or happy hours with our big plays and with our sincere straightforward interesting players. At Christmas time you can look back with pleasure on the Hepworth year of 1915.

**Great Picture Players**

**Alma Taylor** won the great contest of "Pictures and The Picturegoer" by a large majority.

**Chrissie White** achieved a great triumph in Sweet Lavender.

**Violet Hopson**, "the dear delightful villainess," played a charming heroine part in The White Hope.

**Stewart Rome** has scored heavily in Iris, The White Hope, and Sweet Lavender.

**Lionelle Howard** has become one of the Hepworth Stars.

**Henry Vibart** in his dignified "lord" parts is welcomed everywhere.

**Henry Ainley** has become the idol of cinemas as well as of the stage.

**Great Picture Plays**

**Iris** won the unqualified praise of Sir Arthur Pinero and of the whole trade.

**Sweet Lavender** is already a great popular success.

**The Man Who Stayed at Home** has equalled the original play in popularity.

**Court Martialled** has been the most successful war picture-play yet produced.

**The Sweater** won the big competition at Manchester.

**The Incorruptible Crown** was booked everywhere.

**The Basilisk** created a sensation.
Stories of greater strength, more beautiful and striking production, greater skill and power in all our players—those are the factors that guarantee brilliance and nationwide popularity for the Hepworth year of 1916.

You will remain our friends and you will bring us thousands more. May this Christmas receive an added touch of brightness from the thought of Hepworth in 1916.
FOR A TOTALLY INADEQUATE DESCRIPTION OF THIS FEARFUL
THE GUESTS FROM LEFT TO RIGHT ARE:—At Back—Selig Animas (uninvited), Billie Re- Taylor, Henry Ainley, Grace Cunard, Tom Santschi, Mary Pickford, Warren Kerrigan, Anita Stew Table—James Cruze, Kathlyn Williams, G. M. Anderson, Elisabeth Risdon, Florence Turner, Mabel Selig Lion (invited), Ford Sterling,
WONDERFUL GATHERING OF STARS AT YULETIDE, see Story on page 269.

In Order (Waiters), Billy Merson (Pudding-bearer); Back of Table—Chrissie White, Charles Rock, Alma Lockwood, Mary Fuller, Fred Paul, “Fatty”—Roscoe Arbuckle (Carver); Near End and Near Side of Marc McDermott, Vivian Rich, Maurice Costello, Edna Flugrath, Stewart Rome; In Foreground—The Join, “Jean,” and “Pimple” (Waiter).
Entrancing is the only possible word to apply to the delightful characterisation of the part of "Phyllis Ladd" by Margarita Fischer in this Four-reel Drama. "Infatuation" is a strong story enacted in a bold way. The theme of the story is the love-hunger of a Young Girl for a Golden Young Man.
OUR PICTURE-PLAYERS

XMAS DINNER PARTY

(Continued from page 229.)

those about to leap from the high spring-board of life, breathed again as they heard how deftly he managed to escape that daunting anguished death... and what had been an awkward statement, although one or two of the fair sex who had noticed the speaker’s heightened colour and momentary hesitation, promised them to investigate at the earliest moment.

"Come, lads —" Slowly they rose, and looked searchingly at the carvers, the implements dropped on the table, and the rage that refused to be curbed; then they laughed, but their laughter held no mirth.

"Oh," one of the fairest of the fair remarked, in that tone she usually applied to the supercilious "walkers-on," whom she alleged frequently tried to ruin the picture she was producing, "did you not know?"—

"Know what?" the more male element queried, with sinking hearts.

"That a carving-knife has two edges—a blunt edge and a sharp one..." In carving it is customary to use the sharp edge and leave the blunt one to the woman..."

"One for the missis, what?" Jean, the collie, whispered to the Schionig, who had just lofted a tuft of black chin-whisker, and was now chawing a lamp in the fashionable horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Um," he of the manner answered as the spectators disappeared. "I didn’t notice the excitement. I was busy." He licked his lips and rose slowly. "That silly ass wasn’t had as an appetiser. Now—now for a bois d’arc, and then—" his yellow eyes lingered affectionately on the chairman, who, at the moment, was reaching for the turkey—an entree or a joint or two... Jean, my friend..."

He looked round in amazement, for at the mention of bois d’arc the collie had reared up. Only for good reason—

"He was used as a footstool by his beloved mistress. Meanwhile hostilities had nearly broken out anew between the little group, at the foot of the table—a pug and a collie—until I—"

"stopped," the chairman interposed, "the hero by marching in before the going went.

"Gee whirr! Likewise gee-ru-mule! the desperate hissed, grinding his teeth for the fiftieth time. If this don’t stop, there’ll be air flying about, sure.

"Taint that I’m interested in the millinery line myself, seeing that I’m—a—let it pass. But I believe in fair play—fair play, as I’ve shown it on every side even in this country. And every other hand that has a pull on respectability on old Mother Earth.

"Git, you galoot," he shouted, as releasing his hair from the white bonnet, and reaching towards the hero bent closer to the dimpled cheek of the fair one, above whom the muzetoon

flattened red, "out it or, by thunder I’ll fill you!"

"Will you two stop arguing?" she added to the ladies, quiet, drooping the protesting blight of the ill-fed chairman..."

"Stop this minute, or you won’t be allowed to join in the glad game of ‘kiss in the ring’ after dinner!" she cried to the girls..."

"Kiss in the ring, Oh, put me among the girls," a Deenan Street prize-winner chortled—her memory awakened by the glad words.

"Direct threat: Under it the storm died away, and the throb of the moment before had been druggers drawn learned each other in a manner that put the finest example of dental advertising completely to bed.

"Suddenly weird music left the air, and a zephyr-carried thistle-tune of a singer, who, standing in soaking boots in the outer darkness, enrolled with a skillfully assumed huskiness of ‘the Pure who—dine alone here’ this Merry Kremashale—"

She made a magpie hair, and thrice the goldfinch hair, gripping with good health, joy, and a recent evasion of the new licensing restrictions, marched one who held back the padding—the padding that brings joy to the small boy on the day and more joy to the family doctor on the morrow. While from the left entered those who for the nonce held hogg lioche in beerery and industrial winecellar. All eyes flashed as the goldfoil-necked bottles were gracefully arrayed by the open portal; then, as the two uninylates stood to attention and awaited orders, a sight, bright as balm o’ baronial health, was produced.

The half-inch growth of moustache trembled antagonistically, and the feet, ‘those feet which matron, maid, or more man never touchd’ (“some” ad) performed their own peculiar feat which elicited a shrill cry from their owner’s nostrils.

"Upon my word, but this reminds me more than ever of Christmas,” a gentleman with a Byronic air, chided the plump and rosy turkey—"an entree or a joint or two... Jean, my friend..."

He looked round in amazement, for at the mention of bois d’arc the collie had reared up. Only for good reason—

"He was used as a footstool by his beloved mistress. Meanwhile hostilities had nearly broken out anew between the little group, at the foot of the table—a pug and a collie—until I—"

"stopped," the chairman interposed, "the hero by marching in before the going went.

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"Git, you galoot," he shouted, as releasing his hair from the white bonnet, and reaching towards the hero bent closer to the dimpled cheek of the fair one, above whom the muzetoon..."
With yet another Christmas and the war still running, we ought to be thankful that there are any Christmas films at all in store for us. And yet the number of pictures specially produced for the festive season is even smaller than it was last year, those that have been so produced are first-rate in quality. The following "tabloid" stories of some of the new Christmas pictures are not intended to indicate that there are no others. There are others as good and others, too, which, produced last Christmas, are so good that they are being released again this month. Among them must not be forgotten Mary Pickford as the most charming "Cinderella" ever seen on the screen or the stage. This Famous Players film will bear seeing many times over. Then there are the British film "Potted Pantomime" covering several well-loved fairy-stories, issued by Gaumonts, and—what is quite a novelty in filmland—the Ideal Company's picture "A Corp of the Old Block," which is played entirely by children, the principal taking the part of Charlie Chaplin in a truly remarkable manner. With this brief introduction, we will proceed with the tabloid stories.

"EVERYHEART."

It was long, long ago, and Everyheart, learning of the wickedness of the realm of mortals, decided to descend to Earth and scatter good works amongst human beings. On his way to the World he lingered in the Garden of God's Gifts, knowing that he would need many of these whilst on his pilgrimage. And he was taken into the presence of the Angel of Kindness.

"Give I beseech thee," he said, "gifts of Kindness and Protection, which I may carry them to the realm of mortals."

And Everyheart's request was granted. "But," added the Angel of Kindness, "she gave him her gift, "List me, thee" by life's eternal law it is decreed that every munus gift shall be taken away. Take heed, therefore, and bear in mind my warning message. Also, exchange the gift for those of the World, they are useless."

And Everyheart departed. He reached Earth, and, heedless of the Angel's warning, he traded his priceless gifts for Passion and Selfishness. And money was his next desire, but a detaining hand restrained him. Everyheart turned and saw a woman more beautiful in face and form than he had seen since he ascended to Earth, and, becoming enamored of her loneliness, Everyheart offered unto her his gifts of Kindness and Protection, for which she gave him her love. And they were wed.

And years passed by, and still Everyheart lingered upon Earth, but tiring of the love which the woman bestowed upon him, he became neglectful. Then did she find solace in the love of the other man. Everyheart was enraged, and, becoming the prey of anger, departed.

The woman, stricken with grief, fell fainting to the floor, where, on his return some hours later, Everyheart discovered her. He summoned a physician, who assured him that Kindness was the only cure. Everyheart, mad with anguish, set out on a search for Kindness, but without avail. He had long lost the track of the gift. And he prayed to the Angel: "Send me, I pray thee, a gift of Kindness. I have no렐ent, but I no repent, and if thou wilt only send me thus I will give it unto the woman whose love I hold."

And the Angel said and fulfilled the desire. The gift was Everyheart's and, basing it with it to the side of the woman, she realised that the man had repented, and renewed again her gift of love.

In one reel only, this pretty, mythical story, a "Beauty" production, forms a most unusual offering from the usual pantomime subjects.

"CHARLIE SHANGHAIED."

Charlie stared at the stranger who had put the great question to him with well-bred astonishment.

"Work!—I was born to it. Name the special variety of the herb you desire me to specialise in:"

"Listen," the unknown whispered, hitching up her slacks. "I am mate of your ship, the Figaro. She is short-handed, and men must be obtained. That is your job. By fair means or foul, s'il!"

Charlie smiled, as ordered. "And the coot, the dubs, the chippies!" he queried. "That you can safely leave to me. Now, to work."

The form of the mariner melted away. Poor Charlie was left staring after him, and his heart sank as he realised that the request for an advance that had trembled on his tongue was still unspoken. However, the job was easy, and seizing a large mallet, he concealed himself in an empty barrel. Soon, through the boughs, he saw the mate return, accompanied by a group of men with whom he argued. They halted by the barrel; their backs were towards Charlie. He rose slowly, the mallet fell surely, and in the twinkling of an eye the crew of the good ship Figaro was complete.

Charlie scrambled from his concealment and laid the mallet aside. "Put the barrel there," he said, holding out his hand, and a few moments later Charlie was added to the good ship's crew. Over the first few days of the voyage let us draw a thick veil. Charlie and his new comrades suffered as only those who go down to the sea in ships—those who are not sailors—do suffer. They cursed their cruel fate a thousand times.

(Continued on page 23)
YOU SEE ALL STARS IN

METRO

PICTURES

Metro Pictures lead the world in power and artistic quality. Thrilling incident and good acting. Metro Pictures are alive and give the most enjoyable entertainment.

LOOK FOR THE PARROT POSTERS OUTSIDE THE CINEMA—THEN GO IN!

Metro Pictures are a revelation to those who see them for the first time.
WHEREVER you see a notice outside a Cinema announcing "The Broken Coin" you can walk right in with the fullest assurance that you are going to see two rich reels of adventurous romance and palpitating thrills, and we prophesy that you will find your first experience of this fascinating story so keenly enjoyable that you will go regularly every week until the story ends.

"The Broken Coin" is the title of The Trans-Atlantic's fifth serial photo-play.

THE first instalment was "released" on November 29th. There are twenty-two weekly episodes. Grace Cunard and Francis Ford, of "Lucille Love" fame, are the stars of the production, and in every episode you can see Eddie Polo, the man who fights like a demon to protect Lucille Love from her enemies and incidentally provides you with some gorgeous thrills. Find out where it is being shown and see every single chapter of "The Broken Coin" serial picture story.

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Special Offer to 'Pictures' Readers

12 LARGE PHOTOGRAVURE PORTRAITS OF LEADING CINEMA STARS FOR 1/- POST FREE

We are able to make the very special announcement this week that readers of "Pictures and The Picturegoer" can obtain from The Trans-Atlantic Film Co. a set of exquisite photogravure portraits, size 10 in. deep by 8 in. wide, for the small sum of 1s. post-free.

The names of your picture favourites included in the set are:—Lois Weber, Phillips Smalley, Ben Wilson, Dorothy Phillips, King Baggot, Jane Gail, Violet Maenser, Edna Maison, Sydney Ayres, Warren Kerrigan, Murdock Macquarrie and Mary Fuller.

This is a unique opportunity. Don't let it slip by. Send your shilling to-day. The supply is limited and we don't want to disappoint you.

sand times, a thousand times they prayed for death, and a like number of times the mate's boat made them forget everything but the urgent need for putting a stop to it. Then one day the dark clouds drew apart and the sun shone again. It happened in this way. Charlie was working, working in the hold, when he saw a radiant vision coming towards him. At first he doubted the evidence of his senses, but, as the ruby lips parted showing the dazzling rows of pearly teeth, he leapt forward.

"My angel," he gasped, as he crushed her to him.

"My own sweet Charles!" she murmured, nestling.

"But my own—the ship lurched, severing their loving hearts, and it was some seconds before they succeeded in coming to clutches again. What brings you here?" The maid-en-blushed.

"You remember that night when you told papa that we were lovers, and his answer?" Charlie did remember both the night and papa's answer, and the memory chilled him into silence. "Well, after he had kicked you out I mean, after you left the house, we had an awful scene—I told him that you were all in all to me—Charlie began to thaw and that nothing should part us. Of course, you looked me in my room; I escaped, followed you, stowed away and here we are, beloved.

Once more the waves waged war upon their love, and once more virtue picked itself up triumphantly. "My own", Charlie spluttered, gazing rapturously at her jewelled finger, "and here we must remain hiding.—Ssh! listen, they are sitting on some plot; soon it will be hatched, until then we must watch and wait, but—" he hurt his off-side foot in adding force to his statement: "we will never be parted again.

In his stately mansion the great shipowner sat trembling as he gazed at the ship of scented note-paper in his hands. "Father," the words danced before his eyes; "you have torn two hearts apart. . . . He has sailed on the Tagora, and I shall follow him to the world's end... Yes; no more," "Birdie, the Tagora!" he gasped. "the ship which is already doomed, the boat which my burning mate and master will send to the bottom for the sake of here... No! it shall not be!

Lighting a guinea cigar, he gave a few hasty telephone instructions, and before the first signs of a new day touched the heavens his pertial yacht crept out of harbour on a long, stern chase.

"It is time!"

With almost a shudder, the master of the Tagora replaced his brutal crop, and followed by the mate, crept into the sky wind that swept the ship's decks.

"Ssh!" For a moment they covered down, then pressed on. Pertinently they opened the hatch of the main hold and crept noiselessly over cases of priceless merchandise until they stopped.

"It is here!" the master hissed; enough dynamite rests in this hold to wreck St. Paul's. Quick, light the fuse—now to escape!" All unconscious of the lovers who-

(Continued on page 221.)
A Grand "Beauty" Production for Christmas

This is a delightful story, just fitted for the festive season, quite original in theme, and right away from the pantomime plot. Go to your favourite theatre and ask the manager to be sure and include it in his programme for December 23rd.

NEVA GERBER

Don't forget the date! When you have seen "Everyheart" write and tell us what you think of it.

"EVERYHEART"

Presented by The American Company (London), Ltd., 193, Wardour Street, W.

"Everyheart" was sent into the world with such priceless gifts as 'Kindness,' 'Protection' and 'Love,' but he traded them for 'Power,' 'Selfishness' and 'Wealth.' He wedded the 'Spirit of Kindness,' but his worldly actions killed her. In desperation he sought the 'Spirit of Love' and by her aid his wife was restored to him.

WEBSTER CAMPBELL

In this scene the Spirit of Kindness dips into the Well of Truth, while Satan trades in "Power" and "Selfishness."
watched from behind a case of Eno's Fruit Salt, they scuttled away.

"Hustler," Charlie cried, if I am to save the Virgin and our lives!"

He seized the bomb and rushed on deck. The miscreants saw him, and howled for mercy; but, with a jarring laugh, the dauntless hero buried his missile. A flash, a pungent report, then, when the smoke cleared, they saw that Nemesis had indeed fallen well and truly upon villain.

"So much for their infancy," Charlie said, sternly, then his eyes softened as they searched the sea, "and see, my Birdie, yonder come our rescuers!"

Half an hour later they stood before the white-faced shipowner. With the gesture of one accustomed to be obeyed, Charlie motioned his sweetheart aside.

"Papa and I have a little business to discuss, my darling," he said, gravely; then he turned to the man whose feet had spurred him. "Now, what about it?" he demanded, grimly.

"She is yours, my boy. I was mistaken. I did not know your worth."

As you must have guessed; Chaplin is the other name of Charlie in the above

Joseph and Mary with the Infant Jesus.
A scene from the Edison Sacred film.

THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

This beautiful Edison picture is, of course, more appropriate than any other subject for the festive season for it deals with the first Christmas. It has been handled reverently, and in its way, a little masterpiece.

In the role of the Virgin, Gertrude McCay is the personification of innocence, love, and purity. The scenario has been carefully prepared by the Rev. de Witt Welton, who was most careful to see that every detail was perfect and the sacred atmosphere all that could be desired. The film version follows closely the magnificent Biblical story.

"THE VAMPIRE.

The two men looked at each other keenly, then the elder man bent over their beautiful companion.

"You hate the world; is it not so?"

Mlle. Jeanne LeFarge laughed harshly. "Hate it—yes, and everything in it. A few years ago," she continued, "I was a girl, pure, innocent, and the world was very good... Then one day my guardians were killed in a motor accident, while I was injured... Taken to a hotel, I was attended to by a surgeon who was staying there... Soon my gratefulness turned to love... He said that which I could not have conceived, even had I wanted to, and the knowledge fed the passion that burned in him... Unsuspectedly and without question I gave myself to him... I was his body and soul. Then, on the
Who will be first in your District to show

"AS FATE ORDAINED"

(Majestic, 4 Parts)?

Produced under the direct supervision of
D. W. GRIFFITH, the Master Mind in the Cinematograph World.

The general opinion is: “Better even than the Outcast.”

For the full story of this masterpiece see “Pictures and The Picturegoer,” issue published on 18th December.

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WORTH NOTING.—Our next 4-Reel exclusive, "BRED IN THE BONE," Released Feb. 28th.

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A PICTURESQUE CHRISTMAS NIGHT'S DREAM.

Day when he had promised to make me his wife, I received a note, the words of which are burned upon my brain for ever: "I am already married, so I cannot marry you. Today I leave you, but I think that you should know the truth." That was all. I tried to end my life, but was frustrated. Then, as soon as I was well, they drove me forth penniless. Do you wonder that I hate her?

The younger man moulded, and his friend took the woman's hand. "Then join us," he whispered softly, and we will help you to avenge yourself. Within a short time Jeanne had become the leader of the little band of desperadoes leagued to prey upon mankind, and to the detective forces of Europe she was known as the 'Vampire.'

Then one day Gaurin, her chief associate, burst into her room in the fashionable hotel where she was staying.

"Ma chérie," he laughed, gaily, "we are in luck. Yes, luck that will give us the wherewithal to rest from our labours, and which will also place the rope of pearls you coveted in Petrograd around your slim, white neck."

Jeanne looked at him lazily.

In this very hotel is a young diplomatic attaché, and with him are papers for which a certain Government would give a King's ransom. He is young and impressionable; you, Jeanne, are very beautiful—you understand.

"True; and, my beauty being a business asset, I acknowledge it without con-

it. How do we proceed, ma chère?"

"There is nothing easier I have made this bad acquaintance, and already his imagination is inflamed by my tales of his enemy. He wants below the favorite for the promised introduction. Come!"

If ever I pass, as Gaurin had predicted, young Sterling was immediately in love with his beautiful companion and at last, unable to contain the passion that consumed him, told his so-called friend that his greatest wish in life was to make Jeanne his wife. Gaurin turned away to hide a triumphant smile. You have my permission, and my blessing," he said at last.

In seventh heaven of delight Sterling received Jeanne's whispered answer to his meticulous question; but to the new feelings in the woman's troubled heart were strange as she caught sight of Gaurin's watchful, menacing face, and heard the words he whispered under a pretence of brotherly delight. The bird is in the trap, my queen of crooks. Strike while the iron is hot!"

A few days later she faced him. "You have the papers?" he cried.

"Yes; but, for God's sake, listen Gaurin! I cannot carry out the plot. I cannot help to ruin the man I love."

"The man you love," he hissed, and she swayed before his anger; did she not listen to what I have found out this man, for love of whom you would betray comrades and fling away a fortune, is the son of the man who ruined you?"

After many months Sterling and Jeanne stood face to face once more. "Forgive me, dear," she pleaded, scaring to look into his accusing face, "that I had to see you once more before another woman claimed you for her own. After all, I was your first love."

Sterling laughed harshly. "The love that nearly wrecked my faith in woman taught you, Jeanne, to love another, but that love is nothing to the adoration I felt for you . . . And now—The question she longed to ask died on her lips, and she turned sadly away. "Jeanne!" his cry rang through the room, "you must not go!"

"Richard."

At the sound of the stern voice Sterling released Jeanne and turned to face his father.

"What is this I hear?" And the older man continued, "You, who are engaged to the daughter of my nearest friend; dare to say such words to a strange woman beneath my very roof?"

With a cry, Jeanne sprung round, and as he recognised the beautiful white face, 'Dr. Sterling staggered back. "You," he gasped; "your adventures?" Her eyes flashed with scorn, "And who made me your adventuress?" who robbed me of all a woman values; who cast me aside.
Can STOMACH & BOWEL INDIGESTION BE CURED?

YES, THERE IS ONE CURE.

Then Why Do People Continue to Suffer for Years.

BECAUSE THEY DO NOT KNOW

Most persons suffer from Indigation because they do not know that three-quarters of all the food they eat is digested in the Bowel and only a quarter in the Stomach. They try to cure themselves by taking Purgatives—Pepine, Macsees and Soda Mixtures—or starving themselves.

WHY PURGATIVES FAIL—Purgatives give the bowels relief only to increase the troubles, especially flatulence, afterwards. Purgatives do not digest food; they simply expel it, and the bowel depends now more upon artificial substances.

WHY PEPSINE AND SODA MIXTURES FAIL—Pepsine digests Alimentary food in the Stomach, but does not digest Starchy food in the Bowel, and as three-quarters of the food is digested in the Bowel, Pepsine must fail.

Soda does not digest food, and too often neutralises, and so destroys the digestive material in the Stomach.

WHY STARCHY IS USELESS—When the digestive glands are so weak that they do not produce the necessary digestive fluid to stomach them, they make them weaker. What they require is strengthening a nourishment, and to get that you must eat food and also take the necessary remedy to digest it so that the nourishment is extracted and carried to those weak glands. Then, as they grow stronger from day to day, they help more and more to digest the food.

WHY MAGNESIA FAILS—Magnesia is an Allot and therefore too often counteracts the Gastric Juice which is an Acid. Consequently, it often gives a feeling of relief for the no acid, but it does not digest one atom of food; it counteracts and neutralises and destroys the Gastric Juice, so that you can see how harmful its use, and particularly repeated use, must be.

WHAT MUST BE DONE TO CURE IN DIGESTION—You can say that the only cure must be a Digestive Ferment of Digestive Ferments. No curement can be extracted from the food until it is digested, and the time must be in the Stomach (there is a little digestion in the month from the Stomach). Then the process is continued down the Bowel. If such a Digestive Ferments as Nature must have are supplied in the Stomach and at the Liver at a point, down the Bowel, and if the Bile Glandular which is so important, is correct, the food will be gradually digested and the nourishment thus extracted by the Incus, so that only refuse will finally remain; the Liver begins to work a natural, Heartburn will disappear, there will be no more acidity or flatulence, the blood will become pure and riper, and Constipation will be gradually cured. By taking Ciefa you can soon see what you like, you get all the nourishment, and your food is moved in both Stomach and Bowel, as well as flatulence and constipation.

As digestion in the Stomach fail in the Bowel improve, the dose of Ciefa can be reduced, and soon it will not be required.

No other remedy can cure Stomach and Bowel Indigestion, for Ciefa alone contains the natural Digestive Ferments which Nature must have.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you think. You know how worry of an affect the Stomach, indeed, the whole secretory tract. Nausea and vomiting often result from anxiety or a fright. If you are worried the worst is that you are not worried; your digestion is weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestive system perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, but by taking a Digestive Ferment, which increases the indigenous, but by eating liberally and regularly, and taking Ciefa to assist digestion, because Ciefa is the only remedy which contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity and in such purity, make digestion impossible, and make digestion perfect and certain.

WARNING, pass upon you by selling to one of the worthless institutions of Ciefa, at 3d, or 7d., now on the market.

At Xmas or any other time travelling, visiting, or eating away from home causes constipation. That is not the Liver it is Bowel Indigestion. Ciefa is the only cure.

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The Four Feathers.

By A. E. W. MASON

SINCE the days when the Pharaohs piled up those massive structures the Pyramids, Egypt has been a land of mystery much loved by the dramatist of every age. Here Mr. A. E. W. MASON arranges the most thrilling episodes in his famous play, "THE FOUR FEATHERS." This has been filmed by POPULAR FILMS, and is to be released in a few weeks. The story is of a young officer haunted by the dread thought that in the hour of difficulty he might play the coward and betray his good name and that of his ancestry. How when he was ordered to Egypt he resigned, and was sent three white feathers by his chums and brother officers, his fiancée giving him the fourth, and breaking their engagement. Going to Egypt, he was successful in winning back his name and also his loved one. The story of his battle as a native in Egypt to gain this end is of thrilling interest; the setting and scenario arrangements are really fine. "The Four Feathers" will be talked about. Don't forget to see it.

Salomy Jane

is a Californian story by Bret Harte of true Western excitement. Laid in the mountains of California during the days of the great gold rush of ’49. It is a thrill, with the romantic interest of a young society shaping the first semblance of law and order out of chaotic lawlessness. This will be released about the middle of January. Make a note of the date. APPLY FOR SYNOPSES.

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PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER
“War Nerves” and Sleeplessness.
Terrible Neurasthenia Cured by Dr. Cassell’s Tablets.

Mrs. Cox., 3, Usher Road, Roman Road, Bow, London, E., says: “I had suffered with my nerves and sleeplessness for years more or less, but about the beginning of the war I got into a terrible state of nervous depression. I could not sleep, could not sit still, and I suffered from frightful headaches and windy spasms. I cannot describe how depressed I felt; I used to cry for no cause. But the sleeplessness was worst of all. This got so bad that I had to get up in the night and walk about. “Still I grew worse; I could not remain in doors, but had to go out and walk through the streets. I felt better when moving. Doctors said I was neurasthenic and that my blood was full of uric acid; but they didn’t cure me. Then I tried Dr. Cassell’s Tablets, and have improved ever since. Now I am in really good health.”

Dr. Cassell’s Tablets.

Dr. Cassell’s Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alleviative, Anti-epileptic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nervous and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for:

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- Nervous Debility
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- Premature Decay

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by chemists and stores in all parts of the world, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.
The Christmas Spirit in the Home

The Christmas Spirit is the Home Spirit. This was the thought the Edison Company had in mind when producing the four fine Christmassy Picture Plays described below.

Now, as never before, every home needs the particular kind of peace and happiness that is contained in the "Spirit of Christmas," and which is revealed in EDISON CHRISTMAS PLAYS.

Now, as never before, everybody—young and old—needs to see the Edison Christmas Picture Plays.

The acting is so life-like and so human, one cannot help being fascinated as the stories are unfolded by EDISON PLAYERS. The plots are real old Yuletide plots, while the settings of each play breathe forth the genuine Christmas atmosphere.

TO BE SEEN AT ALL THE BEST CINEMAS.

THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR
Nothing finer, more beautiful, or more appropriate for the season has ever been produced. Parents should certainly take their children to see it.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE WRONG SANTA CLAUS
A Christmas Detective Story in semi-novelle vein. Shows how the children's presents were stolen.

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
A wonderfully charming Christmas Fantasy, told as only the talented EDISON PLAYERS know how to tell a story of this description.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE
A Christmas Society Drama of unusual interest and power.

We shall be pleased to send you three photos of your favourite EDISON PLAYERS on receipt of 2d. to cover postage.

For 6d. We will send you post-free a set of Photographs showing scenes from EDISON Plays. Please mention what Plays you are most interested in.

Thomas A. Edison, Ltd., 164, Wardour Street, London, W.

A CHILD'S DREAM. Cinema drama. One reel. Mlle. Cinesima. A pretty drama, in which a child's faith is substantiated by events.

QUICKSANDS OF LIFE. Victory drama (British make). Three reels. Dramatic results through the resemblance between twin brothers.

ADVENTURES OF DEADWOOD DICK. Samuelson drama. Released weekly for six weeks. Two reels each part. Fred Paul as the popular British hero.


THE FIRST QUARREL. Nordisk comedy. One reel. A shrieking comedy, in which many ridiculous scenes result from a wife's jealousy. They are responsible for the shrieks.

VENDETTA IN HOSPITAL. L-Ko farce comedy. Two reels. Billy Ritchie. Coaches with a bomb-throwing scene in the ward and the burial of Billy under the deck.


CORA. Metro drama. Four reels. One of many dramatic moments in this fine picture-play is a woman's fight for honour with a guest at her own table. Emily Stevens plays the name part.

IN TRUST. "Flying A" drama. Two reels. Jack Richardson and Vivian Rich. A tale of the mountains when life was risked to steal the ranchman's stock. Greatest feature issued by them this year.

NOT WANTED. Edison drama. One reel. Herbert Prior, Sallie Crate. Richard Peer. A pathetic but pretty child story that will penetrate the hardest heart because it is true to life. Story in No. 23, November 27th issue.


J. D. B. Walker's World's Film, Ltd.

THE HOUSEMAID. Reliance drama. One reel. Marguerite Loderidge, Frank Bennett, Wilbur High, and Marc-Anton. A rich man's son loves a servant girl, and finds that she is worth loving.

New Majestic Company.

Film Titles Traversed. No. 18: "Temper." (Essanay Drama.)
A Trio of Trumps!

Billy Merson, that most versatile of British Comedians, has by his efforts in "A Spanish Love Spasm," "The Man in Possession," and "The Only Man" placed himself high in the front rank of film actors. If you have not seen either of the two first-named films, make a note to see both, or you will miss something good. "The Only Man" will be released at an early date, and, as this is one of Merson's finest efforts, don't miss it.

The Globe Film Co Ltd.
81-83, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.
Telegrams: Biophosco, Telew, London.
Telephones Recent 5600-3/3/6 Lines.
DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS -

Although this number is devoted to Christmas, it is too soon to wish you a merry one. Consider, however, that I have been writing to you again before the great day arrives. I had told myself that the only subject to write about in the Christmas Number of this familiar film was, however, a few yards last year Mr. Editor has informed me that I am not allowed to discuss Christmas in the Christmas Number. Now after films what is it like to read best in a Christmas Number? It is a ghost story; and I have the story, too, because it happens to be an experience of your Uncle Tim. "I can hear a thousand voices exclaim; so here and now I will set it down in writing for the first time.

Many years ago I was invited to spend Christmas with a married friend of mine, who lived in an interesting London district, about two miles from the railway station. Business kept me late in town, and it was nearly twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve when I left the train and started to walk to my friend's house. It had been snowing during the day, and was in a frosty night; the frozen snow made it rather difficult to keep on one foot.

I knew the walk from the station quite well. It was a very lonely one, away from any houses, and some part of it took me through a public footpath which divided a large cemetery. Tall gravestones on either side separated the public from the graveyard itself.

As I have stated, it was Christmas Eve, and, feeling in the jolliest of moods, I lit up a cigar and trotted along humming the chorus of a comic song which I intended to inflict on my host on the morrow.

The cold wind began to cut my face, and I noticed that the moon was half obscured by heavy-moving clouds, which looked like more snow to come. I did not meet a living soul, and as I approached the path through the cemetery the chilly loneliness of the scene impressed itself upon me, and, shivering, I turned up my collar and put on more speed. The church clock struck midnight. I had just finished counting the chimes, and was looking towards the belfry from whence the sounds came when something brought me to a dead stop.

From behind a gravestone on my right, some distance away from me at the foot of the mound, I rose up slowly a long, white object. I was so astonished that I became simply rooted to the spot where I had stopped, and could not move. But the ghost moved. It ran up over the tombstone, and, without touching the ground, raised its arms towards me. Then it stopped. The moonlight was very hazy because of the clouds, and I could not see more than that the shape of the ghost was tall and white and vapoury, but what amazed me most was that it moved off the ground and over the tops of the tombstones. The sight seemed to freeze every drop of blood in my veins.

I had never believed in ghosts, but here was one I argued with chattering teeth, if ever there was, for how could an apparition be anything but a ghost when it chose to appear among the graves? "T.T. Thank heaven, I stuttered, the railings are between us," and with grim determination I took to my heels and ran the whole length of the path. At the other end I looked back, and, horror of horrors, the spectral ghost was still after me. Frightened as I was, the thing fascinated me that I had to look. It was quite two yards from the earth now. It passed quickly over several tombstones, and with staring eyes I watched it actually that over the top of the iron railings which shut in the cemetery. Then it appeared to be making for me, in a straight line, and I gasped for breath and fled. A stretch of common dotted with clumps of furze bushes lay between me and my friend's house, and I never stopped running or looked back again until I had gained my doorstep. Never was cheery dinner more welcome. I rushed in and implored my startled host to give me a strong brandy and soda. Without a word he gave it to me, and I swallowed it in one gulp. Then when I had come back to myself in the warmth and the gaslight I told my friend what I had seen.

Of course, both my friend and his wife flatly refused to believe the story, and soon afterwards we all packed off to bed.

The next morning Christmas morning, the "ghost" was being again discussed at breakfast when my friend's only son, a little boy of ten, burst into the dining-room. "Look what I've found on the common, dad," he shouted in high glee.

And what do you think it is? A large white feather, similar to those that used to go up at the Crystal Palace on firework nights. "It was caught in the bushes," explained the boy. "Is it a beauty?"

"Yes," and his dad laughing heartily, and turning to me he chuckled: "Jackie has caught your ghost, Uncle Tim!"

Alas! my space is gone and I have not given you the result of the "Riddle" competition. Never mind, I will publish that, together with the result of the competition which follows it, in next week's issue. For this week I will give you a story competition. Write a short story round the quaint little Santa Claus in the picture on this page. He has just paid a visit to the doctor's house. Address the post-card to "Santa Claus" Pictures Offices, 10, Long Acre, London, W.C., and post to arrive by Monday, December 13th. Four men's Christmas books for the senders of the best stories are now with Uncle Tim.

YOU'LL BE GLAD!

INSIST on your local cinema manager booking this great Nordisk detective drama and you'll be glad you took the trouble.

THE MAN WITH THE MISSING FINGER

No. 2. The Mystery of the Midnight Express

Full of thrilling, exciting, absorbing interest that will fill you with delight! You must see this great picture!
When is your Local Manager showing “THE WOMAN WHO DID”?

ASK HIM!

“THE WOMAN WHO DID.”

By GRANT ALLEN :

Produced by WALTER WEST, for the Broadway Film Co.

Scenario by AUBREY FITZMAURICE

EVA BALFOUR as "The Woman Who Did."

YOU MUST NOT MISS SEEING IT

Write for postcards of Miss Balfour to the

GERRARD FILM CO., LTD., The Film House, GERRARD STREET, W.

Of course you’ve heard the Elaine Song and know the line it has. Here’s a good chance for a hit at your Xmas Party. The Chorus is really very catchy and always goes exceedingly well.

ELAINE

is sung and played in every Cinema through Britain.

CHORUS

(Repeat)

May E-Laine, E-Laine, please come down from the screen and join us in the merriment. (1st Line)

Price

6d.

Footage 1d.

To be had direct from Publishers, or

Pattress’ Office, 15, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Try through this chorus, then send seven stamps to your MUSIC SELLER or the Publishers, for a copy.

WHAT ABOUT ONE FOR YOUR BOY IN THE TRENCHES?

YOU KNOW HE LOVES A GOOD CHORUS SONG.

ASCHERBERG, HOPWOOD & CREW, Limited, 16, Mortimer Street, London, W.

SULPHOLINE

This famous, natural, non-irritating skin remedy is a marvel of beauty. A golden formula, containing a rare essence, renders the skin clear, smooth, supple, and beautiful. It is sent to those who wish to obtain a clear complexion. It is the only remedy for women who desire a perfect complexion.

Photography

From any Photo

Carve and Engravings

S. E. HACKETT

Works, Jew Road, Liverpool.

USE OUR PLATES

Half Plates, 1s. Quarter, 6d. Postcards, Is. 10d.

S. E. HACKETT

Works, Jew Road, Liverpool.
We give below the twelfth set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers Competition—Screened Stars. The Competition is quite simple—and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames (only) of well known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. Thus—take picture No. 1 in the first set—a pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player—Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. Do not send now—keep each set till the final set has appeared. A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions, £5 to the next, and £10 each to the next ten, and 20 consolation prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. You can send in as many sets as you like. Fill in the twelfth set now and begin in mind, even if you cannot get all the answers right, you may yet win the £10—and there are 20 consolation gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages. Back numbers containing previous sets may be had from our Publishers.

ENTRY
Name
Address

12th
Set.
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

A CHRISTMAS STORY:
"TELLING IT TO THE MARINES."

One of the famous pictures of "The Shrew's Lament" (the Christmas Number of "The Passing Show")
on sale everywhere, priced 3d.
Besides being clever on black and white work and himself a brilliant pianist, is a composer of no mean order. Already he has over two hundred published pieces to his credit.

**A Perfect Pipe and Present.**

How to make hard work a pleasure
the law, in my case being the production of this number. I am an inveterate pipe-smoker, and hearing of the "Last Word" pipe I had sense enough to invest in one. It is inside down, the tobacco burning from the bottom upwards, the proper way for a pipe to burn. No, you do not stand on your head to smoke it, and to all appearances it is an ordinary and very nice affair, but in place of waste and a wet plug you have economy and more tobacco. "Tommy" at the Front can smoke this pipe when ordinary pipes are forbidden, because no glow comes from it. To all my lady readers I would say, Buy your favourite boy a "Last-Word" pipe (see advertisement on another page) as a Christmas present. Pipe-smokers who have no girls to remember them should buy and smoke the pipe themselves.

**Players' Portraits for Postage.**

Have you noticed in our pages the Edison Company's free offer of three photos of their players for two-pence to cover postage? If you collect your favourites, this is a chance that should not be overlooked. Mention Pictures when you write for them. Do not forget that it picture postcards of films favorites are published we have them. A list may be had free from this office.

**A Great Triple Capture.**

In addition to *Fire* from the *Mudlark* Group already mentioned, the Ideal Company have secured from the Hepworth Company Pinero's brilliant play *Ace* (which I told you about in a previous issue) and another Turner film, *The Great Adventure*, which ran for two years at the Kingsway Theatre, London. This last named film was produced by Larry Temble, and in it Henry Ainley resumes his original part.

**A New Brand in "Pall Mall."**

Harold Weston, of the B and C Company, informs me that he has just produced *Motherhood*, written by himself and starring Lilian Braithwaite, Fay Temple, and A. V. Bramble. This strong story is the first of a new series to be produced by Mr. Weston for B. and C. and to be called "Pall-Mall" Films. Good luck to him and them.

**The Man for British Films.**

Davison, the British agent, is handling many of them at any rate. Besides the "Pall-Mall" series, he tells me he has secured the "Uni-a-Jack" Films, the first being "Hakgataz:" a short, bright picture for Christmas. Among others, he also has, *A Soldier and a Man* (B and C) and *Her Life in London*, a "Martin" money maker. Great South Clays; my space is gone.

**SWEET LAVENDER**

Produced by Mr. Cecil Hepworth.

By Sir A. Pinero.

This charming story, which is the most celebrated of all English plays, has lost nothing in the film version. The acting of Henry Ainley and Alma Taylor is responsible for the fact that this film is classed by the critics as one of the foremost British productions.

It will soon be shown all over Britain. Those who desire to renew their acquaintance with the masterpiece, and those who have not had this good fortune, should certainly arrange to see it when shown in their district.

**BY THE SHORTEST OF HEADS**

Everybody loves a stable story, Horses, Racing, Love and Bribery are the ingredients of some of the very finest of films and plays. There is an excellent blend of all in this great film.

If you like good stable stories, here is one of the best ever filmed. Make a note of the name, and don't miss it.
With all good wishes for a Happy Christmas to our friends and readers.

The Turner Films, Ltd.

Xmas, 1915.
P. E. (East Ilm) — Sorry, dear boy, the cast you want were not given. "The Haunting Fair" appeared here once or two weeks ago.

V. (Hammermith) — Snob Finch was not John Bunny's wife. Mrs. Bunny did not play the part of the 'Tyrannical Mother'. Famous Players was released Nov. 17th.

Purcellgood (19th month) — Quite a run on Mary Pickford's address this week. See reply "Miss W."

Papoy (Petycase) — Write to our publishers (Oehlenschlager, Ltd., 154, Long Acre, London, W.) for back numbers. Glad to help Pickering to supply his loyal brother to gas a many pleasant hour. The best of luck to him from all of us.

A. W. S. (Clapham) wishes to thank "B. M. P. of Walsall", for the reply to letter "Letter Bag". "Five Nights" was filmed by Barker. The other information was not given.

Dave (Cymmer) — We have no photo buttons from the Hepworth Film Mfg., Ltd. and the personal and confidential questions we cannot answer.

Edna Brunel — The addresses you want are given in replies to "Lid" and "Miss W." Thank you.

Edna Pluigrath the "London" player. This is one of our latest posters.
CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

Under the Mistletoe.

She: "I suppose you will commit suicide if I refuse you?"

He: "That has been my custom."

Daysing Granny!

Granny (to small boy at a Christmas party): "Why don't you want any dates, darling?"

"Cos I don't want to be a Normanock."

An Xmas Brain-wave.

"Waiter, this knife wouldn’t cut butter, and the turkey’s as tough as leather."

"A good idea, sir. Strop yer knife on yer turkey, sir."

A Surprise for Papa.

"What present would you like on Christmas morning?" asked his father.

"Oh, I should like a present of a nice new little baby brother, but papa isn’t to know anything about it."

A Doubtful Compliment.

Labourer (to elderly lady laden with presents as she enters crowded tramcar on Christmas Eve): "Ere take my seat, mum. Some coves never stand up for a woman unless she’s young and pretty, but I ain’t particular, I ain’t."

Christmas Turkeys in Camp.

Mrs. Cook: "Bill, next time you send along a crate of live turkeys just you see that the devils can’t get loose. I’ve been scouring the neighbourhood for ‘em and can only find fifteen."

Orderly: "Ush, Joe! 'ush, I only sent yer ten."

A Christmas Box.

A little girl lo-t her pet canary on Christmas morning, and was inconsolable. She was somewhat comforted when her father gave her an empty cigar-box to bury it in. After the ceremony in the garden she grew more cheerful, and said, "Mother, won’t the gardener get an awful yell to-morrow when he finds it’s a dead canary, and not cigars?"

BROADWEST FILMS

have secured as Leading Lady

Miss Muriel Martin-Harvey,

Daughter of the Famous Actor.

The Broadway Company is now busy on a big production, in which the following "Stars" appear:—Miss Martin-Harvey, Lily Saxby, Thos. H. Macdonald, George Bellamy, and J. R. Tozer.

"BURNT WINGS"

will be ready before this issue appears.

11, DENMAN STREET, LONDON, W.,
And Esher, Surrey.
ALL-BRITISH PHOTO-PLAY

To be seen very shortly at the leading Cinema Theatres throughout the country.

THE

WHITE HOPE

(HEPWORTH FILM).

BASED ON THE SUCCESSFUL NOVEL BY
W. H. R. TROWBRIDGE.

ADAPTED BY VICTOR MONTEFIORE
and PRODUCED BY FRANK WILSON.

The Complete Story of the Film will appear in next week's issue of 'Pictures and The Picturegoer.'

All Communications to—

MOSS' EMPIRES, LTD.,
EXCLUSIVE FILM DEPT.,
86, CHARING CROSS ROAD,
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Telephone: REGENT 5235
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THE CUP OF Chance

A Three Reel Drama of Love Wine, Passion and Poison

ALICE BRADY as the STAR

Released on February 28th 1916

THE GAUMONT FILM HIRE SERVICE.
JESSE L. LASKY presents Youthful and Beautiful

INA CLAIRE in A Dramatic Romance

"THE PUPPET CROWN"

In Four Acts.

Released DECEMBER 20.

Produced by JESSE L. LASKY Feature Play Co., 166-170, Wardour St., W.

HELEN HOLMES

Of Hazard, of Helen fame, who will figure in the serial to follow The Broken Chain. (See also page 258.)
SELIG FILMS WILL BE BETTER THAN EVER NEXT YEAR.
:: :: INSIST ON :: ::

SEILG’S

SOME “IDEAL” WINNERS

The following is the record—GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY CORRECT—of the bookings on a few “Ideal” Exclusives to Tuesday, Nov. 30.

Films to be Released Shortly.

“LIKE A OTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER” (Trans-Atlantic)...
Jan. 31.......
4,000.

“STILL WATERS RUN DEEP,” by Tom Taylor...
April 10.......

“THE GREAT ADVENTURE,” by Arnold Bennett...
Mar. 27.......

“IRIS” by Arthur Pinero (Hepworth)...
Mar. 13.......

Other “Ideal” Sensational All-British Releases in 1916.

“ALONE IN LONDON”...
Aug. 9.......

“11.59 A.M.”...
Aug. 2.......

“THE PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE MAN”...
July 19.......

“THE ENEMIES”...
July 12.......

“THE BOTTLE”...
June 7.......

“HER NAMELESS (3) CHILD”...
May 24.......

“THE WORLD’S DESIRE”...
May 10.......

“FROM SHOPGIRL TO DUCHESS”...
April 19.......

“FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE”...
Mar. 22.......

“CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK”...
Dec. 27.......

“JIM—JUST JIM” (Trans-Atlantic)...
Jan. 10.......

“FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD,” by Thomas Hardy...
Feb. 23.......

“WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN,” the “Ideal” Prize Story...
Feb. 7.......

“CASTE,” by T. W. Robertson (Turner)...
Jan. 24.......

With Sir John Hare as Eccles.
The Popular "Beauty" Comedy Star. Her very latest appearance is in Uncle Jack. (See page 27.)
Picture News and Notes

You must not miss our Christmas Number. If you have it not, get it to-day. Twopenny, and worth it!

Next week's Pictures, the one dated December 25th, will be quite Christmassy in character, although of the usual size and price. Please note.

In spite of the fact that she has had offers from other companies, there is no truth in the rumour that Blanche Sweet is leaving Lasky. She isn't.

An actual conversation: "There's a lot of money in pictures," said a promoter, warmly. "Yes," said his listener, sadly, "there's a lot of mine!"

But, given a good plot, a good production, and the right players, the spectator should be able to make the same reply, wearing a smile.

An American picture-house recently offered a free ticket to every applicant who had never seen a motion-picture. Two hundred tickets were distributed.

Dr. MacNamara thinks that "even the smallest plots should be cultivated." But we respectfully take exception to the cultivation of even the smallest oilly film plots.

A carpenter has presented a cinema manager in Sussex with the following bill: "To cutting and hanging two doors myself and one assistant, seven and sixpence." Were they cine-martyrs?

Prison "Pictures".
The Minnesota State Prison, said to be the largest and finest prison of its kind in the world, is very an up-to-date institution. Every week they show pictures to the "inhabitants." If it happened in two prisons "six months" would lose some of its hardness.

Pretty Girl as "Ugly Duckling."
At the Balboa studio a picture entitled The Ugly Girl in the World is being made, and in this Jackie Saunders will be featured in the same part. We all know that it will be necessary for Miss Saunders to disguise herself for this part, but in the end her make-up may be removed as the duckling becomes the most beautiful bird.

Beverly Bayne, Newspaperwoman.
BEVERLY BAYNE, the Metro star, is one of the few women in New York City who has a police card, usually given only to newspaper reporters, which entitles her to pass through police lines at fires, accidents, or similar happenings. It has just been given to her by the Commissioner of Police, for Miss Bayne has qualified as a newspaper writer, in addition to her work in motion-pictures. Hundreds of newspapers throughout the country use her special articles on women's fashions.

A Recipe for Reels.
THE Selig Pictures recommends these ingredients, mixed thoroughly:

The Amazing Camera.
Blowing dust off the face of a 4,000-year-old mummy! What next? you gasp? But it actually happened for a coming Trans-Atlantic interest film which was made near the great Pyramid, where excavations are going on to "unearth" a buried city. For the first time in the history of the world the actual digging and discovery of a mummy is shown in a moving-picture, and you will see natives calmly blowing away the dust in order not to destroy the crumbling bones.

Our Cover Portrait.
HELEN HOLMES, whose breath-taking adventures have already made her world-famous, has accomplished further deeds of daring in The Mettle of Jerry and Mud Hound, a Trans-Atlantic drama coming in January. In this film her baby starts a railway engine, and in order to rescue the child, Helen makes a flying leap from a motor-car on to a moving truck, and whilst the train is rushing along she climbs up over a series of trucks until she reaches the engine and stops it. Truly wonderful!

Our Film Stories.
In reply to many readers, full stories of the following films have appeared in the following issues during October and November—
October 1st—The Birth of a Nation; A Woman with a Past.
October 3rd—The Woman Who Died Not Greater Love.
October 10th—The Maiden.
October 23rd—After the Storm.
October 30th—High Treason.
November 6th—The Silent Orchestra.
November 13th—The Ordeal.
November 20th—The Mystery of a Hansom Cab.
November 27th—Nest of Great Cities; The Face in the Mirror.

British Comedies the Best.
WHENEVER America needs a real funny first-class comedy for the screen she has to come to "The Old Country." Charlie Chaplin, Billy Ritchie, Billy Reeves, Syd Chaplin are all British, and, moreover, are chiefly supported by Britishers. Indeed all the male members of Chaplin's Company—viz., Billy Armstrong, Leo White, Laurence Bowes, Harold Holbrook, George F. C. Elgrtho, and Fred Goodwin are British to the backbone.

Rival "Carmen."
KEEN rivalry was created recently in Indianapolis, where both the Fox and the Lasky house workers of Carmen were being shown the same week. War was waged between the rival theatres. Every available board bloomed with posters of the Fox Carmen. So the Lasky house put a car on the streets bearing a band and banners. Then the Fox house retaliated with a larger car with a sign reading, "Joe William Fox Carmen beats the band." This led the Lasky house to change its sign to "We lead, others follow," and "We can afford a band," and the Fox car replied with, "Ours don't need a band." Both houses were packed.

The young son of William Lame, the Balboa player, has the earmarks of a prospective filmmaker. A recn in ritor at the Lame house gave the lad a shilling.

"A shilling," said the lad, "is a fairly good sum," said the four-year-old, handing back the silver piece. "Why?" queried the amazed benefactor. "Because grandpa gave me that in the gas-meter," replied the youth.

The PLAYER'S HOLIDAY. No. 7.  
Henry Ainley is Fred Sterling.

The COMMUTERS IS KUMMIN

HURRAH! HURRAH!
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1. UNDESIRABLE ALIENS: Tod Sloan, the ex-jockey, and Mlle. d'Herlys, who have been deported.
2. RIVON V OR FRANCE: the French President visits areas in Alsace from which the hated Esches have recently been driven out.
3. A smart, sailor-shaped, plush hat, its only trimming being one magnificent ostrich plume.
4. One of the chic head-dresses "chef tu" so much worn at the moment. It is composed of a gathered woollen crown and brim, from which rises a small frill of peacok velvet, which is joined to the crown by a broad of floral design or a band of expensive fur, preferably ermine.
5. THE FRIEND OF MAN: Red Cross dogs at work in the mount inns districts of the Hartmannswiller. 6. A GAS ATTACK: Training recruits for the "real thing" in Flanders.
7. HEROES OF MESSINES: The London Scottish have an "al fresco" lunch whilst on a route march.
"THAT," said Claudia Carisbrooke, raising herself in the car, "is where my brother's pugilist is training."

Her companion, glancing in the direction indicated caught sight of a pretty cottage, flower-grown, and called out by the great shady green trees for which the Asbury Estate was famed through the whole of verdant Surrey.

"The pugilist?" she questioned, with an expression of frank surprise.

"Oh, haven't you heard about him?"

There was a touch of boredom in her tones. "He is Durward's latest 'hobby'—they met on the voyage home from Colombo. An American, I believe, and the hero of over two hundred battles. It seems he has lately won the middle-weight championship of Australia, and is now matched to meet Sam—what is it now—Crow-something—the middle-weight champion of the world."

"Sam Crowfoot," prompted Mrs. Appleby, as they alighted from the car at the wide steps of Asbury Court. "I have heard the name, but I'm sure I don't know where."

From Durward, I expect!" He thinks and talks of nothing but boxing now. He is quite infatuated with this American fellow, and has lent him Park Cottage as a quiet, healthy place in which to train for the coming fight."

The two girls sauntered across the wide terrace of Asbury Court.

"And, of course, you are annoyed? It was inconsiderate of your brother to install a pugilist—and his training staff, I suppose—within a stone's throw from the ancestral home!"

"Oh, it's quite immaterial to me," Claudia assured her. "I sometimes wish I could feel thoroughly annoyed. It is lack of work and an insufficiency of interest, I suppose."

An empty round of social functions and successes had filled her with an ennui that blunted her senses and enervated her whole existence. Her lack of interest in the prizefighter was so genuine and unaffected that when a few days later his presence and request to see her were announced Claudia had forgotten the existence of her brother's profession."

A few words of explanation from the butler brought back to her the incident of his installation in Park Cottage, and rising from her garden-chair she began to ponder as to the reason of the pugilist's visit to Asbury Court.

"Invite him into the garden, Claudia," cried her friend, Mrs. Appleby, as the former made her way into the house.

"I'd simply love to meet the real, live thing in prizefighters!"

But Claudia shook her head. "Perhaps I will invite him to have tea with us one day—if he is presentable enough."

In the great hall she found the pugilist deep in the contemplation of a portrait above the fireplace. She waited a moment, half-armed, the smile in her eyes completing the likeness she bore to her ancestress with whom her visitor was evidently impressed.

At the sound of her voice he turned and stared a moment in wonderment as though half believing that the belle of past generations had actually stepped out of the canvas.

"You asked, I believe, to see Mr. Carisbrooke's sister—I am she!"

With a look of apology he stepped forward, and it was then her turn to show surprise, as she noted his grace of movement, the refinement of his face, with its strong, sensitive, clear-cut features, and the intellect which both eyes and brow revealed.

"A pugilist!" she marvelled, "and I had pictured a brute!"

"I am afraid you are just too late to see my brother," she said aloud, in the hope perhaps of diverting his gaze, which, though ardent and admiring, was positively disconcerting to Claudia. "A friend suggested a cruise in his new yacht," she continued, "and my brother went."

"I am sorry; his friendship meant a good bit to me," said the pugilist simply, but the hint in the voice no less than the personality of this unusual man, and was pleased to sit there chatting with him about his profession and pursuits long after an ordinary visitor would have been encouraged to take his leave.

At length the pugilist rose from his chair. A faint flush spread over his cheeks as she stretched out her soft white hand, thus compelling him to show his own, discoloured with hard usage, though by no means coarse or ugly.

"I wonder," he said, a little diffidently, "if you would care to see how a prizefighter trains for a fight?"

"Oh, that would be splendid," she replied. "May I come to-morrow afternoon?"

He assented with alacrity, and went his way, intoxicated with excitement, to break the news to his "staff"—a body of consciences men consisting of a trainer, a sparring partner, and two seconds, all united in the grim determination to fit Jack Deane for the middle-weight championship of the world.

The announcement that Miss Carisbrooke had promised to visit the cottage was received by them in stony silence; in the private opinion of each she was a "bubbling nuisance." All the same, however, when Claudia arrived at Park Cottage in the company of the Asbury Court visitor, Mrs. Appleby, she was given a distinctly entertaining afternoon in the pugilist's gymnasium, which in her honour had been gaily adorned with flowers from the garden.

After this visit the pugilist called quite frequently at Asbury Court, and was invariably received with the graciousness that Claudia had extended from the very first to this "Greek survivor," as her friend had called the athlete. A strong friendship had grown up between the pair, when, upon arrival

THE WHITE HOPE

Adapted from the Hepworth Picture-play of the Novel by W. R. H. Trowbridge.

By M. OWSTON-BOOTH.

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at the gates of Asylum Court, one afternoon, he encountered Claudia in the act of entering her car. He had brought back a legacy of Rodney Stone, lent him a few days before, and began to chat unawares about the book and kindred matters.

But, to his amazement, Claudia received his remarks with a hauteur of manner that seemed so foreign to the woman he knew and loved.

"I am going to London on important business," she informed him; "but I am sure you a few moments if you will come up here with me a moment.

Descending from the car, she led the way up the steps and into the library. No sooner was the door closed behind them than she broke into a veritable 

"How dare you humiliate me before the servants? Have you no sense of decency, no respect for me and for my position?"

Claudia had seen an ill-concealed expression of amusement upon the face of her chauffeur as the pugilist chatted to her at the gates; and this, following upon the hour of anxiety, she had spent in reading of Delane and the suspense when she had awaited his coming, so long postponed, that she might carefully and wisely break off the acquaintance before she left for London, had made tricks with her nerves and temper.

Unstrung by the gust of feeling to which she had succumbed, the girl sank exhausted upon a cushioned divan and burst into tears. The sight of them was more than Delane could bear; he fell upon his knees beside her:

"Claudia, what has happened? I love you—let me help you."

And in that moment Claudia knew that she had awakened to feeling at last. But common sense told her that she was mad! A pugilist! She struggled to control herself, and raised her hand to his almost in defiance. But the love in his eyes broke down her pride, and she whispered words that filled him with an ecstasy before unimaginable. Delane lifted her, and with tender arms around her, and lips met.

"I sent for you," said Lady Marion, "because I felt that it was time I took things into my own hands. This felly, if persisted in, will ruin my grand-daughter's life. Do you know that at the Reception at the American Embassy the other night she refused the hand of the Duke of Wilton, who is nothing less than a millionaire?"

Jack Delane replied in the affirmative.

"It was the evening of our betrothal," he added quietly. "But had Claudia wished to give his Grace a different answer she must have known that I would release her, and willingly, if it were for her good.

"I love her, for you cannot imagine that this engagement is to be taken seriously. Think of Claudia's future. What can you offer her in place of all the pleasures and comforts that fortune has lavished upon her from birth?"

"A life of love and service," replied the other.

"It is only the novelty of your love that attracts her now. Claudia is impulsive and foolish! I strongly suspect that she has seen her folly already.

In vain Delane reasoned with the shallow, unsympathetic old lady. He explained the changes the ring had undergone since the days when contests took place in a scene of booths and skittle-alleys, swings and sand-boxes, stewards and musicians and bawlers; he told her that pugilism had been reduced to a science that it was nowadays considered an honorable profession by all save those whose judgment was warped by Victorian prejudice and conventionality. He even tried to make her understand how his profession was possible to one of his constitution and fitness. He became moody and irritable; he began to lose interest in his training, in himself, and to lack the confidence which his trainers partly relied upon to bring him through the coming contest with a great victory to his credit.

"Grieved and anxious, the man discussed the matter the day before the date fixed for the match in the privacy of the Highclere " Greyhound," to which Delane and they had removed after the break off of the engagement. He decided that the only thing which could possibly bring their man through the fray with honors was the presence of the woman he loved. Accordingly, the world's full-blooded negro with a pen in his unpractised hand, succeeded in producing a letter to Claudia:

"Dear Madam (it ran), maybe you don't know as Jack Delane was put up to you by your grandmother the day after you left Asbury Court. She says at him to give you up for your good and now he's breaking his heart. He's that down he don't stand much chance of winning his fight. You don't know when you was watching him he'd back up. The fight's to-morrow night, and I'll be a fine one if you'll only oblige and come. Two tickets, with the red-hot one in the true hand. Y'struly, Joe Shannon, sparring partner.

The hours passed, but no reply came, and there was despondency in the mind of that pugilist’s faith by the woman he loved. But at last moment, however, Durward Carisbrooke, who had returned from his yachting cruise to "see our White Hope knock out that negro fellow," put in his appearance at the "Greyhound," and hearing from the trainers how events had shaped themselves, departed in haste for his sister, whom he found in tears because she had no one to save her to the fight.

Whilst Delane was awaiting the great event in the quietude of his dressing-room a telegram was handed in. It was a message from Claudia a few brief words announcing her intention to be present at the match. But for the pugilist it worked wonders, and when he stepped into the centre of the ring to meet the middle-weight champion of America—a full-blooded negro with a skin as black as ebony and as shiny as satin—he was filled with an exultation that trebled his determination to beat the negro champion and redeem the honour of his race. Being native of America, where the colour question is always a live problem, his anxiety to assert the superiority of the white man more intense than those of Englishmen could possibly understand, though, in spite of the fact that a large percentage of the spectators had backed the champion, there were great expectancies among the crowd through the audience that helped to spur on the White Hope.

Every one had anticipated that the negro would rush the white man and overpower him with those tremendous punches that had overwhelmed so many of his previous opponents, but contrary to expectation the huge man started wary, following the other cunningly like a panther on the spring. It was
obvious to all, however, that he regarded the coming fray as a mere "walk-over." There was a look of scorn upon his face that became an ugly grin when suddenly both changed their tactics and fought at a great pace, raising blows upon one another in such quick succession that their heads had the appearance of some piece of intricate white and black mechanism the movements of which it was almost impossible to follow. At the end of the round each man went back to his place unscathed.

The second round ended in pretty much the same way, but the third was decided in favour of the champion, who reached face and body again and again; one tremendous right smash on the neck sent the White Hope staggering like a drunken man against the ropes, bringing cheers for the negro and groans and curses from those who had backed Delane.

"White Hope be damned!" and "White Fool more like!" came the cries from the disappointed throng.

Claudia and her brother were motionless with fear; the former could scarcely breathe. Her hands were stiffly intertwined, like cold, hard sticks of white.

A second later the gong sounded. and whilst Jack Delane slumped quickly into his corner the black man grinned and danced with his seconds.

In the fourth round Delane gave fresh hope to his backers. The champion fell for his man savagely, swinging his right again and again, but Delane dodged the blows and sent strong counter-blows, and the whole three minutes was intensely exciting.

And so the fight progressed through the succeeding rounds. Both fought at a tremendous pace, and both were at their highest tension, as indeed were all the spectators, some actually weeping, and others crying out meaningless things as though in wild delirium.

The White Hope's agility and wonderful recuperative power had stood him in good stead against the bully strength of his opponent, and when he came up for the fifteenth round he was still fresh.

But Sam Crowfoot dropped himself wearily up when the gong sounded, and as Delane sprang at him, driving blow after blow into his face, he retaliated with weak strokes that proclaimed his defeat. Again came a pitiless shower of blows, and the laboured breathing of the weary giant could be heard far from the ring. Suddenly, in an endevour to put in one of his famous right-hand swings, the negro hunched forward—a left hook to the jaw, and it was finished. Down sunk the man whose name had so long been supreme in the ring, but whose reputation as a bully and foul fighter seemed to justify his defeat. The referee stood over him, shaking the seconds into his ear. But Sam Crowfoot was as motionless as a lump of lead, and fully ten minutes passed before he could be brought back to consciousness and the realisation of his defeat.

For the White Hope there was a wild, deafening roar of applause. Hats and handkerchiefs were waving and tossing in the air, but the only thing he saw was the face of the woman he loved. There were tears in her eyes, and her lips were perceptibly trembling like rose-leaves in a faint breeze, and he knew then the full depth of her love for him. A smile, full of meaning, passed between them as the crowd swarmed about them; and Durward Carishbrooke, intercepting the look, put his arm through that of his sister.

"Come," he said, "I will put you into a taxi, and then bring our White Hope down to Asbury myself."

One bright evening a short while later, whilst newsboys in the London streets were chalking "Society's Greatest Catch Weds Famous Boxer," and Lady Marion was airing her disapproval in the strongest of terms to the more or less approving Mrs. Appleby—for had she not admired the White Hope herself?—Claudia and Jack Delane were building plans for the future, quite impervious to the sensation their wedding had caused, from high social circles to the hero-worshiping, idealistic East-end.

Both had been thinking for some minutes motionless and silent upon the wide, lichen-grown terrace of Asbury Court, when Jack said, with no hint of the self-sacrifice he was making:

"Of course, I shall resign my title of Champion, and retire from the ring."

But Claudia shook her head.

"No," she said firmly. "It shall be the work of a day and done—to redeem the honour and grandeur of the ring. The example of your character and career shall raise paganism to the level of all the purest, cleanest, and finest arts in the world. You shall be the White Hope of your profession in the highest, noblest sense."

Claudia's beautiful face glowed with enthusiasm, and her husband's gratitude was immense.

"But will you not some day regret?" he began, willing to forfeit ambition for the sake of the woman he loved.

"Never," she cried, as she kissed all doubt in his handsome face.

THE WHITE HOPE was a great success as a novel, and the author, R. H. Tewksbury, offered the film rights to the Hepworth Company, with the understanding that Frank Wilson, the Hepworth producer responsible for They Called Him Cockeyed, would handle The White Hope. A scenario was prepared by Victor Montefiore, and the cast was chosen.

Stewart Rome, Hepworth star and winner in the great Pictures popularity contest, had been the central figure in the earlier boxing picture. He was, of course, made star in The White Hope. Violet Walters was chosen as the six great Hepworth stars, plays the important part of Claudia with Lionel Howard (also a Hepworth star) as the Earl; her brother, riding pigeons. Both the parts of Claudia's and the White Hope's are a success to-day, because the fighting spirit of the entire nation is aroused. There exists an unavoidable sympathy with, and admiration for, brave fighters. And if the grand old English game of boxing is presented effectively—as in this case with all its good points, and together with a strong story of love and other more or less as such that now guaranteed for The White Hope is practically assured. Moss Empires, Ltd., who hold the exclusive rights of the film, are to be congratulated.

EVERY PLAY-WRITER SHOULD READ HOW TO WRITE A PICTURE-PLAY.

By VICTOR MONTEFIORE

Scenario Editor of the Hepworth Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS

HARRY POLLARD, who appears with his wife, Margarita Fischer, in the "Flying A" Exclusive, Information. We shall publish this story early in the New Year.

BESSIE BARRISCALE, the new leading woman in the New York Motion-picture Studios. In The Golden Claw she had a particularly fine emotional part.

NORMA TALMADGE, now playing for National Film Co. She will be seen in Captivating Mary Christmas.

EDWARD EARLE, a popular player, now leading in Edison films. He has a fine part in The Bedmen's Sacrifice, now showing.
Margery Huntley was one of those humble individuals a dressing gown and a smudge. She had to smile at the customer and say, "What can I do for you, Madame?" even when her head was splitting and her feet were like iron weights. Hours of revolving to the dungeon department to the other. Margery put up with a good deal from the customers in the big department store, and considered herself lucky that she was allowed to keep her place for several years without earning the "snack." But one day her luck deserted her, and a kleptomaniac was the cause of it.

There are two classes of kleptomaniacs. There is the poor and the rich one who is caught at the game, can plead "shattered nerves," and whose relatives smooth it over by sending a cheque to cover the amount of the theft and perhaps a bill to soothe the thieving feelings of the show-owner, and there is the poor kleptomaniac, whose nerves have nothing to do with it. Being poor, she can visit no psychiatrist. In the solitude of her cell, she can maim on the curious distinctions between kleptomaniacs and thieves.

Helen North, belonged to the first of these classes. She beamed her eyes on a pretty article near Margery's counter, and a second later had slipped it into her bag. Quick as had been her act, the article was missed, and the shop detective was given her place. Helen North saw trouble ahead. She, with other customers, did not wish to be searched, and, abstracting the article again from her bag, she slipped it into the pocket of her jacket which was hanging from a stand. The jacket happened to belong to Margery.

Poor innocent Margery spent the next twelve months in prison. When she came out it was with bitter thoughts of the rich Helen North, for she had good reason to suspect her as the conscienceless individual who had made her (Margery) the scapegoat. After a great deal of difficulty, Margery obtained another situation, but a few weeks later, being recognized as a "goal-bird," she was politely but firmly told to get outside the door.

Through the efforts of a charitable lady Margery got herself trained as a hospital nurse, and the change from a "countroom" was a welcome one to a girl of her temperament.

A few months later Margery took up an appointment on the nursing staff of a hospital. Ill-luck again dogged her steps; her good record leaked out somehow, and she was told that hospitals were no places for "crooks."

Then the great European War burst upon a startled world.

Margery's first impression of these sinister invaders was a glimpse of shining aluminium in a dark sky, a violent explosion, and a cloud of dust and flying débris. For several seconds she remained in a stunned condition. Cries of agony resounded on all sides. Part of the "hospital" had been blown in, and the wounded were scattered about the floor. Her nursing instinct reasserted itself. With the help of the uninjured members of the staff, the wounded were tended after, and those outside in the village who had been injured were next brought in. One of the victims was a young woman whose face seemed familiar to Margery. She looked closer, and with surprise changed to amazement. By some freak of Fate, on the bed before her, and probably dead, lay the young woman, who had brought such bitter sorrow into Margery's life—Helen North.

Margery felt the young woman's pulse. It seemed lifeless, and, in accordance with custom, the nurse turned out the other's papers and valuables with the object of sending them to the next-of-kin. A letter lay in an open envelope addressed to a friend of Helen North's dead father. The letter recommended Helen to the care of her old aunt. As she read it, during the scheme entered Margery's head.

She would persuade Helen North, to go to California, and claim a home in the name of the other woman.

"You robbed me of my good name," said Margery, "I'll take yours."

"What does it matter?" she reasoned with an accusing conscience; "she made me suffer in her place; and now that she is dead I am entitled to some compensation. I shall be Helen North and Helen North will be Margery Huntley, a nurse killed by Zeppelins."

Steeling herself for the ordeal, she undressed the other and then herself. A few minutes enabled her to change the clothes, and when the task was completed. Helen North lay in the costume of a nurse, whilst Margery, in Helen's

"You robbed me of my good name," said Margery, "I'll take yours."
A Ministering Angel 'midst the Horrors of War

Blanche Sweet as "Margery" in Stolen Goods. Bottom picture shows refugees flying from the war-stricken Belgian village.
Clothes and with her credentials and letters, followed the route of the refugees, and passed into France.

The next day she sailed for America.

"Name, please?" asked the servant when a young lady presented herself for an interview with Mrs. Rogers.

"Miss Helen North," replied Margery. An elderly lady, with a full, pleasant face, entered the room, and kissed the youthful visitor affectionately.

"Welcome, my dear," said Mrs. Rogers. "This is the first time I have ever seen you. Your dear father was a very old friend of mine, and I felt it a great privilege when he recommended you to my care." The elderly lady blushed a little, and Margery wondered if Mrs. Rogers had been a sweetheart of North's in the dim past.

Margery pulled out her credentials, but Mrs. Rogers waived them aside.

"You must be tired after your long journey. You don't look very well. I suppose the dreadful sights you witnessed in Belgium have pulled you down. Make yourself at home, my dear."

Amongst the visitors at the Rogers' home was Dr. Carlton, an American surgeon who had followed the German armies in their invasion, and, being wounded, had gone back to America to recuperate his health. He had made Margery's acquaintance after both had emerged on the French frontier, and, finding her a compatriot, had struck up an acquaintance with the girl, who was now Helen North to all the world. His pleasant manner made her look visible in his face, and Margery blushed a little at his warm handshake.

"I knew you would arrive here very shortly, so I made it my business to become acquainted with Mrs. Rogers for the purpose of meeting you again."

"Oh," ejaculated the girl, guiltily. She took a glance at the Doctor, who certainly looked stronger than he had that terrible journey from Belgium in railway carriages choked with wounded and dying on their journey to the base hospitals.

"Will you return to Belgium, Doctor?" asked the girl, in an attempt to keep the conversation going.

Dr. Carlton looked at the girl with an unmistakable air of proprietorship. "Not just yet," he remarked, significantly. Margery reddened again.

The next few months were passed in an atmosphere of happiness that Margery had never previously known. Dr. Carlton's regard for her was universal to everybody, and Mrs. Rogers slyly remarked that she hardly thought she would be Helen's guardian much longer. Margery occasionally thought of the dead Helen North, whose place she occupied in the care and regard of Mrs. Rogers, but she asked herself, What did it matter? Helen North was dead, and the dead woman over her reputation for the terrible wrong that had been done her in the past. The wrong on each side was now wiped out.

Three months later Margery, walking down the garden path picking some flowers for the dining-room table, encountered a young woman whose eyes were fixed with a sardonic gaze on Margery. The girl turned pale, and then every drop of blood in her body seemed to rush to her head. The intruder smiled at these signs of emotion, and remarked with studied carelessness:

"Good morning, Miss Helen North"—with ironic emphasis on the name.

The last sentence brought back all Margery's fighting blood.

"You call me an impostor," retorted Margery fiercely; "but what of yourself? Do you know who I am?"

"I am a girl cousin to Helen North, and placed her hands threateningly on her shoulders. "I am not only Margery Huntley, the Red Cross nurse, but Margery Huntley, the nurse who was sent to rescue your sister. I am Margery Huntley, the so-called bird when the real gal-embroider should be Helen North. Do you understand now, you thieving girl?"

Helen North fell back in amazement. Never for a moment had she suspected that here was the girl who had been made the scapegoat for her kleptomaniac, and the revelation, coming at such a moment, almost unnerved her. There was no denying the acumen. Bad as had been Margery's conduct, her own had been far worse. It was a case of "suffer goods" on both sides.

Helen North's conscience did not trouble her very long. She had come to California with schemes of vengeance in her brain, and meant to carry them out. All the effect of her first surprise had died away she said:

"Who will believe that story? Not Mrs. Rogers. Fortunately I have other evidence of my identity than those you stole, and I am going to inform Mrs. Rogers that she has been harbouring an impostor—and interloper."

"Very good," replied Margery, waving her in her heart. "Do your worst. That will be nothing new."

Helen North continued her journey to the house which had apparently been interrupted by the encounter with Margery. The latter, being wronged, had laid her throttling head on the pillow. Her life was over, for she could not go out again into the world, not only with her old character raked up, but this fresh disgrace to cut off all her last hope of a happy career. She wondered what Dr. Carlton would say. He would also cast her from him after the terrible revelation of her Helen North was right. Who would believe that she had been unjustly punished for another's crime? The usual gal-embroider's excuse.

An hour later she came downstairs again, pale but calm. She heard her name called, and, on going to the drawing-room, encountered Dr. Carlton, who came towards her with a smiling face. Apparently nothing was known yet, and Margery breathed freely. The door opened again, and Mrs. Rogers came into the room followed by Helen North, and Margery braided herself for the coming struggle.

Mrs. Rogers looked puzzled and disinterested, and on seeing Margery quickly went over towards her.

I have just been told an extraordinary story. It appears that you have done her a grievous wrong by impersonating her, an acquaintance to me as Helen North. Is this true?"

Margery hesitated, for she felt the game of Dr. Carlton had become fixed upon her in petrified amazement. She had come to the deciding point at last, and resolved to meet it bravely.

"It is true," replied Margery.

There was a dead silence for several
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in
"THE VORTEX"
A Distinctive Photo-Drama in 3 Acts.

THIS is the story of how a woman finds herself caught in the whirlpool of a double lift, and narrowly escapes being submerged in the resultant vortex of ruin and disaster.

The production is full of heart-throbbing interest, and abounds in unexpected dramatic situations.

Featuring
NELL CRAIG, JOHN COSSAR, WARDA HOWARD

See this film at your local cinema, or speak to the Manager. Tell him it's an
IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO

A Film Fashion Bazaar.

ANNA HELD, the famous French comedienne, has gone to Los Angeles to make her motion-picture debut at the studios of the Oliver Morosco Company. Before her departure several newspaper reporters tried to secure a confession of her reported engagement to a Russian prince. The star cleverly avoided all direct replies to the many questions put to her, and blandly smiled at the determined efforts of her interviewers. The story, which Miss Held neither denied nor affirmed, involves a Russian nobleman who met the star on board the steamer St. Louis during her trip to America several weeks ago, and since her arrival it is stated that the actress and the Russian have been seen together almost every evening at the theatres. The Russian has business with his Government's Consul, and it is confidently expected that an announcement of marriage will be forthcoming when Miss Held reaches Los Angeles.

The famous star did not seem any the worse for her vigorous activities on the battle-front in France since the beginning of the war. That she rendered valuable assistance to her country was demonstrated by the enthusiastic praise which has been accorded her by prominent Government officials and other well-known figures.

Just before boarding her car Miss Held said:— "I have brought over a collection of new gowns which I will wear in motion-pictures, and which represent an outlay of a fortune. Besides my new gowns, I have brought over a new 5,000,- Russian sable coat and a 4,000,- ermine cloak. Besides its other qualities, I think you will find my film a fashion-bazaar, as these clothes which I have brought over with me cannot be duplicated in this country and are just fresh from the modiste."

Fairy Fay in Feature Films.

On a recent typical December afternoon, when some of us at least were feeling like fine on account of the cold, fog, mud, and rain without, our office was suddenly bathed in sunshine by the appearance of a young lady daintily clad in furs. In less time than it takes to write it we had recognised our visitor as Fay Temple, who, although having played only seven months for pictures, has already endeared herself to the thousands who have seen her on the screen.

We asked Miss Temple to tell us how it was she came to play for pictures. She said, "It was sheer luck. Of course I have played a lot in drama, farce, and musical comedy. I was 'Peggy' in Tom Jones; I had a rippling part in Pearl Boorade; I was 'Kl-Ki' in The Glad Eye; and 'Zoie' in Baby Mine on tour. But I have also appeared at the Apollo in Paris, where I studied French farce. But I would rather not go back to the stage again. I had often thought of trying my hand at pictures, but was always afraid, and then one day I really made up my mind to start. I did not know many companies, but I thought of two—so I tossed up a ha'penny to decide to which I should apply. B. and C. was the one, so off I went to the B. and C. studio. There I saw Mr. Weston, the producer, who immediately gave me an 'unnice,' but nevertheless the leading part in Shadovs. A 'nice' part in Wild Oats followed, and after that I joined their stock company for a time, and played a leading part in Hearts that are Human, and have just finished playing another strong part with Lilian Braithwaite in Motherhood. For Trans-Atlantic, too, I played lead in The Devil's Bowler. So you see I have not been lazy during these few months."

"Didn't you once introduce us to a little sister?" we asked her.

"Oh, yes, Dot, you mean? She is only fourteen and a half now, and will be playing 'Wendy' in Peter Pan at the New Theatre at Christmas. She has also appeared in films, but she prefers the stage."

Much to our sorrow, Miss Temple had "to be going," and now we are hunting around for cinemas that are showing the films in which she appears.

"Picture Plays by Picture Players.""}

THE dramatic critic of the New York Tribune is of the opinion that stars of the dramatic stage are not generally fitted for picture work. In an article particularly interesting in face of the fact that the stage and the cinema are now so closely allied, he writes:— "To see Mary Pickford in A Girl of Yesterday is to appreciate the fact that there is such a thing as film technique. Picture producers who pro-

CHARMING GRACE CUNARD, attired in one of her many valuable for coats. It is a dyed mink-skin trimmed with very wide bands of slunk; her cap is one of the latest velvet "tam" shaped ones, which are becoming so popular. Her shoes are of the advanced New York fashion, being a modération of the favourite Tango description.
fess to find great artistic possibilities in 'movies' belie their own words: we think, by these policies of taking stars from the legitimate stage and putting them into pictures without any preliminary training.

"If Tom, Dick, or Harry from the theatre can make a picture actor at a moment's notice, there is no art in 'movie' making. As a matter of fact, Tom, Dick and Harry are gamblers in the picture world. Now and again an actor—as, for instance, Douglas Fairbanks, in The Lamb—makes a big success in his first picture play, but for every Fairbanks there are ten other stars of the theatre who have failed to achieve anything like the best possibilities of the moving picture play.

A good actor, of course, has had some of the training necessary for pictures, but we contend that only in rare instances can he hope to equal the work of the man who has made a business of playing before the camera.

The best comedy work we have ever seen in moving pictures was done by Sidney Drew in a film by Richard Harling Davis called Playing Dead. Francis X. Bushman is much better equipped to play romantic roles for the screen than any actor of the regular stage, no matter how great his reputation may be; and, in our opinion, no comedienne untrained in picture-work could hope to realise anything like the possibilities which Mary Pickford makes actualities in A Girl of Yesterday.

Not a few stars come before the camera with the belief that there is no subtlety in moving-pictures. They play only for big effects. We confess to a belief that shading is even more essential for the screen than the stage. Mary Pickford is able, for instance, to amuse you simply by the way she takes off her hat, because she has devoted herself to a study of the eloquence of gesture. Actors who have relied on the voice for effects can't begin to realise how much can be said with an eye, or an arm, or a shoulder. For our part, we like picture plays by picture-people."

Cartoonist and Cinema Player.

BALBOA has a cartoonist who could make his way as funny man for the newspapers, as well as a screen artist. He is Charles Dudley, whose splendid work in many feature-films put out by the Horchemer Brothers has made him an enviable place in filmdom. Dudley played the part of Joe Welcher in Neal of the Navy. Though it is that of a cad, Dudley's sincere work is always admired. In his spare moments he depicts the lighter side of the players' lives on paper. Dudley's drawings are natural, as he has never studied cartooning. His likenesses are good, and at the Balboa studio his drawings are highly prized. The cartoon reproduced above was sent direct from California for Pictures readers.
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SCALA THEATRE
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A Patriotic Serial.

IN the blaze of glory Balboa finished the filming of "Neel at the Navy," which is to be released in this country by Pathé. It took exactly five months in the making, and consists of fourteen episodes of two reels each.

When Director Harry Hoyt threw his hat in the air, on the completion of Scene 1,339, and Cinematographer Joe Brotherton folded up his camera, the whole cast behaved like a bunch of school-children dismissed for summer vacation. Assistant-Director MacPherson grabbed a drum, and the other players fell in behind him for an impromptu procession. Then the sailors and boys shut up the studio, and a good time was had.

The members of the cast presented Director Harvey and Company a handsome token of appreciation; while Lillian Lorraine, the featured player, was dowered with flowers. She has left for San Francisco to go on vacation. William Courtleigh, junr., who was "Neel," took the first train North with his wife (Ethel Fleming, also of Balboa) for a delayed honeymoon.

"Nurse and Martyr."

IT is always a pleasant duty to pay a tribute to British thoroughness and to British nurses; the pleasure is no less when one adds an offering of praise to British Art.

The story of the making of the film "Nurse and Martyr" is in every sense a remarkable one. Edgar Wallace, who enjoys, perhaps, the widest personal following of any British journalist in England, was "going through his newspapers" on Sunday morning, says Town Topics, when a paragraph caught his eye to this effect: "The bigger public will, perhaps, never know the full measure of Nurse Cavell's sacrifice. Why should not the bigger public begin to make one as generous an estimate of her as the smaller public did, perhaps, of the Roman gladiator?" For Cavell was, after all, a woman--because I knew something of their fine photography, and because I had had an opportunity of seeing Moran, their producer's, work. On Monday morning the rough scenario was in the producer's hands. It was a difficult scenario to write, because I wanted to treat the theme reverently and faithfully. I had the invaluable assistance of knowing a story of Nurse Cavell's peculiar experience a few years ago to assist me--but even here it was necessary to avoid anything which was suggestive of melodrama. The complicated story which Mr. Moran controls entered into the spirit of the story. You might have thought from the earnestness with which the play was produced that it was an Oberammergau production and in one sense it was, indeed, a passion play dealing with the passing of a saintly and heroic woman at the bidding of her blood-guilty men.

It is not too much to say that every woman in England will want to see "Nurse and Martyr," which promises to be the most-discussed film of the year.

Mrs. White writes about CICFA

"I Starved myself because when I ate the smallest bit of food I suffered most terrible pains from INDIGESTION."

Mrs. P. White, of Peckham, writes: "Dear Sirs, I feel it my duty to tell you of my wonderful cure by using CICFA. I am sending you this photo to show you how well and strong I look now. Although this photo is a perfect likeness of me as I am now, I was a different looking person before to it CICFA--in fact, I was as thin as a rake. I am a sufferer from INDIGESTION and I have eaten so little that I was afraid to eat anything for fear of my Stomach pains in my Stomach that I preferred to starve myself. I grew thinner and weaker, and I was so worried, as my baby was only five months old. When I read your advert, telling how CICFA cured of INDIGESTION, I sent for a sample, and by the time I had finished it and before I had bought any tablets, I sat down at my desk and had no pains after it. Now I can eat everything I want without any pain. I cannot express my thanks enough, as I owe my health entirely to CICFA. Make what use of this letter, and I will gladly answer any letters from readers about CICFA. Thank you, again, I am, faithfully yours, Mrs. P. WHITE."

No words of ours can be more convincing than Mrs. White's testimony; therefore we will simply tell you what every one should know.

There are two kinds of Indigestion: 1. Stomach Indigestion and Bowel Indigestion. Bowel Indigestion--that is, the indigestion which occurs because of pernicious, effervescent salts, alkalis, &c., which are often eaten in those cases; they give momentary relief, but the trouble grows steadily worse.

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At Xmas and all other times, while the temperature is lowest, the risk of indigestion from home causes Constipation, that is not the least of it is relieved, CICFA. The CICFA is the only cure.

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Send your Name and Address, with this Coupon, and one penny stamp for postage, to the "CICFA Company, 1909, Ltd., 86, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W., and you will receive a CICFA. Only one Sample to each family. No one person given a second sample.

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THE FAMOUS DRURY LANE CLOWN

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ing Whimsical Walker, the famous Drury Lane clown, whose clever work
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action a-plenty into his role. Laugh follows laugh,
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BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENT OF FLORENCE TURNER.
Price 2d., or post-free from this Office 2d.

WE HEAR

THAT our general manager has lately been "sparring" at the
Y.M.C.A. with George Goodever, the famous black middle-
weight in order to keep fit.

THAT the same George has lately been "starring" in the
Hopworth picture, The White Hope, the story of which appears
in this issue.

THAT Essanay has completed The Power of the Pen, which
depicts all the horrors of consumption and the good work
being done to stamp it out.

THAT Gaumonts have lost one of their best artists in M.
Navarre, who, besides playing many leading parts, created the
screen rôle of "Pantomas."

THAT M. Navarre has formed a Company which is building
large studios near Marseilles, where he will produce films.

THAT Pavlova has made her début on the screen in the
Trans-Atlantic ten-reel production, The Dumb Girl of Portici.

THAT this is a picturisation of Amber's opera of the same
name, and was adapted for the screen by Louis Weber, whose
Impromptus and Sardou have already been referred to by us.

THAT The Dumb Girl of Portici occupied three months in
the making, and cost £50,000.

THAT Nat Gould, having seen and liked White Star, has
given permission to the Yorkshire Ciné Co. to picture any
of his famous racing novels.

THAT Heinemann has just published a handsome shilling
edition of "The Clansman," by Thos. Dixon, on which the great picture
The Birth of a Nation was founded.

THAT the song "Elaine," dedicated to Pearl White (Expoit
of Elaine), and published by Ascherberg Hopwood and Crew,
is being flashed on many screens nightly.

THAT in many cinemas picturegoers are not slow in picking
up the haunting refrain and accompanying the music with
vocal and acclamatory efforts. Why?

THAT the chorus, being sweet and pretty, like the charming
heroine herself, is sure to be the rage at Christmas parties.

THAT Kathlyn Williams and Bessie Eyton were chosen
queens in the recent Los Angeles Automobile Show, and
attracted admiring comment from many thousands.

THAT Tony Sarg, the artist whose clever poster work is
famous around London, is designing posters for the coming
Triangle Films of America.

THAT G. H. Chirgwin, the White-eyed Kaffir, everybody's
favourite, is likely to be seen in a film (made in England)
based on The Blind Hog.

THAT Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton will be seen together
again in pictures, the British Empire Films, Ltd., having
secured certain works in which they will appear.

SCALA THEATRE

"Supernal."—Daily Express.

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LAST WEEK! FINAL SET!
SCREENED STARS
OVER 200 PRIZES TO BE WON!

Including £10, £5, and 10 prizes of 10s. each respectively

We give below the final set of pictures in our Players' Puzzles for Picturegoers. The Competition is quite simple and quite free. Below you will find six pictures representing the surnames of well-known Picture Actresses and Actors. What you have to do is to write, in the spaces provided, the surname you think each picture represents. These six pictures No. 1 in the first set or pick and a ford. This represented the surname of the Famous Player. Mary Pickford. Fill in the solutions of the other pictures in a similar way. The six correct solutions, £5 to the next and £10, each to the next ten and 100 Consolation Prizes to the senders of the next best solutions in order of merit. Fill in the final set now and bear in mind even if you cannot get all the answers right you may yet win the £10, and there are 200 Consolation Gifts. Only well-known British and Foreign players' names are illustrated. Their names are always appearing in our pages.

SEND IN YOUR COMPLETE SETS NOW!

I am writing this on the day before our Christmas number is published, and to reduce to hear that, so far as we are concerned, the whole huge edition is already sold out. But as some thousands of extra copies are sure to be required we are printing a small Second Edition, and by the time you read these lines the copies will be on sale. There should be no difficulty in procuring the Christmas or any other issue of Pictures if you order it at your newsagents. P.S. Don't miss the Xmas Number, with its Portrait Supplement of Florence Turner.

The Best Trade Shows.

So many new films are shown to the Trade every week that obviously it becomes impossible for me to see them all. I should have to turn myself into a film and copy myself in order to be in several theatres at the same time. It generally happens, however, that the new films which I am able to sample belong to the world's best. This week, for instance, were shown among others the Christmas and A Welch Stage, and, of course, I was present at both, and real proud I am to own it.

The Hall Caine Dramas.

I have read The Christian as a novel, and I have seen the stage version, and my knowledge of Hall Caine's famous story made an excellent hors d'oeuvre at the film feast. Let me say at once that the London Film Company has never done a finer thing than their tenreel production of The Christian, and George L. Tucker who adapted and produced it must be mighty pleased with himself. In all the big American productions (which are generally conceded to be the best) I have never seen more red-hot "living" crowds than those featured in The Christian. My only criticism is that we had a little too much of them, but this, no doubt, has been seen to already, the general opinion being that the film suffered in length. I think Mr. Tucker knew that he was giving us something superlative, and he may be perhaps forgiven for what is really an enormous success.

The Author Highly Pleased.

For the players in this great picture-play I have nothing but unstinted praise. Elisabeth Risdon (Glory), Dermot Hall Caine (John Strong), Bert Wynne (Lord Robert), Gerald Ames (Francis Drake) - in fact, all the
A Grand "Beauty" Production for Christmas

This is a delightful story, just fitted for the festive season, quite original in theme, and right away from the pantomime plot. Go to your favourite theatre and ask the manager to be sure and include it in his programme for December 23rd.

NEVA GERBER

Don't forget the date! When you have seen "Everyheart" write and tell us what you think of it.

"EVERYHEART"

Presented by The American Company (London), Ltd., 193, Wardour Street, W.

"Everyheart" was sent into the world with such priceless gifts as 'Kindness,' 'Protection' and 'Love,' but he traded them for 'Power,' 'Selfishness' and 'Wealth.' He wedded the 'Spirit of Kindness,' but his worldly actions killed her. In desperation he sought the 'Spirit of Love' and by her aid his wife was restored to him.

WEBSTER CAMPBELL

In this scene the Spirit of Kindness dips into the Well of Truth, while Satan trades in "Power" and "Selfishness."
members of a long cast have excelled themselves. Hall Caine is highly pleased. He told me so himself after the show. "It is not the spectacle of The Eternal City; totally different treatment was essential for The Christian," he explained to me, "and I am well satisfied that Mr. Trotter has done all that was humanly possible for my story. The pictures impressed me very much, and more than once I had a lump in my throat." In short, The Christian is a good thing for Jews who control it, a good thing for exhibitors who show it, and a good thing for picturegoers who see it.

"A Welsh Singer."

Another fine production hail once more from the Turner studios. I refer to A Welsh Singer, from the novel by Allen Lane. It is the first Turner production by Henry Edwards, a West-Countryman born in Somerset, and an experienced actor, playwright, and producer. Bravo, Mr. Edwards! You have not only added one more to your list of film triumphs as an actor (he plays the leading role of Ieuan), you have also given us one of the pictures of the year. The circus and theatre scenes alone would take a lot of beating, the grand Welsh scenery pictured in the film is a sheer delight, and Florence Turner as Winniwy, the little Welsh singer, is just lovely. Personally, I am looking forward with keen anticipation to Mr. Edwards's next production.

A pretty picture of QUEENIE THOMAS in White Star, the drama recently completed by Holmfirth British productions.

A Feast of Exclusives.

Never before in their history has the Essanay Company had so many powerful films "on the road" as at the present time. Take, for example, the wonderful launch named in their two-page portrait gallery in our last week's Christmas Number. The Fortune, with Wanda Howard and Henry B. Walthall (we shall publish the story in a later issue), and Tempest, The Woman Hater, The Creator of Path, and The Quiver, all featuring Mr. Walthall, are some of the strongest emotional dramas ever seen on the screen in any part of the world. Then, too, there are His Criminals, The Return of Richard Neat, The Curse of Done, all with Nell Craig; Vera Davis, I Men Aford, The Terror of the Wind and Tempest, all with Richard Travers; The False of Love, Louise Land, and W in My Lady's Heart, all with Ruth Stonehouse; Friends, The Little Stow Wife, Caught, and The Scarecrow, all with Bryant Washburn; and The Great Courage, The Little Devoter, and The Lady of the Stoves, with Elma Mayo. A gigantic feast indeed! Picturegoers will increase their enjoyment by seeing all or any one of these masterpieces.

The Hepworth P.P.P.

I am advised that the Hepworth Company are intending to produce monthly a little picture-play paper of their own. It will contain much concerning their plays and players that will fascinate you and cost you nothing. Write to the Hepworth Publicity, 2, Denman Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., and ask for a first copy, and tell them I told you to do so. F. D.
**Turner Films**

"Pictures made for You."

**THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER**

**DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS**

My ghost story in last week's Christmas number (I hope you have had your copy) robbed the space I should have used for the Riddle Competition result, and before going any further I will give it now. "What is the difference?" I asked, "between a film and a convicted felon?" Some of the replies were quite clever. Here are a few:

One is caught; the other released. One is waiting to be judged; the other has been judged. The film is released; the felon is not. One charms us; the other harms us. One is seen on the screen; the other is screened from the scene. One is released and screened for the public; the other is caught and screened from the public.

Prizes are going off to: Alice Dawson, Liamberts, London Road; Liezley-Sen, G. Nash, 22 Somerset Place, Cathay, Redcliffe; William Smith, Ham Wharf, Brentford; Violet Burgess, Lillie Cottage, Southwark Road, Swanscombe.

**AWARD OF MERIT** Ivy Neal (Watford), Marion Bridge, (Brighton), Nellie Bush (Thornton Heath), Betty Jones (Nantwich), Arthur Cox (Desborough), Lily Wiseman (Commercial Road). Special Prizes: J. Com (London), M. Bridge (Brighton).

Talking of prizes, do you know that the youngest winner (Irene Leete) of one of the big prizes in the contest is under fifteen years of age? She has received her gramophone and records, and has sent us a most delightful letter of thanks. Age does not count in our big competitions. All may compete. But my competitions are intended for children only, and, as I have often stated, fifteen is the age limit, and age must be stated when competing.

Make a note, boys and girls, to see this pretty Christmas film to be released by Trans-Atlantic on Boxing Day. Here is the story:

**A Box of Bandits.**

"I must see what is inside!" Violet was alone in the attic, and in front of her lay the old trunk that her Uncle Jim had brought from Italy goodness only knows how many years ago. Ever since she could remember she had longed to see what was hidden under the lid, and now that it was Christmas Eve and all the grown-up members of the family had gone to a party at the vicarage, she had determined to satisfy her curiosity.

"Now!" With a great effort she raised the lid, then sprang back, as a black-whiskered little bandit jumped out. He was followed by two others, and before her astonished eyes they grew and grew until at last they were full-sized men, and their whiskers bristled more fiercely than ever.

"Oh!" cried Violet, and the bandits laughed in hideous delight.

"Seize her, comrades!" their leader cried in terrifying tones. "And if the house does not yield the spoil we want, then she must be held for ransom;" and, in spite of her struggles, she was dragged out of the attic and down the stairs by the grinning banditti.

With many ejaculations of delight, they proceeded to ransack the house; then, when their arms were full of the family's valuables, they dragged her back to the attic.

The chief bandit pulled his whiskers.

"The spoil does not come up to expecta-
No. 525 Bohemian Rd. (somewhere in France) —
Dedicated to hear from you. We quoted your letter a week or two ago. May you return safely and sound to "the girl you left behind in you !"

**Flannery and Nance Treffert.**

We have postcards of signor Amleto Novelli, but have no so very nice photograph of him suitable for framing. price 75c, post-free. How ever do you think of such cards ?

TRANSLATION (Newmarket) — Ellis May has joined Vitagraph, Helen Holmes, sister of Selma, is now with Universal, and Zaza Kefie is still with Vitagraph. We do not think the players are missing us. Our thanks for your efforts to obtain new readers.

GRACE Blacksheath, Denver, Pa. You are playing for N.P. and Co., and is to be seen in many of their films. We have no postcards of him. We believe he is married. The Answers Man is in "royal" with all your accomplishments.

PEARL and Muriel (Linos) — Address Herbert Rawlins, c/o. Universal Film Co., 150 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. The other player has left the company. It was not yet joined another. We published an interview with Earle Williams in No. 89. He is American, Loew (Hyde Park). Your letters always interest us immensely, and the one before is not the least entertaining. After all you have said about photographs, we really think you ought to send us yours. No postcards of Frankie Mann.

BILL (Massa Vale), Washington, D.C. — Write Hepworth Mfg. Co., 2 Demunn Street, London, W., and ask them when and where "Sweet Lavender" will be shown in your district. Shell we be glad to hear from you. Remember me to Magie.

ETHEL (Derby). — To help you in writing a photograph, we printed "For Writing the Column," by E. A. Dench. price 1s. 6d. from this office, is the very thing. Be sure and try your phrase by submitting it to the pseudos.

FRANCIS FORD, who, besides helping to produce The Broken Chain played lead in it. This photo is one of our postcards of him.

JIMMY (Chesterfield). — An ideal Christmas present for friends and relatives. "The Best of the New Pictures" (No. VIII) of Pictures, price 3s. 6d., post free. We can supply you with postcards of Edna Fuller Gerald, Enid Marlan, Baby Rock, Billy Merson, and Billy Joyce, and we have a few different of Ubirso Cleophas, all one penny each. Thanks for your congratulations.

JOHN DONT (Southam). All your questions are answered in our daily answer leaflet, the Film Life of Mary Pickford, price 2d., post free from Pictures, and "Hollywood Scope," published weekly. Thank you for asking your mates to read "the best penny worth going." as you describe.

BOT (Hyde Park). — Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clarke, Nourse Talman, Rita Jollivet, and Blanchet Sweet are all with Famous Players, whose address was given last week in the remarks of Amelio Lauri. Address is Vitagraph Co., 15th St. and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York City, U.S.A., Elizabeth Risdon, c/o. London Film Co. St., Margarets, Twickenham, Florence Turner c/o. Turner Films, Ltd., Wat on-on-Thames, U. K. Cleophas is with Entavoir (see reply to "G. E. F." last week, and Harold Lockwo ol, c/o. American Film Mfg. Co., 62-72, Hollywood, Los Angeles, U.S.A. You can obtain a return stamp envelope from any post-office, and this you can enclose in each letter you write.

Pete (Croydon). — Thanks for your wise little letter—and "best wishes, &c." (If you still "snoozing" in "diary," please let us hear from you.) Mary Pickford's address was given to Miss W. in last week's number.

Roderic (London) — Address William Williams, c/o. Vitagraphe Co., 15th St. and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A. We have photobas- tions of him, and each postage extra.

Tudor (Swansea). — You are indeed fortunate in having so many autographs of your favorite players. "Out of the Air" (Majestic)—"Vi- neue," Fred Turner.—"Aviator," Capt. Hudson; "Your Uncle Tim's Dream," by E. A. Dench, price 1s. 6d., from this office, is the very thing. Be sure and try your phrase by submitting it to the pseudos.

EMMIE (Cardiff). — Our interview with Earle Williams appeared in the Oct 30th issue, which answers all your questions. We have nothing else given to "Riley" above. As you are writing, you can send him the sweet messages, Emmie.

A PICTORIAL (London). — You are quite right about Mary Pickford. George Larkin and Cleo Madison played in "An Arrangement with Fate" and "Patriot," in the history of "Life." "Brewster's Millions" is a famous Players pro- duction, and we planed to receive your letters.


L. C. M. (St. Heliers). — We hope soon to have postcards of the players we mention. That you make sure of getting Pictures by having a stamping order with your newsagent. Thanks for getting us new readers.

(Continued on next page.)
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

Our Editor's. The Famous Players Bureau is published monthly. Yes, one of the victims of the horrid disease was a member of the Martin Serra, of the Cine Co. We cannot trace the line you ask about.

DuTree (Footnote).—In "Young Mrs. Warneor" (Editors of Laurel played lead, and Lillian Walker in a "Lady in Drag," etc.). Vortex—have sent your letter to Christina White and Henry Alden, and kept the letters for ourselves. Dear (Manchester)—Ben Webster played Bo the in "Booth's Baby," and (Lindell) was "Rupert of Hentzen" in "Prisoner of Zenda."

E.M.R. (Liverpool).—Write to the Franklin Co., Sao Paulo, London, W.C., and ask them when and where Charles Chaplin film can be seen in your neighborhood. Your typewritten letter most acceptable.

S. J. E. (Liverpool).—Keystone card not given; receive but do not help you. We do not reply by post.

Mollie (Birmingham).—"The Garettors and the Girl" (Reliance); "Molly." Elizabeth Hurly. "Jim," Arthur Jarrett, "John Stone," Clara Bev., "Pickocket," Margaret Thompson, Address, Reliance Film Co., 827, Riverside Avenue, Yonkers, New York City, U.S.A. Don't know if they a bay you mention is married; as you are writing, ask her. Thanks for kind wishes.

Mrs. (Walsall).—"The Flirt," "Charlie's fiancée," "Charlie's Elephant." Address the Lucky Film Co., Los Angeles, California, U.S.A. Do not publish their casts.


* Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Get (Walsall).—Glad you like your prize. 4 is a splendid number. Many thanks for recommending Pictures.

Maudie (Walsall).—Most likely Mary Pickford would reply to you. She gave her addresses on this page to "Miss W.," last week. Have a happy Christmas. Postcard list. Thanks for kind wishes, Marjorie.

Lola (Walsall).—The Postcard Manager has post cards for you; and if not, will. Lily of洛杉。(4) have had no wedding cards from either.

H. J. (Barnsley).—Address Herbert Rawlinson, 265, Acre St., Liverpool, New York City, U.S.A., and Eric Desmoul, c.o. The Daily News Co., Walsall stam, Fla., U.S.A.

The E. (Preston).—Postcard Chaplin—Charles's brother—plays for Keystone, so you have won your bet. Your right arm will soon be as good as your left.

Don't Argue (Preston).—If you had a letter from Mary Pickford we should quite think she wrote herself. Hope you will soon win a prize in one of our other competitions.

Mabel (Southport).—How did you come to think that the Editor was in America? No, Molly, he has been given to his editorial work for months and months. Harold Lockwood, c.o. American Film Mfrs. Co., 627, Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A., thanks, kinsman.

Loretta (Workshop).—Address Lillian Walker, c.o. Vitagraph Co., Ltd., East 89th st. and Locust Avenue, New York, U.S.A.

Some Kind (Fairweather Green).—As you liked your prize, you must try to win some more. Thanks for getting us new readers; you can earn our gratitude—and theirs.

Sally Eye (Preston).—"Playing for the Game," by R.A. Dean, price 1s. 6d., from this office (83, Long Acre, London, W.C.), would help to make a good gift. "Playing for the Game." (Penny).—In "The Lost Paradise,"" (Famous Players, H. L. Warner played lead. The other information was not obtained.

Dorothy (Morecambe).—In our Screen Stars Competition no player will be pictured twice if he, at any time, has played a lady. Our once may appear under each picture, Sydney Ayres now plays for Trans Atlantic. Many thanks for your courtesy, Dorothy. Penrose (Grimsby Park).—Glad to hear from you again, and hope you will be happy as you were before.

Thee (Heath Green).—Mary Pickford's address was given in this paper last week. We have sent you a postcard list. Pleased to welcome you, new reader.

Gladys (Finsbury Park).—Sydney Drew's maiden name was Jane Morrow. You were fortunate in getting such an excellent autograph for your player for Trans Atlantic (Northolt Bursts).—Beatrice Van, now of the Century Films, is one of the Trans-Atlantic brands. The author who mentions it is not a reader of the

SMILES

A X actress may despise a "made-up" face, but she can't do without a made-up face.

The Haspencock One.

Wife: "Do you know you talk in your sleep, John?"

HUSBAND: "And do you begrudge me even those few words?"

Something about Nothing.

SHE: "Oh, George. I've got a lot of things to talk to you about."

HE: "So glad. You usually talk about the things you haven't got."

His Hats.

FROST: "Where do you get your hats, old fellow?"

SNOW: "At restaurants usually. But once or twice I've been lucky enough to exchange at a cinema."

Damping her Armour.

STAGESTRUCK MAIDEN (after trying her voice): "Do you think I can ever do anything with my voice?"

STAGE MANAGER: "Well, it may come in handy in case of fire."

Putting the Lid On.

SISTER: "You need not be so heartbroken because a pretty film-actress has jilted you, Brother."

BROTHER: "It isn't the jilting I mind, but she returned the ring in a parcel marked 'Glass—with care.'"

Rival Actresses.

DOLLY: "My mother thinks I look prettier every day."

MOLLY: "Really. I didn't think you could have a mother alive."

DOLLY: "Yes, me dear, and she doesn't look a day older than you."

The Christmas Party.

"My wife's a confirmed invalid, you know," he began."

I don't wonder," she replied, as she toyed with her fan carelessly, "you make me sick, too."

Then the conversation languished.

A Great Artiste.

"Gracious me!" said an elderly lady as she glanced over a brief biography in Pictures when the film-star made his appearance on the scene. "What an enormous repertoire he's got!"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, my dear," replied her friend critically, as she gazed at the actor, but he is stout T'il own."

The Limit.

"Talk about coolness under fire! Why one of our slips actually made and cooked a meat-pie with a half of shells all round him."

"That was a brave act."

"Yes, but brave as he was, there were some among his comrades braver still."

"I suppose some of them ate the pie?"

"I replied the other.

And the man in khaki discreetly stopped boasting.
The Hepworth Page

Under this heading, and in this position in "Pictures and The Picturegoer," the Hepworth Manufacturing Company Limited will give you each week the latest news about their picture-plays, the latest statements from their stars, and the most interesting answers to your questions about Hepworth affairs.
This is not an advertisement

of a stocking—but
a little something
to call your attention to

ULTUS: THE MAN FROM THE DEAD

A Victory Film for which you must reserve March 20th 1916

British Production of distinct merit. ULTUS becomes
a criminal to avenge a great wrong
The film is unique in scheme. Enthralling in interest. Sensational in each reel

When it ends you will want more of ULTUS

GAUMONT. FILM. HIRE. SERVICE
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Daniel Frohman presents

AN ALL STAR cast in

"THE MOTH AND THE FLAME"

A Drama in Four Acts,

Released

DECEMBER 27.

Produced by

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., LTD.,
166-170, Wardour Street, W.

THE REVIEW.
The Monthly Magazine of Famous Players. Jesse Lasky and J. H. Widmark may be obtained by the public for an annual subscription of £1, post-free.

LADY TREE

Who makes her first appearance on the screen in the forthcoming "Ideal" picture play, Still Waters Run Deep, Tom Taylor's ever-popular Comedy. (See also p. 252.)
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER TO THE PUBLIC.

A magnificent four-coloured autographed portrait of Miss Kathlyn Williams, 11 by 9 inches, will be sent to any address in U.K., post free, 4½d. The portrait is handsomely mounted on thick art card with silk ribbon bow.

Only a limited number of these portraits are available.

Send now and avoid disappointment.

93-5, Wardour Street, London.

THE IDEAL’S 1916 SENSATIONAL ALL-BRITISH RELEASES

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP, by Tom Taylor. Caste includes Lady Tree. [Released April 10th.]

THE GREAT ADVENTURE, by Arnold Bennett (Turner Films). Featuring Henry Ainley. [Released March 27th.]

IRIS, by Sir Arthur Pinero (Hepworth). Featuring Henry Ainley and Alma Taylor. [Released March 13th.]

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD, by Thomas Hardy (Turner Films). Florence Turner as Bathsheba. [Released Feb. 28th.]

WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN, the “Ideal” Prize Story. Featuring Hilda Moore and Milton Rosmer. [Released Feb. 7th.]

CASTE, by T. W. Robertson (Turner Films). With Sir JOHN HARE as Eccles. [Released Jan. 24th.]

OTHER MASTERPIECES FOR 1916 INCLUDE:

SIR JOHN HARE as DR. PRIMROSE in “THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.”

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER in “THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY.”

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER and IRENE VANBRUGH in “THE GAY LORD QUEX.”

ISRAEL ZANGWILL’S “BACHELORS’ CLUB” and “OLD MAIDS’ CLUB.”

MISS LENA ASHWELL in OSCAR WILDE’S “LADY WINDERMERE’S FAN.”

OSCAR WILDE’S “THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.”

“SALLY IN OUR ALLEY,” with HILDA TREVELYAN.

“PROFIT AND LOSS,” by F. W. MALTBY.

“THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.”

“JUSTICE,” by JOHN GALSWORTHY.
A LIFE-LIKE NEW PORTRAIT OF MAE MARSH.
See page 298 for special offer of this and other autographed portraits to be sold on behalf of the Cinema Trade Ambulance Fund.
PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

THE "picture" of health is usually in a good frame of mind.

A joy for the living — The Miracle of Life, an American Distinctive Creation and a great piece of acting by Margarita Fischer. Look out for it!

Another joy for the living — Ulve: the Man from the Dead, a Gaumont production which we shall deal with fully later.

"God bless the picture-palaces, and let the people enjoy them," said the Rev. W. Barnsley, speaking on "Picture Palaces and Temperance."

Hooray! the six policemen who guard the hero in The Great Adventure are real policemen; no gypsy trousers or big helmets in this film.

Lena Ashwell will be seen in Oscar Wilde's famous play Lady Windermere's Fan. It means, of course, another triumph for the Ideal Company, whose magnetic oil it has already attracted so many of our footlight favorites.

"Can you recommend a real good robber for my next picture?" asked a friend of George Holt, of the Vitagraph Company. "Borrow the head waiter at the — Hotel," replied George, who evidently knows something.

Antique Moving Pictures.

The cinema, which is playing its part in this war as a means of propaganda, is older than we think. As early as 1833 a rough form of moving picture made its appearance, but this and its successors remained only scientific toys until the invention of the celluloid roll film in 1893.

"To See Ourselves as Others — !"

A PRIVATE exhibition of Hepworth picture-plays is given every other Monday night at the Hepworth studio projection-room. All who have had any share in making the pictures and this includes all Hepworth employees, whatever work they do—are there, and have the opportunity of seeing what they have accomplished. And very nice too!

Eyebrow Language.

"WHAT distinguishes him most (we quote a letter from a reader in praise of Henry Ainley) "is the language of his eyebrows. He expresses so well what he feels when playing strong parts, and I was able to understand very clearly by watching the movements of his eyebrows." We have never seen, but heard of hair standing up with fright, but "eyebrow" language is new even so far as our ears are concerned.

Charlie the Knaut.

IN a coming Essanay film, Charlie at the Show, the one and only appears in a well cut evening dress suit throughout most of his performances instead of his well-known grotesque garb. This is a most elaborate production (the film we mean), most of the action taking place in the auditorium of a theatre. Stalls, boxes, stage, orchestra, gallery — all are shown, and several hundred people enact the parts of the audience. Some scene, believe us!

Particularly pictures of picture-pianists playfully performing pretty pieces, probably portraying prominent picture-player's perfect posing. Perhaps — (Pianist playfully posed).

The Play with a Great Name.

TOM TAYLOR'S popular comedy, Still Waters Run Deep, is being produced by Fred Paul for the Ideal Film Company. The play is great enough in all conscience (who has not seen or heard of it?); and this film version of the play bears a great name. Lady Tree, whose portrait we reproduce on our front cover, is making her first screen appearance in it. The cast will also include Rutland Barrington (isn't this his first appearance in films?), Milton Rosmer, and Hilda Bruce-Potter.

Arnold Bennett's Appreciation.

THE following letter from Arnold Bennett regarding the film version of his play The Great Adventure was recently received by the Ideal Film Company: — "I am not experienced in film work, and the performance of The Great Adventure yesterday opened my eyes to the difficulties involved. The gentlemen responsible for the adaptation and production have rendered not only the book and the play, but the spirit of both, with a skill and ingenuity which astonish me. As regards certain of their original comic effects in illustration of my leading ideas. I wish that I had thought of them myself, for if I had thought of them I should assuredly have used them. The cast was very well chosen. The ninety minutes of the performance seemed to me to pass in about a quarter of an hour. But, of course, I am not an unprejudiced judge of the interests of the story." — Yours faithfully, Arnold Bennett.

A Film Star's Advice.

WHAT'ER your gifts, who'er you be. Just take this little tip from me. And do not be an actor. Your talent may be small or great, but learn this fact ere it's too late, Influence is the factor.

You see great artists achieve fame. And think. "Ah, film-making's the game," Don't let that mislead you. For although now I'm known to most, I could not of this honour boast — But I knew the producer.

HAROLD B. ABBOTT.

Diving Venuses for a Great Picture.

SPLENDID progress is being made in Jamaica with the picture starring Annette Kellermann, directed by Herbert Brennon for the Fox. The activities of the company cover every inch of the island. At Fort Augustus, an ancient and historic fortification, ten acres of impromptu studios have been erected, including a huge slave-market, a minarette palace, mazes of streets, bazaars and shops, revolving stages upon which 2,500 artists will work, battlements, fortifications and colisans, where battles will be waged by hundreds of natives. At St. Ann's Bay all the mermaid scenes have been taken, for which one hundred diving Venuses have come to the island. Here also Mr. Brennon has "commandeered" the whole of the Osborn Hotel. The Army and Navy stationed at Jamaica are in keen rivalry over the entertainment, if Annette and her supporters, in a variety performance has been held in aid of the War Aeroplane Fund, for which every seat was sold a month before the date fixed for the performance. Truly Annette is alluring.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1. "FLOREAT ETONA": Despite the War, the famous Wall Game was played at Eton College.
2. STILL SMILING: Although bereft of a limb, the plucky patients at Roehampton Military Hospital are cheerfully learning the use of an artificial leg.
3. QUEEN MARY is an interested visitor in the Ambulance Section.
4. KING ALPHONSO and the Queen of Spain present Colours to Cadets of the Military Academy.
5. FROM DOWN UNDER: Feats with the Stock Whip by Men of the Australian Contingent.
ALTHOUGH we have never met, I cannot help but feel that the readers of Pictures and The Picturegoer are my personal friends. And so I send them this personal message:—

"Good luck and good cheer. May Christmas bring you days of happiness, may the New Year hold a future of health and contentment for you all. With all my heart I echo this wish."

Ella Hall.

I WARNED you in my last year's Christmas message that if you saw two of me in one picture you had been having a merry time, but don't start pinching yourself if you see two of me in The Christmas Brother, as there really are two of me.

Wild Ragged.

"JUST MOTHER AND I."

THE nicest Christmas I ever spent was when my mother joined me at Santa Barbara. I had been away from her for over three years. She could not leave the East, and I was working my way up on the stage, and was never in one place for long. We are great companions, and she came close to me one Christmas Day, and I have held her close ever since.

A Christmas dinner without some member of one's family is no Christmas dinner at all to me. We had a simple dinner, and spent most of the day talking, and it stands out as the happiest Christmas I ever spent.

Oh! how I hope this horrid old war will be over, so that your readers may spend as happy a Christmas as I hope to spend this year.

Vivian Rich.

MY "BEST" CHRISTMAS.

YOU have set me a hard task. I have had so many good ones which I remember well. Perhaps it was the time when we had a reunion at home on our cotton plantation in Alabama. As a family we had spread, but on this particular Christmas Day we all met at home. We were just a lot of children, and the old-time darbies and the newer generation of darbies were all looked after, and there were all sorts of juntikings on the plantation.

After dinner we attended the darbies quarters and witnessed a big cake-walk, and it certainly brought back memories. I have had many nice celebrations since then, but none which could take the place of that family reunion.

Larry Walhall.

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS.

I CANNOT remember a really unhappy Christmas. I have spent Christmas "on the road" with a travelling company, but always managed to extract enjoyment on the occasion some way or another.

My last Christmas was a quiet one. I got up early and prepared the usual presents for my mother, who is my constant companion. Then I went into the garden and gathered a posy of roses and geraniums to add to the mountain holly I had picked some days before.

After breakfast we agreed to call on some of the boys and girls and to bid them "Merry Christmas," and three of them who had no relatives with them joined us at dinner, and we had a good time, and we sat on the porch in the sun afterwards.

To me a sunny, warm Christmas is ideal, although I can understand how Christmas and snow naturally go together with my English cousins. A Happy Christmas to everybody!

Anna Little.

CHRISTMAS ON THE SANDS.

THE best Christmas I ever spent was last year. We had a picnic on the sands, and some of us had a dip in the ocean. It was not as very cold either—that is, after the first gasp or two.

This was at Santa Monica, near Los Angeles, when several actors and actresses—who were away from home and...
unmarried—anteed to and from Los Angeles for our picnic. We built a fire on the beach and baked clams and other things. Afterwards we went to another beach-resort, where they have a dancing-pavilion. We danced until they turned the lights off. During the picnic we gave each other presents, and altogether we had a delightful time.

Does it not read strange to you that we enjoyed the sunshine and had a dip in the briny? I hope your Christinas will be as jolly as the last one was for me.

Louise Glanm

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR COPY?

Xmas Double No. of 'Pictures' 2d.

Post-free 2d. from this Office or order from any Newsagent.

"It's an Ill Wind that Blows No One any Good."

I SHALL never forget a boarding-house Christmas I once spent.

I was living with about a dozen other people in a rottenly dreary boarding-house. The boarders were fearfully gloomy, and among them were a little violin girl from Australia, two languid medical students from Canada, a thin, half-starved bank clerk, and myself.

We were all as miserable as possible, and so we unanimously decided that we would try and forget it was Christmas. In the morning we had breakfast as usual, then the majority of us retired to our respective chilly bedrooms and made some sort of effort to read.

Lunch-time came, after which we all turned out for constitutional. By dinner-time we all had the hump, and not one of us dared mention the word "Christmas." The meal was almost over, the nuts and fruit were being passed round, when suddenly the little violin student burst out, "We always used to have nuts like this at Christmas!" Then we remembered that only a month before her father had died. Unitedly our hearts went out in sympathy to this poor little soul, and to prevent her from crying we each of us broke in with some little remark about Christmas. This just set us off—one thing suggested another, and our miserable day ended in a gloriously happy evening. "It's an ill-wind that blows no one any good!"

Harry比如

XMAS PRESENTS?
NOTHING NICER THAN
Vol. VIII. of 'Pictures.'

$3.9d. post-free from this Office.
I was born in the town of Louisville, Kentucky. To the best of my recollection that peaceful settlement took my advent as a matter of course. I find comfort in the reflection that I had been preceded by seven boys and a girl, for afterwards learned I had arrived in pairs—the remaining half of the episode being a male! It was shortly after our arrival that the various members of our family commenced to concern themselves with our future. On this point their tastes were at variance. It was my mother's fond hope that I should some day grace the ministry. My father, who occupied a lucrative position in a large warehouse, resolved that I should follow in his footsteps.

During my early childhood we removed from Louisville to New Albany, a small town where my twin brother, Wallace, and myself attended school for the first time. Because we were the youngest we were the most tenderly cared for. In more ways than one I have cause to be thankful for this, for our home lives were closely united. The stage, by which I mean both the legitimate drama and pictures, is the most exacting of all professions, and the one in which the price of dissipation is the inevitable mienation of a man or woman.

My first stage experience was under the direction of Clay Clement, my brother-in-law. The play was "Stew House," in which I was given the juvenile lead. Being under the protecting wing of Kathleen, my sister (for I was hardly eighteen) who played lead in the performance, I began to show signs of intelligence in the work. The season after this successful run I played in the Spooner Stock Company in New York, and later juvenile lead in "Bronco of Harvard," Brady's production of "The Master Key," and featured in Shubert's success, "The Road to Yesterday."

How I came into Pictures.

When we were playing in the last-named piece there came to me the first intimation that I would some day leave the stage for pictures. A member of the Essanay Company had seen my performance and after speaking of the matter to my manager, he made me a flattering offer to join his company. I visited the studio next day, and before leaving signed a contract for two years. The principal inducement was that I could then look after my dear mother, who at that time was in poor health.

Long before I became identified with them my interest in motion-pictures amounted almost to a obsession. I took to the work like a duck to water. I started out by drawing a big salary, and it has increased from time to time.

Upon the organization of the American Company, I was the first member to be engaged, and at a salary I could not refuse. For a period of three years I played lead in every picture at the rate of two a week, which company produced. I was drawn to the Universal Company on account of bigger inducements in every direction. The Universal offers a broad field for an actor. The production of Samson and Delilah, in which I was favoured with the role of Samson, is one of the largest and most spectacular pictures ever produced. Such pictures as "The Movie Skin," "Decal Inheritance," "The Restless Spirit," and "Rally of the Roses" have furnished opportunities for original and effective work.

Motion-picture work requires a certain number of natural qualifications that all people do not possess. It requires a strong physique, for there is no calling that taxes physical endurance so much as the moving-picture camera. One day you may be called to jump a half-tamed broncho over a soft cliff, and the next you may be ordered to swim through the salt water of a six-horse vessel. One must drive a six-horse mail-coach at gallop speed over a mountain road if the scenario calls for it, and one doesn't happen to know how to drive six horses one can take a day off to learn.

We depend upon the sunshine for taking pictures in California, and as long as the sun is shining I am working. I have the rainy days to myself, and those days I spend at home—lazing as happy a home as you'll find in Hollywood, because my mother, my sister Kathleen, my brother Wallace, and myself, all of us bungalow, live together in our bungalow.

The Letters I receive.

Now about my mailbag. For the past four or five years I have received from forty to seventy-five letters a day, and I answer as many as my limited leisure permits. A correspondence which I have prized the most highly of all and which has endowed a world of pathos culminated with the following words: "I have never heard from the writer since and am forced to believe that she is dead."

"Dear Mr. Kerrigan—I hope you will excuse me for taking the liberty of writing you again, but I am writing back to you your picture which you sent me last fall. I said I would not take all the money in the state for it, but at
my death someone would throw the picture away, and would not take as good care of it as I have. So I will send it back to you, and I want you to keep it for me. I have never had the chance of seeing you, but you must be good and meet me in heaven. I am sending you with your picture a self-addressed card. Please mail it back to me, so I will know you received it. I will close. God bless you. This is what I have always said in prayer for you."

A thirteen-year-old schoolgirl in Texas, wrote:

"I am only a schoolgirl of thirteen, and as a hero my heart goes out to you. Please do not laugh at my honest admiration, I'd love to be the girl in your arms, but I'm only an awkward being."

A dear old lady in Kentucky, who was too feeble to attend picture theatres, but on rare occasions, wrote this:

"Excuse me for writing, as I am a stranger to you, but I feel that I have known you all my life. I would like you to do me a favour and send me some of the names of the pictures that you are in, as I am too old and feeble to go down town to find out where you will be. If I knew the names of the pictures I could find them in the paper every morning. The reason I take an interest in you is that you look so much like my own boy who is gone from me forever. I have seen a great many of your pictures. I saw Samson three times."

I want to answer a very important but usual question. Am I married? I have not married. Then I am a Christian, having been born thus, and up to the present have not considered seriously becoming converted to the Hebrew, Mohammedan, or Pagan faith. I also take pride in rising to acclaim that I have never seen the inside of a jail. I have never been arrested for horse stealing or any other misdemeanour, and I am not a bigamist. I am passionately fond of outdoor life—dogs, chickens, horses, green fields, and sunshine. I love them all.

Here then, ends the little account of my life. If these few lines make our friendship, yours and mine, the more real, then they have served their purpose well. And now let me say that my Christmas is going to be by the fireside, living the past all over again with my dear mother. This is the kind of Happy Christmas I wish every one of my friends may enjoy.

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Not Even a Kilt!

CHRISTMAS? Well, the rummiest Christmas Eve I ever spent was waiting on the side of a draughty stage (there are no exceptions) five minutes before my appearance was due, without any clothes.

How was it done? Simplest thing in the world. Upon my arrival at the theatre I had been warned to look after all my valuables, as some things had been stolen. The advice I followed implicitly. Disrobing in the usual way, I bundled my clothes into my big theatrical hamper, and shutting down the lid, and incidentally fastening the spring-lock, I sat upon it in order to make some further changes.

Upon looking round for my dress clothes I found they were not on their customary peg. An icy chill swept over me (I was undressed, remember) as I realised that I had locked them up in the hamper, with my street clothes and keys.

Some terrible moments followed, and it was only owing to the generosity of a "stout" friend in need, who obliged with his own dress-suit (many sizes too big), that the freezing and awkward situation was eventually saved.

Finally a locksmith put the matter right and so prevented me making my debut as a fairy.

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THE VERY LATEST PORTRAIT OF J. WARREN KERRIGAN.
Adapted from the Majestic Masterpiece: produced by Griffith
By MARGIE MACKAY.

His bright curls glistening in the sunshine, brighter even than the cloud of dry, golden sand that rose and fell behind his tiny form, Walter hastened along by the edge of the red-brown rocks on which the snow-white gulls hovered and wheeled, rose and fell.

"Let me play with you!" he cried, when breathless and flushed, he reached a tiny cave resounding with the merry voices of the boy and girl to whom of all the children in that quaint old fishing village he was most bound by the subtle, mysterious laws of childish comradeship, sympathy, and goodwill.

But whilst Agnes welcomed the newcomer to their play, her partner in the game of "keeping house" pointed his rosy lips and frowned at Walter.

"This is my house!" he said, "and this my little wife."

"Mine too!" said Walter; "turn and turn about."

But for once in the annals of their friendship John would not agree to the compromise that had so long barred the door of that little cave house against Jealousy and his attendant winds.

He shrugged his square little shoulders and stared defiance into Walter's eyes, already flooded with the helpless wrath of tears.

"I don't want you in our game," he grumbled.

"Then I'll fight you for the house," the other challenged, regardless of John's superior size and strength and Agnes' entreaties to be frugal.

For a few minutes four little pink fists darted to and fro, in and out, glowing warmly in the bright morning light; then flushed and bruised and defeated, Walter dropped down upon the relics of a castle, moated and seaweed-strewn.

"I hate you—John!" he cried, with a little gasp for breath between each word.

But Agnes, weeping her dismay, snailing her friendship for them both, gave a hand to each.

"Oh, please don't quarrel any more!" she cried. "For my sake make it up, and I will be little wife to both."

With fresh impulse, as generous as the first was selfish, John stretched out the same sun-browned fist that had precipitated Walter through the Norman castle roof. Walter took it, and they smiled, and Agnes, as she skipped about for joy, digger her bare toes into the soft, warm, yielding sand, repeated—

"I will be little wife to both!"

And "little wife" to both she was through all those golden years of childhood. Though other children were often admitted to their merry pastimes, there was a bond of understanding, a secret attraction that kept the three together and apart from other companions. And slowly as the years passed by and childhood's happy days were left behind, friendship ripened and matured, and love was born—the love of John and Walter for the merry-hearted girl, whose beauty of face and form and mind had inspired them both with ambitions rare to inhabitants of that old-world fishing port.

Which of the two straight-lined, broad-chested young men did Agnes love—strong, weather-beaten, open-hearted John, or quieter, shyer Walter, the miller's son?

Perhaps she herself scarcely knew until one autumn evening, when, to gether with all the young people of the village, she and John went nutting in a wooded hollow on the rugged cliffs. As they bowed down the hazel branches and filled their baskets with the golden harvest, the young fisherman talked to Agnes of his life and work, and how he had purchased his own boat and meant to do big things.

"And all because of you," he blurted out at length, and fumbled unrepeatedly the pretty, fair tresses that trembled in the breeze.

Agnes turned to him, a little flushed, with open, wondering eyes.

"For me?" she said: and then, like a creature of the woods suddenly alarmed, save for the roguish laughter in her eyes, she darted from his side through the trees, and was quickly lost to view.

But only for a moment. John, too, was swift of foot.

And a ben, short while later, Walter just freed from the bedside of his sick father, climbed the hill to join the nutting party, he found the pair sitting hand in hand, enveloped in their love.

He looked, and in their faces read his doom, and crept silently away into the heart of the little wood, there, while the rest were loud in merrymaking, to wrestle with the pain and hunger in his heart.

Such love was not for Walter. Yet in his soul love triumphed over all, and his last prayer in that tortured seclusion was that he might justify his regard for Agnes in serving her—and John.

For seven happy years things prospered with the pair. Two children blessed their union—a girl and then a boy—happy, healthy little things, as must be the children of the boldest fisherman that could be found for leagues along that broken coast.

The father's heart was full of love for his little ones, and when a length, in spite of his vows to consecrate his life to their upbringing and education, he began to see them suffering as a result of his ill-luck, that had suddenly come upon him, he was filled for the first time with anxiety and doubts.

Whilst recovering from the effects of an accident others had snatched his trade and there seemed all at once to be no room for him in the village where he had toiled so long and so happily to give his wife and children home and comfort, happiness and health. But at length, after many anxious weeks there came an offer of a berth upon a China-bonded ship. John accepted it, rejoicing at this answer to his prayers.

"Why, your eyes are quite bright! And there are no worried lines on your face," cried Agnes, half questioningly, as he entered the cozy little parlour that night.

"Dear little woman," he replied, "our troubles are at an end! No longer shall you and the children feel the pinch of poverty." He put his arm about her. "But I must go away," he added, reluctantly, anticipating her dismay.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "John, you must not go. Only evil could ever come of that. If you care for me and for our dear children you must stay. Stay! Dear John. I could not let you go."

And, caressing him with her soft warm hand, Agnes wrestled with his will, sobbing as she coaxed and entreated him to stay.

"But it is my duty to you and the
little ones to go," he assured her, though hating to cause her pain. "How can I let you starve?"

"Something tells me that you must not leave us," she persisted; "that if we keep together nothing can hurt us very much. Supposing you could never return? And with a shudder of horror and dread, Agnes buried her face in his sleeve.

But John endeavoured to laugh away her fears.

"I cannot doubt that it is best for me to go, little woman. What danger can there be? Think of the hundreds and thousands of men who come and go safely on the high seas. These fears of yours are nothing to me, except that they are your fears and cause you pain."

And so at length the day came for him to go. Agnes, then all outward courage and smiles, clung to him for the last time, and let him go, but stood a long while on the sandy shore waving, and watching the last dip of the vanishing sail—and went home weeping for him.

The weeks passed by and there came no news of John.

"Surely I may see her now—may be of comfort to her," argued Walter, to whom John had entrusted his dear ones during his absence.

He knocked at the door of the little house nesting half way up the narrow street that bordered the mill, and, receiving no reply, entered the room where Agnes sat, desolate and in tears.

"Agnes, I came to ask you a favour."

"A favour," she responded, "from one so sad and forlorn as I am."

"I came," he said, seating himself by her side, "to speak to you of what John wished. You chose the best among us—a strong man who, having put his hand to the plough, never looked back. And when he went he went on this weary way to leave you lonely. Not for pleasure or to see the world, but for the wherewithal to give his children a better bringing-up than had either you or he. And it would vex him in his grave to know his little ones were running wild like colts upon the waste. So, Agnes—have we not known each other all our lives?—let me put your boy and girl to school, and when John returns he shall pay me if you wish; but the mill is working well and I am rich."

Agnes turned and let her tearful eyes rest with gratitude upon this friend in need.

"I seem so foolish and so broken down," she said. "Your kindness seems too much! But John lives; I am quite sure of that. He will repay you; money can be repaid—but never all your goodness and your trouble."

"Then you will let me, Agnes?"

She smiled and nodded her assent. Agnes and Walter, the boy and girl to school, bought them needful books, and did his best to fill the place of father in their lives. But, fearing the lazy gossip of the past, he seldom indulged his heart's dearest wish, a sight of Agnes, but instead sent gifts by the children, fruit and roses from his garden, and with some pretext of busines in the mail, an offering of their sometimes from his own mill.

And so the time went by; days, weeks, months, and even years rolled along. But not a word from John. Ship after ship entered the little harbour, but not one scrap of news could Agnes gather of her husband, until vague rumours reached her that wreckage had been seen in the distant Pacific bearing the name of John's ship. All the village cursed him then as dead; but Agnes in her heart never gave up hope.

She waited ten long, long years, ever hoping for his return.

Her two children had long since looked upon Walter as their second father. He joined in their sports, looked after their education and wants, and at last, convinced that John was dead, pleaded his love with such earnestness that Agnes was touched with his years of constant devotion. And they were wed. The bells rang merrily in that sunny little port, but in the woman's heart there was no merriment, only grief and care.

"A sail! A sail! Saved at last!"

A strangely-clad man, long-bearded and tanned with many a summer's sun, ran down the wooded mountain slope, and, muttering almost idly-like to himself, awaited with feverish impatience the ship's crew sent to the unknown island for water from the clear running streams that had been seen from afar glittering in the sun.

At first incredulous and amazed, these men listened to his tale—how he had been wrecked in mid-Pacific, he and two others cast. Cross-like upon the shore of the tiny island; first one, then the other, of his companions died, and he was left alone, alone thousands of miles from home and all he loved—then, full of pity, they took him with them to their ship, gave him clothes, and the kindly companionship that alone could shake his isolation from him.

The voyage was a tedious one, with long delays, but in fancy he was back again in that fishing haven, with Agnes and the children in that little home on the climbing street, long before the ship reached port, landing him, to his delight, in his native county, within a few hours' walk from those he loved and so much longed to see.
How to Capture a Misogynist

According to all accounts, Adam, if not exactly a misogynist, was, at any rate, completely indifferent to woman until he met Eve. Of course, in those days, competition not being brisk, she had a fairly easy task in appropriating him. But the woman-hater proper is very much more difficult game to snare. For centuries his species has exercised a peculiar attraction over woman, and for just as long she has puzzling her brains as to the best means for his subjugation.

Ordinary men like you and me, dear reader, who think all women charming, are too easily captured to afford much zest in the operation, for women, as Bernard Shaw proves in Man and Superman, is instinctively a "sportsman."

She loves the joy of the chase far more than man, and when man is her quarry she likes, as it were, to have a good run for her money.

The Man with the Frozen Face.

Now, misogynists are of two kinds. There is the cold, silent man with the frozen face and the aggressive personality. The over-confidence of this type is often his undoing. In fancied security, behind his ramparts of reserve and obstinacy, he contemptuously awaits the foe; but she frequently swarms over his fortifications in the most unexpected quarters, and, more often than not, forces him to an almighty capitulation.

The second type is much more difficult to catch, because much more approachable. Every weapon in the feminine armoury must be used, and with the greatest cution, and, even when apparently overcome, this species of misogynist may contrive to escape at the altar itself if there be any relaxation of care.

The sport of misogynist-capturing has not had the attention it deserves in the Press, and there has existed a long-felt want for a comprehensive text-book on the subject.

And now comes the glad news that the Essanay Company have earned the eternal gratitude of woman for all time by issuing, under the title of The Woman Hater, a film containing complete and full instructions as to the course to be pursued.

The Technique of the Game.

Novitates will be surprised at the technique of the game. How, when, and where to be, by turns, determined, coy, aggressive, indifferent, shy, strong, and weak, with the correct type of dress to wear for each mood, and a hundred and one other valuable tips are contained in this unique work.

The whole picture is a lesson, not only to women—who we prophesy will flock to see it in crowds—but also to the weaker sex, for it is so true to life. It shows how an ex-woman-hater (in the person of Henry B. Walthall) a month after marriage wonders how he could have been such a fool as to try and avoid capture; and as charming Edna Mayo plays the part of the triumphant huntress, his regrets for wasted opportunities will be readily understood.

And, within a month after marriage, he becomes such an ardent feminist that the only drop of bitterness in his cup of happiness is her regret for his unnecessary self martyrdom in the past.

Short Story of "The Woman-hater."

Jack Warder hated women like the very devil! Silly ass! Like Bernard Shaw's hero in Man and Superman, he believed that woman was the most useless Pursuer and man the Helpless Quarry, and he determined to stave off capture as long as he possibly could. So he gladly accepted the invitation of his…

The Island Hermit Returns, Alfred Paget as "John."

away, leaving for evermore wife and children—the sacrifice of a noble man, consummated with heroic fortitude.

In the inn where he at last dragged his weary steps he was recognised by the old woman that kept it, and she told him the history of the past ten years. Then he in turn told of the terrible privations and vicissitudes he had undergone and the sorrow that seemed now to have broken him in body and soul.

Through days of fevered delirium the old woman nursed him; then came a few lucid moments when her secrecy was asked for and promised to him.

"I die loving and blessing her," he said. Then his face clouded over and the wild, tortured look came back into his eyes. For a long while he lay there, gazing ahead with a kind of hopeless despair as for so many years he had peered out to sea, straining his eyes for sight of a passing vessel. At last his eyes lit up.

"A ship! A ship!" he cried.

And when the old woman lifted him up his face shone with a beauty she scarce could understand.

Artistically this four-voct picture is one of the most notable achievements of the master producer. The familiar love-story has been beautifully interpreted by Lillian Gish, Alfred Paget, and Wallace Reid. The settings are exquisite. The film is controlled by the Dominion Co., of 5, Gerrard Street, W.
friend Dick Wainwright to accompany him on a yachting cruise, naturally thinking that on the sea he would be in much less danger of feminine pursuit.

Having got his victim securely aboard, the treacherous Dick went aboard and also invited a bevy of lovely, lively, larky girls. The loveliest, liveliest, and larkiest was Mabel Willing, and Dick challenged her to try and capture Jack. Mabel entered into the spirit of the adventure, and finding Jack asleep in the cabin, sat by his side and commenced to fan him. He suddenly awoke, and was horrified to find a pretty girl snuggling down at him. He rushed up on deck, closely pursued by Mabel, and to get away from his "peril" crawled to a hazardous position on the bowsprit. Later the girl, to find out whether he was a man or a molly-coddle, jumped overboard and called loudly for help. Being a splendid swimmer, she was in no danger. Jack, instead of jumping after her, kissed her out in a dishevelled and seared condition with a boathook, much to her indignation and her friends' amusement.

Months later, on shore, at a meeting of the bands, the two young people met again. Mabel was thrown from her horse and Jack offered his aid. But as her skirt had been torn she affected shyness, and told him she could not possibly permit him to help her in that condition. In a moment of chivalry he proposed to her and was accepted.

The great day arrived, and Jack marched sorrowfully to the altar to meet his fate. When the minister asked him the all-important question, he gasped out a lifeless "No," and then bolted down the aisle and out of the church. A policeman took him for a notorious thief and arrested him. Mabel came to the prison to see him, and told Jack that, to satisfy her pride, he must go through another ceremony in order to give her the chance of repaying his insult at the altar by saying "No" herself. She persuaded Jack to oblige her; but, to his amazement, the treacherous Mabel as soon as they were facing the altar said "Yes!"

So there was nothing else to do but to accept his fate, and the young couple departed happily on their honeymoon.

HENRY B. WALTHALL
The World's Greatest Dramatic Genius, in
THE CIRCULAR PATH
A SOUL-STIRRING DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

The wonderful emotional ability of Henry B. Walthall is put to a supreme test in this remarkable production, which shows how a clergyman, for love of an erring woman renounces his sacred calling, is dragged into the depths of degradation, and, finally, wipes out the past by noble atonement.

Ask the manager of your local cinema when he is going to show this film. Tell him it is sure to be up to the usual excellence always associated with Essanay

Essanay Film Service, Ltd., 22, Soho Square, London, W.
The popular British character-actor, has joined the Army Veterinary Corps, and is at the present time stationed at St. Albans. It is said he seized this opportunity to join the corps after his joining up, and that he had just finished a film with the Transatlantic, in which he played the title rôle. The part is quite unusual, but we are sure that Mr. Payne would have chosen a man better fitted for the rôle in which both talent and make-up are shown to the very best advantage.

As we stated in our interview with him some months ago, Mr. Payne has had vast experience in the theatrical world, and it is interesting to note that he is one of the few cinema stars who knows the business from beginning to end. He has travelled practically all over the world with various theatrical companies. Many readers will doubtless never have seen or heard of the "Knight" in the magnificent production of The Miracle at Olympia. During the last two years this popular farce has been the toast of the world, and it is now being released in due course by Gaumont.

A Lion Smashes the Camera.

In filming Heights of Hazzard, a five-part Vitagraph Blue Ribbon Feature, produced by Eugene Mullin from Cyrus Townsend Brady's novel of the same name, the realism of an African hunt scene was transmitted by the use of a real lion. Although Charles Richman and Eleanor Woodruff, the principals, did not take part in the scene, they were interested spectators, and occupied a position just back of the camera. All during the taking of the scene the lion appeared restless, and, although obeying the commands of his trainer, gave evidence that something was wrong. The actors were conscious of the unusual strain on the keeper, but concluded their work without any mishap. When the scene was finished the trainer turned his back for an instant. The lion gave a mighty roar and, heading for the little group of players around the camera, gave one tremendous spring. The keeper and camera-man both drew their revolvers, but before they had a chance to use them the lion had accomplished what he set out to do. He had demolished the camera. Then, without paying the slightest attention to the frightened and cowering actors, he calmly walked over to his cage and waited for his master to open the door.

Hard Lines on Henley.

The British are in the hospital at Universal City. He is suffering from a broken ankle, and the galling part of it is that he had just completed a day's work with lots of risky and tremendous-business through his head. He had gone through a fight with twenty-five men on board ship, and had jumped from the ship's side, thirty feet into the

SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, causing a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritating pimples, disfiguring blotches, objectionable excessive discharge by any natural or artificial cause.
The lotion is non-irritating, non-drying, non-staining. It is perfect for all skin conditions, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 40 years it has been the remedy for Eruptions: Redness: Acne: Sunburn: Pimples: Poarlaists: Rashes: Scurf: Blotches: Roses

Sulpholene is prepared by the great skin specialists, J. Everett & Co., Ltd., 21, Bedford Laboratories, London, E.8. It is sold in bottles at 1s., 3d. and 2s. 6d. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.
water. His arms were badly marked from the fight, but he was uninjured.

Coming home, his car had to make a sudden turn to avoid running into a girl in a small machine. Henley saw that his car must dash into a telegraph pole, and he jumped from it and so broke his ankle. He was appearing in the lead in the serial story Gr II, and now it looks as though some other actor would have to take his place. It is hard times on Henley, who has everybody's sympathy.

**Vivian in "Viviana."**

VIVIAN RICH will be seen in a photograph written for and around her, and very nearly named after her, for it is entitled Viviana. It is said to be one of the best vehicles she has had for a long time. Rumour has it that Vivian will soon be seen riding around in a new Limousine car. Miss Rich has just returned from Arizona, where she was feted, and dined. She met Irving Cummings lecturing on his way East.

**Where They are Produced.**

PRACTICALLY every scene in British Empire films is produced at Whitstable, in the studios or adjoining grounds; the exception being those incidents which from time to time it has been found advantageous to film in London itself as, for instance, "The Boy and Girl's Wedding" scenes taken on the Embankment, the scenes for "The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turn" taken in Leicester Square, and the scenes for "The Girl of My Heart" taken at Waterlow and Vauxhall Stations.

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**OUR CINEMATOGRAPHIC CARTOONS. No. 47, "Xmas Boxés."**

As Christmas draws near it is really remarkable how energetic some of the members of our staff have become. What does it mean, we wonder?

1. Our office boy six weeks before Xmas.
2. The same office boy this week.
3. Our caretaker six weeks before Xmas.
4. The same gentleman this week.
5. Our head printer six weeks before Xmas.
6. The same gentleman this week.

Even our Cartoonist, Mr. Morley, takes this opportunity of wishing all our readers a bright and happy Christmas.—Ed.

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**MACINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE-LUXE MINT DE-LUXE**

"THE LAST ONE! Daddy's been eating them!"

EVEN "grown-ups" never grow out of a liking for the toothsome Mackintosh's. And as for the kiddies—well, give them some mints and a free hand, and nine times out of ten it's Mackintosh's.

**Toffee-de-Luxe.**

Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich Cream blended in the "Mackintosh Way."

**Mint-de-Luxe.**

Just Coffee-de-Luxe cunningly blended with real English Mitcham Peppermint.

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**NORDISK EXCLUSIVES**

**BE ON THE WATCH FOR**

this great Nordisk 3-reel Drama at your local Cinema! Tell the Manager you want to see it and he will book it.

**THE CIGARETTE MAKER**

Nita works in a cigarette factory, and her employer's son pesters her with his attentions. But love is triumphant in the end. Full of absorbing, heart-throbbing interest.
"I am now in Splendid Health"
Thanks to Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. A. Petersen, of 12, South Molton Road, Canning Town, London, E. "It is some time now since I first found my health failing. I lost strength and always felt tired. Then I began to lose appetite, and what little food I did eat disagreed with me, for I suffered dreadfully with flatulence. Headaches were another affliction, very frequent and severe. At last I became so ill that I consulted a doctor. The trouble had turned to jaundice, and after that I continued in a low, weak state. I also became very nervous, and my skin and my eyes remained quite yellow.

"I began to think I was never going to get better, for I had tried a lot of things without finding any benefit, but in the end I chanced to hear about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and made up my mind to try them. I did, and it was truly astonishing how soon they did me good. They soothed my nerves almost at once, and rapidly I picked up health and strength again. Now I feel ever so well, my appetite is excellent, and my skin as clear as ever in my life. In fact I am in splendid health."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young.

They are the recognised modern home remedy for:

- Nervous Breakdown
- Nerve Paralysis
- Spinal Paralysis
- Infantile Paralysis
- Neurasthenia
- Nervous Dribbly
- Sickenessness
- Anemia
- Kidney Disease
- Indigestion
- Stomach Disorder
- Mal-Nutrition

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Sold by chemists and stores in all parts of the world, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.; the 3s. size being the most economical.
Our Christmas Picture Party

We sat around the table, feeling very full and Christmassy.
We'd eaten all the turkey, half the pudding and mince-pies,
And father looked important, for he'd promised us this Christmas he
Would give to all the family a wonderful surprise.

"A Merry Christmas all!" he cried, "and when you've
done your dinner, Ma,
Which everybody else has finished half-an-hour ago,
I'll put the pony in the cart and
take you to the Cinema;
We've never been inside one yet; it's time we saw a show."

We youngsters were delighted, but dear Ma was busy
swallowing
A chunk of hot plum-pudding which stuck fast inside her
throat;
She indicated to him to get up and we'd be following
As soon as he had safely fastened Fanny in the float.

We lads and lasses thought at first it could not be reality;
Not one in all our family had been to such a treat;
We lived six miles from nowhere in a country-fied locality,
And seldom saw a single soul outside of our own street.

At last we started! Mother's face had not a single frown
on it,
Although the wind was icy and the road was hard and
rough;
We took it easy going, fearing Fanny might fall down
on it,
But after some vicissitudes we got there safe enough.

We took the pony to an inn to
leave her for a while or so,
And then inside the Cinema
we sat on velvet chairs;
The programme said that "My
Old Dutch" in length was
just a mile or so,
And mother wondered how
they got the dear old thing
upstairs!

Well, suddenly the lights went out! It really did take one
aback.
Till Dad explained that somebody had done it for a
lark!
But mother screamed out "Fire! Murder! Thieves! We
want our money back!"
How can we be expected to see pictures in the dark?

But soon she screamed: "Look, children, look! A man o'
war, I'll bet it is!"
And sure enough we saw a steamer sailing on the waves.
"It's genuine enough," she cried, "the water! look how
wet it is!"
Hurray! Hooray! Good save the King! we never shall be
slaves!"

"It's wonderful!" said Father, "but I'll tell you what my
notion is:
I saw a lot of water in red buckets down, below;
They've pumped it up! You bet your whiskers that is what
you ocean is,
But where they've got that steamer from I'm dithered if I
know!"

And then we saw a murderer
attempting to assassinate
A rich and noble lady who
was sitting down to sup;
And no one moved to help her,
for the villain seemed to
fascinate
Us all; but Father hollered:
"Murder! Missis! Hey, look
up!"

Then Ma got wild because this handsome lady who had
taking eyes
Kept looking hard at Father like a frivolous young miss;
But Father only coughed and said if she persisted making eyes
He really couldn't help it—it was her affair; not his.

At last when all was over and the music played to indicate
'Twas time for our departure, dear old Dad looked rather
glum.
He said: "You know, it seems to me the thing's a kind of
syndicate
For amateur theatricals for them that's deaf and dumb!"

Then mother bought us lemonade and Eccles cake—a penny
one!—
And Father drove us quickly home for supper-time was near.
And, reader, if you'll promise—honour bright!—you won't
tell anyone,
Look out for all of us again on Christmas Day this year!

"BRIAN,"
EARLY in the NEW YEAR

- THE -
BETT THEATRES
will be showing that Wonderful Picture

THE WHITE HOPE

HEPWORTH PICTURE PLAY
Based on the Successful Novel by
W. H. R. TROWBRIDGE
featuring
STEWART ROME
and
MISS VIOLET HOPSON

All communications respecting Bookings
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MOSS’ EMPIRES, LTD.
86, Charing Cross Road,
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or to their accredited Provincial Agents as under:
Manchester: Progress Film Co., Ltd., 40, Deansgate.
Leeds: - Wellington Film Service, 39, Aire Street.
Birmingham: Royal Film Agency, 250, Corporation St.
Glasgow: - B.B. Pictures, Ltd., 81, Dunlop Street.
Cardiff: - - - Tatem & Co., 3, Windsor Place.

THE STRUGGLES OF LIFE.—Gloria drama. Two reels. The story
of a woman's life. Charming Bohemian scenes. — G. Sierra.

MAY BLOSSOM.—Famous Players drama. All star cast. A film
with the most complete interior settings which have ever been made.
—J. D. Walker's World's Films, Ltd.

A WILD NIGHT.—Crick's and Martin comedy. One reel. Describing
an eventful night spent at Mrs. Skinner's boarding-house.
—Douglas Film Sales Agency.

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and Money. Fast and furious fun, quite up to the usual standard.
—Pathé Freres Cinema, Ltd.

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fortunate results of the heroine’s first-aid treatment to her gouty
father. —Yorkshire One Co.

THEIR SOCIAL SPLASH.—Keystone comedy. Two reels. Mack
Sennett. The master mind behind Keystone gives us a touch of his
genius. —Western Import Co., Ltd.

THE LITTLE ELZARDE IN BLACK.—Lacramble drama. Two reels.
Bob Leonard and Ellis Hall. A detective story ending in a romantic
marriage. —Transatlantic Film Co.

IN OLD MEXICO.—Reliance drama. One reel. Sam de Grasse,
Walter Long, Ora Carew. A thrilling story of Old Mexico when
Spaniards ruled. —The New Majestic Co.

DEADWOOD LICK AND THE MORMONS.—Samuelson drama. Two
reels. Third episode of series of six. Fred Paul. A serial absorbing
to young and old. —Ideal Film Rental Co., Ltd.

THE ORANG-OUTANG.—Selig animal drama. One reel. George
Larkin, Edith Johnson, and the animal who died through drinking a
pint of paint. A novel subject, handled with exceptional skill.

THE NEWER WAY.—Flying A drama. Two reels. Jack Rich-
ardson, Vivian Rich, Louise Lester. Depicting the folly of man in
resisting the all-powerful advance of invention, to be finally conquered
by it. —American Co., Ltd.

THE TURN OF THE WHEEL.—Essanay Drama. Two reels.
B. C. Travis, C. H. Calvert, Lillian Dwyer. Telling how a woman’s
honour is compromised in a business plot, and how the champion
brings off a big coup.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE WRONG SANTA CLAUS.—Edison comedy.
One reel. Barry O’Moore, Bliss Milford, Elsie McLeod, and Kath-
leen Coughlin. A film appealing to every kidde’s heart.

CORRECTION: In our issue of December 4th we wrongly gave “The
Bedouin’s Sacrifice” as being an Essanay drama. This was a printer’s
error, the subject of course being Edison’s.

In case you have difficulty in obtaining 'PICTURES' regularly,
hand this order to your newsagent

NAME OF )
NEWSAGENT 

Please deliver "PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER" to
me weekly for the next three months and afterwards
until further notice.

SIGN

ADDRESS
THAT the fourth Trans-Atlantic British film, The Devil's Rabbit, produced by Percy Nash has been acquired by the Gaumont Film Hire Service.

THAT George Bellamy (the Soundman), Douglas Payne (the Devil), Gregory Scott (the Curate), Fay Temple (Peggy), and Daisy Corder (Myma) are the principals in this fine picture play.

THAT Peggy Richardson, whose portrait will publish next week, has made a hit in The Tailor of Broad Street, a four-reel comedy-drama coming from the house of "Germar."

THAT as this film features Augustus Yorke, the original "Potash," and Robert Leonard, the original "Perlmutter," there should be something to laugh at.

THAT out of 8,000 actors, 3,000 have gone to the Front, and almost every actor of military age is now serving his country in one capacity or another.

THAT new licensing conditions proposed by the L.C.C. are that no films shall be exhibited, except such as have received the certificate of the British Board of Film Censors and local and topical films dealing with current events.

THAT sufficient seats shall be reserved for children unaccompanied by adults, and that no adult shall be permitted to occupy one of the seats reserved for children.

THAT George U. Stevenson, who left Trans-Atlantic publicity in London a few months ago, has been operated upon in a New York hospital, and is making a speedy recovery.

THAT the "Comrades" have commenced the charge against the criminal who communicated the current to the committer and convicted the crowd.

THAT The Evil Eye, now being screened at many cinemas, never fails to satisfy the "eagle eye" of the critics.

THAT "The Life of Alma Taylor," in seven weekly installments, has been appearing in a Northern weekly.

THAT the Hepworth Company have received a request from New Zealand for an Alma Taylor post-card written on the back of a cinema poster.

THAT no fewer than four producers are working at the London Film Company's studios, a fact to cause us to look out for "some" films in the near future.

THAT the Cinema Ambulance Fund is well on its way to £32,000, having well passed £31,000. on December 4th. Hooray !

THAT Dora de Winton, sister of the well-known actress Alice de Winton, has made a great hit as "Lady Sybil" in the film of The Sorrows of Satan.

THAT beautiful Alice de Winton is herself busy playing in Sally Bishop, a Gaumont production.

THAT a Screen Club is to be instituted in London, in order to provide a meeting place and social rendezvous for members of the Trade.

What would you do if 4 White Feathers were sent to you?

See the answer in CAPT. A. E. W. MASON'S thrilling story

"THE FOUR FEATHERS."

A tale of Gordon's Period full of topical interest, with fine fighting scenes in the desert against Arabs and Turks.

CONTROLLED BY LUCOQUE Ltd., Film Renters, 93 & 95, WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W.

Write for Synopsis.
WHAT IS THIS? A Guinea for the Correct Answer

THE ABOVE PIECES, WHEN PROPERLY PUT TOGETHER, FORM THE NAME AND TRADE MARK OF A LEADING FILM MANUFACTURER.

Cut out each piece separately, and, when you have arranged them in their proper order, paste all on a sheet of paper and post with your name and address to "JIG SAW," Pictures Office, 85-86, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE EDITOR ONLY KNOWS THE CORRECT SOLUTION, AND HIS DECISION MUST BE ACCEPTED AS FINAL.

THE LAST DAY
FOR RECEIVING SETS OF PICTURES IN OUR
SCREENED STARS, COMPETITION
IS FRIDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 24th.

OUR LETTER-BAG
Selected from hundreds every week.

From Some of our Prize Winners.

"I am writing to tell you of the safe arrival of my Columbia graphophone and records. You can quite imagine that I am longing to try it: but as some of the pieces of the graphophone have to be put on, and as I don't know how to do it, or how to work it, I shall be obliged to ask one of our neighbours to show me." 1 L. (Barnsley).

"I received the graphophone and records this morning in good condition, and I do not know how to express my thanks to you for the handsome prize you have awarded me. It is a lovely machine, and the records are fine. Whenever my friends see it they say, 'Oh! what a beautiful prize.'" A. S. (Barnsley).

"The graphophone and records have just arrived, and I am writing to say how delighted I am at receiving such a nice prize. It will give us some very pleasant evenings, and will be just the thing for those dark nights when we are sometimes afraid to venture out, even to the pictures. Now we shall have the Pictures graphophone to amuse us at home, and as we listen to it we shall think of Pictures even more gratefully than usual, which is saying a good deal." R. N. (Norwich).

Fearfully Haunting.

"Can you please send me a copy of "Elaine, Elaine"? I have been too two cinemas recently, and have heard the chorus sung by the audience. The melody, I think, is topping, and fearfully haunting, being a weird, minor refrain. That is why I feel I must have a copy." T. S. (Streatham).

"Little Things" that Matter.

"In a recent production of an English firm I saw a very bad mistake. The scene showed a moonlight effect in India, with the hero and the adventures. The scene was well acted, and the setting splendid, but what spoilt the lot was the "little thing." At the bottom left-hand corner of the screen was the shadow of the camera man turning the handle of his machine."

H. P. (Warwickshire).
Cinematograph Trade Ambulance Fund.

HELP OUR WOUNDED HEROES

By purchasing the limited number of handsome 8in. by 10in.

AUTOGRAPIED PORTRAITS.

AT

2/6 EACH.

MAE MARSH. LILLIAN GISH

TO BE SOLD FOR THE ABOVE FUND.

These Portraits are the very latest published, and have been specially sent to us by Misses Marsh and Gish from America to help by their sale to swell the above Fund.

NEW MAJESTIC CO. 5, GERRARD STREET, LONDON, W.C.
Editorial Gossip

SOME of us will be happier this Christmas than others are able to be. May you all have the very happiest Christmas possible and good health and prosperity in the coming year!

Last Day for Sets.

Do not forget that your sets of pictures in the Screened Stars Competition must reach this office by Friday next, December 24th. This gives you nearly another week to fill in the names of the players and get them off your hands and minds before the day for turkey and plum-pudding arrives. In reply to many inquiries, no alterations are permitted in the names written under the pictures. Your only remedy is to buy extra copies.

Do You Want a Guinea?

A chorus of "Noes" (I don't think), Very well, then. Turn to page 208 and have a go at our novel Jig-Saw Competition. The first reader who sends in the pieces correctly placed, to form a well-known film manufacturer's name and trade-mark will be a guinea the richer for Christmas. Please note that there are Ten Consolation Prizes for late-winners.

Much Appreciated Xmas Number.

An extraordinary number of letters have reached me from readers pleased with our Christmas Double Number, I am so glad; it is really most gratifying. No moving-picture enthusiast should miss it. Any newsagent can get your copy if you order it; or "tuppence ha'penny" in stamps sent to these offices will bring you a copy post free. Send one to your best boy in khaki.

Help for Wounded Heroes.

The Trade Ambulance Fund has exceeded all expectations. You can help to further swell the big total by purchasing one or more of the autographed portraits of Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh (see offer on page 209), the money for which goes to the Fund. Your half-crowns will help to provide necessary aid for our unfortunate heroes of the war, and in addition will give you beautiful souvenirs of two famous film actresses.

Twin Talents.

When a player can combine his triune talent with black-and-white artist's work, he or she has something to be proud of. Dolly Tree, like Grace Airey and others I know, is one such. It is interesting to note that the little "greeting" sketch at the top of this page was drawn by Miss Tree with her left hand. Dolly has been very busy for many weeks past, she writes me, at the London Film Studio, appearing in among other plays, The Christian, Fine Feathers, A Will of His Own, Love in a Wood, and Mother Love.

Fine "London" Films Coming.

Maurice Elvey authorises me to state that all his productions (temporarily called "Diploma" Films) since his departure from the B and C Company are to be released as "London" Films. These include, besides those mentioned in the preceding paragraph, Charlie Han, May the Lady, and the story of Esther, from the Bible, all of them featuring Elisabeth Risdon. Derice is also being produced by Mr. Elvey, this being a film version of E. Temple Thurston's book The Evolution of Katherine.

A Player's Moves.

My genial friend R. Judd Green writes me that after finishing his part in The Devil's Bandmate and another one in a "London" film he has gone over to the Broadway Company with his old comrades George Bellamy. I fancy I saw Mr. Green's merry face in some of the scenes in The Christian the other day. Well, he is so big and bright that we can't have

---

NO STICKS
NO BRICKS
NO KICKS
BUT CLEAN BRITISH COMEDY.

The outstanding feature of Kinebilly Comedies is good, wholesome laughter. Full of novel situations and surprising incidents, they develop to the fullest extent the fun-making capabilities of

BILLY MERSON

and have rapidly placed him at the head of all film comedians.

THE GLOBE FILM CO., Ltd.
81-83, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.
Desert Island in British Production.

It is nice to congratulate a British producer who can put on a successful desert island picture. Plays requiring such setting might be reasonably shunned because of inability to get the right location. In the Hepworth play "At the Sea Went Down" the hatred of a man for the false friends who leave him when his money is gone is made the basis for a strong "primitive" drama. Disgusted with the world, the man goes to sea and pays the captain to put him off on an island far from the path of vessels. Obviously some good sea scenes were necessary, and Frank Wilson, the Hepworth producer, succeeded in getting them. Hence my congratulations.

Successful Students.

There is generally the exception even with so-called cinema schools. Hearing that some of the students of the Victoria Cinema College had been usefully en-gaged at studios in London, I paid that institution a visit. I found many ladies and gentlemen being carefully rehearsed in a properly-equipped studio, and read many letters from pleased pupils; and elsewhere I afterwards saw screened two subjects cleverly acted by students of this same college. Having seen these things, I am of opinion that those who wish to acquire at reasonable fees a useful knowledge of cinema acting might do worse than apply to Mr. Edward Gidal, the principal, at 23 Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W. He will promise you nothing, but tells me that if a pupil shows hopelessness after three lessons, he or she will be promptly told to save further expense.

Kathlyn Williams in "Kolor."

I have before me a fine autographed portrait of Kathlyn Williams beautifully printed in colours on a stiff cardboard and absolutely asking to be framed. What amazes me is that the Selig Company, of 29-35, Wardour Street, W., are offering you this ripping work of art for 4½d. post-free. Souvenir hunters and admirers of Kathlyn should on no account miss getting this fine picture whilst the limited supply lasts.

Everybody's Doing It!

The Trans-Atlantic Company, of 37-39, Oxford Street, W., made you a special offer in our Christmas Number—namely, in return for one shilling they will send twelve large photogravure portraits, each measuring 10 by 8 inches, of their star artists. These, too, would look handsome in frames, and for a small outlay, less than actual cost, will provide you with a whole picture-gallery.

A "Blue Ribbon" Mystery.

I am not referring to the new drinking conditions, but to the latest Vitagraph Blue Ribbon feature, "Mortmain," described as "a mystery drama of extraordinary merit." I did not see the first of the five parts, but what I did see kept me spellbound. The main theme is murder, and, in all conscience, I saw nothing less than the amputation of a man's hand and the grafting of a murderer's hand on to the stump, but it undoubtedly fascinates, and one is cheered and relieved by the concluding scene, which shows the first time that the awful story was "only a dream." Robert Edeson, in the title-robe, acts magnificently.

"The Winner."

Press-work prevented me from being present at a real big fight with the gloves in the studio of Cricks and Martin the other day. The scene was one for "The Winner," a thousand-footer just finished by this enterprising firm, and now being handled by Davison, the British agent. The referee in the drama was Mr. J. Palmer of the Sporting Life. He says the fight was splendid, which should mean that the film will live up to its title.

LILLIAN GISCH, in the charming old-world costume which she wears in "The Birth of a Nation." This is one of the autographed portraits being sold for the Cinematograph Trade Ambulance Fund. (See page 27.)

Any Night at the Pictures.

As a more or less constant picturegoer, I have overheard the following:—

"Isn't he ripping?"
"His eyes are fine!"
"Isn't she lovely?"
"They make up a lot!"
"That's the kind of frock I want!"

N.B.—Mummed only by the female sex when the best boy is near.

"Isn't that natural?"
"By Jove! what a topping girl!"

N.B.—Said aloud by the male sex only when the best girl is not near.

"Wake me up after this one; I want to see Charlie Chaplin."
"That fellow can't really swim."
"I'd like to catch my husband doing that!"

F. D.

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR COPY?

THE XMAS DOUBLE
No. of "PICTURES."

52 pages of seasonable matter and pictures for picturegoers, including a beautiful Art Portrait of Florence Turner.

POST-FREE 2½d. from 85-93 Long Acre, London, W.C.
THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS

My Young Picturegoers' League is growing, just as I expected it to do, and within the next few days I shall despatch the little badges to the boys and girls already on the League register. All you need do to get one of these pretty badges is to obtain three new regular readers of Pictures, and send me their names and addresses, together with your own and your age. When I have a sufficient number I propose to send each member the names and addresses of all the members, so that they may correspond with one another. Thus you will see that the League may become a sort of social club.

A reader asks me to tell her how many instalments there are in The Exploits of Bob. There are thirty-six episodes in this fine serial, each one (containing two parts) being released weekly. I hear that the film is arousing great enthusiasm at all the theatres showing it, and from what I know of the story I feel sure you will all be delighted with it.

If any of you have so far missed our Christmas Number, do not miss it any longer. It is full of pictures and stories that will please you, and if you cannot get it any other way send 2½d. in stamps to this office, and a copy will be posted to you direct.

This number, being dated Christmas Day, is also quite seasonable in character, and I should like to take this opportunity of wishing each and every one of my boy and girl readers a really happy Christmas, and hope you will find lots of little things you like in your stockings on Christmas morning.

Talking of Santa Claus, little Billy Jacobs, that wonderful boy picture-actor in America, whom most of you must have seen on the screen, has written so prettily about him that I feel I must print the letter.

He says: "I am just wondering what kind of Christmas the poor little children will have where there is war. I wonder if Santa Claus will bring them presents while their..."
papaw are away lighting. I am glad there is no war here, and we know we will have a merry Christmas."

"Last Christmas Mr. Carl Lammel, Mr. Stoic's brother-in-law, said it was the largest that could be bought in Los Angeles. I am very proud of my horse, because Mr. Lammel is a great man. Mr. Patric Leeley (Carlin) drove in with a real auto-baron that says honk-honk and makes people get out of the way. I got lots more presents, and have them yet this Christmas."

"I've got a big engine that I can get inside of, with a bell that I can ring by pulling the rope; but Mamma says that costs lots of money, so I guess only millionaires little boys can have one."

"When you see me in the moving pictures this Christmas with the L. K. Trans-Atlantic Co., just remember that I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

"BILLY JACOBS"

The Editor has asked me to draw your attention to the pig-saw puzzle on another page, and, knowing what a lot of clever ones there are among you, I should just love to learn that one of you has solved it and has won the wife of the guinea. It would come in nice and handy for Christmas, so try your luck.

This brings me to my own competition concerning the hidden players. I wish you to buzz your heads over a week or so ago. The names are:


Answers simply poured in on the last day, but why, oh why, did so many competitors omit to state their age? Fifteen is the age-limit on this page, and in fairness to those who do state their age I cannot consider the efforts of those who do not.

The newest bound volume of Pictures has been sent to the prize-winners: Maurice Marchant, Ben Dinh, Dover Street, Wyde, London; William Z. Kahn, 15 Shaw Street, Secaucus (N.J.).

Award of Merit: six of which win a special prize, is to Miss Florence Douglass (Fleming), Evelyn Duffield (Leeds), A. Richardon (Brockley), Lily Bar (New York), Miss Flora Greenwood (Leeds), Evelyn Wilson (Bloomsfield), A. Bishop (Hackney), Winifred Gibbs (Claydon), Ethel Hall (Westminster), Alan Wood Hallock, John Howard (Watton), Irene Hockey (Carlin), Roggie Coulson (Tunbridge Wells).

Special Prizes: Ivy Neal and Irene Hockey.

I am often asked to run another Painting Competition. Previous prize-winning paintings form some of my most prized possessions.

PAINTING-BOOKS FOR CHEAPER PAINTING.

On the opposite page is a pretty sketch of the "Christmas Waits. Cut out and paint the picture and send it on a postcard or in an envelope (stating your age) to "Painting," Pictures Offices, 8-86, Long Acre, W.C., on or before December 29th. The Award of Merit will be given to those who send the nicest pictures; but to the senders of the best, according to the judges, will go the four charming paintings being offered by the roll-top desk belonging to your Uncle Tim."

UESLE TIM.
SMILES

Why He Was Quiet:

"What did he have to say for himself?"

"Nothing. His wife was with him."

The Face that Mattered:

VISITOR: "Your leading lady is absolutely beautiful but for one thing."

PRODUCER: "What's that?"

VISITOR: "Her face."

"He" Paid as Usual:

"I suppose you were touched when your wife gave you that easy-chair for your den at Christmas."

"I was touched before she gave it."

The Others Who Do:

IRATE FATHER: "It's astonishing. Richard, how much money you need."

SON: "I don't need it, father: it's the hotel-keepers, the tailors, the picture theatres, and the taxi-cab men."

Canine Criticism:

SHE: "My little dog knows what's going on in the theatre-world."

HE: "Why?"

SHE: "He's just swallowed the programme for The Birth of a Nation, and is whining for more."

The Fool on the Film:

LITTLE DEAR: "Why are you in that clown's rig-out for the Night Club scene?"

NERVOUS ACTOR: "Because I'm bound to make a fool of myself, and the Producer will think it's good business."

A True Story:

A little child who had been learning about Heaven, on her return home from school asked: "Mummy, when Charlie Chaplin dies will he fly to heaven?"

"Yes, dear; we hope so; why?"

"Cos', won't he make Dod laugh."

Methodical Shopping:

"James, my lad," said the grocer to his new assistant, "most people that come in here make their purchases in a higgledy-piggledy way."

"Mrs. Brown, sir."

"And the state leaf we couldn't sell?"

"Mrs. Brown, sir."

"Where's that rancid butter?"

"Mrs. Brown bought it cheap, sir."

"And the six bad eggs?"

"Mrs. Brown. Are you ill, sir?"

"Asking James, as the grocer turned green."

"No, no: only I'm going to tea at Brown's to-night, replied the unhappy man as he wiped the perspiration from his face and sank into a chair."


Legal Literature:

"Miss Fligthy made all her money in letters."

"She doesn't look literary."

"She isn't. She won a breach of promise suit with 'em."

Reciprocal:

HE: "There goes the honestest girl in the world."

SHE: "How's that?"

HE: "She won't even take a kiss without returning it."
Cecil M. Hepworth
Producer of Iris (Pinero) and Annie Laurie.
Swiftly moving and tense play by Lubin. Three-reel Drama acted with great ability.

Whom the Gods Would Destroy

Lilie Leslie

and

Rosetta Brice

Monday,

Jan. 24, 1916
JESSE L. LASKY presents

The Popular Favourite

BLANCHE SWEET

in

"STOLEN GOODS"

A Drama in Three Acts.

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MONDAY, JANUARY 3rd.

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166-170, Wardour St., W.

THE REVIEW.
The Monthly Magazine of Famous Players. Jesse Lasky and J. H. Walkers may be obtained by the public for an annual subscription of £1 post-free.

DERWENT HALL CAINE AND ELISABETH RISDON

As "John Storm" and "Glory Quayle" in The Christian, the superb London Film production which Jurys will release shortly.
Did You Read last week's announcement on this page?

SELGs announced that a beautiful 4-colour portrait of Miss KATHLYN WILLIAMS, mounted on art card with silk ribbon tie, could be obtained from their Offices, 93 & 95, Wardour Street, post-free, 4½d. This offer is still open, but supplies are very limited. If you missed last week's advertisement, or if you have not already sent for one of these delightful studies—then

Do It Now!

The "Ideal's" Sensational Announcements for 1916

Look Out For

'SALLY IN OUR ALLEY." A Hearty English Drama round a Hearty British Song. Featuring HILDA TREVELYAN as Sally.

OSCAR WILDE'S great Drama, "LADY WINDER-MERE'S FAN," which set the "town" talking. Featuringlena ASHWell.

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER in his Original Part of Aubrey Tanqueray in "THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY." The greatest Modern English Play.


"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME." A Moving Tale written round the Haunting Melody known wherever English is spoken and sung.

"JUSTICE." The Master Drama by John Galsworthy.

DOMEY & SON. Charles Dickens' most popular Novel

DR. PRIMROSE—THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD WITH SIR JOHN HARE. The Most Delightful of all English Novels.

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER and Miss IRENE VANBRUGH in the Famous Drama, "THE GAY LORD QUEX." Miss Vanbrugh in her Original Part of Sophy Fullgarney.

OSCAR WILDE'S Sparkling Comedy, "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST." The late King Edward's Favourite Comedy.

"THE FALLEN STAR." Albert Chevalier in a Picture Version of his Famous Monologue.

"SHIRLEY." Fine Romance by Charlotte Brontë, the Authoress of "Jane Eyre."

"PROFIT AND LOSS." By F. W. MALTBY. The Powerful Criterion Production.

Further Announcements Later.
PEGGY RICHARDS, THE CHARMING AND CLEVER ACTRESS

who has played the leading female character in The Tailor of Bond Street, in which the original "Potash" and "Perlmuter" are featured.
WHATEVER its real attractions, Dimchester did not stand high in reputation as a health resort. If it rained anywhere, it rained in this thriving Midland town. Wags asserted that a small cloud was excuse for a drizzle, and if the sky was overcast it poured "cats and dogs." It was thus one evening in December. Right along the High Street the rain had long been driving in furious gusts, and the only dry corners other than one's home seemed to be the picture theatres.

Standing in the entrance-hall of the "Paladinum" was the Resplendent One. An evening suit of fashionable cut adorned a manly frame; from the centre of a shirt of amazing whiteness glittered a brilliant stud, and a grey topcoat which had also been put on. On his head was a large histrionic campaigner's head. The owner of all these things was the manager, and he was not in the best of moods. Only a few minutes since he had had a wordy tussle with three youths, who endeavoured to gain free admission upon one bill ticket which they had won from the billy-stopper's boy, and being new to that business he had had to parry some nasty observations upon the iniquities of a "manager from London" who did not understand local conditions; since then he had been called to the assistance of an attendant engaged in a squabble with a couple of "flappers" who insisted upon smoking cigarettes and giggling right through the Excelsior.

No, the Resplendent One was not in a pleasant frame of mind, but, glory be, the house was full, and he could contemplate the future with satisfaction. He would gauge local conditions, and then let his rivals tremble. Dimchester would see that real live London experience could effect.

There he stood, his bosom swelling with pride, as the Disgusted Patron came down the carpeted stairs.

"Wretched night, sir," ventured the Resplendent One as a gust of swirling rain followed a belated couple. ("Two sixpences, please") through the open door.

"Wretched!" is too mild for such a night as this," replied the old gentleman. "I have lived in this neighbourhood for fifty years, and whenever I come into town it pours with rain. I regret that I came out in it, and I still more regret that I have come to this confounded theatre. I have been cheated by the management."

"Indeed, sir. May I ask in what respect you have been disappointed?"

"I said 'cheated,' sir. Deliberately defrauded," granted the Disgusted Patron.

"Surely not. It appeared to me that the programme was quite up to the average."

"I came to see Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin. My daughters speak highly of both. The lady I did not see, and as—"

"But there's no Mary Pickford picture here to-night."

"So I discovered after waiting two hours and a quarter. Let me tell you, sir, if I had expected a picture theatre I would know how to keep faith with the public."

"I believe that is the desire of the management, sir. In fact I know it is. The essence of good business, so I have been taught, is to give value for money and to maintain the good opinion of your clients," replied the Resplendent One.

"Clients! My dear sir, please do not use a professional term for the patrons of a picture theatre. Your business sentiments are, however, sound. Do you, may I ask, often see the programme here?"

"I have not missed a programme for four weeks, and cannot understand your complaint."

"Then, I put it to you, whom I take to be a man of business as well as a man of the world—" the Resplendent One bowed as the Disgusted Patron loudly blew his nose—"that to advertise the appearance of an artiste on a sheet stretching the full width of the entrance and then to exhibit instead an absurd drama in which people with very ordinary features, valiantly endeavour to look intelligent, is fraud, downright fraud, sir, and nothing less. I ask you, is it the correct thing to do?"

"Probably not, but—"

"But it is not necessary, my good sir. Mary Pickford is across the front of the theatre as large as life.""Oh yes! I've seen the streamer, but I also saw the words 'Monday next.'"

"Monday next; dear me! Where's?"

"Come here, sir. There you are right in the corner."

"Ah, yes, see. In letters about this inches high. If I may say so, and you, as an observant man will agree, that is almost a case of obtaining money by false pretences. My shilling was paid because I expected to see Mary Pickford. No sir; you cannot convince me that it is good business to do as the management of this theatre does."

"But, sir, you can surely see the words "Monday next.""

"Sincerely, and to me that is evidence of the false pretence."

"The actress in question—" suggested the Resplendent One, "is a great draw."

"Exactly, and that is the fraudulent object of the poster. But it seems to me that you are defending the practice. What is your reason, sir? ... Ah! here is my car. Probably you are also waiting for yours? No? Then Good-night. I mean to give the management my opinion of its duplicity. I shall write them and—"

"Please, sir, you are wanted. One of the thruppennies is a-carrying on something dreadful."

At the top of the stairs the Irate Individual was shouting as two attendants strove to keep him back. "Git out of it! Who do yer think you're showin'? I paid to come here. I did, and I ain't going to be pushed about by the likes of you. Where's the blooming manager?"

"Down there, talking to that old gentleman."

"Look. Keep, mistah, are you the boss of this 'ere cinema?" he shouted.

"I am the manager, my good man," replied the Resplendent One, his breast swelling with importance.

"Dearie me!" gasped the Disgusted Patron to himself; "and I took him to

"Another Swindle"

FEMALE GUEST: "Isn't the public fooled. I've stood 'eere a solid hour an' them blamed pictures ain't moved yet."—Judge.
Do a prosperous business man. Well, I gave him a few home thrusts anyway.

"I ain't yer 'good man.' Look here, any'nor, what I want to know is this. I'm a Britisher, I am. None of your things about this child. This evening I says to my missus,' Old gal, let's go to the pictures and see if the fighting pictures as arrived. 'Yus, Bill; let's go,' she says, 'we may see the kids.' she says. And 'ere we are; and now I wants to know what yer mean by showing us a dirty German.'

"My good man, there are no Germans.

"Now, look 'ere mate, don't put no 'alf look on me with your 'good man.' I tell yer there is Germans a-showing, and what my missus wants to know is why. Why our two boys should be fighting the dirty skunks for you (ain't yer wearing a Derby arnilet?) and yer goes and puts the blighter on the screen?"

"But,"

"You listen to me. My boys are fighting 'em; pushing in their ugly muzzles, and you show 'em fat and laughing. That ain't playing the game, guv'ner. You be fair to us and we'll be fair to you. I says to my missus, I says the poor old gal was crying like rain. I'll see the bess, and if he can't give me a proper excuse I'll muck his 'ead

"Now, now; let me try and understand what your trouble is. In what picture did you see the hated Jews?"

"In that ere 'War Scare.'

"These soldiers are not Germans. They are Dutch and Greeks. Nootrals, not enemies.

"Nootrals! Oh! love a duck. Well, look here, mister. I give in; if they aint no Germans, I'm sorry for the row I made, but to my way of thinkin' the others are as bad. What I olds is this; these ere nootrals ain't a bit better than enemies. If hey ain't stoking the fire with yer eye stopping the draught, I'll go back to the old woman now. I see's a young feller and his gal a waiting to see yer. Good-night, guv'ner.'

"Good-night," replied the Resplendent One as Clement the Knut came forward. "Ah! my dear old chap," drawled the new comer, "you look put out. What's the matter?"

"Nothing much; the usual grumbling.

"How very annoying but—ahem I have something in the nature of a complaint to make."

"What? another? What is your trouble, young man?"

"Please do not mistake me, my dear Lawson, I have no trum or. Mine is a complaint which arose in this way: Miss Barrington, my fiancée, had seen 'The Fashions of Venus,' and thought I should like to see it. I agreed, frightfully old as it is, and I regret that you have given, my dear old chap, to showing what I may term junk—"

"Nothing over six weeks' old, sir," objected the Resplendent One.

"But even that you are not showing."

"No, sir; this is change day, and the reuters sent an educational one-reeler instead."

"Educational, by jove! Who comes to the pictures to be educated? I finished with that at school, old boy.

"Do, my dear Lawson, try to keep faith with your clients," urged Clement. "I should not like to be forced to transfer my patronage."

"Why hesitate, young man? If the manager of the Orpheum will give you a pass, as I have done accept it. Your pass here will be cancelled;" and the Resplendent One walked across to the pay-box to execute his threat.

Later, as the Resplendent One struggled homewards, he muttered, "Why did I want to try my luck in Dimchester? and as the rain filled his eyes and mouth and ran down his neck he splattered, "London should be good enough for me!"
Chapter I.

FOR a moment the man looked at the white, angry face of his wife, then, shrugging his shoulders, he crossed the room.

"You understand what I mean, Agnes," he said quietly, "and I expect you to respect my wishes."

Without another look he left the room, and as she heard his firm steps echoing through the hall Agnes Howard sank on to the richly upholstered settee, her angry mood of a moment before vanishing in a flood of passionate tears.

... Swiftly the hours went by, and Agnes Howard arose, barely counted by the wealthy visitor to her father's home, and the envy of all her friends. Again she saw herself the happy village belle, engaged to the wealthy visitor to her father's home, and the envy of all her friends. Again she stood at the Altar and heard his deep tones as he repeated their vows, and she pressed his face down among the cushions as though striving to shut the gates of memory upon them.

... Slowly the days had waned, until at last they seemed to disappear. Little by little Graham Howard had appeared to tire of his eloping wife, absented himself from home, and answering her anxious inquiries with the curt plea of "Business," even refusing to let her accompany him when he pleaded with him to do so. Then, at last, the bitter truth was forced upon her—she was misunderstood, neglected, a stumbling-block in his path of success.

She staggered to her feet and pressed her white, blemished hands to her aching brows. "I will not stand it any longer," she moaned; "I will not. I gave him all I had to give; I was his, all his, and he does not care—nobody cares. I might as well be—"

She hesitated, and a faint flush spread over her beautiful face as she remembers the secret letter that lay within the bosom of her dress. "Yes, somebody cares," she whispered, looking round fearfully; "one man puts my love, my happiness above all else in the world. One man would sacrifice everything to bring happiness into my life again.

Slowly the temptation swept over her, burning down, crushing all sense of shame; "I love a right to be loved—I will claim that right." Passionately she red lips pressed the written lines, "Yes, Ingram, since you want me, I will come to you, and the future shall be as you wish!"

Swiftly she made the meagre preparations for her flight. Without another glance at the beautiful room in which her daydreams had been built, she turned to go; but at the door she shrank back as a man's voice fell upon her ear.

Then I will wait for Mr. Howard. Mrs. Howard, you say, is in?"

"Amos Howell, my husband's friend, she whispered. "If he should see me it would be fatal!"

Stealthily she left the room by another door, and a moment later the servant ushered the visitor in.

"I could have sworn the mistress was here," he said. "Maybe, though, she's got away. If you'll get a seat, sir, I will tell you where she is here!"

The old retainer left the room, and Howell commenced to pace the floor.

"It must be, he muttered, and although I may lose dear Graham's friendship, still, by that same friendship and all that it means to me, I feel it my duty to speak. What fools men are, he continued, bitterly, as, halting before a large portrait of his friend's wife, he looked searchingly at the exquisite-pictured face. "Here's my friend—given the love of a beautiful, clever woman, aye, and a good one up to now. I'll swear to that. Yet he's gambling with his future—putting his home happiness against ambition and professional success. I've seen it watched the inebriate down, the moralist at his knowledge of his seeming neglect that I have seen creep into her eyes; and, by gad, before it is too late I will speak. Yes, I'll speak, plead with him, and help——then that clouded while on his face became black with fury—"I'll settle my own affair, even though the settlement bears the shadow of the gallows!"

Behind him the door opened, and the servant appeared. "I cannot find Mrs. Howard anywhere," he said, in a troubled voice, "and her maid says she has hastily packing a bag. Perhaps she has gone on a sudden visit, sir, and neglected to tell us."

"Perhaps—perhaps?"

The servant left the room again, and Howell stood still in the centre of the room. His sharp eyes fell upon a sheet of paper which lay on the hearth, and scarce counting what he did, he picked it up and glanced at the hastily penned lines—

"My beloved," he read, "I can wait no longer for the realization of the promise your dear eyes have given me. Leave this man who openly neglects and flaunts you—leave him and come to me. And in them I find the sinner of your youth again. To-night at eight I shall be waiting, and before a new day is born we can start on a new life together. Ingram Miles."

With that, Howell crumpled the letter in his hands. "Ingram Miles is—"

he kissed, his handsome face almost denuded of all but the passion that shook him; "so he has drawn Agnes into the vortex; but, thank God, there is still time to rescue her. Ingram Miles—the infamous blackguard, the vile riffer of homes! First my sister—my poor little Annette; and now my dearest friend's wife. But, although Annette must pay the price, his second victim shall be saved; then I'll be paying aye, he shall pay a hundredfold! And crushing his hat over his eyes he hurried out into the night.

Chapter II.

Alone in his web the Spider sat watching the clock upon the mantel, his feelings alternating between hope and fear as the remorseless hand dragged on toward the hour. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, a smile of triumph illuminating his sinister features as soft footsteps sounded on the hall below.

A moment later a maid ushered in the veiled figure of a woman, then discreetly withdrew as her master came forward with arms outstretched.

"Agnes," he whispered, striving to hide the passion that shook his voice, "you have come!"

Weary the other man's wife threw her veil aside and faced him. "Yes, I have come. Ingram. No," she continued, as she tried to draw her into his embrace. "You must listen to me first. I have come to you in answer to your wish, and because, my love, Man, every soul, even the love you promise—"

... The love that shall be yours, offers me, I swear it, he breathed thickly,

... I cannot offer you the love that was in my heart before. I learned how callous men could be in the hour of possession. That is dead, buried with my old daydreams; but I can promise you faithful love. Take me away wherever I may go, and I will be your slave. Will you be satisfied with that?"

His slave! A sardonic smile twisted Ingram Miles' lips as he heard her heartbroken words, but the woman did not see. "My dear," he sighed, drawing her slowly toward him, "it shall be even as you wish. But you shall never be my slave; instead, I will be yours. My loving care will make you forget your neglect in years, and will that day I will be content to wait for the true love that will be best rewarded."

He held her, passionate but unremitting in his embrace; then as he raised her face to meet his first caress, a footprint fell upon his ear. He turned and her heart roughly from him. For a second he listened. Only one person had ever had the right to enter his house.
unannounced, and his face paled as he turned to the woman at his side.

"Go into the next room," he whispered, "some one is coming—a matter of business. I expect—but I would keep the knowledge of your presence here from prying eyes for as long as I can. Go dear heart," he added, "go quickly," as she looked up surprised at the harshness of his tone; "go quickly!"

A moment later, the woman, facing the pale girl whose unchanging face he had hoped devoutly to never see again.

"What the devil do you want?" he snarled viciously.

"Justice," the girl answered firmly; "justice and the return of the good name you wounded from me. Yes, I want to walk about the streets with my head erect; I want to meet the eyes of those who have been my friends since childhood without the fear that these same eyes can read my guilty secret. You promised to make me an honest woman, Ingram; and I demand that you fulfill that promise."

Ingram Miles laughed. "Promises are made to be—"

"But you must keep this one—you must, she interrupted frantically; "a few weeks, a very few weeks, and the whole town must know—oh, God, do you not understand!" she added, her voice choked by agonised sobs.

Ingram Miles understood well enough, for it was not the first time he had listened to like words. But the knowledge brought no pity to his heart.

"Bah!" he answered with a sneer.

"You were always a hysterical little fool, Agnette, and now you are a cur. Besides," he added, brutally, "how the devil do I know I am the only man. You came to my arms easily enough; why should not others receive your favours?"

The poor victim writhed under the sheer brutality of the insult.

"You cur!—you cowardly cur!"

"Still, you made me moderately happy until you began to lose your beauty," he smiled, not heeding the danger-signals which began to flare in her haunted eyes, "and I'll provide the money to see you through—"

"Money!"—her voice rose to a scream—"you dare to offer me money. Money to the woman who gave you all—the woman who was pure until you lured her to destruction. Ah! you beast!"

"You promised to make me an honest woman, Ingram."

"Enough of that—I'm tired of your tantrums, and from to-night I've done with them, done with you as well. Take the money, or leave it; it's all the same to me."

"Never—"

"Then ask your pious brother to help you out. Curse you! Now will you go?"

With a volley of oaths, careless of everything in his sudden rage, heedless that the same strong arm that would protect the little sister from the sneers of a censorious world might also fall in vengeance on her betrayer, he seized the girl's slim form and forced her towards the door. "Will you go, you—?" Like a tiger she wrenched herself free, then her hand closed upon the knife which had been hidden within her clothing, and forgetting all but the coarse expression half-spoken on his lips she struck. For a moment he stood wavering dizzyly; then without another word he fell. Slowly understanding returned to her, but she felt no fear in pity, as she looked upon the ghastly face of the man whose life she had taken.

Heedless of the white face of the other woman peering through the curtain, she flung away the knife and crept softly from the room.

Ingram Miles, shaken and coupled with a feeling of horror was in Agnes' heart, as she stepped forward and, without comprehending the truth, bent over the body of her would-be betrayer. "In-gram," she whispered tearfully, "thank God that poor girl came in time to save me from a worse sin than hers. Ingram! Ingram! Merciful Father in heaven!"

She shrank back in terror, staring at the dark stain upon her hands, and as her numb senses assimilated the awful truth, she ran wildly from the room and from the house of tragedy.

On the doorstep she met Howell. "Mrs. Howard—" he began.

"In there!" she cried, sobbing as she clung to his arm. "Oh, Father of Mercy—"

"I know," he answered sternly; "but, thank God, Graham does not as yet..." If you can go to him as spotless as when you left his house, do so, and tell him all. You are both to blame, but—who knows—perhaps this may bring understanding. Go at once, and rest assured that Ingram Miles shall be made to answer for his sin in full. Not another word—go, and leave him to me!"

CHAPTER III.

"Great Heavens! this is too terrible!"

Clutching a morning paper in his hand, Graham Howard strode into the presence of his trembling wife; then, scarce heeding the question that faltered on her lips, he continued angrily, "It is infamous that in these days the police can make so mad an error—"

"Graham—"

"Why, only yesterday," he continued, "I left Ames' Howell in the city, and now I learn that he has been arrested on a charge of murder—"

"Arrested on a charge of—of murder!" Agnes faltered.

"Yes—it appears that he called on Ingram Miles last night—I never did like that fellow—the man-servant who admitted him says he noticed that
Howell seemed pale, but raised no objection to his going to the study. Almost once he heard a cry, and hastening into the room found poor old Amos standing above the dead body of his master, a knife at the weapon with which the foul deed had been committed in his hand. The police were immediately sent for, and Amos, who seemed dazed, was arrested.

He paused and wiped his brow.

"And," Agnes scarcely dared breathe as her lips framed the word.

"Confound it, I can't understand what mad fit could have come over the poor old chap. He refused to say anything, refused even to give any account of himself, and still refuses. Of course he's innocent, and the police are making an infernal mess of things; but if ever a man was doing his best to put a halter round his neck, that man is my life-long friend."

For a moment he was silent, then raised for the door; but as he opened it Agnes called him back.

"Graham, where are you going?"

"Going!" he echoed in surprise. "Why to see him, of course; to tell him that—Why, what in heaven's name is the matter with you, girl?"

"Listen to me, Graham. You must not go until you have heard me."

"Not until I have heard you," he cried. "Has the world gone mad? What can you possibly have to say that has any bearing on the matter?"

"I can explain," she faltered.

"Explain what?"

"That he sacrificed himself on the altar of friendship—that he kept silence to save my good name; then wildly, incoherently, at times, she poured into her husband's amazed ears the story of her great temptation, and of her intended sin. Without concealing anything, she narrated the incidents of her life from the moment when Ingram Miles first threw his blade around her to the moment when, flying from the blooded body of her would-be seducer, she encountered Amos Howell. "Oh, don't you see?" she sobbed. "Amos found the body—thought that I had committed the deed, and died—rather to remain silent, to take the blame, the punishment for our sake."

"God! you, Agnes! You had outrivals together drifted so far apart that you thought of this? And the woman, his victim, who was she?"

"I do not know—I could not see her face—I did not know her voice. Oh, tell me, husband, what are we to do?"

Graham Howard turned his pallid face to hers. "Do," he muttered huskily, "you must keep silent for the good of your name, the name he risks all to save, but—"

"He is condemned," she breathed. "If all else fails, if we cannot prove his innocence and find the guilty, then, but only then, you must speak. Afterwards, his arms closed round her in the old clinging way she had thought never to feel again, "we will go away—we three—and face a new life together."

As the hour of Amos Howell's trial approached, it seemed indeed that the words he had spoken to Agnes on the fatal night were coming true; for brought together, linked closely by the common sorrow and the dread secret in their hearts, much of the old misunderstanding was wiped away; and but for the thought of the man who ate his heart out behind his prison-bars, they would have been happier than they had been for years."

"Just the same," she would often cry, clinging to him, "why cannot I speak now? Let me, dear?"

"No," he would answer; but the light in his eyes ever gave the lie to the stern harshness of his voice. "Not yet. If the worst comes you must sacrifice yourself, but there is still hope."

The day of the trial broke drearily, but the great crowd that thronged the court was in thrall, as if to the creature's martyrdom; had eyes only for the man in the dock, the man who answered, "Not guilty," without hesitation, in spite of Judge and counsel, to speak one word to make good his plea."

"I am innocent," he said calmly, in answer to all their questioning; "that is all I can say—all I said."

From the first such a defence was hopeless, and at last the Judge summed up:

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said gravely, "you have before you the facts of this case—the facts of the prisoner being found by the dead body of the murdered man with the weapon of destruction in his hand, and the fact that, although given every opportunity, he refused to speak of it. And the prisoner refuses even to fight the shadows that are gathering round him—relying solely on his unsupported statement that he is innocent. Gentlemen of the jury, this is a land of justice, and it is not for me to bias your decision; you have the facts, the undisputed facts, and on these you must base your verdict.

"Slowly the two old men were trundled away, slowly they returned; and Agnes Howell shuddered as she read her sentence in their grim-set features.

"Guilty."

"Guilty!" the sentences run through the crowded court; then, once more, all eyes were turned to watch the prisoner as he faced the Clerk.

"Prisoner, have you anything to say why sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?"

For the first time since his arrest Amos Howell smiled—"Only this, that I am innocent; that although murder was my heart's desire, the body that sent the dead man before his Judge!"

Slowly the Judge assumed the black cap, but before the dread words could leave his lips a woman's piteous cry rang through the Court, drowned instantly by a roar of excitement, as another woman elbowed her way through the throng:

"He is innocent," she cried, "and I can prove it."

"You, and who are you, madam?"

Annette Howell, the prisoner's nurser, who had nursed and loved me, and I murdered him in a fit of heartbroken rage."

Swiftly her tale was told, and soon Amos Howell staggered from the dock; then, as the last rays of the afternoon sun crept through the old stained-glass windows, bathing the still court in a myriad colours, the woman the poor victim caught and held in the swirl of their remorseless voices, turned the answer of the jury, and, with a smile, faced the grim Judge waiting.
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS

VIOLET MERSEREAU: "A new portrait of this delightful "Imp" star of the Trans-Atlantic Company.

ANTONIO MORENO, a talented member of the Vitagraph players. We greatly admired him recently in The Island of Regeneration.

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GRETCHEK HARTMAN, a charming American Biograph player. Some of her recent roles were in The Wives of Men; Jane Eyre; and East Lynne."
"THOSE CHILDREN"

Clever Kiddies in a "British Oak" Comedy.

Mrs. Glynn, a pretty young widow, gave up her flat in town, and with her little daughter Margery went to live in a small house in a village where also dwelt Mr. Manners, the rich young widower with a baby son. A mutual friendship had sprung up between these two—perhaps more sympathetic than otherwise—and realising that a happy companionship might be founded between the two children, they schemed to throw them together as much as possible. But little Margery did not like little Dick, and one day when the patty-cake had strolled into the garden and the two were alone in the drawing-room where tea had been served, things reached a climax.

"Nurse says your daddy’s going to marry mamma!" shouted Margery. "That will be horrid, cos I don’t like you. You’re ugly!"

Dick’s face went red with rage. He jumped down off the arm of the chair on which he had been perched, and with a mouth full of chocolate-cake, shouted, "Not so ugly as you, anyway!"

"You’re uglier than anything," cried Margery, nestling to the corner of the sofa, and hugging her doll tightly.

Then a wicket I thought entered Dick’s head. Picking up a custard-pie, he aimed it flat against the side of Margery’s head, covering her curls and face with a mess of custard and pastry.

"Mummmie! mummmie!" she shrieked.

Mrs. Glynn and her future husband entered, and saw what had happened.

"Dick, you naughty boy," said his father sternly, as Young Mischief hung his head, but only for a moment.

Whilst Mr. Manners tried to wipe little Margery’s hair Dick threw another custard, and made things worse than ever.

"Stop here, you young scoundrel," roared his father, shaking his finger, "whilst I go and wash my hands."

"I’ll run away," whimpered Dick, as his father left the room. Then the maid entered to clear away, and as she turned with the tray in her hand Master Dick stuck out his leg. With a crash and a shriek the maid, tray, crockery, and pastry lay in a heap on the floor.

As fast as his little legs could carry him Dick fled from the house. Jock, Margery’s pet dog, catching sight of the culprit, chased after him. Up hill and down dale the kiddie ran with the dog at his heels until his legs were aching and his little heart beat fast. Then he stopped, and Jock, enjoying the scamper, wondered what would happen next, and sat with his red tongue hanging out of his mouth.

"Boo-hoo—boh—hoo," came from somewhere near at hand. Jock pricked up his ears and ran towards the sound, and Dick followed. He found a dishevelled, dirty little boy tears were streaming down his cheeks as first one fist and then the other were rubbed into his eyes, turning his face into a miniature relief-map of two muddy rivers.

"What are you blubbering for?" Dick inquired, sympathetically.

"Cos I’m ‘ungry," sobbed the little fellow.

"Hungry!" Dick echoed in surprise. It had never occurred to him that all little boys were not "Dick Manners," who could afford to throw custard-pies at little girls. So he set to work to turn out his pockets—pencils, string, two nails, rubber, tape, a curtain-ring, a doll’s head, but nothing edible, not even a piece of sticky toffee.

"Gimme your cose, and I’ll sell ‘em and buy somethin’" suggested the wait.

"I’m so ‘ungry. Got a big pain ‘ere,’ he wailed, rubbing his tummy. This so moved Dick’s innermost feeling that he threw off his coat.

"Ain’t yer goin’ to gimme your two-wos?" inquired the tiny child.

"How can I run about without trousers," said Dick.

"Very well," and the boy, clutching the coat tightly in his chubby arms, ran away. He had not gone far however, when he came across a man with a bundle of papers under his arm.

"Me make two-ways out of paper," he cried with glee, and stealthily approaching the man, who was busily engaged in conversation with a friend, he grabbed the papers and ran back to his newly-made companion. Then helping Dick into a pair of paper trousers he hurried away to a near-by shop where resided "Uncle," and, tip-toeing, handed the clothes to the man behind the counter.

"You little varmint! You’ve stolen ‘em," cried the pawnbroker.

The accused one did not answer, but seizing a big coat which was hanging near, he scuttled away leaving the old man flabbergasted.

Meanwhile Jock, becoming weary of waiting, had returned home, carrying in his mouth the bow of ribbon which had adorned Dick’s collar.

Reaching the house he ran to his mistress, who, now clean again, was taking her tea in the drawing-room.

"Jockie, darling," she cried in great glee; "where have you been? Why you’ve got Dick’s bow—" she gasped.

"SOME FUN": Here you have your old favourites—Will Evans (on left) and "Pimple" on right—as Clown and Pantaloon in this new two-reeler just released. Will Evans is making his fifth annual appearance in Dury Lane pantomime.

"THE COMMUTERS" OUT OF YOUR BACKYARD
Mrs. Glynn rushed into the room. "We can't find Dick!" she cried.

"I expect he's run away," sobbed Margery, and without another word she crept out of the house with Dick.

Dick was feeling cold, and the wait induced him to crawl into a large barrel which he had rolled from outside a shop.

"A nice excuse for you," he gurgled; and when Dick had scrambled inside, the little scamp gave the barrel a push. Down the side of the hill it tumbled, sending pebbles and stones flying in all directions. At last a tuft of grass stopped its further progress, and Dick burst out laughing. The bark of a dog attracted his attention, and to his delight he saw Margery coming to the rescue.

"Poor Dick!" she said sympathetically. "You're not really ugly. But how did you get here?"

"That little imp pushed me down," he replied, pointing to a tiny figure on the hill. Margery burst out laughing.

"You got the trousers on!" she cried.

"No, he took them!"

The two previously sworn enemies were now sworn friends, and together they stumbled to the hill where sat the wait, his face wreathed in smiles at the thought of his mischievous deed.

"You naughty little boy," panted Margery. "Why did you take his clothes?"

"I was angry."

"Well, come home with me, and my mummy 'll give you some food."

"Look at this," gasped Mrs. Glynn and Mr. Manners together as the tramps and their friend appeared.

"Oh, you wicked boy!" said Mr. Manners, shaking the miscreant.

"Margery, dear, why did you run away?" asked her mother, as the wait started to help himself to cake.

Dick and Margery often talk of the escapade which found them a nice little brother, for the wait has been adopted, and is now Jackie Manners.

These Children is one of the many excellent subjects now being turned out in London as 'British Oak' films. It is quite as innocently good as a child's film and Mr. Batley, who produced it, is to be congratulated. The wait was played by Baby Joy Bigg, a wonderful little girl of three, whose part at appears on 'Uncle Tom's' page.

DO YOU LOVE CHILDREN?

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"PICTURES" GUIDE

New films now showing and recommended by the Editor: They are sure to reach your cinema tomorrow.

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WHITE & BLUE

A WILD ANIMAL COMEDY.

"JOE MARTIN TURNS EM LOOSE."

Trans-Atlantic Rex, 1,796ft. approx. Released February 7th, 1916.

We defy any one to describe this strange, outlandish, funny,
thrilling, unusual, hair-raising, nerve-tinging, uproarious
screamingly ridiculous picture. It is the weirdest combination
of fun and fearlessness; of lions and laughter; terror and tigers;
scrambles and goats; jubilation and jaguars; elation and elephants;
clunkles and canals; guffaws and a gorilla—but you'll have to see
it. Joe Martin is a real live gorilla out in Universal City. Paul
Bourgeois is in charge of the Universal Zoo. In this comic screen
the gorilla is sent to him as a present. Mr. Bourgeois is in the character of an old
maid. She goes to a circus and Joe, following unseen, unlocks all the animal cages and literally
"turns em loose." See it without fail.

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Black Fighter in British Film

GEORGE GUNTER PAYS US A VISIT

As our readers know, the big black boxer in the Hepworth
play, The White Hope, is George Gunther, the middle-
weight champion. He visited our offices a few days ago,
and in a long and interesting chat told us something about
himself and those he has trained.

"How did I come to play in The White Hope? Why, Mr.
Whitecomb, of Hepworth's, met me at Plymouth where I happened
to be fighting, and engaged me right there."

"Oh, yes. I've been in moving pictures before—in France
and America. In my first picture, ten years ago, I ran some
risk. I went down a waterfall to save a man. The scene took
place on a swiftly running river near the falls. The husband
in the play secured a small boat to a long rope and went
fishing from it. The villain who had gone off with the man's
wife paid an accomplice to cut the rope, so that boat and
husband might be dashed to pieces over the falls. I had to
see the 'rope cutting' from the window of a railway carriage,
and as the train rushed under the bridge I jumped from it into
the river and hung on the boat as it went over the falls. I
saved the man's life really as well as theatrically."

As may be imagined, no man could have tackled such a
scene no matter how plucky he might be, unless he possessed
herculean strength. And thanks to continuous training, Mr.
Gunther's splendid physique always has been and is now in
perfect condition. He weighs 11 stone 8lb. stripped, and
although forty years of age looks much younger. He was
born in Australia. His grandfather hailed from Abyssinia
and his grandmother was French. He has boxed all his life,
and trained others in physical culture for twenty-four years.
He has taken part in 427 fights in America, Australia, France,
Japan, India, and in fact all parts of the world. His only
illness throughout life was an attack of the mumps, during
which he fought in an equal fight. One of his pupils was the famous French boxer Georges Carpentier.

Have I been in London long? No, and this is my first visit. I lived for eight years in France, and came to England with my wife and two children since the war started.

"I'm looking for a nice, large top floor on a hill near a park in Central London, where I can start a gymnasium and physical training school. But it must be under fresh-air conditions. I had such a school in America, and turned out quite a lot of athletes. My treatment is better than any doctor's medicines. The business man with a tired mind and daffy muscles needs stimulating, and physical exercise will do it for him. Mental tiredness shows down the circulation, dulls the nerves, lessens the secretion of the glands, and reduces the power of digestion; but bending and breathing exercises, regular walking, and careful dieting will soon make him fit. The keyed-up man may do his home work in one hour, but it can't last. He will need rest, and the right kind of bodily exercise will give it to him and make him fit both mentally and spiritually."

During his stay in our offices a recruiting hand stopped outside, and Mr. Gunther, who recognised a sergeant, went into the crowd and made a stirring speech.

At the present time Mr. Gunther is attending daily at the YMCA in Tottenham Court Road, where he already has several men undergoing a course of physical training, and any reader who wishes to become fit should write to Mr. Gunther at that address.

The White Hare, the film in which the black champion appears, and the story of which was published in our December issue, will not be released until March, but we strongly advise you to watch for this great British boxing picture.

OUR LETTER-BAG
Selected from hundreds every week.

Riddle-me-Ree.

"Last week I saw The Eternal City six times, and I guess I know it pretty well now. The story starts with David's mother committing suicide and leaving David. His father comes back and learns of his wife's tragic end and enters a monastery, and the subtitle reads, 'Years later becomes Pope Pius XI.' Well, the story goes on, and all this time we are thinking the Pope is David's father, until about the seventh week, when the subtitle reads, 'The Pope is suspicious that David is his unfortunate sister's son.' Is David really the Pope's son, in which case the second subtitle must be wrong, or what? It sounds like a riddle, doesn't it? Well, I should like it solved. I went to see it all those times to try and fathom the mystery, but with no success, and six of my friends did the same."

L. R. (Croydon).

The Versatile Hand.

"I am writing to ask you why it is that the many British (and sometimes some of the foreign) producers allow films to be shown to the public in which the villain's, the heroine's, the hero's, the forger's, and the cheat's handwriting is all the same? The present-day picture public takes notice of every detail nowadays, so why do they treat it as a school?"

J. R. (Islington).

WHAT IS YOUR TITLE FOR THIS PICTURE?

Write your choice on a postcard and address it to "Title," Pictures Offices, 85 and 86, Long Acre, London, W.C., and post to arrive by Monday, January 3rd.

A CHEQUE FOR ONE GUINEA

will be awarded to the sender of what in the opinion of the Editor is considered the best title sent in.

N.B.—Look out for our new big Free Competition, particulars of which will appear in next week's issue.
IN AND OUT OF THE STUDIO

The Grand March.
FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, the famous star of the Metro Pictures, led the grand march at the Fourth Annual Ball of the Motion-picture Exhibitors League at Philadelphia on December 8th. Pauline Frederick was his partner and the "Who's Who" of the motion-picture world in the East attended the ball, which is one of the biggest events of its kind given for exhibitors and motion-picture artists.

Appreciation that Pleases.
HENRY B. WALTHER, is receiving a new sort of mail. It is principally from literary men who applaud his work in The Racket and thank him for his earnest impersonation of Poe. These letters please Mr. Walthall vastly, for they are evidences of sincere appreciation, and there is no hint of vain praise or requests for photographs in them.

Dogs on the Film.
ROLLIN S. STURGEON, the Vitagraph producer, has a truly wonderful collection of dog teams at Big Bear Lake for use in his feature God's Country and the Woman. There is the John Johnson Siberian wolf-dog team, which has won the Alaskan Derby for the last six years led by the famous Kolma, a blue-eyed dog of prodigious strength and endurance. Then there are Captain Smith's full-bred wolves and several dogs belonging to the Company. Several close-ups of these dogs in the snow make interesting Nature pictures.

Simian Scares School Teacher.
A WELL-DRESSED and very gentlemanly monkey, a member of the sacred Simian family of India, escaped from the Selig Zoo recently, and for a time caused quite a sensation among the residents of Garvanza and Highland Park. Incidentally the Simian gentleman ventured into the gymnasium of the Lincoln High School, and frightened Miss Elizabeth Worthen, the instructor there.

Fortunately there was no class in action, or hysterical rioting might have resulted. As it was, Miss Worthen alone suffered from the shock. Rushing from the building, she frantically called up every zoo in the city. Selig Zoo reported 'one monkey absent,' and when told the missing Simian was seen immediately dispatched seven men to the spot. When they arrived he was gone. Tales from frightened natives about a monstrous ape roaming around the streets finally trailed the fugitive and brought about his capture.

The monkey came to the Selig Zoo a month ago in company with another monkey of the same sort from India. They are said to be the only specimens now in the United States.

"Practice" makes Perfect.
JAMES RUSSELL, who for the last twelve months has been playing for the "New Agency" and "British Oak" Film Companies, has again gone into pantomime, playing his old part, "King Malice," in Gogey Two Shoes. In a chat we had with him recently, he said: "I've been very busy on films this year, and have managed to play quite a number of "stunts." We started with War in Hell, Remember Belgium, and Red Cross Pluck. Besides these I have played in The Dumb Man's Edict, Believe the Judge, The Man Who Was West, The Brothers, Across the Waves, The Hour of Twelve, The Atlantic Garden Robbery, The Cry in the Night, and The Day of Reckoning.

"Yes, it's quite a bunch, isn't it? And I've had some exciting moments, I can tell you. I have been "shot" and "strangled" dozens of times, thrown over a balcony to the landing below, thrown from the top of a moving omnibus, dropped off various bridges into the water, smashed on the head with china ornaments, causing several cuts, pitched off a runaway bike, dislocating several fingers, fallen twenty feet, and, at Polura, fallen off a ladder backwards on to the studio floor. Yes, it has been a nice, quiet time for Jimmy; but let me tell you, old friend, that these are only "practice" stunts; we are doing real ones next year.

"I am quite glad of the pantomime interval to give my wounds (if any) time to recover before starting the New Year, and more films."

NO STICKS NO BRICKS NO KICKS

BUT CLEAN BRITISH COMEDY.

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BILLY MERSON

and have rapidly placed him at the head of all film comedians.

THE GLOBE FILM CO., Ltd.
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Telegram: "BIOGRAPH," TELEW, LONDON.
NEW YEAR'S DAY is the date of this issue, and I take great delight in once more expressing the old wish: Happiness to all in the coming year. May we, I wonder, believe that 1919 will close a brighter year than its predecessor? Let us all hope and trust it will. So far as our industry is concerned, the dawn of a New Year gives promise of greater things to come. All the British studios are busy, and we shall have still more and still better British picture plays. There's a good time coming, boys and girls, and the trials and tribulations that we are passing through now will help to make it all the brighter when it does come.

Have a Banana!

Did you notice that in a recent issue I published a sketch of somebody's feet, and in the margin wrote to a lady friend? The first reader who correctly guessed the owner of them? Would you believe it? Dozens of replies came to hand. The first letter opened said Billie Ritchie, the second one gave G.W. (near Maurice?), and the third won the banana for giving 'Charlie Chaplin,' which was correct. All the other replies varied. Isn't it wonderful? A fine fat banana was dispatched to the winner.

The "Brothers" Bagot.

In last week's issue King Bagot warned you as picturegoers not to be alarmed if you see him twice on the screen at one time in The Cyprian Brothers. Since then I have noticed it myself. He really does appear twice several times in some amazingly clever double exposures in this Trans-Atlantic film of Dunne's famous story. The duel scene alone is superb, and I can honestly say that King Bagot has never done anything better than netting this dual role of the brothers. And that is saying a lot. Jane Gilt, too, is lovely, and I am not surprised to learn from the J. T. R. Syndicate, of 51, Newport Street, W.C., who control it, that the film is scoring everywhere.

Babes, Babies, Everywhere!

The American Company has been responsible for some wonderful productions, but I do not remember a more wonderful one than the moving picture play by this or any other company than The Miracle of Life, which charmed me and others of the Trade a few days ago. This four-part "American Distinctive Creation" has for subject "The Divinity of Motherhood," and so carefully and daintly has it been dealt with that a fascinating story, coupled with exquisite pictures, has resulted. For sheer beauty in conception, screened or otherwise, commend me to the "Paradise of Birth," where "and sheltered pools, crying babies lay in little cradles." I hope to publish the story later. Marguerite Fischer is featured in this obvious winner which I note is being handled by the Kinematograph Trading Co.

Skulls at a Trade Show.

Mid mud and rain I wound my way with a party of pressmen to Shepherd's DORA DE WICTON as Lady Spit in The Sorrows of Satan, a fine film, in which I am told she has a fine part.

Bosh and entered Gaumont's great British studio. In sepulchral tones our names were announced as we stepped frightfully through a huge collar, on either side of which were grinning skulls. We found ourselves in a vast vault draped with black, from somewhere in which came groans and awesome utterances. Somebody shook my hand, brought me back to earth, and led me through another door into a bright apartment, in which were snowy white tables bowed down with things that were good to eat and drink. I had my fill, like many others, and then proceeded to visit all parts of this wonderful building wherein it is intended to produce some of the finest films possible in this or any other country. Of the studio and its work I shall have more to say in a later issue. Meanwhile: Why these symbols of Death? you ask.

Uttus; the Man from the Dead.

The fact is that the specially invited exhibitors who filled the studio transformed for the nonce into a handsome theatre, in spite of the black, were gathered to witness the first "Victory" film, the name chosen for Gaumont's British productions; and the title of this wonderful five-reeler is Uttus, the Man from the Dead. I use the word "marvelous" with reason, for never have I seen so many surprising stunts in five reels of film. To tell you all that happened to "Uttus," a rich man wreaking vengeance on a faithless friend, would require many pages, and will be dealt with at length in a future issue of Pictures. Enough for the moment to say that the film when you see it will keep you glued to your seats, and send you home wanting more of it. An interesting fact is that Gaumont produced this film without G.W. Pabst, with whom I met after the show, played the name-part, and George Pearson produced the play in addition to writing the scenario. May I offer Mr. T. A. Wells, the popular general manager of Gaumont, congratulations for arranging so unique and so successful a trade show?

A Great Topical.

In contrast to drama and comedy, a film which shows us any phase of the war in the air is distinctly novel and interesting. Flying the German Air Raiders, which I have just seen at the invitation of the George Palmer Exclusives, of Gerrard Street, is in many ways a wonderful picture. It includes scenes in the workshops in which England's aerial fleet is made, and unique pictures of English and German aeroplanes actually in the air and under fire. The film contains portraits of many French and British airmen, including the late Lieutenant Warner, VC, are powerful and impressive.

Hazel Dawn Scores Again.

Another world-famous drama has been filmed by Famous Players, and I am glad I have seen it. The Masqueraders, the play by Henry Arthur Jones, is an ideal story for the screen, and Hazel Dawn, the heroine, as might have been expected, has scored again in a part demanding great dramatic skill. Here is a picture which, in a picture world, you dare not miss. There is no need to say that the crowds and scene arrangements were perfect; in Famous Players shows they always are.

T. D.

HAVE YOU HAD YOUR COPY?

THE XMAS DOUBLE NO. OF "PICTURES."

52 Pages of Seasonal Matter and Pictures for Picturegoers, including a beautiful Art Portrait of Florence Turner.

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"Suspense."—Daily Express.

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A NEW YEAR’S RESOLUTION—

To see every Turner Film as it is released.

Because Turner Films have always been the kind, of pictures I like to see.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS -

Of course all my old young readers have seen our big Christmas Number (December 11th issue)? If any new reader has not done so he or she can get a copy for 2d. through any newspaper, or from this office for 2½d. Anyway, on my—or rather your—page in that issue I asked you to write a story round a “Santa Claus” picture, and oh what a time I had wading through the stories, which came in thicker than the snow in the picture itself? With a wet towel round my head, I managed to select what I thought were the best, and Christmas books, according to promise, have gone to the senders of these:

Mabel Peedle, 45, St. George’s Ave., Tufnell Park.

“It was Christmas Eve and the snow was falling fast. Far away in his Northern home Santa Claus was gazing at the piles of toys which that night he would put into the thousands of little sacks waiting for them. Suddenly he remembered one small boy who was lying weak and ill, whose parents were too poor to afford a doctor. ‘What good will my toy do to him,’ thought Santa Claus, ‘if he is too ill to play with them?’ He jumped up and, seizing his thick, warm, red coat and cap, was soon plodding through the snow. Soon he came to a group of little houses, and knocking at the door of one, he inquired if the doctor was in. Doctor Yak was very clever, he had wonderful medicines, and he was a great friend of Santa Claus. When he heard of the little boy’s illness, he exclaimed ‘Ah! I know just what you want,’ and he fetched a tiny bottle of liquid, which Santa Claus put in his pocket. An hour later, when Santa Claus came to the little boy’s house, he filled his sock and gave him some of Doctor Yak’s medicine. The next clock boomed midnight as Santa Claus filled the last sock. He returned home with an empty sack and a happy heart, for he knew that the invalid would be quite well by the morning, and that the return of his health would be the best gift he had received.”

Doris Watte, Bury for Road, Selby:-

“Now calm and peaceful was the evening as Santa Claus wended his way to the doctor’s house! But Santa had no eyes for the scene around him; he was very thoughtful, for he was going to fetch the doctor to a little one who lay at death’s door. On reaching the house, Santa’s heart failed him. The doctor was at the town twenty miles away. Tears stood in Santa’s eyes. Should he fetch the doctor, and so disappoint thousands of little ones who were awaiting his arrival that glorious Christmas Eve, or should he let this little child die? He soon decided. Hastily filling his sack with toys, he started on the errand that would make happy the hearts of thousands. And the sick child—did she die? No! Fate had been kind, and now Santa often tells his story of how the children nearly missed their Christmas toys.”

Hilda Watte, Brougham Road, Selby:—

“It was Christmas Eve! The earth was covered with a thick carpet of snow, which shone and glittered in the moonlight like tiny diamonds. Never was there a more peaceful scene. The door of a cottage was softly opened, and the old Santa Claus appeared on the threshold. He was dressed in his familiar red coat trimmed with fur, and as he made his way to the doctor’s house he paused several times to admire the glorious scene around him. As he reached his old friend’s house he was met with sounds of merriment. On opening the door a joyful scene presented itself. Children were dancing round a large Christmas tree hung with toys and crackers, and every one was happy. As Santa stepped inside he was surrounded by a group of excited little ones, all sneaking at once. His
WEEK ENDING
JAN. 1, 1910

REPLIES

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. He cannot reply through this post. Letters are acknowledged in rotation. Address THE EDITOR, "Pictures," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.


ALICE (Rockford).—"The Masked Wrestler."—"Louis de Funès," F. X. Bushman; "Margery with a Lamp," J. J. Mack; "Boy Faith," Ralph Moloney; "M. Leftere," Bryant Washburn; "The Lion," Paul Jonas. Thank you, Alice, but as you have not heard that Kenneth Carey has been playing hotel, may we know where you can write to him. Yes, Spots, we want your name and full address on your letter.

BILLIE (Dublin).—So glad you liked your P.O. box. Cash is always useful, isn't it? Werdin! Give us a full list, and Kenyon played in "Beppo," with Leo, Pepe.

OLIVE (Lesterfield).—Norman Yule played "Fritz von Bentheim" (London Film). Pleased to welcome you, new reader. And thank you for writing your friends in Pictures. Yes, we like typed letters written.


ALICE and JINNIE (Stockport).—Names and addresses next time, twin, please. Address Herbert Bowllson, Manager, The Tontine; Co., 170, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. Re- mailanders for postcards should be made by postcard, as otherwise, we are not sure of getting them in time.

ISABEL (Leigh-on-Sea).—Eliza hid on "Puzzle". Peggy Winton played "Moos." Bottoile (Leeds).—No other films have been received for this week.

HOPPITY (Newport).—Your suggestion that we should publish a list of players containing names of those who represent your firm declares. That we will make the competition a "walk over."

V. R. B. MURRAY PARKS—Addresses you seek are: New York, Metro Film Co., "Brighton Beach," Beautiful Jim, Har Low in London, From Girl to Girl to Duchess, and her recent great "London Film" triumph as Glory Quale in "The Christian," which you will see at your cinema later. Miss Risdon, too, received the huge total of over 143,000 votes in our great voting contest.

Now write your very best verse about kindness to her, but I will refresh you on "The Cowboy's" when we see Eliza Risdon, Pictures Office, 85-86, Long Acre, W.C., on or before Tuesday, January 8th.

Remember that on this special occasion the editor of the world will award the prizes, and not your—Uncle Tim.

PHOTOGRAPHY

WANTED

VOLUMES 4, 5, and 6 of "PICTURES." Any reader having these for sale, and addressing the Editor as soon as possible will be most grateful.

WANTED

5000 POSTCARDS, correctly addressed. S. E. HASTICK, Writer, July Road, Liverpool.

GASLIGHT, BRUMIDG, 5 P.O. POST CARDS. 2s. 5d. net, 10s. 6d. Glass and Paper (or Glass and Carton) and 2s. 6d. Half-Cloth, 7s. 6d. Cloth, 10s. 6d. Cloth. S. E. HASTICK, Writer, July Road, Liverpool.

BLANCHE SWEET, THE LASKY STAR.

This is one of our new Coloured Postcards.

HAPPEN IN LIVERPOOL (Liverpool).—Our little letter "How to Write a Picture Play" would help you considerably, the price is 2d., post-free.

COFFEE (Birmingham).—All letters are answered here in their turn—and that depends on the number of letters we receive—so you may take it that at the rate of six weeks. Your previous letter was received about a week ago. Nestor Film is never seen, and has no competition with the Universal banner, and has no connection with Keystone. The latter Company publish no casts of its films, but we believe "Minta Durfee" played in "Leaping Lizzie Astor."

The Famous Film Company is the title of a late American producing firm.

HERBERT (Nottingham).—The Postcard Manass has sent you a list as desired, and he is now waiting for your order, Bertie.

D. A. (Starlton).—Glad you like your prize—we know you will. Address Florence Turner, co Turner Films, Ltd., Wallon-on-Thames. Thanks for your letter—your letter is most genuine. Have your letter, dear Mary Pickford, and a postcard list to yourself. WILLY (Lancashire).—The cast of "The Prisoner of Zenda" (London Film) is: "The King," and "Elabor Bess 0'Watt," Eley Amby, "Col. Sept.," Cha. Ross; "Michael Duke of Zephren," A. Holme; "Count Rupert of Hohenlan," Gerald Ames; "Antoinette de Mulan," M. Antis Baze, "Princess Flick," Jane Hall; "Pinto von Tarlecki," Nnoran Yates. A. Nov. was, we regret to say, killed in the Durack battle, but we hope you are with us yet as desired.

(Continued on next page.)
The ANSWER'S MAN. COOLING HIS FEVERED BROW AFTER A HARD DAY AT THE OFFICE.

L. C. (Jones, E.C.):—No such cust was published of the film you mention. The loss at the Front will appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending them a parcel of Pictures back numbers. Here is sent your letter to Mary Pickford, Nelson Vanouse, Victoria Ford, Earle Williams, etc.

REGULAR READER (Hove):—Alice Joyce still plays for Kolom. "Little Fat" (Famous Players) was filmed in California.

MAN (Eastwood):—You describe twenty key biscuits for those twenty new readers. Anita Stewart, your favourite player, is now producing for herself at Bayshore, New York. We have only one kind of postcard of her. The story of "The Juggernaut" will appear in our next week's issue.

Don W. (Liverpool):—Our recent interview with Earle Williams will give you the information you want. Our interviewer's "mogul" whom of the hair variety, is allied with spirit gun; if it isn't hairy, it's great. Why the American motor car had its lights slanted in the way you describe we don't know, dear boy. Robert Aldrich's address paper at all if you can either hang it on your watch-chain or drive it home. The Editor's fighting weight is not given; in his case the pen is mightier than the sword.

The Show that Sleeps.

LADY VISITOR:—"So that is the firebell? If a fire broke out would you ring it, I suppose?"

MANAGER:—"Oh, no. Madame, I should walk up and down the studio and wring my hands."

Nothing Doing.

OLD GENT (to beggar who has knocked at his door on Christmas Eve):—"Why the devil don't you go to the Front?"

TRAMP:—"I've been, go'ner; but nobody answered, so I've come round to the back."

A Mince-pie Mystery.

"Good gracious, Freddy! Where are the mince-pies left on this plate?"

"I haven't touched one. Mummy."

"But there's only one left.""Yes, Mum, that's the one I haven't touched."

The Feast that Failed.

JACK:—"Are you dining anywhere on Christmas Day?"

DOLLY (eagerly):—"Er—no—I think not."

JACK:—"Won't you be hungry on Boxing morning?"

The Hat Trick.

This notice used to appear in a conspicuous position in a French theatre: "The manager requests that all good-looking ladies will remove their hats for the accommodation of the rest of the audience." And never a hat was seen after the audience had once settled down in that theatre.
The Hepworth Page

Let's take a look this week at some big picture plays that you are likely to see at your own picture show most any week. Then next week we can discuss the Hepworth picture-players who have made these plays.

Court-Martialed
"Easily the most successful war picture"—that's what most every one says. Confidently, we believe that its success depends on the fact that there is no fighting.

The Incorruptible Crown
Two brothers—this isn't the first picture that has dealt with the struggles and sacrifices and tragedies of two brothers through life. But this play does it so well—with such vivid interest—that it's packing picture theatres all over Great Britain.

The Sweater
To take the slums in war-time and to make them real and thrilling and yet at the same time teach a great truth—that's the accomplishment of "The Sweater." Besides, it won the big popularity contest at Manchester last summer.

The Man Who Stayed at Home
What enormous power there is in a combination of a big theatre and a big picture-play company—like Hepworth and the London Royalty Theatre. The way this Alma Taylor—Dennis Eadie film version of the Royalty play has swept the country is marvellous—really.
'TWAS EVER THUS

Three Reel Drama by ECLAIR.
Typically French in treatment.

A Drama the Heart Feels.

Telling the old story of one woman forsaken because the other has money. For the man life is full of everything fair and good. For the woman it turns to ashes of grief and destitution. "It's the woman who always pays."
JESSE L. LASKY
presents
The Dramatic Star
CHARLOTTE WALKER
in
"OUT OF DARKNESS."

A DRAMA

RELEASED
MONDAY, JANUARY 10th.

Produced by
JESSE L. LASKY
Feature Play Co.,
166-170, Wardour St., W.

Gertrude McCoy
The charming young star of the Edison Stock Company (see p. 390).
You want to see the very best Pictures produced, approach the Manager of your local Picture Theatre and politely but firmly insist that a

**SELIB**

Film be shown every week in the year.

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**Our Offer of 4 Coloured Portraits of Miss Kathlyn Williams (post-free 4½d) is still open.**

**SELBGS, 93-95, Wardour Street, LONDON.**

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**SOME PICTURES TO LOOK FORWARD TO IN 1916**

**STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.** (LADY TREE’S first appearance in Pictures.)

**FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.** Thomas Hardy’s greatest novel. (With your old favourite, FLORENCE TURNER, in the part of the lady-farmer.)

**IRIS.** Sir Arthur Pinero’s glorious play. (HENRY AINLEY and ALMA TAYLOR in the leading parts.)

**WHOSSO IS WITHOUT SIN.** The story that won the “Ideal” Prize for the best film story. (Featuring HILDA MOORE and MILTON ROSMER.)

**CASTE.** In which the leading English actor, SIR JOHN HARE, makes his bow to picture audiences in his old part of ‘Eccles.’

MAKE A NOTE OF THESE PICTURES AND SEE THAT YOUR THEATRE SHOWS THEM
ROMAINE FIELDING. AUTHOR, ACTOR, DIRECTOR, AND MANAGER
Who has left Lubin to produce the new Cactus brand of films for Trans-Atlantic. (See next page.)
PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

FIND THE FILM! See page 313.

Have you seen The Jacky of Death? Watch for its successor, The Circus of Death; it's a relic live subject.

Have you noticed our growth? Next week will be our one hundredth number since the two papers were amalgamated.

Whimsical Walker, the famous Denny Lane clown, will lie seen on the screen in The Net and the Kernel, a Trans-Atlantic Company to be released this month.

"Still waters run Deep," but they are going to make a splash. The Ideal production featuring Lady Tree is both deep and broad in quality. It is superb.

First cat—eh your cat. Viola Dana Edison rescued a stray one, and when three kittens were needed at Gladden, she had them!

Henry B. Walthall says his part in The Raven is one of the best things he has done. "Quoth the raven—Never more!" But H. B. W. continues to give his best.

FIND THE FILM! See page 333.

Ten ricks of cordwood, several sacks of spuds, vegetables of all kinds, and fruits were taken in exchange for seats at a country picture theatre in a small Washington (U.S.A.) village where money is scarce.

Over Two Hundred Photos!

All cinemagoers and others will be delighted with the fascinating film which has just been published—Cinema Stare. It contains photographs of all the most popular cinema actors and actresses. As there are over two hundred of these photographs, really admirably arranged in most artistic borders, one wonders how the publishers can offer such a fine production to the public at the low price of 2d.

World's Greatest Love Song.

There is not a reader of Pictures who doesn't know the wonderful old song "Annie Laurie," and we believe that there will not be one who will fail to see the marvellous new Heppworth picture-play based on the song. The story and settings are said to be intensely beautiful. The picture will not be shown to the public for several months yet, but you cannot hear of a good thing too soon.

the Subject of our future.

It is announced that Romaine Fielding, whose portrait is reproduced as our Frontispiece this week, has decided to remain in Phoenix, Arizona, where he has built a beautiful home and studio, and will produce pictures for the Trans-Atlantic under the title of the

Cactus Brand. These will be one and two reel subjects, featuring Mr. Fielding. It was with many regrets that Mr. Fielding severed his connection with the Lubin firm; simply a case where he could remain in Arizona, which has been for a number of years his home state. But one firm's loss is another's gain, and we may look for something exceptionally good in the future.

Children Impressed by Film.

When the Empire, Watford, offered 10s. each to the four children who wrote the best essays on Florence Nightingale all the competitors remembered the incident in which Florence as solid masonry are manipulated; secret passages through stone walls have to be entered. There are deep wells into which people go, but there is much mystery and a great deal of daring shown. Protea finally assails the citadel with nine constables. Five only leave the ruin, some evidence of the struggle that took place from the potted synopsis of Protea III., a detective film of great daring.

An American "Ad."

The sensation of all War Pictures, bar none! The Warring Millions. Opened at the Olympic Theatre, Chicago, November 28th—a record blizzard—sensational business. Police Reserves called every day to handle the crowds! Why? because it is the only war picture that has ever shown an actual battle fought from the beginning to the very end. Right before your eyes you see: One of the bloodiest fought battles of the year! Chosen after charge of maddened, blood-thirsty armies! Heroes falling like chaff before the withering fire of the enemy! The blasting cannon levelling one of the modern steel-holds! The wicked splitting Howitzers ripping the ranks of oncoming men! The death-dealing machine-gun tearing great gaps in human walls!

The Kitchener of Pictures.

During a conversation between two screen-actors one of them characterised Romaine Fielding as the "Kitchener of Pictures." "Earl Kitchener," he went on, "has the reputation for being one of the greatest disciplinarians in the British Army. He will tolerate nothing butful, he expects from him the full qualities of the soldier. Nay, he demands it, and sees that he gets it; but he is just, and does not exact from his subordinates what he would not do himself if the occasion were necessary."

The ability as a disciplinarian has been largely instrumental in putting Mr. Fielding where he is to-day. It is the faculty he has of getting the best out of everything and everybody surrounding him, and his putting of things on a systematic basis.

Munitions of Merriment.

A good title for the comedy releases coming from the Globe Film Company. Munition subjects you all know about. A fourth "Merson" is The Terrible Tree, and in addition there will be five laughter-making comedies from America, headed by The Commuters, adapted from the American play of the same name by James Forbes. Now you know the mystery of those little black and white advertisements in our pages.

TAKE YOUR "THE BEST GIRL TO THE COMMUTERS"
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1. 'MIDST WINTER SNOWS': Bringing the Wounded from the Russian Firing Line.
2. FRENCH REINFORCEMENTS for the Balkan Campaign at Salonika.
3. LATEST FROM PARIS: The latest afternoon robe from Paris, composed of a sea-blue velvet foundation, with an overskirt of white voile, over which is worn a charming coat of deep blue satin; the sleeves are made of white voile.
4. CLEVER DOLLS made by sailors of the Grand Fleet when off duty while waiting for the Germans to come out.
5. A MODERN FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE: Sister Marion, a Dutch nurse who has been decorated for service on the Belgian, French, and Servian Fronts.
6. WAR'S HAVOC: The ruins of a carefully prepared enemy position after a concentrated artillery fire.
7. A HARD TEST for Army motor-cycles at Coventry.
SHAKESPEARE AMONGST THE CENSORS

Film Censorships that would make the Immortal Plays look like a Belgian Cathedral after a German Bombardment.

"All comedies must have a serious purpose," recently declared the Censorship Boards of Pennsylvania and Ohio.

The foolishness of ignorant local censorship in the States is glaringly depicted in a recent article by W. Stephen Bush in the Morning Picture World. "Even the censors themselves recall from applying all their rules and regulations," writes Mr. Bush, "that regulations like these make the immortal plays look like a Belgian Cathedral after a German bombardment. "In supposing that Shakespeare has fallen amongst them," continues Mr. Bush, "I have judged the Censorship Boards by their performances rather than by their theories."

Tried by this fearful test, only six of Shakespeare's plays escape unscathed. Of the others—comedies, historic dramas, tragedies—some are ordered to be suppressed, entirely; others are mutilated out of all recognition; and others suffer more or less material damage. Here is an incomplete list of the detailed results set down by Mr. Bush:

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONICA. Passed by Ohio censors. Pennsylvania censors deplore the lack of serious purpose in this play, but find no detailed objections and let it pass.

TWELFTH NIGHT. Not approved. The strange mixing of the sexes leads to inmosted thoughts. A woman masquerading as a man and vice versa violate the State law and many city ordinances. Shakespeare does not claim that a licence for the masquerading was properly obtained.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. —Eliminate Scene i. in Act III. It ridicules respectable mechanics and serves no good purpose whatever. The use of a so-called love-play is strictly against the rules of the Board. Cut out latter part of Scene ii. in Act III. Reduce all passionate love-scenes to about six feet.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. —The scene views in this play may stand, but Shylock must be reduced to a flash, otherwise the tendency to ridicule the Jews will cause the entire suppression of the play.

WINTER'S TALE.—Cut out entirely Scene iii. in Act III, showing the abandonment of an infant, which is contrary to the statutes of our States in such cases made and provided.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. —Not approved. Aside from the levity with which confused situations are treated in this play, we cannot tolerate the ridicule thrown upon Dogberry and Verges, the representatives of lawfully constituted authority. These two estimable fellows of the law are held up to ignominy and obloquy.

THE TEMPEST. —No objection to the scenic views and the spectacular parts, but we insist that Caliban be either eliminated entirely or reduced to a flash.

Scene v. in Act II, as too horrible for portrayal; in Scene vi of Act V, omit stabbing affray (King Henry and Gloucester).

King Henry VIII. —The divorce proceedings of the King against Catharine of Aragon are pointed out in too much detail. They must have effect on married couples, and must be reduced to a flash. Scene iv. in Act I, must be radically changed. The sub-title, "He would kiss you twenty times with a breath," must be omitted, and the kiss following title must be reduced to normal length ordained by Board. Scene iii. in Act II, must be omitted as tending to corrupt young of both sexes. Scene iv. of Act IV, might give offence to a large division of Christians.

TITUS ANDRONICUS. —Not approved. The play is altogether too horrible and gruesome. There are too many deeds of violence and crime, and no soothing element. There is also torture and mutilation of which the Board cannot approve.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Cut out Juliet. Her: is a girl just in her teens conducting herself in a most unmodestly; fashion and opening her window in the early hours of the morning to a young man to whom she has never been properly introduced. This play abounds in the very kisses and embraces and passionate love scenes which the Board has repeatedly condemned. There are too many street brawls of extreme violence. Reduce these to a flash of about ten feet. The Board has already expressed its disapproval of the administration of secret sleeping potions, and all such scenes in the play must come out. The ball which Romeo and his companions appear in may remain as it is—educational in character.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—Omit entirely Scene ii. in Act I, Scenes ii., iii., iv., and v. in Act IV. These scenes show a disgraceful understanding between Achilles and a daughter of Troilus. The Cressida's conduct is positively, inmodest. Omit all passionate love scenes and reduce the frequent embraces and kisses of Troilus and Cressida to the length of one character. The lines of the regulation length fixed by the board.

OTHELLO.—A coloured man marrying a white woman may give offence. The play may, however, be shown with the following eliminations: Cut out Iago. His conduct and language cannot be tolerated in a respectable company. Omit entirely Act V. This Act shows the character of Desdemona and the suicide of Othello. Two such terrible crimes in one short Act will not be approved by this Board.

JULIUS CAESAR. —The assassination of Julius Caesar must be eliminated, as plainly offending against the rules of
the Board. As the plot, however, requires that the fact of the death be conveyed to the spectators, two courses may be pursued. Mark Antony may be shown receiving a letter announcing Casaubon's death, or he may be shown dying a natural death caused by rheumatism or old age. Reduce all riots to a flash. Omit Scene ii in Act III, as plainly contrary to rules of the Board.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. Eliminate Cleopatra. Her professed contempt for marriage and her plainly adulterous passion for a married man and her habitual cruelty to her slaves stamps her as a woman from whose dreadful example the boys and girls of Ohio or Pennsylvania must be saved at all hazards. There is a snake in this play. It is true that the snake is small, but its effect on the women and children cannot but be deleterious.

KING LEAR. Not approved. This play is a grave menace to the family life and the homes of Pennsylvania (or Ohio). There are at least four shameful and scandalous scenes, and acts of degeneracy are constantly met with. Never have the rules and regulations of our Board been more recklessly violated than in this play.

HAMLET. Not approved. This play is too hideous to receive the approval of our Board, which has repeatedly ruled out the very things in which this play abounds. The drinking of hot blood, for instance, and the doing of such business as the bitter day would quake to look on is highly unbecoming and might amount to disorderly conduct or even grave crime. Such things will not, and acts of degeneracy are constantly met with. Never have the rules and regulations of our Board been more recklessly violated than in this play.

MACBETH. Not approved. This play visualises several murders in the first degree and a shocking suicide committed by a woman. The conduct of Lady Macbeth, if we permitted it to become generally known in Pennsylvania (or Ohio) would undoubtedly have a corrupting influence on our people, and especially on the young of both sexes. What this woman says she would do to her own sucking babe if it stood between her and her ambition is not fit to be known by the young matrons of this State. If the producer will cut down the play to the scenes showing pretty scenes in the Scottish Highlands we will be inclined to give it our approval.

How They Behave

Hero, Villain, and Detective in well-known scenes in the Film.

When commanded to obey.

HERO: "Noah!

VILLAIN: Disappears through secret sliding panel.

Detective: Whilst pretending to obey, signals the police.

When the scene calls for cowardice.

HERO: Holds his head high and swears.

VILLAIN: Blows cigarette smoke in helpless victim's face.

Detective: Buttons up his coat, or subtracts it.

When his enemies are vanquished.

HERO: "Thank God!

VILLAIN: "So, ho-or! I have vanquished you at last!"

Detective: "A mere nothing, my dear Watson."

When the heroine refuses his love.

HERO: "If I cannot be your lover, at least let me be your protector.

VILLAIN: "I'll lend you to my will, you beauty. (Curscheur!"

Detective: He never proposes.

When he is wounded.

HERO: "Good-bye, Pauline! Courage, dear heart! All will come right in the end!"

VILLAIN: Kisses the heroine's hand and retires, bowing with mock courtesy.

Detective: "Remember, all you say will be used as evidence against you.

When the heroine begs for help.

HERO: "While I have one drop of blood in my veins you shall not need protection.

VILLAIN: "Stop this whining. Come, can't we be friends?"

Detective: "Fear nothing, trust me."

When firing the rifles, to be shot.

HERO: "I am a soldier's son and will die as such.

VILLAIN: "Ha! Ha! I defy you all!

Detective: Is rarely, if ever, seen in such circumstances.

When he is tied up.

HERO: "These cords must give, will give, shall give.

VILLAIN: "Curse them. Will these confounded knots never move?

Detective: "Quite easy, I assure you, my dear Watson.

When he is badly wounded.

HERO (to heroine): "Tis nothing—a mere scratch.

VILLAIN (trying to stop flow of blood with handkerchief): "— (dash it all!"

Detective: "Fugitives! Nobody is wounded, and run about like a two-year-old.

When he is asked to write in an autograph album.

HERO: "He calls you "dear Admirer," and is most charming.

VILLAIN: "Write poetry about you. (Fact! Isn't it wonderful?"

Detective: "Promises you a photo and forgets. (What a brain!)"
A Dressing-Room Chat with FRANK BORZAGE

"GOOD morning!" said Frank Borzage as he sprang out of his big red racer. "You're around early!"

"Yes," I replied, "because I want you to tell me something about yourself, and I can never catch you later in the day."

"Well, come right in and I'll do my best for you," continued the genial picture-man, whose portrait is in our pages on the page facing.

In his dressing-room he urged me to make myself comfortable in a big chair; and as he stood in front of his bureau, sorting over his morning mail, made a mental note of this popular actor's appearance. He is slight in build, with delicate features, crowned with a luxuriant mass of curly brown hair. As those who have seen him on screen will agree, he has a wonderful control of facial expression—in five minutes he can be ingenuous, lovable, heroic, sad, or the type of the black sheep who arouses distrust and, maybe, antipathy.

He is a great favourite amongst his co-workers; probably because he is charming to everyone. His many screen successes do not make him swollen-headed— he takes them all with a mild simplicity which tends to popularise him more than ever.

When he had finished counting his letters he turned to me and said, "Well, really I've not much to tell you. I have been in pictures only a short time. I was first of all with K. B. Broncho and Domino; then I played lead for Mutual in the five-reeler The Cup of Life. Now, as you can see, I am hard at it for the American Company."

"Have I had any thrilling adventures? Rather! That's what I live for. When I was playing in A Romance of the Sawdust Ring I was nearly done in by a lion. You know Ices is a stickler for realism, and when this lion went for the heroine and myself I had as much as I could do to keep it off with the pitchfork. Once or twice I really thought he had us, and after a terrible struggle, which lasted about three minutes (at the end of which time I came to the conclusion that there was enough thrill in the stunt), I managed to beat off my opponent. He was absolutely disabled, so believe me there was no fake about it. They have nearly been dashed to death twice when leaping over rocks."

"What other films have I played in? Dozens! I forget their titles, but recent pictures are: A Friend of Mine, in which I play opposite Beatrice Van, Anna James Chaplin, Touring with Tillie, in which Neva Gerber plays opposite. Then there are two other Beauty films, which I must not mention."

"Got it? Ten after ten, and I'm due ten miles off for a scene. I must get a hustle on; but do come again soon."

Concerning our Cover Portrait GERTRUDE McCOY

THE subject of our front cover this week is known to all picturegoers. They love her for her beauty, her personality and the intense earnestness that lies behind her dramatic work. To her associates in the Edison studio she is known as a quiet, modest, and desperately hard worker, ready to take any chance of life or limb that may be called for.

But there is another Gertrude whose name has appeared on the screen as an author of scenarios—Gertrude Lyon—and it may not be generally known that the two are one and the same. In venturing into the field of authorship Miss McCoy assumed that name de placce. Her first story, What Could She Do?, was considered with the hundreds of other plots received at the Edison-studios, and produced in three reels. It made a triumphant success.

With her pretty head not a bit turned, Miss McCoy went to work on another. This when read by one of the Edison directors caused him to remark, "That's the best three-reel scenario I ever read. I hope I can produce it." He did, and the result was On the Stroke of Twelve. This play made even a bigger success than the first one. A prominent Baltimore exhibitor said, "Give us pictures like that and we shall have all the features we want."

Both of the above plots were frankly in melodrama. Miss McCoy, for all her youth, has a lot of good ordinary common sense and believes in writing what the intelligent public wants rather than exploiting any particular notions of her own. There is a lesson here for scenario writers in general. Moreover her plots are models of workmanship. They are dramatic and the scenarios that the Edison-studios has been able to produce, even to the sub-titles, almost exactly as written.

"I believe in quality," she says, "rather than quantity. My spine-locks are not many, but I spend them in going over and over my situations until I feel sure they are right. Since my first two I have written more plots and made further successes."

In the two plays mentioned Miss McCoy's triumph was doubled, for she played the role of the heroine.

Miss McCoy is a Southern girl, first having seen the light in Oxford, Tennessee, where she first and very early showed interest in an aptitude for the stage in amateur theatricals. Before her advent into pictures, nearly six years ago, she had already had considerable stage experience and success. She has appeared exclusively in Edison films. Miss McCoy's favourite diversion is motorcycling, and she drives her car with the same nerve and skill with which she undertakes daring film exploits.

"Salad Days—Camera Days!" says DOROTHY GISH

"OUR camera days!" The expression on the lips of Dorothy Gish, the younger of the two noted Gish sisters caught the attention of the interviewer who was watching the young star play before the camera some scenes in Helen of Troyland, a feature produced by the Majestic Motion-Picture Company to be exhibited by the Triangle Film Corporation.

"Our camera days!" he repeated to the younger of the galaxy which was associated with the fame of David Wark Griffith.

There was a pause in the filming while stage-carpenters did a good job in the distant corner of the studio. In another corner was "Kid" McCoy, once champion light-weight pugilist, but now turned photo-player to support Miss Gish. The "Kid" was teaching jun-jitsu tricks to George Fawcett. "The George Fawcett of the stage. They had been playing rural roles, and wore overalls and wide-brimmed straw hats. Little Miss Gish wore a short, pathetically sagging dark dress, and shoes typical of the countryfied young girl which she is impersonating.

All this the interviewer noted in the (Continued on page 336.)
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS

FRANK DORZAGE, one of the most daring young actors in pictures. He is now with the Beauty Company. (See page facing.)

IVY CLOSE, the English beauty, who, unfortunately for picturegoers, has not appeared in film plays for some time past.

ARTHUR M. COLLIN, the English actor, popular in "London" and other films. whose work is dealt with on page 330.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS, the famous S.I. lead. This portrait, enlarged, in colours is offered to our readers at 4½d. post-free.
EVENING had fallen upon the little farm. The toil of another day was over, and two fond, tired parents watched their only son John as he pored over a musty tome which seemed to him the gateway to a life more useful than coaxing an almost barren farm to yield an increase.

Life to the Ballards had been a walk along a flower-strewn pathway. Rather it had been a long, hard grind, and if they could lift their boy out of the rut they would die content. With a gleam of hope, John's mother remarked to the elderly man: "He's going to be a big lawyer some day, father."

Away in the city, at another fireside, a father awaited the return of his son, but it was late at night when the butler admitted him. Philip Hardin was the son of the president of the N.Y. and V.C. Railroad. His conduct was fast breaking his father's heart. "My boy," said the old man sorrowfully, "do you ever stop to realize what your future will be if you continue this sort of life?"

The son made no reply, and another day closed upon a father bitterly disappointed in the failure of his only boy to realize the responsibility of life.

A few weeks later James Hardin, accompanied by Philip, bearded his "special" to tour the line. The railroad was a more ribbon of metals across the land. The company ran the road to make money, and its condition was awful. That morning Ballard's father left the farm to drive to the town with produce. He was fated to meet the special. The horse took fright, and the farmer was killed. A man ran to the farm with the news, and the wife and son saw the dead body of the husband and father in front of the engine.

"It's your durnable railroad system," shouted John; "no gates, no signals. It is murder!" He would have struck the president had he not been held back.

Mrs. Ballard never recovered from the shock following her husband's death, and within a few months John was left alone in the world. "Sell the farm, my boy, and follow your ambition," were his mother's last words, whilst the doctor advised him to "Cheer up; go to college, and study law."

This came to pass that John Ballard studied hard at the college at which Philip Hardin was also an under-graduate. There was nothing in common between the young men. John was a serious worker; Philip gave no serious thought to anything. Where he failed in the mid-year examination, John won a high place in the lists.

The memory of the past remained with the successful student. He could not bring himself to be friendly to the son of the man whom he considered morally responsible for the death of his partner.

Even Philip's small soul saw this, and one day he said to John: "I know you don't feel very kindly towards me; but what happened was no fault of mine."

"Perhaps not; but if your father had improved the state of the road, I should not have lost my parents."

"Let's call it off and be friends," said Philip cheerfully. "I shall want a tutor, and you would keep me."

They shook hands upon a compact to which John proved his loyalty. Philip brought his gambling instincts to college, and one night during a crooked game among crooks, he was found out. The discovery was the signal for a fierce fight, and matters were turning out badly for the young fellow when Ballard passed the house.

Through the window he saw Philip being hard pressed. Without a thought for himself, John burst into the room and laid about him to extricate him. "Red-stained," their leader was in the act of shooting down Philip when John saw the action, and filled the leader to the floor with a chair. Then the young men escaped.

The morning papers brought dire intelligence. "Gambler found dead. Examination proves that blow on the head caused death. No clue to the murderer."

"You did that for me," said the gambler, "and it shall be a secret between us which I shall never violate."

Graduation day came at last. John had won a prominent position in his class, and Philip was among those who expressed their congratulations. He had long ago come to regard John as a real man, and when a girl friend crossed the quadrangle, he said to John, "I want you to meet Miss Viola Ruskin."

When he left college Ballard started at the bottom of the ladder, but soon gave signs that he was capable of rising to eminence in his chosen profession.

One day he met Viola, who, explaining that they had just returned to town, invited John to call.

He paid his first visit when Philip was at the house, and the annoyance felt by that young man at the presence of Viola showed for John was reflected in the face of Mrs. Ruskin, who was anxious that her daughter should marry the railroad millionaire's heir.

Viola, however, was unconscious of the strain. "I am going to my first dance on Tuesday evening, she said, gayly. "You must both promise to be there."

Philip had real love for the girl, and between the dances would have told her of his love, but Viola preferred John, and skillfully avoided the avowal. Philip was anxious to make.

Love for a sweet girl and the prospects of high position in the commercial world did not weaken Philip from his dissolute ways. His card-playing left him short of money, and regularly his unpaid bills were sent to his father.

The old president stood this as long as he could, but his patience was exhausted when he said: "My boy, I mean business this time. You have got to marry and settle down, or I will cut you off without a cent."

Then Philip realised that his father was in earnest, and made haste to carry out his wishes. He was too late. Viola had already accepted John and in reply to Philip he said: "I am only free to regard you as a very good friend."

"Well, I might have been more if it had not been for John Ballard," he retorted savagely. Then he poured out his troubles to Mrs. Ruskin.

"Don't be foolish," said her mother. "Viola is not old enough to know her own mind. Be patient."

The turning point in Philip's career was reached that day. His father died
of heart-failure, and the irreparable loss he sustained had a profound effect upon him.

The news of the magnate’s death decided Mrs. Ruskin to take a band in the direction of her daughter’s love-affairs. John was a favoured caller, and that evening on entering the drawing-room unannounced he overheard ‘Viola’s mother say to the girl, “If only for financial reasons, you must marry Philip Hardin.”

“But I do not love him, mother.”

“Love will come after, my child.”

John, unseen, withdrew. The happiness of the girl he loved was very dear to him, and he made the great sacrifice. Late the same night he wrote to Viola:

“I think it best to release you from our engagement. Financial reasons prevent me marrying you at the present time.”

A few weeks later John read of Viola’s marriage to Philip; a year later Viola died in giving birth to a daughter.

Twenty years passed, years full of activity for both men. Hardin had become a partner in the N.Y. and V.C. Railroad, and Ballard was the District Attorney. Their lives had drifted apart, and they had not met since the early days of Hardin’s married life. The conditions on the railroad had not improved. In fact, they had grown worse, and Hardin, to whom the passing of years had not blotted out the scene of old Ballard’s death, was becoming anxious.

There had been numerous wrecks on the road, and one day Hardin called upon Jordan, the Secretary, in regard to the newspaper attacks. Again there was a newspaper sensation, and the fourth disaster in a month was attributed to rotten ties.

To Jordan, Hardin’s attitude was disquieting. He had hitherto brushed aside such attacks, but now he saw that the letter policy would be to implicate Hardin in the direct control of the road.

“How would you like to be president as your father was?” he asked.

Hardin thought that in such a position he could watch more closely the working of the road, and said as much.

Jordan smiled, and reminded the director that sometimes the new president would have to take instructions from him.

Thus it was that Hardin and Ballard met for the first time in twenty years, the former was president of the road responsible for the death of Ballard’s father. The District Attorney invited his old friend to his house, and a few days later Hardin called with Louise, his daughter, whose striking resemblance to her dead mother stirred memories within Ballard. It was the first of many meetings, and Ballard, despite the disparity of their ages, began to love Louise, whilst the girl was not insensible to the sterling qualities of the well-known lawyer.

The running of the road did not improve. As president, Hardin came under the influence of Jordan, and hardened his heart against the persistent attacks upon the corporation.

Louise could not understand the attacks. “Why,” she asked her father, “are the papers so antagonistic?”

“The newspapers must have a sensation, my dear,” he said, to satisfy her; but he saw that things were getting critical. Ballard, too, was becoming uneasy. He intended bringing matters to a crisis, and, wishing to spare the president a public exposure, called upon him to discuss the matter.

“Hardin, I have come to ask you to stop juggling with the finances of your road, and run it for the safety of the public.”

“We deny that there is any juggling. Let me hear what Jordan says about it.”

Over the ‘phone came the secretary’s reply: “Pay no attention to criticism of any sort. We are running this road.” The president had received his orders, and Ballard saw that nothing he could say would avail. “I have tried as a friend,” said he. “Now I will go for you legally. Remember.”

Nothing now remained but to see what the law could do. A subpoena was served upon Hardin, and Brandon, one of the clerks, was ordered to secure a job as track-walker on the road, and follow the instructions given to him by the District Attorney.

The night before the trial Hardin determined to force his opponent’s hand. Ready to grasp at the slightest straw, he remembered the desperate escape of their college days, when “Red Hogan” was killed. Yes, that would do. Threatened with exposure, Ballard would drop the case. It was a brilliant idea, and Hardin at once went to the District Attorney’s residence, and forced his way into the study.

“Are you going to go the case?” he asked. “It will be better if you do.”

“You and your crowd can’t scare me. I am going through with this case just as I promised you,” retorted Ballard.

“No, you won’t,” replied Hardin, who still had his last trump card to play. “I wonder how the people would like to hear that their District Attorney is a murderer! That twenty years ago he killed a man on the N.Y. Railroad.”

Staggered by the foul blow, Ballard faltered. “You would expose that affair in which I saved your life?”

“I would,” said Hardin, and, chuckling with glee, he received a cheque.

While the distracted Attorney faced the prospect of a ruinous exposure, the confident president went home, where Louise awaited him.

“Will you wish tomorrow, father?”

“Yes, my dear. It will be an easy victory for me. I know something about the District Attorney’s past, and he won’t dare press the charges.”

But when the evening mail arrived Hardin opened a letter that smashed all his hopes. In great astonishment he read:

“Believing that you might have heard that your friend Ballard killed ‘Red Hogan,’ I am writing to tell you that the chair only knocked him out for a little while. Afterwards he had an argument with Carson, and in the fight with him was knocked down and killed.”

“He must not know,” muttered Hardin under his breath. The letter fell from his fingers, and before he realised the fact Louise had gathered its contents.

“Give me that letter!” he shouted.

“T will not, Mr. Ballard must know.”
"Unless you hand me that letter I will take it!" cried the infuriated man, seizing his daughter.

"If you destroy that letter, father, you will destroy all the love and respect I have for you," gasped Louise, and the defeated man ceased the struggle.

Unknown to her father, early the following morning Louise called on Ballard before he left for the trial. "Read this letter, Mr. Ballard," cried Louise. "It came to father last night." "And you have done this for me?" replied the attorney, recognizing what the action cost the girl.

"Yes, the case must be fought fairly."

Disarmed, Philip Hardin had to face the consequences resulting from continued bad management of the road. The opening of the case went badly for the corporation. Fighting every step of the way, they obtained an early adjournment to enable relitigating evidence to be produced. Hardin thought that certain documents were in his room in Railroad Buildings; but they were not. The secretary 'phoned the president to say that the production of the evidence was vital.

"I left the papers in the safe at my country place," replied the president. "My daughter is there, and she will bring them at once."

An imperative ringing of the bell brought Louise to the phone, and she heard her father's voice. "You will find papers relating to sections 476-480 in the safe. Bring them to me, and come along at once in the auto."

Louise found the papers, and within a few minutes started on the long drive to the city. Misfortune early overtook the girl. The car broke down, and she was stranded many miles from her destination. But the railroad was close at hand, and the officials offered to stop the 1:30 express to enable her to reach her father in time.

Then she wired her father: "Auto broke down. Am coming on the 1:30 express. Louise."

Quite near the city, Brandon, the man from the District Attorney's office, was examining the road. He was not at all satisfied with the condition of many of the ties, but he found nothing really serious until he came to the bridge crossing the lake. Here he discovered a completely rotten tie and several others in a weak condition. That section of the bridge was unsafe. Knowing that the 1:30 express was due, he ran to the station and telegraphed to Hardin: "Bridge section 476 in terrible condition. Unsafe for trains to cross. Brandon."

At all costs the train must be stopped. It would never do to have a disaster on the day of the trial. And—merciful Heaven! had not his daughter telegraphed that she was coming on the 1:30 express?

"Reynolds!" shrieked the president; "brining the terminus section map."

Feverishly he scanned the road, and saw that the 1:30 was even then rushing towards the bridge, and, if Brandon was not deceived, to destruction. An ordinary life did not matter; but Louise was dear to the hard-hearted president, Louise must be saved.

Seizing a cap, he cried to Reynolds, "Get busy on the phone, and I will try and head them off."

The clerk called up Brandon: "Stop the express at all costs."

"It's too late!" came the answer.

A motor-car rushed Hardin to the dock, and a motor-boat, churning the water at top speed, sped across the lake in the endeavour to attract the attention of driver or guards. It was useless. No one paid the slightest heed, and Hardin, in a last frantic effort, was landed to
dash across the stretch of marsh which led to the fatal bridge. A forlorn hope!

Before he left the train Brandon learnt from Reynolds that the president's daughter was on the train, and he got into communication with Ballard.

"I fear another disaster. Ties on the lake bridge are in a terrible condition, and the 1:30 is very near it. Reynolds, the clerk, tells me that the president's daughter is on the train."

Would the railroad, by its rottenness, rob Ballard of his second love, as its wealth had of his first? He could not prevent the accident, but he might save the life of the girl.

Unconscious of the fate overhanging the train by reason of the negligence of the corporation of which her father was the head, Louise's only fear on the journey was that she would be too late.

Mighty in its onward rush, the train neared the bridge. No earthly power could now prevent a terrible disaster. Brandon made no mistake when he wired that the bridge would not hold. Half-way across the trestle, the train almost paused, trembling, human like, at the doom it could not avert. Under the first reach the bridge tottered, the rotten timbers cracked and crumbled, and headlong into the great lake below the train plunged with its living freight.

Wild shrieks for help rent the air. Amid the deafening explosion of the bursting boiler, the cries of the drowning pierced the ear. On the marsh Philip Hardin saw the great train crash through into the waters. His overwrought nerves gave way, and he fell dead, a victim of his neglect and culpity. The Juggernaut of Fate had crushed him to death.

Before the rear coach had toppled from the rotten bridge people were hastening to the rescue. Pushing his way clear, the District Attorney plunged into the lake, and swam to the wreck in the hope of saving the girl he loved.

With tear-filled eyes and heart racing with madness at the criminality of the corporation, he forced his way through the windows of a coach. Tenderly he handed Louise to a waiting boatman, who rowed them ashore, and carefully and reverently he laid his sweetheart's seemingly dead body on the ground, as he realised that twice the railroad had robbed him.

But Louise was not dead. She recovered consciousness, waking to see the man she loved bounding over her in the bursting grief of a strong man. She touched his hand, and Ballard looked down.

"John!" she murmured, and their lips meet in a first sweet kiss of love.

This four-part Vitagraph Blue Ribbon production, which took America by storm, has been described as the colossal Modern Railroad Drama. Anita Stewart plays the dual role of Viola and her daughter Louise; Earle Williams is John; Julia Swain Gordon is Mrs. Ruskin, and William Dunn is Philip Hardin. It is exclusively controlled by the Gaumont Film Hire Service, and will be released on Jan. 17th.

When you have seen it, write and tell us what you think of it. We shall be pleased to receive your criticism.

Essanay Film Service, Ltd., 22, Soho Square, London, W.
From Footlights to Films

ARTHUR M. CULLIN

"GOOD afternoon!" It wasn't really, having rained continuously for
over a week. We looked up from
our editorial desk and saw the smiling
face of Arthur M. Cullin, and then
the afternoon seemed good anyway;
"Miserable weather!" he ejaculated,
as a sort of afterthought, and we agreed
as we proceeded to make him as cheer-
ful as possible.
"By the way, Mr. Cullin," we said,
"we don't think our readers have ever
been told about your film work." And
that's how it happened—this little inter-
view we mean—for the actor, after a lot
of persuasion, commenced to give us
some interesting particulars about him-
self.
"Well," he began, "to start with, you
are aware, I know, that I am one of the
oldest members of the original 'Savoy
Opera Company,' and after that en-
gagement I took the baritone part
in George Dance's 'Dorcas of Danarzis
Company. I was touring for many
years, and finally settled down in London
in those successful productions 'The Earl
of the Owl and Officer 806.'
"Oh, yes; I am quite an old picture
player. I've had four years of it, three
of those years being in the Stock Com-
pany of the London Film Company.
"For them I played in 'The Sons of
Selznik, A Landor, E. M. Lewis, and
Trimbach,' some of the late Captain Holmes
Goss's productions. 'The Black Spot,' 'The
Middleman,' 'His Revivalism,' 'The Pri-
sor of Ze land, 'The Murderer,' and England's
Experts.'
"I have seen and admired them all!
Well, that's a bit of the past, but I
agree with you that 'London' films
are all first-rate productions. Since
playing for them I have appeared in the
'Identified Prize story,' 'Who's in Without
Sin,' as Thorne in the Turner-ideal film
'The Great Adventure,' and in the cha-
racter-sketch of the Rev. Hughes in 'The
Devil's Bankhead.' Percy Nash's last pro-
duction for Trans-Atlantic. I have
lately concluded the last part of the lead
of Roger Hoskin in Eve Balfour's new film
'Lore,' a picturisation of Rathmore Wil-
son's famous novel.
"You've heard me sing! Where? Oh,' at the London Opera House
for the Cinema Ambulance
Fund—Oop from Zomosret—Yes! I'm so glad you liked it. I sung
also at the London Film Stage
Concert at Balcarrig for the same
good cause. I sing a good deal, and
am very fond of singing."
"Tony," Cullin, as his friends call
him, is the possessor of a fine bari-
tone voice, a penalty which makes
him popular in places where they
sing.
"Hobbies? I have little time for
them. Mr. Cullin smiled and paused
to relight his cigar. "Golf and
cricket are my favourites; put me
on a decent eighteen-hole course and
I'm happy. Then I do a little
swimming and running, so you see
I am not lazy; but acting for pic-
tures is really my chief hobby. I
like it better than anything. I am
positive about the future of British
productions, and British players.
Given the chance, they are bound to
us."

And so say all of us. Before he
left we induced Mr. Cullin to pro-
mise to send us his latest portrait
and now we have reproduced same
in this week's Gallery of Players.

LEAH BAIRD
On Uncertainties

LEAH BAIRD babbles over with
fun when off the film, but there
are times when she can be serious.
This is not only when certain propo-
tional parts—her favourite kind—for
I managed to catch her, writes our special
interviewer, Ernest A. Dench, in one of
her thoughtful spells between scenes
at the Vitagraph studios.
"Yes," she said, "our lives are full
of uncertainties, and, especially do I realise
this since I entered the motion picture
field four years ago. I hate to think of the
great if anything promise given to one
of us leading players, the effect would
be felt in more ways than one."
"We cannot double like our theatrical
brothers and sisters. A playphoto is
completed once, but a stage-play is acted

LEAH BAIRD in a strongly dramatic part. Photo shows him with Hilda Moody in the poison scene in 'Worse than Sin,' the fine ideal production.
"Charlie at Work"

THE "ONE AND ONLY" AT WORK (?) AS SEEN BY FRANK R. GREY.
night after night; that's the difference.

"Once a photoplay has been put on, the leads have to be on the job until it is completed. This was for all home to me in "Tried for His Own Master," a forthcoming Vitaphone production. I have had a beautiful Scotch collie since he was a pup, and he played with me in this film. When we had only half complete it, my pet died. It was fortunate that we had taken all the mountain scenes, and if when you see the film you may think me unkind not to have taken the dog back to the city with you will know the reason why."

During our interviewer's visit Miss Baird remarked: "The effect of the European War is far-reaching. It has even stopped our pilgrimages abroad for atmosphere."

And she is qualified to speak on the subject with authority, as she made a trip to Europe in 1913 to play in Universal productions.

**OUR LETTER-BAG**

Selected from hundreds every week.

**A Belgian Enjoys "Pictures."**

"I am a Belgian residing in England since the fall of Antwerp. I may not always have the opportunity of reading your most interesting paper, as I shall have to join the Army; although I hope I will have it sent to me when I am in the trenches. I wish everybody would read your Pictorials. I am sure they would enjoy it as much as I do."  
M. R. (Postyprlaid).

**From a Dalhia Reader.**

"Thanks very much for forwarding the papers. They were very much appreciated by all the girls out here. Pictures seems such a change after the usual run of penny papers. Out here we have had quite a hot time. We have had a lot of trouble on the frontier, and have lost numbers of our men. It seems so strange that the people at home should not hear much about the scrap, for it was really quite serious. But now we are back again in Delhi, and things have quieted down a lot now away on the frontier."

F. H. (Delhi).

**Tea-bag Stew.**

"I had such a good laugh the other day: I really couldn't help it. I happen to know a young gentleman—in fact, have known him since I was a very little girl—and he is very fond of travelling. On his last visit abroad he went up to Cohutt and took on the job of cook in one of the silver-mines. While he was there a 'movie' stock company visited the place to take a lot of scenes for a film. Of course it was something fresh for the miners, and they made some remarks that set the leading man laughing so that he couldn't stop. Then the lovely hero strode over to the bunch of boys, and said a few near-mutiny words! Anyhow he was a real good American can and fellow, and when he walked into the Café at night I think he must have been quite a favourite; but the leader of the strikers, who you can tell me his name—was not very popular, so I gather. Well, the gentleman I know cooked the hero's supper for him, and he told me that it was 'tea-bag stew' he made. Now I had better tell you the name of the film! Why, it was "The Diller Kid," and when I read that the leading man was Robert Warwick I had to chuckle. This story is quite true, and if I get the chance, I may be able to see the film. I am sure I shall burst out laughing at the thought of Robert eating that stew."

I. N. (Watford).

**Another Mystery.**

"I suppose you have heard about that black servant in the Million Dollar Mystery? Well, my sister says some one told her that she knew a boy who went home from business the other night and found this girl at his house. He says that she was his girl before she acted for pictures and she has just come over from New York to Boston for six months. He says she isn't black really. Do you think this is true?"

M. D. G. (Birmingham).

**Mary's Hair.**

"I have been wondering if Mary Pickford's hair is her own or not, because I saw her in a Biograph film called "The Good Master and the Whirl," and her hair was the same colour, but straight. But nevertheless, little Mary is just the same. Her face loses none of its brightness or sunny smile."

D. D. (Birmingham).

**An Eastern Favourite.**

"I have recently received the "Ropon Times" from India, in which a cinema theatre advertised the film "Simon" and Warren Kerrigan as being "the strongest man in the world." But it goes to prove that Kerrigan is as popular in India as he is over here."

B. M. V. (Walworth).

**"Pictures" or Physic?**

"A friend said to me the other day, 'You should give up magazines and practise war economy.' To her astonishment I replied, 'Boo! If I gave up my dear little Pictures the doctor would be prescribing a tonic for me, which would not be economical at all.' I did enjoy the Christmas Number. I read it as I knitted a part of the one hundred socks I am doing for our brave lads—and they were not done quickly while Pictures was around."

C. T. (Bristol).

**Thoughts of a Picturegoer.**

Spend the First Week of the New Year Happily.

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He wrote the letter in gratitude, a short time ago, after three years of misery, pain and disheartening treatment for Chronic Indigestion, both at home and in a well-known infirmary, where he was for four months.

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“PICTURES”

GUIDE

New films now showing, and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinemas sooner or later.


WIFFLES AND HIS FAIR RELATIVES. — Pathé Comedy. One reel. M. Prince. The well-known French comedian at his best.

THE DEEP PURPLE. — World drama. Four reels. Clara Kimball Young. A story that interests and holds the audience.

- Clarion Film Agency, Ltd.


A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.—Edison drama. Two reels. Based on an incident in the present war, and containing many scenes of actual fighting.

—Chas. Urban Trading Co.

MIKE ALONE IN THE JUNGLE.—Martin Comedy. One reel. Ernest Westo. Mike finds himself in foreign parts, does great deeds, becomes a hero, and wins "some" prize.

—Darrow’s Film Sales Agency.

CHARLIE AT THE BANK.—Essanay Comedy. Two reels. The one and only falls in love with the typist, but discovers a rival in the form of another "Charlie," with dramatic results.


MISS FATTY'S SEA-SIDE LOVERS.—Keystone Comedy. One reel. Roscoe Arbuckle. She gets out of her depth whilst bathing, but her numerous followers and the police prove to be equal to the occasion.

—Western Import Co., Ltd.


—American Film Co.

THE LILIPUTIAN'S COURTSHIP.—Novelty comedy. One reel. George Anger and Mrs. Tom Thumb. Don't miss this film, which features the tallest man in the world (over eight feet) and the smallest woman.

—H. A. Browne & Co.


—The New Majesty Co.

THE MOTH AND THE FLAME.—Famous Players melodrama. Four parts. All star cast. A good story of the old-fashioned sort, with a happy ending altogether too incommon in these days of morbid productions.

—J. B. Walker’s World’s Films, Ltd.


—Trans-Atlantic Film Co.

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Taken from the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of

P.O. or Stamps value 6d.

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**WE HEAR**

THAT Louise Freear, of Chinese Honeycombs and other stage-plays fame, has been filmed by Trans-Atlantic.

THAT The Lady Slaves, specially written for her, is the film in which she appears, and that same is British and exquisitely funny.

THAT J. Warren Kerrigan has a niece, who is the daughter of his twin brother Walther. "Virginia Heidt's" is the first baby-girl born at Universal City.

THAT The Scarlet, the clever little trade weekly, is making even greater strides under new editorship and a special feature of articles of absorbing interest to the industry.

THAT Luceque, Ltd., have arranged to produce in addition to She, already announced, other famous novels by Rider Haggard, including Ayesha and King Solomon's Mines.

THIS enterprising house has also arranged for the filming of the evergreen "Scarlet Pimpernel" series of novels by the Baroness Orczy.

THAT a valued member of our advertising staff has joined the Royal Flying Corps, and is training at Farnborough.

THAT the circulation of this issue of Pictures has gone up many thousands in advance orders.

THAT a new, novel, and interesting scheme is being prepared for our readers, and will be announced shortly.

THAT over one million dollars are spent annually by American film firms in advertising their productions to the public, and we have reason to believe that this sum is well under the mark.

THAT Cyril Monde has just finished playing opposite Lois Meredith in a Pathé Gold Rooster film, The Greater Will.

THAT Constance Talmadge was severely wounded in the right ankle by a blank cartridge whilst playing in a picture.

THAT after an absence of over a year from the screen Florence Lawrence is to return to her old love—pictures.

THAT Mary Pickford's brother Jack makes his début with Felix in The Making of Cooks.

THAT Alma Taylor is a wonderful dancer, and that her teacher was Margaret Morris, who is perhaps the most famous dancer in England.

THAT Chrisiss White has lately been the recipient of some very fine letters from America.

**3 TRANS-ATLANTICS OF UNUSUAL INTEREST.**

"BY RETURN MALE."

Imp. Comedy, 850 ft., approx. Released Feb. 14th. This is the first picture in which appears "The Slumber," the famous funny man, under the direction of Merv Champion, Life of Eternity.

"INSECT CELEBRITIES."

Powers In, £4. 8s. 6d., approx. Released Feb. 14th. The first of a series of wonderful Nature pictures, representing the life and habits of insects, etc., and reg. They are fascinating beyond description, and will be released regularly on the Trans-Atlantic programme. Back it on all!

LOUISE FREEAR IN "THE LADY SLAVES."

Trans-Atlantic A Music Comedy, 15 ft., 45 ft. approx. Released Feb. 17th. Every picture goes has heard of blonde Lois Freear, the stage can-do star, and will back to see her in this picture in a part which she made famous, that of a "slaver." This comedy has been specially written for her and is specially funny.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FILM CO., Ltd.,

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"I’m sure nobody need ever incur the expense of doctor’s attendance for coughs and bronchitis when there is such a splendid remedy as Veno’s Lightning Cough Cure. My first experience with Veno’s was some years ago when my little Lily fell ill with Bronchitis. She was only six months old then, and she suffered terribly. She got no sleep for coughing; and her breathing was so difficult that I was afraid she would choke. She could not get the phlegm up at all, and nothing that I could do seemed any good till I got Veno’s. The effect of that was simply wonderful. She got ease at once, and soon was as well and bright as a child could be. She is now a fine little girl of six. I am never without Veno’s now; it is worth pounds to any mother for the trouble and anxiety it saves."

In homes unnumbered throughout the British Empire Veno’s Lightning Cough Cure is the recognised family remedy. It contains no narcotics, no dangerous drugs of any kind, but is suitable for old or young from infancy onward.

AWARD ED GRAND P R I X AND GOLD MEDAL,
PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

VENO’S LIGHTNING
COUGH CURE

Veno’s Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Surest Remedy for:

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- BRONCHITIS
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TWO HUNDRED CONSOLATION PRIZES.

BEGINS THIS WEEK.

This time we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognize one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but any one of these letters may be used more than once. Thus, even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the first set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the titles of each. See No. 1 for example, Having filled in your solutions, get the second set in next week's Pictures. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10 and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of two solutions, the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor’s decision must be regarded as final.

Name .................................................................
Address ..............................................................

Example: 1. Scene from "Mixed Wires."
Letters used: DEIMRSWX

1. Scene from
Letters used: ADEHMNOSTWY

2. Scene from
Letters used: INRSTU

3. Scene from
Letters used: ABEHRT

1st SET.
FEELING RUN-DOWN
PIPPIE, OR SUFFERING FROM BLUES?
MERSON MIXTURE

WILL PUT YOU RIGHT.

THREE VARIETIES
"A SPANISH LOVE SPASM"
"THE MAN IN POSSESSION"
"THE ONLY MAN"

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ROBT. LEONARD
The Creator of "Perlmutter" in
"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"

The Play which played for 664 times
at the Queen's Theatre, London,

IN

The Tailor of Bond Street
A FOUR-REEL COMEDY DRAMA

ASK YOUR MANAGER TO BOOK IT FOR YOU IN THE NEW YEAR.

THE GERRARD FILM CO., Ltd., The Film House, Gerrard Street, London, W.
To all the many readers who with kindly thought have sent us letters and cards, and other forms of greeting, the staff joins me in a very sincere and hearty Thank you.

On another page are full particulars and the first set of pictures in our great new Prize Competition. "Find the Film" opens up a new, bright, and easy road to prizes, and I hope the thousands who follow Pictures Competitions will like this latest one. It will make you keener and still more interested in the pictures at your favourite cinema because all the films illustrated are already released, and you have only to find them to become winners. The letters published beneath each picture will help and practically tell you if your title is correct. It costs nothing to enter, so please do so and tell your friends to do so.

Elizabeth Risdon Dresses a Doll.

A tempting offer to readers under fifteen years of age is made by Elizabeth Risdon. In a simple competition arranged on his page by "Uncle Tim," Miss Risdon is to award a lovely doll dressed by herself to the girl winner, and a jigsaw puzzle to the boy winner, and I imagine that young picturegoers will tumble over themselves in their efforts to win prizes from so popular an actress. Look up the particulars.

Cuddling in Colours.

Congratulations to Essanay on the handsome Christmas Number of their trade organ, the Photo-play Review, the coloured cover of which is adorned with a sumptuous love-picture of Edna Mayo in the arms of Bryant Washburn (lucky Bryant!) and the two-page Gallery of Essanay players which appeared in our own Christmas Number. Have you had your copy of the last named issue yet?

Better Late than Never.

The Screen Club of London proposed only a few weeks ago in progressing by leaps and bounds. I have not met any one yet who does not think the Club is wanted, and I hear that the busy Secretary, Charles S. Holman, has been bombarded with letters and calls at Anchor House, Cranbourn Street, W.C., from those seeking more particulars. Filmplayers, exhibitors, and all who take part in the film industry are sure to feel that they must join sooner or later.

The Hepworth P.P.P.

I have seen the first number of the Hepworth picture-play paper to be published monthly, and find it so bright and readable, and so striking in make-up, that I offer my congratulations to Mr. Whitefiiith, of Hepworth Publicity, who is responsible for it. Readers should write for this first copy (mentioning Pictures), sent free from Hepworth's, 2, Deanman Street, W., and afterwards subscribe to this dainty little paper.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!

The Pathé "Gold Rooster" plays are an extra fine brand to be released regularly by this famous film-house, and already the trade are being treated to samples. I saw two of them recently — namely, *An Affair of Three Nations* and *Via Wireless*, and pronounce them both, especially the latter, to be remarkably strong and well-produced dramas.

100 Miles under the Sea!

It is the most marvellous invention of modern times, and you may enjoy it by visiting the Photofaramic Hall, Great Portland Street, W., where the Williamson Expedition Submarine Motion pictures are presented by Trans-Atlantic twice daily. Two hundred thousand feet of film were taken under the sea! Isn't it amazing? A special article on what and how it was done appeared in our issue of June 5th last, and is well worth reading again if you have a copy by you.

Jumbled Trade Mark — Result.

The curious design in our issue of December 23rd so puzzled you that only a comparatively few replies came to hand. The pieces formed the well-known diamond trade-mark of Selig with their name in the centre. The first letter opened contained the perfect solution reproduced above. A cheque for one guinea was sent to the winner, Mrs. Mary Turner, 56, Rochambeau View, Bury, Leeds. Only one other competitor to date was correct, and has received a consolation prize.

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1916.

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To make even **better pictures**

for you during the coming year.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

**DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—**

1 hope you have all had a very happy Christmas.

Last week I told you that Elisabeth Risdon has promised to present a doll dressed by herself and a jigsaw puzzle to a lucky niece and nephew of "Uncle Tim." In case you missed last week's issue, or in case the Christmas festivities have caused you to forget the competition arranged by me in connection with these prizes, I will repeat the simple conditions.

I want you to write a little poem (one or more verses) about Miss Risdon, who is now busy playing before the camera in the London Film Company's Studio. If you wish to enter for one of these very special prizes you must write and post your poem addressed to Miss Elisabeth Risdon, Pictures Offices, 85-88, Long Acre, W.C., to arrive on or before Tuesday, January 6th. There is not much time left, but you have the full week-end before you, and I wish you luck.

"Uncle Tim's" Dream Picture did not produce a very good crop of stories, though many which did arrive were quite funny, and all sorts of suppositions were made use of. Many readers called it a nightmare, but the comical adventures as related by them would be better described as pantomime. The Kaiser, Zeppelins, courtship, a race, all sorts of reasons are given for Charlie's sudden disappearance down the manhole, and all agree that "Uncle Tim" was dreaming after an extra hard day's work on Pictures. The Christmas books have been posted to the following prizewinners:

 Vera Warner, 74, Fulham Park Gardens.
 Beatrice George, 21, Sarfodd Road, Balmham.
 Doris Gilmour, Park Hill Road, Wal-lington.
 B. Smith, 78, Warren Street, W.
 Award of Mr. Harte (six times won brings a special prize): — Doris Paul (Norwich), Cecil V. Asley (Carlisle), Marie Ross (Brighton), James McArthur (Edinburgh), Cyril Courtney (Sandown), Edith Brown (Dudham), Kathryn Williams (Eastbourne), Eric Sontham (Birm-ingham).

Two clever kiddies in filmland are Clara Horton and Bennie Sudlow. They play important parts in the coming Trans-Atlantic photo-play *Kidnapping the King's Kids.* The story concerns the King who devotes his time to pleasing his two royal kids whilst Black Rudolph, pretender to the throne, plans to kidnap them. His wicked scheme is frustrated by Detective Duck and Lady Baffles, a famous couple on whom will be based a series of film-plays. Many of my readers will remember little Clara Horton, who, during her first play-acting days, became famous as the "Eelsir Kid." Her portrait has appeared in these pages. Bennie, her

ELISABETH RISDON, who has dressed a doll and offers it as a prize to one of my readers. Above photo shows Miss Risdon as a girl in *Florence Nightingale.*
REPLIES

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot answer through the post. Letters dealt with in rotation. Address THE EDITOR, "Pictures," 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.

ARGUMENTS (Chatsworth).—The player von Mendl must probably have had no hair powdered.

Mrs. M. (Kingsford Address).—Address Mary Pickford, c/o Famous Players Co., 530 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. We have two cards of hers, yours per penny each.


Cecil (Putney).—Mary Pickford has not visited this country, but hopes to do so when the war is over. No trouble, Cecil.

W. K. (Glasgow).—The Parker Co., 353 shaft Square, London, published a synopsis of their famous "Jane Shore"; write to them about it, William.

Grace (Ipswich).—Jane Gail's address is c/o Universal Film Co., 1,660, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A., where your letter was sent. Thanks for your visit.

L. K. R. (Cheshill).—We are sorry for your friend who does not admire Mary Pickford. Great tribute made in "The Death Bed" (Elision). Glad you like your prize.

Sweet Fifteen and N. B. K. (Heckate).—Address Herbert Hanson c/o Universal Film Co., 1,660 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. Quite likely you would get a reply to your letter. The intramural questions you ask we cannot answer. Of course write again please.

Before an Extra (Horace).—You can obtain American stamps from Cook and Son, Lulient Circus, E.C., or my money changer—of any foreign stamps dealers there are several in the Strand. We are not pleased that you have not autographed photographs of your film favorites.

B. A. (Leeds).—See rules at top of page re name and address. The result of the Foreign Artists contest was in the hands of those who voted. Your grievances is with them, not R. A. Flapper (Westcliff-on-Sea).—We replied to a reader a few weeks ago that a player's name will not occur more than once in our Screened Stars Competition. No trouble, dear Flapper.

Jack (Westcliff-on-Sea).—Robert Warshow played in "The Girls Voted Him" "The Doctor's Mark" and in "Sister" (Spencer Tracy). Who furnished you with the wrong information? The "Hunt," the "Face in the Moonlight," and "Palm Trees" won not either. If only your Judges could see your way of classifying "Clown"! Your information is unsatisfactory, as we are not able to help you. If you would ask them when and where in your district you can see "The Broken Coin," Pleased to hear from you, Jack.

M.of Arwell.—Thanks for photo, which we have given to our collection. Have sent you a postcard list.

White Rose (Dulwich).—Tax in Illinois you saw on the film, you didn't ask. We hope soon to publish a portrait of Mabel Normand, which you won a prize. Many happy returns of the birthday, have to thank you for having it on Christmas Day, as we expect your shoes does not return a double shilling's worth. Thanks for Christmas greetings.

Dorothy (Hiringsham).—Our publisher has sent you a set of Pictures you asked, and we are as good as you like us.

P. A. E. (East Ham).—Have no record of the film you mention. Sorry.

Mary G. (Stofking-on-Tees).—"Cahira" was recently released and "Bolla Dama" will be in the theaters shortly. The problem is whether artists use for their work what is technically known as "Cahira"... these are of a crayon nature. The other information wanted is not available, Mary. Sorry. Thanks for kind wishes.

Arnold (New York).—We have received a very colourful picture postcards of Martha Field, and Frederick price one penny each (postage extra)."Palm Trees." —We gratified the fans of Frank Farmington in our August 29th issue, and hope to have an interview with him later on, when perhaps he will tell us if he is married, and so relieve your fears, James Cruse is at present touring, and so we have no address. You will see that we have made use of your clever idiom, "What they say," Thanks very much. Send on the latest version by all means. Rome will be sufficient for the address of the Cines Film Co./your. No east of the St. Jersey of Death was published. Neither can we trace the Marion Leonard film. You are certainly lucky to have all those signatures.

MILLION DOLLAR GIRL (Hiringsham).—Playlet- tering for the Cines, cow. London, 24th, and How to Write a "detective plot" for both from this office, would give you the help you need. Sorry we cannot be more specific. Your picture play, "Cast of A Daughter's Inheritance" (scriptwriter) — W.E. "Metro," "Lassie, and Morgan," Norval filmlounge: "Doctor Adams," Van Dyke, "Rahshol Domm," Hall. "Sweet and Tender" by Norman Talmaige are not related. Address Francesco Billington, c/o Thanhouser Film Co., Main St., New Rochelle, New Rochelle, New York, U.S.A. The player you refer to was probably Helen Badgley. Other address we cannot obtain, Happy New Year to you.

Winifred (Croydon).—Our publishers have not yet received the Pictures you want. We have no postcards of Mabel Normand. The editor's fast- growing desire is to fill that space. We shall be pleased to include your photo in our collection, Trust you will keep of brain-fever. Virginia (Kensington).—Their personal information of some players you want is not available, Vancouver. Have sent you a postcard list. (Continued on next page.)

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PICTURES AND THE PICTIONEER

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It you write-there you will have received the address you ask for. How do you imagine all the nice things you say about Pictures? Thank you for your letter.

VAN RENSSLAER (Flying A)—In "The Foot of the Peaks." "Flying A" is the film you saw; the cast is: "Yolanda," Vivian Rich; "Dane Strong," Dariel Atwood, and you must see "Sally Carney," J. Richardson: "Mrs. Davis," Louise Raymond.


CARROLL (Brillington)—We replied to your letter a week ago, dear girl. Yes, we have hundreds of answers on this point, but all get answered in their turn. Some of the more interesting answers include: "The Letter Bag," "Dear readers," etc.

JAMES (Liverpool)—C. K. Young played lead in "Lady," we have not the full cast. Any of Smith's books is the only book to be able to get the book you want from their head office. There are copyright difficulties in obtaining picture postcards of some players, but we hope to have some of those moments later on. Our next competition ought to please you, James.

KINSELLA (Leicester)—The players are human, of course, and so their "two cents worth." Tenney has it; consequently they are frequently asked "where money is." We've had just the same thing.

COSTELLOE (Bristol) has asked us to be a picture actor. We are an anonymous statement. Judging from the letters we have received for this page, 100 out of 110 have an ardent desire to be selected. "Cable Bags" for "Kipling's" next picture; "Gilbert Vaughan," Henry Ainsley; "Mayo," Charley Oar; "Petrov," Alexander Mac; "Anthony," Vivian Clive; "Dr. Census," Geo. Bellamy; ": Pauline," Jane G. A. Have sent your love to the players you mentioned and kept some of our readers without bushing.


NOW WORKER (Cardiff)—The cast you asked was not published, but as all three films were produced in the same company it is quite likely one of the players appeared in all. F. X. Bushman is now playing for Metro Films.


Nella Seconds (Minorities) asks if we think cinematography will last or die a natural death as Stanada's Dead did. Yes, dear boy, it will last a long time. Nella Seconds is interesting. Dorothy Kelly is still plays for Vitaphone, and Lillian Gold is now with Majestic.

The Discussion of "Monotheism"—"Name and address next time, please. William Worthington-Cable Roy" is "Professor" and "Lord Ashleigh" to "The Fair Race." (Unpublished.) The matrimonial conundrums we give up.

Out and In.

POET: "Is the Editor in?"
Exit office-boy. Enter office-boy.
"Please, sir, the Editor says he's out."
POET: "Then oblige me by putting my poem in the wastepaper-basket!"
Exit Poet.

Not What was Meant.

Manager (to theatre-cleaner): "Look here, Mrs. Jones, if you can't work better I shall get some one else!"
Mrs. JONES: "Oh, thank you, sir; I always said as 'ow there's enough work for two of us."

Tell-tale Tobacco.

IRATE MASTER: "Jane, who brought you home from the pictures last night?"
SERVANT: "My Aunt Elizabeth, sir." IRATE MASTER: "Next time you see her tell her she left a pipe and an ounce of tobacco in the front porch."

Banking and Tramping.

AFFABLE PASSENGER: "So you are a picture actor?" Well, I'm a banker, and it must be fifteen months since I was in a picture."-

PICTURE ACTOR (regretfully): "It's fifteen years since I was in any bank except those of the roadside type."

Editorial matters should be addredd to THE EDITOR: "Pictures and the Picturegoer."
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To Readers of "Pictures."

A Beautiful Photograph of
Miss Elisabeth Risdon and a
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THE Oatine Co. will send to all readers of "Pictures" a charming photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon together with the delightful Oatine Toilet Outfit illustrated herewith. Send today and test these wonderful toilet preparations of which Miss Risdon speaks so highly. Read what she says:

To the Oatine Co.—

Please send me half-a-dozen more jars of Oatine Cream by an early post. I cannot tell you how useful I find this delightful preparation in my work. I use it regularly, and as a cleansing agent consider it better than soap and water, as, besides removing the surface dirt, it brings out dust and grime from the pores of the skin.

I find it invaluable for removing make-up, which I often have to retain for many hours at a time.

Really there is nothing like it, and it is a pleasure to recommend it.

Yours very truly,

Elisabeth Risdon

"I use Oatine regularly, and as a cleansing agent consider it better than soap and water."

THIS is what Miss Elisabeth Risdon, the leading cinema actress of the day, says of Oatine Face Cream. Oatine has hosts of friends amongst cinema actresses, but it is not often that a lady with the great reputation that Miss Risdon enjoys expresses such definite reasons for its use.

This enthusiastic testimonial is undoubtedly the strongest argument that can be brought to the notice of the readers of "Pictures," and in the belief that they will wish to test these wonderful toilet preparations, The Oatine Co. will send to all enclosing 3d. in 3d. stamps for postage the Toilet Outfit illustrated herewith. It contains—

1.—A bijon tin of OATINE FACE CREAM, which restores the natural oil to the skin which the alkali in soap and hard water is always removing. This oil is Nature's own protector and rejuvenator.

OATINE FACE CREAM contains no animal fat, and cannot grow hair. All Chemists stock OATINE in white jars, 1½ & 2/3.

2.—A Tin of "Oatine" Snow.

3.—A 3d. Cake of the delightful "Oatine" Toilet Soap.

4.—A 2d. Packet of "Oatine" Shampoo Powder.

5.—A Packet of "Oatine" Face Powder.

6.—A 50-page Booklet entitled "Beauty and Health."

Together with the photograph of Miss Elisabeth Risdon referred to above.

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The Monthly Magazine of Famous Players, Jesse Lasky and D. W. WALKER, is
now open to the public at an annual subscription of 3s. post free.

FRED PAUL WITH HIS BEST FRIEND
In 'The Adventures of Deadwood Dick,' a good old English series now being
released by the Ideal Company. (See next page.)
Next time you go to your favourite Picture House ask the Manager if he has booked "The Girl and the Mail Bag," a Selig Drama featuring Tom Mix and Victoria Ford. It's great.

LOOK OUT FOR

"CASTE"
THE FAMOUS ENGLISH COMEDY WITH
SIR JOHN HARE
IN THE LEADING PART.

THIS DELIGHTFUL PICTURE WILL BE RELEASED BY THE IDEAL FILM RENTING CO., LTD., on the 24th of THIS MONTH.

SEE THAT YOUR THEATRE HAS IT.
IT IS A TREAT.
ALL DONE BY KINDNESS.

This little girl and big elephant take part in the Selig drama In Leopard Land, a wonderful animal picture coming soon.
HOORAY! We’re a centipede!

Why! Because Pictures has scored one hundred weeks.

This is our one hundredth number since "Pictures" and "The Picturegoer" (the last-named paper having been started by our Editor) were combined.

Like Charlie’s Aunt, we are still running, and, with your help, will run for many more hundreds of weeks—we almost wrote years!

A New Year’s Resolution: Cut out “That Night” from subtitles.

The President of China is stated to have thirty-one children. Should he decide to produce films he will have a cheap stock company.

Cabiria has been shown for the first time in Paris at the great Vendeuvre Theatre on the Boulevard des Italiens, which has been opened as a cinema.

Winston Churchill got his first acting experience in a production of "The Play's the Thing" at Eton.

How would you like to be sweetheart, wife, mother, daughter, aunt, and grandmother to one man? Eugene Besserer, the Selig player, has been such—for screen purposes only.

A Corner in Dimples.

DON’T attempt to manufacture dimples; they are a monopolised product, and Lilian Walker has the motion-picture field all to herself. The other day the popular Vitagraph player received a letter from a girl admirer, who, desiring a beauty dent on each cheek, endured great pain, but all to no avail.

Our Cover Portrait.

If the reception accorded to The Adventures of Deadwood Dick, which we witnessed at a cinema recently, is any criterion, this English "Ideal" series is in for a good time. Fred Paul is really splendid, and a fine photograph of him as the hero in these six stirring pictures is given on our front cover. We might remind our readers that a penny edition of these stories has now been issued.

Ford, the Fox and the Film.

RECENTLY the spare time of every Keystone cameraman has been taken up in an attempt to secure close-ups of a running fox. Ford Sterling, who is directing a comedy which contains hunting scenes, offered twenty-five dollars for twenty-five feet of film showing the escaping fox. Kenneth McLean cameraman for the Sterling Company, succeeded in winning the prize. He secured some exceptional film by placing his camera on the running board of an automobile, and after setting the fox free kept speeding alongside of it.

THE PICTURE PLAYER’S HOLIDAY. No. 9.

Charles Rock as Margaret Joslin (Sophie Clutesi), Essanay player.

Players’ Popularity in Brazil.

The following players came out top favourites in a picture-players’ contest conducted by a leading newspaper in Brazil. The numbers indicate the votes polled.

"Actresses:
Francesca Bertini . . . 9,717
Gabrielle Robine . . . 8,179
Cleo Madi
son . . . 6,201
Grace Cunard . . . 5,835
Actors:
Waldemar Pszander . . . 10,582
Emilio Ghione . . . 8,513
Arthor Johnson . . . 8,492"

Fun Across the Pond.

Philadelphia filmland met Philadelphian “Fun” land at Philadelphia Funland recently. The proverbial “merry marriage bell” was cast in the shade for the yet more merry “movie” belles, who were on hand in great numbers, to be gazed at with interest and delight by their yet more numerous number of admirers. All the players in town mingled with thousands of non-players, and representatives of several big film houses each had their private box. Pathé took along a miscellany of a gold-coloured live rooster, which was paraded around the bowling alley at intervals. Who knows—perhaps after the war even London filmland may rise to something similar.

An American Story.

R. Justice Coleridge having decided that the correct pronunciation is Kinema, a number of learned people, says the Bioscope, have rushed into print on the subject, much, of course, to their own gratification. But I am certain that the great majority of people will continue to say Cinema; it’s more “English,” at any rate. Which reminds me of the story of the American lady and the Irishman. Said the lady, in describing her “vacation” in Ireland: “Yes, and on coming out of the depot we dived into the dimmest little jinney-bus you ever saw, and then some. Our crowd was tickled to death when I stepped right into the rain-driver’s seat and told him I could do a stunt with the pews that would make any professional. He didn’t hold on to that, of course, the poor old dear couldn’t understand English!”

Who Wants Charlie Chaplin?

We do not mean in the flesh, of course, but in imitation marble, so to speak. You can have Charlie, and Henry, and Gussie, and all your piano or drawing-room mantel-shelf. We have seen this charmingly lifelike model of Charlie. It stands nine inches high, and a tender of Pictures may obtain one for eighteen pence (sixpence extra for postage) from Moss Empires, Ltd., 80, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

Clever Bird Actor.

An important part in the latest production by the Essanay Company is played by a bird. It plays the title-role in the screen version, in six parts, of Edgar Allan Poe’s immortal work The Raven. At first the bird was excited by Henry’s oil train. It refused to eat, and at rehearsals became exceedingly obstreperous, and the only part of the poem it seemed likely to realise was “Quoth the Raven: ‘Nevermore.’” It quickly grew accustomed to its new surroundings, however, and, judging by its appearance on the film, one would imagine that it had had years of experience as a film artist. This part of Poe is played by Henry B. Walthall.

Staging a Big Indian Picture.

PRODUCER THOMAS H. INCE is making preparations for the staging of an elaborate Indian drama. Sixty-five full-blooded Indians were brought to Incrville last week by W. A. Brooks, and fifty more of the redskins arrived this week. The Indians, who are mostly of the Sioux tribe, are occupying a complete village of tepees at Incrville. They arrived in splendid specimens of their race, and range in age from two months to ninety-two years, the youngest being a lusty-voiced pageant and the oldest a well preserved old chiefman. Negotiations are under way for even more of the bronzed warriors, and W. A. Brooks has been instructed to comb the country for all he can find of the reds. It is expected that within a few weeks Producer Ince will have at his disposal several hundred Indians to appear in the first of the Triangle-Kay-Bee Indian series.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

1. "BRITISH MADE": Army motor cycles have to pass a rigid test before being sent to the Front.
2. SCIENTIFIC WARFARE: With the photographic section of the French Army. Examining a negative developed in the travelling dark room.
3. LATEST FROM PARIS: Ermine muff bordered skunk giving a rich effect in contrasting furs.
4. A very effective dance frock made of the new figured taffeta.
5. FROM THE FAR EAST: Nurses from Japan are teaching disabled soldiers many useful trades.
6. TAKEN AT TAHURE: Some of thousands of German prisoners captured just before Christmas.
7. BELGIAN MUNITION FACTORY DISASTER: British troops render honours at funeral of victim at Havre.
Donald suspected that recent events had gone to suit with Robert's desire to leave New York, but there was no help for it. And so the two friends parted.

They did not see each other for another two years, and then under circumstances which neither of them anticipated.

Dolbeare, the art-dealer, came from behind his desk and eyed the pictures brought to him by Donald Bryant with studied contempt.

"I am sorry, Mr. Bryant," he said, patronisingly, "that I can do nothing with your pictures. Here are several you left me some time ago, and they're still unsold."

Donald did not appear to be quite so flourishing as he was when he visited him previously. He was beginning to look anxious and care-worn; success had not come to him so swiftly as he had imagined it would. His reputation was still good, but by some strange kink of his nature he could not produce exactly the pictures the public would buy, and Dolbeare bluntly told him so.

"My patrons want figures, not studies," continued the old dealer, whose hooked nose and avaricious face gave him the appearance of a bird of prey. "Now, I want something like this.

He pointed to a crude painting of a half-made woman. Dolbeare saw at a glance that the daub had nothing to recommend it beyond its contemptible appeal to passion, and he made a grimace.

"I could do better than that," he retorted. "I leave that sort of thing to half-boiled painters."

"So much the worse for yourself," replied Dolbeare, eying the other critically. He knew the man he had to deal with, and tried another scheme.

"Now look here, Mr. Bryant," he went on, rubbing his hands ingratiatingly. "I know you're one of the best painters in New York, and you possess ideals which I respect very much. But business is business. If you promise to supply me with the type of pictures want I'll contract to take over all you can give me. I'll also give you a thousand pounds down, and supply you with a complete studio of your own."

Donald's temptation was strong. He had to live by his work, and keep his wife also. Hitherto his ideals had prevented him from doing work that kept other painters not half as talented as himself in luxury. He had several pressing debts which the thousand pounds would have helped him to get out of, and it would give him a fresh start. Dolbeare said nothing, but eyed the other under his heavy sinister brows.

"I'll sign the contract," said Donald at last.

He went home looking more downcast than ever. He had saved himself from extreme poverty, but had lost his self-respect. He made no secret of his sacrifice to Helen, and she asked him the result of his interview.

"I've sold myself body and soul to old Dolbeare," replied Donald; "here is the contract."

Helen read the document with mixed feelings. She understood her husband and conspired with him on his past failures, but, like him, she realised that both must live.

"Never mind, dear," she replied, placing her arms affectionately on his shoulders; "it is only for a time the public will recognise you eventually."

The contract worked well. Donald in his new studio turned out pictures with his usual skill, but all of the type that satisfied Dolbeare. The months passed, and the Bryants lived comfortably, and sometimes wondered how they could Dolbeare was progressing in Paris. They were agreeably surprised one day when Wainwright entered their studio looking prosperous and content.

He appeared to have made a great success with his art in Paris, where no single picture of his had ever been refused.

"I painted the pictures the jubilees," Wainwright explained. Donald looked startled and guilty. "It's no use following one's own sweet will, and when I discovered the public taste, I let them have all I could give them. Now I have made a nice little fortune, and can afford the time to paint a masterpiece. I am looking for a suitable model."

"You have a fine studio here," continued Wainwright, coming around him.

"You have the right place here for good work."

"I am working for Dolbeare at present; he has contracted to take all my paintings," replied Donald, diffidently.

"Well, I am looking for a real good model," repeated Wainwright, "and I'm prepared to pay any price for one. Do you think Dolbeare could get one for me?"

"You might ask him," replied Donald. "He could supply almost anything," he added, ironically.

Wainwright pointed out that afternoon to take away several pictures that Donald had finished for him. No one being in
the studio, the art-dealer wandered about inspecting the various pictures in preparation. A corner covered by a thick, heavy curtain attracted his attention, and he carelessly pulled the curtain aside. For a second he seemed petrified; then he drew a deep breath.

"A masterpiece! What a divine figure!" he murmured.

He was gazing at the figure of a woman in the nude, and the art-dealer knew that here was a second-rate appeal to base instincts. It was indeed a masterpiece, and his greedy eyes already counted the probable price of the picture. A sound aroused him, and he turned to confront Donald, who eyed the art-dealer sternly.

"Congratulations, my friend!" began Dolbeare, excitedly rubbing his hands. "You have surpassed yourself. Permit me to take it away immediately and hang it up in my store. It will create a sensation. By the way, who is the lady? She has a marvellous figure—something like a Greek goddess."

The remark seemed to madden Donald. He seized a large knife, and, before the horrified Dolbeare could stop him, he had dashed at the painting and ripped it from top to bottom.

"You madman!" screamed the art-dealer, almost beside himself with rage. "Why did you do that? By what right did you destroy my property? Are you aware that by your contract the painting belonged to me?"

"When you looked at that painting," replied Donald fiercely, "it roamed every nerve in my body. You shall never have it, because it is too sacred a subject for your chamber of horrors.

Helen came in, and, seeing the attitude of the men, grew alarmed. A glance at the mutilated painting told her what had happened. She looked anxiously at her husband, who left the studio, muttering brokenly, "Helen, forgive me; I could not.

A light broke in on the dazed mind of the art-dealer. "Ah, I understand, madam. The divine lady is yourself."

"He painted it in his spare hours, for his own satisfaction," replied Helen, visibly distressed. "He never meant to include it in the contract.

"Your husband is too sensitive, madam," replied Dolbeare at last. "Perhaps he will paint a duplicate," he queried, as his face lit up again in anticipation. Helen shook her head, and, foiled in every way, Dolbeare departed with rage in his heart.

To accomplish Donald's wish was now his intention, and he took means the next day to call in the amount he had paid Donald on his contract, and followed this up by withdrawing all the studio accessories he had purchased for the painter. Helen viewed these preparations with despair. Her appeals to Dolbeare brought no response, and in a few days the fine studio which the art-dealer had furnished disappeared as though it had never existed, and with it went Donald's chances of making a living.

Helen learned that Wainwright would pay any sum up to a thousand pounds for a suitable model for his unfinished painting, and a daring scheme entered her head. Dolbeare, with fiendish cunning, had shown Wainwright a sketch of the mutilated picture drawn by Donald, and Wainwright, not knowing who the original was, promptly offered to pay any price for a series of sittings from the original model. This news Dolbeare cleverly conveyed to Helen in a way that looked accidental, but was really designed. Helen determined to put her pride in her pocket, and, unknown to her husband, she went to Wainwright's studio.

"Mr. Wainwright, I hear you want a model for your unfinished painting, and I believe I am the model you are seeking. For my services I expect the thousand pounds which I understand you are willing to pay.

Wainwright was dumfounded. "Yes, certainly, Mrs. Bryant," he stammered. "If you are the original model, I am quite prepared to pay this amount."

He halted and regarded Helen with steadfast gaze. "Does Robert—does your husband know?"

"I dare not tell him," replied Helen, rapidly. "He must not know. We are being driven to the wall by Dolbeare, and we are at the last extremity. I cannot let my husband be hoodwinked, and for his sake I hope you will select me."

Wainwright was moved, and turned to the visitor with the old light of love in his eyes. "And for your sake, too, Helen," he said, softly.

Helen drew back. "No," she cried; I am trusting my honour to your keeping."

Wainwright nodded, and became the business man again. He inquired the number of sittings required to complete the picture. "You shall pose as a harem-slave in chains," said Wainwright.
"Ah, my friend. I called to see Mrs. Bryant. Not in? Well, perhaps not. Doubtless, I shall find her at Robert Wainwright's studio."

Donald jumped to his feet and seized the art-dealer by the throat. "What do you mean, you old scoundrel? Answer me, or I'll choke the life out of you."

"This is the cheque I've been instructed to pay Mrs. Bryant," replied Dolbeare, as he wrenched himself free. "You see it is payable by Wainwright to your wife."

Donald glanced at the cheque. It was as Dolbeare stated.

Ten minutes later Donald was ushered into Wainwright's studio. With the exception of the painter it was empty, and Donald, looking round, saw no sign of a woman's presence. Wainwright, withgrim lips, kept the other in talk for several minutes. But Donald, who now seemed relieved, noticed a pair of slave-chains used by painters for models posing for the part of slave-girls. Wainwright followed his glance. "A nice passion in Paris," he said sarcastically.

"Yes, yes," replied Donald, abstractedly. "I thought my wife was here"—he eyed Robert narrowly—"and I called to escort her home."

"No, no dear boy," replied the other, nonchalantly. "I have not received the pleasure of a visit from your wife to-day."

Donald departed. The curtains in the alcove swung apart, and Helen appeared with unbound hair, and her studio-gown clinging loosely round her form. Wainwright eyed her with contempt, and then both had a narrow escape that time. Do you think you ought to continue these visits without telling him?"

"No, no," replied Helen; "he will stop me, I must earn the money. I shall come again to-morrow. I'm too shaken to sit for you any longer to-day."

That evening Donald's gaze was concentrated on his wife's arm, which the low-cut gown laid bare almost to the elbow. With an angry, suspicious movement he took her arm and pointed out a dark circular mark. "How did you get this mark?" he asked, coldly.

"Myangles,Iexpect," replied Helen, with beating heart.

"Or slave-chains," retorted Donald, bitterly. "Xenodochial they become! I must settle this matter once and for all."

He went to the drawer and took out a revolver, which he placed in his pocket. With fear at her heart, Helen spring to meet him. "What do you intend to do?" she demanded.

Donald fiercely pushed her from him, and, Donald stumbled to the ground. Now thoroughly alarmed, Helen sprang to her feet and caught his arm. "Surely you can trust me! I posed to him for your sake."

Once more her husband pushed her from him, and dashed to the door. Helen knew it was Donald's intention to go to Wainwright's house. She must get there first and warn Wainwright, and pulling her jacket on, she went out and summoned a taxi, and drove straight to Wainwright's house, which she had scarcely entered before Donald was announced. Brushing the servant aside, Donald walked into the studio. Again, save for the presence of Wainwright, it was empty.

"My wife is here," began Donald, in a storm of passion.

"My dear fellow —" began Wainwright, expostulatingly.

"She is here, I tell you," interrupted the other in white heat. "This is her feather boa." Donald picked up the familiar article which had been carelessly thrown on a sofa. "Now where is my wife?"

"Let me explain," began Robert Wainwright. "You have got a bee in your bonnet. Everything can be explained if you will only cool down and listen."

"There are always plausible explanations to cover my guilt and deceit," retorted Donald with jaunty rage. His hand went to his pocket, and a quick report followed as Wainwright struck up his arm. A scream from the alcove, the curtains parted, and Helen tottered forth and fell to the ground. "Madman!" shouted Wainwright. "You have still outraged me, now enragèd in my turn. You have shot your wife."

The wound was not fatal, and when his wife became conscious he had time, to think over the circumstances leading up to his rash act. Donald was compelled to admit that he had been wrong. The explanation given him by Wainwright was quite satisfactory.

"Whatever the fault," said Wainwright, "and I admit there have been faults, I can assure you that, although your wife has sacrificed her pride, she has never sold her honour."

"Later that day Wainwright drew the brush across the finished portrait of Helen as the harem slave-girl. "There goes my masterpiece," he muttered sadly.
"The Honour to Die," a Tremendous Inspiration to Rita Jolivet

By Mlle. Chic

ENCHANter de faire votre connaissance," said Rita Jolivet, and she looked as if she were delighted to see me. This was rather a triumph of good manners, as she was in the thick of her preparations for a mid-winter trip to Europe, and much too busy to be interviewed. But the actress had never made any public expression of her experiences in the filming of The Honour to Die, and I wanted her to do so.

"What shall we talk about?" she asked.

"Talk about your pictures, please, Miss Jolivet," I said.

"For all the thousands of people who will see you in the Paris-Atlantic release, The Honour to Die, will want to know how you liked making it."

"Well," she began, "it was done in Italy, you know, and was a most interesting experience. I understand some Italian, but I make no pretence of speaking it, and most of my associates spoke nothing else. This made our work rather difficult. In fact, I don't think making pictures is easy at all. In the first place, I must confess that I missed my audience. Sarah Bernhardt has gone on record as saying that one should not feel the lack of one's public, but I do deeply love that wonderful response which comes from me across the footlights when I am really reaching the hearts of the people. How could I be possible not to miss the thrill?"

"Then I found it difficult to make the different sections of the sequence of the story in their appropriate scenic settings, instead of developing it in a logical way as one does on the stage. It bewildered me to do a bit of the last Act in the middle and the end of a scene at the beginning. But the enormous interest of seeing your own work, of being able to criticise yourself as if you were someone else, is a compensation for all the difficulties, and, after all, it was my work, and I love all my work. My associates were delightful to work with. Italians have a natural gift for facial expression and gesture, which makes them particularly fitted for pictures; and I found an inspiration in the pictoral quality of their acting. They were charming to me in all manner of ways.

Recently, while in California, I received a telegram from my Italian director asking me to make some more photoplays with them. It took at least fifty words to explain his business, and at the end he added: 'The whole company send you their remembrances.' I don't know the cable rate from Turin to California, but it must be very high. I cannot tell you how I appreciated the delightful courtesy.

I have always loved Italy, and should like to return there. Some of the very actors with whom I played in that film have been called for military duty. One particularly, who, though engaged in silent drama, had a great reputation as an orator, has a peculiar mission in the army. He is there to inspire the troops in the trenches with his fiery speeches. We read about the leaders of history 'haranguing their troops' before a battle, normal again, but I confess that from dreading the poor wrecks of humanity that one sees on every hand there. They say the parks and gardens are full of convalescents, some with only half a body, armless, legless; but, worst of all, sometimes almost faceless. I do shrink a little from that."

It would be perfectly comprehensible did Miss Jolivet shrink from going abroad in another scene, when one remem-

berers that she is one of the survivors of the ill-fated Lusitania. We hope to publish Miss Jolivet's experience in that disaster in a forthcoming issue.

FIND THE FILM! (Turn to page 367.)
The GIRL on the FILM

EDNA FLUGRATH OF THE LONDON FILM COMPANY

AN IMPRESSION FROM WITHIN THE STUDIO BY DOLLIE TREE.

A LITTLE figure under an enormous hat covered with "fevers," and dressed in a coster lady's Sunday best, running wildly down the street after a disappearing donkey and cart; spectators backing on with amusement, mixed with curiosity, as the little person finally catches it up and jumps lightly on to the seat as it is going, takes the royal fare for the fever, and sets off at a good speed down the hill.

Such was my first impression of Edna Flugrath.

"Pearly," "fever," and the most mischievous pair of hazel eyes were all conspicuous when she played in the Heart of a Child, in which she was the very personification of sprightliness and vivacity, just a mischievous Cockney girl full of that shrew Cockney humour she knows how to pour out.

She was a Cockney again when I saw her in Tal o' London—an awkward gawk of a child of about fourteen. I remember when we were engaged on exteriors one day, and Edna (as Lil) had to look hungrily into a poulterer's shop. There she stood, patiently rehearsing her scene. Presently the producer shouted "Camera!" and poor little Lil, gazing hungrily at the beautiful, fat poultry arrayed in the window, made a grab at a fine pheasant, and was darting off with it, when out came the shopkeeper. Then the fun began. He knew nothing about the camera, and caught Edna by her flapper plait, and started to administer a sound box on the ears. The camera man continued to turn, "Fine!" yelled the producer; "keep it up—it's great." "Maybe it is," replied poor Edna; "but he's pulling my hair out!" The more she struggled to free herself the more the shopkeeper pulled. "It's a trick you steal my pheasants, I will," he shouted. Then he looked up, and "spotted" the camera man.

Edna's sense of humour overcame her and she just shrieked with laughter, which made us all laugh—even the shopkeeper.

But Edna Flugrath can be serious. Those eyes of hers are not always merry. The other day I stood and watched her in a scene in which her wonderful art changed her vivacious, almost restless self into the very embodiment of gentleness. A pure-faced nun, she stood praying at a latticed window; her hands were clasped, her eyes were uplifted, and real tears were running down her cheeks and falling unheeded on to the black of her gown. And only a moment ago she had been talking and laughing gaily with us all.

She is plucky too! When she played the party of "Lady Betty" in England's Memory, one of the London Film Company's successful productions, she undertook to ride a motorcycle through the heart of London. She did it, and came through with flying colours; and yet until that day she had never been on a motor-cycle in her life. Another time she drove a car—into a ditch! How we laughed. She took the best part of a morning and six men to extricate it. She loves playing character parts, and is never happier than when she is hiding her prattle under some character make-up. For instance, when she played a Coster's Wife a few days ago in a picture, she was walking about with a lovely black eye which her "ole man" had given her in the film.

When she was working in Mr. Lasky at Liberty, she sailed a motor-launch down the Thames, much to the admiration of captains of passing vessels, the said admiration being sometimes embarrassing.

When she is not actually playing Edna Flugrath it is a rare thing I go into her dressing-room; I find her sewing, for she makes every gown she wears on the screen; to-day I found her hard at work on a wonderful evening coat, and her murmuring embroideries and flame-colour tulle. She loves sewing, and if she could help it would never lay a dress at a store, and neither would anyone else if they could make such beautiful things as she does. So maybe it's a good thing for the drapery stores that we can't all sew.

She always says, laughingly, "When I am too old to act, I shall sew for my living. I shall have long hair and wait, for I'm very young. She went on the stage when she was three, and proudly says that her first part consisted of one line—"Daddy Dearest.""

Her second professional appearance was as a premiere danseuse, aged four. She always remembers what a hit she made with the scenery—for she bowed so vigorously when they applauded that she bumped her head on the backcloth and had to be carried off the stage by an irate mother in the wings. After a long and arduous training she joined the Metropole House forces as premiere danseuse, where she very successfully substituted for Anna Pavlova on several occasions. Her last appearance on the legitimate stage was on tour to South Africa. Her charming rural play which had such a successful season in London. Before coming to London she played for a year in Edison films in America, where her absolute fearlessness was shown time and time again when she was called upon to perform feats which required unlimited courage. As the Sweetheart of the Dandylion she swung across a deep chasm dangling from the end of a wire cable and climbed down the side of the great Ashokan Dam; then, in Between Orchid Swans and Puffinville she galloped along a railway track between two approaching locomotives, her horse stumbling over the ties and threatening to throw her at any moment. In The New Member of the Hockey Crew, Edna Flugrath calmly floated out to sea on an upturned row-boat, and a Puffinville Cargo found her scrambling aband on a burning schooner which a few minutes later was to explode.

And she loves it.

She is all energy and vivacity, and is possessed of a personality which seems to welcome obstacles and dangers.
THE CHILD—THE WOMAN—AND THE MAN

Edna Flugrath in characters demanding completely different treatment. The first shows her as the girl in England's Menace, the second as a nun in The Heart of Sister Ann, and the third as a male in The Two Roads.

EDNA MAY IN FILM-LAND
TO APPEAR ON SCREEN AS A SALVATION LASSIE.

DRAWING her conclusions from four weeks of experience at the Vitagraph studio, where she is making her initial, likewise her final, appearance in pictures, Edna May confessed to a Motion Picture World reporter that a photo-play actress's hardest work is waiting to work. "This sitting around hour after hour is a bit trying to one's nerves," she said, "and the lights are fearfully hard on the eyes. Pictures are a fascinating study, to be sure, but if I were to return to public life and were looking for something moderately easy I should prefer acting on the stage to acting in a studio."

Then Miss May, or rather Mrs. Oscar Lewison, hastened to add that there is not the remotest chance of her reviving the career that she enjoyed before marriage. She has other interests now, not the least among them the string of racehorses owned by her husband.

But meanwhile the Syracuse girl, who won fame in The Belle of New York and topped off a successful stage career by marrying an English millionaire, is giving her undivided attention to the preparation of a drama being directed by Wilfred North under the supervision of A. E. Smith. Naturally, she plays a Salvation Army lass, for the public always will associate her with a trim blue uniform and a poke-bonnet, but the story is not modelled after the renowned comic opera.

When met in the Vitagraph studio, the Salvation Army worker impersonated by Miss May evidently had been adopted by fashionable society, for, attired in an evening gown which must have cost the equivalent of several hundred Salvation Army dinners, she was the centre of attraction at a reception in a drawing-room that would not look out of place in Park Lane. Handsome tapestries adorned the walls; in the deep-set framing of the full-length mirrors flowers and greens were artistically arranged. The gift furniture, the heavy rugs and draperies were all in faithful imitation of Louis XV. fashions.

Seated on a lounge, awaiting the summons of Director North, Miss May expressed surprise at the attention paid to each detail in the staging of a scene. "It is all new to me," she continued, "for I never visited a studio in England; in fact, before this year I had been to motion-picture houses only four times, once in Paris and three times in England. Since I arranged with Mr. Smith to appear in this production I have spent a large part of my spare time in going to picture-houses and studying the work of other players."

Miss May mentioned as an odd coincidence the presence of Billy Cameron and Harry Davenport in the Vitagraph studio, both members of the original Belle of New York company. Now Mr. Cameron is playing a rôle in Miss May's first picture, and Mr. Davenport, as is generally known, is a director. The company selected for the support of the famous comic opera star includes Harry Morey, I. Rogers Lyttton, Donald Hall, Dorothy Kelly, and Bobby Connolly.
SPECIAL ATTRACTION!

TOM MORRIS OF CROYDON
will meet

STEVE ASH OF ROTHERHITHE
In a Twenty-round Contest for the
BROCKWELL BELT.

With flattering heart Nelly Brent gazed at the above announcement posted on the wall. To the casual reader the bill meant little or nothing—just an hour's sport at the most.

To Nelly it meant much, and with a sigh she turned and walked homeward. Nelly was nineteen, and pretty at that. She lived with her father, John Brent, an ex-champion and trainer, under whose roof Tom Morris, a handsome young boxer, had grown successful in the noble art of self-defence. Tom was busy with the champion, and Nelly entered. He greeted her with a smile, to which she responded with a suave toss of the head.

She was examining a document spread out before him as Steve Ash entered. Approaching Nelly, he took her hands in his, and began an acquaintance which was interrupted by Brent, who asked the two men to sign articles. The signatures were written, and as Steve resumed his talk with the girl, Tom clenched his teeth.

Both men were in love with her, but, though she felt that she liked Tom best, she loved to flirt with either.

"I've had enough of this," cried Tom, facing Nelly with blazing eyes. "You must decide between us.

Old Brent, too, thought it was time for his daughter to make up her mind, and told her so.

Nelly hesitated and looked at first one and then the other. "Then, very deliberately, she said: "I will marry one of you—after the fight."

Steve, quite satisfied with the girl's decision, took his departure; but Tom was only halfarily consoled, and reluctantly returned to his ball practice.

Brent also was far from pleased, and as he watched Tom at his practice he shook his head dubiously.

"What are you thinking of, father?" Nelly said later when they were alone.

"Well, girl," he answered, "to be candid, Tom Morris is sure to be beaten."

For a minute Nelly remained silent, then she laughed, and taking a pencil and paper she wrote a few lines, passed the note to her father, and slipped lightly out of the room.

Brent, puzzled, read the lines: "I will marry the one who loses—Nelly."

"Well, this beats all," he muttered, but he pocketed the note with an air of satisfaction.

The fight—after the fourth round.

As Steve walked homeward he said to himself, "It's him or me," its odds on . . . he'll marry the winner. By heaven! he'll go under in the first round, or my name's not Steve Ash." As he turned a corner he ran into a friend of his, Jake Bluett, an ex-pugilist, gaolbird, and thorough-bred scoundrel. Half an hour later those two, in Jake's dingy lodgings, plotted to destroy Tom's chance of winning. Packing a bag with a pair of old "prepared" boxing-gloves, Jake, in the garb of an artist, took his departure.

Tom was alone and at his practice when Jake arrived. "Sorry for bron le yer, mister," he said; "I've got to fight a bloke to-night over a girl, so thought as 'ow yer might give me a wrinkle or two; I'll pay yer for it.

In the struggle Jake lost a glove, and Tom picked it up. Its weight aroused his suspicion.

"The end!" he shouted, as he took from the glove a heavy piece of lead plating.

Brent dragged the man to his feet, and struck him against the wall; then, clenching his fist, he held it threateningly close to the scoundrel's face.

"Don't do it on me, guv'nor," Jake whimpered; "put it on Steve Ash— it's a fault!" Brent lowered his fist in astonishment, saying this confession and Jake, taking advantage, simply backed out of the door. Brent glanced at Tom, who was hot with passion, the pain at his shoulder doing nothing to cool it.

"The hound!" he cried. "I'll beat him and win her yet." Then he rushed from the room. Tom's determined manner brought a new light into Brent's eyes. He had remembered his daughter's promise. "If he with the punching-ball as Nelly entered, "she marries a blackguard!"

The eventful night arrived.

The great hall, known as "Sim's Corner Ring," packed to the roof. Nelly was there with her father. They occupied seats in a corner close to the ringside. The first preliminaries of the programme passed quickly, and then came the big event, on which a woman's happiness was at stake. The rivals stepped into the ring, and, were introduced by the referee—"On my right—Tom Morris of Croydon; on my left—Steve Ash of Rotherhithe. Brent watched the preliminaries with a trained man's keen sense of judgment: and physically summed up Steve as an easy winner.

"Time!" The man shaped up.

Nelly clung to her father's arm, and the first round ended with points even.

The girl looked up at her father and sighed. "Towards the end of the second round Tom received an unlucky blow, which sent him reeling to the boards. He was up again on the count of five. Poor Tom!" murmured Nelly, as she tried to feel happy, for had she not promised to marry the loser? Round three passed with little advantage to either side, but in the final round Tom received some severe battering, and at the conclusion retired to his corner looking very groggy. He raised round at the vast audience, smiled encouragingly to Nelly and her father, then looked across at his rival. Steve returned the look with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders.

Time! and the men faced for the fifth round, Tom's injured shoulder gave him pain, but the knowledge of

THE WINNER

ADAPTED FROM THE FILM BY ERNEST DANGERFIELD.
the presence of her he loved instilled
him with new vigour. Steve seemed to
be facing a better man. Tom well on
the offensive, frequently drove his man
to the ropes.

Presently Steve, setting his teeth
savagely, prepared to rush at Tom; but
the latter was too quick for him, and
with a mighty swing he caught Steve
clear under the jaw. He fell like a log
and remain motionless while the
referee counted him out. Tom was the
victor. The house cheered and cheered
again. Nelly stood dazed. Her 
idol had won—at least she thought so
she could not trust herself with solid
facts and the house still roared. In
a moment of delirium it seemed to jeer
after. "What were they saying?—why
were all those fingers pointing at
her?"

Somebody touched her on the arm—
she turned and smiled faintly at her
father. "We must be going, dear," he said, with a little tremor in his voice.

Meanwhile Steve, surrounded by his
seconds, lay still unconscious. Brent
and his daughter had arrived at the
gangway, and were quickly joined by
Tom, who with beaming face had
crawled through the ropes to meet
them, but what had happened? Why
did Nelly hang her head? Why didn’t
she embrace him? Of course, she was
shy, he laughed. Tom approached her.
"Nelly," he said softly. She did not
even look at him.

"Dearest, I have won!" he pleaded;
but the girl’s only response was a vacant
stare.

Brent, a few paces behind, was in a
painful dilemma. His daughter’s hap-
piness was at stake. Her written pro-
mise—he had it in his pocket. His
mind was quickly made up. Unper-
ceived he drew out the slip of paper,
crashed the word "loses" and substi-
tuted "wins." Then he approached
his daughter. Tom was still pleading.
"Nelly," her father said softly, "have
you forgotten your promise?" and
he gave her the paper. She took it
mechanically. Too well had she remem-
bered it. Then, as her eyes rested on
the paper, she realised her father’s
foresight, and read:

"I promise to marry the one who
wins—Nelly."

With a grateful look at her father,
she extended her hands to Tom and was
folded in his warm embrace.

* * *

This real prize-ring play, written by
Reuben Gillmer and produced by
Charles Calvert for Cricks and Martin,
was refereed by J. Palmer of the Sport-
ing Life. The fight was fought strictly
under National Sporting Club Rules,
and you will find that the picture con-
tains all the vim and vigour, and the
hot-heated blood of conflict. It is
handled by Davison, the British agent.
It will be released on January 31st.

**FIND THE FILM!**
First turn to page 367.

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They are dramas of distinction
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Lady Duff-Gordon's New Enterprise.

Lady DUFF-GORDON, the founder and president of the firm of Lucille—the famous Court dressmakers, who has gained a world-wide reputation by her success in designing gowns for the stage, has now turned her attention to designing for the fashions for the screen. She is paying a temporary visit to New York to design gowns for film stars popular on both sides of the Atlantic. One of these is Edna Mayo, the youthful and charming leading lady of the Essanay Company. Miss Mayo is to play the heroine in a series of episodes, each connected with one of the other, entitled The Strange Case of Mary Page, and a feature of the series is the screen appeal especially to women by being made of their own gowns. She will wear many of the costumes especially designed for her by Lady Duff-Gordon. The part of the heroine in this picture is to be taken by Henry B. Walthall, the well-known emotional actress who has scored such a hit by his portrayal of the leading part in that unique film The Birth of a Nation.

The Strange Case of Mary Page will be printed in serial form by nearly fifteen hundred American newspapers. It is the author of that famous serial film What Happened to Mary. The picture is expected to arrive in Great Britain early in this New Year.

Embryo Models, Beware!

There's many a sweet young girl with ambitions to shine from the days of the sculptor's model who would do well to learn something about it from the most famous art model in the world, Audrey Munson. She will hear that it is not all beautiful postures and studio romance, but the earnestness of ambition brushes aside the cold, unpleasant truth. For this reason Miss Munson consented to come to New York to show in films the different labours of a model. The most trying ordeal of her career, she says, was when she posed for a few life-size casts which were necessary for the famous Exposition groups. At that time she vowed she would never do it again, but in Inspiration, a live, red Thanhouser-Mutual masterpicture, she was prevailed upon to break her resolution.

The cast is made of Paris plaster. The model stands in position and the castmaker encases her up to the neck in plaster, which hardens. It takes over an hour, and the mass weight almost two hundred pounds. The heat is terrific, yet all the time the model stands in a posture from which she cannot stir. Then the men break it with chisels, lay out the pieces and reassemble them. For the head, a rubber cap is put on, and the entire head and face are then encased in plaster; the model breathes from under the weight through rubber tubes. Then again, with mallet and chisel carefully wielded, the hard encasement is broken, the pieces being held together with strings for assembling.

Concerning Leah Baird.

ILLINOIS claims Leah Baird as a native daughter. She went to school principally in Chicago, and her stage experience was gained with stock companies in Toronto, Buffalo, Wilmington, Delaware and Troy, New York. Miss Baird then took the lead in the Broadway production of The Man from Mississippi and The Woman and the Humming Bird. Then she joined the Vitagraph players, her first picture being Champs, with John Bunny and the late Marshall P. Wilder. She stayed with the Vitagraph Company for two years, after which she joined the Universal Company, who sent her to Europe to play opposite such players as Kinz Baggot and William Shay in several feature productions. A year later Miss Baird rejoined the Vitagraph forces, and again had Maurice Costello for her leading man. Miss Baird is a brunette and exhibits a decided preference for emotional parts.

A Japanese Actor.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA, the celebrated Japanese actor, now a member of the Lasky Stock Company, was born in Tokio, Japan, twenty-seven years ago. His parents designed him for the Japanese Navy, but the individual.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 392.
PICTURE THEATRE GOERS!

Here is a NEW MAGAZINE FREE FOR ONE YEAR.

The Reason it is FREE—

In order that the Cinema-going Public may know of this weekly paper and believing that if they like it they will recommend their friends to buy it every week, the Publishers have decided to offer 1,000 free subscriptions to the readers of this paper. Fill in the coupon quickly.

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PICTURES AND THE PICTUROGRAPHER 332

SIX HALF-PLATE PHOTOGRAPHS

Taken from the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of P.O. or Stamps value 6d.

"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.

FUNNIEST RITCHIE YET!

"ROOM & BOARD, A DOLLAR AND A HALF."

L-KO Farce Comedy. 1,945 ft. approx. Released Feb. 21st.

When we tell you that this is Ritchie at his absolute funniest, we mean it literally. When we saw it ourselves we wondered ourselves hoarse with laughter. And we see quite a few comedies per week. If you think that L-KO Bill had no more new funny stunts up his sleeve, wait till you see this two-reeler.

Bill is handsomely treated by his wife, who keeps a boarding-house, and is very sweet on a corporal boarder. But Bill is smaller than the boarders, so he begins to charge them in large bills. Sicking to be revenged, he decides on a speed stunt in which his wife goes wild with joy and riots off with her boarder. Then fate takes a hand. Bill is hypnotized into the den of a charming sireness, and there meets his wife and rival again.

You breathe heavily, joy-tears roll down your cheeks, your seat sways, your throat parches, your lungs work o'errime, you babble and howl and—yes, it's done comedy.

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SCALA THEATRE

"On all sides was heard nothing but praise."—MORNING ADVERTISER.

TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 7.

dual concerned thought different, and secured his first engagement with Madame Yacco, the Japanese actress, and afterwards appeared in Japanese versions of his own dramas and Shakespeare, making a great success in Othello.

His first engagement with the Lasky Company was in support of Edward Abeles in After Fire. He then appeared in support of Blanche Sweet in both The Chea and The Secret Sin, which are to be released in this country. He will also be seen playing opposite Fanny Ward in the forthcoming release The Cheat, which Lasky believes is the greatest picture his company has ever produced.

A New Screen Star.

THE Holmforth Producing Company are fortunate in having discovered a leading lady with such personality and charm as Queenie Thomas. Although success has come her way thus far, Miss Thomas is quite modest about her work, and is her own worst critic. In Won by Losing, the latest production of the Holmforth Company, her performance in the dual roles of the two principal characters, "Daphne Graham" and "Polite Craft," is most praiseworthy. The subtle distinction between two natures possessing a physical likeness is stamped out with a clearness and precision really admirable, and justifies the hope that Miss Thomas will soon make a big name for herself on the screen.

Previous to her engagement by the Holmforth Company, Miss Thomas had been gaining experience in several of the recent productions of our leading manufacturers, and had done some good work in The Vengeance of Allah, Intimate, A Pair of Spectacles, and John Halt's "Gentlemen." In White Star she made the most of her opportunities, but when the chance of really big work was offered in Won by Losing she took it with both hands and easily surpassed all her previous roles.

During a recent chat with Miss Thomas she told us that she started her career at the Gaiety Theatre under the management of the late George Edwards, but, preferring work of a more serious nature than musical comedy, she was engaged by James Welch as "Margery" in When Knights Were Bold, and remained with him throughout the various revivals of the play in London.

As is so often the case with those who have been associated with James Welch, Miss Thomas aspires any success she has attained to the training she received when under his management. His three pet aphorisms she repeated to us with such earnest realization of the wealth of wisdom that they contain that they are well worth repeating for the benefit of other young (and older) aspirants for screen-work:—

"Don't Act—Be.

"And acting is the art of knowing what to leave out."—The greatest actors are those who don't act.

A Narrow Escape.

ONE of the most thrilling moments in the life of Romaine Fielding, late Lubin star, and now proprietor, director, and leading man of the Cactus Films, came recently when, mounted on a big black horse, he narrowly missed being ground under the wheels of a Santa Fe train.

It all happened in Phoenix, Arizona, where he has his headquarters, during the production of a picture, Deputy Daring, a two-reeler he is producing for the Universal Company, in which he plays the title-role.

In the action while chasing escaping convicts Deputy Daring rides in front of a passenger train on which they are making their getaway. By some mischance the horse got too close to the train and its lip came in contact with the coach. The horse was thrown from the track and landed against a telegraph-post close to the track.

Fielding was hurled from horse, and he, too, struck the post. His shoulder, which had acted as a bumper, was badly swollen. It was necessary to take some twenty stitches to close the wound in the shoulder. A Narrow Escape.
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY OF SCREEN STARS

Mona Darkfeather, who, although popular in Indian parts, belongs to a Spanish family, and was born and educated in Los Angeles.

Ford Sterling in characteristic make-up (he is really nice looking). He is making his reappearance in Keystone Comedies.

Robert Brower, whose face is familiar in Edison films in which he is a great favourite.

Mary Maurice, the Vitaphone player. She has been called the "Perfect Mother of the Screen" and the "Grand Old Lady of the Films."
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"PICTURES"
GUIDE

New films now showing and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later.


HER FILMLAND HERO.—Majestic & Kid comedy. One reel. In a dream her favourite character comes to life. Played by a company of clever juveniles.


A QUEEN FOR AN HOUR.—Vitagraph comedy. Two reels. Would you see Edith Storey in a dual impersonation? Then see this sparkling production, without a dull moment.

CARTOONS ON TOUR.—Edison comedy. One reel. One of the Animated Grouch Chasers by Raoul Barre. How a funny little man drinks water from a magic pool and becomes a wee babe.


FLAMES OF SHAME.—Victor drama. Two reels. An unusual story of blackmail. Includes a wonderful black-and-white set designed by Harry Myers, who plays the lead.


A FRIEND IN NEED.—"Beauty" comedy. One reel. Frank Borzage and Beatrice Van. How a truck-cot and tall hat were the means of losing a girl for one man and gaining a wife for the other.


THE MYSTIC BALL.—Selig drama. Two reels, George Larkin and Fritz Brunette. A strange story in which the doings of an unscrupulous bucket-shop proprietor and a crystal ball which reveals the future take a strong part. Too good to miss.

A BURIED CITY.—Big U interest. Shows the unearthing of a 3,000-year-old mummy and other wonders, as, for instance, the streets of the dead that have been opened up, an ancient tomb that has been unearthed, a miniature railroad used in the excavating. A more unusual film than this has never been offered.

SWEET LAVENDER.—Hepworth drama, which with Iris (also produced by Hepworth) starts the "Pineo boom." Features Alan Taylor, Henry Ainley, and Stewart Rome. Whether you saw Sir Arthur Pineo's charming play or not, you must see this perfect picture version. Full story will appear in next week's issue.


SCALA THEATRE

"It provides the mighty spectacle it claims to provide." —Morning Post.

TWICE DAILY 2.30 and 7.
THAT the Ideal Company have added to their great string of front-rank pictures *His Wife and the Mayor,* a striking Transatlantic drama.

THAT Lady Tree, who has appeared in the Ideal play, *Still Waters Run Deep,* is charmed with her cinema experience.

THAT her daughter, Viola Tree, is to play in the Ideal production of Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan.*

THAT no adventure since Captain Scott's tragic journey has gripped the public more than the Williamson Submarine Pictures at the Philharmonic Hall, London.

THAT the fight between Mr. Williamson and the shark, which forms the climax to this film, holds every audience spellbound.

THAT Captain A. C. Brounhead (Managing Director of the Gaumont Company) is Adjutant of the 24th County of London (The Queen's) Regiment.

THAT if all the enlisted and attested employees of the same Company were members of the 24th the gallant captain could command a full company of his own men.

THAT the Gaumont Company have finished the filming of *Sally Bishop,* and that another "winner" is on the point of being staged.

THAT *The Terrible Tue,* the latest Homeland production, is one of the funniest screen comedies ever produced.

THAT Billy Mason being the "T. T." in question, the fan comes as a matter of course.

THAT it is suggested that the gallery of the Royal Automobile Club should be used for cinema lectures in connection with motoring.

THAT at St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, recently they had to run an emergency musical programme, the reason being

THAT the fog was so dense the light beam was unable to penetrate the theatre, of space between projector and screen.

THAT the Christmas holiday picture business has been "top-hole" everywhere, much to everybody's satisfaction.

THAT Eve Balfour, who made such a hit in (and as) *The Woman Who Did,* is now featuring in her own productions.

THAT, after some months of film separation, Miriam Nesbitt and Marc McDermott, the Edison stars, will appear together again on the screen.

THAT the Selig Company have received a nice bunch of films featuring Tom Mix.

THAT the said Tom, together with Victoria Forde, opposite whom he now plays, may be justly called the King and Queen of Cow-boys—and girls.

THAT the circulation of last week's *Pictures* went up by nearly seven thousand more copies.

One of the many thrilling scenes from

"THE FOUR FEATHERS."

By CAPT. A. E. W. MASON.

A film of topical interest now showing.

DON'T MISS IT.

"SALOMY JANE.""

By BRET HARTE.

A CALIFORNIAN STORY OF '19.

See these two films, then write and tell us how you like them.

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Write for Synopsis.
"SWEET LAVENDER."

By Sir ARTHUR W. PINERO. Produced by CECIL HEPWORTH.

Acknowledged by all to be the most delightful & interesting film of the year.

LOOK FOR THE FULL STORY IN NEXT WEEK’S "PICTURES."

To be seen shortly at the following, amongst other, Theatres in the London District:—

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East Ham .......... BOLEYN CINEMA
Manor Park .......... CORONATION
Hackney .............. PAVILION
Denmark Hill .......... GOLDEN DOMES
Earlsfield .......... PREMIER ELECTRIC THEATRE
Woolwich ..........
Leytonstone ..........
Ilford ..........
Manor Park .......... PICTURE COLISEUM
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TWO HUNDRED CONSOLATION PRIZES.

2nd SET.
NOTHING TO PAY.

This time we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognize one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but any one of these letters may be used more than once. Thus, even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the first set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in Pictures on sale Jan. 15th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10—and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor’s decision must be regarded as final.

Name..........................................................
Address......................................................

5 Scene from...........................................
Letters used: GRSA

6. Scene from...........................................
Letters used: BCEHIKNORT

7. Scene from...........................................
Letters used: ACEGHINORSTU

8. Scene from...........................................
Letters used: ACDGHIORSTV
MERSON
(BILLY OF THAT ILK)
Appears on the Screen on JANUARY 24th,
IN A NEW COMEDY
"THE ONLY MAN"

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and Wasting cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Frank Best, of Chis-lborough, Stoke-under-Ham, Somerset, says:—"I used to suffer frightfully with palpitation and general weakness and was a martyr to the most torturing headaches. I became so weak that I positively could not drag about, and at last I had to keep to bed, and there I lay for two whole years suffering dreadfully in spite of all the medicine I had. I could not sit up for palpitation sometimes, the pain in my head never ceased, I was extremely nervous, and I wasted away to a shadow. However, when all else had failed I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and then came improvement. Now I am in the best of health.”

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Specially valuable for nursing Mothers and the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by chemists and druggists in all parts of the world, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Prices 1s., 1s. 6d., and 5s.—the 5s. size being the most economical.
EDITORIAL GOSSIP.

For the information of all the competitors who entered our Screened Stars Competition, I will cheer them by saying that the judges are now judging. Surrounded by drawers, shelves, and leaves packed with "sets," they are busy selecting the best work of the clever picture-player. But all three things happened to John Augustus Yorke, the Original "Potash," Drew, Detective (played by Arthur Rooke), in a fine and thrilling drama called "The Black Madonna," that the producers think the picture-play is being handled by the London Independent Film Trading Co., Ltd.

Transporting the "Threepennies."

Speaking to the manager of the Grand Hall, Bromley, the other day, he told me of two old ladies who had come to his house the night before and loudly objected to wait in the queue for threepenny seats for which they had paid. An attendant suggested they should take transfers to the sixpenny seats. Whereupon one of the old ladies rushed to the pay-box, shook her umbrella, banged down sixpence, and shouted, "Young woman, give me two "transfers."" The poor old dear must have been thinking of the war, but anyway she and her friend were safely transported to the "sixpenny" without being torpedowed.

Dispelling a Difficulty.

So many readers write in every week to complain that they cannot obtain Pictures; that, in addition to my oft-repeated advice to place a standing order with any newspaper, I have decided to include an order form in every issue. Now, please: all ye who have difficulty, turn to page 365, fill up the form therein, and hand same to your newsman, and all will be well.

Elisabeth Risdon's Prizes.

Since referring last week to "Uncle Tim's" Competition, to the winners in which Miss Risdon is awarding prizes, the popular actress writes me: - "The doll is ready, and I have dressed a small doll for a little girl prize. I shall not have the puzzles cut until I know the names of the prize-winners, as I thought it would be a good idea to add the winners' names." The prizes in question are a handsome doll and a smaller doll, both dressed by Miss Risdon, for the girls, and two jigsaw puzzles.

Extension of Time.

It is such a rare opportunity for the children that I have induced "Uncle Tim" to extend the deadline to the verse. Children under fifteen are to write a verse or verses, with Miss Risdon for subject, and post them to her, c/o Pictures, 83-85, Long Acre, London, W.C. The last day for sending in is now Monday next, January 10th. So let us see what our youthful readers can do.

ROBERT LEONARD ("Perimutter").

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THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,

Since writing you last, Christmas has come and gone, and my pretty heading this week illustrates how some, and I hope very many, of you have been spending your holidays. For myself I had a very pleasant time, as, although I have many friends and relations at the Front, none of them, so far as I know, have been killed.

I had occasion to travel across London on Boxing Day afternoon, and was not a little astonished, seeing what a rough and windy day it was, to find long queues outside many picture-houses. I learnt, too, that all the picture theatres did full-house business at night, which only shows that, no matter what holiday it is, the people, both old and young, will have their picture least. At a picture-house near here I live they give a performance every Saturday afternoon for children, and it does one's heart good to hear the thunders of applause and roars of laughter, which can be heard half-way down the road. On one occasion, although I did not disguise myself outwardly, I fancied myself a child again and went in amongst them. And then I understood their great delight. With them I laughed at the comical antics of the comedians and applauded the bravery of the heroes. I could not help saying, it was impossible to be one of a jaded audience of children without doing as they did. Their spontaneous enthusiasm carried me away, and for that afternoon at least I became a little boy again. Truly the pictures are a marvellous institution—the mightiest entertainer for all sorts of men, women, and children that the world has ever known. You boys and girls are lucky to be born in times of pictures. I often wonder how I managed without them in the days of my youth.

The Painting Competition has been another monster success. For a whole week paintings poured in as plentiful as the rain and I have had the usual stiff task in judging them. But I am quite used to the work now, and have long ago come to the conclusion that painting is one of your favourite pastimes. The four painting books have gone to the following for best paintings, age being considered in examining all the pictures: Winnie Weatherley (aged 10), 33, Dorking Road, Deptford, S.E.; Reggie Coulson (aged 12), 49, Dorking Road, Tewkesbury Wells; Horace Venner (aged 12), 27, Marsland Road, Walworth, S.E.; Doris B. Smith (aged 11), 375, Stapleton Road, Bristol.

AWARD OF MERIT (you win this six times for a special prize):—L. Ison (Acton Vale), Alan Cansdale (Colchester), Frank Hamlin (Cardiff), Thomas Simister (Manchester), C. Heyward (Edinburgh), W. Ellison (Halifax), Nan Brooks (Edinburgh), Elsie Booth (Morecambe), Dorothy Hall.
SAILOR LASS (Barnesly).—Christie White's husband does not play for the dance. The cast you want was not published, and the age of the player they cannot now look for—has been variably stated by different authorities. Our best and helpful is 's. M.'s.

MARK (Edgaston).—The portrait in recent issue was of Isun, and not Paul Dunne, so you are quite right, Mabel. Thanks for your letter.

PICTURE LOVER (Leeds).—You think the Editor is "a genius." You may be right, but his natural modesty forbids him advertising his "wisdom."

EPSONIAN (Esso).—We believe the film is a Kalem production, but the cast was not published.


ETHEL (no address).—Red rules at top of page, Edna Furniss plays opposite Charlie Chaplin. Address her c/o. Universal Film Co., 500 Broadway, New York City. Thanks, E. B.

HOYT (Manchester).—See reply to Gay, last week, who inquires for a book on play writing.


ESTELLE (Forest Grove).—We have no postcards yet of Henry Ainley. An illustrated interview with William S. Van Dyke appeared in our Dec. 23 issue. As you received an interesting letter from him, too.

L. T. (Hacksy).—You will have already seen replies to other readers about the Screened competition. We have only just reached your turn.

HILLS (Harbours).—The cast you want was not given. Thank you, Hills, for kindly letter.

MAY (Burton-on-Trent).—Lucky girl to get photos from your favourite players! Write to the London Film Co., St. Margaret's-on-Thames, Middlesex, for your reply and a postcard list, and we will hear in mind the photo you ask about.

INSPECTOR (Kid (Leeds)).—Honest Ardinkle plays the principal part in "Miss and Wallpaper." (Quiz on location, isn't it? )

DURY (Forest Hill).—We have no postcards of Clara K. Young. Addresses: R. & C. Co., Hope Mews, Westbourne, London, S.W. (What is your letter date? )

DAN'S SWEETHEART (Cardiff).—(And very nice too!)—So sorry the cast of the film you mentioned was not given. Thank you for kind wishes.


W. (San Francisco).—Alran Taylor, c/o Hepswood Mfg. Co., Wallon-on-Thames, and Jean Taylor, the Universal Film Co., 1,609, Broadway, New York City, N.Y. S. N. Loew too have received autographed photos from the players?

ACTRICE (Dublin) writes of the many fine illustrations at Show in Dublin. To my sorrow, I cannot issue them, and hope you will show these to your friends, and that the Skipper's friends, and that Jean Morgans. We note that you have no desire to become a picture-play yet, so won't press you.

SNOWDIE (Cautley).—Julie Swane still plays for Vitagraph. Write to the London Film Co., St. Margarets-on-Thames, Middlesex, about "Irving of Houston." Sorry we cannot trace the two film you mention. Hope to hear from you soon.

E. (Brighton).—Glady's Cooper played for Central films. Anna Stewart would most likely reply to a letter from you. We published photos of her Nov. 29 70 and 2 and we can supply postcards of her (one kind only) one penny each, postage extra.

J. (Sheffield).—We have postcards of Norma Howard and Blanche Sweet—the latter colored—price one penny each, postcard.

S. (Seaford).—Of course, we remember you—and all the staff send you their hearty congratulations. Joining the staff here will be with you, Fred. Poised to have photo in khaki. Hard luck being so far from a cinema. (Continued on next page.)

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Weft Wilke (Hampstead).—You don’t go often enough to the pictures, Wilke. That’s what the matter with you. As you want to learn all about the recent films look in the volume No. 11 is the very thing for you, price 3d, post free, from Pictures Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, 3.

Paul (Windsor).—An announcement in our “Pre- paid” column would no doubt find a buyer for your gramophone.

Marie (Bromley).—Glad you liked our Xmas number—the little one this year. Happy New Year to you, Mabel.

Evelyn (Hilton) writes heaps of nice things. The next is the most kind to you, Evelyn.

C. W. J. (Swansea).—Write the producers of “The Exploits of Elaine,” Pathé Frères, Ltd., Wardour St., London, S.W. 1, if you want, they might be able to supply you.

Ida (Birmingham).—We are not producers, Ida, You have asked for a list of companies, whose addresses are continually being given on this page, for a position on the films. Remember, there are many talented players waiting work. We do not reply by post.

A lover of pictures (Southampton).—We can supply you with picture postcards of Thanhouser players. If you send your name and full address we will send you a postcard.

E. E. (Highbury).—Address Kalem Co., Chicago, New York, U.S.A. We do not know if you own a picture of your name mentioned in the review.

Evelyn (West Ham).—So sorry to hear of your disappointments. Thanks for New Year’s greetings, which we heard with the sincerest pleasure.

Annie (Bristol).—Address Robert Henley, c/o Universal Film Co., 190, Broadway, New York, U.S.A. If you are writing you can ask him those personal questions you want answered—we are shy.

E. M. (Cherchez).—We have two different picture postcards of Mary Pickford—later on we expect to have a coloured one also.

Else (Belfast).—The editor has not heard of Lilian Logan for some time now. Of course you may write again, Elsie, and please comply with our request we receive, there’s a good girl.

Dorothy (Arnborough).—We have postcards of Gerald Ames and Maudie Sweet, but not of the other actors mentioned.

Edith and Nellie (Soulburn).—We have postcards of all those you want, and our postcard number 144 has also been sent to you.

N. S. (Petersham)—You could ask at your post-office about sending the Pictures to the soldier who is ill, as we could take him to the hospital for our wounded heroes, who would love to see the pictures. If you would write to them we could have them put on your list.

Dorothy (East Hill).—So glad you had such a nice portrait in your favourite Vitagraph player. That must be a happy thought.

E. E. M. (Manchester).—Henry Harley played “The King” in “The Prisoner of Zenda.” The full cure has only been given once. Albert Newbauer played “Cyrus Bannerman” in “The Middleman.”

W. B. (Loudon).—Charlie Chaplin was born in Waltham, London, and, as he played in Fred Kren’s sketch “The Mummifying Birds,” it is quite likely he may have stayed for a few days in Shefield whilst t.uring.

Daisy (Oxford).—The War Souvenir Album is the identical thing for your best girl’s benefit, price 1s. 3d. from Pictures Ltd., 85 and 86, Long Acre, London, and a bound volume (VIII) of Pictures we will send you, price 2s. 5d. post free from the same address.

As our Readers (East Ham).—Address Frances Fairchild, 192, Universal Film Co., 1,000, Broadway, New York, New York, U.S.A. We hope you will write to them, prices being very small, you post free from the same address. Thank you for your kind sentiments.

Georgie (Hursley).—We have only the plate of Florence Turner as published in our Christmas Number. If you are a great reader, you can have them already framed them. Have sent your love to Miss Pickford.

Betty (Dundee).—Address Anna Little, c/o Universal Film Co., 1,000, Broadway, New York, New York, U.S.A., and they will send it to you. Betty.

Alice (Redhill Park).—Thanks very much for seasonal greetings. The same to you, Alice.

Maria (Birmingham).—Living some distance from the studios of the English producers, Wilkie, we find it more difficult in getting on the film, and if you were near it is doubtful if you could obtain a position. So we reply to “Ida.”

Postcard Man (Boston).—The postcard manager will send you a copy of his very latest list, free, gratis, and all for nothing, if you send him your name and address.

LILA CHESTERT.—Our picture postcard of this popular Thanhouser player.

Jons (Sunderland).—So glad you like your telephone prize. The more of our competitions you enter the better we shall be pleased.

Sweet Bluebell (near Barnes).—Alas! Keystone don’t publish their casts. George Cooper is still with Vitagraph and their address will find him.

Thank you for love all, sweetheart.

Mash (Eastwood).—What an enthusiastic picture you are and you’re a real good friend to get us two new real names in 1915. May you be as successful as in 1914.

M. E. and E. D. (Lewisham).—May all your dear ones return safe and sound after the War. Please read our rules. Always pleased to hear from you.

Dorothy (Brooklyn).—So you have been moving too! Isn’t it a job, Dorothy? Moving pictures at the cinema are much nicer.

Nancy (Southport).—A Film Life of Mary Pickford, price 2d, post free from Pictures Ltd., 85, Long Acre, London, will tell you heaps of interesting things about that dear creature.

Robert (Shoreham).—Your answer to our great “Fact” competition was correct, but, alas, no. Many of correct solutions arrived earlier.

B. M. (Waltham).—Many thanks for calling from Eugene. I trust you’re getting on. We are the “Strongest Men in the World.”

Miss R. (Chesterham).—She says that none of our readers would miss seeing Mary Pickford in “Rocks.” Personally, we would not miss her in anything.

Mary Smith (London, S.W.3).—Mary, the feet were not Maurice Costello’s, but Charlie Chaplin’s; so you cannot have a hat-wax & this time.

L. H. (Cheltenham).—So far as we know, Jane Gail, who plays for Universal, is “in the pink.” We have postcards of her, 1d. each, postage extra. Your personal queries we cannot answer.

Samuel (Smiths’ Store).—Thanks for hearty congratulations and good wishes. Accept our best and kindest in return.

* * Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed to

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(See next page)
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Would you win, free of cost, one of over a hundred prizes? Then turn to page 305.

The Hepworth "Pineo boom" bursts on the public this month with the appearance of "Secret Lavender" and with "Love to Look out" on March 18th.

What will be the effect of Charlie Chaplin's kicking powers (disastrous enough to human beings) on the ball in "Carmen," his next subject?

A Newcastle man recently made his third rescue from drowning. Quid is a real of realism, for he is not a film star. But set or picture his rescues would have made.

Jackie Saunders, the Balloon beauty, is said to have succeeded in kissing herself on the lips in a clever double-exposure effect. Personally, we would rather she had wasted her energy on other lips—our own, of course.

"Dark days and long nights, gloomy rumours and pessimistic interpreters," says the Newcastle Journal, "make for depression in the home, and the despite afforded by a visit to a picture-house is an antidote to depression and a tonic to the spirits."

Old playgoers will remember Manzelle Nilonde, which was done as a musical play at the Duke of York's Theatre (then called the Trafalgar, London. Now we note that the story has been filmed by Ambrosio, and will be shortly seen on the screen.

Asked in the House of Commons recently as to the possibility of obtaining leave from the French Government to exhibit films showing the work of the French troops, Mr. Tennant said that if there was a demand for them the film, he was informed, would be produced.

The Duty-Dodger.

"LET me see," said the splendidly shirked shaver, examining the menu almost glassless circular gold glase being detrimental to the eye lashes, "I think I'll have an omelette."

Whereupon the actress flashed her eyes in the direction of his table, and exclaimed, "What you want, young man, is an arsehole."—Evening News.

A Star at Fifteen!

LITTLE Mary Miles Minter, the charming and youngest star of the Metro Company, and whose portrait appears as our frontispiece, is only fifteen years old. Yet she has already passed lead in several big pictures, and bids fair to become one of the world's greatest known cinema artists. You will see her shortly in "Emoji of Stock's Nest," a delightfully

ARTISTIC FIVE-PART METRO DRAMA. WE HOPE TO HAVE MUCH MORE TO SAY ABOUT MARY MILE'S FILMS IN FUTURE ISSUES.

Soldiers on the Screen.

THE biggest mass of soldiers ever seen at one time in this country is shown on the film at the Empire, Leicester Square, which, during the afternoons, the official Navy and Army Films are shown.

The scene is the review by the King of two Divisions of the New Army. Ten thousand men have passed by when the camera shows a magnificent perspective of thirty thousand men marching with fixed bayonets, the last ranks fading into a faint touch of shining steel, a mile or two away.

"Economy" via the Cinema.

A nice suggestion has been made in an article now before us in regard to the help which our cinemas could be to the Government in popularizing by means of the screen war loans, and instruction in the need for economy. "Our poor have never been taught to save," says The Guardian; "our middle-class have forgotten their lesson, while the wealthy have too often learnt ways of unprofitable spending. If the Government are in earnest, and if they believe in the fervid appeal for economy which has just been issued by a number of distinguished bankers, why not speak with all the eloquence a visual appeal carries to the six million people who will attend the cinema next week, and the week after, and the week after that? Is there no one in authority with sufficient imagination to realise, and sufficient courage to use, this splendid opportunity?"

That exhibitors will do men a great service if they keep alive interest in the welfare of the country, as indeed they have done in the past, we can have no doubt; provided always that the "economy" taught at cinemas is not one which taught to weaken the people's "picture" habit.

To the Women of Britain.

MADAM SARAH BERNHARDT, who my readers will see in the wonderful film "Jeanne Doire," has sent the following touching message to the Women's World for the encouragement of the women of Britain:—"In this tragic hour my message to every woman in Britain is: Be brave! sure in the victory which awaits my brave countrymen and women in the great fight, but this is not the time for women to weep. They must be strong in faith, active in war-work, inspiring as ever, by their love and patriotism, the magnificent courage of their countrymen. France will never forget what Britain has done and is doing—French women and British women join hands in a bond of mutual sympathy and affection, rejoicing together in the renewed hopes of our glorious future and of our eternal friendship cemented in the War." In the same issue of this popular weekly, published on Tuesday next, is an appeal "straight from the shoulder talk" to women written by Horatio Bottomley, the Editor of John Bull. We also notice with interest that there is an announcement of a Beautiful Baby Competition and a new skill competition with big money prizes, both of which are to commence in the following week's issue.

Picturcs in the Snow.

ROLLIN S. STURGEON and his company of Vitagraph players are snowed in at a Valley.

The snows were somewhat late in their arrival this year, and travel is always difficult when once the white carpet gets properly and thickly spread. Mr. Sturgeon has been doing a little shooting some snow-shoe walking, and canoing while in the Valley, and the trip is anything but a hardship to him, even though it involves the hardest kind of work.

Perhaps You Can?

THE poet sits and tears his hair, he searched the lexicons with care to find two words, however rare, that rhyme with Henry Walthall. He's tried "moth-ball," "it don't sound right, and "man," but Henry does not fight, then "he'll call Paul," is alike untrue. It's hard to rhyme with Walthall. Then "fall in hall" like Keystone sounds, and "wall" and "fall" are common nouns, and "yll" and "fall" are common nouns, so, oh! zounds, one cannot rhyme with Walthall.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

Interesting Topics in Film Pictures Selected from Pathé's Animated Gazette.

1. Trench Cannon: Practice with our "pig squeaks" and "whizz-bangs." 2. "Seven Up": One of the final tests of motorcycles built at Coventry expressly for service in the Army. 3. "Out of Action": Cheerfully bearing the loss of a limb, this poilu is still "doing his bit." 4. In the Snow-Capped Vosges: The famous "Blue devils" who fought throughout the winter on skis. 5. After Fifteen Months' Fighting: Six hundred of the Marine Fusiliers, who started 6000 strong, return to Paris. 6. Away with Cross: One of the many instances of sacred images that, despite the tide of battle, have remained unscathed.
COME with me for a holiday to Ireland, old man," said Captain Jack Durrance in his chow, Captain Harry Feversham.

Thus a little while the chums found themselves in the country noted for its pretty dark-eyed women and warm hearts. They had a great time, and became frequent visitors to the house of Mr. Feversham, and his pretty daughter, Ethne, old friends of Captain Durrance.

A close friendship soon sprang up between Harry Feversham and Ethne Enstace; the two were continually together, and much to their surprise, and when, toward the end of his vacation, Feversham pleaded his love for Ethne, and was accepted.

The lovers spent the last few days in each other's company, ignoring the existence of their friend, Jack Durrance, who, being himself deeply in love with Ethne, felt her engagement to Feversham very keenly, but would not allow his rival to have his way.

On their return to London, Feversham gave a dinner-party to his brother officers at his flat, and whilst replying to a toast announced his engagement to Ethne. Congratulations were showered upon him by all present, including his rival, Captain Durrance. When dinner was over, and the guests were smoking and chatting, Feversham's valet handed him a telegram. Excruciating himself for a moment, he read with mingled surprise and annoyance: "Regiment ordered on active service; not yet officially known, tell Trench.—Castleton." A sudden thought that in the hour of danger he would fail, and thus bring disgrace on Ethne, loomed strong in his thoughts and he at once decided for her sake to resign his commission. The moment was a tense one, he faltered under the stress of his conflicting emotions.

"Anything serious, old chap?" asked Captain Trench.

"Mr. Feversham sent me the telegram: 'merely a fall in some stocks.' Then, passing the fireplace to leave the room, he dropped the telegram into the flames.

Trench was just in time to read several words on the unburnt portion, and immediately sought out Captain Castleton to tell him about the telegram.

"Three days later Trench, greatly excited, burst into the mess. "Feversham is in a funk," he said; "he has given up his papers to avoid going on service and risking his precious necks."

Following the announcement, he produced from his pocket a small box and three white feathers. These he placed in the box with his own card and those of Captain Castleton and Captain Willoughby. Then, carefully tying up the package, he addressed it to Feversham.

That gentleman had meantime returned to Ireland, and was spending his whole time in Ethne's company. A dance arranged in his honour was in full swing, and he was sitting out a quiet interval with Ethne. When the box arrived, Feversham opened it, and was astonished to find it contained three white feathers.

"What can it mean?" asked the girl.

Her lover hesitated before answering, and then in some confusion he told her what he had done. She pulled him up short, and plucking a feather from the white fan which she carried very determinedly placed it in the box with the others. Before Feversham could find his voice she had removed her engagement ring and laid it on the table before him.

"I would never marry a coward," she explained as she left him to his thoughts.

Feversham was greatly affected. To his friend Lieutenant Sutch he unburdened his troubled soul. He told him the story of the four feathers, and the telling of it did him good. It brought him to his senses.

"Sutch," he cried, "I am going to compel them to take back those feathers. I leave for Egypt to-morrow."

In the guise of a native to avoid recognition, Feversham spent the next few months in the East. In due course he became attached to a band of strolling players, and one day whilst playing in a camp he was surprised to see Captain Durrance come in and engage in conversation with a native. Feversham sat down close to their table and played softly on his zither. In this way he overheard the native, Abou Fatma, a faithful servant of General Gordon, tell how the General entrusted him with his last despatches. "I succeeded in getting away from Khartoum," said Abou Fatma, "but it was pursued by the Arabs. I managed, however, to hide the despatches in some ruins at Berber before I was captured. Eighteen months later I escaped and came on here."

Captain Durrance returned to headquarters and immediately told the story of the General's despatches, and was ordered by the Colonel to take detachment and recover them. Next day Harry Feversham met Abou Fatma in the lazaret, and in conversation with him learnt that a detachment was ordered out to Berber under Major's command. Feversham, who had still done nothing to justify him in returning the feathers, now saw an opportunity, and decided to grasp it. "My best course," he thought, "is to follow the expedition, and offer my assistance, if it is required." A week later the company was ambushed in the desert and badly cut up. Then Harry got his first chance. Whilst in search of water, Captain Trench and Castleton were attacked by the Arabs. After a desperate struggle, during which Feversham disposed of two Arabs, Castleton was fatally wounded, and Trench taken prisoner. Feversham stayed by Castleton until the end.

Under the glare of the sun Captain Durrance had become totally blind. In this plight Feversham found him wandering helpless, without disclosing his identity, led him back to his company, and watched all that was left of them march back. Then he went off bravely into the desert alone to try to recover the lost despatches. After many narrow escapes, he succeeded, and one day presented himself at the orderly-room of his old regiment. At first the sight of Feversham greatly displeased Captain Willoughby, but when he found that he had brought in the lost despatches, he was greatly surprised and pleased.
and at once asked for the return of the feather he had sent him. Feversham was very glad to get rid of it, "and I want you," he said, "to promise to take this other feather to Ethne. I am going now to find Trench."

Feversham journeyed inland to the old town of Khartoum which was at this period in the hands of the Arabs. As a wandering minstrel he spent many days searching for Trench, and was soon under suspicion. His arrest as a spy followed, and he was imprisoned in the pestilential House of Stone at Omdurman. On the first night, whilst being driven from the prison-yard with other prisoners, he met Captain Trench. The meeting of the two friends, both helpless prisoners, was touching in the extreme. For many days they were driven about with huge iron weights fixed by chains to their ankles. Escape for either seemed absolutely out of the question.

Although quite blind, Captain Durrance attempted to hide the fact from his comrades, but unable to bear the added affliction of being unable to read Ethne's letters, which she still wrote for friendship's sake, he confided to Lieutenant Calder, who already had his suspicions. Calder was so touched that he took matters into his own hands and wrote to Ethne telling her of Captain Durrance's blindness. Ethne loved Harry Feversham dearly, and believed that he would still win through, and regain his lost name, but when she received Calder's letter her heart went out to his poor blind comrade. "I have read all your letters," she wrote to Captain Durrance, "and understand that in all your thoughts of me there has been no change, therefore I take back my decision and promise to marry you upon your return to England."

Shortly after Durrance returned home Ethne had a visit from Captain Willoughby. In a few brief words he told her of his meeting with Feversham, and then, according to promise, he handed her the feather and discreetly left her to herself.

All this time Harry Feversham and Captain Trench were suffering the torments of the damned in their vile prison. Outside the walls of which their faithful friend Abou Fatma watched and waited. One day he bribed a sailor to convey a note in the food intended for the two prisoners. It simply read: "All is ready. On the steps from the Gunpowder Factory!"

On the next day as Feversham and Trench were being whipped along in their chains Abou Fatma and his servants felled the two guards with a blow on each man's head. The other guards were tripped up and clubbed, and willing hands enabled the two chained to escape.

"In here," whispered Abou Fatma as they passed the smith's shop. The smith soon filed one man's shackles and Abou Fatma filed the other whilst a servant kept watch.

"Quick, here come the guards," called the lookout. The two men...
PICTURES AND THE PICTUROGOER

THE TWO MEN WERE BUNDLED INTO THE HAYLOFT.

were bundled into the hayloft and covered up, and as the guards entered Abou Fatma became a beggar seeking the aid of the smith to mend his broken crutch. The ruse was successful, and the guards passed on their way. The chums were free. With the assistance of Abou Fatma and his friends, they were soon on their way to the coast.

Two months later Ethne received this brief note from Captain Trench: "I return my feather glad. He has more than redeemed it. He has risked his life many times to save mine." Poor Ethne was now in the depths of despair, and braced herself for the ordeal of Harry Feversham's return. He came to her one evening in the little church near her home, where she was earnestly praying for strength to be able to send him away from her, even though it broke her heart.

In the twilight he took her hand. "Ethne," "Harry," was all that passed between them, then he felt the engagement ring on her finger, and his eyes sought her face, asking the question his lips dared not frame. Her reply cut deeply into both their hearts: "I must send you away again; I am engaged to Jack Durrance he is blind." One long look passed between them, one frantic hand-clasp, and then they parted.

Both had been too much affected to trust themselves to speak.

Jack Durrance rose slowly at the back of the little church.

He had heard all, and bracing himself for a great and manly sacrifice, he overtook his friend at the gate of the little churchyard.

"Harry," he cried bravely. "Ethne is waiting for you.

Feversham pressed his friend's hand in silence, and returned to Ethne who was still in the church. Gratefully she understood that Captain Durrance had released her, and with a sigh of content she laid her head on her lover's shoulder.

This splendid five-part film version of the well-known novel is the first of the British made "Popular Films." It was produced by J. Scarfe Dawley from the scenario by Nellie E. Laconque. Howard Estabrook ("Feversham"), Arthur Evers ("Durrance"), David Wall ("Abou Fatma"), and Irene Wardfield ("Ethne") are principals in an all-round clever and hard-working cast. The film is controlled by Laconque, Ltd., of 36 and 95, Wardour Street, London, W.

FIRE DESIROYs FILM STAR'S HOME.

OWING to a servant's carelessness, the beautiful old house which for the last twenty-one years has been the home of Alna Taylor has been destroyed by fire. It is of interest to note that this fine old mansion was formerly the residence of Anne Boleyn, and was filled with almost priceless wood-carvings, windows and mural paintings. The fire-engine which arrived upon the scene was almost useless, but fortunately, no one was injured. In contrast to the staged thrilling fire scenes, in which Alna Taylor often played in the earlier days of the cinema industry, this unfortunate conflagration was really real.

"PICTURES" POEMS

No. 12. TYPES OF PATRONS.

She's a fashionable lady with a chic Parisian bodice.

She comes in pretty regularly too;

She poses a la Juno,
or some other Latin goddess,

And fails to see transparent things like you.

She usually accompanies a little girl

of, say, nine,

Who claps immoderately, nothing loft,

And in the lady's lap there lies a lilliputian canine

Who barks, or sleeps, or does a bit of both.

Here's an interested juvenile who seems to have the fidgets—

He wriggles like a heron on a hook;

He sucks the terminations of his rather dirty digits,

And gurgles like an interrupted brook.

Intelligence is rampant in that cranium atomic.

He sees the things denied to me and you:

The mysteries in the drama, hidden humour in the comic,

Surrender to his microscopic view.

Here's a smart commercial gentleman, a truant from his office,

A clergyman escaped from parish ties.

A sentimental goodness with children eating toffees,

A journalist who's come to criticise.

Not one in all that varied crowd does anything to lessen a Conviction that somehow they're kith and kin:

To paraphrase a proverb and adapt it to an Essanay—

"One touch of Chaplin makes the whole world grin!"

"BRIAN."
"SOME" BEAUTY

GRETHEN LEDERER

MARIE WALCAMP

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

ROSEMARY THEBY

DORIS PAWN

LOIS WEBER

A Page of Pretty Picture-Players

EDNA MAISON

All of the Trans-Atlantic Company
SWEET LAVENDER

Adapted from the Hepworth Picture Version of 
Sir Arthur Pinero's Great Play 

By MICHAEL DEANE.

THROUGH the tears which 
dimm'd her sad eyes, Ruth 
Rawdon looked out across 
the moonlit meadows of the old 
farm. She turned away from 
the open window and gazed 
down by the side of the bed 
she had slept in for so long as she could 
Oh, my dearest, my sweet. 
I loved you so, and you — no one 
care for the girl who, 
believing in your words and loving 
you, has given you her all. 
This Brenconnien she had asked 
Geoffrey Wedderburn, the rich 
young banker who, while on a visit 
to Barachester, had met and 
taken her heart by storm, to marry. 
And his oft-repeated promise and 
many threats only to find that 
his fears were built on good foundations 
that the man was indeed ashamed of her, 
and never meant to keep his promises. 
"But although you may forget our happy days among 
the lavender, I never shall," she whispered, 
sitting up, rising from her 
knees, she began making her few possessions into 
a bundle. 
"I'll go away from here, far away from anyone who knew me 
as a happy girl, and I'll never trouble you, Geoffrey — never! 
A few weeks later, among strangers and with 
the roar of a great city in her ears, a little girl was born to her 
and I am still thinking of the happy days spent in the fields with 
her Callous betrayer, she had her baby christened 
Lavender."

**

"I swear I'll never touch another drop, never — unless, 
of course, my constitution requires stimulant, or — or the occasion 
merits the breaking of — or the sacred oath?"

Dear, golden-hearted, dissolve Dick Phenyl, gazing at 
his white and laggard face in the mirror, 
yellowed itself to temperance for the hundredth time during his tenancy of 
the old chambers in Brain Court; then, as a voice singing softly 
in the basement came to his ears, his good-natured face became 
brightened by a smile. 
"There she goes," he whispered. "Like as any canary, 
and bringing the sunshine straight into a place where only dust 
and fog seem able to enter. Dear, dear! It was fifteen years 
ago when I found her, worn out, almost dying, in the snow, 
and brought her in! A mad act to bring a homeless woman 
and her child into bachelor quarters, perhaps; but — he shook 
his hairbrush savagely at the pale face in the glass — but one 
that has brought a reward that you certainly don't deserve, 
confound you!" Shaking his head, he walked unstably into 
the next room. A second later he smiled again. 

"Hulloa, Clemmy, my boy!"

"Dick, you've been — " Clemmy Hale began. 

"For the last time, Clemmy, my boy, the last time; " then 
haughtily, as though fearing his young friend and pupil's 
reproaches, "I'm glad you were there — or there's some 
thing supremely important I have to see about. Clemmy, 
my boy. I've seen Dr. Delaney, and he says that little 
Lavender must give up her lessons, for — or her health's sake."

"The lessons to stop," Clemmy Hale faltered; then, 
seeing the sharp eyes of the old barrister on him, he added, with 
a badly-assigned indifference. "Oh, all right it's a pity 
though I'm off down to the court now — bye-bye!"

Dick Phenyl chuckled as he heard 
Clement's feet descending the old oak 
stairs, but he soon became serious 
again. "Um! As Delaney hinted, it's a poor fate. "A 
pretty state of affairs here's my client Mr. Wedderburn sends 
his adopted son, who is engaged to 
his sister's only daughter, to study law, 
and he promptly falls in love with my 
housekeeper's pretty daughter — nay! It's 
a pretty kettle of fish. We must 
send little Lavender away without ceremony; that's all. 
But how?" He turned out his empty 
pockets ruefully, then looked at his small 
but valuable library. "There's nothing 
for it — old friends will have to go on 
behalf of new ones. At the sound of a 
soft footstep he swung round. Oh! 
Lavender," he cried, "you're the girl I 
was thinking of."

"Mr. Phenyl smiled contemptuously thinking of me. Mr. Phenyl — but, there, you are always thinking of somebody."

"Umph! I — er — I just was thinking if you have a moment 
to spare you might help me sort these books. There's a lot of 
rubbish among them, and it's high time I made a clearance."

They set to work, and soon the misery 
that lingered with his beloved tomes, coupled with a certain dryness 
of mouth, agitated by the potatoes of the night before, caused 
him to forget the cath he had so recently made.

"You'll excuse me, dearie. I've just remembered an important 
appointment — devotedly annoying, but er — I won't 
be long."

He fairly ran out of the room, leaving Lavender 
shaking her head sadly over the dusty books. A few moments later 
her face became wreathed in smiles as Clement Hale entered. 

"Hulloa, Lavender," he cried, grasping her 
and kissing her fingers. "Mr. Phenyl asked me to help him sort his books," she said, 
with a blush. "He's just remembered an appointment."

"Oh, has he? Well no mind. I'll forgive him this once, 
since it's given us a chance to be alone for a few minutes. 
Lavender, dear, Dick tells me that the doctor says your lessons 
have to be given up for a time."

Lavender nodded. "Yes — and I was beginning to 
love them so..."

Something in the girl's sweet voice swept away 
all barriers of reserve, and Clement seized her hands passionately.

"You were beginning to love the lessons — the lessons dear — 
Lavender, little Lavender, ever since I first came to teach 
her I have loved you, and lately I had begun to hope that 
you loved me just a little bit — do you, dearest?" Slowly she 
racked her eyes to his, and Clement's heart beat wildly at the 
story he read in their blue depths. "Lavender dear —"

"The explanation in tones of dignified horror caused 
the lovers to spring apart, and Lavender hurried in 
cornered from the room Clement turned to face the two ladies 
who had entered unheard.

"Mrs. Gilfilliau Minnie this is an unexpected pleasure."

"Unexpected, I can quite believe," Mrs. Gilfilliau 
interrupted, sharply; "but I'm not certain of the pleasure. 
We have just finished a visit to Paris, and passing through London thought 
we would call in and see Mr. Phenyl."

"He's out just now — at the Courts, I believe," Clement 
answered, hastily. "I'll go and fetch him."

Avoiding any explanations, he dashed from the room, 
and Mrs. Gilfilliau turned to her daughter.

"My dear, this is just what I expected. No sooner is he 
out of sight than Clement seeks fresh fields and pastures new without 
giving you a thought, my poor child."

"Oh, please, leave me out of it, mamma. As our marriage 
has been arranged solely by you and uncle Geoffrey, I don't really 
see how you can expect poor Clement to be enthusiastic."

"You ungrateful child — Oh, my dear Mr. Phenyl, and 
how are you?" she added, hastily, as Dick entered the room. 

"Clement told me that you — " Clement, Mrs. Gilfilliau sniffed. "I'm afraid we interrupted a pleasant little soap-box talk that young gentleman 
was having with a not unpretty girl."

"A beautiful girl, mamma."

Don't interrupt, child. The opening of the door drowned 
any further remark she might have made, and her burrgette 
ownc once more went up as Mrs. Rolfe entered.

"Oh, if I mistake not, here is the mother of the little lady 
you mention."

"Dick Phenyl beamed; "this is Mrs. Rolfe, my housekeeper."

"Housekeeper? Worse even than Mrs. Gilfilliau had thought.
Pen Sketches of Picture Plays. No. 4.

"Sweet Lavender"

Dick is put out because he has to accompany a party to the theater.

Dick receives a call from a solicitor.

Ruth meets her old lover.

Ruth sees Dick with the Barker.

Ruth's mother is the pertinacious American.

Ruth arrives home rather elevated.

"All's well that ends well."

Drawn by Frank R. Grey. Our artist's impression of Sweet Lavender.

but, recovering from her horror, she made up her mind to strike while the iron was hot.

"I have already met your daughter, I think," she said with an icy smile, "she seems very friendly with my brother's adopted son Clement Hale. Of course, we can rely upon your good taste not to let their friendship grow into anything deeper?" But Mrs. Rolfe was gazing fixedly at a photograph the other woman had laid upon the table.

"Who— who is that?" she asked in steadily.

"That!" Mrs. Gillillan raised her eyebrows in surprise, "that is my brother the famous banker— Mr. Geoffrey Wedderburn." Mrs. Rolfe dropped the photograph upon the table.

"You need not be afraid," she said in a hard voice, "the friendship between my daughter and Mr. Wedderburn's adopted son shall certainly not go any further."

Torn asunder by conflicting emotions, her love for her child, and her fear of Lavender learning the truth about her birth, poor Ruth steered her heart against her old friends and persuaded Lavender that Clement would surely be ashamed after if she became his wife. They prepared to fly from Brain Court, the two friends being told that the girl was too ill to see either of them—a subterfuge that drove Dick Phenyl to his tantrums and poor Clem almost to the verge of suicide.

"Faith, Clemmy, my boy," the old barrister said sadly, "it's a sad old world we're living in and it seems to grow more topsy-turvy with every blessed day."

But an interview with Minnie gave Clem some hope.

"I suppose we must keep up appearances if only to keep mother quiet," she said, with a laugh; "but I don't want to marry you any more than you want to marry me!"

"Heaven bless you, dear," he answered heartily, and returned to the attack on the housekeeper's sternly spotted oak.

But fresh dangers were soon to add to the misery of the match-making Mrs. Gillillan's existence, for on the evening of a theatre-party, at which she hoped her schemes might come to a head, a young American who had shown Minnie much attention, and whom her mother, noticing signs of reciprocity on her darling child's part, had contrived to slip on their departure from Paris, made his appearance.

"Reckon I'd a thundering hard job to get on your trail," he said gladdily, meek-sons of the older lady's annoyance; "but I made good at last. Now, say, what's the programme?"

"We were going to the theatre—"

"Just the racket," he answered, with his eye fixed on Minnie's blushing cheeks. "I'll make out of the party—sauer."

Introduced to Clement, he quickly decided that that gentleman would make an admirable companion for Mrs. Gillillan, leaving him free to ask Minnie a momentous question.

Left alone, Dick Phenyl sat sadly in the silent rooms thinking of the severance in the happy little family group that was soon to take place; then, roused from his reverie, he sprang up to open the door to Mrs. Rolfe and Lavender.

"We thought we would say 'good-bye' while they are out," Ruth said, softly, "and I wanted to have one last look—"

"But must you go for—for good?" he interrupted.

"Ruth, look in his eyes sternly. "Good-bye, and God bless you, Mr. Phenyl."

"You are not going just yet though," he pleaded: "at least let Lavy stay with me until you have completed all your preparations. I am an old man, Ruth— it is little to ask—"

Looking into the pleading eyes of the man who had stood her friend when she was friendless, and who had kept her sad story from all, Ruth consented and passed sadly out, leaving them together.

"May I do one thing before I go, dear, Mr. Phenyl?" Lavender whispered. "Mother says it would do no good for me to see Clem—Mr. Hale again, but surely I could write to—"

"To bid him 'good-bye'? no, my dear— no!"
A minute later she had run into another room, and Dick was pacing up and down the room irritably.

"Forty-five thousand pounds!" he chuckled; "fancy old Dick Phenylan a rich man, and nobody knows him!" The smile faded from his face. "Of course the infernal bank has smashed, but that can't help me dreaming of what I could have done with the money." He peeped through the door.

"Poor little girl! poor lad! oh! it's enough to make a man—" he looked stealthily at the sideboard. "Why not just one to keep the cold out?"

The "just one" lasted until the decanter was nearly empty, and at each successive draught the unfairness of things in general became more apparent to his befuddled brain; then a brilliant thought came to him, and he seized a sheet of paper.

"Return at once: important—Dick," he wrote. Hastily running out, he dispatched the message to Clement at the theatre, and returned chuckling delightfully at his stratagem; and so the lover found him when he hurried back.

"Oh! Dick, Dick; so you've broken your promise again!"

"The last time, Clemmy my boy—the last time!" Dick answered cheerfully; then he pointed knowingly to the next room. "In there—hurry up!"

In half-a-dozen steps Clement was across the room, and a second later Lavender, feebly protesting, was in his arms.

"Clem, dear," she sobbed; "all is over now!"

"My darling; it is only just beginning," he answered, tenderly. "Dearest, don't be influenced by—by others, but promise that, whatever happens, you will be my wife."

"No, dear, it must not—cannot be," she sobbed. "Oh! Clem don't make it harder for me. See, dear, here is a letter I have written you. Take it now, but promise not to read it until I have gone. Hush, someone is coming."

Tearing herself from his embrace, she ran behind the curtains. Clement found himself facing Mr. Wedderburn.

"You, sir."

"Yes, my boy; a little bird brought me news that made me think it my duty to hunt you up. Clem, my lad, who is this girl who has got you in her clutches?"

A lady whose love would honour any man, said; "According to my informant, a charwoman's daughter." Geoffrey Wedderburn shrugged his shoulders. "Well, well, such affairs are not uncommon at your time of life. A cheque will doubtless assuage her grief, and a trip to new lands will soon make you forget her charms."

"You are wrong, sir." Clement answered, hotly. Lavender is as pure, as true, as any woman in the land, and your proposal is an insult. From whom you got your information I do not know, but I can guess, and I tell you frankly that, whatever happens—even at the expense of losing your friendship—I will take no other woman for my wife."

"Bravo, Clemmy boy; spoken like a man," hiccupped a voice behind them, and, turning suddenly, they saw Dick.

How a rash act of her girlhood days embittered a woman's whole life, and how, because of it, in later days the lives of those about her were threatened with ruin, only averted by the merest chance, forms the gripping theme of this engrossing story entitled

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Bendino in a worse state of intoxication than usual. "And let me tell you, sir, I endorse learned friend’s opinion, little girl’s an angel..."

"Good!" Wedderburn shouted, his temper gaining the mastery. "Then I wash my hands of you both from this moment. When you’re in the gutter, Clement Hale, think of the dear friendship you had with Mr. Denman, Ruth!"

For a second he looked in horror on the white face of the woman who was advancing slowly toward him; then with a strangled cry fell to the ground, as his betrayed love of long ago drew her child and his into the shelter of her arms.

* * * * *

And now, on top of all this trouble with Minnie and that elusive American "Mrs. Gillibrand" explained, in a state of convulsive tearfulness, to Dick Phynol, whom she had surprised doing his own cooking and housework, "comes this trouble about the bank. To think that Wedderburn is insolvent! Thank goodness, my little fortune was elsewhere."

"Thank goodness," Dick answered, nearly choking the good lady with the dust he knocked up. "Still, after all, he added, sweeping more furiously than ever, "what is money?"

But the angry lady fumbled out, leaving Dick to chuckle alone.

"I wonder where young Bream and Minnie are day-dreaming scenes here. I’ll be bound. Ah, if only Clem and Lavender’s troubles could blow away as easily! To a Clem, poor little girl!"

Thrusting softly to the door of the next room, where Geoffrey Wedderburn had had inertia ever since his sudden seizure, Dick shook his head several times, and then went out.

Meanwhile the stricken man lay tornamented by the memories that crowded on him—memories of a sweet-faced girl who, in all faith and purity, had raised her trembling lips to meet his in the sweet-smelling lavender-fields of her father’s farm. Then he trembled in agony of mind as he read again in memory’s remorseless book the tear-stained lines in which she had said "Good-bye" to him for ever, and now—"

"Ah, Ruth, Ruth, after all these years..." he groaned.

"How are we to-day, eh?... the cheery voice of Dr. Delaney broke in upon his reverie. "Better, eh? No! Ah, well. I’ve brought some one to nurse you back to health!"

Slowly the sick man turned his head, and his eyes fell upon the sweet face of the woman who looked down upon him. He tried to rise, only to fall back again among the pillows. Then, with a smile, the good doctor, who, having obtained an interview with Mrs. Wedderburn, had returned from the sick man’s ceaseless raving, and had hatched the little plot, stole away.

"Why have you come, Ruth, in the hour of my shame?"

In a moment she was on her knees beside him, her tear-stained cheek pressed against his hand. "Hush, Geoffrey, hush... she whispered; "forget the past. Get well again!"

"And I forgive..."

"Forgive?" Her voice held a world of love, but the sweetness of it caused him to wince as memory once more probed his heart. "I forgave long ago. I loved you. Geoffrey—have always loved you—but happiness was not for us, my dear!"

"No, my accused pride shut the gate upon that. God knows I did not mean to be such a blackguard..."

"Oh, hush, my dear, hush!"

"When you went away—when I got your letter—I hunted everywhere for you. But," he added, with a strange return of the jealousy of nearly twenty years ago, "the girl who was with you here—the girl my adopted son is infatuated with, who..."

"Slowly she raised her eyes to his. "Can you not guess, Geoffrey—can you not understand?"

"Ruth?" With a great cry he rose and raised her drooping head. "My child—ours!—God, and you never told me!"

"What was the good? it would have only added to your worries, dear; was that the way to prove my love?"

He drew her closer to him, his hand caressed the hair which had once been golden.

"Your young hat, my dear," he whispered; "but your hair is silver. God forgive me. All my fault; all my fault!"

Once more she pressed her cheek to his hand, and so they sat in silence, both thinking of the past, and perhaps also the future, and so Dr. Delaney found them when he returned.

"Oh!" the good doctor explained, diplomatically shutting his eyes to some confusion on the part of his patient and his nurse, "why, I swear, you’re better already. Nurse, nurse, it will never do if you cure my patients so quickly. Now—-hum—I don’t think a bit of good now will harm. My dear Mr. Wedderburn, your bank is safe—"

"Safe! the bank safe?"

"Yes, by the generosity of your greatest creditor—my dear old friend Dick Phynol!"

A solace rose in the sick man’s throat. Indeed, clouds of fire were being heaped upon his head—forgiven and still loved by the woman he had wronged; saved from ruin and disgrace by the man whom he had consigned to the gutter.

"Why here is Mr. Phynol and, bless my soul, if he hasn’t the young people with him!"

"Mother! Mother dear—"

With a cry Lavender ran into Ruth’s arms, and, staggering weakly to his feet, Geoffrey Wedderburn looked into Clement Hale’s determined face.

"Clem..."

"I haven’t come to ask you to consider my decision, sir. Thank Heaven, I am strong, and not afraid to work for the woman I love, but I—we thought it my duty to tell you of our plans. This morning Lavender came to me. She said it made no difference to her—in fact she was glad that I was poor so, that she could help me carve out a name for myself. We shall be married as soon as possible, if Mrs. Rolfe will trust Lavender to me. That is all I have to say."

"Stop!" Geoffrey Wedderburn’s eyes sought those of Ruth, and in his he read that her secret was safe for ever from her child. "It was all a mistake, dear boy—all a mistake, for which my mad pride is to blame: Lavender, little Lavender! I knew Mrs. Rolfe long ago, before—before she was married, and God knows I shall be more than proud if she will allow her daughter to become your wife!"

Slowly he joined their hands. As Clement drew Lavender into his arms, too overjoyed to question their sudden good fortune, the grey-haired man sought the eyes of the woman, as if he sought in their lightened depths for an answer to the great question that was shining in his own.

* * * * *

This picture version of one of the sweetest and most popular of English plays was produced by Cecil Hepworth. One of the best two of Sir Arthur Pinero’s plays to be filmed, it has started a new "Piroue boom." The film rights of Sweet Lavender are controlled by the London Independent Film Trading Co., Ltd., 4, Dennis Street, London, W.
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THE TRANS ATLANTIC FILM CO., Ltd.
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Mackintosh's brings back your boyhood's joys.

Because you are "grown up" it does not follow that you should relinquish all those boyish pleasures. And Mackintosh's is better than anything you ever tasted as a boy—far more wholesome and nutritious than the toffee you used to eat. Take some of both home every week-end.

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MINT DE LUXE

Soft Butter, Sugar, and thick rich Cream blended in the "Mackintosh Way."

All Confectioners sell both. 4 lb. tin, 5/-, or 1/4 per lb. loose. Sold also in 1s. tins, 4d. Me.
Mary's Brother Busy.

JACK PICKFORD, whose portrait we reproduce the younger brother of Mary and Lottie, has just made his first appearance with the Selig Company in The Making of Crooks. It is an unusual plot, and will be followed by the production of a heart-touching drama of circus life entitled Why Love is Blind, in which he will also appear. Although only twenty years of age, Jack has been playing many years for pictures, and has proved, like his two popular sisters, a most versatile actor.

"Annie Laurie" in Filmland.

A SONG dear to the hearts of British fighting men is the world-famous love ballad "Annie Laurie." In the fighting line, in the huge cantoons, reading-rooms and huts that have been erected all over the country since the war commenced, it remains the favourite song. "Tipperary" is the best for marching. "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond" is sung as the trains steam away bearing the boys to the trenches; but "Annie Laurie" reminds Tommy of home.

Highland and Lowland Scot, Tommy and Jack from London, Pat from "Ould Oireland" and our men from overseas - Australian, New Zealander and Canadian - sing it with equal enthusiasm at a call from not far from London when we recently visited a station. The pianist had hardly played the first few notes before everyone joined in.

In consequence of this, the He-pworth Manufacturing Company are to be congratulated on their production based on the well-known love song.

The origin of the ballad is not generally known, and we are informed that the first version called "Maxwellton Banks" was written by a certain Mr. Douglas upon Anne, one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwellton. It is believed that these verses were composed at the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century, and it is recorded that, despite the ardent affection of Mr. Douglas, he was not successful in marrying the lady of his heart, for she became the wife of a Mr. Ferguson of Craigdarroch.

The second version of the song - the popular one - commences with the lines:

"Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew.

The author, whose name is unknown, called it "Annie Laurie," instead of "Maxwellton Banks," and it is by this popular title that it is recognised.

The story which the song inspired is romantic, and was written by Alma Taylor, in this case the hero marrying Annie Laurie, the lady of his choice.

Paint stealer and Bigamist (?)

COLIN CAMPBELL, who played the part of the "Flying Scotchman" in the new Lasky five-act comedy, "Miss Violet's Tomato Surprise," in which Marie Dressler and Tom McNaughton play leads, had some unpleasant surprises when by accident he found himself a New York resident. He was walking down Broadway when a painter dropped a paint-pot on his head. When he came round he found six stitches in his scalp and his name in all the papers. Surprise number two was in the shape of a detective who said to him:

"Your name is Colin Campbell?"

"Y-y-yes, sir," replied Campbell, thinking he was going to be fined for stealing some of New York's paint.

"You are Scotch?" "Y-y-yes, sir?"

"Then come along with me, I want you for bigamy!" and it took Campbell a full hour and three whisky sodas to convince the American Sherlock Holmes that he was not the villain who had divorced two beautiful maidens.

A True-born Genius.

OUR readers cannot have failed to notice the clever cartoons and sketches which we have published from time to time by Fred Adlington, who incidentally composed the "Pictures Intermezzo" for our Christmas Number. Although only twenty-one years of age, he is a positive genius. In addition to black and white work, Mr. Adlington has a wonderful talent for music and literary work. Coming from a long line of musicians, he studied the violin whilst a small boy, and at the age of thirteen had two musical compositions in print. Then he toured as a violinist and accompanist with many well-known vocalists. At the age of nineteen he surprised everyone who knew him with his composition and production of a musical comedy, The Seaside Girl. When picture-theatres rose to their present high level, Mr. Adlington persuaded his impresario to take up the directorship of the orchestra of a handsomely equipped house in the provinces, where he is evidently basking in the pleasure of having a string orchestra at his beck and call.

The story of his success is not complete, however, for as a composer and arranger he has contributed two hundred pieces of music, lyrics and incidental music to four Lasky productions, six operas, numerous popular songs, and a grand opera entitled The Master of Music at Covent Garden Opera House, and two hundred pieces of music for his orchestra.

Besides these musical successes, he has published one hundred poems, numerous articles on music and cinema orchestras, and a film-play. He is entirely self-taught - both with regard to his musical and dramatic training.

£5,000 for One Performance.

OUR Cover Portrait this week shows Miss Ward in the Lasky version of The Marriage of Kitty. This Company, it is stated, persuaded her to leave the "legitimate" for the screen, and incidentally to receive something over £5,000 for her services. The Marriage of Kitty is one of the finest comedies extant, Marie Tendres, we believe, was the original Kitty, and the play was produced at the Comedy. Miss Ward has just the temperament and happy tricks of characterisation for the part, and is ably supported.

Born in St. Louis in 1875, she had only attained fifteen summers when she appeared on the stage at Pikesville. The late George Edwardes in 1891 engaged her for The Shop Girl at the Gaiety. This was followed by her appearance in Cheer Boys, Cheer! at Drury Lane, and subsequently she was cast in A Night Out, Lord and Lady Ahip, and The Cuckoo. She will be seen in another Lasky production, The Coffin, in which she is said to have surpassed herself as one of the few great emotional artistes on the screen.
MOSS' GREAT WINNER!

The best theatres will soon be showing that wonderful picture

THE WHITE HOPE

HEPWORTH PICTURE PLAY

Based on the Successful Novel by

W. H. R. TROWBRIDGE

featuring

STEWART ROME

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MISS VIOLET HOPSON

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MANCHESTER: Progress Film Co., Ltd., 40, Deansgate.

LEEDS: Wellington Film Service, 49, Aire Street.

BIRMINGHAM: Royal Film Agency, 270, Corporation St.


GLASGOW: B.B. Pictures, Ltd., 81, Dunlop Street.

CARDIFF: • • • Tatem & Co., 3, Windsor Place.

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"PICTURES" GUIDE

New Films now showing, and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later

THE DECEPTION. Lubin drama. One reel. A picture telling what might have been.

J. S. Brookfield, Ltd.

THE WOLF. Two reels. Gloria drama. A stirring tale of a man duped by a woman who nearly wrecks the lives of the two men in order to secure their patrimony.

G. Searle.

STOLEN VOICE. World drama. Four reels. Robert Warwick. A strong picture in which this popular actor plays to the grand possibilities of a story.

The Christy Film Agency.


Mad Moxes and Motors. Martn-comedy. One reel. A marvelous story of two men, one of them a superstitious, the other an expert in making clocks.

Dawson's Film Sales Agency.

YE OLD GRAFTER. Keyestone comedy. One reel. The gallant suitor rescues the heroine's handbag from the pickpocket, and is rewarded with the fair one's heart.

Western Import Co., Ltd.

THE MUFFLED BELL. Reliance melodrama. One reel. A thrilling story dealing with gun-runners, wherein a bell plays a very important part.

The New Majestic Co.


The Vitagraph Co.

THE MET'TLE OF JERRY McGUIRE. 1 reel. Bisson drama. Two reels. Helen Holmes. One of those thrilling railroad dramas in which "Jerry" is so famous.

Trans-Atlantic Film Co.

JIM, JUST JIM. Trans-Atlantic drama. Four reels. Full of twists. The story of an innocent who sought his past and came out trumps in the end.

Ideal Film Rental Co.


London Independent Film Trading Co.

OUT OF DARKNESS. Jesse L. Lasky drama. Four reels. Charlotte Walker. An interesting story of how a social beauty loses her memory, but recovers it whilst rescuing the manager of a large country from a fire.

J. B. Walker's World Films.

CAT'S CASH AND A COOK BOOK. Comedy. One reel. John Stepping and Nan Christy. A huge sum endowed to a cat, his home is the cause of strife between both parties.

American Film Co.

THE THIRD PARTY. Vitagraph drama. One reel. A young man farmer who is soon taken up by a third party. Meanwhile one of the wife's former suitors tries to cause trouble, but all is explained when the detective discovers the scandalous identity.

Breaking the Shackles. Edison drama. One reel. Herbert Prior, Margaret Prancing, Chris Sutten, and Robert Browne. How a woman steals a precious jewel in order that her husband, who is a slave to the drug habit, may be avenged of the theft and be compelled to spend some months in prison. See how the plan works.

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SIGNED

ADDRESS
See page 376
for the full
Story

One of the many thrilling scenes from

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By A. E. W. MASON.

This fine film is now showing. Read the story and then go and see it. You'll like it.

ALSO DON'T FORGET

"Salomy Jane"

By BRET HARTE.

A CALIFORNIAN STORY OF '70.

CONTROLLED BY

LUCOQUE Ltd., Film Renters,
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Write for Synopsis of both.
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OUR GREAT FREE PICTURE COMPETITION.

£65 IN CASH AND OTHER PRIZES

1st prize, £10; 2nd prize, £5; Ten of 10s. each.

TWO HUNDRED CONSOLATION PRIZES.

Below we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognize one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but any one of these letters may be used more than once. Thus, even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the third set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in Pictures on sale Jan. 22nd. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10—and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor’s decision must be regarded as final.

3rd SET.

Name .................................................................
Address ..............................................................

9. Scene from ..................................................
Letters used: A D E F I N O S T Y

10. Scene from ..................................................
Letters used: B D E H N O R T U

11. Scene from ..................................................
Letters used: A B C E F G H I K M N O R S T

12. Scene from ..................................................
Letters used: A B C D E H K L O P R T

PREVIOUS SETS are still obtainable through all newsagents, or direct from Odhams, Ltd., 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C.
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(IN STOMACH & BOWEL),

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Indigestion—however chronic—can be cured.
Sufferers from Indigestion endeavour to obtain relief:
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(2) By taking Pepsine Mixtures.
(3) By taking Purgatives.

Three serious mistakes are thus made.

Starvation is Harmful. When the digestive organs of the body have ceased performing their natural functions,

you will not help them by giving them nothing to do. What they want is work and nourishment, not idleness.

Pepsine Mixtures are no good, for the following reason: Only one-quarter of the food is digested in the Stomach, the rest is digested in the Bowel. Pepsine digests food in the Stomach, but does not digest the Starchy food in the Bowel. It is therefore useless in Bowel Indigestion.

Purgatives give temporary relief only to increase the trouble afterwards. Purgatives do not digest food; they simply expel it, nourishment and all, and the Bowel grows weaker and weaker.

WHAT THEN, WILL CURE INDIGESTION?

Clearly it must be something that will digest the food in the Stomach, and also digest the food in the Bowel, and restore the digestive glands so that they can do the work themselves.

Only one remedy will do this, and that is the wonderful scientific remedy CICFA.

Now you can understand the two kinds of Indigestion.
Indigestion in the Stomach, and Indigestion in the Bowel.

STOMACH INDIGESTION occurs when the food, not being digested immediately by the Gastric Juice, begins to ferment. In a short time this food becomes so foul that it cannot be digested. Hence the formation of foul gases and acid acids which irritate the nerves and often cause Heartburn; the gases cause stomach pressure, heart palpitation, neuralgic headaches, vomiting, and a burning spot behind the left shoulder blade, so that many an fancy they have heart disease.

BOWEL INDIGESTION—Three-quarters of the food is digested in the Bowel. Food undigested in the Bowel becomes foul, also producing gases and unnatural acids; the gases cause flatulence, bloating, and pressure.

Thus impurities are absorbed into the blood, and carried to every part of the system, producing foul breath, coated tongue, heaviness of the head, biliousness, loss of appetite, and profound depression.

Dr. C. says: "NINETEEN out of every twenty cases of Constipation are due to Bowel Indigestion, but not one in twenty persons knows it."

CICFA removes the immediate trouble. Gradually the Stomach and Bowel become healthy enough to digest the food themselves without further medicine.

Cicfa has been taken up by nearly 10,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results secured upon themselves and patients by CICFA.

In war time your mind affects your digestion more than you think. You know how worry often affects the stomach. Indeed the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety or a fright. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while on the other hand your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking purgatives which upset it, not by dieting with consequent starvation, which increases the digestion, but by eating liberally and regularly, and taking Cicfa to assist digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural digestive ferments which are present in sufficient quantity and in absolute purity, make digestion impossible and make digestion perfect and certain.

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"SWEET LAVENDER."

By Sir ARTHUR W. PINERO.
Produced by CECIL HEPWORTH.

Acknowledged by all to be the most delightful & interesting film of the year.

SEE FULL STORY ON PAGE 380.

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Clapham Junction IMPERIAL
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Kings Hill KING'S HALL
Thornton Heath ELECTRIC TENTHRE
Sydenham RINK CINEMA
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Finchingfield PALLADIUM
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AWARDED GRAND PRIX A*, GOLD MEDAL, PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

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A Bottle of each makes a full measure.

AWARDED GRAND PRIX A*, 1910.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

AWARDED GRAND PRIX A*, GOLD MEDAL, PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

AWARDED GRAND PRIX A*, GOLD MEDAL, PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE
PICTURES AND THE PICTUROGOER

EDITORIAL

"Hullo!" this is the Editor. Are you through with the Screened Stars? "No," came the reply, "but we shall be this week—thank goodness—and I have signed the judging department, and have given you the result. See next week's issue for the result.

"Picture Title" Result.

In our issue of January 1st I published a picture of five clerical gentlemen in a box watching a screen dance, and offered a guinea for the best title. I cannot say how many hundreds of titles were submitted, but a cheque for one guinea has been sent to Miss Jennie Harris, 15, Woodville Avenue, The Mumbles, Swansea, for "Sky Pilots—Star Gazing," which I consider the best title sent in. I did not offer consolation prizes, but have decided to send them to P. Chambers (Slough), "A Rare Collection;" G. M. Chambers (Slough), "Good Spirits—Free of Duty;" P. Chambers (Cheltenham), "I am a Guinea a Box;", S. Phillips (Birkenhead), "The Parson's Christmas Box;" B. Richman (Hackney), "Ah Men;" E. Yates (Wolverhampton), "The Church in Danger."

"Paula" as a Picture-play.

More than one person interested has told me lately that Holmfield Productions, Ltd., whose studio is at present in Yorkshire, are busy on big picture-plays. In addition to White Star and Woolly Luxing, they recently finished a five-part screen version of Paula, the well-known novel by Victoria Cross. A search was made far and wide for an actress capable of playing so difficult a role, and from all accounts they were lucky in securing the services of Hetty Payne, who I hear is likely to become a great emotional screen artiste.

Camera Cures Nervousness.

Having met Miss Payne and seen a great number of still photographs of Paula, I confess I am looking forward to seeing the screening of the picture. It is her first big part, and doubly triumphant, for she has never appeared on the speaking stage. What is still more curious is that she studied for the stage at the Guildhall School of Music, but when the time came was too nervous to appear in public. "It was through singing at a private house," she told me, "that I had this present offer from the Holmfield people, and although at first I refused it, then changed my mind, and have decided the ordeal for days before I entered the studio, all trace of nervousness vanished when I finally played my part before the camera."

Official War Pictures.

I had the pleasure of seeing the first series of official pictures of the British Army in France, taken by special arrangement with the War Office, and wonderfully interesting they proved to be. Not only are they authentic, but they show the type of country our lads are fighting in, and the cheerful way in which they are doing it. One scene, particularly fascinating, showed an impromptu variety entertainment which terminated abruptly with an urgent call to duty. I can easily imagine and hope that these important topical films will soon be screened at every cinema throughout the land.

A Forceful Recruiting Picture.

A film destined to be shown universally is You!—a London film-picture written by Bannister Merwin on a suggestion made to him by an officer now at the Front, and produced by Harold Shaw. In manner most ingenious it shows the adventures of a fragment of a letter on which is written "What are you doing for your country?" It passes from hand to hand, inducing each in turn to "do their bit." This film is obtainable only through the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association and its local branches, and if any one can resist its appeal, well—I shall be surprised!

Money-making Metros.

The house of Ruffells, which, as our readers know, controls the fortunes of Metro films, is becoming busier, and structurally handsomer, every week. Not content with two good projection theatres, two more are being built, and in the largest all their trade shows are to take place. Mr. Spirin, who looks after Ruffells publicity, surprised me with a tour of the huge building a few days ago, and incidentally informed me that since Metro films were first released on November 1st they have quadrupled their bookings.

F. D.

1916

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Or, to know what "The Commuters" be

393

HETTY PAYNE, a charming new cinema star, in the title-role of "Paula," the heroine of the novel by Victoria Cross.
Turner Films
are now engaged on
"DOORSTEPS"
From Henry Edward's Stage Play,
with
FLORENCE TURNER
as "Doorsteps."

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

As many of you have seen and
liked Yale Boss, the boy-actor of
Edison's, I asked my friend Mr. Ernest
Dench, who lives in New York, to visit
the studio for me and find out some-
thing about him; and he did, but he
found him outside the studio playing
tennis. When Yale discovered what his
visitor wanted he took him home and
introduced him to his mother.

Now I will give you the interview in
my friend's own words:

"When you were a baby where did
you live?" I asked.

"Utica, New York," Yale replied.

"When was it you began to pretend
things?"

"That must have been when I was
about seven," Yale said. "I first played
in a stage piece called Top o' the World.
In the next play, Silver Stars, I was first
a little boy, and then I pretended to be
an old man. You should have seen
me wearing whiskers! Oh, how they
tickled me! and, of course, I had to
change my squeaky voice."

"When did you start in pictures?"

"That was six years ago. You may
think that I have been with Edison's
all the time, but, to be truthful, I first
learned to play the game of make-believe
in Biograph films. The man who taught
me was David W. Griffith, who has
become so famous that I would be too
afraid to speak to him now."

"Did you like picture-work?"

"Yes," said Yale, sadly, "until Mr.
Griffith ordered me to pull Adele La
Garde's hair. I had grown to like
Adele so much that it kind of hurt my
feelings to be cruel to her. When Mr.
Griffith got stern I started to cry, but
Adele promised to forgive me, so I did
it. It was after this that I played in
Edison photoplays, and I did so right
up to June last year."

"Do you enjoy getting letters from
young picturegoers?"

"Sure," said Yale, as he opened the
drawer of his writing-desk and showed
me hundreds of letters done up in neat
bundles.

"I treasure them greatly," Yale went
on. "I have received some curious ones,
too. One little girl, who was so silly as
to fall in love with me, told me that she
tore up ten letters before she sent
me one. She said she would be real
frightened if I did not write her a few
lines, which I did."

"A fisherman's daughter in England
wrote that as she was walking along the
beach one day she found a bottle. She
felt sure that her father had been ship-
wrecked, but when she smashed the
bottle a note inside read: 'Will the
finder kindly return it to Yale Boss,
Edison Studio, New York.'"

"See here," he said, "these are
presents from admirers." He opened
a small box. "These rare coins," he
explained, "came from Sir Oscar Von
Moltke, of Denmark. Here is a Jewish
Helen "Hidden" can producing
He, Taylor, reading)—
West is your in-Furness, the picture
production. Francis because burnt.

I think think
the whole
world you would not discover more than two
pictures to it.

I looked up from it and started, r
Yale was doing a nifty cutting
knife. "It belonged to an Arabian
chief," he said, proudly. "He killed
sixty-one persons with it, and for every
one he carved a notch on the blade."

I don't mind doing stunts," con-
fessed Yale, looking at me with his frank
brown eyes, "but I hate water stuff in
winter. Would you like to swim across
the Bronx River on a cold November
day? Anyway, I had to do it, for
the picture, "The Enemy's Lives."

Some day, my young reader, will
be like Yale Boss—a child no more. He
is only twelve years old and he is 5 ft., sin.
that he is too old to act as a child, and
he is too young to become a player like
Francis X. Bushman. But he just
loves films, and is not going to leave
Hollywood. He recently played in a Famous
Players production. When fire de-
stroyed their studio, I am sorry to say
Yale's picture was burnt.

It is too soon to judge the next
competition, in which Elisabeth, the
British Film Star, is awarding four
splendid prizes; because the Editor,
auxiliary to have as many children as
possible to compete for them, asked me
to extend the date. A lot of verses have
been received, but before you read these
lines probably three times as many will
come in, and then I will get on with thejudg-
ing. Watch out for the result on this page.

Several of my very own readers write
that they are thoroughly enjoying
The Exploits of Elaine. I can well believe
it, or what I have seen of these Clutch-
ing, smashing heroes. I have thrill
all from the youngest to the oldest. In
reply to some enquiries the heroine
Pearl White's address is: Pathé Films,
25, West 4th Street, New York City.

NEW "HIDDEN NAMES" COMPETITION.

I have much pleasure in presenting you
with a puzzle which has been in-
vented by little Doris Smith, of Barrow-
In-Furness, one of my "nices." In the
six following sentences you are to find
six girls' names:

1. We had no rain for a week.
2. This is the model lent to me by
my aunt.
3. She took the program from a
bell-push on the wall.
4. Are you too proud, or are you too
nervous, to visit your aunt?
5. Shall we let them make the ball-
dress?
6. If you will buy me some coal, I cer-
tainly will make good use of it.

Write the names on a postcard with
your age and post it to "Hidden
Names, Pictures, 83 and 88, Long
Acre, London, W.C. Once more, those
who send the nearest correct names will
receive four nice prizes from

UNCLE TIM.

MARK (Loughborough).—"The Fatal Black Bear." (Major), "Anita," Miriam Cooper; "Gor-
don," Elmer Clifton; "Pedro." Earle Eve.
Don't know whether all or any of them are
married, Mabel.

SHERWOOD (Nashヴnity).—T. H. MacDonald
played "Trevor" in "Five Nights." We
don't know if he is married.

ROSE (Shepherd's Bush).—Marguerite Clark, \( \times \) Ushen, Helen Luttrel, Lester Chambers,
W. Merkly, G. A. Stilling, and J. A. Hall played in "A Good Woman." Ruth Stonehouse, Henry
W. Bathen, Wanda Howard, and Ernest Mamp, acted in "Night's работы." Have you
sent your love to the six players you mention, Ron?

ALICE (Richmond).—The Film Life of Mary Pick-
ford and recently filmed a new picture* are
2-1 each, post-free, from Pictures, Ltd., 88,
Long Acre, London.

CESTINA (St. Anne's-on-Sea).—Eliza Thomson
usually plays opposite V. Pahander; he has postcards of both, but not of Alan Hale. Glad
you like Pictures, Ltd.

V. R. (Chertsey).—Marguerite Snow played with
Frank Farrington in the "Zodern Mystery" (Thomas Nevin). No cast was published in the
other film. Have sent your love to Alan Taylor
and Christie White. The lady whose name you
ask for was not given as the information volun-
tarily and we are too bashful to ask her.

HARRY (Massena).—Any of the players own
to having a birthday, so why do we see our dilemmas,
Henry. Have sent your love to Mary Pickford.

E. G. (Walthamstow).—"The Bantam Aviary and
Trade Direct" was published by Gunes, Ltd.,
55, Shaftesbury Avenue, London W., to whom
you should apply.

NORA (Alderley-Edge).—We have picture postcards
of James Morrison. The cast we want was not
given. Always glad to know from Nora,
MARIQUITA (Newport).—House Potters played led in
"The Pride of Jeannecoe. Many thanks.

Eve Lorg (Isleworth).—I don't think if you
speak of, so you have autographed photos of
Mary Pickford and Helen Holmes. Yes, they
are two of the "nice."

ARTHUR (Dublin).—"Ham" is taller than
"Bux." Lucky is an American company, but
their pictures are in every newspaper. I have
topical. Glad you liked our Xmas No.

WILLIAM (Grimsby).—We have only volumes VII,
and VIII, in stock, all previous ones are out of
print. An advertisement in our Pearl
Column must bring you into touch with a reader having the earlier volumes for sale.

JAWA HARP (Wandsworth). says he saw a
film in one of the scenes of which the
shadow of the photographer taking the
picture was shown—a "little thing that spoils a big picture.

BETTY (Glasgow).—Lent Elvina and A.
Aflake are not married. Please to hear your film friends enjoy your picture
very much, but why don't you buy one.

FLO VIOLET (London E.).—As we go to press a week
ago, we hope to see that a reply in the next issue is impossil
We have not made any publica
every month, and it may take six weeks to get up to your turn. So let's kiss and be good, Florence,\( \times \) e., the Stage Office, York S., Covent
Garden, London W. If we don't hear
we do not know. Thank you so much for readers.

DAVID (Montrose).—"The Jockey of
Death" is a Milano Film Co.'s produc-
tion. no complaint.

NOSY (Patton).—We cannot identify the
film from your description of plot, excellent
though it is.

GLADYS (Walthamstow).—The information
you ask for was not given. Thanks for congratulations.

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PICTURES AND THE PICTUROGRAPHER

NAME AND ADDRESS (NOT FOR PUBLICATION) MUST BE SENT WHEN WRITING. WE DO NOT CARRY THE POST. LETTERS SENT WILL BE RETURNED.


VITA BORIS (Dublin).—Marguerite Clark played in
"The Crusader." Maurice Costello last
played for the Rug's Studio. Was
revised on November 16th. Helen Costello is about
7 years old, and Dolores about 9. Helen Budley is said to be just under 5 years old.
Have sent your love to Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, and the Costello family. The staff are
grateful for the kisses.

HORSEF (Saltford).—A hearty welcome to you, new
reader. Anne Liddle and Herbert Rawson are
not married—we hope to publish an interview
with him shortly. Write to Trans-Manchester Film
Co. at 27, Oxford Street, London, W., sending
them when and where in your district you can
see films to interest these two players.

INTERESTED (Plato).—Have sent your letter on
to the Private as desired, also a postcard has been posted to you. Thank you very much for your
Happy New Year wishes.

A WORLD BE SNA (London).—Many thanks for
your portrait which has been returned to you—we
should, however, have liked to keep it with a view to publish it with those of other readers.
You have our hearty good wishes for your success on the film. Our off er of 10 postcards and albums
for 2s. 6d. is still o. w., and you can call here and choose your cards at any time.

GEORGE (North Kensington).—Addresses—Pearl
White's Pathé Co., 23, West Rd., New York City, U.S.A., and Alan Taylor, O. H. Hep-
worth Film Co., Walton-on-Thames, Congratula-
tions on joining our big list of readers, George.

ADRIAN ABNER (Bilford Town).—Unfortunately,
the actor you name is reverse to being interviewed.
We have tried to persuade him but without
success. Ten new readers require a good
COSTER (Birmingham).—See George above. Excess
of 2 cents, U.S.A. stamp for a reply, or you can get a return stamp voucher from your Post Office.
Have sent you a postcard list.

COSSY (Bristol).—If we suffered from depression
your letter will add much to cheer us. What a brack you are to knit 59 pairs of socks for
our soldiers. All power to your elbow, Connie.

A. S. (Wolverhampton) says she has "heard that Miss
Anita Stewart has got a new leading man in
Richard Turner. We have heard that she has
left Warner and is producing on her own
account. Earle Williams and James Morrison
still play for that company.

(Continued on next page)
NORMAN HOWARD, A Postcard just added to our new series of British Players.
The Hepworth Page

What about the Hepworth Picture Players who made the plays we looked at last week? You know most of them pretty well already. Here are a few more pictures and notes. You'll find more from time to time in "The Pictures" — and there's a fine series running in the Hepworth Picture Play Paper (monthly) which you can have post-paid for 2s. a year.

Alma Taylor was the Colonel's wife in Court-Martialled and in The Man Who Stayed at Home she was the heroine. Her charm, and above all, her sincerity have made her a world-favourite. She was an easy winner of "The Pictures" All-British Contest.

Chrissie White first became famous in the Tilly Pictures, but now-a-days her work in such things as The Sweater and The Incorruptible Crown has proved her ability in strong dramatic subjects. She will soon be seen in Sweet Lavender. The Hepworth Picture Play Paper, which costs only 2s. for 12 monthly copies post-paid, tells all about her pictures.

Stewart Rome played the leading part in the Sweater and The Incorruptible Crown, as well as in Court-Martialled. His popularity brought him more votes in "The Pictures" British Contest than any other dramatic leading man.

Other Players will be talked about on this page later. Don't be afraid to ask questions — but first make sure that the answers aren't already given or are not in the Hepworth Picture Play Paper.

Tear off this corner and send it to Hepworth Publicity, Hepworth Mfg. Co., Ltd., 2, Demian St., W., with a 2s. p.r. before Jan. 25, and you'll get a year's subscription (12 copies) to the Hepworth Picture Play Paper — and a fine photogravure postcard of any Hepworth Picture Player you name.

this is the page you read first
Worry your Local Manager until he decides to show

ULTUS

The Man from the Dead.

Make him show this great Exclusive Film as you will be delighted and he will make money.
Daniel Frohman presents
MARIE DORO
in
"THE
WHITE PEARL"
Released
Thursday, Jan. 27th,
and
PAULINE FREDERICK
in
"SOLD"
Released
Monday, Jan. 31st.

Produced by
FAMOUS PLAYERS
FILM CO., LTD.,
166-170, Wardour Street, W.

HELENE ROSSON, the new star with "Flying A"
She is appearing with popular Jack Richardson in the magnificent productions by this Company known as "Mustang" films.
When you see
the sign of the diamond S on a
poster—outside a picture theatre—
then go right in...the programme is o.k.
—and by the way, you must on
no account miss "the girl and
the mail bag"—it features
Tom Mix & Victoria Ford!!!

"PICTURES" ARE IMPROVING EVERY DAY
SEE THAT YOUR THEATRE
GETS THE BEST

"IDEAL PICTURE PLAYS"
AIM ONLY AT "THE HIGHEST"

Some "IDEAL" Picture Plays

SIR JOHN HARE in CASTE
(Turner Films)

WHO SO IS WITHOUT SIN
With HILDA MOORE and MILTON ROSMER.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD
By Thomas Hardy, O.M.
With FLORENCE TURNER (Turner)

IRIS. By SIR ARTHUR PINERO
With HENRY AINLEY (Hepworth)

THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By Arnold
Bennett. With HENRY AINLEY (Turner)

Some "IDEAL" Picture Plays

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP
Lady Tree's first appearance on the screen

HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR
(Trans-Atlantic)

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY
With HILDA TREVELYAN (Turner)

CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK and
CHIP'S ELOPEMENT
Delightful pictures acted entirely by
children, one of whom mimics Charlie
Chaplin with astonishing cleverness
MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT

A new portrait of the great tragedienne, who recently played in a new film production. Although in her seventy-second year, she is happily still appearing on the stage before the public. (See page 96.)
George Lost the Point.

The following took place in the
Standard Film Exchange, Chicago.
First Exhibitor: "I see John Bunny
has joined Barnum and Bailey."
Second Exhibitor: "Why, John Bunny
is dead!"
George, the porter, went back to
the poster department, and the following
conversation occurred:
George: "I see that fat John Bunny
has joined Buffalo Bill."
Poster Clerk: "Why, John Bunny is
dead!"
George: "Well, I don't know whether
Buffalo Bill is dead, but I hear all the
folks in the office laughing."

Church and Cinema.

Mr. Frank Groat, of Athens,
Pennsylvania, has recently sold
his cinematograph outfit, generally
considered one of the most
complete in the State, says the
Philadelphia North American, to
the First Methodist Episcopal
Church of Elmira, New York.
It is the intention of the church,
according to Mr. Groat, to use films
in connection with all sermons.
A few weeks ago we published the
fact that a complete film drama
was shown in a New York church,
and followed by a sermon based
on the story.

A Real War Story.

Hermann Darewski, who
is contributing a series of
articles to Everybody's Weekly,
tells a real story regarding his
famous song "When we wind up
the Watch on the Rhine," in the
refrain of which is a phrase of
the German song "The Watch on
the Rhine" is introduced. Many
officers and men visit the London
Hippodrome when home on leave,
and "it took very little time," says
Mr. Darewski, "for the
chorus of my song to be carried
out to Flanders. In the dark, still
watches of a certain night a
detachment of our boys in khaki,
feeling assured that they were a
long way from the nearest
Germans, started to sing the
chorus of this song. But the enemy
was nearer than had been suspected,
and the familiar tune penetrated
to his trenches. The Hun came
to the rather natural conclusion
that some comrades were singing
their own national song, and
joined in, revealing his position,
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

Interesting Topics in Film Pictures Selected from Pathé's Animated Gazette.

1. FROM GEYLON: A party of Volunteers who travelled on the torpedoed "Ville de Ciotat" arrive in London to enlist.
2. THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER: Enthusiastic scenes at the departure from Montreal of Canada's sons to fight for the Empire.
3. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, on behalf of King George, presents many English decorations to French officers and men for bravery at the Alsatian Front.
4. A FAMOUS CARTOONIST: Louis Raemaekers, whose pungent pencil has done so much to influence neutral opinion.
5. A LADY TEACHES CONValescent Tommies in the art of motor-car driving.
6. WITH THE BRITISH TROOPS IN SALONICA: After an urgent message and striking camp they march "where the path of glory leads."
STAGE STARS ON THE SCREEN

FAMOUS ARTISTES WHO HAVE PAID FLEETING VISITS TO FILMDOM.

By ERNEST A. DENCH.

NOT many years ago, if a staid stage player had been asked to make an experimental debut before the motion picture camera, he would have considered it an insult. Blind to the younger art, he fondly imagined the cinema as something beneath his dignity and gave it no attention. He believed, too, that to act for camera plays was to take the bread and butter out of his own mouth, for it never occurred to him that the silent drama had attracted an entirely different public. Today, however, the boot is on the other foot. Those who had previously stood aloof have rushed to have their actions recorded upon the film.

At first slow progress was made, but as one stage star followed another the more narrow-minded players were forced to see how wrong their attitude had been. Some have become so enraptured with motion picture work that they have forgotten their first love altogether. Others, more fortunately situated, have managed to appear before the camera in the daytime and grace the footlights at night. In this article I propose dealing principally with stage stars who have paid only fleeting visits to filmland.

As far as records go, Sir Herbert Tree is the pioneer. It was as far back as 1896 that he appeared in King John, which, by the way, was filmed in London. He is to be congratulated on his achievement, for the cinematograph in those early days was a somewhat crude contrivance. 1908 found him accepting the £2,000 offer of the Barker Company, of London, to "star" in a film version of Henry VIII.

To avoid the picture reaching the "rainy" stage, and thereby ruining his reputation, Sir Herbert stipulated that the film was to be lured after being on public exhibition for six weeks. Two copies, however, of the picture were retained—one the distinguished actor kept for his own gratification, while the film company placed the other with their records.

Sir Herbert was picture-acting again in June, 1914, when he shone in Trilby, produced by the London Film Company. Speaking of his experiences under the improved conditions of the day, he said: "I frequently found it necessary to do things on the spur of the moment, which made it slightly different to acting in the theatre. But I said to myself, 'I'll just obey Mr. Shaw, and do as he tells me; then I'll be all right. He knows, and I don't.'" Sir Herbert frankly admits that the realistic possible in film drama has left the stage far behind. 1912 witnessed Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, whose portrait appears elsewhere in this issue, taking part in no fewer than three plays. In each, her extensive theatrical experience served her in good stead, and it is no exaggeration to say that by avoiding theatrical manners she shone as brilliantly on the screen as she has always done on the speaking stage. This year, too, will see her again on the film as the Mother in Jezebel, the wonderful French stage play.

In 1912 the Famous Players Company was formed. One of their first efforts was The Prisoner of Zenda, in which James K. Hackett, a famous American stage star, was seen in his well-known role of the daring hero. Naturalness characterized his acting.

His experience at least gave him a wrinkle for a new plan in connection with his theatrical work, for, now prior to producing a stage play he has it filmed, thus giving the producer opportunity to study his efforts through his own eyes, besides allowing him scope to pounce upon those outlets for improvement. His other reason may be best summed up in his own words: "Better even than this help to the producer is the aid it will afford to the player. Faults, perhaps entirely unsuspected, will be shown in such sharp and pitiless detail that the acting of the player is bound to improve, and if other managers follow my plan it will prove, I am certain, a wonderful help toward the development of the dramatic art."

Lillie Langtry was not so fortunate in adapting herself to the younger art, for her screen portrayal was rather stagy. The same may be said of Madame Jane Hading, the famous French actress, who was filmed both in Siegfried and The Ironclad.

It is Miss Langtry's opinion that posing is the greatest test of one's art. She furthermore thinks the one great advantage of the cinematograph is that one can be in all parts of the world at the same time.

Thanks to the Kinemacolor Company, we had the pleasure of witnessing William Jefferson, Anna Held, Lillian Russell, Raymond Hitchcock, Floradora, Weber and Fields, and Eddie Foy, in their famous natural color pictures. With the exception of William Jefferson, who shone as "Bob Acres" in The Revival, they merely posed for interest films.

The All Star Feature Corporation was also formed with the object of introducing American star actors in films. Dustin Farnum was featured in The Soldiers of Fortune. He has since become a full-bodied "picture" star, and is now seen in Lasky productions.

It was their need for classical types that prompted the Universal Company to engage Constance Crawford and Arthur Mandle to "star" in Pelléas and Mélisande.

Two years previous to his lamentable death Harry Frangione played in a comedy with Max Linder for Pathé Frères. After the tragedy the film was revived, and it is indeed a grand thing that by the film's aid the dead can be brought to life again. This is why it is up to every great artiste to appear in at least one film so that future genera
thing may have the opportunity of judging famous actors of the past. What if we had only one film of Sir Henry Irving? Alas, this is one of our real losses.

But was a great year for stage players on the film. The Famous Players Company carried out its object by securing the greatest number of these Mrs. Fiske acquitted herself well in "Ten of the Twelve," Henry Dixey and James O'Neill also avoided the pitfalls so often made by the legitimate player.

Going back to 1912, the Vitagraph Company secured the services of Rose O'Neale to play opposite to Maurice Tichel in "As You Like It." When Mabel Taliaferro was engaged by the Vitagraph Company to play the same part in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," her salary amounted to more than she would receive for an entire season on the speaking stage.

Charles Hawtrey made his screen debut in "A Message from Home." His impressions shed a new light on screen acting as compared with the stage. He said, "In some ways it was not unlike a dress rehearsal, but in several respects it was altogether different. For example, although I was playing only to one man, I was in reality acting before tens of thousands of people who were invisible. The sensation was a bit meekly at first, but I soon got used to it, and threw myself heart and soul into the part that I have played hundreds of times."

Christie Bell, his leading lady, stated, "It is hard not to look at the camera while acting." Hence, perhaps, the reason why she committed the sin several times."

Mr. Hawtrey has since successfully appeared in "Humphrey B. Me." Sir Charles Wyndham fought in the American Civil War, but fifty years later he was engaged in a different sort of an encounter. This was in "David Garroway," which was produced by the Hepworth Company. His horsemanship experience served him in good stead, for despite his age, he was still as agile as ever. Sir Charles, in one instance, quite forgot he was playing before the camera.

In the middle of a big scene he reprimanded his "man" for not having mended a small rent in his sleeve. The producer's curt, "We're taking!" recalled him, and rather than give the veteran actor the trouble of going through the tiresome scene again the filmed incident was cut out.

Shortly afterwards, "Hamlet" was filmed by the Hepworth Company. Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, Gertrude Elliot, and the Denny Lane Company appearing in this great picture.

The eminent actor and his talented wife seemed inclined to rely on "lines" to the detriment of their facial expressions and gestures, while the rest of the players evidently found the motion picture stage a rather cramped affair.

If Sir Johnstone could have had his own way he would have had all the lovely natural backgrounds, which are one of the charms of most film productions, staged in the studio and what is more, rather than have such lines as "Ophelia picking flowers by the willow that grows entwined a brook" converted into actions he preferred them merely spoken as in the stage production. Fortunately, however, Mr. Hepworth was able to prove in how wrong his ideas were. Sir Johnstone could face a packed Denny Lane audience any night, but was
sky of appearing in outdoor scenes with the usual interested crowd looking on.

When Moebel was "captured" for the screen, Arthur Bourchier and his wife, Violet Vanbrugh, journeyed to Heidelberg, Germany, and received "Default," for their services. When, however, the produced result was seen on the screen it was obvious to all that neither was quite at home in their new surroundings.

Martin Harvey's film appearance was made in his well-known play, A Cigarette Mystery. When he witnessed the finished production he found much scope for criticizing his own acting. He even acknowledged the fact that his portrayal was overloaded with technique, and it will give him an opportunity to amend such an error in the event of his again responding to the lure of the camera.

When Seymour Hicks appeared for the filming of Servage, the creaking noise made by the camera got on his nerves. It is really not surprising considering that after playing on a seventy-foot stage, as at the London Coliseum, he had to do the same within twelve feet for the screen.

Other theatrical stars who have been attracted to filmdom's call are James Welch, Gladys Cooper, Vincent Clive, Charles Rich, Henry Ainley, Gerald Ames's Albert, Chevalier, Bransby Williams, Cyril Maude, Phyllis Dare, and George Grossmith; the two last mentioned merely performing their well-known dances—the "Bunny Ring" and the "Argentine Tango." So that the cinema-theatre orchestra could keep time with the dancing a talented theatrical conductor wielded his baton in a corner of the picture. Happy Fanny Fields, Daisy James, and Mercy Manners have also acted in dancing films.

Vaudeville "stars" have not been less willing to come forward, for Harry Lauder, Neil Konyon, Will Evans, Arthur Conquest, Arthur Roberts, Marie Lloyd, Tom Costello, Fred Kitchen, the late Auguste Van Bienc, Billy Merson, Lapine Lane, and George Mozart have all acted before the camera.

Harry Lander and Neil Konyon blossomed out as screen comedians merely by chance. They were being filmed in a friendly golfing match when it occurred to them to introduce some comedy incidents, which, however, fell flat on the screen because they were done on the spur of the moment.

M. Monnet, the celebrated French actor, has played in two films, while Anna Pavlova took a small part in a German film with a famous picture-player.

The Famous Players' captures in 1914-1915 included Jane Grey, Pauline Frederick, Marie Dowa, Olga Nethersole, Macklyn Arbuckle, Mande Adams, Arnold Daly, H. R. Warner, Cissie Loftus, Madame Kalchi, Gaby Deslys, John Barrymore, Tyrone Power, Florence Reed, Julian L'Estrange, and others.

The Lasky Company also was responsible for Edward Abeles taking the leading role in Breton's Millhand, and for the screen appearances of Theodore Roberts, Rita Jolivet, and others.
In Her Seventy-second Year!

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, who was recently appearing at the London Coliseum in "Les Cathédrales," will shortly be seen by the screen public all over the British Isles in Triston Bernard's "Jaucie Dure." This powerful Broadway Trans-Atlantic feature unfolds the tragic story of the well-known play, and gives scope to every phase of Madame Bernhardt's wonderful artistry. "Jaucie Dure" is one of the most appealing plays ever produced, and well worthy of the great French actress's inimitable art. In the role of the amiable and motherly Mme. Bernhardt, who, it is interesting to note, is now in her seventy-second year, wins whole-hearted sympathy and admiration. One watches the film oblivious of everything else, and the story Grips.

To say that Mme. Bernhardt is supported by an adequate cast is to give unqualified praise, for only the best of artists can properly support so great an actress, who has been able to obtain herself the support of some of the most talented tragedians of the day. In the film with Mme. Bernhardt appear Miss Raymond Bernard (as Jacques), the son of the author of the play, and Mlle. Costa in the role of Louise the coquette, who lures Jacques to his ruin. A fine new portrait of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt appears as our front-piece.

It Actually Happened.

Herbert Rawlinson is authority for the following story, which shows the innocence of some of the managers in the country.

"Some years ago I was stage manager with a road attraction and the management booked a few one-night stands. We came to a small town in Kansas, where the opera-house manager was the "full-potter, janitor, constable"—in fact, 'all there is I am'.

"We discovered our scenery was too long for the small stage. Turning to the manager I asked, 'What is your prosenium opening here?'

"The gentleman in question emitted a brown fluid over the extreme edge of the proverbial chit-piece and replied, 'Oh, about seven-thirty.'"

Gene Gauntier Goes to War.

Gene Gauntier, one of the best known of the motion-picture stars, has sailed for Sweden. It is whispered that she is to visit the trenches, and is under contract to furnish a newspaper syndicate with authentic stories of existing conditions. Miss Gauntier will always be remembered for her exquisite work as the "Virgin Mary" in the famous Kalem photo-play "From the Manger to the Cross," the making of which records the first American company to visit Europe in the interest of the motion-picture industry. Miss Gauntier not only appeared in the cast, but she wrote the scenario and practically directed the picture. It is understood that before sailing she signed a contract with one of the big film-producing companies, and on her return will have some startling plans to unfold.

The Beau Brummel of Pictures.

A FEW afternoons ago a tall, well-built, distinguished-looking gentleman entered our editorial sanctum.

"I am Frank Rosheri Chevala," he informed us. "By birth I am an American-Indian. I have been on the American stage, and have also played for the Kalem Company." "Do I prefer the stage?" "No! I don't think I'll ever return to the boards after film-work. Absent from America for eight years, I have divided my time between England and Belgium. I was in Ostend when war broke out, and only a short time..."
Who is Bloggie?
AN ESSANAY PRIZE COMPETITION.

He is the quintessence and quint-essence of "picture" comedy. He is a fun architect, with an inexhaustible store of whimsicalities from which to model his comicalities on. He has a style all his own. Like Chin Jin, he has discovered the hilariousness of hats and the factiousness of feet, and his face, walk, and gestures are all equally funny. But, unlike any other comedian on the screen, he has fully exploited the jocundity of the optic. He believes that the eyes are the funniest features on the face — opinions of red-nosed comedians notwithstanding.

Bloggie has been secured by the Essanay Company, and will shortly amuse picturegoers all over Great Britain. With great pleasure we publish a portrait of the gentleman himself in "red-nosed" circumstances. In a fortbitight's time we will introduce him to our readers in his entirety.

Meanwhile, who is Bloggie? He is one of the best known artists on the screen; he has often made you laugh, and in the new "Bloggie" comedies — specially written to suit his eccentricities — he has surpassed himself; in fact, in his real essence.

We shall be pleased to offer a prize to the reader of this journal who first discovers the gentleman's identity.

On a postcard write what you think is Bloggie's real name, and post to "Bloggie," Pictures Office, No. 64, Long Acre, London, W.C. The sender of the first correct reply received will be awarded a handsome novel.

OUR LETTER-BAG
Selected from hundreds every week.

Who Wants Some Free Copies?
"I am leaving England for Madeira, and thought perhaps you would advertise the fact that any reader of your most interesting paper can have, for postage to their own address, about one hundred and forty copies of Pictures. I have taken the books since they were first published, and it is with much regret that I have to part with them, but with so much luggage it is quite impossible to take them with me."

TOUCHWOOD ("O. C. Pictures.). How It Is Done.
"I think your present competition is simply great. Who is the first set appeared I was able to guess all the time with the exception of one, and that I hadn’t seen, so I got all my back numbers of Pictures and the first started. I filled in the name of the first, and turned to the next, and the next and the next, but alas! had not seen any of them. Out came Pictures, and after about ten minutes’ perusal I managed to find the second picture but the last two were hopeless. Well, last evening I went to the cinema and in my beholding a film came on which was exactly the same as the last picture. I rushed home to see if the title fitted in with the letters given. I found it did. That was a bit of luck wasn’t it! But I have still the third picture to find out. Now I am waiting for next week’s set. I can tell you more than the names.

L. R. (Croydon).

See "Jewel" and Think!
"I have been to see the famous Christian Science picture entitled Jewel. It is one of the prettiest and best produced pictures I have ever seen. Every detail is perfect, and Ella Hall is the little girl who scatters happiness wherever she goes in just fine. I should advise every person who is at all interested in "thinking" pictures to go and see this one. It has made me think a little higher.

B. S. (Highgate).
Our Picture Players' Portrait Gallery

EMILY STEVENS, a leading lady with "Metro." You will see her shortly in powerful roles in Destiny and The House of Tears.

SIDNEY BRACEY, so well known in Thanhouser films. We believe that Mr. Bracey has recently returned to the stage again.

JOHN MACANDREWS, a fine character actor. For long a member of the Hepworth Stock Company, our readers will easily recognise him.

WINIFRED GREENWOOD, a world-wide favourite in "Flying A" films. She is essentially an emotional actress, but quite at home in comedy.
SCANDAL
How Suburban Gossip led to many Tragedies.

Adapted from the Film by ALEC J. BRAID.

"I THINK the trouble is over, dear," remarked Mrs. Wright to her hus-
band, "Father has written to tell you not to worry. By the end of the
week he will be able to lend you money to tide you over the difficulty."

Wright had made an unfortunate speculation, and was faced with the
need of a large sum in a few days. His wife had sought assistance from her
father and had brought the good news into the city. Like most women, she
was incapable of any woman associated with her husband in business. It did
not please her to see a young woman in his office whenever she paid it a visit.

Although Daisy Dean, her husband's sister, had lived with the family,
Mrs. Wright could not divest her narrow mind—typical of many a dweller in
Suburbia—of the idea that women employees always "make a fuss" of their
employers.

The same idea was prevalent among the set in which Mrs. Wright moved, and
the Wilsons, their neighbours in the flat below, and the greatest joy of life in
groundless little-tattle. Coming back from lunch that day, Daisy Dean had the misfortune to twist her ankle. She suffered severely, and
Wright phoned for her car and took the girl to hospital in an innocent, kindly
action, but it led to tragedy.

To reach Daisy's house they had to pass Wright's club, where Wilson and
other idle men spent much of their time.

"I say, Austin, called a member
seated at the club window, "here's Wright taking a girl for a drive."

"Ah! just what I expected; that's the
girl in his office. Wilson lives below
Wright; we must tell Mrs. Wright."

Scandal had flown in through the open
window. Unconsciously of the stir he had created among his fellow members, Wright care-
fully assisted Daisy to the front door of her home and waved aside the thanks
tendered to him by Mrs. Dean for his thoughtfulness. Then, placing in his ox's buckets a daisy which he pinched
from a plant at the porch, Wright drove back to his office.

His going was witnessed by several of the neighbours. Tensions at once began
towering, and by the time Austin Clark
(Daisy's lover) came down the road he
knew all about the motor-car ride of
Daisy and her employer.

"Why didn't you telephone for me?" snapped Austin, evidently annoyed. "I
could have brought you home."

"Don't be a silly boy," replied Daisy,
"It was very kind of Mr. Wright to bring me here."

Wilson reached his flat, with a fine
story ready for his wife. "Our neigh-
bour upstairs is getting himself talked
about," he told her. "He takes his
stenographer for motor-car drives. This
afternoon I saw them drive past the
club."

"Ah! I thought as much," chirped
Mrs. Wilson. "You never can trust a
girl in an office."

Wilson smiled. His wife ought to
know, he thought. She, too, had been a
stenographer.

The news quickly spread. Jane, the
maid, had heard the innuendo, and,
signalling the maid in the flat above,
called up the lift-well, "So your boss and
his office-girl are the talk of the
town."

Mrs. Wright heard the jeer and won-
dered. She had never been in favour of
a girl-stenographer, and perhaps after all, her suspicions were justified.

A busy man, it was important that
Wright should have assistance, and he
sent for Susan Gordon, a public steno-
grapher in the building in which he
had his office. Susan lived within two
doors of the Deans, and seeing the daisy
in Wright's edit, she smiled knowingly to
herself. Daisy Dean annoyed her, Bob,
her brother, was in love with Daisy, but
the girl preferred Austin Clark, and
that fact ranked.

Unable to risk the publicity of his correspondence at this critical period,
Wright felt he could not return the ser-
vice of Susan Gordon, and, ringing up
Mrs. Dean, said: "Can Miss Dean come
to the office to-morrow if I call for her
and take her home in my car?" Daisy
replied that she could, and during the
following days the neighbours professed
to be scandalised at the coming and
going of Wright and the car.

Meanwhile Anna Wright was more
and more bitter over the curious gossip
reached her that every day her husband and the girl drove together, and
she decided to see for herself. Too
proud to tax her husband with the actions credited to him by gossip, she
just accepted the evidence of her eyes
as proof conclusive. It was true, then;
his husband was deceiving her.

A week later Wright returned home
one evening to find a note pinned upon
the wall. "You are free to go to your
stenographer," it read, "I have left
you—Anna."

Then he understood. The constrained
attitude of his wife, the haughtiness of
Mrs. Wilson, the jokes at the club—all
had connected him with Daisy Dean.

Somehow he did not feel the departure
of his wife very acutely. Years before
the revelation of her stunted soul had
been a terrible disappointment to him,
but the unjust accusation hurt the
strong man. "Thank God, I've been
true to her," burst from him when the
honesty of the charge implied in the
few words upon the wall became
clear.

Daisy, too, had been insulted. Even
her lover tainted her with friendship
with Wright, and Austin's visits to her
mother's house became less frequent.

The departure of Anna was the talk
of the town. Several days later the
development was announced of the divorce
proceedings instituted by Mrs. Wright
and at once announced the fact in start-
ling headlines. Daisy Dean had been
named as co-respondent. A fact that
was not surprising seeing that gossip
had been usually engendered coupling the
names of Wright and her stenographer
for some time.

The wives of Suburbia were now in
their glory.

"I told you so," was claimed by many,
and early the same evening Austin
Clark came to see Daisy.

"Have you seen the paper?" he
asked.

"Yes, I have," replied his sweetheart.

"What have you to say to it all?"

"Nothing—there is not a word of
truth in the story."

"How can you say that? You must
have done something to get yourself into such a scrape,” objected Austin.

“I have done nothing. You say you love me, yet you are not ready to believe the scandal as the neighbours who saw it as fact. Mr. Wright is a gentleman and that is more than I can say of some others,” cried Daisy.

“Of course you place me among them,” snarled the young fellow. “No gentleman would have compromised your name by driving you about in his car.”

“Austin, I have told you the true facts many times. He would have employed Susan Gordon had the business been less serious. You are unjust.”

“Call me what you please, Daisy. I shall stay away until the storm has blown over,” and Austin turned to go.

“And when the storm, as you call it, has blown over you will come back!” cried Daisy, angrily. “I don’t think you will. If you leave me now it will be for ever.”

“Very well, I won’t,” were Austin’s last words, as he hurried down the steps.

Austin’s departure was seen by the prying eyes of Susan Gordon. “There goes Austin,” she said to her brother; “he looks sadder than he has ever been. It’s too bad he has thrown Daisy over. If he has you’ll have a chance, Bob.”

The vile attack in the newspaper decided Wright’s course of action. During the day he began to make preparations to shut down, and dismissed the staff. He was not surprised in the least to receive a telegram which read —

“Father’s offer to help you financially is withdrawn. You will be wise not to fight my divorce suit. — Anna.”

The weight of the growing snowball of scandal was more than he could bear. He walked wearily into his private room, and closed the door, unconscious of the fact that an elderly woman had quietly entered the outer office.

Misjudged and misrepresented, social ruin already upon him, financial disaster facing him there was nothing but a pistol shot left. The wildly wronged man raised the revolver. . . .

“Did you forget that you still had your mother?” said a voice behind him, as two loving arms pressed his head to the breast that had so many times shielded and comforted him.

By the time the scandalmongers had finished with Daisy Dean the poor girl was ready to marry the first man who offered her protection. Neither Robert Gordon nor his sister Susan believed the many stories a scandalized suburb had circulated with so much delight. With Austin out of the way, Robert berated of Daisy to marry him.

“But think of the scandal attaching to my name. You will be talked about too,” replied Daisy.

“I don’t care; I want you; if you can find one little bit of love for me we’ll marry and get away from this crowd.”

Although she boasted that she had no belief in any of the stories, Susan did not view the marriage with favour. She would lose her brother, and her loss would reward Daisy in a manner which she did not think the girl deserved.

The news of the approaching wedding reached Austin, and as the newly married couple left the house Daisy received a letter:

“Dear Daisy, I hear that you are to marry Robert. It can’t be true. At least wait till I get back. I have never ceased to love you. — Austin.”

It was too late. The scandalmongers had decided her fate, but time brought its recompense and dimmed unhappy memories. In their new home the Gordons’ lives were made happy by the arrival of a little stranger.

During Bob’s periodical absences from home, Daisy’s mother came over to stay with her. On one occasion Mrs. Dean found it impossible to leave, and Susan wrote that she would come.

No cloud had crossed the sky of the young people’s happiness, and Bob left home in the brightest of spirits. “You will not be lonely, dear,” he asked, and Daisy replied, “No, Bob; I have Bals. He will keep me busy,” and gently waving their hands, the loving couple parted.

Fate ordained that Austin Clark, Daisy’s former lover, should again cross her path, and chose that his arrival in the town should immediately follow the husband’s departure.

“Hello! Daisy,” said Austin, “I had no idea that you lived here.”

“Oh, yes; we have been here ever since we were married, but what brings you down?”

“Well, you see,” replied Austin, with a wry smile, “my sweetheart and her people are here for the season and I am going to spend my holiday with them.”

“So you are thinking of marrying too?”

“Yes; but look here, Daisy,” said Austin, hurriedly, “now that we have met, let me say that, although I acted like a beast, I never believed those tales about Wright. They have a new sensation at home; the curate is going through the mill. But I must hurry; Lucille is expecting me, and by the way, you must meet her; I know you will like her.”
WHAT SUSAN DID NOT SEE.

"What does this mean?" thought Bob. "My sister is not much better than those old cats who nearly gave Daisy's life before, and yet she surely would not go out of her way to write me like this. It is curious that Clark should turn up so suddenly. We have not heard of him for years. Only last summer, Susan was jealous of Daisy. Yet, I wonder——" The poison was beginning to work. His faith in his wife had received a bruise which hurt him a little.

Keeping a close watch upon her sister-in-law, Susan could find no fault with her until one morning she followed Daisy to the promenade. Babs was at her husband's side, and the mother was enjoying a perfect summer morning. Susan could not rest. She had made up her mind that Daisy was "carrying on" with Austin, and having settled that point, she set out from London to await confirmation. As she crossed the sands she heard one of Wright's old club-mates, down for a holiday, say to a chum, "There's Wright's old girl. I wonder whom she has got hold of now?"

That settled it so far as Susan was concerned. She gloated in the fact that her suspicions were accurate. Daisy was not acting straight, and could she believe her eyes—there was Austin Clark running to meet her.

Austin and his sweetheart were reclining on the sands under the shade of a beach umbrella when they spied Daisy. "Austin," said Lucille, "there's Mr. Gordon. Bring her down for a chat."

Straightway, Austin ran to do his sweetheart's bidding, and, watched by Susan, Daisy was taken to the promenade railing to the beach. The now wrathful Susan watched them recline under the umbrella, and, horror of horrors, saw Austin kiss Daisy's hand! It did not occur to the spy that Lucille might be there, and that it was her hand that Austin caressed.

"Positively scandalous! A married woman, too!" said Susan, muttering to herself as she hurried to the post-office. "To think that, after all, the stories were true. If Austin Clark kisses her hand on the public beach, matters have reached a pretty pass."

Bob was at business when this telegram reached him,—"Daisy's behaviour scandalous! What shall I do?" Susan would never have wired in that strain unless there were urgent reasons, concluded Bob as he made preparations to return at once.

Unconscious of the brooding storm, Daisy returned home. She was happily married, and Austin was very much in love with Lucille. Suddenly she remembered the letter which, arriving on her wedding day, she had retained as a keepsake; the letter in which Austin had written: "I have never ceased to love you."

It was a letter which in the hands of a scandalmonger might wreck his future happiness.

Daisy entered the house and, still watched by Susan, went to a trunk, and taking out the letter and Austin's photograph tore them up. As she did so the baby cried, and hurriedly setting a lighted match to the scraps she flung them into the fireplace and ran from the room.

As she left, Susan rushed from her hiding-place and rescued from the flames the last scrap of paper. It bore the words: "I have never ceased to love you, Austin."

"At last! Positive proof at last! Daisy has been playing a double game! The deceitful wretch!" Susan should have no mercy now. The woman who robbed her of Bob should drink the cup to the dregs. Until Bob returned, at any rate, Susan would spoil their little game. Poor Susan. In the bitterness of her soul she found delight in anticipating her brother's rage, and the treatment he would mete out to his wife when he learned the truth.

"I have never ceased to love you, indeed! Austin Clark shall suffer for this. Why, here he is!"

Austin had merely called with a note from Lucille—"Austin is to bring you with him; the family will motor to Baden for dinner. Daisy, pleased with the idea of being waited on, alighted to leave, when Susan stopped her. "Where are you going?" she asked.

"What business is that of yours? I am invited out to dinner. You shall not go with Austin Clark,unted Susan.

But pushing her away, Daisy left the enraged woman shaking with anger as she closed the door.

That night a series of accidents miles from nowhere delayed the return of the car. Susan impatiently awaiting Bob's arrival, the engine of the car ran hot, and the Hammersmiths had to seek water for the radiator. Susan was driving in it the nearest house. It belonged to Wright who was having a very early breakfast. Together they took the water to the car where Daisy and her old employer recognised each other.

When Bob, staggering like a drunken man, burst into his own house he blushed out. "Where's Daisy?"

"Out with Austin Clark," replied Susan. "Read this."

"My God! she has been deceiving me all these years," groaned the demented husband.

"Yes," said Susan, "and now you can see that all the tales were true."

"Shut up! I believe you're glad. But her—by heaven, I'll kill her!"

At length the heighted car reached the town, and, dropping the Hammersmiths, Austin drove Daisy home, taking the car to the garage up the road.

Tired out by the trying journey, Daisy entered the house. Her husband was impatiently waiting for her with a look on his face that she had never seen before. "Where have you been?" he demanded.

"Mocking with the Hammersmiths, and the car broke down," replied Daisy.

"Love-making with Austin Clark!" screamed Susan.

"Clear out!" shouted Gordon, to his sister, who flew out of the room, and leaving Austin alone, watched for her with a look on his face that she had never seen before.

"Where have you been?" he demanded.

"With the Hammersmiths, and the car broke down." "Love-making with Austin Clark!" screamed Susan.

"Don't you kiss me, Bob?" asked Daisy, greatly astonished.

"Kiss you?—Curse you!" he groaned.

After being out all night with your old lover?"

"I was with his sweetheart and her people. Austin Clark is nothing to me," she replied simply.
"Then what about this?" he yelled, thrusting into her hand the fatal line, "I have never ceased to love you."

"That was part of a letter I received the day I married you," sobbed Daisy.

"Take that—you liar!" A cowardly blow stretched her on the ground as Austin rushed to his home on his way home.

With murder in his eyes, Gordon rushed from the house and shot Austin dead. The noise had awakened the baby, who commenced to cry. With fear at her heart, Daisy, leaving the shot, seized her child and fled terrified from the back of the house as the murderer was seized at the front.

By noon Daisy was as far from the town as her strength had been able to carry her. She paused on the bank of the river, "If only I could end it all and be at rest," she thought; "there would be no more scandalmongering then." With a cry of despair she was about to jump into the water when a pair of strong arms seized her.

"Not that, Mrs. Gordon," said a well-known voice. Fate had directed her footsteps almost to Wright's house, and tenderly he placed her in his mother's care.

The ruin of the tragedy was far-reaching. Daisy was blamed by her mother, who wrote: "I should have thought you had learned a lesson. This trouble has killed Robert's mother, and I am ashamed to go out. Don't come home; I am disgraced enough."

Once more scandal stalked at the club. Wilson phoned to his wife, "You remember our late neighbour, Wright? Well, his stenographer is living with him now."

And the wife, herself a stenographer once, sent a note to dear Anna. "You were wise to divorce him," she wrote; "he and that stenographer of his are living together in the same house."

Suburbia is now seeking its next holocaust of victims. Scandal still slings mud, and much of it sticks.

This four-part Trans-Atlantic production—a warning to all people not to give ear to gossip—is to be released on January 1st. It features Lois Weber (the author), who takes the part of "Daisy," and Phillips Smalley as "Wright." The film is exclusively produced by the Gaumont Film Hire Service of 6, Dean Street, W.
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TO "PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER."

New York, December 20th, 1915.

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It was on June 6th, 1914, that I wrote to your charming paper, and my many friends who read it, thanking yourself and them for the great honour they bestowed on me by voting me their most popular actor for the second time in two years. That is sure "going some," as we say in America.

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Really I can't find words to express my gratitude. I am like a poor crippled child who has had his crutches taken away from him. I'm helpless. It seems so little to say, "Thanks." Will you please convey my thanks to England and her dear people, my love and best wishes for their success and happiness, and God-speed for an early peace?

Devoted and sincerely yours,

Maurice Costello

[Portrait of Maurice Costello]

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—New Azysco Film Co.

AS FATE ORDAINED.—Majestic drama. Four reels. Lillian Gish, Alfred Paget, Wallace Reid. The full story of this beautiful love romance was told in No. 97, December 23rd issue.

—Dominion Exclusives, Ltd.

ALIAS JAMES CHAUFFEUR.—Beauty comedy. One reel. Nell Craig. How a woman-hater proved that he did not hate the opposite sex as much as he professed.

—American Film Co.

LITTLE MISS BROWN.—World Film comedy. Four reels. Vivian Martin. A picture in which this dainty little ingenue has every chance of regi-tering her gifts as a comedienne to their best advantage.

—Clayton Film Agency.

MR. WALLACK'S WALLET.—Komic comedy. One reel. Fay Compton, Elmer Booth, and Chester Withey. It all happens through a lost pocket-book, but the heroine of the story does not come off triumphantly.

—New Majestic Company.

HIS CRUCIBLE.—Esssay drama. Three reels. John Cassar, Neil Craig. How an impetuous youth is plunged into the crucible of adversity, and how through the influence of a woman he despaired of proving to be a man.

CARMEN.—Jose L. Lasky drama. Four reels. Geraldine Farrar in the name-part. Elaborate preparation, including the staging of a real bull-fight before twenty thousand people. Some of the strongest acting we have ever witnessed.

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THE HEROINE OF NO ACCOUNT.—Selig drama. Two reels. Wheeler Oakman, Edith Johnson, and Frank Clark. A pathetic picture, telling of a young girl's sacrifice, and her love for the one she crosses the "Great Divide" together.

FATTY'S GIFT.—Keystone comedy. One reel. Roscoe Arbuckle. The husband courts the maid whilst she is taking heavy for an airing—baby disappears, and so does the prompt. The inevitable key stone police arrive, and all end up in the lake.

—Western Export Co., Ltd.

HOMAGE.—Gold Seal drama. Two reels. William Worthington and Herbert Rawlinson. How a criminal father, unwilling to reveal his disgrace to his rich son, works as a gardener and conceals his real identity from his child until his prison mother threatens to murder the son.

—Trans-Atlantic Film Co.

THE WOMAN WHO DIED.—Breadstrow drama. Five reels. Eve Balfour, T. H. Macdonald, Geo. Foley. A human story that holds the audience because of its originality and daring defance of the con-venional. The Italian scenes were taken in Milan. Full story in No. 86, October 9th issue.

—Gerard Film Co., Ltd.


—Gunnaway Film Hire Service.
THAT John Cessar, in Essamay's *The Last Decree*, sustained a strained, tired, a wrenched back, and a bunch of bruises in his film fight with Ernest Maupin, and

THAT John declares he has never met a "mammoth" man to compare with.

THAT in his latest comedy Billie Reeves used six parrots.

THAT at times, Billie was at a loss to know whether the nice remarks came from the producer, or from the birds.

THAT *The Kentucke Post*, an American film, almost proved to be the "Key to the Future" for Winnifred Greenwood.

THAT in the shipwreck scene aid came only just in time to rescue her.

THAT Edna May is presenting the big fee paid her for appearing in a Vitagraph film, to charity.

THAT Marie Doro, heroine of the *Moral of Marcus*, is now Mrs. Dexter.

THAT Dustin Farnum has been very ill, but is recovering.

THAT William West, the veteran leading Edison man, is dead; and that his last appearance was in *The Magic Skin*.

THAT the Gaumont Film Hire Service have bought the new Eclipse production *The Golden Locket*, which features Mlle. Regina Badet, of *No Greater Love* and *Zoe* fame.

THAT the G.F.H.S. have also bought the "Pall Mall" film (B and C) production, Moorehead, in which Lilian Braithwaite plays lead, and that this title is to be altered.

THAT the King has highly approved of the new War Films (referred to last week) which were shown to his Majesty at a private show.

THAT Alice Delysia has recovered from an attack of influenza and has resumed her part in *More and the Production of Sex*.

THAT Ida (Hopworth) and *Welsh Singer* (Turner) have received most favourable criticisms from American reviewers.

THAT Trans-Atlantic will shortly handle two new brands of film—namely, "Blue Bird" and "Red Feather" photo plays.

THAT the Pictures offer of fourteen picture postcards for one shilling is meeting with extraordinary success.

THAT Volume VIII of Pictures is selling so well at 3s. 9d. post-free that readers still requiring it must hurry up.

THAT a parrot has been added to Russell's publicity department, and that Mr. Sparin is teaching it to say "Have you booked Metropole?"

THAT much care was lavished upon *Boost Wings*, the new Broadway production, featuring Eve Balfour, and that the Monopol Film Co. have purchased the U. K. rights of the film.

The original

**Potash & Perlmutter**

feature in

**"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST."**

"**Salomy Jane.**"

In 1849 the great rush to the Gold Diggings in California brought men of all temperaments together. The story centres round the fortunes of Salomy and a "Stranger," who finds in her impulsive love for him the strength to run straight through great and serious difficulties.

The tale is full of romantic interest, and the efforts of the *vigilantes* to keep order has been remarkably well portrayed.

We will send a booklet, containing a synopsis of the story, and 14 pages of fine photos from the film, if you will send us your name and address.

Ask the manager of your Cinema to arrange to show it.

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**Film Renters,**

**93 & 95, WARDOUR STREET,**

**LONDON, W.**
RESULT OF OUR SCRENNED STARS COMPETITION

WE give below the list of prize-winners, together with the correct solutions. No reader succeeded in solving the whole of the names. The best effort was made by 

CYRIL E. PARKER,
121, Kinveshay Gardens,

who made two errors only. Accordingly Mr. Parker is the recipient of

Our First Prize of £10.

Three competitors had four errors only—each therefore receives £1 2s. 6d., being a third class of the SECOND PRIZE OF £5. The names and addresses are as follows:

W. C. LEE, 106, Shaw Heath, Stockport.
CEDIL F. B. WHITHAM, 111, Shaw Lane, Barley.

No fewer than thirteen competitors had five errors, and we therefore have increased the Ten Prizes of Ten Shillings each to Twelve Shillings of the same amount. The following are the names and addresses of these winners:


Miss Fox, The Yeux. Upper Deal, Deal, Kent.
Charles L. Lawlinda, 61, Woodland Gardens, Maxwell Hill, N.
Mr. J. Barrow, Upper Shaw Heath, Stockport.
Eveline M. H. Woodville Rd., Mumbles.

W. H. Shirley, Brantwood, Dukirk.
C. C. Dugmore, 34, Addison Rd., Kings Heath, Birmingham.

A. Y. Johnson, 15, Murray St., Woodland, S. W. 5.

A. G. Spruce, 30, Old Mill Lane, Barley.
Frank Squires, 9, Gawler Road, Barley.
Louise Woodister, 1, The Plain, Woodcaster, S. W. 25.

Three competitors had above 200 errors; these prizes have been awarded to the next best.

LIST OF CORRECT SOLUTIONS.


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1916

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EDITORIAL

THE winner of our 1st prize, to whom we wired our congratulations, writes me that he is a City clerk, and only twenty years of age. Now who wants to share in our next lot of prizes—£50 worth of them? I am so glad that "Find the Film," our Competition now running, has met with general approval. Many readers write that they found all the scenes in the first set at their own local cinemas. Good! As I am reproducing strong scenes in the best films only it should be easy to "spot" them if you are at all habitual picturegoers. And then if you are not, those letters need in the titles will aid you, as probably all the films chosen have been mentioned in Pictures.

A Drama and a Comedy.

The latest acquisition of the Globe Film Company, The Spanduk, met with a fine reception at the trade showing the other day. It features that deftly picturesque American actress Irene Fenwick, who, when the charm of her acting becomes known, will surely rank among our foremost picture players. Another Globe success which the trade have seen, but which unfortunately I missed, is The Committee. I am told this four-reeler, in its latest form, has again, supported by "Sammy," is good and funny, and the story of the film will appear in these pages in due course.

Pom Pon Play in Pictures.

Make no mistake. Bella Donna the latest and greatest (or shall I say one of the greatest) Famous Players production is going to please the whole kingdom of picturegoers. It is a great picture and worthy of all the traditions of this house, which has produced so many famous productions. As one of a crowd of trade and press representatives I have just seen the film privately. I shall take care to see it again. It is one of those fascinating subjects a woman and his honour, and even the life of a loving husband, in order to attain wealth and position, that make you crave for more. Bella Donna, soulless, worthless, adventuress, if she had had her way would have murdered her unsuspecting husband by slow poisoning, but a friend saves his life in the nick of time. Instead of the "happiness" she had dreamed of, she loses husband, home, and the protection of the very man for whom she would have become a murderess, and meets a just if tragic end in the Egyptian desert.

Pauline Frederick Scores.

When you see Pauline Frederick in The Eternal City, you will vote her a great screen artist. For she "Zaza" to you will that another big vote in her favour but as "Bella Donna," villain as she is, you will say that Miss Frederick has surpassed herself. If I remember rightly the stage play was done at the St. James's Theatre here in London, and was a great success. I did not see it however, but I would not have missed the film for anything. The play must have been most carefully rehearsed, for every part, from the smallest to the largest, has been perfectly created to fit the story, whilst the scenes in the Egyptian villa and on the Nile are exquisite.

A Funny Face for Films.

I have just seen "Rubber Face," a gentleman who can do anything with it, and around whom some two-reel comedies are being produced by Cricks and Martin. He tells me he was "discovered" by "Dick" Bennett, a popular and well-known entertainer, who thinks our friend's face is built for funny films. I can well believe it, and hope soon to see the first picture, The Special Constable, which is being handled by the "X. L." Film Company.

"The Honour to Die."

In our issue of the 13th instant I published a short interview with Rita Jolivet, and stated that the film The Honour to Die, in which she appeared, was a Town-Atlantic release. The Victory Features, Films, Ltd., 29A, Charing Cross Road, W.C., who are handling this picture, inform me that the drama was produced by Ambrosio, and I have pleasure in making this correction.

British Films Forging Ahead.

Broadcast Films inform me they have just taken over at great cost the film and contents of the Cunard Company's studios in Wood Street, Wal- thamstow. They are much larger than their other premises at Esher (where The Woman Who Did was produced), which they will run in addition, although prepared on certain dates to rent them to other producers. It proves one thing, and one only, that Broadcast produc- tions are forging ahead, and I am glad to hear it.

RUBBER FACE "SPECIAL CONSTABLE"

Are you getting "Pictures" Re u l a y? If not, a standing order with any local newsagent will ensure delivery every Saturday morning. Let us know if you experience any difficulty.
Turner Films are now engaged on

"DOORSTEPS"

From Henry Edward's Stage Play,

with

FLORENCE TURNER

as "Doorsteps."

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

I am really proud that my Young Picturegoer's League is growing so nicely. The register has been opened, and biches have gone to all whose names are so far enrolled. There is no limit to membership. Any reader of this page under fifteen years of age may become a member by obtaining three new young readers and sending me their names and addresses, with your own address, name, and age. When you have done that, you will receive the badge and later on I am sending every member a list of the members so that he or she, if they feel so inclined, may correspond on picture matters generally.

Charming letters have reached me from the recipients of the badges. Irene Hockley, for instance, writes:—"I think it is the prettiest pendant I have ever seen. I am so pleased that I am wearing it on my gold chain instead of the usual charm. For the small act of good work done for you the charm is more than worth the trouble. If only the children saw it, they would rush to get it, and quickly increase your huge family of nephews and nieces."

The above will answer several letters received from readers over fifteen years of age who wish to join the League. I am so glad my page interests even those older readers, but fifteen must be the age limit for the League, as also for all "Uncle Tim's" Competitions. And that reminds me—

I frequently receive letters from "award" winners complaining that no prize has come to hand. I am always stating that six awards are necessary for this Special Prize, although, let me point out that a single "award of merit" is an honour in itself.

What an extraordinarily successful film serial is *The Exploits of Elaine*. I went into a cinema early the other evening when children always form a big portion of the audience, and was astonished to hear the reception they gave the sixth episode of this story. Just before the film commenced the chorus of the "Elaine" song was flashed upon the screen, and I don't think a single child failed to join in singing it. And they sang it sweetly too—correct to a note, and as if they had been singing it all their lives. No wonder the Editor has so many enquiries for the names of the players in this remarkable picture.

I have just finished reading a pile of letters describing how the writers spent their Christmases. I had hoped to print some of these letters, but space forbids.

The prizes go to—

Irene Hockley, 190, Cathays Terrace, Cardiff.

Irene Osborne, 7, Berkeley Place, North Road, Plymouth.

B. Flook, 2, Queen's Hill, Newport.

D. Dorothy Bedell, 156, Heathcote Road, Swadlincote, Burton-on-Trent.

AWARD OF MERIT (six in a special prize):—Betty Jones (Nantymoel). Violet Burgess (Swanscombe), Lillian Burgess (Swanscombe), Vera Warner (Putney), and Freda Walker (Hampton).

Whilst on the subject of competitions, I note that this week's *Every Woman's Weekly* contains the first announcement of a Beautiful Children Competition with big money prizes. As I know that you are all beautiful children, I hope to see some of you in future numbers of that nice paper.

The pretty photograph which I have reproduced shows some of the little stars of the American Majestic Motion Picture Co., the director-general of which is the great D. W. Griffiths, who produced *The Birth of a Nation*. These children supply all the children's parts required in the Griffith photo plays, and in addition they constantly appear in special pictures written for children and acted by them for pure delight.

Violet Radcliffe is the very attractive name of the very attractive little girl who plays bad boys. She cannot remember her theatrical début, which was at the age of two months. She is now seven, and an experienced little actress. Violet has no use for "pretty little girl parts;" she thinks them dreadfully stupid. Boys' pranks always have
appalled to her far more than the gentle names which most girls like. On the screen she makes about the wickedest young villain appearing in pictures. Carmen de Rue, however, is the dauntless child who gets the small boys on to rockless deeds of chivalry or just plain devilry — in short, who thoroughly enjoys her feminine prerogative for making trouble.

I have a letter from Edna Maisor, the Trans-Atlantic star, telling me about a little orphan boy who has been acting at Universal City and has formed a great attachment for her. He recently sent her the following pathetic note:— "I have not got no Pa or Ma, no sister or no brother, I wish I was with you always. I wish you was my mother." Good-hearted Edna is keeping in touch with the boy.

Who is Your Favourite?

My latest competition is something different from its predecessors. Who is the cleverest child film-player you know? Write the name on a postcard, and in a few lines say why you think he or she is the cleverest. A prize will go to the lucky sender of the best answer, and consolation prizes to all who give the name of the child player who is chosen by the majority of you. Address your card (give your age) to "Cleverest Pictures," S Mandelst, Long Acre, London, W.C., and post to arrive by Monday, January 31st. Next week the result of Elizabeth Risdon's Doll Competition may be announced by Uncle Tim.

P.S.—Are you all finding the film titles in the great Prize Competition now running, particulars of which are given on another page?


Joseph (Bromley).—"The Headliner."


HAPPY CHILDREN ON THE FILM.

The group shows, among others—Francis Carpenter, seven years old; Carmen de Rue, nine; George Stone, six; Violet Radcliffe, seven; and Betty Marsh, four. (See "Uncle Tim's" article.)
A PICTUREGOER (Glasgow).—The Thanahouse twins now with the Thanahouse Film Co., Main Street, Peho, A., are in the United States.

You will find many other players and actresses given in our column next week. Several of our readers have had signed photos from some of them, others having none. "There's 'no accounting for taste."'

OUR READER (Liverpool).—Sorry we have not the information you want. Please comply with our rules and address your letter "P." We will answer you whenever you write us, which you will find below the heading.

PAT (West Ealing).—In "The Zodoka Mystery" Miss Mabel Norman, in the dual rôle of Snow and James Trave played leading parts, but which much played was not given. Harry Benham played "Gleam-norm," and James Cranes "The Reporter." Have sent your best wishes to Mabel Norman, Florence Turner, Gertrude McCusy, and a postcard list to yourself, Pat.

CRANT (Liverpool).—Henry Ainsley and Gerald Ames played in "The Prisoner of Zenda." "Smile." Henry Ainsley and H. A. in "Jellis" and also in "Sweet Lavender," the story of which was given in last week's "Pictures."

Mr.烟囱, Cyril.

CUMBER (Liverpool).—Thanks for "Smile" which we have used.

VICTOR (S. Wales).—The new pastoral reputation for beauty is Mabel Norman, when postcards to neutral countries does not apply to portrait views and pictures of ships may not be sent. Unusually fine is the Norman kind of postcard of Alton Taylor and none of Pearl White at present. If you would find the name of the Famous Film you mention we will try to help you. Send a shielding and write "P." We have sent this request.

LILLY (Somewhere at Sea).—Have you tried the H. A. or Alton Taylor Film Co.? Whose addresses and others besides you will find given to readers in any back numbers.

DADDY (London).—We will marry about three or four years ago we believe. Norman Thanahouse now plays for Triangolo. There are played "From Aton," and James Cranes "The Reporter." All the names of producing Companies are often unable to trace the films.

A. S. F. (Gateshead).—Address Alton Taylor, c/o, Thanahouse Film Co., Main Street, Echo Avenue, New Rochelle, New York, U.S.A. Most likely she would reply to your letter and you can at the same time ask her all the personal questions you want answered. Stick to your job and put your back into engineering Willie, it will pay you in the years to come.

L. C. Croydon. We gather from your letter that you offer us a black kitten for the nothing. Nothing others, W. L., but thanks for offering.

LONNA S. (Hiriamham).—Pleased to welcome you, new reader. Reliance and Kay Bee are different Companies. Our reader E. S. from England, is in the same way as the Trans-Atlantic handle Unicellular Films. We have picture postcards of Gerald Ames and Charles Rock. We do not think the two you mention are married. None players are very shy at giving personal particulars of themselves. Thanks for new readers, don't stop.

J. H. (Alton) Thanahouse played for Vitaphone not so long ago, then for Famous Players, a is now with National. Our hair turns grey but we keep touch with all the stars' homes. Thanks for new readers, don't stop.

A. M. (Arvicka).—Please repeat question, giving names. Our Co. would like to hear from the other. We do our best. We have postcards of Edith Storey. No we have not yet reached her name on our list for a "Just About ME" article. There are some stars to interview.


SNICKERTX OOKERS (Bristol).—So sorry now that you have plummed up courage to write to us we are unable to oblige you. The information has not been available. Glad you are such an old reader.

MACK (South Wales).—Your letter arrived too late for us to answer your query re Screened Stars Competition, as we go to press days in advance. You write an excellent letter, and should you be called up for service with your plucky countrymen—Les Bees—we are sure you will cover yourself with honour and glory. May you live long enough to see your country fully recovered from its present devastation.

NINNY (Bristol).—We have no postcards of Gregory Scott, He is not married to Joan Ritz. The film you mention we cannot trace without name of producing company.

A READER (South Wales).—Thanks for your suggestion which will have consideration. We quite agree that for scenes requiring old country houses the United Kingdom is far and away ahead.

SALVAT SEA BENDIA (Bolton).—Address H. B. Walter, c/o, Essayan Palm Film Co., L.t.d., Argylo Street, Chicago, U.S.A. Yes, there is a Pasquale Co.—an Italian Film. Our artist has traced his hand at the Answerer's Main's cartoons as you will see at the base of the humble essay, but it is a point of good of him—his entire beauty is hard to catch.

N. M. E. (Baltimore).—Address Archibald Daly, c/o, Path (Co.), 269 West Street, New York, U.S.A. Hope you are entering "Our Film Competition."

LILY (Bristol).—White and Archibald Daly are neither married or engaged to each other so far as we know, so you are quite correct. The former would reply to a letter from you. Don't believe all the rumours you hear about players; they are generally false. We should have been killed if we had been killed. Your action we should certainly have heard of it. Have sent your love to Elizabeth Beison.

L. B. (Dublin).—Our reader to a whole-bred Cinema player is generally based on the particulars they give us of their applicant. In England there are so few stock companies, and waiting for an occasional bagplot is a heart-breakin' job; so you see it is the only possible hope. For it is an average film plot from hall-a-quinnes to three gauntly (according to length of film) is six a fair price, and well-known authors may receive any; thing over and sometimes quite large sums. Thanks for pushing "Pictures."

L. C. S. (K. L.).—Oh yes we recollect your previous letters to us, have re-directed your price. Our best wishes to your film life.

ERASTOS (Northampton).—Mabel Normand is not married to Mack etcotta. Ford Sterling is now back with us, so we will see him on the screen again. No postcard of him.

I. A. (Kent) is a new reader who has placed a standing order in her name, and now gets it regularly. A tip for other new readers.

FATHER EAS (Blackburn) wants to write to "Roy" (Radio) if you have a colour and are interested in this page a few weeks back. What has Roy to say about it? A reply in "Well." A reply in "Torchwood" (Trelawny).—You will see we have published your request in "Our Letter Bag." Any reply we will forward to you. Hope you will like Made ra. Don't forget that a subscription will bring you Pictures, in spite of the distance.

"Many replies are unavoidably held over.

Editorial matters should be addressed to: THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer," 55 & 56 ON ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

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WHEN DO THE MUMMIES COMMUTE?

PICTORIDES: (No address).—Please read our rule under the heading and send your name and address, to whom you wish for information.

A SOLDIER and a Girl.

LIEUTENANT (soldier who before he joined was a picture-actor): "Attention! This boy is to play the part of a hero, not a lover."

Savaged by a Horse.

PICTURE-ACTOR: "I kept my head when I fell into the water."

FLAPPER: "How fortunate! It must have helped you so nicely to float!"

The Simplest Way.

GOVERNOR: "How tiresome. The boy turned round just as we were kissing, and, of course, he will tell his mother. What are we to do?"

HER VISITOR: "Go on kissing."

The Terrible Trumpet.

WORRIED NEIGHBOUR: "Why, in heaven's name, do you give your child a penny trumpet, Mrs. Smith?"

MOTHER: "To keep him quiet."

An Up-to-date Child.

ROSIE (aged four, watching a picture of cupid): "What's he got wings growing out of his back like?"

BONNY (aged six): "Don't be silly, his father's an aviator, of course."

The Boy and the Bag.

URCHIN: "Carry yer bag, sir?"

MAN: "No, thanks."

URCHIN: "Carry it for upmanship."

MAN: "I don't want it carried."

URCHIN: "Then why are you carrying it for?"

Mistaken Identity.

POMPOMS DOORMAN (to small lady in queue before pay-box): "There's no hurry there, lady. You can be he back address me as 'lady.'""Sorry, ma'am, but the best of us is apt to make mistakes.

Fun at the Paybox.

Giles took his little girl to the cinema, his first visit, and asked the prices: "Sixpence, and threepence," replied the girl, and "the programmes are free." "By gosh," said Giles, "the programme be good enough for cl; give me two on 'em, missie!"
The Hepworth Page

Have you sometimes asked yourself about the beautiful places and grand houses as well as the places that suit slum pictures like "The Sweater"—that you see in the Hepworth Picture Plays?

We know some people do, because they've written and told us so. But you must remember, this—we don't want you to think about the scenes we show. We only have them because they're in the story. If the scenes weren't there you would think we were all crazy, and the story, instead of seeming real and true and vivid as most Hepworth stories do now, would seem bare and unreal.

How we choose them.

We simply take the scenes that we think fit the story perfectly. If they didn't fit, you'd notice it. If they do fit, you notice the story and that's what we want.

Where are they?

Near Walton, where the Hepworth studios are, there is a marvellous variety of settings—towns, villages, river, locks, roads, mansions, hovels, meadows, forests, rocky hills and many more—all of the finest English beauty.

Going hundreds of miles.

But if we feel that a certain scene is necessary to the spirit of a story, we get it. We haven't spared trouble or expense in getting the right scenes yet. And we're not going to. Devon, Wales and Scotland are visited by our players many times.
The Theme of the Film—motherhood degraded—leaves a tragical influence on a child's destiny. Every new-born babe is entitled to a chance in life. Deprived of this, leaves it more sinned against—than sinning.
JESSE L. LASKY presents
CHARLOTTE WALKER
in
"KINDLING"
A Drama of the Slums,
in Four Acts.
RELEASED,
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 7th.
Produced by
JESSE L. LASKY
Feature Play Co.,
166-170, Wardour St., W.

MARGUERITE CLARK, in captivating comedy.
She is here seen as "Miei" with Conway Tearle as "Count Horkoy" in Seven Sisters, the full story of which is given on pages 426-428.
Ask your Manager if he has booked
IN LEOPARD LAND
The Greatest One-reel Animal Drama ever made by SELIG'S

There are still a few four-colour portraits of popular KATHLYN WILLIAMS available. Write to-day, enclosing 4d. in stamps, to 93-95, WARDOUR ST., LONDON, W.

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SEE THAT YOUR THEATRE GETS THE BEST
"IDEAL PICTURE PLAYS"
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SIR JOHN HARE in CASTE (Turner Films)
WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN With HILDA MOORE and MILTON ROSMER.
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD By Thomas Hardy, O.M. With FLORENCE TURNER (Turner)
IRIS. By SIR ARTHUR PINERO With HENRY AINLEY (Hepworth)
THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By Arnold Bennett. With HENRY AINLEY (Turner)

Don't be put off with Second Best
Some "IDEAL" Picture Plays
STILL WATERS RUN DEEP. Lady Tree's first appearance on the screen
HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR (Trans-Atlantic)
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY With HILDA TREVELYAN (Turner)
CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK and CHIP'S ELOPEMENT Delightful pictures acted entirely by children, one of whom mimics Charlie Chaplin with astonishing cleverness
"HOW DO YOU LIKE US?" ELISABETH RISDON AND THE DOLL

Which she is presenting in "Uncle Tim's" Competition. (See page 442.) Both donor and gift are dressed as "Glory" in The Christian, in which Miss Risdon will shortly be seen.
In Lancashire, what was once a skatingrink, holding some 1,000 people, is said to be bringing its owner a small fortune. A large fire—it occupied the great floor in two so that two separate audiences can see the other screen (films) at the same time.

Our January Film Stories.
FULL stories of the following films have appeared in our January issues: The Fortune, Those Children, January 1st; The Juggernaut, January 5th; Sold, The Winner, January 15th; The Four Feathers, Sweet Lavender, January 22nd; Swallows, January 29th.

A Narrow "Slave."
ONE of the few screen stars who wears his own moustache for pictures is Henry B. Walthall. In the first part of The Strange Case of Mary Page he is to appear as a youth with an upper lip bare as a bald head and later he has to wear a moustache. Result, Mr. Walthall says, that he will raise a full-blown moustache for the part within two weeks! It's a narrow "slave," anyway.

A Bit of the Adelphi.
I WONDER how many Londoners know of the existence of Lower Robert Street—a gloomy cavernous passageway leading from the Adelphi arches? writes "Quex" in the Evening News. Viewed in a fading afternoon light, the place seems to suggest the fifteenth or sixteenth century, and I should strongly advise any cinema play-producer to note its location in his address-book. He would find it very useful for, say, the approach to the dangerous of a feudal castle or a subterranean passage in the Bastille or the Prison of Chillon.

A Tip re Binding.
WE hope that not one Pictures reader fails to keep a file of the paper. Many who send their copies to the trenches are in the habit of removing the wire stitching for a moment, taking out the sheets they wish to keep, and then stitching the remainder together again. Several readers have told us that they file the Hepworth advertisement whether they "read them first" or not. Here is a tip: Bind the Pictures by months, using the Hepworth Picture Play Paper for that month as cover, the Hepworth paper being larger in size than Pictures. Any who have not yet sent 2s. for a year's subscription (twelve copies post-paid) to the Hepworth Company, 2 Denman Street, W., ought to do so at once.

Valli Valli Hurt.
VALLI VALLI, whose portrait appears on page 444, has just finished her work in a "Metro" production, The Woman Page, but had to act for weeks with a broken wrist. She recently gave an interviewer an account of the accident:—"The woman pays! She does—she does! She did! She thought she'd crank up her own automobile just once, for the fun of it, to show that she could do it in an emergency. But the thing knew she was a woman, and—bang! Wrist smashed—three operations—and the picture waiting for me. Was there ever a title that fitted so well as that?"

Exit the Wicked Cigarette.
THE Ohio Board of Censors, which inured the custom of young lady picturegoers in the State by establishing a footage limit for pictures for kissing, now sternly bans the cigarette-smoking, without which film villainesses can never hope to be either adequately fascinators or fascinating. Apparently the Board fears that such going-on would afford shocking examples to the real villainesses who may occasionally patronize the "pictures." Because of the prohibition, we hear that Lilian Drew, the alluring Essanay "villainess," is considering the advisability of learning to smoke a pipe.

British Fleet for Realism.
ONE of the big scenes in the Annette Kellermann picture, in production by William Fox, at Kingston, Jamaica, under the direction of Herbert Brenon, will be the bombardment of the historic Fort Augusta, restored to a resemblance of its original military importance by Mr. Fox's army of employees now on the island. Now it is to be destroyed again for moviel purposes, and it is stated that the British West Indian fleet, stationed off Jamaica, will use real powders and shell and all the paraphernalia of war in accomplishing its destruction.

Is Your Baby Beautiful?
I N addition to the second of Herman Darewski's series, "How I Write My Songs," in which appears the full words and music of the refrain of the great pot- mine success, "Somebody Knows, Somebody Cares," the current issue of Everywoman's Weekly contains another powerful "Straight From the Shoulder Talk" by Horatio Bottomley, entitled, "Who's Your Lady Friend?" and the first page of photographs in the Beautiful Baby Competition, in which cash prizes of £150 are offered. The new feature, "Woman and Her Work," by an expert, is proving invaluable to the girl who is considering the question of a career.

In 1898, before any other British producers, Cecil M. Hepworth founded his company.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

Interesting Topics in Film Pictures Selected from Pathé's Animated Gazette.

1. The Man—A Battalion of the—shire Regiment on parade.
2. The Munitions—A section of the vast ammunition park.
3. Sister! Thousands of women of every walk of life are devoting themselves to ministering to our Wounded in hospital.
4. Still Playing the Game: Though wounded and in hospital, Tommy must still have his "bit of sport."
5. With the French Troops in Salonica: Part of the Camp on washing day.
6. Proof! An interesting example of Hun methods. The official German communiqué categorically denied the French report of the capture of the 1,668 prisoners seen in this photograph!
7. Blizzard in America: In contrast to our mild winter, New York has had the heaviest snowfall of recent years.
The third Pinero play is filmed at Walton; and another visit to the Studio is recorded

By FRED DANGERFIELD.

In May, 1914, I began in Pictures a series of articles entitled “The Birthplaces of 1914 British Films,” and, seeking all that was best in British film production, I dealt in number one with the House of Hepworth. Since my visit to their studio for that article, I have, of course, made other trips to Walton-on-Thames, and recently spent an entire day there to discover, what, if any, difference existed in the making of a present-day Hepworth picture-play.

So far as the building is concerned I saw no difference. The studios glowed in new coats of white paint, and seemed larger and brighter in consequence; but that was all. What is far more important to the British Public than altered studios is the fact that much good work in British pictures-play has come from them since 1914, and will come from them during 1916. Hepworth plays are to-day greater and better in quality and subject than ever they have been before; and that is saying a good deal.

For the benefit of new readers who did not see my previous article, let me quote its introductory paragraphs:

“Sixteen years ago—in 1898 to be exact—Cecil Hepworth, who is still a young man, rented a small house at £30 a year at Walton-on-Thames, living in the upper part, and using the lower part as workshop and factory. With gas, gaslight, and gas-fitted up in the scullery, and a little capital made out of a successful arre-amp, which he invented for lantern projection, Mr. Hepworth started making films. Since that memorable year, when wonderful films (in those days) of a hundred or two hundred feet in length were produced in the back yard of the little house at Walton, Hepworth’s have never stood still. They were the first to build a moving-picture studio in England, and when success followed success a second studio was built; constant engagements turned the little studio into a big factory, and the first and still the largest stock company in the kingdom was formed. To-day the house of Hepworth is the oldest and best-known birthplace of British films. The factory itself is a model of perfection and completeness, and runs on the most up-to-date lines it is possible to conceive.”

That is what I wrote nearly two years ago. To-day, in spite of the world’s greatest war, which has occupied most of the intervening period, the Hepworth Company is even greater, better organised, and more competent to turn out first-class films than ever. Your picture-goes have only to think of the wonderful films they have produced since I wrote my previous article—*Romany Rudge*, *The Man Who Staged at Home*, *The Outrage*, *The White Hare*, *Ice*, and *Secret Ladder*, to name a few that come to my mind—to bear me out in the above statement. The popularity of Hepworth plays and players is world-wide. In America they are now almost as famous as in this country, and readers of *Pictures* do not need to be reminded that two of their leading artists, Alma Taylor and Stuart Rome, were winners in our recent great voting contest.

And now to “cut the candle and come to the roses.”

It is curious, but whenever I visit Walton the sun shines. The day I chose last week might have been a perfect day in early summer. Everything was gloriously bright and sunny. I found Claude Whitten, the hard-working manager, in nice clean overalls and still at his post, and he it was who conducted me into the larger of the two studios, where Cecil M. Hepworth was critically examining a set for *The Wife of the Welter*, this being the third of the Sir Arthur Pinero plays which they have filmed.

Really I was in luck, for *Teetotum*, produced at the Court Theatre many years ago, was one of the favourites of my play-going days. The set in and exterior of one of the Loud n houses of mid-Victorian aristocracy, a solidly built set with railings and area all complete. Still more pleased was I to find that Cecil M. Hepworth himself was producing this famous play, and, with the quiet enthusiasm, but withal thoughtful and careful methods, it was easy to understand why all Hepworth pictures when screened are so perfect in detail.

Nothing misses the eagle eye of Mr. Hepworth, and, no matter how wrong something may be, he gets it right minims the least fault or forgettable detail. Mr. Hepworth himself was dealing with the short scene, which he worked on, and the carpenter had to spend ten minutes on it to make it turn smoothly. The closing of the house-door was rehearsed three or four times in order that the musician should take the proper time and no more to perform it.

In due course I was greeted by Alma Taylor and Camilla White, who wore the “buns” and extravagant crinolines of the period, and later I witnessed the taking of the whole scene, which included the wet and realistic thunder-storm. That part of the play, at any rate, will be a success, for everything passed off, including the downpour of rain without the slightest hitch, and to all appearances just as if we had all been transported back to the early ’sixties.

After walk through country lanes with Lionel Howard and Stewart Rome, still in their paint and old-world costumes, and a delightful lunch at the *Swan* by the river, I went back to the studio for some more *Teetotum*.

Then Mr. Whitten conducted me once again over the factory, where work was going on just as usual. The Hepworth developing and printing plant is so perfect that manufacturing is a part of the world to see it.

My last place of call was the Green Room, which I do not remember to have seen before.

*Frank Wilson*.

Who, next to Mr. Hepworth himself, has achieved the greatest success of any Hepworth producer. His latest effort is *The White Horse*. 
It is a cozy place, the walls of which are hung with pictures, wherein the players may rest and read until called for their own particular scenes.

Before leaving, I tried to induce Mr. Hepworth to reveal some of his plans for the future, but I might as well have been talking to the Sphinx. "True," he told me, "some of them, on condition that I kept them to myself, and in that vague, mysterious way of his he further made it clear to me that some very big arrangements are being completed both in regard to subjects and facilities for dealing with them. "I am very glad I have filmed "Trelawny," he added, "because I agree with you that the period alone should make the picture a rare change from modern drama. As you know," he continued, "Sir Arthur Pinero was delighted with our film versions of "Sweet Lavender" and "Irish," and when you consider that he had declared that no man could properly visualise the latter play, I feel that I have attempted and done something to be proud of."

That Sir Arthur and all concerned, with whom let me couple the great British Public, will be pleased with Mr. Hepworth's latest effort ("Trelawny"). I have no shadow of doubt. Several months, however, may elapse before the film reaches the public, and meanwhile I counsel you to see and enjoy the Hepworth films now being shown when and as often as the opportunity comes to you.

TWO tiny, fair-haired girls, full of vivacity and childish fun, and looking even younger than their six years apiece, are Ida and Ella Mackenzie, who actually play star parts, and, in this respect, have far outshone their parents, who are Essanay players, known professionally as Bob Mackenzie and Eva Heazlett.

Their genius was discovered in rather a remarkable manner. At the Infant School they had just begun to attend an outbreak of measles occurred which led to the school being closed. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, fearing that the children might get into mischief at home, took them to the studio. During the filming of a picture it was found that an eleven-year-old girl who had been engaged to play the part of the little daughter of one of the principals, looked too big for the part, and the father suggested that one of his children should take her place. The producer took the suggestion seriously, and Ella showed such remarkable aptitude that, after playing this role, she was engaged for others. This made Ida jealous, and she was also given a chance. In a few weeks both little girls were enrolled as regular members of the stock company, and G. M. Anderson, the famous Broncho Billy, arranged for a series of one-act dramas to be written in which they could be featured with himself.

In "The Little Prospector" they play the parts of two naughty children belonging to a goldminer and his wife. Their mischievous tricks with their father's blasting powder result in a rich vein of gold being uncovered, and so bringing wealth to their parents. In "The Indian's Narrow Escape" their affection for a faithful Indian servant saves his life when about to be lynched for a crime of which he was innocent.
taken bos scrambling tlire young-suspicious Wees by catastrophe tlire-
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER 426 THE FAMOUS PLAYERS PRODUCTION, FEATURING MARGUERITE CLARK.

Adapted from the Film by PATRICK GLYNN.

THERE were seven sisters in this particular family, with the romantic names of Clara, Liza, Perka, Mici, Ella, Sari, and Katinka.

Mici, the fourth sister, embroidered herself in every direction, and with such persistence that there was never a chance for a young man to look very long at any of her elder sisters. This worried the mother of the seven girls, and one day after a family consultation Mici was packed on to the family wagon with a box of clothes, and plenty of advice, and driven away to a convent to be taken charge of by a calm-eyed, elderly Mother Superior, who certainly deserved a better fate.

Mici was plump, with a roundness that charms, and possessed a naive ingeniosity air that provoked a catastrophe whenever young men were about. Naturally there were no young men within the convent grounds, so Mici took the obvious course of getting over the convent wall in search of a mild flirtation.

It is said that adventures are generally carried out in pairs. Mici’s companion in the escapade was another girl, whose brother was Lieutenant Sandorfyl, and their object was a masked ball in the Town-hall about two miles away. With the aid of Sandorfyl, the two girls had provided themselves with masks and fancy costumes, and by mounting each other’s ladders they succeeded in climbing over the wall. As they passed into the town the great clock struck ten, and Mici laughed as she thought of the sleeping nuns and priests.

Her companion danced with her brother, whilst Mici whirled around in the arms of Count Horkoy, a young lieutenant of the Romanian Army, who in turn stole many glances at the fall, round, pretty face which reached the region where his top waistcoat-pocket would be under his fancy costume of a pierrot. When the clock struck eleven, Mici’s companion looked at her questioningly, but—Another half-hour; said Mici, who was having the time of her life.

The half-hour struck, and Mici realised with her now anxious companion that they had better get back before twelve when one of the nuns made her nightly inspection of the dormitories. The girls explained their position to their companions, and Horkoy and his friend promised to accompany them.

On the way in their hired cabriolet, Horkoy succumbed to the glamour of the occasion and to the charm of Mici’s face, and made an offer of marriage. “Don’t be silly,” replied the girl laughing at the other’s discomfiture. “I must return to the convent to night. I couldn’t marry you in five minutes, even if I wanted to.”

The cab was dismissed about a hundred yards from the convent. Mici’s friend was over the wall in a twinkling but Mici remained in the arms of Horkoy, and to get rid of him, Mici promised to marry him as soon as convenient. Suddenly she caught sight of the convent clock. “It’s five minutes to twelve!” she exclaimed, “in five minutes more one of the nuns will be walking round the bedrooms.”

“One more kiss. Mici,” insisted Horkoy firmly. He got it to save time, and Mici found herself lifted in Horkoy’s strong arms and deposited on the grass. With a whispered “Adieu,” Mici, glancing at the clock, fled towards the back window of her dormitory, which was about six feet from the ground and commenced to climb.

She managed to get the window open without waking the sleepers, but catching her foot in the sill she stumbled forward into the room with a loud clatter. The noise brought the girls heads-bobbing up like piano keys, and Mici scurrying into bed, with her fancy costume on, dragged the bedclothes over her head.

The nuns came running in an alarm, whilst the pupils, in their nightdresses, discussed burglars. Mici was the only one asleep, a suspicious circumstance in itself, though she might have evaded suspicion if her feet with her dancing shoes still on had not protruded several inches beyond the counterpane.

“Get up, Mici,” commanded the Mother Superior to the sleeper.

The girl raised her head in bland bewilderment. The sight of her feet informed her that her feet at the convent were numbered. She emerged from the bedclothes in all the glory of her fancy costume, whilst the girls uttered a long and horrified “Oh!”

DICK WHITTINGTON
DID NOT KNOW
THE COMMUTERS
A week later Mici was deposited back into the bosom of her own deserted family. She had returned emptied of every hope, and her mother, exasperated at the failure of her plans, promptly took away all her wearing apparel from the seventeen-year-old girl and gave her a child's costume.

The widow Gyri had more than one object in dressing Mici like a child. She had four other daughters to marry off her hands before Mici's turn should come, and it was the Romanov custom that a family of daughters must be married in the corresponding order of their birth. In Rumania, if a girl went before her elder sister the latter is relegated to spinsterhood. If anyone took a fancy to Mici, and married her, Mici's three elder sisters went automatically on the shelf.

As a punishment, continued the widow Gyri, you shall wear dresses and be fourteen years of age. As each of your elder sisters marry you will gain a year.

"I wish they were all to be married to morrow," said Mici, thinking of Count Horkoy, and sighing.

The Count had not forgotten his little companion of the fancy ball, and, after discreet inquiries, he learned that she had been dismissed in disgrace and sent home. Then he found out Mici's address, and followed her up. He came upon her on the high road outside the house, and eyed her in astonishment.

"Is that you Mici?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the girl, eyeing her bare knees bashfully.

"Since when have you become a child again?" he asked, slipping his arm round her waist.

"I must dress as fourteen, and cannot marry until my elder sisters are wed," replied Mici, nestling in Horkoy's arms.

"How many sisters have you?" asked Horkoy, in dismay.

"Three older than me," replied Mici, calmly.

"Now, what are you going to do about it?"

"Never mind," he replied in the tone of a man about to do a desperate deed.

"I'll wager three kisses we shall marry off your sisters within a month. I'll take rooms at the inn in the village and start operations at once."

"You're very enterprising," remarked Mici as she gave him the three kisses.

Count Horkoy went back to the inn, and ruminated over the problem. He could not marry Mici until her other sisters were disposed of; Mici would not impress her elder sister's chances even to secure her own happiness.

"If I were a Mormon or a Turk," he muttered, "then I could marry them all myself."

He went for a walk to think of a plan, and speculated on the number of unmarried girls in his circle. Still without a definite scheme he returned to the inn, where the Count was disposed of; Mici had not impressed her elder sister's chances even to secure her own happiness.

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"If I were a Mormon or a Turk," he muttered, "then I could marry them all myself."

That afternoon Horkoy bade another kiss, and suggested that Katinka would shortly wed Gyri.

"But be sure that your friend looks well," replied Mici, shaking her head wisely.

"I've been watching them. He doesn't want Katinka; I think he's after Ella."

That evening Horkoy turned his friend completely by the charm of Katinka, whilst Gida listened stolidly. "Yes, she's very nice," admitted Gida, but he added, "Ella's a very nice girl, but she's no enchanted princess like Katinka."

Horkoy posted the letter and smiled.

"I'll keep him for Perka; things are moving," he said, rubbing his hands with delight.

"What a fine match-maker I'd make," mused Lieutenant Sandorffy.

That day Colonel Radvanny came to the village to visit the family and inspect the girl whom Gida was about to marry. The Colonel, who was forty-five years of age and looked ten years younger, accompanied his nephew to the Widow Gyri, and asked him again, with surprise and pleasure on seeing Katinka.

"Is this the young lady you propose to marry?" he whispered to his nephew.

Gida nodded miserably. The Colonel and Katinka paired off together, much to Gida's surprise, until his uncle whispered to him, "I know that three years you pondered what had happened to her since."

A half-hour later the Colonel and Katinka appeared again, and this time Katinka looked radiant, happy, and elated. Only the Colonel could see that Gida had never known her to do in his company. Then Uncle tapped his nephew on the shoulder.

"I do not appear of Miss Katinka as your betrothed," he said, "but as your aunt she will do admirably."

"C--c--congratulations, Uncle!" stammered Gida, pretending to look woebegone. His eyes grew in the direction of Ella, who winked at him again, and he would not be disappointed this time.
Another kiss, Mici," said the delighted Horkoy on hearing the news of the Colonel's engagement to Katinka.

"The whole three of your sisters are disposed of now, for Gida has just told me he'd rather have Ella than Katinka, and Ella has accepted him. What do you say—shall we all get married together?"

"You've got to ask Mother for me yet," replied Mici; "she still looks upon me as a child."

This was a point of view that did not occur to Horkoy, but, with his traditional promptitude, he sought out the Widow, who listened in amazement. "She is only seventeen; she has barely left school. She is only a child yet."

"She dresses in child's clothes—that's why she looks so young," protested Horkoy. "Besides, I think I deserve her, because I've found suitors for your elder daughters."

"But Mici has been promised to her cousin Toni, whom I have never seen," replied the Widow Gyr. "He wrote saying he intended paying us a visit, and wished to court Mici, whose photograph he has.

"This is cousin Toni," interrupted the little Prevaricator, Mici, who entered the room at this point. "He wanted to make our acquaintance before he told us his relationship."

Then the air cleared, and the Widow Gyr took him into the bosom of the family. Meanwhile Gida did not find his troubles ending with his uncle's decision. That autocrat stoutly forbade him to marry Ella. "She is a poor girl, and you can't afford to marry her," said the Colonel.

Mici and Horkoy put their heads together in this emergency, and hatched a plot worthy of the reputation of these two scoundrels. It was nothing less than that Gida should force his way into Ella's bedroom after she retired to rest and kick up a row. This would "compromise" Ella, and the Colonel, with his punctilious notions, would insist on Gida marrying Ella to save her reputation. 

A week later four weddings took place between Katinka, Sari, Ella, and Mici and their respective swains. The Widow Gyr looked supremely happy, for it does not fall to the lot of every mother to get rid of four daughters at once; but when a sheepish-looking young man came to her after the ceremony, and announced himself as Cousin Toni, she sought Mici and Horkoy.

"If this is Cousin Toni," she said, pointing to the late arrival, "who is your husband?"

Mici smiled, and looked slyly at Horkoy, to whom she crept for protection with the air of a naughty child discovered in fault. "My husband is Count Horkoy, whom I met at the ball the night I was expelled from the convent.

The Widow Gyr had a little conversation with Toni, and, as the best solution of his trouble, advised him to go home again and forget all about it.

The cast of this captivating comedy, which, on the stage, was enormously successful at the New York Lyceum Theatre, is as follows: "Clara," Madge Evans; "Liza," Dorothea Conlud; "Perka," Georgia Parry; "Mici," Marguerite Clark; "Ella," Jean Stewart; "Suri," L. Fodor; "Katinka," Lohn Barchay; "Count Horkoy," Conway Teale; "Giba," Nanny Lyon; "Sister," Sydney Nathan; "Colonel Radvany," Edward Moniman. It will be released on February 10th.

Marguerite Clark, who has played the leading part, has added one more to her score of previous film successes. As most of our readers know, Miss Clark first appeared on the screen in Wildflower, since which she has appeared in The Coquette, Gretta Green, and The Rose Girl. A coming film in which she appears is Helen of the North.

The Mysterious Hair.

"The other night I saw a film in which the hero first of all appeared with very black hair, and about the next scene his hair was straight, and even had the suspicion of a wave about it. Did he use pins or rings?"

E. (Handsworth).

A Shock at the Pictures.

"Did you read last night of the earthquake shock in the Midlands? At the time it occurred—about 7.30—I was at the pictures with mother and one sister, and although engaged in the awful plot the villain was connecting, the shock was sufficient to take our attention off the picture! It was a most peculiar sensation—there was a kind of a thud, then a snapping sound followed by a sort of vibration. The first thought that came into my head was that a wire in the piano had broken; but, of course, this was ridiculous, as the sound was far too loud for that. No one seemed to know what had caused the noise; but next morning mother was reading the paper, and came across an account of the earthquake tremor the evening before. Then it dawned upon us that we had heard and felt it. One never knows what to expect, does one?"

M. (Edgbaston).

"Stuff that dreams are made of.

"I have wanted to write to you for ever so long, but I have always imagined the Editor an absolute ogre, with green eyes, projecting teeth, hook nose, and unshaven chin. But last night I dreamt about him, and he seemed a very nice-looking young man. I am quite sure, however, that my dream—Editor was an excellent replica of the real man and now he can rest assured that if any one asked me to describe him, my description would be most flattering. Oh! I must tell you this. In your recent 'feet' competition mother thought that the tootsies belonged to the Editor, but, as we are not personal, we did not like to say so.

T. (Hampstead).

We admit that the Editor is handsome, but he has not got green eyes, nor projecting teeth, nor a hook nose, nor unshaven chin. He is quite a clean-shaven young man. Of course, we do not know whether the tootsies belonged to the Editor or not. If you know anything about the Editor's feet, please tell us. —Sun-Ep.

Please be More Explicit.

"A few days ago I witnessed a film telling the story of a flirt. Throughout my ears were assailed with puzzling queries from the people around me, and I do not wonder, for the continuity and cohesiveness of story were grossly lacking. The girl jumps one man for another. Evidently her parents are very angry about it. One evening the girl pretends illness, is left home alone; when her parents visit her, the parents returning unaware discover him, and he is told to go. Soon after the same lover is seen on her honeymoom with a lady who has never appeared before. The girl's parents are shown reading a telegram, to say she is detained for an operation. Then the scene shows the girl back with a tiny baby, and attending her is a doctor who is the lover's friend. Now, why such an unpromising epilogue?"

"It was not at all necessary, and the flirt could have taught a lesson in far fewer ways than this. Naturally the girl is judged too mean to the father of the child and trouble ensues, but in the end everything concludes happily. I do feel in these days that producers should be more explicit, and certainly more explicit in their stories."

L. W. (Brighton).
"WHOSO IS WITHOUT SIN?"
THE "IDEAL" PRIZE STORY

Adapted from the Film by IVAN PATRICK GORE

Week Ending
Feb. 5, 1916

PICTURES AND THE PICTURERS

"NOW THE END HAS COME."
crescent with the bullfrogs called up by
his first tender use of her Christian
name, he went to the door, and called
to the girl who waited.

As she slowly entered the room Mary
sprang to her feet with a cry, for the
 pallid face, with its dumb, pitiful appeal,
was that of Alice Repton, her maid in
the old days.

"Alice—oh! my poor girl!" With a
subtle she drew the trembling girl into
her arms; then she turned to the Vicar.
"Leave us, please; but I shall be at
home to-morrow." Slowly she drew the
sad story from Alice Repton—that
of the repeated story of a chance meeting,
of girlish infatuation, of promised mar-
riage, quickly followed by the fulfiill-
ment of the lifetime's desire—and then the
black despair which wrote "Fins" to a
girl's dreams of the future, and as she
listened her heart beat quickly in
womanly sympathy for the fallen.

"And the man?" she asked.

She had to stop to hear the whispered
words; then, as she heard them, her head
bent lower still in a prayer of thankful-
ness. A few days after her servant
brought her a card, and as she read the
thirty-graven words on it her lips set
with a sternness never seen by the poor
and suffering among whom she moved.

A moment later Roger Markham, as
well groomed as he was debonnaire as ever,
stood before her.

"My dear Mrs. Linton," he began
airily, "it's awfully good of you to see
me. I half feared that after what
happened some time ago you

"I have tried to forget that!"

"The best thing you could do," he
continued, mistaking her tone. "We
were both younger and more foolish
than we are now, and I can only plead
my love as an excuse; but now I
rattled on, unconscious of the im-
pending doom so plainly written on her white
face—"you are free; and I have come
to ask you to resume our old footing.

The fact is, my dear Mary, I think it's
time I should marry and—"

"Come I want to show you some-
thing," she answered quickly.

Wondering at her mood, he followed
her. Throwing open a door, she pointed
to a bed on which lay a girl—mother with
her new-born child.

"You see it is time you married—I
agree with you. Roger Markham; there
lies the poor girl who should be your
wife,—I am your answer." White
with rage, he turned on her. "Birds of a
feather," he sneered; "the young light
of love brings her trouble to her more
experienced sister. Oh, you can't fool
me, my dear. You were willing enough
to forget your marriage vows once, and
now that his coward spirit has freed
you from you shall come to my
arms—you shall, I say!"

Laughing brutally, he tried to embrace
her, but a second later found himself
in the strong grip of a man who had
entered the room unnoticed.

"The parson —" he gasped.

"Yes, the parson," the Vicar added.
"Don't raise your fist to me—or, by
Heaven, I shall forget the clothes I
wear, and give you a thrashing. Now
go!" he said contemptuously, handing
the discomfited villain his hat.

CHAPTER II.

Slowly but surely the hatred of Roger
Markham provided the poison which
he hoped would ruin the life of the
woman who had twice escaped the
meshes woven by his passion, and whom
he now knew to be safe, protected
by the love of the good man whose
name she was soon to take. By every
means in his power he circulated his
lies against Mary Linton's character
until one day the churchwardens
thought it time to move in the matter
and bring their Vicar to his senses.

The beautiful woman "laughed when
he read the curt command to appear
before them at a special Vestry Board.

"So it has come at last—good, we'll
fight this thing to a finish." Then his
face became self-satisfied, and he
looked like a wild animal to tear a woman's
character to the core of their conventional hypocrisy.

"Will they, though? We shall see!"

When he arrived at the meeting he
found them all it—the snub-faced, well-
fed, typical pillars of a church that
threw convention, but only suffered
such of the teachings of the Christ as
gave its followers social habits—to enter
into its "Christianity," and calmly
ignored all the broader teachings of the
Teacher Who died that all mankind
might live.

By common consent, Sir Marmaduke
Long—the most tolerant of the Mannor-
worshippers—opened the attack.

"We regret or deeply regret," he
said, pompously, "that I—me—my
friends—this as a slight to those
whom we ranked as miles behind him,
but on whose aid he now depended
—should have found it necessary to call
you before us, but—really, sir—this
state of—er—things—'he looked round
anxiously for support—must not con-
tinue.

"This state of things?—the Vicar
looked round with cold enquiry. "Kindly
be more explicit. Sir Marmaduke,

"This 'ere young woman what 'e's
'anging after," hoarsely prompted Mr.
Levi, a gentleman whose dealings with
the poor brought many diamonds to
the fingers of his unclean, fat hands.

"As my friend Mr. Levi says, this
young woman you are—I mean with
whom your name is being coupled—
this young person who chooses her
associates from a class which unfor-
unately we are compelled to put up
with."

"Go on, Sir Marmaduke, I am be-
coming interested. Go on!"

"Well, can't you see yourself that it is
impossible? You see Vicar—to er—be
friendly with a woman who accepts
as a guest a girl of the town who is
nothing better than a common—"

"Stop!" The Vicar was on his feet.

"You have said enough. Now you shall
listen to me... This lady, Mrs. Linton,
is my promised wife, and, as a man, I
shall protect her good name against the
world; but, if this was not the case, who
are you—now—to be her judges? What
does the Book say?—Who's without
sin, let him cast the first stone..."

Who's without sin!... You, Sir
Marmaduke; do you feel yourself com-
petent to be her judge? You who have
made your fortune by the blood of the poor; you whose lovels high-class dwellings—God help their inhabitants, and you their owner—are a disgrace to civilization—you whose agent exacts the rent. Caring nothing whether sickness or death is in the house, he roughly enters, caring nothing how the money he seizes for your pockets is earned, providing it is there—will you be Mary Linton’s judge? You, Levi, you usurer; you who thrive on the sin and sorrow of the poor; you whose hands hurl the men to theft and desperate deeds, the women to prostitution, in order that they may pay the interest, the heavy illegal interest, on your pauper loans—will you be Mary Linton’s judge? You, Mr. Markham, you sweater, whose machines are fed by the life-blood of men and women? And you, Roger Markham—the libertine covered beneath the blaze in the strong man’s eyes—what of you? What of the hopes you have wrecked, or sought to wreck; the lies you have told, the sacred promises you have broken to gratify your hell-sent lust? Think of that girl—the creature of the town to whom a good woman gave love and shelter in her terrible trouble. Think of the child, that nameless little one. Answer me! Will you assume the judicial rights? Will you be Mary Linton’s judge, ye whited sepulchres? For a moment silence reigned, then the stern voice rang out again. “Go! All of you! This is the House of God, and His roof cannot shelter such as you!”

“I told them what I thought pretty well from the shoulder!” the Vicar said later in Mary’s cozy drawing-room, “and doubtless they’ll do all in their power to get me deprived of the benefice I hold; some of them—Sir Marmaduke, for instance—has much influence with the Bishop. I don’t care a rap of the fingers for that; but oh, Mary, to think that all my work is fruitless!”

“Hush, dear,” she whispered, “you must not say that. What of the poor?”

“Oh, God forgive me, in my trouble I had almost forgotten them—every day I think Heaven for the power that has enabled me to win their hearts; but my dear, if I could only win my fight in the name of Christianity with the others—if I could only see them turn from the path that ignorance, avarice, lust compels them to travel!”

“Then why not make a new start?”

She began to draw his ring from her slim finger. “They do not think me worthy to become your wife—I know I am not—so I set you free, dear.”

“What!” With a cry the Vicar seized her hands, and replaced the ring. “No, never that! Worthy or unworthy, you are the woman I, the man, love—and, by aid of the love you’ve given me, the parson will win in His good time.”

Chapter III.

Meanwhile in the town matters were rapidly approaching a climax. The firm of Markham with every day became more exciting. The treatment of Sir Marmaduke’s agent towards his master’s tenants was intensified in its ferocity, and Levi’s extortionate demands drew on his head the curses of the populace.
Do you love the Pictures?

Would you like to know all about the great stars of the Film Plays?
Would you like to have dozens of large pictures, suitable for framing, of the great Film Players of 1916?
Would you like to know about many of the best Films that will be shown this year and read about them before you see them?
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FIRST ISSUE FEBRUARY 21st.
If you have any difficulty in obtaining “The Cinegoer” write to 613, Imperial House, Kingsway, London, W.C.
without either softening or fright- 
ing the adamant money-lender. 
Daily, almost hourly, Mary and 
the Vicar moved among the masses 
of humanity, in which the flame 
of revolution was rapidly being 
fanneled into a blaze. At many a 
meeting she addressed them, sym-
pathising with them, and pleading 
with them to be strong and wait.

After one of these meetings a 
battered-faced man, dirty and un-
shaven, approached her benefactors.

"You don't know me, m'lady," 
said, vigorously twisting his 
green cap from hand to hand; 
but I do you—aye, and I wish 
to thank you for all you have done 
and for her.

Mary wondered who he meant.

"Heaven bless you both," he 
continued. "As for me, well, I 
know what you did for my little
Your loss? Surely you can't be 
Alice Repton's lover?

"I am that same, m'lady. John 
Lye, the man that loved her—aye. Oh, 
the one who presented his suit to play with her.

"Do you love her now? If so, come 
to her, for she needs you—sadly.

The man drew a grainy hand across 
his eyes. "Aye, I love her, and ever 
shall; but I cannot come to her until I've 
made the blackguard pay the price.

Without another word he dashed away. 
and Mary proceeded homeward, strangely 
comforted by the man's words, but also 
troubled by the manner of his mate, 
who stood murmuring in groups.

That night Roger Markham left his 
aboriginal frame of mind. He was 
thinking glibly of the shabby 
look, in the eyes of the pretty shopgirl who 
he had just been leading towards 
the door. He's a pretty kid, and I don't think 
she'll tire of her soon—" He broke 
in surprise as a hoarse murmuring 
fell upon his ears, and his eye caught 
the manly glow that was spreading 
in the sky. "What's that? Good Lord, 
can those rascals be attempting to 
fire the old man's place?"

Throwing his cigar aside, he broke into 
a brisk run, and a few moments later, on 
turning a corner, he came full upon a 
unmanned crowd of men and women 
who howled wildly as they battered at 
the heavy gates that barred the private 
road to his father's mansion.

Roger Markham rushed into the mob. 
"How dare you—" he cried harshly. 
A howl rent the air as they recognised 
him. "Dare!" they shouted; "we'll 
show you what we dare!"

"Aye, what is sauce for the goose is 
sauce for the gander," a man cried facino 
him. "Lads and lasses, we never 
expect such nick as this." A roar of harsh 
approval greeted the words, and like a 
flash the wretched man saw that he was 
absolutely in their power.

"Listen," he cried, desperately; "I'll 
see that things at the works are altered. 
Men, if you are human—again they 
howled uproariously—"my mother and 
sisters are in the house."

"We'll broil them in its flames then— 
and fling you in to help the blaze!"

"Your mother and sisters?—a 
heavy fist struck him in the mouth.

"Yours?—Be they different to 
ours? But what cared you for the 
old screw for their sufferings? 
Maybe theirs will help me to forget 
them, then?"

Another fierce blow sent the libertine into the 
dust.

"Down with the gates, lad, and 
bring Mr. Pine Gentleman along."

"Stop! What madness is this? 
The sweet voice rang through the 
upstairs. "And you, Lee, of all 
men,"

"You forced my loss—"

"I forget nothing. But will you 
help her—will you aid your future 
happiness by having such a crime 
as you contemplate at your door?"

"Mrs. Linton speakers the truth.

the Vicar cried, striding 
and taking his place at Mary's side 
and in your hearts you know it. 
Has she said anything, done any-
thing but what is for the best? 
Remember that; and for her sake 
for the sake of her who 
in a week will be my wife."

he went home now.

Muttering, they crowded round; 
then suddenly an old woman's voice rose 
quiveringly from their midst. "Parson 
is right, lads. We'll go home, and leave 
the straightening of our lives to him 
and to your dear God, our 
dearest!"

As the mob scattered, Roger Markahm 
staggered to his feet.

"You did this for me," he gasped.

"For you and for them. Go you home 
too, and thank Heaven that Providence 
saved your loved ones to-night!"

A few seconds later they stood alone. 
"It is the beginning of the end, the 
dawn of a new era," the Vicar said, as 
he held Mary to him, 
"and to-morrow 
the last Sabbath I shall spend here, 
please God I will speak to them again 
as man to man. Whoso is without 
sin—"

Ah, Heaven grant my words 
will find an echo in their hearts!"

The End.
BRONCHITIS FOR 7 YEARS

Completely cured by Veno's, and is now a Soldier

Mr. George Illingworth, of 5, Great Wilson Street, Leeds, says:—
"During the winter of 1906 I caught a chill which settled on my chest, eventually setting up acute bronchitis. I suffered severely, and for seven years from that time may say I was hardly ever free from bronchial trouble. Of course, I felt better sometimes, but never for long. There was always a hacking cough, my head felt stuffy and heavy, and no matter how warmly I wrapped up I felt shivery. On the other hand hot sweats used to come over me when in bed, but they were always followed by chill. The cough was very troublesome. In trying to get up the phlegm I had to cough until I was fairly exhausted."

"I can't say how many cough preparations I had before trying Veno's, but I know that none of them did any good in my case. I had also had medical advice, but still I suffered. On getting up in the morning I was sure to have a violent attack, so violent indeed that I was afraid sometimes I should burst a blood-vessel. I had almost to fight for breath."

"This had been going on for seven years when I commenced taking Veno's, yet the first few doses relieved me. My breathing became quite easy and the cough too, and in quite a short time I was completely cured."

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Mackintosh's brings back your boyhood's joys.

Because you are "grown up" it does not follow that you should relinquish all those boyish pleasures. And Mackintosh's is better than anything you ever tasted as a boy—for more wholesome and nutritious than the toffee you used to eat. Take some of both home every week-end.

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This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The rough, dry, chapped, irritable pains, disfiguring blemishes, painful sores disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin smooth, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 25 years it has been the remedy for Eruptions, Redness, Roughness, Eczema, Acne, Scars, Pimples, Pernostic Rash, Scab, Blisters, Rashes. Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. Ferrer & Co. Ltd., 37, Redford Laboratories, London, S.E., and is sold in bottles at 5s. and 3s. It can be used always from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.
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OUR GREAT FREE PICTURE COMPETITION.

5th SET. NOTHING TO PAY.

£65 IN CASH AND OTHER PRIZES
1st prize, £10; 2nd prize, £5; Ten of 10s. each.
TWO HUNDRED CONSOLATION PRIZES.

Below we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognize one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but any one of these letters may be used more than once. Thus, even if you were not a cinema-goer (which you are not) you would be able to enter this competition.

Below you will find the fifth set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the titles of each. For No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in Pictures on sale Feb. 5th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10—and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

Name: ........................................
Address: ........................................

17. Scene from ........................................
Letters used: AEHIMNR

18. Scene from ........................................
Letters used: ADENOTW

19. Scene from ........................................
Letters used: AEJNRY

20. Scene from ........................................
Letters used: ACDEILMORTU
THE FILM PLAYER AT HOME

Gerald Ames is Interviewed for "Pictures"

By BILLIE BRISTOW.

"HOW can we defer the happy moment?"

That was how Mr. Ames greeted my statement that I had entered his delightful home for the purpose of interviewing him. The "we" referred to his wife and himself. I can hear some of my readers saying, "Why, if it's all the same to you, I'll go up to the top of the world, who wants to know opposite her good-looking husband in many London Films.

As the "happy moment" could not be deferred, Mr. Ames commenced-

"Of course, you know I was on the legitimate stage for years, and, like many others, I started my career with Benson, playing over sixty different parts whilst with him. Then I played Sir George Alexander's part in The Importance of Being Earnest for a long time. I have also appeared at Drury Lane, the Criterion, and Prince of Wales's. I have taken up film work seriously since the outbreak of war, although in my spare time I played for pictures before the war; in fact, my first appearance before the camera was soon after the Olympic Sports at Stockholm in 1912, where I represented England in fencing. I was with Sir Charles Wyndham at the time, and when the London Film Company approached me for a fencing scene I almost refused. I am glad I didn't!"

"What were you doing when war broke out?" I asked.

"Only a fortnight before I was playing in Paris in Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme. I was due to appear in the autumn drama at Drury Lane, but of course the war knocked that on the head. Three days after the outbreak of hostilities I tried to enlist; but alas! was refused on account of an injury received when I was a boy. Since then I have tried several times, but without success to get in the Army."

"He's awfully mad about it," broke in Mrs. Ames, "and he worries over it no end; but I think he is doing his bit, for he is an Inspector in the Special Constabulary, and is also a Fencing Instructor to recruits. Many of his pupils, after returning from the firing line, have told him that his teaching had saved their lives. His sister is a nurse, you know. She has just sailed for Salonica. She has been out in France for ever so long, and was one of the first to be sent up to a clearing station. Isn't it nice of her?" I agreed with her; then, as if in answer to the question, there was a crash-

"Bombs!" queried Mr. Ames.

"No; that's not a bomb," replied his wife, "I know the sound well, for I have been in every raid up to the present."

"There was no further crash, so we resumed our conversation. "You are fond of fencing, then?" I remarked.

"Rather! I'm in my element when I have an opus in my hand. Look at this," Mr. Ames showed me a beautiful foil. "I've fought for England with that," he added, proudly.

"I've played in a number of fencing scenes too. There are the two fights with Henry Ainley in Report of Hentszau and The Prisoner of Zenda, and a fine one with Charles Roke in The Cage; and in the Recruit film You I played the-

Bayonet Instructor. Oh! I must tell you this little incident: When we were filming Report of Hentszau I had to jump my horse into a small stream about four feet deep. Well! I mounted my gee (Mike by name) and took him up to the stream. Then to my amazement he rose to the air, and came down flat on the top of the wall on his stomach. By the time we staggered up on the opposite bank the producer was on the scene in a bad temper because of the waste of film, and the owner of the horse was accompanied him seemed to realize that I required an explanation, for he said: "Oh! I forgot to tell you that Mike is a performing horse, and for the last three weeks has been doing a high dive at the Palladium." Evidently Mike thought he was still high diving.

"Any more little reminiscences?" I asked.

"Well, we were doing a war film, and it was about the tin when the police were keen on German spies. In the picture it was arranged that two men had to follow me in a boat across a river—I was swimming. We tried that scene quite a dozen times, because every time I'd got nicely into the river, and the pursuers were firing at me, the police rushed up, and cold and downhearted, we would have to dash away up the stream, where most probably the same thing would occur. You remember the rope-ladder scene in The Prisoner of Zenda? In that I had a fearful time. While swimming in the water my feet slipped halfway up my big boots, and when I came to mount the ladder I could not find my feet. The producer kept shouting, 'He'll have you hurry up!' (referring to Henry Ainley, who was pursuing me), and in the end I think I came up chiefly by my teeth."

"Will you enumerate some of the chief films in which you have played?" I asked.

A MASTER OF FENCE: From a fine pastel drawing of Gerald Ames by Frank S. Eastman.
"Certainly," replied Mr. Ames, puffing away at his beloved pipe. "The Derby Winner, The Muddled Man, 1911, The Cape, She Stoops to Conquer, The Tragedy of War, Sons of Satan, Brother Officers, The Sultamite, The Christian, England's Justice, His Majesty's Service, and The Game of Life by. But, think my favourite part is the film we have just finished, and that is Arazne Lipton. Oh! it's a fine picture, and I'm sure you will agree with me when you see it."

"What do you think of the future for the cinema?" I asked.

"Both my wife and I think the future is a great one. Is it not wonderful that so many of the great artists are now making films? It is so difficult when acting before a camera to know that effect you are producing. On the stage you play to hundreds of people, and you know in an instant whether you are pleasing the onlookers or not; in filmland therefore it is necessary that the actor and producer should be on the best possible terms; the actor is the horse, and the producer the jockey riding him. The horse must be so well trained that his slightest twitch of the reins will pull him into position."

Before I left Mrs. Ames showed me an album full of "stories" of her husband. "I collect every likeness of him," she said, "because I'm still in love with him."

Gerald Ames as "Hastings" in She Stoops to Conquer.

K. E., of Lewisham, writes:—"I have intended writing you but have been waiting to make sure I am cured. It is only a week now since I finished my second tube of Cicfa. I had suffered so much from indigestion in either Stomach or Bowel, so I can safely say I am cured. I shall always bless the day I wrote for your free sample. The second day of taking Cicfa I felt a trifle better, and now I feel younger. Previous to taking Cicfa I was in such a bad state of depression and misery I used to wish I had courage enough to poison myself. I cannot get out or drink anything and keep it down for long. I used to hate going out anywhere, as I had such an intense feeling."

Mrs. Ames showed me an album full of "stories" of her husband. "I collect every likeness of him," she said, "because I'm still in love with him."
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"PICTURES" GUIDE

New films now showing, and recommended by the Editor. They are sure to reach your cinema sooner or later.


- Kinephotographic Travelling Co., Ltd.


- Rugoff & Eclairẻ, Ltd.

HOGAN’S MUSKY J03. - Keystone comedy. One reel. Charles Murray. A ragtime dance destroys the ceiling of the room and Hogan is employed to repair it—with tragic results.

- Western Import Co., Ltd.

WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY. - Lubin drama. Three reels. Features Lillie Leslie. A business man poisons his partner to provide funds for his midnight carousals. - see the results.

- Guernsey Film Hire Services.


- New Majestic Company, Ltd.

IT WAS LIKE THIS. - Flying "A" comedy drama. One reel. Edward Coxen, Winifred Greenwood. George Field. Describing how a crook was saved from arrest by the advent of a son and heir at the house he was burgling.

- American Co., Ltd.

THE WHITE PEARL. - Famous Players’ drama. Four reels. Marie Doro. A story of a wonderful pearl, the adventures of a beautiful American girl, including a shipwreck, and her ultimate happy return to the land of her birth.

- J. D. Walker’s World’s Films, Ltd.

HIS BELOVED VIOLIN. - Big U drama. One reel. Murdock MacQuarrie. A pathetic story of how a wonderful musician was obliged to part his beloved instrument, how he lost the pawn-ticket and in the end recovered his precious possession.

- Trans-Montane Film Co., Ltd.

CASTE. - Turner comedy. Four reels. Sir John Hare as “Eccles.” A clever picturisation of the famous stage-play, which tells of an aristocrat’s marriage beneath his rank, how he was disowned and how all came right after many trials. Do not miss it.

- Ideal Film Releasing Co., Ltd.

THE GIRL AND THE MAILBAG. - Selig drama. One reel. Tom Mix and Victoria Forde. An exciting film introducing songs magnificent riding and driving. Your hair will stand on end when you see the coach-and-pair driven at terrific speed by the heroine.

- Ideal Film Releasing Co., Ltd.

THE ONLY MAN. - Homeland comedy. Three reels. Billy Mason, Winifred Delevante. A story of a musician who was known to keep her jewels—on opening it he finds it contains—See it for yourselves, and then you’ll know.

- The Globe Film Co., Ltd.

THE LADY OF THE SHOWS. - Essanay drama. Three reels. R.C. Travers, Edna Mayo, and Ernest Mason. Depicting a thrilling attempt to wreck a train. A desperate raid on a gambling saloon is included in a well-conceived plot that is logically and convincingly developed.

- The Globe Film Co., Ltd.

THE EBBONY CASKET. - Vitaphone comedy. One reel. William Dunne, Anne Schaefer, Myrtle Gonzales, and Alfred Vosburgh. A laughable tale. A gambler, being hard up, steals a casket in which his aunt was known to keep her jewels—on opening it he finds it contains—See it for yourselves, and then you’ll know.

- J. D. Walker’s World’s Films, Ltd.

"VERY SOFT." P. & P. in “The Tailor of Bond Street” means "A FINE FILM."
THAT those clever comedians, Sidney Drew and his wife, Jane Morrow, have been secured for Metro pictures; and

THAT Metro intends before long to release one short Sidney Drew comedy per week.

THAT The Wild Widow, the second of Gertie de S. Wentworth James's novels to be filmed, is likely to prove top-hole

THAT Code, in which Sir John Hare appears, is already booked by over 300 theatres, and

THAT we shall shortly publish some pen sketches made by our artist after seeing this splendid film.

THAT Sir John is making his second screen appearance as Dr. Primrose in the ideal film version of the famous novel The Yellow Wakefield.

THAT Ruth Roland and Henry King will be co-stars on the screen once more in Halton pictures.

THAT D.L. Don is the name of a new Lubin comedian who will, it is promised, sweep the board with merriment in Up Against It released next month.

THAT a Pathé Gold Rooster The King’s Game, is the next picture in which Pearl White and Sheldon Lewis will appear.

THAT Jess Willard, the famous heavy-weight, has been filmed in America in The Making of a Titan.

THAT the name part was played by the Fulton, the Minnesota giant, and that clinking fight scenes have resulted.

THAT the Trans-Atlantic serial to follow The Broken Coin, is entitled The Mills of Great.

THAT Stewart Rome, the Hepworth player, lately wants a job for companion, and is looking out for one.

THAT Slapstick, an announcement of which appears elsewhere, is Kalem’s twelve-episode series adapted from E.W. Hornung’s famous book, and therefore ought to be O.K.

THAT the X.L. Film Company have just cause to feel proud, having moved into new and commodious premises in Denmark Street, W.C.

THAT Lily Saxby was in the Thames the other day, and, although wet and cold in consequence, was highly pleased with the successful scene which she was making for a coming picture.

THAT it is easy to “find the film” if you visit the cinema regularly and watch your scenes.

THAT many managers are pleased over the enthusiasm which our new competition is creating among their patrons.

THAT a munition factory has decided to erect a cinema and concert hall for the benefit of its workpeople.

The Story of

"THE FOUR FEATHERS"

(By A. E. W. MASON)

was told in this paper a fortnight ago. If you liked it, and intend to see the film, we will tell you where it will be shown in your district, or will try to arrange for it being included in the programme at your favourite Cinema. A postcard will bring you this information, as well as a booklet containing many striking photos from the film.

"SALOMY JANE"

(By BRET HARTE)

An excellent Californian tale of the early days out there, is now being shown throughout Britain. You must not miss this really fine film.

CONTROLLED BY

LUCOQUE Ltd.,
Film Renters,
93 & 95, WARDOUR STREET,
LONDON, W.
Owing to the success of our appeal for frank criticisms from the public in regard to Billy Merson Films, we again offer to send a free set of twelve photogravure postcards of Billy Merson to the first hundred persons sending us this week an expression of opinion in regard to Kinebilly Comedies.

Whatever your opinion may be, you will still receive a set of postcards, if your letter is one of the first hundred to be opened after the appearance of this advertisement.

Please mark letters—386, and state name of theatre where you have viewed the picture.

The Globe Film Co., Ltd.,
81-83, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

Six Half-Plate Photographs
Taken from the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of P.O. or Stamps value 6d.

"Flying A" Co., 193, Wardour St., W.

Cleo Madison and Arthur Shirley in 'The Pine's Revenge'

Rex Drama. 1955 ft. approx. Released March 9th.

Here is a grand photoplay—one that you will like for its magnificent photography and fine production alone. And there is a thrilling story in addition.

It is a North Western drama, relating the story of a giant tree's red-handed upon a renegade forest incendiary who sets fire to it.

Lon Chaney, as the renegade, does very fine work in a thrilling scene in which he is shown lying pinned beneath the giant pine, which is all the time ablaze. The whole subject is riddled with fresh situations and great thrill.

There is a love story of surpassing interest woven into this tense drama, which will appeal to everybody.

Be sure and see this.

The Trans-Atlantic Film Co., Ltd.,


**EDITORIAL**

**SAVE your sets!** Of course, I refer to our great competition “Find the Film,” and the order “Save your sets” is imperative because several readers, who have misread the rules, have been sending me odd sets which are so much waste paper. One notice will be given of the date on which all the sets are to be pinned together and sent in for judgment.

**A Feast of Films.**

The list of Famous Players releases for the next six months will be made plain reading. Mary Pickford will be seen in a slow drama which involves the Roman emperors, _The Unknown_, _Butterfly_, _The Foundling_, and _Miss Jenny_; Margaret Clark appears in _Seven Sisters, Below the North_, _Still Waters_, and _The Prisoner and the Bishop_. Pauline Frederick heads in _Sold_, _Zaza_, and _Hella Donna_; and Hazel Dawn will be seen in _The Masqueraders_, _Clarissa_, _The Fatal Card_, and _The Heart of Louise_. I have seen nearly all these subjects and know that this feast of films is one that picturegoers will enjoy.

An “Apxp” Super Production.

The new series to be issued by the Apex Films, Ltd., has begun well with a five-part adaptation of the play by Edward Sheldon entitled _Salvation Nell_. It was produced by the Californian Motion Picture Corporation, and, like most efforts which come from the land of sunshine and picture-making, _Salvation Nell_ has been really beautifully and artistically turned out. Beatrice Michele, an actress now to me, but whose charm and acting power are of high degree, appears in the leading part — a heroine who joins the Salvation Army and becomes one of its most earnest and enthusiastic members.

From the Essanay Studios.

With four studios working this year, Essanay producers and artists are looking forward to a strenuous time. Among the strong releases coming over are _The After Case_, a mystery drama; _A Daughter of the City_, a love romance; Charles Chaplin in his latest of _Coney_, and _Henry B. Wallis in the Raven_, _The Strange Case of Mary Page_, and _Blind Love_. And there are others all good work and cannot likely to win the lessor applause of the most discriminating picturegoer.

Bilby as a (Detective) Detective.

You must see Billy Mersham in _Skeetch Blake_. Pit: there’s no hurry, for the film _The Pledge To_ will not be released yet awhile. But if you like a good hardborne detective story—why, one of the best—and passing in the midst of the struggle to answer the phone, it is one of countless in ideas that will make you laugh. It is the fourth “Homeland” production, and, like the previous three, is being released (when the time comes) by the Globe Film Co. Ltd.

Sir Herbert Tree in _Macbeth._

I rejoice to learn that Sir Herbert Tree on his arrival at Los Angeles pe

**PICTURES AND THE PICTURES, No. 19: “The Flight of a Nightbird” (Trans-Atlantic). Done by Allan Maclay.**

The filming of _Macbeth_ at the Fine Arts Studio was met with a great ovation. At the studio his welcome was equally hearty, his car being surrounded by rapt Western cowboys, who fired a salute from their six-shooters. David W. Griffith and staff received the distinguished guest, who was accompanied by his daughter Iris, and later Sir Herbert said:

“I am more and more convinced that the selection is an ideal one and I am eager to be at work on the production. _Macbeth_, apart from the power and beauty of its dialogue, is a highly pictorial narrative. Its characterisations are strongly developed, and it is throughout a story of action. It is, too, one of the world’s great classics, and to be taking part in its photo-dramatisation is at once a real and a distinguished opportunity.”

Personally I have always considered _Macbeth_ to be one of the most unsuitable of all Shakespeare’s plays for film purposes, but—we shall see. F. D.

**A SOUVENIR W.A.R ALBUM**

Will hang on chaise or freestand. Price ONE BILLING from PICTURES, LTD., 85, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
The Latest Turner Films:

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Featuring FLORENCE TURNER
Produced by Henry Edwards

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY
Produced by LARRY TRIMBLE
Featuring Hilda Trevelyan

Booklets on application to Turner Films, Ltd., Walton-on-Thames.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

Below I am able to give you the result of the Elisabeth Risdon Competition, and on the front page of this issue you will see this popular actress holding aloft the beautiful doll which is now being presented by her to the winner of the first prize. Miss Risdon is dressed as Glory Quayle, her part in The Christian, and you will notice that she has dressed Miss Doll also to represent her in this great role.

A smaller doll, dressed, too, by her, is going to the second girl winner, and jigsaw puzzles are going to the two boy winners. Their names are: Molly Lees (first), and Mary Lytton (second); Stanley Highton (first), and Freddy Halford (second). So this settles that.

You know how I love to tell you about clever juvenile artistes. Well, I have just discovered there are some in the Juvenile Film Company of New York. They include a child Chaplin, a funny little fellow who is such a born mimic that he can impersonate the great and only Charlie to the life. You will see him I hope, with other clever children in their film, A Chip off the Old Block, which the Ideal Company in London are releasing. The story of the film is quite simple. A little street arab, selling newspapers, stands to admire a cardboard cut-out of Charlie, when a pair of tiny lovers pass him. The little arab falls in love with the girl, and that night dreams that she is playing heroine, and he, in the guise of Charlie Chaplin, rescues her from the wicked villain and wins her love. For children so young the acting (especially the boy Charlie) is really wonderful.

I am told that a second film, called Chip’s Elbow, by the same children, is to follow this one, and that it is equally successful. Again the action is mostly in dreamland, and Chip, as Charlie, becomes the hero. “Be ready to slope in two minutes” calls Chip beneath the window of his beloved. A rope made of bed-sheets is flung from the window, and down it glides the maiden. A kiss, and they are off.

Whilst Pa slunks his six-year-old fists at the runaway couple, the three-feet high rival runs after the car and hitches on behind; and when a grey-haired little Ma of five is all a-dither at the window. Pa jumps into a fly and pursues the runaways furiously. Then two little policemen take up the chase, and — But I won’t tell you how it finishes. You must look out for these two ripping “kids’’ films and find out their endings for yourselves.

Talking of “ends” brings me to my Competition in which I asked you to say what made Willie happy after losing a shilling, given him by his mother to go to the cinema. The question brought the most interesting replies that I have ever
had in any Competition. Nearly all the competitors made "money the cause" as their reply to the last question. Glad to hear of your success in the season. We do not make any charge for publishing photos in Pictures, as our space is limited. We are not the least bit frightened, Walter.

Sydney (Edmonton). We know nothing about the Elm Co., as you mention. Sorry....

E.R. (Reading).—Thanks for your letter, John. We are all the better for a visit to a new old friend.

Blancie (Middlesex).—Thank you very much for your kindness. We hope to visit you soon - we have no studio nearer. We are on our way to the Midland Railway.

Eveline (Lytham).—Thanks for your letter, but it is not so kind of you to say I was wrong. Injustice, as usual.

Levi (Kilmarnock).—Just to let you know we are in the Manc. Press. We have already received their first three columns for publication, so your letter arrived a little late.

The Mermaid" of the Elgin. We announce their arrival in Pictures. No valuable information available. I am sure you will be pleased to hear this news.

Levi (Kilmarnock).—George Walsh, who played in "The Redhead, a Parisian in the "Queen of the Road," "A Machine and a Man," and "A Bold Impersonation." Many thanks for your kind notice of our latest production. We are very pleased to hear that you have enjoyed it.

Mr. Dropsy (Plymouth).—We are not able to answer your letter, but we are pleased to hear of your success. We are not able to send you a photograph, but we are glad to hear of your success.

Litha (Bristol).—Thanks for your letter, Jane. We hope to visit you soon.

Kerwin & Sons (Sheffield).—We are very pleased to hear of your success. We are not able to send you a photograph, but we are pleased to hear of your success.

Free Seats. Pictures, 85 and 87 Long Acre, London, W.C., on or before Monday, February 7th. As Consolations Places will be sent nice books to the next best answer.

Coquette (Nottingham). Address Henry Anderson Co., 29 North Western Rd., Ballybay Avenue, W. He will, in reply to your letter, write to us and comply with the rules at the top of the page.

D. W. (Sheffield).—Beulah Travas and Pearl White are American actresses. Address the letter co., Path's Co., 25, West 24th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

Admiral (Dublin).—With the proverb "To err is human" remains true, so little will make a mistake, even on the film, as producers are human. It is quite possible that the Admiral for £4 a week, to Charlie (U.S.A. 1915), and very much enjoyed the story. We can only imagine what these errors we did not see, but we shall be pleased to sign your autograph album.

Cecil (Brighton).—We take pleasure in your letter, but we are not able to send you a photograph, as we have not heard of your success.

Cecil (Brighton).—We are not able to answer your letter, but we are pleased to hear that you are having success.

Lilt (Small Heath).—We have not seen Arthur Fian on the film recently. We are not able to sign your autograph album.

Irritation.—"What is the matter with your little boy? Is it convulsions? Look how dreadfully he twists his face." "Oh, there's nothing the matter. He's been doing that ever since he saw Ford Sterling at the pictures."
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREROGER

F. A. F. (East Tonj.): "Dreadna Green" (Famous Players).

Dolly Franks, Marguerite Clark.

Mrs. McLaughlin, Lillian Leux

Theatre; Lester Chambers; Capt. Cardiff, G. Sullivan.

Lady Chatterley, Helen Waddell.

C. J. Hooker." I'm a girl who

The girl who wanted the Wrong Turning (British Empire) —

Willie F. Shone, W. M. Abber, James Mason, Henry Lumsden; Richard Rusten, C. Collins and A. Martin, Wingoo Lawrence.

Johnnie Walker, Andrew Barn, Bill Slater, Solay Surf, Toppy Slater, Eka Dare, Yola Lee, Nicy Lean, Lucy Foster, Nancy Hailot, Sophie, Alice Belmore.

F. H. (Dobnly Main.): The brooch you have is not the same as the "Pictures League" run by the proprietors of the old "Pictures," but this scheme was not carried on by us when we took over the paper. Thanks for the pencil drawing; it must have taken you quite a long time to do.

Michel Evan (Glasgow): Wm. J. Elliott and Wm. Elliot are two quite different persons, Ray. Our publishers have sent you the copy you want. The story of "Her Triumph" appeared in No. 88, August 24, 1915, Thank for kind wishes.

Harry (Liverpool): Marshall Nelson played "Keith" in "Rice." The other cast list was not published. Postcard list sent you.

Mary (Skeetburn,): Mary Pickford and the Man of Mystery as you may have him, returns thanks for kind wishes. Address F. D. Bushman, c/o Metro Producers, Madison Avenue, New York, U.S.A. See also reply to "D. W."

Betty (Hitchin.): Betty Reeves did it at one time play in "The Maunouen Birds." The X. in Bushman's name stands for Xavier. "The Birth of a Nation," which is to come in the provinces later on. Glad you liked our Christmas Number. Yes, we have typedwritten letters. Our kind best girl.

Emily (Hitchin.): If your photo tells the truth, Emily, you must be a merry little girl. Charlie Chaplin was on stage before he played for pictures, but whether or not he made his debut at any stage we cannot say. George Anderson played "Grandad" in "Little Pal."

Violet (Hightown.): You would no doubt get replies from players you wrote to. Several of our readers have been very successful and quite likely each player would give you the list of pictures they were in. We have a beautiful coloured postcard of Blanche Sweet and ordinary ones of Henry H. Walthall and Ray Bolger, price a penny each postage free. We always like to hear from our readers. Thanks for kind words.

Diana (Hitchin.): No, Charlie Chaplin is not engaged, and if you wish to see him I can give you his address. Your letter was sent with our catalogue of postcards. Please to hear your progress in the stage. We are glad you are writing again.

M. S. (Ilary.): Henry Edwards played the son's part in "My Old Dutch." We have no postcards of the players who came. We much appreciate the kind wishes.

F. M. O. (Londo, England): Have put Sidney Drew's name on our "Interview" list, and sent you on our catalogue of postcards. Please to hear your progress in shooting. We are glad you are writing again.

Lois (Glasgow): "Most of the cuts you want are of Biograph films and are not published.

The others we hope to give you later. Syd Chaplin is very nice to you." Have sent you one of our latest postcard lists. (This reader would like to know whom all these young fancies on his picture going in the same town—south side. Any offers?)

Denny (Forest Hill): thanks our Xmas Double Number was a success. The competition in London was a great success, but I was not run by us; you should get particulars from our office. We are sending Xmas numbers, and the next numbers will be the usual numbers of "Pictures."

W. H. (Nottingham): aged sixteen, wants to join the Army. Plucky Bill! Father refuses permission, for Bill is only eight. Have sent your love to Chrissie White and Ike Leonard, and we are sure they have you the hand.

W. P. (New Brighton): Have sent you our postcard list, and, despatched New Year's greetings to Anna Little and Herbert Redfern your friends in "The Black Box." — while a very good choice.

VALLI VALLI, the charming young actress of the Metro Company. This is our new postcard of her.

Ivy (Rocksville.): "The Exploits of Elaine are in thirteen episodes. Your joke about the Germans digging trenches in the North Sea made us chuckle.

Playwright (Tunrequent.): Our little pamphlet How to Write a Picture Play price 21., post free, would be of great interest to you. Always typewrite your plays.

Ray (Stanford Hill.): Charlie Chaplin's eyes are violets with black lashes. Babies if you win bet.

H. L. D. (Glasgower.): The Photoplay Magazine, published by Photoppy Publishing Co., 338, N. Clark Street, Chicago, U.S.A., is the best American paper for you. Write to our advertisers (Oldham, Ltd., 83 and 84, Long Acre, London, W.C.) about back numbers of Pictures. We can supply bound volumes (Nos. 7 and 8), price 3. 8d. each, post free. From this address (Pictures, Ltd., 83, Long Acre, London) there is one only picture of Pictures in this country, Pictures is beyond competition.

W. H. F. (Great Yarmouth.): — Dear old boxers! Have sent your letter on. So you are going to read Pictures until your hair is grey? Goodness, goodness! but we are pleased.

Jean (Carlisle): Mabel Conard, c/o Universal Film Co., 1,600, Broadway, New York, N.Y., U.S.A.; Margaret Pickford, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 207, Fifth Avenue, Above 42nd Street, New York, N.Y., U.S.A.; and Charlie Chaplin, c/o Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1,555, Argyle Street, Chicago, U.S.A. The other player has recently left the Universal Co., and we have not her new address yet. Always pleased to help you, Dunny. Do not reply by post.

A. V. Young (Sutton): Like yourself, everybody likes our Xmas portrait supplement of Florence Turner. Have dispatched your love to the players you mentioned.

Many replies are unreadably held ever.

Editorial matters should be addressed to:
THE EDITOR, "Pictures and the Picturerofer."
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W. E. FRAZIER
Feb. 5, 1915

SMILES

The New Lady Doorkeeper.

"I wish my husband would come back from the war."

PATRON: "To take your place?"

"No; to look after the children."

'Nuff Said.

Traveller: "Now, what ought a little boy to say when a gentleman gives him twopenny for carrying his bag?

LITTLE BOY: "Give him another penny and I'll go to the pictures."

The Cinema Curse.

FIRST MAN: "I've been eating onions, and I've got to meet a girl at seven. What shall I do?"

SECOND MAN: "Get to see The Hazards of Helen, it will take your breath away."

The Young Picturerofer.

LITTLE BOY (watching a picture): Auntie, what's them fings?"

AUNTIE: "They are those sheep. Your father made 'em of their wool."

LITTLE BOY: "Then why is munver making 'em out of Jimmy's old ones?"

A Place of Darkness.

SUPERIOR PERSON: "Pictures are all right, you know; but I treat this place like a bath."

HIS FRIEUK: "What?"

S. P.: "Because its nice and cozy but I'd not like to be caught in it."

The Sabbatarian.

BRIDGET: "The new neighbours want to cut their grass, mum, and ask the loan of your lawnmower."

MISTRESS: "Lend them your lawnmower to cut grass on the Sabbath! Certainly not. Tell them that we know of one."

The Reel Picture and the Real Picture.

On the Film—She: "Oh, Jack; how I love you!"

He (pointing her check): "How much?"

In Real Life—She: "Oh, Jack, how I love you!"

He (having hand in pocket): "How much?"

Breaking it Gently.

PRODUCER: "What is your age?"

APPLICANT: "I am past twenty."

PRODUCER: "Please be more explicit."

APPLICANT: "Between twenty and thirty."

PRODUCER: "No more trifling; state your exact age."

APPLICANT: "I shall be thirty the day after tomorrow."

The First Shall be Last.

SCENE: A choppy sea on which are two boats. One contains two actors. Suddenly the boat upside and both occupants are precipitated into the water. Then a raucous voice from the other boat to actor No. 1: "Come closer, and I'll ban you out."

I can't; water's seven feet deep.

"Go on; it's only up to your armpits."

"But I'm standing on the man who fell in first!"
Violet Hopson
“the dear delightful villainess.”
A Young Girl who hungers for love loses her heart to a star of the travelling Theatrical Company. There are many exquisite effects in this remarkable picture.

Margarita Fischer
CHRISSE WHITE
A new and charming portrait of this very popular Hepworth player
(See note on page 146.)
The Mastermark of Filmdom

When you see this on the screen you know there is something good appearing

Selig's Famous Artists:

KATHLYN WILLIAMS
EDITH JOHNSON
STELLA RAZETTO

BESSIONE EYTON
BABY LILLIAN WADE
TOM MIX

A Complete Set of Six Coloured Postcards—in four colours—sent post-free upon receipt of 4½d. Only a few sets now left.

SELIGS

93-95, Wardour Street, London, W.
IS THIS THE GLAD EYE? IRENE FENWICK

The delightful American actress whom you will see in *The Spendthrift* and *The Commuters*, two films to be released by the Globe Film Company.
PICTURES AND THE PICTURGOER

PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

More film scenes on page 459.

Go often to the cinema and watch the film titles. Your search for scenes may be handsomely rewarded.

"Keep it dark" is the outside order these nights. It also applies to inside — the picture-theatres.

Heard in the dark: "Abraham, get your hat; this show is a cheat. Three times we've seen that same picher!"

Some cinema theatres have been turned into munition factories. It's a hard world for young lovers nowadays.

A party of picture-players recently gave up a moonlight climb up the mountains around Los Angeles. The snow was too deep to be safe.

Bryant Washburn, at lunch, discovered a Worthworth (£50) in an oyster. How dare an oyster wear jewellery! It deserved to be robbed.

Violet Hopson, "the dear delightful villainess" of the Hepworth players, interrupted the work of an important film a fortnight ago in order that she might see her brother, who was home from the Front on short leave. He was with the Australians at the Dardanelles.

"I want to be the first to jump off the Woolworth tower in a parachute," wrote a Brooklyn man to the Metro Film Company. He wanted to go up to come down. Most players prefer to remain up if they once get there.

Some of the flowers that bloom next spring will form a bridal bouquet for Mae Marsh. While she and Robert Harrow have been playing together at the rivalith-Triangle Studios at Los Angeles, Culp has been shooting their hearts full of holes. You'll remember The Birth of a Nation is one of the many plays in which Mae has died.

Broncho Billy's Birthplace.

A WRITER in the Nottingham Express has "discovered" that G. H. Anderson was born at Beccles, near Nottingham. You're wrong, sir, and we guess we can put you wise right here now. Broncho Billy was, sure, raised in Pine bluff, a cute little burg way down in Arkansas. Yep, sir!

Tom Moore is in Pictures.

The celebrated husband of Alice Joyce, he-er-in-law of Mary Pickford, Jr., has signed on with Lubin, and announces that "you couldn't blow him out of pictures with all the guns of the united armies in the universe." The famous actor, now an American film manufacturer, and president of the corporation which bears his name, to become a screen star. At the conclusion of her vaudeville engagement she will be presented in a picture version of a celebrated English novel.

Film Titles Travestied. No. 20.


The famous actor, now an American film manufacturer, and president of the corporation which bears his name, to become a screen star. At the conclusion of her vaudeville engagement she will be presented in a picture version of a celebrated English novel.

Our Cover Portrait.

Chrisiee White, whose latest portrait appears on our front cover, has been one of the Hepworth players for two years more than has Alma Taylor, and her whole career has been distinguished by continual progress. From Brodcomy (as the great "silly girl") to such great parts as Lavender in Sweet Lavender she has carried her way by sheer force of steady, enthusiastic effort. It is two years since our interview with Miss White appeared in our columns, but we have another one in hand which we shall publish shortly.

Preachers and Thinkers.

The Rev. W. R. Pomeroy, of Bradford, according to The Daily News, when preaching at the City Temple, London, the other day, lamented the fact that "in these times of suffering the popular hero of the British public was not (in the order named) a preacher, a writer, a soldier or a thinker but one called Chaplin, a clown." The fact that a preacher does not figure a popular hero must be very galling the reverend gentleman, but why didn't he say "or a thinker"? We are personal acquainted with several preachers who are preachers and thinkers.

The Screen in Siam.

Pictures are no new thing in Siam.

Fifteen years ago a picture house was opened in Bangkok by Japanese and is still one of the most popular amusements. About six years ago a second house was opened, known as the Phathanakorn, under the management of Siem Siong Wan. The most novel feature of these two houses, including picture slides interspersed with Siam plays. Recently this theatre was engaged for Horace Goldin and his company, who played to record houses, including three command performances before His Majesty the King of Siam. The most successful picture as serial, and one of these ran for weeks. Max Linder, Ford Sterling, and Chaplin are among the favourites here.

Stories i Popular Songs.

What promises to be one of the most popular features in Everybody's is the series "Days with the Famous," by the Char-Lady, and is the issue of Tuesday next. February 7th the subject dealt with is entitled "With the Burnus, a Batterie." Horatio Bottomley gives another "Straight from the Shoulder Talk" to women entitled "What I Want Do for Britain Now." Herman Darewski writes the third of his series of stories of popular songs "Won't You Come and Play With Me," giving the words and music from the original manuscript. The number also includes the second page of entrants in the Beautiful Children Competition, in which cash prizes of £150 are offered.

DON'T NEGLECT

It is only in Great Britain that Hepworth all-British picture plays are made.

PAGE 459.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week
INTERESTING TOPICS IN FILM PICTURES SELECTED FROM PATHÉ'S ANIMATED GAZETTE.

1. BULGARIAN PRISONERS captured by Allies at Strumnitzia arrive at --.
2. KULTUS! Ravished by the Huns' guns, only the skeleton now remains of that magnificent pile the Cathedral of Arras.
3. LORD MAYOR OF LEEDS pays a visit to the Leeds "Pals" Battalion in camp near Mansfield.
4. TO MAKE LONDON SAFE: Mr. Pemberton Billing, who stood for an airman M.P.-ship for Mile End, and failed to get in.
5. SAVE! FROM THE INVADERS: The Serbian peasants' flocks of cattle and sheep at Ghevgeli.
6. THEIR BILL OF FARE: Good cheer for "gi'jup" men—bacon for breakfast. There is also beef for dinner, and celery for tea, but we have no room for the photographs.
"Oh! you little darling!" cried Kate Gladding excitedly, picking up a baby leopard from the ground and hugging it tenderly to her breast. "It's a shame to let them take you away."

Where wild animals were concerned Kate knew no fear. The daughter of an animal trapper, she had lived in the jungle all her life, and was at home with the habits and customs of practically everything that possessed legs.

She put the baby leopard back into its cage and wandered down towards the hunting station. Here she found a crowd of niggers busily engaged in transferring their various wild animal captures from "bagging nets" to temporary cages, and was soon occupied viewing the new arrivals.

"Hello, Miss Gladding!" pleasantly interrupted a voice behind her. "And how are you this morning?"

Kate swung round. "Mr. Clancy!" she exclaimed. "Good gracious, what a fright you gave me! Do you know, you are the very man I'm looking for. How long have you been back from the hunt?"

"I've just returned this very morning," replied Charles Clancy, smiling. "You see I've got all the animals I can carry this trip, I guess; and as tiger-catching for an American circus is got the healthiest amusement I know—well, I thought I'd turn it up for a while. I hope it is nothing serious you want me for, however?" he inquired suddenly.

"Well, yes, it is rather. Two days ago father was taken seriously ill, and I don't quite know what is the matter. I do wish you would come round and have a look at him."

"Sure!"></code> returned Clancy quickly, slipping his arm through Kate's. "Let us get along there right now."

As they turned to the house, Clancy led Kate over to a large cage standing away from the rest. "Now what do you think of that?" he asked, lifting up one side of the cover.

"Oh! what a beauty!" cried Kate, kneeling down to better examine the captive. "Why, he's a full-grown tiger!"

"Precisely; and he gave me more trouble to lay than any other beast in these parts. But gee! he's worth it, don't you think? Look at his coat."

"Magnificent!" agreed the girl; then, urging her friend to hurry, they soon arrived at the house where Clancy found old John Gladding pretty bad.

"Got a touch of fever, haven't you, sir?" he suggested thoughtfully. "Been down near the big swamp, I reckon."

"Yes, my lad, I believe you are right," answered old Gladding weakly. "This part of the jungle seems to be doubly cursed."

Clancy nodded, "Can I do anything for you?" he asked. "I am in no violent hurry, you know, to get back again, and a day or two won't make much difference," he added, looking across at where Kate was sitting. "Especially if I can be of any use."

"No, no, my lad; thanks all the same," rejoined Gladding. "I shall be as fit as they make them again in a day or so, and I know you want to get along with those beasts for the circus. I'm very much obliged to you all the same."

"Right ho!" echoed Clancy, rising. "Only if you change your mind in the meantime, just let me know." And, picking up his hat, he made for the door, followed by Kate.

Once outside, Clancy seemed undecided how to proceed, but a glance from Kate instantly reassured him, and, taking the bull by the horns, he made a dash for it.

"Look here, little girl," he began, lamely, keeping his eyes on the ground and twisting his hat with his fingers. "It's this that you seek. Well, as a matter of fact, I've had something I've wanted to say to you for some time."

"Yes?" remarked Kate, shyly.

"I—we—have fallen in love with you, Katie—hopelessly. Will you marry me? There! now I've said it.""

Kate slowly raised her eyes to his. "Why, of course I will," she answered, smiling; "whenever you want me, and burying her face on his breast, she stayed there for what her old father thought was quite a long time.

Next day Clancy took his departure. "Don't forget now anything I said, or anything I did," were his parting words. "Just let me know, and I'll come right back at once."

Shortly after he had gone, Gladding grew steadily worse. Developing the dreaded symptoms of the "plague," he grew weaker and weaker, and, in spite of Kate's devotion and careful nursing, the poor old fellow died.

At the news of his death the whole station was in a turmoil, and the natives learned of the nature of Gladding's disease, they fled from the place terror-stricken.

The latter event accentuated Kate's trouble a hundredfold, for, with the exception of an old and faithful servant
the family had had with them for years, she was now left entirely alone. She must find him at once and bring him back to her side as quickly as possible.

Taking a card from her desk in the corner of the room, she hastily scribbled a brief message upon it, and summoning her only remaining servant, carefully instructed him how to proceed in his search for Clancy.

This done to her satisfaction, she promptly despatched him with her blessing. But the fates were indeed against her, for scarcely had her messenger half completed his journey when a huge lion surprised and killed him.

During the weeks that followed, Kate became almost distracted. The failure to return of her messenger, and the non-appearance of her lover, broke down all her remaining hopes. She was helpless, unprotected, and alone.

Living from day to day by the side of her gun, with which she kept at bay the wild beasts that attacked the house, she gradually began to realise that her end was rapidly approaching.

"Oh, God! send them to me," she prayed, and sent them quickly.

But Clancy had never received her fateful message. He was hunting one day in the jungle, when he happened by chance to come across a heap of human bones left by Clancy short grass.

"Poor devil," he mused, bending over them and turning the skull with his foot; "whatever beast did that I guess it made a clean job of it, anyhow."

As he turned to leave the place, his eyes fell upon a small white card shining brightly in the sunlight. "Odd," he muttered, picking it up, "probably the poor beggar's name." Then his face underwent an extraordinary change.

"Come at once—am in terrible trouble, here! Alone in the jungle—Kate." "Good heavens," he cried, "this may have harm here for weeks".

With an oath Clancy rushed back to his encampment. "Strike! boys," he shouted, hurriedly, "there's a moment to lose; we must reach old Bludding's station by daybreak to-morrow at all costs." The order was instantly obeyed, and in less than half an hour the whole encampment was under way.

After a long and forced march, Clancy at length came in sight of Kate's house. "God grant I may not be too late," he unburdened fervently, as he pushed onwards. Upon reaching the house he found it barricaded. A cold sweat broke out upon his brow as he tried the door. A terrible feeling of dread overcame him. Supposing she was dead.

With a forced laugh, he hammered the door loudly. At my rate he had done his best. Next moment, however, his fears were set at rest. The door flew open and Kate fell into his arms.

"Thank Heaven, I am not too late," he cried, embracing her passionately. "the fear that I should lose you has nearly driven me mad!"

"Oh! why didn't you come to me sooner?" implored the girl, hysterically. "It has been terrible, terrible!"

"My poor little darling!" burst out Clancy, pushing her gently aside and setting her down in a chair. "I never saw your mes-

Vivian Reed, the Selig player, who foibles ferocious leopards as if they were tame house-cats.

The above is an actual scene from The Lost Messenger.
I AM told that when I was only four years old I displayed the keenest interest in any play that I was taken to see. I remember seeing Romeo and Juliet at the Royal Theatre, Glasgow, when I was only five. That is twelve years ago, so you can guess my age now. I always had a great desire to go on the stage, and even now I would like to make it my livelihood, but the right chance has not come my way. A well-known theatrical interviewer, whom I met quite casually, wrote the following: "Hugh Elliott is a boy of resource and determination. His ambition for a theatrical career must sooner or later be fulfilled. Yes, I have seen him, and must admit he has every qualification to justify his desire. His manners are remarkable, and I am confident that his determination will make him what he would like to be."

I must say I was flattered with this, but as the writer says, I am really determined to get on. I once had a strange desire to see two live picture plays, and I did see them, Romaine Fielding in a letter to me said: "It was certainly a very severe undertaking for one so young. But it shows the true steel of your courage in your efforts to get on, and success awaits those who try."

Now I will tell you how I visited America to see John Bunny and Florence Turner. Between three and four years I ago went to the picture house, where a Vitagraph film was showing entitled Her Diary. When it was finished I said to my sister beside me: "Isn't she a splendid actress?" My sister replied: "Yes, but she's an elderly one." Although the chief character was an old woman I seemed to have been hypnotised by her. So cleverly and touchingly did she act that I got the manager to engage another picture of her. Then, to my great delight, I found that the old woman I had seen was played by a girl. I thought I should dearly love to shake hands with her. She was such an appealing creature. I asked the manager of the cinema if I could do so, but he replied: "I am afraid you will never have the pleasure. That girl is Miss Florence Turner, and her company is far away in America."

My heart sank. I had not thought of America. I thought them that most pictures were made in London, so, for a time, I gave up all hopes. One week later I saw a film with John Bunny in it. Now, I had always been fond of him, and the mud idea seized me that I would like to be like him in real life. Then it occurred to me that to see Florence Turner would mean seeing John Bunny also, as they were both with Vitagraph. For weeks I planned going my way across. I thought it was a good idea. After a lot of trouble I obtained a berth as a steward on a liner. My mother was not pleased to hear of my new situation. I assured her I would take care of myself well enough, and at last she gave her consent. The great day came, and I went aboard. The work was hard, but I did not grumble.

The first and second days passed all right, but the third day I shall never forget. I rose at five as usual, with the most awful feeling any one could have. My head ached and my temples throbbed. I started dressing, but found I could not stand up. I staggered about like a drunken man. What was the matter with me? I got upstairs and drew in breaths of fresh air. I lost my balance and fell, giving myself a nasty crack on the head. The ship was heaving terribly. Then I felt as if something was choking me, and I realised with horror that I was suffering from sea-sickness. I soon forgot my troubles when I thought of New York and the players. I rushed up on deck. Across the great city, and for hours I was lost in admiration. I stood on a long building. I saw "General Long Distance Telephone." So I went up and spoke to a gentleman on the stairs. He asked me if I was a foreigner, and I replied that I was a European who wanted to see John Bunny. By a stroke of luck this man was a friend of Bunny's. He took me into his office, twenty-nine stories up, and put me on the 'phone to Bunny. Of course the great star was amazed when I told him I had come all the way from England to see him. At his invitation I went to the Vitagraph studios, and, to my great delight, discovered that Miss Turner had left for England. Anyhow, I had got Bunny, and he was delighted to see me. He treated me very well indeed, and gave me some splendid advice. But alas! I was compelled to leave New York sooner than I expected.

In my serious moments I think I was a fool not to have stayed in America. In a letter from an American gentleman he says, "You ought to have stayed, Hugh. You would have been independent now. I know, I do not mean a Rockefeller, but you have been described to me as a boy with a Napoleonic strategy." I have laughed at this letter, and thought over it a lot. I have no high school education. I am just an ordinary citizen. I can carry myself through the world free, and can turn my efforts to help myself in any manner I think fit. When I was introduced by Ambrose Flower, the well-known actor, to Lydia Bandozy, a baker's apprentice, in a baker's shop, she replied, "Really? I thought you were something in the profession."

Since then I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Turner in Glasgow, and found her a most jovial lady, not filled with the empty pride that many great players are. Yet she is so talented that one moment you are shrieking with laughter at her comedy, and the next you are crying over her pathetic acting. Thus my desire was fulfilled, but my ambition is not realised yet. I hope to give America another. I have a great friend in Arizona—Romaine Fielding. In all his letters he addresses me as his dearest pal. I have already met Mabel Normand, Mary Fuller, Sidney Drew, Maurice Costello, and Anita Stewart.
Our Picture Players’ Portrait Gallery

MARIN SAYS, who is playing the leading part in the Kalem serial Stargate, shortly to be commenced in this country.

EDDIE LYONS, the Nester star of the Trans-Athletic Co. His eleven comedy parts have amused millions.

CHAS. E. RAY, a popular player, and one of the finest athletes at the New York Motion Picture California Studios.

JOAN BITZ, who has scored in many British Neptune productions, among them The Little Minister, in which she played Babbie.
"The Commuters," except for a lingering and frequent glance at the office clock, toiled feverishly on.

They were not a pirate gang, as the name at first glance might imply, but merely a respectable branch of the American community, who, spending their days at business in the City, and their nights residing in the suburbs (with various "detailed at the office, darling," exceptions), would in England be known as "Suburbitans."

Knocking off work and racing home, kissing their wives (their own mostly), and eating their dinners, and tumbling into their respective beds usually comprised their average day's work.

"Going straight home to-night, old bird?" queried Rolleston, peering over Larry Brice's desk anxiously.

"Of course I am," replied Larry, with a grin. "Good Lord, I've only been married a month, so I can't cut the 'devoted' business yet awhile. Why do you ask?"

Rolleston shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Look here," he commenced, "I've no blessed time to talk here tonight. Talking sentiment, I'm going on the bust, and you've got to come with me, see? There are tons of late trains home, so what is there to stop you?"

"Oh, it's not that," protested Larry, weakly. "It's the wife. You see—"

"No, I don't see, sonny, at all. There's a gala on at the club to-night, and it's going to be the 'goods.' So just phone the missus and tell her there's a board meeting on, and that you won't be home until late in consequence."

Larry reached down the 'phone. "Oh, well, if I must, I must, I suppose. But there will be a devil of a row all the same," he grumbled, calling for the number.

An hour later Larry and his tempter had installed themselves into the thick of it. Bottles of wine were popping merrily and often, and red-faced, rapturous paper were being thrown up all over the place until at length one of Larry's well-directed missiles caught Mons. Anatole Vermouth (better known as Sammy), the musical director, squarely in the left optic. "Ze devil" cried the Frenchman, hopping about with both hands glued tightly over the unfortunate object. "I lose ze vision. I have no longer ze glad eye. How dare you to insult me, sir? Yes! No?"

"I am awfully sorry, old chap," apologised Larry profusely. "I er—"

"It is not ze sorrow I require," yelled Sammy distractedly. "It is ze satisfaction, ze done, ze death."

"Look here Sammy," mildly broke in Rolleston, considering a little Diplomatic footing to be necessary. "Don't be so darned melancholy about it. We merely attempted to attract your attention with a view of asking you to join us. It's not like etiquette my bid to go dancing about demanding blood in this way?"

In a second Sammy's rage changed to great joy and understanding.

"With pleasure," he cried, bowing to everyone and everything, and incidentally torpedoing a stout and inoffensive waiter who was standing near. "With ze greatest joy I join you."

"How did you do it, Larry, realising that his impending transformation into a pincushion had for the time being passed," So say all of us!" Thus the fun grew faster and more furious until every one having recited their past life in confidence, closing-time put an end to the merriment.

"You must come home and be introduced to the wife, ole man," hissed Larry, benevolently kissing and embracing Sammy as he struggled into Rolleston's hat.

"I feel ze honour, sir," replied Sammy, going through his course of Swedish exercise for the seventy-fifth time, and stuffing as many unopened bottles of wine into his pockets during the performance as were available. "I have once more ze great happiness."

The three reprouleds got as far as the station and into the train no one will ever know, and it was not until they were awakened by one of the train conductors five miles past their destination that they recovered slightly from their state of semi-consciousness. Immediately a few strong arguments and impromptu wrestling bouts followed, and upon the conclusion of securing further assistance, they were politely and forcibly thrown off the train.

"Come on, you fellows," deliberately coughed Larry. "Pull yourselves together, and follow me. There's nothing for it but walking home, and heaven only knows what will happen when we get there."

"Ah! ze wife—ze Madame," toasted Sammy, extracting one of the bottles from his pocket and attaching the neck to his patent non-skid shirt. "To ze most beautiful and—I—But the bank is sloping and slippery, and Sammy was somewhat tired. With a rush he toboganned to the bottom. When they finally did arrive at Larry's domicile, their appearance was, to say the least of it, grotesque and of wondrous beauty. "Bad-bye, you fellows," muttered Rolliston, keeping his throttele well closed, and unhitching his steering-wear from the garden railings.

"See you to-morrow, with luck."

Left to their own devices, Sammy suddenly collapsed upon the grass outside the front door. "Come on, you silly ass!" bawled Larry, tagging at him with his best "Get on earth are you looking for? Worms? Do back up, for Heaven's sake!"

But Sammy could only grunt, and make strange noises. "Ze honour," he spluttered. "Ze honour, he has overcome me!"

Upsetting everything movable that came their way, and climbing up the stairs on all fours, clumsily unconscious of having made a sound, they came to the guest or visitors' room, where Sammy was destined to spend the remaining fraction of the night.

"Tumble in, old son," whispered Larry, optimistically, pushing Sammy through the door and over a couple of chairs. "You'll be as right as rain in the morning, should you live to see it. So don't worry."

"My friend, my preserver," gushed
SA.MMT understand. Suppose, Eat, I
I cancer,

"You must stay in this room," he commanded.

"Thank Heaven for that!" groaned Larry, as he sank down into a chair, and picked up the unopened telegram which was at his elbow upon the table, "What the devil is this about, I wonder? Great Scott!" he cried, springing to his feet and seizing Sammy by the neck. You must clear out of this at once. Do you hear? My wretched mother-in-law is coming, and if she finds you here it will put the lid on the whole business.

"Ze lid?" queried Sammy, vacantly. "Ze lid! Ah, yes: I understand. We remove ze lid and eat. Is it not so?"

"Eat, you fool!" yelled Larry. "Not eat! Clear out!"

"But I have ze hanger," persisted Sammy, deliberately. "I cannot go until I eat." Larry was at his wits' end. "Come with me," he flashed. "Perhaps Rolleston will take us for a spin in his car. If he can, we will dine out."

Rolleston was soon found, and, being perfectly agreeable to join the pair, they set off au ventricle for the first hostelry at top speed. From one place they went to another, until Larry swore that Sammy was getting round-shouldered pushing the various doors open; and, finally deciding that the course would be clear, they returned once more to Larry's house by moonlight.

The performance was much the same as that of the previous night, and all probably would have been well had not Sammy tumbled into bed in the guest-room on top of Larry's mother-in-law. The scene that followed may better be imagined than described.

Larry could stand no more. With a terrible curse, he seized hold of the helpless and much-maligned Sammy, and, opening the door, threw him out into the night.

When Sammy had collected his scattered senses,
and sorted out his wearing apparel to his entire satisfaction, his thoughts at once flew to the railway-station. But, alas! upon his arrival there he discovered that the last train had departed.

For a moment he was non-plussed. Then, dashing the tears of anguish from his eyes, and tucking his coat-lapel round him, he raced along the railway-track.

"Me for 2at dear Broadway!" he sobbed frantically, and, increasing his speed, was soon lost to sight. He had finished with the "Commuters" for ever.

This side-splitting four-reel farce is quite one of the funniest "screams" on the screen. Brilliantly actted, and wonderfully produced, it teems with genuine comedy and exciting situations, and should on no account be missed by fun-loving picturegoers. Cast—"Hetty Brice," Irene Fenwick; "Larry Brice," George Le Guere; "Sammy," Charles Judels; "Belleston," Dan Moyles. Controlled by the Globe Film Co., Ltd.
MOUSTACHES
ON THE SCREEN
An article about Henry Walthall
By Langford Reed

The above title may be misleading, because screens do not wear moustaches, we have to keep our chins shaven so that pictures may be seen.

I am really writing about moustaches worn by actors on the screen, but that is no long for a moustache. I mean title.

Now that Charlie Chaplin has set the example of wearing a moustache, actors on some occasions have become quite fashionable. Henry Walthall, John Barrymore, Billy Bitelaine, Syl Chaplin, and a host of minor men appear with moustaches at almost every party.

Speaking generally, moustaches on the screen may be viewed under the following heads: (Yes, gentle reader, I now they are never viewed under any head, for if they were they would be wards.)--I merely use a figure of speech, don't let me be found out. There are the superstrainer, or Walrus, the Kaiser in a hat that is never worn in polite society; the Spiky, the Toothbrush, the Yew-beard, the Might-have-been, the Fat Cat, the Chaplinesque, and the Walthallian.

The first three varieties are much affected by 'villains,' while the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth are the moustaches of various comedians, both real and alleged. The ninth species has become almost as much an institution as its wearer, and finally we come to the Walthallian.

This growth undoubtedly derives its name from Henry B. Walthall, the long Essanay actor, who, more than any other man, has been responsible for popularising it, and his devotion to the Walthallian and respect for the Essanay dark will long be remembered.

He first introduced it to the British public on the opening night of the fine spectacle 'The Birth of a Nation,' in which, as most picturegoers are aware, he plays the leading part. In some respects Mr. Walthall's moustache is like Chaplinesque, inasmuch as it is small and matty, and is inconveniently fed on. But it is longer, flatter, and less curly, and is not placed quite so close to the nostrils. In this respect it resembles the Eyebrow moustache, but here, again, it lacks the curvature of that species.

To avoid splitting hairs where moustaches are concerned, I will admit that the Walthallian moustache is a distinct race by itself. Its chief characteristics, part from its 'genuineness,' are profuseness, comeliness and modesty; it curls not, neither does it obturate a short, it is just the moustache to set off a well-shaped mouth and good teeth, taken altogether, you can take it in the head, it is a fascinating moustache and one that is capable of any emotions.

I have seen it in turn genial, sullen,

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argumentative, flippant, angry, hypocritical, languid, vehement, and scores of other things. For it can reproduce with great fidelity the feelings of its master.

With reference to the prolificness of this species of moustache, though it never attains bigness, it usually reaches maturity in three or four weeks. Indeed, its champion has publicly stated that he can raise it to its full perfection in a fortnight, and that he will do this in connection with Essanay's forthcoming serial, The Strange Case of Mary Page.

Not since the epochal occasion some years ago, when Arthur Bourchier cultivated a rufous and rather rauky beard for his impersonation at His Majesty's Theatre of the eighth King Henry, has there been manifested such public interest in a celebrity's whiskers. Thousands of ardent picture-goers in America are divided into two rival camps, composed of those who think Mr. Walthall will make good his vaunt, and those who believe his chances of success are impossible—I mean impossibly.

Wagers are being made, and the excitement runs high, while it is rumored that at the studio a daily bulletin of progress is to be issued in order to satisfy the curiosity of the crowd of Walthall's admirers who hang round waiting for news of his undertaking. According to a tip I have had from the studio—Mr. Walthall's confidants, though not aviators, are keenly interested in this hair race, and believe that the competing hairs will not arrive at their destination in time, and that at the end of a fortnight Mr. Walthall's moustache will be too weak—

I mean too weak—for the part, and that a "crepe" understudy will be necessary. Mr. Walthall, on the other hand, says that, though he will certainly feel like wearing crepe should his moustache be lost to him for ever, he would breathe much more freely in real air—I should say hair—and that his well-known reputation for portraying everything quite true to life would in any case preclude wearing hair that was second-hand.

There is one thing certain. That is, that if Mr. Walthall does raise his moustache to its full scope in two weeks, he will have established the right, not only to be known as one of the best emotional actors on the screen, but to be also called the lightning moustache-raiser of the world!

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Below you will find the sixth set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in Pictures on sale Feb. 12th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10—and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

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PICTURES AND THE PICTURGOER 460

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86, Charing Cross Road, LONDON, W.C.
THAT The Mischancing Lady, an Essanay play, in which Mr. Walthall and Edna Mayo will "star," is described by an American journal as a stirring theme with a case made in evening clothes, a woman primitive as the first mother, and the crashing, merciless battle of the sexes in the "weeding of the pair."

THAT Kathleen Williams's part in Selig's A Salutation of the Desert, released in March, is said to be one of the best she has ever played outside of The Sapphires.

THAT during March Wheeler Oakman will be seen in a Selig version of the well-known hymn, Just as I Am, and with Beissie Eytton, in a two-reeler The Golden Spur.

THAT the famous song, "Sally in our Alley," the Turner version of which is being shown to the trade, by Ideal, first appeared in the year 1760.

THAT the composer was Henry Carey, a son of the Marquis of Halifax, and Sally was a person in real life—the sweethearts of a shoemaker's prentice.

THAT David Horsley, in his productions, has used his own invention, the axetiter, a device by which the words of the characters in a scene are printed directly on the film.

THAT the interesting novelty was first introduced in the Centaur Star feature, Could a Man Do More? in which Crane Wilbur appears.

THAT Blanch's 'Sweet will be seen in an entirely new role for her, namely, a 'ragamuffin,' in a Lasky film bearing that title.

THAT "The Pictures" is pleasing and sundry at the Duke of York's Theatre.

THAT we do not refer to film or paper, The Pictures being a bright little curtain-raiser on the craze for cinema-going.

THAT The Pictures is followed by The Parish Priest, which is far better than being under it.

THAT a first prize (contest) baby in Illinois plays a part in the William Fox production, The Fourth Estate.

THAT the Gaumont Film Hire Service have changed the title Motherhood (the B and C film featuring Fay Temple and Lillian Braithwaite) to The Climax.

THAT the milk-white steed, Stingaree's companion in the Kalem series of that name, has not yet been christened. Have you any names to suggest?

'L-KO BILL' BREAKS OUT AGAIN!

PREPARE for a comedy treat. Get ready for smiles, giggles, laughs, howls, screams, long and uproarious. Here is the extreme limit of film fun. It begins with Billie following 'the trail of the bottle:' the arrival of the Ginney Girls' Opera Company; Billie's flirtation from the stage box with Louise, the saucy school; the stolen midnight supper; and Billie is finally caught; he grabs a fire hose and keeps a cripple dancing on the top of the jet of water forty feet in the air.

There is not a dull record: the fun is fast, furious and unexpected. Every picturegoer in the land will laugh himself sick at this hilarious comedy. Everybody will breathe a sigh of relief when it is over and they'll demand more just like it.

Don't fail to see this. Billie Ritchie's latest success at your cinema.

On and Off the Screen

Hunted, Not Hunting.

For the first time in his film career, Herbert Rawlinson, leading man of the Worthington Company, is playing an entirely different rôle—a crook. The part is that of "Slim Donegan" in The Code of Justice, an underworld story by James Dayton. In the serial, The Black Bell, Rawlinson played the rôle of Stanton Quest, the criminologist. "Now it is a case of turn-about," he says; "instead of hunting the criminals, I have a rôle in which, as a crook, I am hunted. I rather like playing this part for a change." I am having no difficulty with it, as, during the long siege with the Sanford Quest rôle, I gave considerable study to crook characters.

A Motor-car Dressing-room.

In order to make the quick changes necessary for the hazardous scenes in The Girl and the Gasman, Helen Holmes has rigged up a portable dressing-room. Recently she suffered a severe cold following a plunge into the ocean because of lack of a place to change her clothes. But now she has solved the problem. A limousine has been converted into a dressing-room. Equipped with running water, a dressing-table, and all the appurtenances of make-up needed by a leading woman, this auto-headquarters is Miss Holmes's portable home, carrying her to outside locations, and holding her between scenes.

The Inseparable Twins.

The beautiful Fairbanks twins, Marion and Madeline, have dropped their child rôle to star in some parts in An Innocent Traitor, a play of Army life and the Secret Service. A unique thing about these youthful leads is that they positively refuse to appear separately: if one is to be featured, she insists that her sister share equally in the honors. This keeps the Thanhouser scenario department busy, for it means devising clever plays of doubles and confounded identities in which Marion and Madeline can both be prominently cast. An Innocent Traitor shows what delightful work these two fascinating little girls are capable of. It is doubtful whether even their most ardent admirers will be able to tell them apart on the screen.

The Oldest Film Actor.

Blacks Eagle, now nearly a hundred years old, one of the oldest chiefs of the Mohawk tribe of Indians, will be seen in a forthcoming William Fox feature picture. Blacks Eagle has been a remarkable character all his life, not only during the time when he donned warpaint and led the members of his tribe against the white settlers, but after, when he became a "good Indian." He acknowledged for the scalps of eight of his victims, and not boastfully, as he did once upon a time. His most cherished possessions now are two medals, one given him by General Grant in 1876 when he was President of the United States, and another by Queen Victoria in 1885 in recognition of his being the best Indian actor to perform before her. Blacks Eagle can read and write, and is moreover a confirmed picturegoer. He is tremendously interested both in the acting and producing of pictures, and never leaves what he calls the magic box only when he is actually working or when the camera man has taken it down after the

Catarrh of the Stomach.

Startlingly Rapid Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. Edward Jones, 1, Riding's Yard, Wood Street, Middleton, Manchester said: - My trouble came on with pain after every morsel I ate, and soon I was unable to work. I had medical treatment at home, and was then sent to hospital. There I was kept on solid foods, for I could not take nothing solid. Sometimes I threw up even my medicine, and I was in terrible pain I could not sleep. After three months in hospital I went to a convalescent home for a fortnight, and then came home. I was not cured, but perhaps a little better; so I offered myself as a recruit, and was discharged again. I was still suffering when I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets: but after a few doses I felt better, and went on improving so fast that soon I was able to work. I am now as fit as ever in my life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

When Energy Flags Trust to Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Take two tablets night and morning and you will know the joy of health and fitness.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritious, Restorative, Appetizing, and of great Therapeutic value in all disturbances of the Nervous and Mental Systems in old or young. They are the recognised chosen home remedy for:

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN SLEEPLESSNESS MAL-NUTRITION
NERVE PARALYSIS ANDREW INFANTILE PARALYSIS MAL-NUTRITION
SPINAL PARALYSIS ANEXIA INTESTINAL INFLAMMATION PALPITATION
INFANTILE PARALYSIS KIDNEY DISEASE VITAL EXHAUSTION
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STOMACH DISORDER

Specially valuable for nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores all parts of the world, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India. Prices: 1s., 1s. 6d., and 1s.—the 1s. size being the most economical.

Send for a Free Box.

Send your name and address and 2 penny stamps for postage. Address, To Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Box B.T.25, Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.
SCREEN SMOKERS AND THEIR SMOKES: Pen Puffs by Frank R. Grey.

day's work. Even then he is reluctant to have it go out of his sight, fearful that some harm will happen that will spoil the picture.

That Black Eagle is temperamental is shown in the fact that when signing a contract with William Fox he insisted on a clause being inserted whereby, at all times, when he was not working, his acting would be accompanied by Indian music sung to the measured beat of the tom- toms. In this he displayed his business sagacity, as he created positions for his two children, one of whom sings while the other plays the Indian instrument.

Gentleman Bushranger in Pictures.

E. W. HORNMUNG'S famous bush- ranger character "Stingaree" has been produced at the Kalem Company's studios in California, a region rich in background and eucalyptus trees that bear an amazingly close resemblance to Australian scenery. There are also desert scenes and sheep that can be utilised for showing the Australian sheep-breeding districts.

Determined to make their pictures absolutely correct in detail, the Kalem Company cabled to Sydney for a consignment of Australian saddles and mounted police uniforms.

The resulting pictures are considered to be the best series Kalem have made. There are twelve Stingaree subjects, each two reels in length, and, although connected by a love interest, every episode is complete in itself.

After Two Years' Absence.

FLORENCE LAWRENCE, after a two years' absence, will return to the screen. This announce will come from the Universal Company, with whom she has signed a contract.

An adaptation of Thelma, Marie Corelli's novel, will serve as the vehicle for Miss Lawrence's reappearance. It was in 1903 that Florence Lawrence entered pictures, and it was in 1913 that she retired. When she left the Universal-Victor Company two years ago, an European tour engaged her attention.

She visited all the important countries of Europe, as well as Egypt, India, and the Far East. Finding that travel offered few real opportunities for rest, she returned to her farm near Westwood, N.J., where she has since spent most of her time, enjoying the quiet of country life. Here she is said to have specialised in poultry raising, rose gardens, and fruit trees.

But the screen still called her, and a letter from President Laemmle, of the Universal, containing a request for her to call at his office the next time she happened to be in New York, led to her present contract with her old employer.

As a screen star Miss Lawrence is of course known to picturegoers the world over. She is said to have been the first actress employed by the Victor Film Company; in fact, she virtually organised it. The cameo trade mark used by this Company is a reproduction of the head of Miss Lawrence.

She was also among the first, if not the first, to introduce colour to the screen. A Fifth Avenue dressmaker is now busy preparing a number of creations which she will wear in "Phoebe."

When do the Commuters Commute?

Don't neglect page 459.
Sammy

A Familiar Name, but an Unfamiliar Face.

You will all know him shortly. He is the guy that gets into all the trouble.

You can't help laughing, no matter how stiff-jointed is your organ of risibility. He is the orbit around which revolves the plot of "THE COMMUTERS"

Sammy tries to commute for twenty-four hours, and gets enough commuting to last his life-time.

Look out for this film, which features charming Irene Fenwick, whose portrait appears on frontispiece.

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PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

EDITORIAL

Why Film a Nasty Novel?
I have never read The Yoke, the subject of which was so unsavoury that the police prohibited the sale of the book, but, uncommon with thousands of others, I heard years ago the librarian read from the notorious banned novel, and therefore marvel greatly that a British firm has deemed it desirable to repeat the scene and produce such a film play for the entertainment of the British public. I am sure that the novel, containing the knowledge referred to was able to follow the story, from which fact I may reasonably infer that the film picture is not quite as close to the original. Anyway, the film sticks in one's mind, and I am wondering what is to become of the industry if films with infamous titles are to be tolerated. As a disgrace to all the accepted ideals of screen art, I devoutly hope they will not be. To produce such a film without endangering the reputation of the cinema as a whole, and which the best firms are struggling to maintain, is, of course, impossible. Our enemies, ever ready to pounce on any picture they consider the least bit objectionable, will hail The Yoke as a friend and ally, and the ignorance to which they are attracted by nastiness is swamped by a great and better cinema public, and thank Heaven, there are producers at home and abroad who realise this and give us picture-plays clean enough for all to enjoy.

"Burnt Wings," by Broadway.
The private showing of the late Broadway film, Burnt Wings, from the novel by Mrs. Stanley Wrench, revealed a most interesting story. True love re-stores the burnt wings of butterfly, the story concluding with a pretty child-picture of domestic happiness. The love dream which Walter West, the producer, has sketched over thin ice, and the many artistic touches he has given to the film are deserving of the highest praise. Eve Balfour, Lily Saxby, J. R. Tozer, and P. H. Mackowich have carefully and cleverly interpreted the principal characters.

Old English Romance.
You will be charmed with the Metre picture-play Romance, and especially with the lovely Margaret Snow, who is a dream in the role of Dorothy Cruickshank. The storm scenes, the fire in the barn, and the old English inn have been produced with wonderful realism, and it is strange if the dream which Walter Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore were so famous is in for a new lease of popularity — thanks to this version by Metro. I am publishing the story shortly.

F. D.
Turner Films

announce

FLORENCE TURNER
as "DOORSTEPS" in
"DOORSTEPS"
Produced by HENRY EDWARDS

HILDA TREVELYAN
as "SALLY IN OUR ALLEY"
Produced by LARRY TRIMBLE

Trade Show Feb. 15.

Controlled by "Ideal."

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

How many of you have never seen
a pantomime? Not many, I imagine,
for the funny business between clown
and pantaloon with which all proper
pantomimes still conclude has always
strongly appealed to the hearts of the
children. I wonder if any of you have
seen Whimsical Walker, the world's
most famous living clown. For some
years he has been appearing regularly
in the pantomime at Drury Lane
Theatre, and because he is also appear-
ing in Trans-Atlantic British-made film
comedies I have published his portrait,
and feel sure a few facts about his
adventurous career will interest you.

Mr. Walker was born at sea on July
5th, 1874, and first appeared before the
public at Burnley as a tiny clown who
emerged from a carpet bag carried by
another member of the company. In
1872 he was engaged for the famous
Singer's Circus in Westminster Bridge
Road, London (as a boy "Uncle Tim" saw
and enjoyed many shows there), where
a stage performance was given in addi-
tion to the circus. Mr. Walker admits
that his stage efforts were so bad that
he was sacked every night, but always
re-engaged because of his skill in the
circus. In 1874, an important period in

his career, he was engaged by Charles
Hengler to appear at his circus in Lon-
don, where he was christened "Whim-
sical Walker," and for fourteen winter
seasons he appeared there regularly.
("Uncle Tim" also enjoyed himself on
rare occasions at Hengler's, which stood
on the site of the present Palladium.)
In America Mr. Walker appeared with
other circuses, including the great
Barnum and Bailey shows, and was also
commissioned to purchase the famous
elephant Jumbo from the Zoo at a cost
of £1,000.

Jumbo was an enormous success in
America, many single day's takings
amounting to as much as £3,000. The
cash was poured into great wooden
casks and sent to a bank in New York.

In 1882 Whimsical Walker opened a
theatre of his own in New York with a
pantomime called "Three Wishes." Its
success brought temporary misfortune
for the top gallery dropped a bit when
filled with people, a stampede followed,
and actions for damages reduced poor
Mr. Walker to the clothes he wore and
a few dollars. He had to borrow money
to return to Liverpool, where he was
again engaged by Mr. Hengler.

On Boxing Day, 1882, feeling in need of
a refresher, Whimsical Walker chartered
a horse at 7 a.m., and started off for a
gallop. Before he had travelled far,
however, the horse stumbled and fell,
and the clown sustained a fractured leg,
which laid him up for five months.

In a singularly adventurous career,
this is the only serious accident he has
ever suffered.

WHIMSICAL WALKER, the famous
clown, wearing the pin presented to him
by the Queen. He is now appearing in
film comedies.
On February 28th, 1883, Whimsical Walker was honoured by a Command Performance to appear with his singing donkey before her Majesty the Queen at Windsor Castle. In the een memoriam of this visit the Queen presented Mr. Walker with the beautiful diamond tie-pin which he is wearing in this photograph.

In 1883 the great clown emabarked for Australia for a long tour there, but on landing at Melbourne he was called for by Mr. Arthur Collins, of Drury Lane Theatre, and immediately engaged. The fact is that Whimsical Walker had been appearing every season in the Drury Lane farcique since 1860, and for the sake of his sudden recall was that, owing to the death of Herbert Campbell and the absence of Dan Leno from the east, Mr. Collins felt that he could not possibly do without the popular clown as well.

No details have been boiled down. The subject fascinates me. I should like to write a big book about Mr. Walker's life. Oh, I have forgotten to tell you that the first of those films in which a photograph is appearing on the screen is called The Kent and the Colonel, so mind you look out for it.

Why do my “Hidden Names” competitions bring in such stacks of replies? The solution to my last one was (1) Nora, (2) Ellen, (3) Mabel, (4) Doris, (5) Emma, (6) Alice. After hours of study I have decided to award the prizes (for neatness mostly, for they were nearly all correct) to—

Walter May, 31, Cleveland Park Avenue, Washington (D.C.); Florence Nightingale, 169 Ermine Road, Lewisham, S.E. (14); Frances Douglas, 88, Queen Street, Fife (12); Kitty Voth, 239, Cowbridge Road, Cardiff (12).

Award of Merit—(Six to win a Special Prize): Lilian Burgess (Swanseae); A. D. Thompson, (Sussex); Elsie Booth (Morecambe); Wilfred Dunngworth (Sheffield); Eliza Kerr (Swanseae); Peggy Webb (Cardiff); William Walker (Barns). Norman Ackroyd (Bradford); Harold Bulley (Bolton); May (Lower Chpton); Arnold Barlow (Bolton); Harry Phillips (Lewisham); Irene Lade (Timberdale Wells); Annette Wilson (Manchester); Nellie Gibbs (Greenwich).

PRIZES FOR MORE “HIDDEN NAMES.”

Betty Jones, a little niece, who believes in giving the boys a chance, has sent me the following sentences containing six boys’ names:

1. During the war, render all help we can afford fighting men.
2. If you want a lift in my car, hurry up.
3. He was a rich, ardent lover.
4. No woman, or man, or child can live without air.
5. There was once a landowner whom the people called a lord.
6. The boy liked sweet things—jamberry especially.

Write the names on a postcard, give your age, and post to “Hidden,” Pictures, 8s, 80, Long Acre, London, W.C. 1. Monday, February 14th. Such a lot of readers have been disappointed, that on this occasion we prize for the nearest correct answers will come from your loving and generous Uncle Tom.
Our Coloured Portrait Postcards of Hazel Dawn, Pauline Frederick, and Blanche Sweet. 

ONE PENNY EACH FROM "PICTURES" POSTCARD DEPARTMENT.

M. R. (Dingle) has her friends, who are Pictures readers, to tea on Sunday, and what a jolly idea, and how we should all love to join you. What time do you pour out? Twenty-one new readers for us is just grand.

Robert (Leith) is sixteen years old and wants to get into touch with some London film companies with a view to making a star as a film actor, and would like to know the wages given to starters. Also we cannot tell him, as every position there are hundreds of qualified players waiting, so your chances of attaining your ambition are of the slimmest. But perhaps in the work you are doing, Robert, and "make good" in it, we might suggest.

Annette (Nottingham).—"The Belooun's Sacrifice," released Nov. 22d, is the last film we can trace in which Edward Earle played.

Florence (Lower Clapton).—So sorry we told you on your pretty foot, Florence, don't let's quarrel. Ah! now you are smiling, so we are forgiven for saying in a playful way that 999 out of 1,000 are screen strud; well, we will take it back and knock a few off. The Camar Film Co., does not now exist; its studios were taken over by the Biograph, and Wm. Fox Film Co., is at Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

Ethel (Windsor).—Round Volumes No. 8 still cannot be obtained from Pictures, Ltd., 33, Long Acre, London, W.C., price 3s. 6d. each, post-free, and The Film Life of Mary Pickford is 3d. The American Film Co., Man a Woman. What a funny question, Ethel.


R. C. (Whitworth Road).—Riley Chamberlin and Helen Baigley played leads in "How Elsey Went." The other cast we cannot trace. See also reply to "Carmen" last of your other question. Thanks for seasonal compliments, but why call the Answera Man "your clump?" He isn't.

Dorothy (St. John's Wood) made a funny mistake in misleading a naval officer for a cinema attendant. But do it again, Dolly. Mary Pickford's beautiful hair is her very own. Thanks for kisses.

1st May (Nottingham).—Harry Money played in both the Vitagraph films, "The Vengeance of Doroth" and "A Million Bid."

Dolly (Hackney).—Charlie Chaplin has not joined the Army, but is at present in America playing for Keystone. Robert, the answer is that there is no one, and that a film not an exclusive is shown at two theatres in the same district the same week, or even day.

Mary's Lover (Cheltenham).—Mary Pickford has never been to England, but hopes to pay us a visit after the War. May he be so.

Dorothy (London) asks, "Is it true that Charlie Chaplin has gone mad?" Excuse me whilst we apply a wisp to our thrashing temples. That's better, NO!

Julius (Letchworth).—We have photo buttons of Anita Page and not of Pearl White.

Molly (Sheffield).—(Name and address next time according to rules, please). Charlie Chaplin is not married, is not a Jew, nor an atheist. Never believe all you hear, and I'll warrant me only half what you see. The Kakem Co. address is 256 to 258, West 32nd St., New York City, U.S.A. As you are writing to W. Lawson Butt you can ask him all the other questions. How could you be a "worry" with such a pretty name, Molly?

Alex (Gloucester).—Mary Fuller is twenty-five years old, and her address is c/o Universal Film Co., 1,900, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

N. C. (Chorlton).—The Matrimonial Editor, being single, has gone to the war, so we cannot tell you if the four players are married or not. Address Ed. Coxe, c/o American Film Mfg. Co., 6227, Broadway, Chicago, U.S.A. Your friend of fifteen years would be very foolish to run away from home, if her father refuses to let her play for the pictures; in any case it is by no means easy to get a position in a film studio.

Elaine (Derby).—Pearl White and Arnold Daly played in "The Exploits of Elaine," now being shown. We have no postcards of either. If we get any we shall advise our readers in Pictures.

Leslie (Westcliff).—Address Famous Players Film Co., 507, Fifth Avenue, Above 42nd Street, New York, U.S.A.


Contact (Leicester).—We are so relieved you have not forgotten us. Thanks for good luck wishes. You must be getting a fine postal collection.

New Reader (Bournemouth).—Address Mary Pickford, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 267, Fifth Avenue, Above 42nd St., New York, U.S.A. Thanks so much for getting us new readers.

E. E. (Whitechapel).—Edward Bean plays for Gold Seal Films; he was cast in "The Troy of Hearts."

Lily (Stoudmouth).—We have two different postcards of Mary Pickford, but not the others you mention. Address Pearl White, c/o Pathe Co., 29, West 44th Street, New York, U.S.A.

* * * Many replies are unanswerably held over.


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SMILES

M ANY a misguided youth imagines that a girl is interested in his welfare, when in reality she is interested only in his farewell.

The Usual Comfort.
She: "Somehow I don't feel at all comfortable in these new shoes."
He: "What's the matter? Don't they hurt?"

The Fruit of his Labours.
"Did the play have a happy ending?"
"You bet it did—some one from the gallery caught the hero bang in the eye with a bad banana."

Not Worth It.
"I told my boy that if he was naughty I wouldn't take him to the pictures."
"Did it work?"
"Yes; he said it wasn't worth it."

Nocturnal.
RECRUIT-SEERGENT: "One grand idea, father living. On your mother's or father's side?"
RECRUJT: "E varies—sticks up for both of 'em—a sort of nocturnal."

Suspicious Aroused.
Mother: "I'm afraid I shall never meet you in heaven, Johnny, if you disobey me and stay late at the pictures."
Johnny: "Why, what have you been doing, mum?"

Another D for the Deaf.
HAWKER: "Who wants the Kaiser's face for tuppence?"
OLD LADY: "How much did you say?
HAWKER: "Threepence each, mum."

The Silent Drama.
She was over eighty, and for the first time had been taken to the pictures. As she came out a friend met her.
"Hope you enjoyed yourself, Mrs. Jones," she exclaimed.
"Thank you, madam," replied the old dame, "I did. But I'm getting that deaf nowadays—I couldn't hear a word they said."

The Star of the Play.
A proud father was helping his children with a little picture at home, in whose plot courtships and weddings played a leading part. During the progress of the play he went behind the scenes, where he found his youngest offspring sitting quietly in a corner.
"Why, Marie," asked he, "have you been left out of the play?"
"I'm not left out," denied Marie; "I'm the baby waitin' to be born."

Popularity Through the Phone.
MARGE: "He is very popular with his wife of late. And yet such a flirt! How does he do it?"
ARTY: "Skipped the 'phone. She called him up on the 'phone the other day and said, 'Hello, darling,' and he recognised her voice and replied, 'You have made a mistake; I am not your darling; I have the dearest, sweetest, most beautiful wife in the world, and she is the only woman I permit to call me darling.'"
Lionelle Howard
Hepworth Picture Player.
Little did they realise the truth of the remark. But the "Devil's Luck" is not to be relied upon.

A Great Trans-Atlantic (British) Film
Produced by Percy Nash.

THE GAUMONT FILM HIRE SERVICE,
6, DENMAN STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE

The popular English actress as “Lady Cadby” in The Climax, a “Pall Mall” (B, and C.) drama of great human interest, to be released in due course by the Gaumont Film Hire Service.
Listen!

YOUR Album is not complete without a Set of High-class Postcards of famous Selig Players. Opposite is a reproduction of the one of Kathlyn Williams, "The Girl Without Fear." There are Six in a Set, which include Tom Mix (the dare-devil cowboy), Baby Lillian Wade, Bessie Eyton, Edith Johnson, and Stella Razetto. Each card is printed in Four Colours. Write NOW, enclosing 4½d. in stamps, to 93-95, Wardour St., London, W.

By the way, DON'T forget to see "THE LOST MESSENGER" (Released this Week).

Another positively wonderful Wild Animal Picture. Ferocious leopards marvellously controlled by Miss Vivian Reed.
A FRIEND IN HER LONELINESS: KATHLYN WILLIAMS

With her favourite camel on which she crossed the desert in a scene in the Selig drama, A Sultana of the Desert.

(See next page.)
**Picture News and Notes**

**THE paper shortage: Let us be thankful for our lot—event if it's not a lot.**

Make sure of Pictures by ordering it to come regularly from your newsagents. We cannot print waste copies.

A famous actress says women are loveliest at forty. Most ladies who were born about 1875 think the same thing.

"No peace till Hans have been stripped," says a newspaper headline. Our only objection is that the Censor won't pass the moving pictures of them.

Derwent Hall Caine, who is now appearing on the screen in his father's play *The Christian*, a "London" film, has arrived in America to study the motion-picture industry from all points.

A well-known General in shirt-sleeves digging trenches is seen in the fine picture, *With the Dardanelles Expedition,* specially photographed by E. Ashmead-Bartlett. The film is 1,200 feet long, and is being put out by Moss Emporium Ltd.

A girl shirt-maker in the East End has written to Hepworth's to praise *The Sweater.* We mean the film, not the real article; but the film was so real we wondered how on earth the producers and players had succeeded in actually portraying the lives of the sweated.

"With all the young sub's sporting the Charlie Chaplin moustache (says London Opinion) the cinema lead in fashions has now been adopted by lots of flappers between the ages of fifteen and forty, who are wearing their hair in Mary Pickford mode. We are afraid this new fashion won't have much of an innings though, for, with the paper famine, whereveronearth will the poor girls get all their curl-papers from?"

**Damon and Pythias.**

A WONDERFUL Grecian picture with this title has been completed by the Universal Company. It is lavishly staged, and contains realistic battles, the burning of the cities, the chariot races, the games of the stadium, and the ancient classic dances. Over 1,500 people took part in these scenes.

**Prince as Picture Usher.**

A STORY worth relating (says the Bioscope) is that concerning the last descendant of Prince Potemkin, the celebrated favourite of the Empress Catherine. This personage was discovered by Biograph employed as a cinema-attendant. He had scrawled the arms of his family on the wall of his wretched room, and showed a Portrait of his family papers, which were all in order. It may be recalled that the Prince Potemkin, the grandfather of this man, was so rich that he bathed his horses in white wine. The former palace of the Potekins was afterwards used by the Duma.

**£150 for Beautiful Children.**

NEVER in the history of our nation has the importance of children been so manifest as now, when we realize that the boys and girls of to-day will be the men and women of the regenerated England after the war. This fact undoubtedly accounts for the great success of the Beautiful Children's Competition in *Everywoman.' £150 in cash is offered as prizes, and the second selection of entrants' portraits, with the full conditions, are announced in the issue dated February 19th. *Everywoman* is the woman's weekly which gives you free insurance against Zeppelin's damage and all war risks.

**ALMA TAYLOR and CHRISSE WHITE.**

In *Street Lavender,* the full story of which we published in these pages a month ago.

**British Pictures in Australia.**

A MEMBER of the Hepworth publicity staff, whilst chatting with some wounded Anzacs near to their camp, discovered that Hepworth and Vivaphone singing pictures were extremely popular in Australia, and that our men from the Antipodes looked forward to the time when British pictures would hold sway in their country over American pictures, although they frankly admitted that the latter were very fine indeed.

**Screen-Actor Hit by Shell.**

"I THOUGHT you might like to publish the following extract from a letter which I received from a Canadian soldier at the Front," writes a reader: "I have been wounded rather badly, but hope to pull through all right. I had one of those rotten Jack Johnson's bums right in between my legs. The result is one leg is about four inches shorter than the other; but it's all in a lifetime. My one regret is that I shall not be able to follow the trails on my broncho in the Wild West again. You see, I used to play for the Western Vitagraph Company, and didn't we have some rides over the prairies and hills! Gee! The thought of it makes me better."

"Brains—Beau y' Contest."

A CONTEST conducted by an American magazine will decide the sending of eleven young ladies to the studios of the World Film Corporation, Fort Lee, New Jersey. There they will be given a thorough trial as film actresses, and those who show talent will receive contracts for a year, at least, and starring parts. In addition to this, dear girl readers' mouths are watering, but it is not an English contest.

**A Struggle With a Lion.**

WOULD you see a woman struggle for life with a full-grown lion? This is what Kathryn Williams did in a scene in the Selig drama, *Sultana of the Desert.* Although not more than 1,500 feet, this thrilling drama is one of the best in quality and acting ever cut out by the Selig Company.

A great scene is the passage through the lonely desert of the girl and her father to prevent a meeting with her lover. A fine portrait of Kathryn and one of the camels of the caravan appears as our frontispiece.

**Patriotism via the Screen.**

THE patriotic film *You gave much pleasure recently to Mr. Lloyd George,* who, on being informed that the film was produced at the instance and expense of an American "somewhere in France," and was handled by the Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association on purely patriotic grounds, expressed his admiration of the public spirit at all concerned. Mr. Lloyd George added that a wide circulation of the film would reflect great credit on an industry which had already done much to assist the patriotic and charitable movements connected with the War.

**Arthur Johnson is Dead.**

OUR readers will regret to hear the news just to hand that Arthur Johnson, one of the earliest screen players and always one of the best, died at his home in Philadelphia on January 17th last. He had been incapacitated for work for some time. Death was due to tuberculosi.s, the end being hastened by injuries in a recent accident. Mr. Johnson was one of the old-time Biograph players. For some time he also was with Reliance. About six years ago he joined the Lubin players, and remained with them until the end. He joined the Screen Club, New York, at its organization, and was in fact its first vice-president.

**There are seven leading Hepworth picture players.**
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1 and 2. FLOOD HAVOC IN HOLLAND: First pictures of the immense damage caused by the Zuid-Zee bursting its banks and inundating thousands of acres of fertile lands. 3. UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE: Supplies are taken to the trenches at the summit of the Vosges by motor traction. 4. WITH THE R.A.M.C.: Scene during a smart stretcher and bandaging drill at Aldershot. 5. A BOLD COUP: Allied troops arrest all enemy Consuls in Salonica and occupy their offices. 6. OUR NEW ARMY: Escort by proud friends and relatives, the men of the called-up groups leave for training. 7. THE GREAT CHANGE: The rapid transformation of the armed man to the fully equipped soldier at Headquarters of 1st London Regiment.
"COME along, get a move on you!" Bloggie switched his swivel eye ferociously on to the luxem partner of his sorrows—his joys he was in the habit of regarding as his own property—while the threatening movement of his arms promised a more forcible method of argument should fair words fail. "You've been all the morning over this one room, and—"

"But, dear, my head—" his partner started to explain tearfully.

"Your head?" with withering scorn. "What right have you to have a head in the morning? Here's going head."

He flung a broomhead at her feet, and dashed out of the room. A second later the banging of a door, which the poor woman knew to be the one leading to the pantry and a supply of invalid stout fresh in that morning, caused her to once more rest from her labours and give herself up to chasing the elusive memories of the days when her husband, now a tyrant, had been a knight errant who pointed to a path that seemed to be roses, roses all the way.

"S'morning!" a hoarse voice broke in on her reverie, and, turning, she saw one of her master's boon companions. "Where's the Blog?" It was on the edge of her mind to turn and rend the visitor by accusing him of being the direct cause of her man's backsliding; but the possible consequences deterred her.

"Do you want him?"

"Sure; did you think I should have come along around if I hadn't! Just let him know, and say, Jim's a-waiting."

But Mrs. Bloggie still hesitated. "It ain't dog-fighting, or —"

"It ain't; though I'll allow I might have wanted the loan of that tyke of his, if anything more important hadn't slid in. Say, " he added, mysteriously, "how'd you like an auto, or a trip to Europe?"

"An auto, or a trip to Europe?"

"Sure—and don't you forget it. Old Blog is the cove who can work it. Why with 5,000 dollars —"

"Five thousand dollars!" the great Bloggie exclaimed, as he entered the room. "Sure, son, you've been a-looking at them warm spash drinks again?"

"I ain't," his friend answered hotly. "You don't catch me bending my elbow when there's money to be picked up. First touch the dough, then shunt your fancy; that's the matter of this child. See here, Blog—id's easy."

With a warning wink Mr. Bloggie spun round to look into the perjuring face of his spouse, who was listening intently. "'Say, Tilda," he said, "you heat out for the kitchen and make that stove fire shosn' beat it. Now, what's the game?"

"BEN TURFIN—"BLOGGIE THE CHAMPION."

he demanded, as his wife very unwillingly obeyed.

The visitor stretched out a griny hand and pinched Bloggie's beeps. "There's muscle for you," he rapturously informed the ceiling, "there's Ercules in the flesh—"

"What's the—?"

"See now, don't get fresh. You're going to be a champion, you are—you're going to win the dollars, and take the belts and medals from the Russian Bear, you are!"

"I'm what?" Mr. Bloggie's sound eye glittered ominously. "Don't you try and come any tricks with me, young feller!"

"I didn't, straight. It's Nickie's a grand circus that's coming to Snakeville, and the darn management is offering any citizen five thousand dollars if he does the conchfather on the world's champion wrestler in three rounds. Shucks, he don't know our Bloggie!

A feeling that might have been prompted by modesty—no one would have dared to suggest fear or even caution—prompted the Snakeville nominee to spring back. "Me?" he gasped, incredulously.

"That same. Mean the boys have fixed everything up, and they're waiting to get right away on your training. So bring your tyke and come on."

Visions of a triumphal progress up the township's main street flashed before Bloggie's eyes. "Well," he said, modestly, "I'm not as young as I was, but I'm your man. Why, I remember—Here, let's liquor up on it," he suggested, hastily. They set off, and, meeting the rest of the local sportsmen at the corner, at once proceeded to discuss the details of the proposed match against the hospitable bar of Slater's. As a sixth "squat" had been bought with the money Mrs. Bloggie had carefully saved for a new gown, they one and all agreed that it was all over, bar shouting, and the Russian Bear's downfall was certain from the moment the local champion placed his No. 12's upon the mat.

Outside in the street Bloggie's dog somehow or other got entangled in the chain of another dog which, escorted by a select party of humans, was coming from the opposite direction. Words between the parties soon led to hot argument, and only the united strength of his supporters prevented Bloggie from showing his metal then and there.

"Here," he said angrily, as the opposition walked on once more, leaving them alone," what did you want to hold me back for? I'd have put his mouth behind his ear."

As his supporters seized him firmly he made strenuous efforts to go in pursuit of the strangers.

"What are you holding of me back for now?"

"It wouldn't do, Blog—Don't you go for to quarrel with him, Blog," pleaded Jim, his principal backer. "If you fight now you'll lose the champion—thou'd never allow you to take the mat if they heard as how there was ill-feeling—"

"Ill-feeling?" Bloggie snorted; "what's me giving a handling to a galoot that's got post and stood me a round of backsling got to do with it?"

Jim danced wildly on the pavement. "Galoot," he gurgled, "gee-hosahpe—you see that big chap—he's got dough—that fourteen stone chap—that's the man who's going to pay you hand-
Deftly they circled each other, searching for an opening; then, as the Bear's punch-bag exploded, doublets mystified by the new tactics the Snakeville Pet was introducing, Blaggie sailed in.

A moment later he whistled through the centre and dropped neatly into the centre of the mat with a clump.

"What did you do that for when you knew I wasn't ready?" he exclaimed.

"Go on, Blaggie!—Put it on him!" Bedraggled backslackers had drowning the Bear's apologies; and, revived and strengthened by their support, he rose and rushed in again. A second later he found himself securely bound on his back and suspended to the ground. Finding his face pressed hard against the Bear's arm, he bit until his teeth almost met. A second later, and he was free: another second, and he was springing toward the room, followed by the backslackers, who hoped their encouragement as they followed.

But he had had enough for one afternoon. "Honkey, little burnt, were good in their way, but he would reserve his strength for the great fight, so seeing the open door he dodged through it and reached the street.

"Boys, he said to his supporters, 'I reckon I surprised them some. Yes, I guess Mr. Bear is about to say, 'Booze' to his medals and the dollars. Gee, it's a cinch!'"

The days that followed were busy ones for the sporting fraternity of Snakeville. Early in the morning and late at night Mr. Blaggie formed the centre of attraction in the town as he went in systematically for the training that would lead him to success. He ran, he hurried about, wrestled with one at home, in the silent hours of the night, Mrs. Blaggie did her bit as a swiftly dodging punching-ball, and one that had the advantage of yielding softly and not bouncing back. They were great days—reporters vied with one another in their endeavours to interview the victorious champion; while at Slattery's a bargain with the brain of a Wall Street financier reaped a golden harvest by showing the exact dent in the wood work made by the great man's head on that memorable evening when he had slipped on a banana-skin placed on the floor. Once, too, he was approached by the "greatest firm of motion-picture producers in the world," but his managers stopped in and forbade the flicking of the camera might have taken Blaggie's mind off the work in hand—and all the best mail order tutors and text-books agreed that if the trick was to be done it would be done by concentration and pluck.

"Ah, the great night arrived! After a hearty meal, and a chilly face-taking from the waiters of his hotel, he sat out for the marques where the combat was to be held. Already every seat was crammed by the sporting Snakeville who stood the routine performance with ill-concealed irritation; then, as the number went up for the great event a mighty shout rent the air.

"Blaggie! Blaggie for Snakeville!" Standing there in all the glory of vest and shorts, Blaggie's heart swelled at the sight of their enthusiasm, and for a moment he thought of making a speech, but the cheering died away and his seconds dragged him back as the manager advanced.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "you are here tonight to witness the greatest sporting event of any age—a wrestle to a finish between the famous Russian Bear and your esteemed fellow-citizen Blaggie, of Snakeville. On my right and the Bear, winner of innumerable medals, cups, belts, and other trophies in every country of the world. On my left and Blaggie—Bill!" (this excitedly to an attendant) "just ketch them little Snakeyvillas what 's 'air going on and we'll admit 'em to the grand marquee honest-like, and if they ain't, jest larrum em out and carry 'em.

"Seconds out! Time!"

A deafening cheer arose as the combatants sprang to their feet, and the Bear was on the lunge, with the intention of hanging his opponent. But Blaggie was not to be caught. Deftly twisting away, he pranced gaily round the limits of the mat.

"Good old Blaggie! Rove him till he's winded, son! Then do it on him, well and truly!"

The Snakeviller seemed about to take the good-natured advice, but after the fourth lap the voice of the referee...
started on a solo which, rising above the delighted chorus of his friends, became a refrain. Angrely he switched his left eye on the offending official, while with his right he thanked his friends. A maddening shout went up. So here we were, as it were, common up his original winning tactics to his aid once more: he was in the grip of the mighty Russian. "Now face your new I'll learn your kissed the Russian's lid. Besides the memory of the champion's medals over which he had been allowed to run his fingers, gave him the courage of a Roman legion and, even as he heaved his, his left hand flashed and met him. With a howl the Russian Bear released his hold and rolled over. In a flash Bloggie was on him and again his teeth caught and held.

Down in the auditorium wild enthusiasm swayed the onlookers. "Bloggie! Sunkivel and Bloggie!" they howled. "Kick him in the jaw—Bite his neck!"

"Come on, Bloggie!" theweightman shouted and struggled but, intoxicated by the last of battle, Bloggie held on and put, until at last the professional rolled over and the boards called a mute signal to the referee that he had met his match. His day was over—brute strength had yielded to determination and the science of Sunkivel's boxing department.

"Bloggie!"

As the referee's voice rang like music on her ears, the champion staggered up and back into the out-stretched arms of his friends. It was the first time he finally he started on his homeward way, hugging his medals little he cared that, on calling for the prize-money, his friends had discovered the circus manager to be missing, as were the dollars he had won for the morning would bring fame. Already he saw himself considering offers to appear on the world's greatest stage. "Sold by the minute to all the cinema-producers sent humble ambassadors—but all in his own good time.

Still dreaming, he entered his house, and, standing in the hall, sniffed. No aroma, of course. He had commanded greeted him, and with the language of a man who had never known defeat he strode into the room.

"Woman, how dare you!
Bang! Crash! A million stars . . . Without language he staggered up, only to sit again, while through mist he saw the form of Mrs. Bloggie, and on her head was a large hat which the text-books she had taught him were boxing-gloves; only these were larger and heavier than any he had ever seen described—then an, as from a great distance, he heard her voice again.

"So you dare to come home, do you?—it said, "Try to get up, you little beast, and I'll smash the house up with you! So you're the champion, now could you say word?"—the voice grew soft and sweet, "So am I, dear the champion of this house. While you were training I trained too. My! but don't these Professors give you a hard time? Don't you dare to get up—don't you dare to get up, I say! Lie down at once!"

And Bloggie the Champion having heard, and thinking one victory sufficient for the day, obeyed instantly.
OUR CINEMATOGRAPHIC CARTOONS. No. 50: "OUT OF THE DARKNESS."

Pictures are often amusing, but the conversations of picturegoers are very often more so.

Our cartoonist presents a sample of what he has overheard at sundry cinemas.

A GOOD OLD "ANNUAL"

Oh, that "Annual Rumour"! Have you heard that Mary Pickford is leaving the Famous Players? Of course you have. Well - she isn't! The Famous Players inform us that not only is Mary not leaving the company, but that in future she will be its president. In other words a special company has been formed - the Famous Players Mary Pickford Company, in which "the World's Sweetheart" is to have a half interest.

Towards the end of her last contract Miss Pickford was the recipient of some startling offers from rival companies - the highest authenticated offer being £1,200 a week. But she refused it.

In an interview Miss Pickford said: "I am afraid that there will be a great many people who will never understand my determination to reject such a tremendous offer, but my only answer is that money is not everything in this world. I have my future reputation as an artiste to consider, and it is to my best interests to ally myself with an organisation that has already firmly established itself in the eyes of the world as a producer of photo-plays of the highest order of merit. It is not a matter of being starred in a few excellent productions, but of appearing in plays in a never-failing high standard of excellence. I have been associated with the Famous Players for three years, and I realise that their productions have won them a reputation for consistently artistic work.

Mary Pickford Her Own Double.

One day when Mr. Zukor, the president of the Famous Players Company, paid an unexpected visit to the studio he observed a group concerned in the production of The Foundling. The central figures were Daniel Frohman and Hugh Ford, and several children. Both men were talking to one of the little girls, who was busily sucking a lolly pop.

"That child is a regular Mary Pickford," exclaimed Mr. Zukor; "we ought to put her on a long-time contract."

Just then the "child" caught sight of the speaker and came running over.

"Hello, Mr. Zukor. How is Madame Butterfly going?" she called out to the astonished president.

It was Mary Pickford.
DOUGLAS MUNRO IN 'LONDON' FILMS

DOUGLAS MUNRO, his friends call him "Duggy," left the stage for pictures when one of the Edison Companies came to this country in the summer of 1913 and secured his services to play in all their productions. He liked the work so much that on leaving Edison's he signed a contract with the London Film Company, and is still there.

Among the prominent film parts which Mr. Munro has played stands out the character of "Joseph Chandler" in The Middleman, the heartless manager and owner of the potteries, who grinds down his employees, turns them off at a moment's notice and steals his old workman's invention, being finally shamed and ruined.

In his interpretation of this terrible character Mr. Munro succeeded in bringing out the spiteful, greedy, selfish nature of the man to the life. In contrast to this was his part as the Jewish Variety Agent in The Heart of a Child, in which he became the vulgar, showy, cunning creature that one sees so often on the stage, and sometimes, unfortunately, in real life too!—one of the type of men who puff a big cigar, display diamond cufflinks, and seem good-natured enough in their oily, fatuous way.

He was also the Rev. Bagot in Trilby with Sir Herbert Tree, and the Bookmaker with Henry Ainley in Jelli's, that fine version of the play which the London Film Company produced quite lately. Another person of his was the canting, hypocritical priest of a fashionable West-end church.

But he is not always the villain—oh, no! Sometimes Mr. Munro is everything that is good! Only the other day he was a henpecked husband, with a Suffragette wife. Poor "Duggy!" How he ran when she and her militant friends chased him with hammers and other cheerful weapons! Round the studio they went, until finally, run and tired, they received the full weight of their wrath on his head and elsewhere. In truth he was black and blue the next day.

As another husband, and this time a bridegroom at the altar, he was the cause of an amusing contretemps. The happy couple were being married, the clergyman was solemnly exhorting them to "love, honour, and obey," the camera handle was turning when—Whoa!—looking at the rings! The "taking" ceased, the best man looked in his pockets. Douglas Munro looked in his pockets, they shook out their handkerchiefs, they searched the floor, the producer (metaphorically) tore his hair, everyone joined in the hunt for the missing ring. Excitement was growing, when suddenly the ring was discovered by one of the crowd. It was on the bridegroom's finger.

When peace and order were restored, the picture was continued, Duggy vowing that it was the best man's fault. Recently Mr. Munro was cast for a part in Vive Verdad, the London Film version of F. Anstey's play and novel of the same name. Imagine, if you please this big, serious-looking actor in an Eton boy's suit and collar and a school cap several sizes too small for him, careering through the streets of the West-end on a child's scooter, with Maurice Elvey, the producer, and his camera man following in the cozy seclusion of a taxi, and a whole crowd of anonymous pedestrians accompanying the actor. The scene actually happened near Charing Cross. In the same play "Duggy" was compelled to eat six bags of halfpenny buns, and after lunch too.

In a long and varied stage career, Mr. Munro played the part of Spettigue in the original company of Charley's Aunt some two thousand times and never missed a performance.

For two years he was with Weedon Grossmith, and six years with the late George Edwards, playing leading parts at the Gaiety, Adelphi, and Prince of Wales Theatres in London, and in his companies on tour.

Some of his last stage appearances were in Granville Barker's Shakespearean Season at the Savoy, and at the Vandeville in Little Miss Lively.

He is very hopeful indeed as to the future of British films, and is sure that in time England's output of really good pictures will equal that of foreign firms. He hopes that he will continue to play before the silent eye of the camera for a long time yet, and he is quite content in the knowledge that he is doing his share in helping to entertain the vast public that the cinema has claimed for its own.

A "MATCHLESS" GAS LIGHTER.

An ingenious and almost uncanny contrivance for all who use gas is the Automatic Gas Lighter described in our last issue. The Editor has used one nightly at home and finds that it never fails to light the gas simply by coming in contact with it. A shilling sent to the Automatic Appliances Co., 9, Tavistock Road, Retford, Notts, will bring you one, and in three days of dear matches the money will be well spent.

Polash & Perlmutter

exed themselves in

"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST."
Our Picture Players' Portrait Gallery

BEN, F. WILSON, whose "Detective Clerk" rôle in *The Chronicles of Clink* will always be remembered. He now plays leading parts in Trans-Atlantic films.

CORA WILLIAMS, a very well-known Edison player. She is usually seen in comedy, a fact which seems to be amply verified by this pleasing portrait.

MARIIE DRESSLER, known in America as the famous woman on the stage. We believe her latest film effort was in Tillie's Tomato Surprise.

SVEND AGGERHOLM, the great Danish actor. He has contributed many fine performances in Nordisk picture-plays, and drama perhaps is his especial line.
The long story begins twenty years ago, when I was a boy," said my old friend the lawyer, at whose house I was paying a long-deferred visit. I replied I did not mind how long it was, and settled down prepared to hear his story to the end.

"In a little village just outside London," he began, "lived an old lady and her granddaughter. They were rather poor, and to keep the little home together they ran the laundry for the laundries at the nearby college.

"Cuthbert Lawrence, a young undergraduate there, used to meet the old lady's granddaughter (Minnie Merle her name was), and before long he fell in love with her, regardless of the great difference in their social positions.

"In the same village lived Peleg Paterson, a young wood-carver, who in his simple way loved Minnie to distraction, but his slow nature never suggested to him that he should attempt to woo her.

"One Sunday afternoon by the river Cuthbert asked Minnie to become his wife, and, accompanied by her lover, the girl went back to the humble cottage to tell the glad news to her grandmother. "I'm so happy," she cried; "Cuthbert and I are to be engaged."

"Peleg saw the young couple enter the cottage, and followed them. "You'll be sorry for this, he said coldly. "He won't think about you, a simple, country wench, when he gets back to his true friends in the city."

"Minnie's heart sank under the stinging words, and she looked appealingly at her lover. "Why not go out of here at once!" commanded Cuthbert, and Peleg, who never could stand harsh words, made himself scarce.

"As the door closed behind him Minnie turned to her sweetheart. "Darling, you'll never be unfaithful to me, will you?" she pleaded.

"Never, Minnie, my own. I will always be true to you, was Cuthbert's reassuring answer.

"A month passed all too quickly for the happy couple. Then one morning Cuthbert received a letter from his father, General Lawrence, who expressed the hope that whilst on his vacation his son would become fond of Abbie Ames, a rich heiress. The thought of being tied down to a Society woman, however, was more than the young undergraduate meant to put up with, and, hurrying to his sweetheart's home, he told her how important it was that they should be married quickly.

"That evening, with the old grandmother as a witness, Minnie and Cuthbert became man and wife. After the ceremony, Minnie, for safety's sake handed the certificate into the safe keeping of the Vicar, after which the happy couple spent the night at the cottage.

"The course of true love never runs smooth, and in their case the third person appeared on the horizon once more. Thoughts of jealousy and revenge had already entered the heart of Peleg, and on the day after the wedding he hastened to London and went straight to General Lawrence's house. There he told the astonished father the story of Cuthbert's marriage. Peleg left the old gentleman almost stunned with the shock of his son's deception, and he at once set about to remedy the blunder and separate the young couple.

"That afternoon Cuthbert received a telegram to the effect that he was to go home at once.

"Minnie, and her youthful husband parted without a thought for the future. Little did they know that their fond kiss and close embrace would be the last for many years to come.

"A few hours later found Cuthbert in the power of an autocratic parent. "I will not have it," stormed the old General, as he paced the room. "To think that you should go and tie yourself to a poor country wench when a rich heiress is waiting for you with open arms. No, young man, it shall not be. Cuthbert, we leave for the Continent next week."

"But, Pater, I love —," began the son.

"Silence!" roared his father. "I have told you my plans. Please get ready to carry them out."

"And Cuthbert, his heart aching for his country lass, wrote to tell her to try and be happy without him, and that in two years' time he would return to claim her as his wife. Minnie read this sorrowful message more than once, and, with tear-swollen eyes, she told her—what must be brave despair. The taunts and jests from Peleg and the neighbours.

"A year passed. Minnie heard nothing from her husband, but a little daughter arrived to console her aching heart.

"Poor Minnie, she had a hard time, and when her grandmother died she was of course forced to earn her own living. Leaving Regina, her baby, in the care of some housekeeper she obtained a post as housemaid in a London mansion.

"Two more years had come and gone, when one day Minnie heard that her faithless husband was married to the rich heiress.

"She pulled herself together, and remembered her determination to be brave. Her employers took kindly interest in her and sent her home for advice. I shall never forget the day Minnie came to me; she looked so miserable. She told me her story just as I have told it to you, and we set to work and obtained a copy of the marriage certificate (unfortunately the original was stolen by Peleg, and sold to the General for a paltry sum). The poor girl was penniless and I had no money then to spend. The best I could do was to obtain a more lucrative position for her in a theatrical company. Before leaving England she went to see little Regina who was still at the Convent.

"The Commuters"
By the merest chance she met Peleg, who, still having an unquenchable longing for the possession of his one and only love, offered to take her away from all her trouble to America. But Minnie refused. She would never forget that she was still the lawful if not recognised wife of Cuthbert Lawrence.

"Fifteen years later Minnie had made rapid strides in her theatrical profession, and was then reaching the height of her popularity as 'Odelle Orne.'

"Regina was now living with the latter and myself, but she was still ignorant of her mother's origin.

"By jove! Regina was a lovely creature. I don't wonder at myself for falling in love with her.

"One day a letter came from a friend of mine in America that Peleg was dead, and that before he died he had confessed that he had sold the marriage certificate to General Lawrence. I heard afterwards that, whilst the General and Cuthbert were in Paris, the old man went to the theatre and saw 'Odelle Orne' on the stage. The General fell in love with the popular actress, and through a friend obtained an introduction to her. Concealing her identity, Minnie encouraged his attentions."

"On the day following their meeting Minnie launched her admirer.

"'Odelle,' he said, as they sipped their coffee, 'you must know I love you! Don't you see that I want just you to make my life a little paradise, dearie! Will you consent to be my wife?'

"Minnie sighed. 'I will give you my answer at supper,' she told him, 'on the night of the first presentation of my new play, Inello.'

"Some time elapsed before the production of the new play, during which Minnie, who daily received passionate letters and bouquets of flowers from her ardent lover, had written and asked me to take Regina to her in Paris. You should have seen Regina when the letter came. She was just wild with excitement. Three days later we left for the

MISS EDNA MAYO

THE SKY HUNTERS

A THRILLING DRAMA IN THREE ACTS
By Wm. Anthony McGuire

Dealing with the exciting adventures of a gang of moonshiners who are led by a girl called "Little Chief," whose courtship :: is conducted at the pistol's point. ::

A BRILLIANT PRODUCTION

featuring

EDNA MAYO as "LITTLE CHIEF"
Bryant Washburn and John Lorenz

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This new and beautiful Picture Paper for those who go to the Pictures will contain in early issues not only many full-page Portraits of Film Stars with interesting biographies and other features of peculiar interest to those who go to the Cinema; but will also contain the Film Play Stories of the following new films to be seen in the Spring and Summer of 1916—amongst others:

'The Dop Doctor' 'Via Wireless'
FROM RICHARD DEHAN'S FAMOUS NOVEL. A FINE STORY OF THE PRESENT WAR.

'Flanders—my Country' 'Simon the Jester'
A POWERFUL PLAY ENACTED IN BELGIUM FROM W. J. LOCKE'S SPLENDID NOVEL.

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and the Finest Serial Play ever produced in the Picture Theatre,

'The GIRL of LOST ISLAND'

Read the stories of these Fine Film Plays before you see them and ask locally when they will be shown. Order 'The Cinegoer' from your newsagent to-day to be sure of getting it regularly. 2d. weekly. 20 pages.

IF YOUR NEWSAGENT SAYS HE CANNOT SUPPLY YOU WRITE DIRECT TO 613 IMPERIAL HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C. REMEMBER THE FIRST ISSUE IS FEBRUARY 21st NEXT.
French capital, and on the evening of our arrival 'Odelle Orme' presented to the public for the first time her wonderful play, "Little.

"I assure you it must have been a revelation to many. It was nothing less than the story of her own life, her desertion, the revenge of Peleg, the deception and intrigue on the part of her lawful husband. Revelation to many! Yes, but more than that to Cuthbert, who, with his father occupied a private box. Cuthbert dared not tell the General that he recognised the beautiful actress.

"During the performance Minnie sent a note round to her admirer which read: 'I shall expect you and your son to supper with me tonight at my house.'

"Eagerly the General accepted. 'Then,' he murmured, 'I shall have my answer from the wonderful woman who has all Paris at her feet.'

"After the performance Minnie prepared for the crisis. She knew that Cuthbert would accompany his father; she knew there would have to be a recognition, but she would chance all to restore to her and Regina their rightful name and honoured place in society.

"When we arrived home (for Regina, and I had been to the theatre, remember), General Lawrence and Cuthbert were already there. Regina and I waited in silence in the hall, whilst Minnie went into the lounge. Very soon the old man was saying to her: 'Odelle, darling, what is your answer? It must be 'Yes.'"

"'General Lawrence,' replied Minnie, coldly, 'you do not know what you say when you ask me to be your wife. I am already lawfully bound by the ties of matrimony to your son—Cuthbert.'

"Cuthbert blushed scarlet. The tense silence was broken only by the rapid breathing of Minnie, whose face was rigid and white. Then she spoke again.

"'Yes, it was I he married when he was still at college; it was I whom you forced him to disown. For me it did not matter, but there was someone else—his daughter, who is here now.' Minnie called Regina, who at once entered the room.

"The General stood flabbergasted. 'My God!' he exclaimed, but a stroke seized him, and before he could utter another word he collapsed in a chair, and in a few minutes was a dead man. I've never seen anything so dramatic, either on or off the stage. I did the best thing possible under the circumstances. I brought Regina and her mother over here to England. I had grown more devoted to the little girl than ever while we were away, and when we returned we were married. . . . Yes, and we have lived happily ever since.

"As for Minnie, poor dear, about three months ago I had a long letter from Cuthbert telling me of his wife's death.

"I never cared for her,' he told me, 'but Peter insisted on the match.'

"That settled it—Peter called him to come over and spend a holiday with me. You can just imagine the scene when Cuthbert met Minnie again. At first she was relentless, but she has a very tender heart, and when her husband reminded her of the happy days they had spent together she determined to live them over again, and now they are down here seeing after a house in the old village.'

"My friend the lawyer paused in his story as a light tap came on the door, and Regina herself entered, attired in a magnificent evening gown.

"'Well, old darling,' she said, placing her arm affectionately round her husband's neck, 'you'd stay here all night puffing away at your cigars. You must both come into the drawing-room now and tell me what you've been talking about while I have been busy reading.'

"We willingly acceded to the first command, but I will leave my readers to draw their own conclusions as to whether we told her the subject of our conversation or not.

"This five-reel Samuelson drama was produced by Fred Paul, who also played the selfish part of 'Peleg,' Peggy Hyland, in the role of 'Minnie,' has put in some extremely fine work. Bertram Burleigh is the young lover who deserts his lawful wife. Richard Yandham is the old 'General.' Queenie Thomas is 'Regina,' and Rowland Moore is the lawyer-husband who tells the story in these pages. The film is handled by Moss Empires, Ltd.

The New Game of 'Hide and Seek.' Start playing it today. Rules and List of Prizes on page 485.
CHILDREN'S COUGHS

Chest Weakness and Difficult Breathing.

A Mother's Praise of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure.

Mrs. Bingham, Court 6, Church Street, Oldbury, says:—"I am ever so glad to have found such a splendid medicine as Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and I shall never use any other in my family. It is only quite recently that I first tried Veno's. My little girl, Nellie, had caught a severe cough, and was quite choked up with it. Her chest was very weak, and her breathing was difficult. I was afraid she was going to be extremely ill. I had medicine for her, but it didn't do the child any good; besides, she didn't like it and I had difficulty in getting her to take it. It was then I got Veno's for her, and I can say it quite astonished me. I could not have believed it would act so quickly. Almost from the first dose it relieved Nellie, and before the bottle was finished she was quite well again. Veno's cured positively like magic."

A SIXPENNY BOOK FREE.

Write now for "The Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without.

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VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND COLD MEDAL, PARIS HEALTH EXHIBITION, 1910.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE is the Safest and Sweetest Remedy for:

COUGHS & COLDs
BRONCHITIS
INFLUENZA
LUNG TROUBLES
BAD BREATHING

Larger Sizes, 1/2 and 3/4. The 3/- size is the most economical.

Of Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India.

Insist on having Veno's, and refuse all substitutes.

EDNA FLUGRATH,

the charming and accomplished film star who is so popular in "London" films, writes:—"I have long used your beautiful Oatine preparations, and would not now be without them for anything."

Many women are naturally beautiful and do not know it. The dust and grime have settled into the pores of the skin, giving it a swollen, leaden appearance—the face is simply dirty, and soap and water will not clean it. Something more is needed to clear away the impurities of the complexion. The only preparation that will do this effectively is

Oatine FACE CREAM

Oatine gets down into the pores and removes the dirt and grime embedded there. Remember that keeping the pores clean is the secret of a good complexion.

Get Oatine at your Chemist's. 1s. 1d. and 2s. 3d. a jar.

Get a Jar To-day and Prove its Worth!

Mackintosh's brings back your boyhood's joys.

Because you are "grown up" it does not follow that you should relinquish all those boyish pleasures. And Mackintosh's is better than anything you ever tasted as a boy—far more wholesome and nutritious than the toffee you used to eat. Take some of both home every week-end.

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE

MINT DE LUXE

We take as much care in selecting and blending our Peppermint as we do of the other ingredients in Toffee-de-Luxe.

All Confectioners sell both. 4d. each, 5/-. or 1/4., or 1/2. a box. Sold also in 1s. tins.

Jus' Butter, Sugar, and thick rich Cream blended in the "Mackintosh Way."

All Confectioners sell both. 4d. each, 5/-., or 1/4. a box, Sold also in 1s. tins.

Feb. 19, 1910
Nurse CARTER writes:

**CICFA CURED MY INDIGESTION**

**TWO YEARS AGO. IT WAS A WONDERFUL CURE. EVER SINCE THEN I HAVE EATEN WHAT-EVER I PLEASED.**

Before you read Nurse Carter's words let us explain that, as she is a nurse, she had every opportunity of securing the best possible remedies for her Indigestion, but she became worse, and was compelled at last to cease attending patients, and give up her work. This was a serious matter. It is easy to imagine that she made every effort to secure a remedy which would cure her. Then she heard of CICFA, and tried it, and was cured. She was so surprised that she called CICFA "WONDERFUL." Why is it wonderful? Simply because it supplies exactly what Nature requires to perfectly digest all the Alimentary foot in the Stomach and all the Starchy food in the Bowel. The Eau Circulation is corrected, Feces not formed, so there is no Acidity, no Flatulence, no Constipation, but increasing health and strength. Very soon no assistance is required and the patient is cured. Nurse Carter was cured—really cured—not merely relieved. She became able to eat what she desired; she digested it; she absorbed the nourishment from it; she won because it was strong and well that she needed no further assistance, and therefore was able to stop taking CICFA.

Two years have passed; she is able to continue to do her work, and a nurse's life is a hard one, but in digestion is excellent, she feels strong, and she enjoys her work. She is anxious that every one who suffers from Indigestion should know these facts.

CICFA has been used by nearly 10,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results secured upon themselves and patients by CICFA.
Director Emerson upon the scenario. The pictorial possibilities of Macbeth grow, as one studies it in the light of this strange new art, into something very beautiful and wonder ful—but without a play in the Shakespearian sense, perhaps, but a dramatic narrative of great power.

"I should like to call this series of productions 'Tales from Shakespeare.' If we can bring to the drama some such reverie and illuminating interpretation as did Charles Lamb, I shall be happy indeed to have contributed upon this enterprise. The motion-picture studies are naturally strange places to me, but I am delighted with the kindly spirit of welcome and cooperation manifested, and the amazing vitality of the industry. I know now that I am going to like it immensely."

Tiger and Leopard Chew Each other Up.

ACCORDING to the manufacturer's announcement, a fight to the death between a royal Bengal tiger and a leopard will feature Their South Not Core, a Selig Red Seal play. Kathryn Williams, who has the leading role, is said to have performed several hazardous feats for the picture, among them a plunge from a runaway horse, a leap from a sinking ship into the sea, and a struggle with a leopard.

Players Caught in a Blizzard.

Of the many narrow escapes recorded in the making of films, the experiences of the Equitable Motion Picture Company appearing in Her God reached the zenith of hazardous experiences recently when Gail Kane, star of the company, and 110 other players were caught in the foothills on the edge of the great American desert in Arizona in a terrible blizzard and during the height of the storm wandered six miles out of their way, and were compelled to seek refuge on a cattle ranch, where many of the Mexicans and cowboys employed by the company were compelled to sleep in the corral with the sheep in order to keep warm because the small hacienda, or ranch-house, could not accommodate over sixty-five people.

The company left Jerome, Arizona, at nine o'clock in the morning for a location near Springdale, a small settlement twenty-two miles up in the foothills. The storm broke with terrible fury about half past ten and in the blinding snow and wind even their guide became confused, and instead of travelling to the north the company—nearly frozen, wet to the bone—finally reached a ranch known as Hacienda 104, and were given such shelter and succour as the conditions warranted.

George Sheer, the company manager, who remained at Jerome, after failure of the company to report for three days, communicated with President Spiegel, of the Equitable company. The arrangements were made for one of the officers of the company to go to the West, as the worst was feared; but while arrangements were made one of the cowboys of the company returned to Jerome, and when the storm abated the entire company returned none the worse for their trying experiences, except a number of bad colds and several cases of threatened pneumonia. Miss Kane suffered greatly from privation and exposure, but preferred to remain with the company, saying she would rather work under stress of illness than remain in the desert any longer.

### SIX HALF-PLATE PHOTOGRAPHS

Taken from the principal scenes in “Flying A” and “Beauty” productions sent all applicants on receipt of P.O. or Stamps value 6d.

**“FLYING A” CO., 193, Wardour St., W.**

**A Powerful Play with Ben Wilson.**

**Juror Number Seven.**

**Ben Wilson.**

2,000 ft. approx. Released March 27th.

Any photoplay which is directed by Ben Wilson is always strong in the element of surprise. And you can be always sure of being griped and held by the power of the plot. "Juror Number Seven" Ben Wilson appears as a "down-and-outer," which is as brilliant a bit of characterization as has ever been seen on the screen.

"Juror Number Seven" is the story of a degenerate, who, by a strange twist of fate, is called upon to assist the cause of the man who ruined him.

Make a note of this in your diary.


### SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, restoring a clear complexion. The single rate, films, itches, rashes, redness of skin, itching, blisters, blisters on skin. Sulpholime is prepared by the great dermatologist, J. Pepper & Co. Ltd., 17, Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E., and is sold in bottles at 1, 3, and 6. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores everywhere in the world.

**“THE TAILOR OF BOND ST.”**

Will “Suit” You.

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**In case you have difficulty in obtaining PICTURES AND THE PICTURES GOER regularly, hand this order to your newsagent.**

**NAME OF NEWSAGENT**

Please deliver "PICTURES AND THE PICTURES GOER" to me weekly for the next three months and afterwards until further notice.

**ADDRESS**
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OUR GREAT FREE PICTURE COMPETITION.

7th SET.
NOTHING TO PAY.

£65 IN CASH AND OTHER PRIZES

1st prize, £10; 2nd prize, £5; Ten of 10s. each.

TWO HUNDRED CONSOLATION PRIZES.

Below we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognise one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but any one of these letters may be used more than once. Thus even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the seventh set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in Pictures on sale Feb. 1916. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions. £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10, and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

Name
Address

25. Scene from .................................................................
Letters used: AEILPT

26. Scene from .................................................................
Letters used: AEHILNOSPSTV

27. Scene from .................................................................
Letters used: ACDEFIHLPRTY

28. Scene from .................................................................
Letters used: EHLNOPSW
WATCH for the Great Picture Play

THE WHITE HOPE

By W. H. R. TROWBRIDGE.

Commencing MONDAY, FEB. 28, at the
WEST END CINEMA, LONDON, W.C.

Afterwards at all the Leading London
and Provincial Picture Theatres.

DON'T FORGET to read the story from
the film

INFELICE

By A. J. EVANS-WILSON

on page 478.

This fine film is now showing.
YOU MUST NOT MISS IT.

Of course you're interested in the
Dardanelles. Well, look out for
a fine film

"WITH THE
DARDANELLES EXPEDITION."

Photographed by
E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

Now showing at the "Empire," and will soon be on
view throughout Britain.

See them when they come to your town.

Meanwhile, write and ask for
Illustrated Synopses to:—

MOSS' EMPIRES, LTD.
86, Charing Cross Road,
LONDON, W.C.
**We Hear**

**THAT** "Submarines of Society" is the title of a new Essanay drama; the company has already produced "The Destroyer."

**THAT** "Cruisers in View," "Dreadnoughts of Evil," and "Minelaying of Vice" suggest some more suitable titles.

**THAT** the new editor of our trade contemporary, The Screen, is James A. Cotter, who will be remembered by many as editor of Pictures prior to its amalgamation with Picturgoer.

**THAT** Mr. Cotter has resigned the Secretaryship of Turner Films, Ltd., to devote himself again to film journalism.

**THAT** a few copies of butcher's "Primos" Film Diary for 1916 still remain, and can be had for one penny stamp by any cinema proprietor or manager if Pictures and the name of the theatre are mentioned when applying for same.

**THAT** Lloyd George having seen the film called *You*, has praised the clever handling of this simple story of patriotism, and hopes it will be shown in every cinema theatre.

**THAT** Charles Urban stated recently that a moderate tax on tickets will not keep the public from going to the pictures.

**THAT** in the opinion of a host of readers, "Find the Film" is the most interesting Competition ever run in Pictures.

**THAT** a reader who visited a cinema expressly for the purpose of "Finding a film," found instead a missing brother whom he "spotted" on the screen in an American production.

**THAT** the Neptune Company have recently completed a four-reel film entitled *In the Grip of the Sultan*.

**THAT** the scenes were under the personal supervision of one of the very few Englishmen who have ever been in a harem.

**THAT** *The Birth of a Nation* will shortly go on a world-tour.

**THAT** the engagement of Miss Gertrude Screo, daughter of the President of the Essaay Company, to Lieutenant Douglas Weart, of the U.S. Engineer Corps, has been announced.

**THAT** the Thanhouser twins will shortly appear in *The Burglar's Private*, in which we hope they will not be very naughty girls.

**THAT** *The Bismarck from the Sky*, the wonderful serial referred to in previous issues, and which has done such remarkable business in the States, is to be released in this country by the Gaumont Film Hire Service.

**THAT** there are thirty-two parts in this "Flying A" production, and every one of them is top-hole.

**THAT** a complete Life of Stewart Rome is being prepared.

**THAT** the staff projection-room at the Hepworth Studios is being rebuilt to remove all danger of fire at their fortnightly private exhibitions.

---

**THIS scene is where a man, who was afraid, makes his first step in the winning back of his good name.**

Harry Faversham, disguised as a native, has arrived only just too late to assist his fallen comrade, but without revealing his identity is able to lead his other comrade, who has been blinded by the sun and is wandering helplessly about the desert, back to his company.

**"THE FOUR FEATHERS"**

(By A. E. W. MASON)

is full of such thrilling scenes, which we know you'll like.

Ask your hall-manager to show it, or write to us for the address of the nearest Theatre in your district where it is to be shown.

---

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Write for Synopsis.
THE ONLY MAN
A Film Farce in Three Parts.
This impersonation is the third of the series of
BILLY MERSON
COMEDY FILMS.
Has it been shown at your favourite Cinema?
If not, a postcard to us will bring you a reply stating when and where it will be shown in your district.

DON'T MISS
THE STORY OF
THE MIRACLE
OF LIFE,
OR, THE
Divinity of Motherhood
IN THE ISSUE OF
"PICTURES"
Published on 26th February.

WATCH OUT FOR
this great Nordisk 3-reel Drama at your local Cinema! Tell the Manager you want to see it and he will book it.

THE CIGARETTE MAKER
Nita works in a cigarette factory, and her employer's son pesters her with his attentions. But love is triumphant in the end. Full of absorbing, heart-throbbing interest.
PUBLICATIONS

First 12 Words ... ... 2d. a word afterwards.
3 Insertions price of 2.

EDITORIAL

LOUIE FREER, the famous comedy star who appears this week in Trans-Atlantic's All-British film The Stately's Legacy.

SAVE your sets in the "Find the Film" Competition. Again I would state that those who send in single sets are only wasting postage. Due notice will be given of the closing date.

Big Things Up Their Sleeves.

I am informed by the Gaumont Film Hire Service that their list of coming screen attractions is the strongest they have ever had, and picturegoers and exhibitors alike should watch these pages for details, and rejoice in due course. I am betraying no secret by referring to two chunks of their great programme. One consists of the big "Flying A" serial The Diamond from the Sky, announced elsewhere in this issue, and the other comprises the "Blue Bird" photoplays, a series so distinctive in power of conception and brilliance of production that it will raise the art of the photoplay to a plane of magnificence hitherto dreamed of.

Let the Public Judge.

In a long, strong, and sensible article in The Cinema the writer's proposal to prohibit all imports of foreign films is stated. The writer says: "This is not war upon Germany. This is war upon our livelihood, and the most popular recreation of the masses. All the money that could possibly be obtained by the prohibition of foreign films would keep the war with Germany going for but a few hours. In a few months' time the majority of the cinemas would probably be compelled to close and a few months later the rumour would be forced to shut down ... The public must be told what danger there is to it, and almost their only ammunition is threatened . . . they must defend their own entertainment, or that entertainment may vanish. They must band together and write Members of Parliament with strong letters of protest ... the danger will not wait. It is immediate and threatening." Clearly the industry could not get along with our foreign sources being supplied, and it is hoped and trust it may never be faced with such a quandary.

Film as Curtain Raiser.

A rumour is afloat that a West End theatre may shortly introduce a three or four-reel film drama as a curtain raiser to the legitimate stage portion of their programmes. If the innovation were to set a fashion, cinema possessionists would have a new and unexpected rival to contend with. But I don't think it is my business to go to the theatre to hear the players, and more likely than not would make a noise if they found them silent.

Canal and Circus Life.

Dainty Margarette Clark has once more increased her list of film accomplishments. In the Famous Players drama Still Haters I found her altogether charming. As the granddaughter of a large owner, and whose life from babyhood is confined to the limited area of the large and the small banks, she drifts into a romantic love match with a young doctor. Lively and realistic circus scenes form strong contrasts to the peace and quiet of the waterways which provide most of the scenery. I hope to publish the delightful story of this comedy-drama in Pictures.

An All-Stage Cast.

Like many another old play and picture goer, I am looking forward keenly to the screening of one of the many famous plays, and hope to see Nell Gwynne, in which Sir George Alexander will play his original part. A splendid theatre cast, including Hilda Moore, Marie Homingway, Mary Rose, May Leslie Stuart, Norman Forbes, Rowland Patecco, and James Lindsay will support him.

Newest British Film Studio.

On a flying visit the other day to the studio at Ravenscourt Park of Regal Films, Ltd., I found Dave Aylott busy on The Price He Paid, a three-reel comedy written and directed by Mr. N. A. Scott. In the programme of Regal, which is being photographed at a cost of over £30,000, and which has been specially built for Regal Films, it stands in picturesque and useful grounds, and is up-to-date in every part of it. Many improvements were already seen, and additional studio space has been specially built for Regal Films. It stands in picturesque and useful grounds, and is up-to-date in every part of it. Many improvements were already seen, and additional studio space has been specially built for Regal Films.
Turner Films announce

FLORENCE TURNER
as "DOORSTEPS" in
"DOORSTEPS"
Produced by HENRY EDWARDS
Trade Show Feb. 15.

and

HILDA TREVELYAN
as "SALLY IN OUR ALLEY"
Produced by LARRY TRIMBLE
Controlled by "Ideal."

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR BOYS & GIRLS,

The "bird" at the side was drawn by a little nephew who says it illustrates a player's name. For the life of me I can't think who it is. Can you?

Last week I received a letter from a niece who wrote: "Why don't you give us children some picture-puzzles. Uncle Tim?" "I will," I thought, and lo! the next minute our Editor brought me a clever set of puzzles drawn by a reader in which were the names of many popular players. "The very thing!" I exclaimed; and herewith (on the opposite page) I present you with the puzzles, and make them my

HIDDEN NAMES PRIZE COMPETITION.

You need not solve all. Find as many as you can. They represent the Christian and surname of each player. Write the names and numbers on a postcard, and post to "Picture Names," Pictures, 55 and 57 Long Acre, London, W.C., before Monday, February 21st. Please give your age. To the senders of the most correct solutions I will award six prizes, in addition to the Award of Merit to the next best.

As I have started with a Competition I will keep the subject going. A week or two ago I asked you to tell me the name of your favourite child player and why. The prize answer was: "Helen Badgley. First of all, she is such a beautiful child, and so young. Then she does not act—she just is the parts she plays. Every movement of hers is so essentially childlike and natural that one simply cannot help loving her."

The winner is A. P. Levinson (15), 30 Ravensdale Road, Stamford Hill, N.

Eleven competitors gave the winning player's name, and therefore receive the consolation prizes. Their names are: Nellie Cooper, Lower Ince; Charles Wright, Newport; Eva Preston, Stoke-on-Trent; James Ewe, Victoria Dock; Sybil Mossford, Cardiff; Betty Jones, Glamorgan; Lilian Stell, Halifax; Lilian Burgers, Swanscombe; Edith Raffe, Westminster; Vera Warner, Fulham; Irene Hockley, Cardiff. Other players chosen many times were Bobby Connolly, Tiny Tim, Baby Lilian Wade, Helen Costello, and the Thanhouser Twinnies, and the reasons given would make quite a long and interesting article.

Now I am on the subject of little players let me write a little about two children who are making a name in American pictures, and will be well known over here in due course.

Anita Snell is being watched with interest, not only by members of the profession, but several scientists. The five-year-old prodigy has just completed playing a child part in the big Metro-photoplay, Man and His Soul, in which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are starred.

Baby Snell was born in Minneapolis-Minn., and displayed many signs of extreme precociousness, when at first she began to lip only a few words. At school she proved a marvel from the beginning, and could write and form sentences before she was four years old. She has developed a taste for the best things in art which is almost uncanny. The little one considers it a holiday when her mother will escort her to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, where she knows the names of many of the paintings and sculptures and the names of the artists who made them. Her comment on pictures and statuary in the museum invariably attracts a crowd.

Baby Jean Fraser possesses an unusually attractive screen personality. She is a native daughter of California, having been born in Los Angeles about two years ago. Her parents are non-professionals, and have never been connected in any way with stage or motion-picture work. A member of the Selig scenario staff lived in the same apart-
ment house with Jean and was impressed by her vivacity—she wrote a story around the child and introduced her to the director who was to produce the picture, and since then she has seldom been idle.

Jean Fraser is known to the Selig studio and her friends as "Steve," a name bestowed on her at birth by her father, who underwrote a period of keen disappointment when he found the newly-arrived infant was a girl. He remarked philosophically, "Well, I'm going to call her 'Steve,' anyway," and "Steve" it is to this day.

Her first appearance in motion pictures was in Ford's '81, in which she worked with a fierce Bengal tiger and talked lovingly to the animal, calling the beast "my big kitty." Jean is absolutely fearless, and has played in a number of animal pictures. Her eyes are blue; she has a wealth of sunny, golden hair and an enchanting smile.

Some of the later Selig picture-plays she has appeared in include "Juno Laverne, Orphans," "The Ruby and the Gold," and the Selig Red Seal play "Sweet Alice." She is exclusively engaged by the Selig Company.

Portraits of these and other child players will be published in later pages.

UCS LE Tim.

F. A. K.-East Ham. None of the casts you ask for are available. Sorry.

HARRY BRIGHT.-A seventeen year old boy, published a beautiful frontispiece portrait of Anita Stewart and Laura Williams together. Charlie Chaplin's mother lives by her name. It may be Bright. Pictures and The Portraiters were unaccounted for either Shapero and others. Sorry none of the "Find the Film" letters were published in your series. Here they are complete. No. 1, ADVERTISEMENT, No. 2, EBILTON. Selig Home is not married. The consent of anyone over the age of 16, perhaps both, would be obtained by you and your photographer. To show the "Find the Film" pictures, perhaps both, would have to be obtained before you would have your picture published.

R. E. T. (Birmingham). Address Fred Paul, Worton Hall, Edgbaston, Middlesex. Most likely you would get a sequel from any players are good-natured people. The other address we do not know. No postcards of Pearl Whitney yet. Enquires (Liverpool). Miss Minnie Dean, e.o. Selig Film Corp., 19 West 64th St., New York City, 8. Q. "Mollie" (Birmingham). Miss Hall plays for Universal. Playing for the pictures is a new skill all on this stage, in fact many successful stage players are screen followers. To the average artist the artist's love of his eye to convey their meaning, but unfortunately only possible for a film stage. By having a process black and by card of optical photo or sketch you can have your picture printed in a postcard.

MORRIS (Liverpool). Glad you are a constable. Keep it up. How nice to have a wonderful portrait of Florence Turner and Mary Fuller.

GEORGE (Manchester). Address Arthur Ashley, e.o. Vinegar Co., 500 5th Street, Lomita Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A. I am pleased to hear from you and your friend, Gertie.

E. S. B. (Forest Hill). A letter. By having a process black and white of yourself, you may want to use it. By having an autographed photo or sketch you can have your picture printed in a postcard.

N. J. L. (Philadelphia). Address Robert B. W. Grifiths, e.o. Riddle's Film Co., 31 Riverside Avenue, Yonkers, New York, U.S.A., would find him. Tel. and you want was not given.

M. D. (Hamilton). Address Mr. D. W. Griffiths, e.o. Riddle's Film Co., 31 Riverside Avenue, Yonkers, New York, U.S.A., would find him. Tel. and you want was not given.

N. D. (Selke, Steil). Address Mr. D. W. Griffiths, e.o. Riddle's Film Co., 31 Riverside Avenue, Yonkers, New York, U.S.A., would find him. Tel. and you want was not given.

N. D. (Selke, Steil). Address Mr. D. W. Griffiths, e.o. Riddle's Film Co., 31 Riverside Avenue, Yonkers, New York, U.S.A., would find him. Tel. and you want was not given.

J. C. D. (Hull). Our publishers have dealt with your subscription. Thanks for interesting letter. "Mary Ames" is unusually happy after realizing your story about him. Glad to hear your sister brother and yourself. May you one be a reunited family.

E. H. (Southampton). Majestic Motion Picture Co., 1020 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. Address Mr. E. H., 120 High Street, London, W. 9, Manor Court, New York. His name is "The Real Kewl." The Gold Children play with E. H. (Southampton). The Film." The other was not published.

N. H. (Shelbourne). Address Mary Pickford, e.o. Famous Players Film Co., 527 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. She is twenty-one years old in April. Florence La Rouge was not married last Autumn, but may have taken the film name.

B. H. (Birmingham). Address Miss Minnie Dean, e.o. Universal Film Co., 19 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. We have not yet received your letter.

C. B. (Hartford). "Pearl White is not married. We shall publish an interview shortly. The film has been printed with the "Dark Horse.""

H. K. (Bromley). "The Company's name does not exist for their casts, so we are helpless.

Alice (Bedford Park). Glad you are getting "London Stories." And, do you need plants from Charlie Chaplin. Glad to see you, Alice.

B. H. (Southampton). Address Anna Little, e.o. Universal Film Co., 19 Broadway, New York City. Have next your love to Eddie Lyon.

H. O. (Wellingborough). "Is it possible for any one to have the title: 'Mary, the great actress to communicate with and publish a story of a certain company, in New York. In any other words, you want to act for the pictures. Let me know which Com you wish to apply to and we will send you the address of the company and the name of an agent who will act for you."

E. F. (Farnworth). "I have an Irish terrier to give away. Will you be kind enough to find someone who can give it a good home, is a good house dog, and does not bite children."

Alice (Wolverhampton). Amongst the 12,000 odd titles of films in our registers we cannot trace one with the name you state. We have not given in it. See a better class of Alice. Herbert Robinson is Irish, and Anna Little, American.

E. C. B. (Glasgow). We have sent your letter to Blanche Sweet and Jackie Saunders, but we cannot undertake to ask them and the other players if they will answer your letters. We have quite a lot to do. E. C. B., in getting out the film every week.

C. V. H. (Hightown). "We heartily agree with you, but it is very interesting for the episodes of a serial to conclude in the most exciting part, but that is the idea—the more you see, the more you want to see.

Betty and Bess (Sunderland).—"You think our Christmas Number was great, so do we. It was, Gracie (Birmingham).—We thank the Mary must have at least a dozen secretaries to sort out those which are sent to us every week. The others are taken for the serials and the bottom of your letter are foreign to us. What do they mean?

External (Kensington).—"Thank you for all good wishes. Also, they could not be delivered to your house by a post-office girl. Better luck next time." That Soke is a kindergarten."

Helen Barton (Worcester).—"Thank you, Bonnie, for your photograph. It's great. Looks out for it in an early issue.

HIDDEN NAMES IN PICTURE PUZZLES

Find the full names of the players illustrated above. Prizes for children who find the greatest number.
Lilian Leyton,—"The Christian" is already released, so perhaps you will soon see it. Over-joyed to hear from you, Lilian.

W.T. Foote.—Mr. Clark played lead in "The Cruel". Write, Famous Players Co., 100-170, Wardour Street, London; tell them you are a reader, and ask when you can see new films of Mary Pickford in your city.

Eileen (Bedford).—Thanks for your letter. You do indeed put us in your corner. Glad you like "Find the Film" Competition.

Frederick H. (Caribb).—Address Warren Kerrigan, c.o. Universal Film Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A. Courtesy Foote is with the Fine Arts Film Co. The other information is not available.

Evelyn (Munswell Hill).—We have postcards of Hazel Dunn, and have sent you our list, Address M. Marsh, c.o. Reliance and Majestic Film Co., 410 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A. Clara Petriana played title role in "The Vampire. Abe Wexerter did not take part of "Stirring." Thanks for kind wishes for 1916.

Picture Lover (Birmingham).—"The Exploits of Elaine" is in thirty-six episodes, each containing two parts. You ask us to accept the mistakes in your letter as kinships. Alas! there were none.

Dolly (Dubnich).—Address F. S. Bushman, c.o. Metro Film Co., 165, Broadway, New York City, U.S.A., and Ruth Roland, c.o. The Biograph Film Co., Long Beach, California, U.S.A. Of course we shall be pleased to see you, but not on Thursday please, as that is press day.

Auntie (West Bromwich).—We know of no film studio near Birkenhead.

Flora (Belfast).—Our sincere sympathy are with you, but you need not worry. Our stock of postcards (that sent you) have twelve different ones of Billy Murray, and hundreds of others.

Jessica (Madis Vale).—James Morrison of Vita- graph is not married. We have not heard that he has joined the Army. We have postcards of him (one kind). Send your orders to Pictures, Ltd., 85, Long Acre, W.C.

Jabone (Aberdeen).—We know of no film studio near Hingham.

MISSILES

SMILES

Notin' Doin'.
"So you don't believe in advertising?"
"Emphatically, No! I got my wife through it—had luck to it."

The Price of Care.
First Little Dear: "I don't believe you'd care if your husband died and left you."
Second Little Dear: "How much?"

A "Cat"-astrophe.
Girl: "What's your new gov'nress's name?"
Boy: "Dunno. I call her 'Miss Jones, Dad calls her 'Cat.'"

The Principal Party.
Magistrate to (unshorn tram near the witness-box). "Are you the defendant?"
"No, your worship. I'm only the bloke that stole the cow!"

A Playful Promise.
Old Lady (at the pictures): "You see that girl on the screen? Well, she promised her mother she'd never be an actress."

Old Gentleman: "She isn't." Suspicious Signs.
Editor: "Have you submitted this poem to anyone else?"
Poet: "No sir.
Editor: "Then how is it you have a black-eye and walk on crutches?"

Behind the Scenes.
Kitty: "Jack didn't blow his brains out the night you refused to marry me. He came over and proposed to me."
Hetty: "Oh, then, he got rid of them in some other way?"

Too Good to Die.
Manager: "So you want a week's salary in advance? But suppose you were to die to-night?"
Old Actor: "Sir, you misunderstand me. I may be poor, but, thank Heaven, I'm honest."

Fun at the Pay-box.
Manager to (young woman with a baby in her arms who has handed him a ten-shilling note): "Is this your smallest?"
Young Woman (quite embarrassed): "Yes, sir, I've only been married a year."

The Looks that Mattered.
"Alg! you must shave off your moustache."
"You wouldn't like me any better without it."
"Oh, it's not your looks that matter but your moustache brushes away my complexion."

His Only Chance, Perhaps.
Little Girl at the Cinema Mother, will that missionary go to heaven?
Mother: "Why, of course, dear."
Little Girl: "And if the cannibal eats the missionary, he'll have to go, won't he?"

More Film Scenes on page 485.
Stewart Rome
a man in Pictures.
GREATEST OF ALL SERIALS

THE DIAMOND FROM THE SKY

The Story that moved a Nation has been acquired by The

GAUMONT FILM HIRE SERVICE

Release Dates and Full Particulars will be advertised shortly.
Famous Players—CHARLES FROHMAN CO.

presents

The Emotional Star

PAULINE FREDERICK

in a Superb Production of

"ZAZA"

The Dramatic Sensation of the Century, by
Berton & Simon.

In Four Acts,

Released Feb. 23th.

FAMOUS PLAYERS
FILM CO., LTD.,
166-170, Wardour Street, W.

A TOUCHING SCENE IN "ZAZA"
Seeking revenge on her lover, Zaza (Pauline Frederick) breaks down over his little child. (See story on page 497.)
EVERY Picturegoer is familiar with the standard set by Selig Films. When they see the famous trade mark on the programmes they know there is really something "worth while."

Now we will tell you the secret of our success.

We never film a story unless it is logical in its construction, adaptable to the screen from every point of view, and of the kind experience has taught us the public want.

The same applies to the three categories—viz., drama, comedy, and comic.

We never put a film into circulation unless it has passed a severe test with flying colours.

Now you know why the Selig Films that you see are always par excellence.

This is apart from the number of successful screen stars who act for Selig Films.

Tom Mix, for instance, is admittedly the greatest and most versatile of all cowboys.

On March 2 and onwards he appears in

THE FOREMAN'S CHOICE.

A veritable thriller. Visit the theatre which screens it and see his gallant and daring rescue of a girl hanging on to the face of a cliff.

Then the following week see him in

THE CHEF OF CIRCLE S

One of the funniest Tom Mix Comedies ever released.

SELI G FILMS, 93-95, WARDOUR ST., LONDON, W.
PRETTY IRENE HOWLEY, WHO IS STARRED
With Lionel Barrymore in the Metro picture-play, A Yellow Street. Her part is brimful of surprises.
(See page 508.)
Don't Close our Picture Theatres!

"MOVIES" THE WAR-TIME MEDICINE FOR THE MASSES.

At the moment of going to press the chief topic in film trade circles is the Evening News campaign in favour of All-British films. As many readers must be aware, that paper published a special article in which it stated that "if the Government found it necessary, they would not hesitate to prohibit the importation of foreign films," most of which of course come from America. Two million pounds it asserted was sent from this country to the United States for films last year.

Since the article appeared, several special articles have been published in the same paper deploring the deluge of American films and imploring picturegoers to ask their managers to show British films, from which it is clear that, whether the Government decide to stop American films or not, the Evening News at any rate thinks they ought to be stopped to prevent money leaving this country, which was not necessary to our national existence.

At a meeting in London of representatives of every British firm importing films it was pointed out that should this drastic proposal become an actuality, the Government would deal a death blow to the entire British cinema industry. In other words, our much loved picture theatres would close, and their audiences would vanish.

What do our quarter of a million readers, all staunch British picturegoers, say to that?

We have always stood up for British productions for all they were worth, and always will do so. But, unfortunately, the films that are worth much would not go far to feed the four thousand odd industries which the British film companies suddenly decided to work day and night in order to turn out films with the rapidity of a munitions factory, the output would provide but a mere drop in the ocean. In point of fact, the increasing dearth of men in this country has already brought the activities of some British firms to a standstill, and the Evening News itself has stated that one British firm is advertising for women to play men's parts.

Where America Scores

Compared with the American industry the British film-producing business is merely in its infancy, and cannot get much (if any) "forrader" whilst the war lasts. The wonderful climate on the Pacific Slope, and the great variety of scenery and producing facilities of all kinds, are natural advantages which render it extremely improbable that the British industry will be able to compete with the American industry on level terms.

The film industry is essentially international in character—a large percentage of the films one sees appearing in American films are British, and, conversely, many of the actors and producers employed by British firms in this country are American.

Exactly the same position applies to British authors, dramatists, and scenario-writers. The American industry is prepared to pay fair prices for good work, and has purchased quantities of British contributions to the British brains and British talent figure prominently in American films.

Assuming that the Government is fully aware of what would occur if imported films were prohibited, it remains to be asked if the country can get along during the war without the cinema theatres. The cinemas have permitted themselves to be a great reservoir of national confidence. They have put good heart into the masses and given them incalculable cheer. They have not only assisted to counter the natural depression caused by the war, but they have countered the artificial depression caused by that section of the Press which seeks to injure them. The depression of war and the eager patronage of British films has done enough to keep them going.

The chief complaint levelled against the theatres is that many patrons have been driven away by the high prices charged for admission. It is denied that this is true.

But the morning newspapers should close down, too, if the Evening News has its way. If the newspapers are not needed, the cinema theatres should be able to close down, too, if the Evening News has its way. If the newspapers are not needed, the cinema theatres should be able to close down, too, if the Evening News has its way. If the newspapers are not needed, the cinema theatres should be able to close down, too, if the Evening News has its way.

"Base ingratitude."

There are also considerations which give a savour of base ingratitude to such a drastic measure as that under discussion. The cinema theatres have given enormous help to recruiting. One exhibitor alone secured two thousand recruits, and his achievement is typical of many.

The trade has organised the Cinematograph Trade Ambulance Fund and subscribed nearly £10,000, enabling them to present a complete motor-ambulance convoy to the British Red Cross Society. This fund was very liberally supported by American film-producing companies. The theatres have also been placed under the disposal of those working for charitable funds connected with the war. In the Queen's record of charitable work during the war, edited by Mr. E. W. Bowdler, a high place is given to the cinema theatres, organisations in the cinema industry for providing ammunition for wounded soldiers and sending supplies to prisoners of war are also extensive. As at home, so at the Front, the cinema proprietors have proved their self to be an unflagging tenion, and there is no more popular recreation with our Army in Flanders. The programmes for the Army colonies are supplied free by the trade. If the cinema industry were fixed out of existence by the stoppage of imported films all these useful and patriotic activities would necessarily cease.

What about Munition Workers?

Leaving aside the large revenue which would be lost to the Government in the shape of taxes on film imports and various other taxes affecting the cinematograph trade, one must also consider whether it would be wise to deprive the millions of munition workers of an entertainment which British films are so popular with them. That the Government appreciates the necessity for this cheap and innocent amusement is proved by the fact that cinemas have already been instilled at some of the large munition works.

If American films were prohibited the result would be, to quote the words of the Evening News, to "throw the picture-owners, that the majority of the picture-theatres would have to be closed down, because the running of a theatre without a varied programme would no longer be a commercial proposition," to say nothing of the fact that the livelihood of many thousands of people in this country would be severely affected.

Moreover, there are only four firms in the world manufacturing the celluloid base and raw stock on which films are printed, and none is in England, nor is there any adequate reserve stock in this country, and if it were prohibited the British industry as well would come automatically to a standstill.

In a spirit of patriotism we are content to have the question of restrictions or prohibition in the hands of the Government, but we do not believe the Government will wish to deprive the masses of what undoubtedly provides the best and greatest antidote for the depression of the war for the sake of a sum of money that would keep the war going for but a few hours. It is estimated that £1,000,000 sterling of British money is invested in the industry in this country, and we do not believe that the Government would wish to jeopardise this capital by introducing a measure that would force the closing of our picture-theatres, in spite of the persistent "hints" in Lord Northcliffe's group of newspapers.

A Special Constable nearly got promoted in London last week. He tried to line up the crowd that was waiting to see "The Commuters." It was too big a job for him, so he arrested a stray kitten for the sake of appearance.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1. HEROES EVERYONE: despite their affliction, our blind heroes at St. Dunstan's enjoy themselves on the river as usual: Here they are seen going down to the boats.

2. "JUMBO" - LATEST WAR WORKER: This elephant is constantly at work in Sheffield hauling loads weighing 8 tons.

3. A DARKEY DECORATED: Cinaho Yaffeou receives the Cross of the Legion of Honour for bravery in action.

4. KING "TINO" REVIEWS HIS TROOPS: The Governor-General reviews thousands of Australian troops on their departure for the firing-line.

5. AUSTRALIA WILL BE THERE: The Governor-General reviews thousands of Australian troops on their departure for the firing-line.

6. WHERE THERE'S A WILL - "Officer: "Sorry, my lad; chest too small; try the YMCA course."

He does, and becomes a soldier.
Picture News and Notes

In reply to many, we have no connection whatever with any other film paper, good, bad, or indifferent.

The emulation of Pictures continues to increase by leaps and bounds—especially leaps, this being Leap year.

What are the titles of the films illustrated on page 397? There are 205 worth of prizes.

Constance Collier makes her film debut in The Tongs of Men. Something to talk about! What?

On an average Marguerite Snow writes three hundred letters a week. Many of them go to our readers.

Robert Warwick's boyhood hobby was collecting birds' eggs. Even now he is frequently "up a tree" whilst the camera waits.

Allan Norley, our cartoonist, has just moved to Heidun, and would like to meet a reader living in that district who is interested in art and pictures. Letters may be sent care of this office, or directly to Mr. Norley.

Henry Wallington is starring in Mary Page. In appearing in a serial he has turned another page in his career. Will he, as the story progresses, turn the page down or turn it to a happy ending?

Gas bombs are not only used at the Front. One was actually employed in The Larking Fool, a Kalem drama in which the actor had to don a respirator.

It is rumoured that Edith Story intends starting a private detective agency in New York City. This is because Edith has been slaughtering for a Vitagraph picture during the past month, or is it only a story?

Eleanor Odrauff, the Vitagraph star, recently made bread and biscuits from the wood of several trees coarsely ground up, and served them at a banquet held at her own house. Was it rough on the guests or the wood?

Those film fun-makers, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew, have begun work on their first Metro over-reel comedy, Sweet Charity, and Mr. Drew appears in thirty-four of the thirty-five scenes! We can't have too much of a Drew who will draw anywhere.

The illusion of the films is complete. When The Red Circle (Balsam's big detective story) was being shown in America recently, and Ruth Roland was about to step into a trap, some one in the audience shrieked to warn her of apparent danger—just as if she were present to hear.

Where is Tweedledum?

The question has often been put to us. Now we can answer it. The famous comedian now belongs to the Vitagraph Company in America, and some startling films in which he appears may be expected in the near future, with Elsie McLeod as his leading lady.

Good for Hepworth's.

Two notable productions (Erie and A Welsh Singer) shown to the trade," says the Moving Picture World, "are the vanguard of many others from the same source to follow. If those to come match the quality and quantity of these two pictures the position of Hepworth pictures in the American market should be secure."

Clara goes to Cuba.

Clara Kimball Young, the World Film star, will shortly go to Cuba for a large picture adapted from a noted French novel, the name of which is being kept a secret for the present. She won the New York Morning Telegraph Popularity Contest, with a total of 1,001,338 votes, or more than all the other contestants combined. All of which proves that she is some player.

Mix the Miraculous.

Another one of those daring Western dramas, the Passing of Pete, the bandit hero, Pete, is assisted by real bullets, which kick up no end of a dust around the desperado. Finally a bullet is supposed to hit Pete, who pitches headlong down the side of a steep declivity. He who pitches is Tom Mix, the Solig cowboy. "Oh, Tom, Tom! The risks you run!"

Why not Picture Prisons?

There are some things which the prisons of this country have to learn even from the prisons of Siberia. There, said Mr. J. Foster Fraser, in a lecture on "Russia" at His Majesty's Theatre, every prison has its theatre, and all convicts with a two months' record of good conduct enjoy the relief thus afforded from the monotony of everyday routines. The theatre, one governor told him, maintained discipline better than a hundred warders.

Wanted—a Handsome Man.

The Universal Company of America want a handsome man, and in a contest which closes on April 1st (Yes, we notice the date) offer the winning handsome one a year's contract as a picture star. Among the photographs they have received is one of a Korean Prince whose name is Pong Yes, who was banished from Korea at the age of twelve. He says he wants to write the story of his life for the films, and that he would call it "Prince Pong Yes's Struggling Life." The struggle to succeed on the screen would no doubt be a mighty one.

His Dbat for "Triangle."

H. B. Warner has completed his first play, The Ring, and is nearing the completion of the second, The Beggar of Cappadocia. In the second play he has to wear a beard. An actor considers his face his trade mark, and he wants his trade mark to be easily identified. However, H. B. made no kick. "If I can't act the part well enough to overcome so small a handicap I don't deserve it at all," he said. "All I want is a chance to do a real characterization. If it's good, Warner won't be overlooked!"

England has never sent a more popular young actor to America than Henry B. Warner. As the star of All is Jimmy Valentine he played a whole year to capacity audiences in New York, and to equally large businesses for several seasons thereafter on the road. More recently he was the star of The Ghost's Brother. He is tall, lithe, good-looking, an expert horseman, a man of cultivation, grace, and modesty. The Biggest of Circuses will afford him special opportunities, for he had relatives in the East Indian Army, and India is as familiar to him as London, New York, or Los Angeles.

Three big Pinero films have been produced by the Hepworth company.
A LITTLE girl danced on the kerb to the rollicking strains of a barrel-organ, and M. François Cascart, of the Théâtre des Folies, paused in his walk down the Rue d'Orléans to watch her movements. Cascart had seen many dances in his time, but the natural grace and charm of this child, who twirled and twisted into half-dozen different shapes in almost as many seconds, amazed him. An amateur could tell that the girl was untrained. Her ragged dress, thin face, and disordered hair suggested nothing of what she was a Parisian débutante; but Cascart instinctively knew that here was good material for the making of a first-rate dancer, and he shouted in the shelter of a lamp-post, and watched her appreciatively.

From a doorway an elderly woman with good-humoured, round face tinged with the suspicion of dissipation called out: "Come in, Zaza, you lazy rascal, and clean the rooms up. I'll make you dance a different tune when I get you!"

"All right, Aunt Rosa," shouted the girl defiantly.

Her Aunt rushed out and caught the girl by the arm with the intention of dragging her indoors; but Cascart, who had seen enough, now came forward.

"Just a moment, Tante," he said familiarly to the woman. "Here's a talented little dancer; another tune. I want to see what she can do. From what I have seen already, I think she can do something better for her future living than washing rooms or dancing on the kerb. Give us another tune, organ-grinder." Cascart threw a half-franc to the man, who grinned and obeyed.

Zaza obliged this time, putting in a few self-taught special movements for the benefit of the stranger.

"Fine!" he ejaculated. "Now, my little Zaza, with your kind aunt's permission, allow me to hand you my card. Call at the address of the Théâtre des Folies, and I'll see what I can do towards licking you into shape."

The next morning Zaza, chaperoned by Aunt Rosa, put in an appearance at the theatre. After an interview, Cascart promised Zaza a two years' contract on condition that she signed a six years' contract under no other person than himself, and to this Zaza and Aunt Rosa agreed.

The curtains parted again for the final round of delecting applause. From all parts of the theatre shouts of "Encore! encore! Zaza!" drowned the crashing notes of the orchestra, and the favourite of the music-hall public smiled her pleasure and gratitude. She was tired, far more tired than the enchanted audience suspected, and they were forced to remain content with a bow and a smile as the curtains swung together for the last time. Zaza's performance had been a revelation. Her impetuous, wild nature which still remained untaught in spite of her theatrical training, possessed just the spice of audacity that pleased. When she returned to her dressing-room, Cascart entered it smiling.

Pauline Frederick as "Zaza."

"Congratulations, my dear Zaza," he said, "we have been getting on since I first discovered you, eh?"

"Yes, my friend," replied Zaza; "yes, it's specialization turned out good. We shall come to the end of our six years' contract in another few months."

"I want to renew it," said Cascart, hopefully.

"Very well, my friend," replied Zaza; "we shall look into the matter again."

She left the theatre a famous woman. All Paris was talking about her dancing; Zaza was the sensation of the hour.

On her way home a little child, who ran into the road after a stray puppy, collided with a gentleman, whose brutal instincts made him raise his stick to beat the child. Zaza's temper flared up, and she told the gentleman who she thought of him as a circumstance which made him transfer his wrath from the child to the woman. He raised his stick threateningly, but he found himself pushed suddenly back and the stick dragged from his hand. Another stranger had opportunity intervened.

"Monsieur," said the brutishly, "since you will interfere in what does not concern you, here is my card!"

The stranger replied in kind, and cards were exchanged, after which Zaza turned to her and the child's protector.

"Monsieur, you must not fight a duel with that beast on my account!"

"Madame, it is a pleasure to fight sometimes. And that beast, as you rightly remark, deserves what he will get."

The pair bowed and parted. The stranger had dropped one of his cards on the pavement when handing another to his opponent, and Zaza, picking it up, read: "M. Henri Dufrene, 61 Boulevard de la Madeleine, Paris.

Without losing any time, Zaza went to seek Cascart for the purpose of asking a particular question.

"Oh! Cascart," she remarked, "where do they fight a duel here in St. Etienne?"

"The last one took place in the Bois," replied Cascart.

The next morning Zaza ordered a barouche and drove to the Bois with the intention of stopping the duel if it were possible; but she was only just in time to see its conclusion and to discover that Dufrene was wounded.

Zaza's interest in her unknown defender had deepened. On hearing him fall she rushed forward and placed his head on her lap. The doctor in a quick examination thinking the new arrival was the wounded man's wife, reassured her. "The wound is in the shoulder and not mortal, Madame."

On hearing this, Zaza had the injured man conveyed to her carriage and taken to the hospital. Here she gave precise instructions as to the care to be taken of him, and then she went to the theatre to play her part; but through it all she could see the man's face as it had rested on her lap.
"A Souvenir for You!" Zaza in her dressing-room.

She made many inquiries at the hospital, sometimes in company with Cascart, until one day the patient was well enough to return home. For several weeks she heard nothing; then Cascart came to her one evening after the performance.

"Your hero has been discharged from the hospital," he replied, "and is in front to-night."

"Ask M. Dufrene to come to me," replied Zaza, excitedly.

M. Dufrene came in, looking none the worse for his recent experiences. Zaza's impetuous nature overflowed, and for the rest of the evening she was "not at home" to any one, even to the Duc de Brissac, whose silly old head was full of love-schemes in which Zaza was to be the principal figure. Dufrene thawed under the charm and vivacity of Zaza's manner, and very soon found himself conversing with her as though he had known her a lifetime. At her invitation he accompanied her home to tea, after which she remarked smily:

"I can never learn my songs without a prompter; since my maid is not here, won't you help me?"

A few minutes later Dufrene found himself accompanying this unsophisticated young woman, and putting her right when she forgot her lines. A little later the Duc de Brissac was announced. He came into the drawing-room with an ingratiating smile and a bunch of hothouse flowers.

"I am engaged, M. Le Duc," announced Zaza, briskly.

"Only let me salute your hand, charming Zaza."

"There," replied the girl indifferently, extending her hand, upon which the old roié bestowed a chaste salute. With a polite bow he retired, whilst Zaza turned to Dufrene.

"Why will the old fool insist when he knows I detest him," she ponted.

Dufrene departed, with a promise to return the next evening. The friendship ripened into love on the woman's side, and before long it was known in theatrical circles that a letter-handled alliance existed between Zaza and Dufrene. All Zaza's love was bestowed on the hero who had fought a duel for her and endangered his life.

The one thing that puzzled Zaza was that the visits to her country house, where she and Dufrene spent their happiest hours, were curtailed by sudden calls to Paris. He made a plea of business visits, and one of these absences lasted several weeks without her hearing anything of him. But her love, though disquieted at times, overpowered every fear, and supine, and when Dufrene furnished a villa for Zaza within easy reach of Paris she was quite happy in his love, and imagined that he was free of all ties.

A condition of things had come to pass which did not please Cascart. The promised renewal of his contract with Zaza was dropped for the time being, for Zaza's whole time and attention was given to her lover. He frequently pleaded with her to renew her contract, but Zaza was obdurate, for rehearsals and performances took time, which would make her time at Dufrene's side all the shorter. Cascart could see that the girl was thoroughly infatuated with her lover, and he was about to throw up the idea of Zaza ever returning to the theatre when he learned a piece of news that sent him back in hot haste to Zaza's villa.

He came ostensibly to ask her once again to renew her contract, and, on receiving the expected refusal, he leaned back in his chair and delivered the knock-out blow.

"Your affair with Dufrene cannot last for ever. Suppose he was married?"

"Married!" echoed Zaza. Her face became pale, and she turned on the man like a panther. "What do you mean? Married! Of course not. He told me he wasn't."

Cascart laughed. "What else do you expect him to say, my dear?" he continued. "Listen to me. Last evening I was having a cup of chocolate outside the Café Madeleine, and our friend Dufrene, with a delightful young woman, sat down at a table near me, and ordered chocolate for two. They were so domestic in their manner, that afterwards, when I heard the dear lady was Madame Dufrene, I was not surprised."

"It's a lie!" burst out Zaza with jealous anger.

Cascart thought he had said enough for the moment, and wisely left the now enraged Zaza to herself. Soon after his
sizing her to the shoulders, he said, haughtily: "You dared
bring me to your home and talk to my wife and child."
"Yes," replied Zaza, with equal passion, and I told them
very much, I would not allow you to go."
My God," said the man, placing his hand to his eye.
"What insanity! You have sold us! How can I go home now?
Zaza's rage at being classed as something much less than
his wife to him had stung her bitterly. Henceforth her
romance was over. She would give up this man once and for
all, and, going towards the last stand, she handed him his hat
and umbrella, and pointed to the door.
"Go home without fear," she said, sternly. "I left
your home as peaceful as you found it, but not for your sake."
Zaza's calm anger awed the man more than the most
violent outburst. Without a word he left the room, and Zaza
threw herself on the couch, and cried bitterly.

The next day she renewed her contract with Cassent
and again the newspapers became enthusiastic about the public
favourite. There was little change in her manner. Few who
looked at Zaza would have suspected that she had gone
through the fire; but a calm air of restraint succeeded her
previous boisterousness and only the heart knew the cause.

Two years passed away, and one night Zaza, leaving
the theatre, was about to get into her motor-car, when her atten-

What shall I do next?"
She drove away in a rage, and her last words to the
vehicle were turned to her father.

"My wife is dead," said Dunoyer simply. "I have been
in the theatre to-night, and waited here to speak to you. I
have been thinking of you a good deal lately, Zaza, if I
can say I have ever ceased to think of you. Will you come
to my side again this time as my wife?"
Zaza looked at him as though her thoughts were far away.
Dunoyer had never known how she had suffered at the first
parting, and that the only antidote to her grief had been the
hard work she had put into her theatrical career.

"I can never take up my life as I left it with you," said Zaza.
"This will be different," pleaded Dunoyer. "You will be my
wife. Of course, you will no doubt give up the theatre then."
"I gave it up for you once before," replied Zaza, and it
became the only solace when you went away. Don't mistake
me. I love no other man. You are the last I shall ever know.
I think of you as dead. Leave me alone with my memories.
Good-bye."

"No, no. Good-bye. Be patient! Perhaps—some day.
"But Zaza entered her car, and a few seconds later Dunoyer
found himself with her child, alone on the pavement.

Those of our readers who have seen Pauline Frederick in
The Eternal City will not need to be told that she is a con-
summate actress. In the role of "Zaza" you will find her
magnificent, as also is she in Beloved, a film to follow. The
rest of the Zaza cast is: "Dufrene," Julian Eltinge; "Cas-
cart," Mark Smith; "Mme. Dunoyer," Ruth Sinclair; "The
Child," Helen Simont; "Louise. Blanche Fisher. The film, which is
in four acts, is controlled by J. D.
Walker World's Films, Ltd.
THE McGABBS ENJOY A WAR DRAMA.

( Stout, red-faced Mrs. McGabb leading; short, thin, emaciated-looking Henry, her husband, following, and red-haired, dog-nosed Willie. The McGabb family trails down the aisle in search of a seat; horses in darkness, but hundred feet of a comedy flickering on the screen.)

Mrs. McG.: Here's three seats. Henry. You and Willie go in first so I can have the aisle.

Willie: Aw, Ma! C'mon down front more! I wanna go down front where I c'n watch the picture feller wiggle his ears!

Mrs. McG.: We'll sit here, young man! The pictures is easier to watch a little ways off.

Willie: But I wanna see the soldiers die, Ma!

Mrs. McG.: You can see 'em die just as dead here as you can there. There! It's a comfort to get off my feet.

Willie: Oh, goody! This is the war picture, now, Ma! The Union Spy. Tommy Jones says it's great! Oh, lookit, Pa—lookit, the soldiers on horseback! Are they real soldiers, Pa, or just actors? Hey, ain't the horses fat! Is that what makes the soldiers legs stick out and makes 'em bounce so? Lookit 'em gallop. What makes 'em look so scared, Pa, is the enemy comin'?

Mrs. McG.: Not yet, I guess. I guess they're afraid they'll fall off.

Willie: Oh, lookit, Pa, there's gonna be a battle! Zowie! Lookit the soldiers gettin' shot. Hey Pa, when they fall over dead, ain't they supposed to stay dead? Didja see that feller die and then open his eyes when the horse almost stepped on him?

Mrs. McG.: He didn't want to get hurt. He's got to fight again in the next battle.

Willie: Aw, Pa, them ain't real soldiers. Why, they shoot without ainnin' or nothin'. That skinny one shot over the head of the one with whiskers and the one with whiskers fell right off his horse! Oh! lookit, they're gettin' lickel! They're running away. The General told 'em all to beat it! Say, Pa, I thought Generals had armies of thousands and thousands of men and this one ain't got forty—I counted 'em. And some of them is dead!

Mrs. McG.: I think it was a shame to make them actors fight battles in such a poorin' rain! The poor things might get pneumonia and die in real earnest.

Willie: Aw, Ma, that ain't rain! That's scratches on the film! It's been used so many times it's got all scratched up. Gee, I'd like to've seen it when it was new! Say, Pa, I wonder what makes 'em wheel their horses like that every time. Didja ever notice how everytime the soldiers get on their horses, instead of ridin' right off, they wheel 'em around on their hind legs and then go off lickety-split?

Mrs. McG.: It ain't the soldiers, Willie, it's the horses themselves. Probably the camera-man hasn't shaded for a week and the horses don't recognize him. They think his face is a bunch of hay and then when they see it ain't they're scared to death.

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Look out for the Story of

"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST."

in "Pictures" soon.
Launching an Exclusive

EXCLUSIVE to this Theatre 'has a world of meaning to those interested in a particular film. When you see that announcement upon the posters issued by your favorite local picture-theatre, don't you wonder what it means? Probably you realize quite unconsciously that the film can only be seen there; but what is behind the phrase "Exclusive'? Come with me, and be initiated into one of the difficult branches of the cinematograph business.

The ramifications of the trade are many, three distinct sections being drawn upon to provide you with each programme. There are "open market," "topical," and "exclusive" films. The first includes all the smaller films, the second the new-films and films illustrating local happenings or great events, such as earthquakes, wonderful cere- monies undertaken by the nation for the good of the nation, and the third term embraces the film of the programme—that which occupies an hour or more in projection.

How does your local theatre screen? Certain of the distributing agencies—renters is their trade name—handle distinct branches. Other firms, more numerously by far, purchase films here and there. It is with the activities of the latter that this short article will deal.

There is nothing haphazard about the purchase of an Exclusive. Infinite care and patience, allied to a knowledge of the "pulling" power of a picture, are exercised in the decision to accept or reject a film. Some manufacturers introduce a notable subject to the trade by means of a trade show, but that is not always the custom, it is rather the exception. The average trade show is the private exhibition of a film already purchased by a renting firm, who select this method in order that exhibitors and "viewers"—the men who advise exhibitors to book or decline—may witness the projection of the story under the most favourable circumstances.

The other kind of trade show is where the British pio neer, or the agent of the American manufacturers, exhibit the film to renters and exhibitors in order to find a customer among the former and advertise the film among the latter. The exhibition has been very carefully advertised, and renters who are on the look out for a really good subject are represented by an expert viewer, who may be in a position to make an immediate offer—for the film, or, on the other hand, repeat in haps unfavourably or unfavourably upon the film. Such a method as this is only adopted in the case of films well above the ordinary run. Really outstanding films are few and far between.

How Films are Sold.

Usually the practice followed is to send the film to the offices of renters until a purchaser is found. Care is taken that the subject is received on the recognised viewing days. Firms handling a big volume of business set aside hours on certain days for viewing new productions. You might imagine this to be a pleasurable task; occasionally it is so, but it is no exaggeration to say that the viewing expert of a big firm have a poor opinion of many of the films they see.

Competition is so keen that nothing but the best offered will satisfy them, and even then the best sometimes results in financial loss, or an almost negligible profit. This is not because their judgment is at fault, but is due to the existence of a barrier between the producer and the public the exhibitor. Many films of more than average merit reach comparatively few picture-theatres because the exhibitor or the viewer, acting on his behalf, holds the opinion that the public would not like them. For this reason many a good film, especially if it seeks to point a "moral," is "turned down."

You readers of Pictures will one day wipe out the power of this class of exhibitor, and will succeed in doing this when you demand that a picture highly spoken of by its producers is screened at your theatre.

But this is a digression.

Behind the Scenes.

Now come with me into the private projection theatre of the firm whose guest you are. Accustomed to a large theatre, crowded with people and appropriate music being played to a picture on a large screen, it strikes you as peculiar to be sitting in a small room, comfortable and artificially adapted to the purpose though it be watching a new film being screened at a much faster rate than you expected. You whisper: 'Why, sometimes there are twenty thousand feet to "get through"; more than two whole programmes!'

Midway through the first reel the silence is broken. "Who is that merchant on the left? He keeps popping in." One answer, "That's the brother of the girl." "No; it isn't, it's the father." What does that convey to you? It sets a question you have been dying to ask: The story isn't clear. That's just it. The subtitles are badly written and the plot is hidden in doubt.

"Ease down a bit," is the order to the operator, and a little later—perhaps in the second reel—comes the query—"How many reels, how? Stop and put on the last reel." The man of viewing you think, but there's method behind it. The action right through has been good, and if the final part is thrilling the film will be re-viewed on the morrow. Then after passing judgment it will be purchased, edited, and re-titled. The next to be screened is an American film from a first-class firm of producers. Now you experience difficulty in deciding the title: the story is beautifully told; the photography is perfect and the acting good. You are delighted, you have been in doubt. "The End" comes, and the light floods the room, you think, "They will buy this." But you are wrong. Listen to the conversation—"Too slow," "No money in it," "So-and-so's conception of the part is excellent, but the girl—no good."

"I rather like it," remarks another, "So do I, but we have one now on the same subject."

The result is that within a week or two that film will be handled by a rival firm.

Next in order is one of the sensational brand. Such a contrast to the last, and the silence is soon broken by undertone conversation—"What about it?" asks a voice. "Not a big subject." And the operator grins as his assistant puts four reels aside.

"Pay particular attention to this and tell him to run just over theatre speed," is the order as the pick of the bunch is put on the machine. Whatever the

I commute. You commute.

Thou commutest. You commute.

H's, she or it commutes. They commute.

But how on earth is it done?
inequalities of the others, you are cer-  
tainly viewing a "winner" now, a film  
that will be the talk of the country in  
moving-picture circles. Amid almost  
perfect silence the projection continues,  
Plot, acting, photography, and "grip"  
are first-class, and you are quite  
sure that the picture will be bought.  

"Well?" asks the same voice. "A  
winner; but too long. "How much do  
the asks? What can you look for?"  

The last question is important.  

"Cut down to five we ought to do so  
much, is the answer. I'll offer so-  
and-so," naming a figure which stagger-  
you. "Do you all agree?"  

The remainder of the batch are ordi-  

nary films, the net result of the view-  
being two acceptances on terms to be  
arranged, and two have been returned.  
For a month nothing really worth while  
has been seen. A few days later the  
film has been purchased and the first  
stage in the public life of a new Exclu-  
sive concludes.  

Future operations will prove whether  
the judgment of the experts has been  
sound, but there is still a long way to  
go. When the film—it is known in the  
box office as the "show cop"—has been reduced in  
length and, if necessary, a new main  
title decided upon, the publicity side of  
the business get busy. "Release date,"  
this first day you will have an oppor-

tunity of witnessing a public exhibition,  
is decided upon. It may be three  
months ahead, the selection of the day  
to avoid clashing with any other big  
film being carefully considered.  

Innately the date is fixed. Advertisements  
appear in the trade papers and an  
advertise for exhibitors is arranged for.  
Meanwhile the film has again been  
viewed, and the scenes best suited to  
personalities selected. The synopsis is  
in active preparation—this being the story  
of the film illustrated with the most  
striking sequences.  

Then, having been shown in London  
the film goes on its travels throughout  
the country. If the firm has provincial  
branches the "trade," see it in their  
own projection theatres, if not a pic-
ture-theatre is engaged. The film  
you have seen is a "money-maker;"  
exhibitors realise that, and competition  
to secure early runs is pretty keen.  

Supposing the firm handling it are wide-  
awake, you read the story in Pictures,  
not a plain, unvarnished narrative, but  
a living story in which you spend over  
again your evening in that little  
theatre. Another evening you go to the cinema  
and renew acquaintance with the film  
you so pleasantly remember.  

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DON'T ALL GO HOME  
ON THE 5.15.
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Here is a story of intense human appeal vividly depicting how the past life of a young wife threatens her happiness, and how Providence, with a master touch, saved her from death and disaster.

THE OLD SIN
A SOCIETY DRAMA IN 3 ACTS

Look for the Artistic Posters announcing this film at your favourite Cinema or mention it to the Manager.
JACK RICHARDSON, of the "Flying A" Company. He is probably the most beloved villain on the screen. A recent film, The Smugglers' Coast, shows him in a fine part.

LILY SAXBY, the beautiful English player. She had a strong part in the recently produced Burnt Wings, and is sure to be seen in many leading roles to come.

CLAIRE McDOWELL, of the Biograph Company. One of her best known parts is in A Voice of Inspiration. Her versatility and beauty have made her popular with all.

JOHN MACANDREW, who has figured in hundreds of Hepworth films, in a typical "Macandrew" part. He has just appeared in the Hepworth film Fifty Thousand Pounds.
THE CINEGOER

EDITED BY CHARLES FREDERICK HIGGAM
Will be on Sale at W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls, Willing's and leading Newsagents, ON FEBRUARY 21ST,

I f you desire to have a copy of this new weekly paper devoted to the most interesting events in the Film World of 1916 you must order a copy from your local newsagent or at any bookstall to-day. The edition is, owing to the condition of the paper market, necessarily limited. 2d. weekly or 9/- per annum post paid.

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TWO HUNDRED CONSOLATION PRIZES.

Below we present actual scenes from picture-plays and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognise one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but any one of these letters may be used more than once. Thus, even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the eighth set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in Pictures on sale Feb. 26th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10—and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor’s decision must be regarded as final.

8th SET.

30. Scene from ........................................
Letters used: A D L N O S T W

31. Scene from ........................................
Letters used: A E F G H L O R S T V Y

32. Scene from ........................................
Letters used: A C E H I L N R I Y

39. Scene from ........................................
Letters used: A E G H N O R T U
In the Dark.

The occasion was the celebration of Queen Alexandra's birthday at Sandringham, and Herman Finck tells of his experiences in playing to pictures from a dark corner from which he was unable to see the screen.

"During the change of scene from the "Ellies to the play," says Mr. Finck, in "Toned Topics" the bellwaggon was to be shown, and from my little corner I was to play descriptive music on the piano. As I explained to George Ashton, in the case of descriptive music it is just as well for the accompanist to be able to see the scene, because, after all, there is some sort of an art in appropriate descriptive music to pictures. It is not exactly a case of 'anything will do,' and I did not want to make the 'howler' of the American piano-thumper who exhibited a musical picture of the Walking on the Waters with 'A life on the ocean wave, a home on the rolling deep.'"

"That's all right," said Ashton; "I'll stand in the wings and call the pictures to you."

So on we went.

"River!" hissed Ashton, and the river music rippled.

"Train!" came the voice, and the journey started; but hardly was it under way when the voice sounded again, "Cavalry! The train's ever!"

I was gradually approaching nervous prostration when I became conscious of strange things happening around me in the darkness. Dim forms were moving, muffled thumps and voices sounding.

"But!" whispered Ashton appealingly, when some one else in tones of muffled thunder asked: "Where does the devil get that table? Put it here, you!"

"Zeological Gardens quick!" pleaded the prompter, and "Put that infernal chair away!" countered the echo.

"Review!" and on I pounded, when "For heaven's sake take that piano out of the way!" cried a spirit voice, and the piano rose and left me. I followed it into the darkness, tripping, stumbling, perspiring, but still reviewing, till the pace grew too hot, just as Ashton cried "Curtain."

What's in a Name?

Irene Howley, who will make her debut in Metro pictures in "A Yellow Mist," and whose portrait appears as our frontispiece, was recently taken into custody by a stern limb of the law in a small upstate town for fast driving. A slip of her tongue and a skid of her machine lost Miss Howley her liberty for the time being. The company of players worked on some exteriors until late in the afternoon, when they turned back with New York City as their goal. It was about forty miles away, which usually means one hour to Miss Howley. She was driving her own Simplex readier of recent vintage, but the constable who saw Miss Howley coming down the pike thought he might two hours to New York. Would be a better speed. He hailed the machine and took the young lady to task. After her arrest the constable inquired the make of Miss Howley's car.

"Simplest," she replied. They wondered why he became peevish. Only through a piece of information did the constable become acquainted with the make of Miss Howley's car.

Miss Howley was born in Brooklyn, but she doesn't brag about it. She made her debut in motion-pictures with the Reliance Company. Later she was engaged by D. W. Griffith, then with the Biograph, where she appeared in feature pictures for two years. She was starred in "The Moth and the Flame," with the Famous Players, and appeared in the starring role of Hazel Dawn in "The Heart of Juno." In vaudeville she was known as "The Manhattan Girl."

An "Elaine" Favourite.

Creighton Hale, who is appearing as Walter Jameson in "The Exploits of Elaine," was playing in "Indian Summer," a Broadway stage-play, under Charles Frohman, when his work was first noticed and approved by a Pathé director. An attractive proposition was made to him, which was accepted, and since then he has played continually for that company.

This popular actor comes by his dramatic ability naturally, since his ancestors for generations have been on the English stage. His father for years was a favourite with English players, and Creighton embarked on the same career when quite young. He went to America as a member of the Lady Forbes-Robertson's "The Down of Tomorrow" company, and liked the country so much that he stayed there.

A Picture Queen's Story.

Pearl White, the heroine of "The Exploits of Elaine," the Pathé serial now running, although of American birth, is half-Irish and half-Italian.

Are You One Of 'The Commuters?'

? ? ?
CREIGHTON HALE, who is "Walter Jameson" in The Exploits of Elaine, the Irish boy on her father's side. She was born in Redalia, attending school in that town and St. Louis. Her early training for professional life began when quite a child in the circus, and formed a physical training from which she benefits to this day. Pearl is a most versatile person. She played in many productions on the legitimate stage before going into pictures, and had the pleasure of being Nat Goodwin's leading lady. She is vivacious, and has a keen sense of humour. When asked how she came to act, this red-headed, beautiful-complexioned goddess will recount the following story. "When I was about five I was carrying some water one day from the well to the house when a man on horseback asked me if I knew where he could stay for the night. I took him home with me, and he was put in father's cabin. He told us while we were having supper that he was the manager of Uncle But's Cabin travelling company. Then, seeming to realise my chance, I recited Hamlet's Soliloquy. My effort so pleased him that he offered me five dollars a week and my grub for my services. Next day, clinging gleefully to the back of his horse with my arms tight around my new manager, I galloped forth in search of the big pot of gold that lies at the end of the theatrical rainbow. I was given the part of Eva, and with this company I remained a year. When I got back to Chicago, which had been our starting-point, I found a letter from my mother telling me they had left the old home and gone to a little village. Thither I went, and there, like a very dutiful daughter, I put in six years at school. Then a circus came to the village. Gee! I couldn't resist the temptation; so I applied for a job and got it as a bareback rider this time.

For several years after that season I returned to the stage, playing with some of the worst and some of the best companies. My offer from Pathé came two years ago. I had then already played for Universal and Thanhouser. "Elaine" always refuses to disclose any of her hairbreadth escapes, but it is not an unknown fact that this gay, vivacious young person is a demon when she gets on to the road with her big yellow car, and it is a strong umnour that several times the police have held her up for exceeding the speed limit.

NEXT WEEK!
THE STORY OF THE GREATEST FILM OF MODERN TIMES
THE MIRACLE OF LIFE
or, THE DIVINITY OF MOTHERHOOD
will appear in the issue of Pictures published on Feb. 26th.

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By A. J. EVANS-WILSON

in last week's issue.

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YOU MUST NOT MISS IT.

Of course you’re interested in the
Dardanelles. Well, look out for
a fine film

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Photographed by

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successful stage play by Henry Arthur Jones. Hazel Dawn in the
role of Dulcie will be loved by all who see this perfect picture-play.

THE SLAVEY'S LEGACY. - Trans-Atlantic comedy. One reel. Louie
Freear. The famous stage comedy star appears in this delightful
farce, which has been specially written. Her countless admirers will
all want to see her in this picture.

ON SECRET SERVICE. - Flying A drama. One reel. Winifred
Greenwood, Ed. Coxen, and Geo. Field. A fascinating story of the
twist in the triangle and how the third angle was rubbed out.

PIRATES BOLD. - Majestic comic. One reel. Violet Radcliffe,
Carmen de Rue, and Jack Hull. Another juvenile comedy which
almost ended in tragedy. This picture shows how the "naive"
kids embarked on a very perilous adventure.

SEVEN SISTERS. - Famous Players comedy. Four reels. Margarette
Clark. A good comedy based on a Continental marriage custom. The
popular picture is as fascinating as ever in this delightful film.
Full story in No. 103, February 5th issue.

THE LOST MESSAGE. - Selig drama. One reel. Vivian Reed
and Earl Fox. Positively the most wonderful series of wild animal
tragedies ever shown. There is no faking when the heroine marvel-
ously controls the ferocious leopards. Full story in No. 104, Feb-
uary 12th issue.

THE CONVICT'S THREAT. - Essany drama. Two reels. G. M.
Anderson, Margarette Clayton. Honour among thieves has never
proved to be a very potent virtue, and in this story is shown how the
law in the end of an old criminal led him to turn a friend’s trust to his
own advantage.

THE FABRICATION OF CHAMPAGNE WINE. - Essany Educational.
One reel. Showing the famous Epernay Champagne Works, which
have been destroyed by the Huns during their occupation of this
district.

THE ORGY. - Pathé drama. One reel. Tensely dramatic situa-
tions caused by the hypnotic power exercised by a middle-aged
man over his young ward.

DOROTHY. - Vitaphone drama. Two reels. Features two old
favourites - Leah Baird and Maurice Costello.

Pertash & Perlmutter
the "Two and Only" in

"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST."

See the "Two and Only" in

"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST."
THAT the Hepworth Company have had an application for the P.P.P. from a Mohammedan employed by the Customs at Alexandria, Egypt.

THAT Charles Rock has terminated his three years' engagement with the London Film Co., unconditionally, of course.

THAT from what we know of his successful work on the screen, Charlie Rock will not be long idle.

THAT Jack London, the well-known novelist, has written a romantic melodrama for a British producing firm.

THAT the "Blue Bird" photo-plays which the Gaumont Film Hire Service are to release are each submitted to a jury of critics before being labelled A, B, C, or D.

THAT exciting fighting scenes are contained in "The Servant: or, a Patriot of Hate," to be released by the G.F.H.S.

THAT Bobby Connelly, the six-year-old star, is busily engaged in the Edna May Vitagraph picture.

THAT Julia Swain Gordon is playing the part of a good woman for the first time for two years, and for Vitagraph.

THAT after being such a confirmed villainess, she does not feel at all at home in her new role.

THAT so successful is the advance booking of "Ulises: the Man from the Dead" that the Gaumont Company are now at work in London on a second instalment of hairbreadth escapes and amazing adventures of this daring gentleman.

THAT Clara Kimball Young has presented a large new motor car for Red Cross work.

THAT Harold Shaw, the famous producer, has himself stated that he is leaving the London Film Company.

THAT Edna May Grath is to sail for America at an early date, but will appear in one more "London" film.

THAT Alma Taylor herself asked for and obtained permission to photograph a famous castle and gardens for the Honey-moon scenes in Hepworth's "Lelie Lovers."


THAT Dorothy Bellow, who has forsaken the screen for the footlights (it is usually the other way about), is making quite a name in stageland at "Romance at the Lyric Theatre."

THAT "Jingal," the film after the story by John Strange Winter, and also two Trans-Atlantic films featuring Hobart Bosworth, "The White Slipper" and "Follower," have been purchased by the Gaumont Film Hire Service.

THAT the popular English picture actor, T. H. MacDonald, has joined the Artists Rifles.

"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST." is "some" film, featuring Potash & Perlmutter.

DONT MISS IT.

"SALOMY JANE."

In 1849 the great rush to the Gold Diggings in California brought men of all temperaments together. The story centres round the fortunes of Salomy and a "Stranger," who finds in her impulsive love for him the strength to run straight through great and serious difficulties.

The tale is full of romantic interest, and the efforts of the vigilantes to keep order has been remarkably well portrayed.

We will send a booklet containing a synopsis of the story, and 11 pages of fine photos from the film, if you will send us your name and address.

Ask the manager of your Cinema to arrange to show it.

CONTROLED BY

LUCOQUE Ltd., Film Renters,
93 & 95, WARDOUR STREET,
LONDON, W.
MISS ELISABETH RISDON, the leading Cinema Actress of the day, writing about Oatine Face Cream, says:

"I cannot tell you how useful I find this delightful preparation in my work. I use it regularly, and as a cleansing agent consider it better than soap and water, as besides removing the surface dirt it brings out dead and grime from the pores of the skin.

"I find it invaluable for removing make-up, which I often have to retain for many hours at a time.

"Really there is nothing like it, and it is a pleasure to recommend it."

Oatine FACE CREAM

It's the dirt that is IN, not the dirt that is ON that spoils the complexion. Soap and water only remove the surface dirt, and is quite powerless to remove the dirt embedded in the pores. Unless this dirt is removed skin health is impossible.

Get Oatine to-day at your Chemist's. 1/- and 2/- a jar.

Get a Jar To-day and Prove its Worth!

NERVOUS & SLEEPLESS
Mother's Health Soon Restored by Dr. Cassell's Tablets, Her Little Boy Cured also of St. Vitus' Dance.

Mrs. M. A. Smith, 24, Weddley Street, Ferryhill, Co. Durham, says — Some time ago I began to feel very run-down and nervous. I had no strength, and though I tried to go on as usual I could not shake off the weary feeling. I suffered a lot from headache, and worst of all I could not sleep. When I got up in the morning I never felt refreshed, but always low and depressed. I had been like this for a long time when I thought of trying Dr. Cassell's Tablets. What led me to do so was that I had given them to my little son for St. Vitus' Dance, and they made a fine little boy of him. So I took the Tablets myself, and I can say they did me as much good as they did him. I feel quite well and strong now, I sleep well, and am not a bit nervous."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alternative, Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all disarrangements of the Nervous and Functional systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for—

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
NERVE PARALYSIS
SPINAL PARALYSIS
ANÆMIA
INDIGESTION

INFANTILE PARALYSIS
WASTING DISEASES
PREMATURE DECAY
PULMONARY
STOMACH DISORDER
NEURASTHENIA
NERVOUS DEBILITY
SLEEPLESSNESS
KIONEY DISEASE
MALNUTRITION

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices—1s., 1s. 3d. and 3s. the 3s. size being the most economical.
THE STRANGE

EDITORIAL

A Strong British-made Drama.

Until The Taler of Bed Street was shown to the trade the other day I had a lurking suspicion that the film was a funny one. I suppose it was because that quaint couple Pytwad and Pick is not made for laughter. But, far from being funny, I found it an exceptionally strong dramatic story. Indeed a well-known viewer told me that his eyes became moist during the course of it. It is interesting to know that the picture was being screened. Augustus Yorke and Robert Leonard, the creators of the before-mentioned P. and P., have made an instantaneous success in this their first film. Look out for the story.

The Chalice of Courage.

This is one of the good things which come from over the Channel. In truth it is one of Vitagraph's best, and that is saying some. The Chalice of Courage is a picturisation of the very Cyrus Townsend Brady's novel of the same name. This is not all the film, but a part of it, so as the film I want to read it badly. Some marvellously thrilling scenes, including a rain and snow storm, a flooded river, and the rescue from a bear of the heroine, whilst lasting give plenty of scope in the daring line for Myrtle Gonzalez, an actress both powerful and pretty. But the human interest of the theme itself is strangely fascinating. In short, no picture better suited than Blue Ribbon Feature comes your way.

"Pictures" Our Only Paper.

Inquiries necessitate my stating again that we have no connection with or interest in any film paper other than Pictures and The Picturegoer. The new Changer advertised in our pages is not, as so many readers suppose, our paper, and is issued chiefly to illustrate the plays and players handled by our friends Pattie Frees, Ltd. They have no connection with any paper. The following is a list of most interesting feature pictures—the oldest and most widely read film paper in the kingdom.

A "Reel" of Reality.

Judging from my recent visit to the London Hippodromes, the "cinema" scene in England produces some of the biggest yells in the laughter line. The screen is a cut-out, whilst the actors are performing behind, but close up to enable the titles to be projected in the ordinariness. Thus we get the real thing looking like the real thing. Every picture of anyone going through woods on horse back (his own legs) to save the harried heroine is worth a tube of bus ride in the dark, "Zigs" notwithstanding.

The Golden Brand.

I am beginning to feel sure that the good things promised in Pathe's Gold Rooster plays look like being real sad. I saw another one of these recently, called The Speader, and although a more appropriate title might have been chosen, it has proved to be a very artful and photography of a bricklayer's labourer who "struck it rich," gives one of the most delightful character studies I have ever seen. I shall look out for more Gold Rooster acts. They will bring gold to their owners. I wish I was one of them.

F. D.
Turner Films

“DOORSTEPS.”

THE AUTHOR—HENRY EDWARDS.

THE PLAYERS—FLORENCE TURNER, HENRY EDWARDS, CAMPBELL GULLAN, AMY LORRAINE, and others.

THE PRODUCER—HENRY EDWARDS

(Producer of "A Welsh Singer").

THE STORY—Tells of a little overworked servant who, after a long struggle, "makes good" as an actress—of a dramatist who owed her more of his success than he realised—of the ups and downs of both their lives—and of the happy reunion in which their troubles finally ended.

THE YOUNG PICTUREGOER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

If I had not been always well-informed in the matter I should have been astonished to learn that there are so many magnificent picture-theatres in the Kingdom. But I am not, for, having sent in my application to the cinema business since its birth, I know most things that are worth knowing in connection with it. What does astonish me is the knowledge my little readers have of the architecture and decorations of the picture-houses they go to.

You will have guessed by now that I am referring to my recent Competition in which I offered free seats and prizes for the best description of your favourite cinemas. If the managers of all the halls about which you have written could see your letters, I am sure they would feel pleased.

In a Competition which produces piles of replies it is difficult to award prizes, and in this case I have had to take neatness and age into careful consideration. To Muriel Francis, 30, Bromholm Road, West Norwood, S.E., and Edmund Wadge, 72, Brook Green, London, W., are being sent two seat tickets for the cinema they like best.

Their letters were as follows:

"THE PALLADIUM," BRIXTON.

"I think it is better than any other anywhere, because the programme is good, they always have the newest and best pictures, and the orchestra is simply fine; the music they play seems to describe the pictures. There is a musical interlude in the middle of the programme, and the orchestra is a magnificent violin player, and if you send up a request for a certain piece he is always most obliging. You can have tea at a very small cost, and there is no trouble in holding the tray, because you can hang it on to the back of the seat in front of you. It is a large building, prettily decorated, the prevailing colours being pink and gold, and it is well ventilated, which adds so much to the comfort of it. The screen is large, the pictures clear, the seats well raised, and as the place is always full, with queues waiting outside, my favourite must be the general favourite."

Muriel Francis (aged 13).

"THE "BLUE HALL," HAMMERSMITH."

"It is a very nice one, being all in blue, with blue lights and blue carpets. It has statues of the King and Queen each side of the screen. A fine orchestra plays classical music. They have a cold attached, and a lounge with a good many newspapers and magazines, for people to read. There is a telephone-box for the use of patrons, and a big shed for the accommodation of cars, cycles, &c. Two years ago they had another hall built, which is the sister one to this. Each hall seats about 2,500 people, but on Saturday night both halls are full to overflowing, so you can imagine how popular these two halls are, and I may say that only once during my many visits there have I known the film to break. They somehow capture all the latest films, and if the audience like it they have them running for six days. Three days at one house, and the next three days at the other. The average performance lasts about three hours, and I can tell you it is a "son's" performance.""

Edmund Wadge (aged 11).

"The Conscript Prizes are won by E.C. Brown (Gainsborough), C. Dawson (Llandudno), E. Ianes (Camden), and Olive Hill (Canalbury). The Award of Merit is won by Rosie Stanley (Dublin), Bessie Flock (Newport), Lawrence Booth (Reading), Lizzie Sanders (Edinbr.), Hilda Worton (Dalston), George Morrell (Devonport), Betty Jones (Santy-moed), Sybil Shrimpton (Wimbledon), Connie Lewis (Newport), E. Greenwood (Blackburn), R. Nicholls (Ilford).

Last week the Editor told you of a wonderful Fox film being made in Jamaica in which that famous swimmer and actress Annette Kellermann is appearing. I have obtained particulars which will interest you of the share in which children are taking in it. Just recently, there are one thousand Javanese children, ranging from two to nine years of age, appearing in the scenes of the Gnome village, which is to form one of the features of the picture.

The Gnome village itself was specially built on the banks of Roaring River, one of the beauty spots of the West Indies. A force of sixty carpenters and masons spent three whole weeks in its construction. Immaculate thatched huts were erected to serve as the homes of the Gnomes; raised bowers in which
the Gnomes might make love: giant toadstools on end and under which they could disport themselves; and mills and shops in which they were supposed to ply their respective trades.

The children who took part were drilled for several weeks before the making of the scenes was attempted. They were divided into groups, with a supervisor for each group. Certain children were assigned to play the part of fishermen, millers, boatmen, or shepherds as the case might be.

The Gnomes were dressed in little brown jerkins, were peaked caps, and were made up to have long grey beards, white eyebrows, and fawn-shaped ears. Fifty make-up specialists were employed to turn the children into Gnomes.

The total cost of this Gnome Village scene alone was nearly six thousand pounds, and part of the sun had to be expended in temporarily diverting, for film purposes only, the Haring River from its beaten channel.

How do you like the exquisite picture at the bottom of this page? If you have seen Jewels, the film from which it is taken, you will agree that it is an excellent likeness of Ella Hall, who played the namepart. If you have not seen Jewels, you have a treat in store.

PRIZES FOR A PICTURE TITLE.

On a postcard send me what you think is a good title for the picture below, State your age, and post the card to "Dolly," Pictures Offices, 57 and 58, Long Acre, London, W.C., on or before Monday, February 25th. Two prizes for the best titles, and the "Award" which wins a prize after six awards are won, will again be presented by your regular weekly prize-giving.

Uncle Tim.

J. H. / Recent Photo:—Thank you for your complimentary which we have published.

Perry (Inverness).—Are we comfortable in our new offices? Thank you kindly, Perry, quite cozy.

Richard (New Zealand).—Please to have seen a reader so far away. Our publishers are hoping you will refer to the letters in New Zealand. To make certain of having Pictures regularly a slice up 12, 25, per-quarter past free from her (would) ring every week. The post office sends for new issues on a regular basis every week.

Murray and Russell (Plymouth).—The post rate from U.S.A. to America to this country is one penny (two cents) per ounce. You can obtain from your post office an international stamp which includes the postage.

Mary (Glasgow).—Pictures and The Pictures were announced on February 13th. We have postcards of Henry Ainsley, but not the others. The Shakespeare Pavilion is often used for trade shows, it does not belong to J. W. Walker's. Copies can be made from the original film, to life of which there is practically no limit. Mary Pickford has not played under the name of Marie Pickwater, she later played in London a year ago. Have not heard of her since.

X. Y. Z. (London).—We cannot undertake the responsibility of advising you to throw up "a certain £300 a year" for a problematical successful career. Why not study cinema acting in your spare time first, and then for an occasional appearance with a London producing company?

Cecil (Birmingham).—Address: Elizabeth Riddon, c/o London Film Co., M. Mannour, Twickenham, Middlesex.

Bryan (30, Ida and Ash.).—We have coloured pictures of Marie, who is one of the principals, and her brother, and Hand Down, and brown mules of Pearl White, scamps, postcards, etc., but none of the others. We believe Irene Wardle is still playing.

Cameo (T. Welles).—The story of "The Black Diamond," a little novelized by V. A. Little, is now with Mutual Film Co., 71, West 21st Street, New York, N.Y. A "Mutual attraction," to be published.

Jean (Hull).—says she "would not like to see with our Pictures," as it keeps her up to date and not material. Correspondence from English and American producers seems interested as to how your opinion. Sorry cost is not available.

George (Jenkinson).—Orders for back numbers of Pictures should be addressed to Othmer, Ltd., 53, St. Long Acre, London, W.C., but bound volumes (Nos. 1-55) are now available from Pictures, Ltd., 53, St. Long Acre, London, W.C., and can be bought fresh, unused girl, George, to get us so many new readers.

Cecil, London, N.—You too, dear friend, have brought in more readers. Again, our best thanks.

Lynne (Cheltenham).—The photos of yourself are lovely, and you certainly deserve the signed photo which Harold Lockwood has sent you. Here's wishing you success on the screen. With one foot on the ladder of fortune, you still climb toward The East. We are sure our pictures are not always the same "passions," Lynne.

Cory (Sheffield).—The Film Leaf of Mary Pickford, please forward for the benefit of our readers. We shall tell you all about "The World's Sweetheart."

Cory (W. Didsbury).—Our office girls' affection for microphotography, we hope, but what's the matter with the Dilapidated girls?

Journal of Good Acting (Earl's Court).—We published an article on Max Murch in our issue dated Dec 15th. We have no postcards of her.

Actor-Minter (Pembryd).—The Sother Brown Co. is not now, we believe, in existence. Riis Bell are producing a film "East of the Wagons," at the next Co.'s studio. We have heard of nothing more of her since her tour. The Holloway Film Co. are on Station Rd., Holloway, Yorks. The other Company we cannot trace.

Jack (Plymouth).—Before you start you should read H. K. Green's "Pictures and Picture Makers." We have a picture card of Mary Pickford from Pictures, Ltd., 53, St. Long Acre, London.

Charles (Liverpool).—Mabel Normand is not married. The Cocoanut Grove is a place where many good-looking people are seen when not engaging in business.

Valentine (Poplar).—"The Songette" was made by (name?) "Our Modern," Ralph Waldo, etc. Redolive Walsh; "John Summers," Edith Lowe; "Wilkie," Jack Dillon. The Majestic Motion Picture Co.'s Studio at 553, Sunset Blvd, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.

Crisp (N. Wales).—We have new postcards of the players you ask about: Henry Ainley, Christie White, Albert Taylor, Violet Hapson, etc. If you can not find the film we have arranged to make it available and is now available.

Mary (Harrow).—Mabel Normand is not married. The Cocoanut Grove is a place where many good-looking people are seen when not engaging in business.

J. W. H. (Harrow).—Mabel is still playing for the pictures. A portrait of her appeared in our May 2nd, 1911, issue. Thanks for our offer of portrait, we have no room for it at present. However.

B. V. L. (Dublin).—In a recent letter from your former friend, we were told that although her husband left Vitrugraph his plans were quite unsealed. Crane Walker is now co-director and author for the Horsefair pictures. He has just finished a book which he has asked for and why title is "The Struggle for Love." We do not know yet whether this is the case of the horse or the man. It is not possible to satisfy, Mabel's part in "Sherlock" not clear. What you have to say is interesting, and we hope to let you know where the "sweet sappers" who write to us.

WHAT IS YOUR TITLE FOR THIS PICTURE? "Uncle Tim" offers prizes for the two best titles. The screen shows Ella Hall as "Jewel" in the film of that name.
PEARL WHITE, whose "exploits" as Elaine, are followed by countless thousands. This charming picture is one of thousands of postcards.

FRANCES (Shepherd's Bush).—We shall be pleased to see your pen and ink ketch. Enclose stamps for return in case it is unsaleable. The price paid for short film plots runs from half a guinea to two guineas, according to merit.

Anxious Lily (Walthamstow).—No charge for replies in this column. Send your questions and we will try to answer them. We have four different picture postcards of Frances Ford.

WALTER (Kinc's Lynn). We are always stocking new postcards (see replies to "Emine" and "Contest"). In time you will get all these you want, Waler.

WILLIAM (Bournemouth).—We published an inter- view with Mr. Alan Mount a few weeks ago, but as far as we know, Mr. Webster has not appeared in Pictures. We have postcards of Pearl White, Frances, and others.

Perry (Putney).—A short advertisement in our Prepaid Column might bring you a purchaser of your photos.

Peebles (Greenock).—We have postcards of Gregory Scott. New additions to our stock are announced in Pictures.

Richard (Beckenham).—Send consignment of both your famous Hepworths (as above). We have postcards of their players and also the booklet "Everyday Reddy", 2d., post-free.

Anxious Lily (Walthamstow).—The Pyramid Film Co., Towers Hall, Bradford, is the nearest producing company we know of. We do not reply by post.

Flapper (Gloucester). No, Anita Stewart is still fancy fresh—but don't get frustrated, Flapper—you're too far away to spoil your chances. We love your letters.

Cinema Lover (Hampstead).—One more aspirant for the cinema stars. You read—um replaces each week? Well, you know our lines, I'm sure.

Many replies are unreadably held over.

Weekly wages should be addressed to THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturgoer,
58 & 56, Long Acre, London, W.C.
Telephone—Gerrard 2595.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

United Kingdom and Abroad:—

S. 
6 
Six Months ....... 
3 
Three Months ....... 
1

Publishing Offices: 58 and 94, Long Acre, W.C.

"A Gentleman of Leisure."

She: "Can't you tell me what kind of work would suit my husband?"

He: "He'd make a good stage hand at a cinema theatre."

Not What He Wanted.

POLLY: "So Gray visited the stumps for "local color" for his production. Did he get it?"

PERCY: "Oh, yes; he came home with a black eye and a red nose."

He Didn't Suitor.

SUITOR: "Willie, how much do you want to leave me alone with Beryl this evening?"

LITTLE BROTHER: "Nothing; cousin has promised me a shilling to stay."

A Sleepy "Sixpenn'orth."

"I calls it disgraceful," muttered the stout woman with three children as she left the counter, "that asked me to pay twopence for each of my children to see the pictures, and they'd go to sleep as soon as they got inside."

Might Buy the 'Bus.

SMALL N.-PHew: "Uncle, do you know the difference between pears and an ominous?"

UNCLE: "I'm afraid I don't."

SMALL N.: "Good thing Auntie doesn't send you shopping!"

Nothing Doing.

A manager wrote to his renter asking them to forward a certain film. The firm wired back:

"Cannot despatch goods until last consignment paid for."

Brought a wire in reply: "Unable to wait: cancel order."

A Watch Story.

EXAMINING MEDICAL OFFICER: "Do you hear this watch ticking?"

RECRUIT: "Yes, sir."

E. M. O.: "Stand farther back."

Do you hear it now?"

RECRUIT: "Yes, sir."

E. M. O.: "Then your listening's bad. The watch hasn't gone since yesterday."

Good Bette: Best!!

The producer was showing his best girl the making of a moving-picture. That's a fine act, she exclaimed; pointing out a man in officer's uniform: "Yes," said the producer, "and he'll do better; I hope to see him our best man before long!"

"Oh, Jack," she answered, blithely, "when?"

Out of the Darkness.

"Galopigiggywongwong was away, say when was away, say when was away?"

"No, George—I don't think so."

"Mmmm... man."

"Mmm?"

"Mm!"

"Mmmmmmm—man."

"Oh, dry up! You sound like a leaky sink."

"Ouch!—MY RING!... you can hold the other fingers, dear."
Alma Taylor
"the girl who believed."
DANIEL FROHMAN
presents
HAZEL DAWN
in
'CLARISSA'

An exciting Drama in Four Acts.

Released March 6th.

Produced by
FAMOUS PLAYERS
FILM CO., LTD.,
166-170, Wardour Street, W.

THE REVIEW.
The Monthly Magazine of Famous Players. Issues Tacky and J. D. Walkers may be obtained by the public for an annual subscription of 5/- post-free.

LIONELLE HOWARD - THE VILLAIN & THE CHEILD
Our Special Interview with this Popular Hepworth Actor will be found on pages 326 and 327.
The Funniest Tom Mix Comedy Ever Released!

THIS is a bold statement in view of the past work of the Great Selig Cowboy, but in

The Chef of Circle S

he makes you laugh till the tears roll down your face.

For once he deserts his famous cowboy outfit and favours feminine attire. As a female Tom is screamingly funny.

Don't miss this on any account. If your manager has not shown it to you during the week commencing March 6th, jog his memory.

Get a Set of Six Coloured Postcards (in four colours), including Tom Mix and Kathlyn Williams. Send 4d. in stamps to 93-95, Wardour St., London, W.

TO CINEMA MANAGERS.

THE Trans-Atlantic Film Company's newest serial production, "The Purple Iris," gives you another glorious opportunity of making your patrons steady and certain for six solid weeks.

"The Purple Iris" is a remarkable story of thrilling adventure in a rich Eastern setting. The daily life of a Princess in a royal harem is revealed with fascinating realism.

"The Purple Iris" serial photo-play will run for six weeks. Each episode is 2,000 feet in length, and Episode One, "A Princess of the Harem," will be released on Thursday, April 6th, 1916. There will be a grand array of publicity props absolutely FREE.

You know that Trans-Atlantic serials PAY. Be sure to book "The Purple Iris."

Write to us for a free copy of the magnificent advertising campaign book of "The Purple Iris."

TO PICTURE PATRONS.

THE Trans-Atlantic Film Company has given you many hours of unalloyed enjoyment with their magnificent series of serial photo-pls, including "Lutisse Love," "The Tey's "Hearts," "The Master Key," "The Black Box," and "The Broken Coin," and now they have produced "The Purple Iris," an alluring Oriental photo-play story, rich in romance and replete in the magic atmosphere of the East.

It is the true re-enactment of the amazing adventures of Princess Tousson during her sojourn in a royal harem, and Princess Tousson herself plays the leading role.

Ask the manager of your favourite theatre to arrange to show "The Purple Iris," and then tell all your friends about "The Purple Iris," which is the most magnificent, brilliant, expensive, dazzling and enthralling Oriental serial photo-play ever produced.

The Purple Iris

6 Weeks — 12 Reels

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FILM COMPANY, Ltd.

DANISH ART ON THE SCREEN

Miss Sangburn posing as "Salome" in The Cigarette Maker, a Nordisk production the story of which appears on page 324.
PICTURE NEWS AND NOTES

NEXT week we shall publish the story of the long-announced film, *The Tailor of Beau Street*.

Last few weeks! Of course you go to the pictures; but are you watching for those film scenes?

Four more scenes on page 531. Favour us with titles. It will fascinate you to fix 'em, and there is no fee for finding 'em.

"Pictures" in the making. In next week's issue we shall begin a series of cartoons of members of our staff.

Other great British pictures: *Far from the Madding Crowd, A Welsh Singer, and Doorsteps*. They're Turner films, and, having seen them, we know they're great.

April 1st is All Fools' Day. On April 6th wise picturegoers will see *The Purple Iris*, the six-week serial which shows a princess in a royal harem.

We read that the film trade in Austria is very active, and that a great film, *The Moore House Mystery*, is being prepared by the Oesterreichische Filmindustrie Company. Another mystery!

A dainty dish. Four-and-twenty dancers from American vaudeville will form a beauty chorus in Essanay's coming five-reeler, *Captain Jack of the Horse Marines*.

It is possible that Spain will produce a film version of *Don Quixote* to commemorate the tercentenary of Cervantes' death. If the idea materialises the Spanish Government will grant three hundred thousand pesetas (about £1,500) to pay for the production.

In America an "eyesight bill" is being promoted to ordain that a ten-minute interval should follow each thirty minutes of pictures. We presume that a professional waker-up will be employed.

It is stated that China sends annually to the United States 10,000 of peanuts, the shells of which are distributed in the cinema theatres. British shells are fortunately distributed among the Germans.

According to the *Berliner Tageblatt* no one between the ages of fourteen and eighteen may now visit German picture-theatres. The reason given is that immorality on the screen has ceaselessly increased. Trying to catch up with the German Army, we suppose.

The Two Mrs. Tanquerais.

The first appearance of Sir George Alexander in the cinema halls is creating a lot of interest. Sir George is appearing in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, in his old part of Aubrey Tanqueray. The name-part is being essayed by Hilda Moore, and a novelty in the production is the appearance in the film of a character which only existed in imagination in the stage-play—namely, the first Mrs. Tanqueray. This part is being played by Minna Grey.

A Real Resemblance.

A NEWSPAPER writer has discovered a facial resemblance between the hero in *His Worship the Mayor* and the redoubtable Mr. Horatio Bottomley. There is some sort of resemblance between the features of Horatio and the honest Mayor in this American production, but the Ideal Company, who own the picture, assures us that the resemblance was unintentional.

THE TWO CHARLIES: "Mr. Pest" of the Stalls and "Mr. Rowdy" of the Gallery. Both parts are played by Charles Chaplin in *Charlie at the Show*.

Our Film Stories.

FULL stories of the following films have appeared in our February issues:—*Seven Sisters*, *Without Sin*, *February Sixth*, *The Messenger*, *The Comrades*, February 12th; *Brogue the Champion*, *Jilt*; February 19th; and *Zeha* February 26th.

The Boxing Hepworth Star.

WHEN Stewart Rome was in training for his strenuous fights in *The White Hope* he was easily the most pleased man in Wall Street. He has two films, but unfortunately he has just signed an engagement to play the leading role in a German film, which will mean that his friends and acquaintances all suspect that his new power as a box-office pull is by no means finished. Fortunately nothing happened, and the film which he made will be ready on March 5th.

"Jimmy" will be a Success.

JIMMY, the most recent B and C film, now belongs to Gaumont Film Hire Service. This film version of John Strange White's story, was produced by Eliot Stannard and A. Bramble. Great care was taken to obtain the correct atmosphere, 'and various fittings (for advertisement) were used to ensure reality in various scenes. We call this film a good one, and certainly it should book well.

A Courageous Camera-man.

J. T. RUCKER was sent to photograph an experiment in burning film. He recorded the Trans-Atlantic by much at stake. They wished to detonate both before they built their studio, factory, and laboratory just what resistance to explosion the walls should have, and what apertures should be made in them.

A vault was made, and filled with million feet of waste film. The aperture was covered with glass, and there was an electric attachment to set off the fire. Rucker was told of the hoped-for course of the flame, and took his place with his camera some fifty feet from the aperture and about fifteen feet out of the direct line. The film was fired, and, like a flash of a mammoth cannon, the flame spat out in a horizontal line. 12 million feet of film burnt itself out in fifteen minutes, and inside of this time the spray was left. Rucker stood turning his crank. The heat was terrific, and Rucker's eyebrows and the hair on his wrists were singed and his skin burned before he consented to move his camera back. The flame eventually reached seventy-five feet from the month of the vault.

Cecil M. Hepworth himself produced *Iris, and Sweet Lavender*.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

Interesting Topics in Film Pictures Selected from Pathé's Animated Gazette.

1. MILES OF BARBED WIRE—described by a famous soldier as "that invention of the devil" on its way to the Front.
2. THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON on his way to open the new War Hospital Supply Depot at Muswell Hill.
3. A NAVAL WEDDING: Marriage of Captain R. Domville of the "Saucy Arethusa" to Miss A. Vander Heydt, at Tamworth. The film is of special interest as, since the happy event, the famous "Arethusa" is no more.
4. AFTER GALLIPOLI: Two of the famous Maori contingent now recuperating in England.
5. A HERO'S RETURN: Corporal Bissett, the first New Zealander V.C., had a great reception on return to camp.
6. KILLING GERMANS: A crack-shot sniper's post where the enemy trenches are only 50 yards distant.
7. GETTING THEMSELVES AGAIN: The Maori "HAYA" or war-cry, at a football match.
The Miracle of Life
Adapted from the "Flying A" Master Picture
By George W. Smith.

Many centuries ago one brilliant star shone upon which totally eclipsed its fellows, and by its wonderful light and magnetism drew the attention of three men. They were the three Wise Men of the East. The star compelled them to follow its light, and led them, and it has led the women of the world ever since. Through love, self-sacrifice, joy, pain, devotion, it guides humanity to the shrine of all the ages—the child.

That this miracle of life may be perpetual the multitudes of men and women toil, striving by their labours to make the earth a fitter place to cradle the races, and to win for future generations a holier, freer life. But yet many a young wife, taught generations by men, with vitality and beauty, in the possession of love, has recoiled with horror from her trust at the first whisper of the voice of the Angel of the Annunciation.

It happened thus to Eleanor Seawell. Through her childhood she had lived in the garden of love; one swift impsioned flight through its wonderful paths, with Cupid in winged pursuit. Eleanor had had just one auspicious love affair, and had known full joy without ever having tasted of sorrow. Danforth Seawell had been her only love. He had taught her the sweetness of caress, the power of an embrace, and she had revelled in Cupid's arms.

When her wedding came she accepted it in her simple, childlike way as being one continual vista of social pleasures and gaiety. Danforth was delighted to see how brilliantly her adored wife took her place in his exclusive social set. Such a child before marriage, and with a simple faith in everybody, social activities proved dazzling and fascinating, and just because Eleanor found herself immediately in a whirlpool of expectation this novel life filled her thoughts, dominated her very existence, and absorbed all her exuberance and ambitions.

For the first six months of wedded bliss she had drank to the full of the cup of pleasure. Every whim, every mad fancy had been gratified by her adoring and lavish husband.

Then came the night of her first great social ball celebrating the half-year of her wedding. Eleanor, surrounded by admiring men, captivating them by her bewildering beauty and simplicity, suddenly felt dizzy and faint. She rushed from her coterie of admirers and sought relief alone in the moonlit garden. In the stillness of that beautiful place there came to her a whispering, so soft, so gentle, yet all too plain. It was the voice of the Angel of the Annunciation, telling her the greatest of life's secrets. She listened, at first amazed, then horrified, then in a rage, as the kindly voice told her of the coming of a little one; and cupid fluttered near by. The cherubic little face lit up with intense joy, to change to sorrow and mortification, as the woman cried aloud in her passion and revolt against the coming of love's messenger.

"No! No! No!" she cried hysterically, tearing at her bosom in her wild anger; "Motherhood will mean the sacrifice of everything I have learned to live for. Society, the adoration of men, the rounds of luxurious pleasures! I cannot give them up, I won't! I won't!!!"

And over her swept a wave of revulsion against her husband. Oh, that this hateful burden should fall upon her! The tears welled up in her eyes, scorching and searing as they trickled down her pale cheeks. Something softly touched her, then stupefied husband gazing after her. Dismay was in his heart and the first shaft of sorrow hurt horribly.

Long before the glittering assemblage had dispersed Eleanor had vanished. She had not waited to see her husband, leaving him alone in his anguish, seeking to find that reason for his wife's forsaken outburst.

Midnight found her sitting in her boudoir with a small bottle clasped in her hand. It was labelled "Poison." She raised the phial to her lips and braced herself for the effort to drink the concoction, but her courage failed. Several times she essayed to drink, and as many times faltered. Then came the final attempt, and she felt her senses leaving her. Mania overcame her, and, although she tried to scream aloud no sound came. One quivering sigh, and she fell limp an senseless upon the bed.

The fatal phial was still held tightly in her hand.

As Ye Sow, so Shall Ye Reap.

Eleanor lay a pallid wreck. Her wonderful beauty vanished, for illness, sudden and overpowering, had claimed her. Her condition puzzled the specialist who had been called in; but not so her husband. He sat in his magnificent drawing-room, conjuring up a vision of the little one that would be soon with him. It was his crowning joy. Mentally he forgave Eleanor for her harshness and sudden hat...
against him. He thought he understood the cause. His 
impatience grew with the nonarrival of the specialist, and, 
imable to bear it any longer, he made his way to Eleanor's 
bedroom.

The specialist had questioned her mercilessly. He knew 
now the reason for her illness, and furthermore had discovered 
the phial. Eleanor pleaded with him to keep the information 
from her husband, but all to no avail. As Danforth entered, 
he could see that something was amiss. He soon learned 
from the doctor all there was to know. His hopes of a child 
were shattered with one cruel blow, and only the skill of the 
physician had saved Eleanor's life.

Brokenhearted, he found solitude in his study, and fell into 
a troubled sleep; he dreamed of what might have been. 
The gay laughter of childish voices, their sweet prattle and 
inocent mischief. He saw them with him, romping, teasing, 
cressing. When he awoke, he happened upon his already wounded heart. He cursed his fate, and pitied his 
wife for her antagonism to Nature.

Later, when Eleanor recovered, he took the only course 
open; he absolved her from her pathosome marriage and left 
her alone in the great house.

Then she soon returned to Mrs. Fels Martine and her lively 
social set. Her butterfly wings had healed from the scorching, 
and her soul was untouched.

Danforth went another way. A nobler woman filled his 
life, and later he revelled in the possession of two lovely 
children. They made up for all he had lost; compensated 
him for the bitter blow he had received.

Years passed, and Eleanor floated on into the barren 
middle life and a fruitless old age. Time and time again she 
sat deep in thought, seeking in vain to find consolation in her 
lonesomeness. One persistent vision would come to her— 
that of her one-time husband surrounded by his laughing 
children and an adoring wife. The menfolk no longer sought 
her companionship. Mrs. Fels-Martine's set was as good as 
closed to her. That astute society vulture had no room for 
faded beauties.

One glorious summer's afternoon, sitting alone, forsaken by 
all, Eleanor fell to brooding. She was startled by the mys-
teries appearance of a little girl. The soft rounded limbs, 
clinging curls, and charming, winsome little face seemed to 
have taken form out of the air. The tender apparition held 
a pretty hand.

"I am little Might-Have-Been," she murmured, "the child 
you chose never to have
Come with me and I will show you the world as it would have 
seemed to you if all your life long you had me to guide you."

Compelled by some subtle influence, Eleanor took the 
child by the hand. The touch was a balm to her bitter heart. She 
felt a longing, a yearning to have little Might-Have-Been 
with her always.

They passed out into the brilli-
ant summer sunshine, hand in hand. 
Eleanor's eyes 
shone, beheld a new heaven and 
and a new earth. Everywhere in the 
kingdom of Nature was life. 
All the plants were sending out 
new shoots, the birds twit-
tering and fluttering as they 
fed, 

* * *

Eleanor is taken by little Might-Have-Been to Babyland,
where cooing babies lay in immense lily cups, in dense 
strawberry, and in gorgeous flower-cups.

...They kicked with all their puny strength, and grasped
the air with tiny, plump fists.

. Clinging ivy-vines parted to show the tiny forms nestling 
and crooning in the joy of life and sunshine. In dense shrub-
bery, in gorgeous flower-cups, the little mites lay, awaiting
patiently the visitations of the angels who should carry them
to their homes on earth.

Eleanor would have taken up one of those pink babies, but
Little Might-Have-Been forbade her. She was prohibited the
joy and ecstasy of holding one. How her heart ached, with
that dull longing, that craving for a tiny life. Great tears
sprang to her eyes, choking some shook her frame. She closed
her eyes to shut out the beautiful sight that seared her soul
with remorse.

When she opened them again little Might-Have-Been had
A SOFT CHEEK WAS PRESSED CLOSE TO HIS.

disappeared—and in her stead stood the grim spectre of Death. One long skeleton arm pointed to the heavens. The clouds rolled back, and she saw women and children toiling up the stairs of Paradise. Smiling angels bade them enter. Their work on earth was done, and their reward was at hand.

Eleanor tried to climb alone. But she was waved back—Paradise was not for her. Death, with a mocking smile, told her of Hades. Its horrors and terrors and everlasting pains. She pleaded for a brief lease of longer life, only to repair the wrong she had done, but Death was merciless. Her time on earth was finished. The good work she had been set to do neglected, the little life she should have reared destroyed.

She felt the end approaching. A hoarse rattling was in her throat, her limbs grew stiff and cold, her eyes glassy. She fell down—down into a bottomless pit. A brief return of vitality, and she clutched despairingly at the walls of the abyss. Her fall seemed stayed—then suddenly she fell.

Eleanor awoke. She stared at her surroundings, looking for the flames of hell and the roaring of fire. They were not there. What had happened? Then she saw that she was lying upon her own white bed, the phial still clutched in her hand, untouched.

With a cry of unbelieving joy she sprang to the window, and emptied the poison out, where it fell upon a rose, withering it and destroying its magnificent beauty. A minute later and she was downstairs.

Danforth, sunk in a bitter reverie, was roused by two arms clamping around his neck. A soft cheek was pressed close to his. Eleanor whispered her secret, and spoke joyously of the coming of the little one, that would make their lives so sweet in unity.

Her experiences and adventures had been nothing more than a terrible nightmare for Eleanor, but the nightmare had taught its lesson. It had forced her to see the Divinity of Motherhood.

The Miracle of Life, in four reels, is described as an American Distinctive Creation. It is scenically one of the most beautiful pictures ever put out by the famous "Flying A" firm. The theme described so well in these pages is powerful, sensational, and inspiring, and a superb cast of players was employed to interpret it. Margarita Fischer is "Eleanor," Joseph E. Singleton is "Danforth," Lucille Ward "Mrs. Fields Martine," and little Katie Fischer the Angel Child. The United Kingdom rights of the film are controlled by the Cinematograph Trading Company, Ltd., 55-59, Shaftesbury-avene, W.
Pen Sketches of Picture Plays.—No. 5.

"CASTE"

Sir John Hare as "Eccles."

THE TURNER-IDEAL "CASTE" (NOW SHOWING) AS SEEN BY FRANK R. GREY.
"HOW happy I am!" said Nita to her sweetheart, as she packed away the remains of the picnic in the hamper.

On that glorious summer holiday Costigan (a foreman at the cigarette factory) brought his beautiful Nita (also an employee at the factory) and his blind mother into the fields and the fresh air. Their happy day nearly ended, they began to return home. They were well on their way when Costigan discovered that the picnic-basket had been left behind.

"I shan’t be long," he assured them, and, leaving Nita with his mother, he hurried back to obtain it.

"Let us get across the road," suggested Nita. As she led her aunt into the roadway a motor-car swerved rapidly round the corner. The noise so frightened the poor old blind woman that she collapsed in a heap. "The car pulled up only just in time to avoid an accident. Amidst some confusion the owner of the car descended and helped the old woman.

"I do hope she is not hurt," he said, hurrying towards Nita. "Can I do something for you?" Then, as he recognized the beautiful girl as one of the employees at the Carino cigarette factory, "Why," he exclaimed, "I have often seen you in my father’s factory, and have long wanted to know you better. Now perhaps I shall, eh, dearie?" he added. With his fingers under her chin, Esme Carino looked into her eyes and smiled. Then, climbing into his car, he drove away, leaving the astonished girl standing by her aunt, who had now quite recovered from the shock.

Just then Costigan returned with the picnic-basket. "Nita," he exclaimed, "I forbid you to have any more to do with that man. He may be the owner of a factory, he may have money, and he may pay his attentions to you, but little one, if you have any self-respect—drop him like a hot coal. You know you have only to give the word and I’ll marry you. Then you’ll not have to work, and you’ll be happy, if it is possible for me to give you happiness."

After this well-meant advice Costigan left the subject alone, but in his heart he felt that Nita had changed. He did not know though that Esme had taken Nita’s heart by storm.

The next morning Esme Carino entered the packing department where Nita was employed, and over which Costigan was formerly Nita occupied an end seat, and when Esme secretly slipped a note into her hand she was agreeably surprised. A thrill ran through her as she surveyed the tall, handsome man who stood beside her giving orders to the packers, and after he had left the room Nita, longing to know the contents of the note, slipped out by another door. Eagerly she read, "Meet me on the bridge tonight after hours." With her heart beating wildly, Nita crushed the letter into her blouse, and ran back to her work, unnoticed by all except her cousin Costigan.

"My darling!", murmured Esme as Nita ran into his arms at the appointed meeting-place. "I was afraid you would not come—that your cousin would stop you.

"Please, please don’t mention my cousin," she said, hastily.

"Then come along and have some supper," added Esme, only too pleased to drop the cousin out of the conversation. "I know an awfully jolly place where we shall be quite alone.

"Alone?" echoed Nita, a little surprised, but, all the same, she trusted him implicitly.

Esme was well known at the restaurant, and giving the waiter a tip the pair were conducted to a private room.

"At last, Nita, I have you to myself. Nita, my own darling," he cried, as his arms clasped her closely to him. Esme kissed her passionately. His kisses were new and pleasant to Nita, for Costigan had never kissed her like this. Though he had often confessed his love to her.

"Now then, Esme, ole man, ‘muff o’
A fortnight elapsed, and although brought into constant contact with Esme, Carlo had refrained from making inquiries about Nita. But one day he could contain the temptation no longer, so he wrote him a note: "Can you find room for 'The Humming Bird' in your factory? I have set my heart on Nita as a model for my Salome pictures and you could let the H. B. have Nita's job. I should be eternally grateful to you." Esme, although not a little astonished, agreed to the proposal.

"What matter?" he soliloquized; "either of them will serve my purpose. Both are devilishly pretty, so who cares?"

When Nita had recovered from her illness, she was returned to the factory and inquired after her post as packer.

"You have been away so long," Esme explained, "that your vacancy has been filled. But Mr. Bartino is in need of a model. Go and see him, my dear." His words broke Nita's heart.

"So this is all he cares," she thought. "This is how he repays me for the love I have given him." She turned to leave the factory, and as she reached the door, Costigan saw her.

"Nita," he called, "have you decided?"

"Yes," she answered, simply. "Ah! little one, you'll rue this day," he cried aloud as she left the building. Then as his temper rose, "I'll kill the man who stands between us," he shouted.

When he reached home that evening he searched for a knife which had been assured for years, and leaving it a moment on the table, his blind mother found it.

"Costigan, dear, what are you going to do with it?" she asked.

"Nothing, Mother," lied Costigan.

"You promise that?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, dear mother, I promise," he answered her.

Nita called upon Carlo as arranged, and was immediately employed by him as a model. Months flew by, and as the picture progressed Carlo became more and more devoted to Nita, who, in turn, however, was cold and callous.

One day, after a long sitting, Nita told Carlo what she did not care for him, and the next morning she wrote a note to say that on the completion of the picture Mr. Bonita would require her services no longer.

On this news Nita returned to the factory, and this time was allowed to fill the vacancy. "The Humming Bird" sat next to Nita and when she realised that Esme had paid Nita his attention, she turned to her and exclaimed, "The Humming Bird!" had received a note from Esme, and in order to invent a cause for her anger she slipped the note behind Nita's packing box. Then after an interval she commenced a vigorous search for her letter.

"Where's my letter?" she shrieked. "Someone must have taken it. It was here a moment ago."

Suddenly she brought it forth from behind the hearth.

"You thief!" she cried, as she commenced to shake Nita. "You would steal my letters; would you? Well, I'll teach you not to," and with a wild cry "The Humming Bird" endeavored to throttle her rival.

Instantly the room was an uproar. Tables and chairs were hurled hither and thither in the struggle between the two girls. Costigan did his best to quell the disorder, but the girls fought desperately. At last Nita, utterly exhaussted, sank on to the table. She and 'The Humming Bird' quietly entered at the other end of the room. She was arrayed in a magnificent satin gown bedecked with wonderful jewels— all presents from her doting Esme.

Further like she watched the couple deeply engaged in conversation; then she gave a slight cough—Esme started, and stride across the room towards her.

"So this is your intrigue, is it?" hissed "The Humming Bird," in cold superior tones. "You think you are going back to her, eh, but you won't.

"Esme! Esme!" she cried; "speak to me dear." But it was too late; Esme had gone to live a new life—but not the one planned by him. "The Humming Bird" laughed when the police came to arrest her; she knew now that Esme would never belong to any other girl.

A few weeks later Nita and Costigan pledged their truth, and "The Humming Bird" flew out of their lives and the world for ever."

In this three-reel Nordisk drama the two leading actresses display undeniable talents to the greatest possible advantage. The performance of Miss Sangbourn, especially as "Nita" is sure to please all picturgoers. Like many Danish actresses, she is really wonderful. Her posing as "Salome" gives proof of her dramatic power, and a fine portrait of this pose appears as our frontispiece.

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But how on earth is it done?
VILLAIN AND GOOD FELLOW

A "PICTURES" INTERVIEW WITH LIONELLE HOWARD

Referring to villains in drama, a famous producer once said in my ear: "The words came into my mind one day a few weeks ago, when I elected to hear a "villain" in his den."

The name of this monster in crime who, though he has murdered, robbed, ruined innocent people, and died many times, still lives, smiles, is Lionelle Howard. His villainy, however, is merely to oblige the producer, and enthrall the picturegoer, for as I have already hinted, Mr. Howard out of film harness is one of the decentest fellows I know.

The "den" referred to above was his dressing-room at the Hepworth Studio, and on the occasion of my visit he happened to be a very mild sort of villain. Indeed if you think that Lionelle Howard can teach nothing but villainy in films, you are mistaken. It may be his chief occupation, but nevertheless he is a player of many parts, and an excellent player to boot.

Dressed in the peg-top trousers, swallow-tailed coat, frilled collar, and very tall hat of the Victorian era (ready, in fact, for his part in Trevelyan of the Wells), Mr. Howard greeted me with friendly hand-clasp and beaming countenance.

"With the war ever in my mind," I immediately asked this tall, good-looking young man if he was eligible for khaki.

"I joined up during the first week of the war," he answered, "and was later on discharged as being unable to pass the trade tests. In my earlier days I was a medical student, you know, and for that reason I entered the R.A.M.C. as Sergeant-Dispenser. I went to Aldershot when we were all over strength in numbers, and when food and clothing were scarce and organisation was anything but perfect. After eight weeks of it the Captain asked me what I was doing there. I told him I was Sergeant-Dispenser. 'Ever been in a chemist's shop?' he asked. I replied I had not, but that I had been a medical student. 'Then you can't be Sergeant-Dispenser. Try and get a commission,' was his rejoinder. I came back a nervous wreck, and although I applied for and was offered a commission in a Northamptonshire regiment my experience had made me physically incapable of accepting it."

"You have been with Hepworth's a long time?" I queried.

"Two years. And considering that my name never appeared on the screen during the first year I was mighty pleased to get all those votes in your Pictures competition."

"They show how much our readers appreciate you, Mr. Howard. Now will you tell them, through me, something about your professional career?"

"With pleasure. Quite a lot of it was on the stage, and I have known the meaning of hard work. In a portable theatre I played six parts and a piano per week, filling in my spare day-time by studying and rehearsing my parts."

"I once joined a small, bloodthirsty melodrama which left me and the other members of the cast stranded at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, Hunsray, and without so much as a farthing in my pockets. I worked my way back to Liverpool by peeling potatoes in the cook's galley. My determined action brought me luck, for Charles Freiman gave me a small part and an understudy in London in 'Are You a Mason? and I was sent out with its first tour, playing juvenile lead—Frank Perry. I played the part on and off for five years, and only this week had an offer to go back with it."

"I have played lead and principal parts in The Night of the Party, Facing the Music, Jane, What the Butler Sawn, The New Housemaid, What Happened to Jones, Sunday, Captain Brew on Leave."

"Ready for Mr. Howard," shouted the call-boy.

"Come with me into the studio," said my friend, "and we will continue the story afterwards."

I followed the actor into the studio and watched him play a most interesting scene with Chrissie White, after which we returned to the dressing-room."

"I was giving you my stage career," he continued. "Eventually I drifted, into stock at Kemnott Theatre for two months, and I managed and played lead in an American sketch, Other People's Money, which we played at among other theatres, the Hippodrome and Coliseum."

"I played in my first picture a leading part as Socket Holt' in Old St. Paul's. Yes, a Clifden film. Why? I met Mr. Noy of the Clarendon in the Strand. He said I was the build and age he wanted, so he had me. I appeared also in the pictures Southern Blood and Scott's Isle. Then I got back to the 'Halls,' appearing in The Adder's Teeth, the first sketch in which the cinema.
was employed a chase being shown by means of the screen.

"And how did you join Hepworths?"

"Mr. Hepworth offered me the juvenile part in The Mysterious Murder of Mr. Marler. I was Alma Taylor’s brother. Later I appeared as the Count St. Valery in The Devil’s Heart. From then onwards I played many parts. Oh, yes, villains sometimes, but not always, with Hepworths, and am happily still with them.

"I wrote The Lie, produced by Frank Wilson, and played lead in it. I am proud to record that the script was written in one morning and started on in the studio the same day. I have written four Hepworth plays in all, the others being two comedies, and a three-reel drama, A Moment of Darkness, which Mr. Hepworth produced."

Mr. Howard told me that he loved dogs. He has a prize Gordon setter and a little rough-haired Yorkshire terrier presented to him by Chrissie White.

"That is all the letters from Pictures readers goes without saying. "And the funny thing is," he explained, "that nearly all my correspondents admire me most as a villain, and particularly in The Man who Staged at Home and The Man from India—in both of which I am a German."

"Just last week I received a letter from a lady in Basutoland. She had seen one of our films and wanted my photograph. Who knows—perhaps she is a dusky Basuto belle.

"At that moment Stewart Remontered the "don" with his finger cut to seek Loreline’s help. "All the fellows come to me for this sort of thing," he remarked as he deftly bound up the wound. "You see they all get to know that I possess some medical knowledge."

"Ever hurt myself in films?"

"No; I don’t think so. I was nearly drowned once whilst swimming after a ‘criminal’. Got caught in some weeds. I managed to extricate myself after a struggle, and paddled ashore, but I was done to the world for the time being.

"Are you married?" The words had hardly left my lips when the call-boy rushed in again to say that Mr. Howard was wanted in the studio.

"Tell your readers," shouted the actor as he hurried away, "that I am not married to Alma Taylor, Chrissie White, or Violet Hopson."

F. D.

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Have you ever been in love?
The Commuters love being in love.
Oh! It’s slowly.

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YOU represent the great cinema audience who want to see the most entertaining photo-plays, pictures that are full of interest, action, and originality.

WE produce feature plays in each of which there is a guarantee of full enjoyment. Every film bearing the name of Essanay will be "worth while to witness," presenting the most talented players in the best plays.

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MORRIS FOSTER, the handsome juvenile lead for the Thanhouser Co. He is now appearing opposite Ethylle Oake in a drama entitled The Game.

CHRISSE WHITE, for some years a Hepworth player whose whole career has been distinguished. She takes the same part in Sweet Lavender.

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A. V. BREMBLE, a fine actor and a leading member of the B. & T. Stock Company. "Sir Thomas Calby" in The Ullman is one of his latest successes.
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**TWO HUNDRED CONSOLATION PRIZES.**

Below we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognise one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but **any one of these letters may be used more than once**. Thus, even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the ninth set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in Pictures on sale Mar. 4th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A **£10 note** will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions. £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10 and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be posted and divided. The Editor’s decision must be regarded as final.

---

**9th SET.**

33. Scene from

*Letters used: A B C E H K L O T X*

34. Scene from

*Letters used: C D E F G H I L M O P R S T U*

35. Scene from

*Letters used: A D E G H I M N T*

36. Scene from

*Letters used: A B C E H I K L N R T*
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By W. H. R. TROWBRIDGE

is now being shown at West End Cinema, London, W.C.

Very soon it will be on view at all the leading London and Provincial Picture Theatres.

You must certainly see this great boxing picture, which shows that a man is still a gentleman even if he is a professional pugilist.

Of course you’re interested in the Dardanelles. Well, look out for a fine film

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Photographed by
E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

Now showing at the “Empire,” and will soon be on view throughout Britain.

See them when they come to your town.

Meanwhile, write and ask for
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SINS OF GREAT CITIES.—Nordisk drama. Three reels. Deals in wonderfully interesting fashion with the trials and temptations of a young girl suddenly forced to earn her own living.

THE OPOSsum.—Educational film. One reel. Remarkable photography. All the details of the life of the bear exactly as it is in Nature. Exceptionally interesting.

DIPLOMATIC HENRY.—Vitagraph comedy. One reel. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and Florence Natoli. As usual, these two popular comedians make you shriek with laughter. Don’t miss this war tonic.

THE HOUSE WITH DRAWN SHADES.—Rema drama. Two reels. Ben Wilson and Dorothy Phillipps. Concerns a mysterious house and a mysterious musician. The picture is beautifully presented.

THE LEAVING OF LAWRENCE.—Sidg comedy-drama. One reel. Grace Darmond. This picture is something new to the public. It is well produced and amusing. Make sure of seeing the double photo gram this week.

THE FIGHTING HOPE.—Lucky drama. Four reels. Laura Hope Crews and George Gebeheart. A dramatic story of a letter which caused a great deal of dissatisfaction, and which finally destroyed a family’s name.

ROOM AND BOARD A DOLLAR AND A HALF.—L-Ko Face Comedy. Billie Ritchie and Alice Howell. Billie acts as proprietor of a boarding-house, and being brought under the power of a hypnotist, shows his wife she cannot always rule the roost.

INFATUATION.—Flying A drama. Four reels. Margarita Fischer. A story teeming with uncontrollable love, and with situations that surprise and are unconventional. A strong picture enacted in a bold way.

HEARTS AND PLANETS.—Keystone comedy. Chester Cotkin. The adventures of an ardent lover who is engaged to the daughter of an astronomer, and how they fooled Pa by means of canvas clouds and fireworks.

HER ADOPTED FATHER.—Beauty comedy-drama. One reel. Frank Borzage and Lucille Ward. How a tiny child returned a dissipated young bachelor by running away, and how her widowed mother married the reformed one.

THE OLD SIN.—Essanay drama. Three reels. June Keith, and John O’Shea. Tells how after a happy marriage the heroine meets the man who insulted her in youth. She is heartbroken, and the timely arrival of her husband prevents her suicide.

WHEN CAMERON PASSED BY.—Reliance melodrama. One reel. Reenactment and swift action in every scene. The hero rescues the girl, who is being forced to marry against her will. Pursued, they take refuge in a house, and, after a thrilling fight, are rescued by the police.

THE OUTER EDGE.—Essanay drama. Three reels. A production in which H. B Walthall splendidly maintains his reputation as the best emotional actor on the screen. He impersonates a great doctor who, through the drug habit, falls to the depths of degradation, but eventually rises again.

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Potash & Perlmutter are “TOP HOLE” in

“THE TAILOR OF BOND-ST.”
THAT the Viceregal guests at Dublin Castle have for some weeks past paid regular visits to the cinema, which proves that attacks against cinemas find no approval in Dublin Castle.

THAT A Boy's Best Friend has been booked to 543 theatres. Mother will be pleased.

THAT Douglas Payne, who is in the Army Veterinary Corps at St. Albans, had to settle a bet the other day that he was the actor in a film then showing in that town.

THAT Harry Bass, so long associated with Hepworth's, is engaged by Lucoque, Ltd., to produce all their comedies.

THAT E. Hay-Plumb, late Hepworth producer, has a commission in a Yorkshire regiment in training at Cambridge.

THAT Lily Sibly, the Broadwest player (whom we have just interviewed), has sold thousands of postcards of herself at cinemas for the benefit of our "Prisoners of War Fund."

THAT The Goddess, a fascinating twelve-part Vitagraph serial (we long since published a portrait of Anita Stewart and Earle Williams in this) is not only in town but "booking."

THAT our "office boy, determined to do his bit, will present you with his first contribution to Pictures next week.

THAT a new film factory, one of the largest and most complete in Europe, is to be built in Vienna, war or no war.

THAT Harold Lockwood, the darling of many readers, has signed on with the Lasky Co.

THAT the Fox Film Corporation of America may open in Great Britain both a printing plant and a producing studio.

THAT Alec Worcester, once a popular Hepworth player, has now joined the Army in India.

THAT charming Mlle. Regina Badet acts superbly in The Golden Lotus, a Gaumont-Eclipse Exclusive that will bring gold to all concerned.

THAT even if Kitty Gordon has insured her lack for £1,000 and Charlie Chaplin has insured his feet for £30,000, there is no truth in the rumour that H. B. Walthall has insured his new moustache for £25,000.

IF you could only read a few of the letters we get daily from Picture enthusiasts who have seen

"THE FOUR FEATHERS"

(By A. E. W. MASON)

you would register a vow to see this great film.

The Desert Scenes are very thrilling, and the love-story is absorbing.

Ask your hall-manager to show it, or write to us for the address of the nearest Theatre in your district where it is to be shown.

To Exhibitors—

We have several telegrams advising us of record bookings. The posters and publicity matter are top-hole. HAVE YOU BOOKED?

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Write for Synopsis.

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Taken from the principal scenes in "Flying A" and "Beauty" productions sent all applicants on receipt of

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"FLYING A" CO., 193, Wardour St., W.
PERFECT TEETH IN PICTURES

Screen Artistes cannot hope to succeed without them

IT may be one of the little facts which have escaped your notice, but perfect teeth help to make perfect pictures.

The hero or heroine of the picture play who could not display a perfect set of teeth would be like "Hamlet" without the Prince—a poor and expressionless sort of show.

Imagine a "close-up" on the screen of the smile of your favourite if he or she showed broken, missing, badly grown, or crooked teeth! It is too horrible to contemplate, and, as a matter of fact, is not likely to happen, because the man or woman stupid enough to neglect their teeth would never be engaged to play the hero or heroine of a picture play.

We dare not say that all picture players have false teeth, but we dare assert that thousands of the world's artificers, both on the screen and on the stage, have been glad to seek the dentist's aid in order to possess beautiful rows of

TEETH which in themselves

are MOVING PICTURES.

The purport of this column is to draw the attention of picture-playgoers and picturegoers alike to the dentists awakening to the true art of dentistry.

"The state of people's teeth is appalling. I doubt if there is a single normal jaw in Great Britain," says Dr. Henry Campbell, in a London contemporary. But Mr. H. Goldberg, of 27, New Cavendish Street, Harley Street, London, goes further and says: "The idea of bad teeth among the civilised races, and especially the white races, has grown to be considered a natural heritage of mankind and womanhood, while a complete set of beautiful teeth is a necessary condition of a beautiful possession, many having really fine, sound teeth extracted that they may enjoy the possession of a complete set."

A True Exponent of Modern Dentistry.

Mr. Goldberg is recognised to be one of the greatest experts we have to-day in Crown Bar and Bridge work: indeed it is he who introduced to Londoners many years ago this great and forward movement in modern Dentistry.

By his own ingenuity he completely and successfully does away with "plates," which are not only uncomfortable, unsightly, and cause impediment of speech when worn, but frequently cause death to the wearer by strangulation as the result of accidentally swallowing the plate.

Mr. Goldberg's method of teeth repairing is to save every tooth, when decayed to the root, and, by his very clever device of building up decayed teeth and linking up one tooth to the other, especially where false ones are necessary, by an invisible bridge at the back of the teeth, has successfully solved a hitherto very difficult problem. This bridge holds every artificial tooth in a "grip of steel," as it were, one that outwears the wearer should he live to the age of Methuselah.

The new system of dentistry which this wizard of the dental chair has introduced is certainly the last word in dental science. It is painless and inexpensive, and especially beneficial to those who value their teeth. Perhaps this is the reason why so many of the feminine sex, both of title and stage, are amongst his clientele.

Mr. Goldberg's message to you to-day is:

SAVE YOUR TEETH

Mr. Goldberg's HOURS are from 10-6, and his 'Phone No. is Mayfair 2022.

Note from the Advertisement Manager of Pictures:—"Mr. Goldberg has been falsely accused of being a German. We have investigated the matter, and the accuracy of this announcement in our columns is sufficient contradiction.

RESTOR: "Danged if Oi can make, 'ead or tail 'av it."

HER FIRST STUDIO DAYS.

PICTUREGOERS will find unusual interest in reading this letter from Rose Melville, creator of the famous character Sie Hopkins, who is now at work in Florida:

"Well, the first week and the first picture are over. And right now let me tell you that your Mazoold of Helen girl cannot show me anything new in the way of manner and sore muscles. I knocked my nose against something—was too busy to find out just what it was—and have a bruised lip and am sore all over from crawling from one room into another and running at full speed around tables.

"The first day outdoors and the second of each day I was first to go out. And on the last I was first to go in. But I'm not frightened. I'm not sure that I'm not more thoroughly frightened than I was in the night when I first stepped from the wings to face a Broadway audience. Just think of walking across the main thoroughfare of the thriving city of Jack- sonville in full regalia and before a large crowd! I imagine they thought the wires had come to town. I can assure you that I felt like 'the greatest show on earth.'

"But there is one good point about this acting in the open before crowds. You know whether the thing you are doing is funny or not, for the crowd takes the place of the audience of the theatre. But in the studio everybody is working just as hard as you are, and there's as much satisfaction in working as if they were stone men.

"The screen offers such unlimited scope for your efforts to please that it makes the stage feel like a Punch and Judy show in comparison. Why, there won't be a stage in the world big enough to hold me when I get through acting for the picture camera. This freedom of working on a stage that has no limits has gone to my head."

[Advertisement for "The Tailor of Bond St."]

You'll be delighted, so will he—TRY.
PICTURE-PLAY WRITING
BY AN OPTIMIST.

THE number of people who think they can write picture-plays and who flood the manufacturers' manuscript departments* with hopeless scripts, is tremendous. Manufacturers do not like to close their doors against outside writers who take the new art seriously, but they cannot be expected to wade through hundreds of scripts, all more or less vapid, in the hope of finding one containing an idea sufficiently original to warrant its being placed in the hands of a staff writer. Consequently, much as it is disliked, the closing of the doors has to be done, and this hits the serious-minded writers—amateur and professional—who have done nothing to deserve the gradual restriction of their market which is now taking place.

How to clear out of the way the incompetent amateur—the writer who will not trouble to learn the technique, who sends in his ideas in synopsis form—"on the off-chance, don't mind me," is the one way of the aforesaid serious-minded writers. Perhaps I may be able to assist in the campaign by setting forth my experience as a picture play writer, with a view to showing that the writing of picture plays is not the easy thing it is popularly supposed to be, and that hard work is necessary before success can be achieved.

I have always been interested in motion pictures—with me they superseded all other forms of entertainment—and it seemed natural that I should try my hand at writing for the screen.

I started with half-reel comics, and achieved a fair amount of success. My technique was not of a high order, but I read everything dealing with picture-play writing that I could lay my hands on. All suggestions were carefully considered, and, if approved, adopted.

Room at the top, and the plodder will get there.

As will have been grasped, I was ambitious. I tired of comics. I wanted to write something bigger, so I turned my attention to drama, and there met trouble. I began with single-reel dramas, but nothing I could do was right—they always came back. Once or twice I returned to my first love, comics, and sold them; but, generally speaking, I have stuck to drama, gradually graduating from one reel to two and three reels. Although I have been told that I am improving, yet I have still to sell my first drama.

It is now exactly twelve months since I sold a picture play, but in this, if in nothing else, I am a plodder, and I am prepared to make the sacrifices demanded by that hard task-mistress, Art. I have several times been on the point of throwing up the sponge, but something always occurs which re-kindle the flame of my enthusiasm. This has happened not once nor twice, but four or five times, and it seems as if fate forbids me to give up picture-play writing.

The novice should take the word of an optimistic plodder, it is not easy to write picture-plays; what you have to do is not simply to go home from the pictures, write a play, send it off, and receive a cheque by return of post. No, if it is nothing like *.* It means years of steady application, a capacity for taking hard knocks without being discouraged, a thorough mastery of everything pertaining to the art, a lively imagination, dramatic instinct, and many other things.

But there is room at the top, and that is where "An Optimist" is going.

READ THE EXPLANATION.

If you are suffering from Indigestion, and the first thing YOU are likely to think of is a remedy which cures others may set aside your case, because you think yours is different; and your symptoms may be different, but the root-cause of all cases of indigestion is the same. Indigestion is always caused by an unbalanced diet, and an unbalanced diet is the root-cause of all cases of indigestion. If you can balance your diet, if you can make it to suit you, and you can eat it all, without indigestion, you can eat anything you like, without indigestion.

You know the remedy, but you do not know it. You know the cure, but you do not know it. All you need is to know the medicine, and then to take the medicine. All you need is to know the medicine, and then to take the medicine. All you need is to know the medicine, and then to take the medicine.

But you do not know the medicine, and you do not know the medicine, and you do not know the medicine.

I TOOK CICFA—THE ONLY CURE FOR INDIGESTION (in STOMACH & BOWEL).

"Now I eat whatever I desire."

"I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

DO YOU KNOW THAT when you take anything which neutralises the acid in your Stomach, you stop digestion, for the Gastric Juice which Nature secretes into the Stomach to digest the food is very acid, and if you neutralise that acid you destroy its power to digest food and thus causes Indigestion? These are not our ideas; they are scientific facts of the most serious importance to every sufferer from Indigestion. Price 1s 6d. Get Cicfia now and test it.

"THE TAILOR OF BOND ST." is a really fine film, and remember

Potash & Perlmutter are in it.

THE CICFA COY.
8, DUKE ST., MANCHESTER SQ.—LONDON, W.

P. & PICTURESQUEN, 1916.
MISS FAY TEMPLE,
a delightful actress on both screen and stage, has written to say that:

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Oatine FACE CREAM

It's the dirt that is IN, not the dirt that is ON that spoils the complexion. Soap and water only remove the surface dirt, and is quite powerless to remove the dirt embedded in the pores. Unless this dirt is removed skin health is impossible.

Get Oatine to-day at your Chemist's. 1/½ and 2/3 a jar.

Get a Jar To-day and Prove its Worth!

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Mrs. Prutton, Church End, Arlesley, Beds, says:—"It is some years since I first used Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. I had caught a cold and a most trying cough that nothing would relieve; it persisted all through the winter, though I kept taking various remedies that people told me about. I was getting quite alarmed about the cough, when one day my husband brought me a bottle of Veno's, and I commenced taking it. Actually in two days it cured me, though I had been coughing for months.

"After that I made Veno's my family cough medicine, and I cannot tell you all that I owe to it. When whooping-cough was all about here I saved my own darlings by giving them Veno's, and when I think of the sufferings of poor little children from that terrible complaint, I wish I could tell every mother about Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. It is just splendid."

A SIXPENNY BOOK FREE.

Write now for "The Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without.

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Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the Safest and Sweetest Remedy for—

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BRONCHITIS
LUNG TROUBLES
INFLUENZA
DIFFICULT BREATHING

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LARGER SIZES, 1/3 and 3/-.

See it Tommy?
Mackintosh's!

Trust to the kiddies to find it in a window crowded with other sweets. It's the sweetmeat that Mother commends—yes, and tuttively samples herself—for the wholesomeness of Mackintosh's is known to all the world.

Nothing could be more pure and wholesome than this sweetmeat—which never satiates nor pulls on the palate.

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Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich Cream blended in the "Mackintosh Way."

4ozs., 4d., and in tins at 1/½, of all Confectioners.

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Bronchitis
Lung Troubles
Influenza
Difficult Breathing

Mackintosh
Whooping Cough
Old-Age Coughs
Blood-Spitting

Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 3/-. The 3/- Size is the most economical.

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CINEMA Acting. Ladies and Gents required to team under our producer in studio for instant productions. Students appear in films while training. Write for free Guide C., or call Victoria Cinema, 35, Hoxton Place, Oxford Street, W.


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Photo Postcards of Yourself, Is. 1/2 dozen.
From any Pictures, 210 Eastcheap St, London, E.C.
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GASLIGHT, Bromide, or P.O.P. POST CARDS, 21, 1/2d., 2d., 1/3. Plates and Papers also Chas.
Catalogues and Sample Free.
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YOU NEED a British-made Patent ALBION TREASURY NOTE CASE. 
Small, compact, safe, handsome, Semi F.O. Cloth, 5d.; limitation Leather, 1/2. Real Leather, 2s.; or Royal Ensign Leather, 3s. Special and other cases. Agents wanted in all districts. Address ALBION PRINTING CO., Ltd., George Street, Oldham.

Jenkins got home late one night — he had been to see "The Comrades." His wife was wild.

When he took her the next night to see this film she laughed and laughed and laughed, and then — she forgave him.

Watch for "Ultime." You have already read of "Ultime" in these pages. Its real name is Nicole Sydney, a clever picture-player from Guinnout's French studio. When in this British-made drama, handled by the Gaumont British Film Co., it is scheduled as "The Man from the Dead." The picture is breathless with thrills, and to what your appetites before its screen appearance on March 20th I have arranged to wish the picture more in two parts, concluding in next week's issue.

"Doorsteps" in Fiction and Film.

Anything story coming shortly in Pictures and Adapting it to Doorsteps, the splendid film produced by Turner Films, Ltd., and purchased by the Gerrard Film Company who know a good thing when they see it, "Doorsteps," as adapted for the screen by Henry Edwards, was written for the screen by Larry Trimble. Henry Edwards both produced and played in the film, and Florence Turner played the main part which has never played better in her life, from which you will understand that Doorsteps must on no account be missed.

Film Stars in Pantomime.

In the Drury Lane 'Puss in Boots' there are no fewer than three artists who are popular both on stage and screen. I refer to Will Evans, Lupino Lane, and Whimsical Walker. The two articles are so full of "pictures" that they begin to talk about them on making their first entrance — in the village scene. Says Will Evans, "There's money in pictures, and I'm going to produce 'Fletch o' the Nation.' I want 20,000 men. How many can you find?" "Oh, a half dozen or seven," replies Lupino Lane. The Clown, Whimsical Walker (who recently played "modo" in Atlantic), is always popular at the Lane, but what a pity it is that the famous old comedian has to appear so late! As in our cinema theatres, smoking is now permitted until the end of the pantomime.

Official War Pictures.

The second series of these remarkably interesting film portrayals of life in France is now ready. One picture especially gives a vivid glimpse of real warfare. Peering through a narrow gun-slot, you watch the successive explosions of flying earth and debris high into the air until at last the gunner hits his mark, and the blockhouse disappears in a tornado of flying fragments.

The Art of Advertising.

If I were an exhibitor I should reckon The Showman's Advertising Book, a copy of which has just reached me, one of my most valuable assets. Money-making machines are in. These are not merely welcome, but essential. Here we have a beautifully-printed handbook packed with them, both in letterpress and illustrations, including poster designs by John Hassell and others. It is published, at 3s. 10d. post-free, by Heron and Co., Tottenham-street, W., and, quite apart from its trade purpose, the stylish, Low Warren, has made it a readable production for all cinema enthusiasts.

F.D.
Turner Films

Three Great Pictures which you have not yet seen:

FAR FROM THE MADDOING CROWD.
(Thomas Hardy's Famous Novel)

A WELSH SINGER.
(Allen Raine's Masterpiece)

DOORSTEPS.
(Henry Edward's Stage Play)

EACH ONE FEATURING

FLORENCE TURNER

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—

My postbag, like that of the Editor, is constantly growing. Countless letters I receive call for no reply except a general appreciation conveyed to you through this page. A few, when time permits, I answer through the post. Occasionally I interest you all by referring to your letters on this page.

In reply to Winnie Gibbs (Croydon), who says she has received a lovely signed portrait of Ella Hall (I hope you liked the pretty picture of her with the doll last week), a two-cent stamp is sufficient to enclose for a reply from America. The Clarendon Company have no stock players, juvenile or otherwise, but another Winnie (a child whose surname is Dargerfield) has often played for them. A single award of merit does not win a prize. You must have six.

Rosie (Finbury Park) writes, "The streets are so black at night it is horrible to be out in them. But I go out with my mother twice every week to the cinema, and oh, what a difference! The bright music and bright pictures make us forget the horrid war for a time. Pictures at the cinema and pictures at home are our only enjoyment. Hundreds say the same. Rosie. In reply to your question the Editor will publish another Mary Pickford story shortly.

"I have been reading 'Children's Corners' in other papers, but not one comes up to 'The Young Picturegoer'" says Betty Jones (Glamorgan). I am most flattered to read this, and very, very glad. Betty has won two of my prizes, and means to keep on trying for more.

"Would you please let the children know in your Corner," writes Charlie Wright (Isle of Wight), "that I am writing a complete mystery novel which I will send them for 2½s., including postage? It is called the Wight Magazine. Please do. They will be ready by the 6th of February."

But why not call it the "Wight" Magazine, Charlie? And why have you not sent "Uncle Tim" a copy? I cannot advise readers to spend 2½s. until I see what you propose to give them.

What a lucky girl is Grace Wheatley, of Leeds! She says she has received large photos from Warren Kerrigan, Mahel Normand, Elizabeth Risdon, and Henry Walthall, which she describes as being charming, pretty, lovely, and delightful respectively. Mr. Walthall's photo she would not part with for £5 s. 6d., as he is the greatest actor she has ever seen.

It seems to me that American stars, especially must spend a small fortune on photographs. Hundreds and hundreds of pictures readers have been lucky recipients of them, for months past. "What shall we do, "Uncle Tim," if foreign films are stopped from coming to England? The thought of no more Mary Pickford, or Charlie, or Pearl White, or Tom Mix is too horrible to contemplate!" Thus writes "Ada," of Glasgow. But Ada must not anticipate misfortune. Even if new foreign films are entirely stopped (and I do not think that will happen) there are plenty in London to go on with. And good British films can be increased tenfold if it becomes necessary.

I have before me a clever little sketch of "Charlie" meeting a "glad-eye" on the front at the sea-side. It is drawn by John Hanson, of Leeds, and if it is his own and not traced from a drawing he is a very clever little boy. Is it Johnnie? Some verses on "Our Pianist" have come to me from Ernest Hamblin (Hungerford), who is employed as chocolate boy at a cinema. "The pianist," he writes, was an assistant to the clergy, and also a clerk in a corn shop. He was known among the boys as 'Feet.' I believe he left owing to the fact that the relief pianist was praised in the local newspaper for his splendid playing. "Feet" had the cheek to practice during the performance. He could not read a note of music."

Will all those readers who have sent me photos of themselves as Charlie Chaplin please note that I shall publish the best of them shortly—perhaps next week? So look out for yourselves.

The "Hidden Names" Competition brought shoals of answers. The names were:—Warren, Arthur, Richard, Norman, Alan, James.

The prize-winners are:—Bertha Preston, 24, Spode Street, Stoke-on-Trent (S); Gladys Petch, 31, Radnor Rd., Cardiff (S); Arnold Barlow, 18, Cotton St.
Bolton (9): Harold Biddle, 320, Camden Rd., N. (14); Leonard Young, 19, Melrose Avenue, Mitcham (14); Kathleen Pearce, 19, Fairfield Street, Streatham (14).

Award of Merit.—Doris Watte (Selby), Harry Phillips (Lewisham), Tom Shirley (Manchester), C. Baker (Kent), Thomas Sinister (Manchester), Wilfred Dungworth (Sheffield), S. J. Luke (Birmingham), F. Douglass (Filey), Tom Pulman (Dingle), Ghadsy West (East Ham), Nellie Penny (Hucknay).

The more recent "Picture Puzzles" of players names proved to be the greatest success of my competition I have yet given you, and I have been running them for over two years! This being thus, I have induced the same artist to draw a second set of puzzles, this time illustrating film titles. The pictures are below. Write your solutions on a postcard (state your age), and post to "Film Titles," Pictures, No. 5 and 8t, Long Acre, London, W.C., by Monday, March 6th. Two Prizes and the Award of Merit await those who send the newest and most correct titles. Although I do not mind in the least, I expect the judging of these Puzzle Solutions will mean another headache for poor, but not-so-very-old

UNCLE TIM.
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

VIOLET HOPSON, one of our new postcard series of Hepworth players.

Editorial matters should be addressed to THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer," 85 & 86, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone-Gerrard 2295.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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Publishing Offices: 85 and 94, Long Acre, W.C.

At the Pictures.

REGGIE: "Why so sad, sweetheart?"

ROSIE: "I was just thinking how miserable I'd be if I had never met you."

What's in a Prefix?

"Are you unmarried?" inquired the director of the young lady.

"Why, yes I replied. "I've never been married."

Rival Super.s.

MAY: "Thinks her face is her fortune, doesn't she?"

PEACH: "It isn't anyway. She's got one and ninepence in the Post Office Savings-bank."

Little Money, Little Mice.

IRATE PATRON: "I insist on having another seat. There are two mice fighting under this one."

MANAGER: "Did you expect a bull-fight for sixpence, madam?"

Professional Jealousy.

FIRST ACTOR: "Why do you break off your engagement with Miss X?"

SECOND ACTOR: "She insisted that her name should appear in bigger type than mine on the wedding invitation-cards."

Nothing to Shout About.

"One hundred and one years old eh," remarked the medical officer as he gazed at the centenarian on the screen. "Quite a record!"

"Dunsie,"

responded his companion.

"His record's nothing. He's done nothing but grow old, and has taken a long time to do that."

Possibly a Poser.

He was a member of a cinema orchestra, and he did not forget to brag about it.

"Why, man, we can play the most intricate airs at sight," he was saying.

"Yes, no doubt," he answered. "I know the picturegoer. I should like to hear you play the airs your leader puts on."

A Black Business.

OLD GENT: "Pardon me, my man, but why are you following me?"

MAN IN BLACK: "Oh! I'm the new undertaker, and I wanted to know where you live."

OLD GENT: "But there's nobody dead there."

MAN IN BLACK: "No! but I heard you cough, and I'm hoping for the best."

The Main Thing.

An American gentleman decided to give up horses in favour of a motor-car, and sent his old coachman to Belfast to learn all about the car he intended purchasing.

"Well, Paddy," said his master, some weeks later, "I suppose you know all there is to know about motor ing now?"

"Yes, no doubt," he answered. "I know everything thoroughly except one small thing. I can't make out, sorr, what makes the car go without horses!"
Henry Ainley
in "The Outrage."

Hepworth Picture Player
CHARLES DE LA RUE
CRIME INVESTIGATOR

Series I.
On the Track of the VAMPIRES

GAUMONT·FILM·HIRE·SERVICE
6·DENMAN·ST·PICCADILLY·CIRCUS·LONDON·W·TELE:·FILMIRERS·TELEW·LONDON·PHONE·REGENT·4250
BRANCHES·GLASGOW·DUBLIN·CARDIFF·NEWCASTLE·LIVERPOOL·LEEDS·BIRMINGHAM·MANCHESTER·BELFAST
VIOLET MERSEREAU, THE DELIGHTFUL "IM" STAR

Of the Trans-Atlantic Co. She offers to marry the handsomest man in a
contest now being held in America. (See page 549.)
SEE Kathlyn Williams' Encounter with a Full-Grown Lion!

THE SULTANA OF THE DESERT

This Beautiful Production Merits Your Special Attention.

Here are a Few of the Thrilling Incidents.

The Journey Across the Desert to the Convent.
The Escape.
Kathlyn's Encounter with a Lion.
The Dramatic Intervention of a Pirate of the Desert.
The Exciting Rescue of the Girl by her Sweetheart, and
The Death of the Lion.

& Remember it's A SELIG &

WHY

The Purple Iris

WILL WIN

"THE PURPLE IRIS"

6 WEEKS 12 REELS COMMENCING

Thursday April 6 1916

Address:
The Trans-Atlantic Film Co., Ltd.,
"THE HOME OF SERIALS."
Managing Director J. D. Tippett,

Because It is a TRANS-ATLANTIC SERIAL. That fact is sufficient to exhibitors who have presented those other gigantic successes, "Lucille Love," "The Grey of Hearts," "The Master Key," "The Black Box," and "The Broken Coin." It is as good a guarantee that for six solid weeks the money will be coming rolling into the pay box because every Trans-Atlantic Serial has GRIIP. It has PUNCH. It has the elements that appeal to the Public in every scene.

Because It is entirely different. It is something novel. Something to give your patrons fresh new sensations. Something that will lift them away from their everyday mundane surroundings and transport them into the heart of the East, surround them with the subtle influence and mysticism of the Orient, lead them through Royal palaces across deserts, thru' bazaars, and a hundred and one places depicted with fascinating realism.

Because It is a six weeks' serial, consisting of six narratives, each 200 feet in length. This is a most convenient length and it will enable you to fit it in with your programme without much trouble. Each narrative is a complete story in itself, but contains the necessary elements of continuity to carry the interest from narrative to narrative.

Because It is a good story, and carries out the old adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." It is doubtful if any living author could invent such hair-raising episodes, such soul-stirring incidents, such romantic scenes of allurements and fascination as are presented in this amazing history.

Because Behind it is the Trans-Atlantic helping hand, for to every exhibitor who books "The Purple Iris" will be presented a magnificent array of Publicity props ABSOLUTELY FREE. This will provide the exhibitor with the means of pulling in the public and the coin. BOOK "THE PURPLE IRIS" NOW.
AURELE SYDNEY—THE FAMOUS GAUMONT ACTOR

Who has played the title-role of "Ultus" (The Man from the Dead). The story of this unusually thrilling detective drama begins on page 51.
Going to the Dogs.

A MOTION picture projecting machine has just been sold to a mining camp in Alaska. On the final stage of its journey the machine will be transported by an Alaskan dog team and laid over the snow to its destination. One might almost say that here is a case of "movies" going to the dogs.

The Two Spiders.

PAULINE FREDERICK will be seen later on in The Spider. A fine star and a fine title. Yes; but we understand the Essanay Company have produced a drama called The Spider which features Ruth Stonehouse. Another fine star, but the same title. We shall have two spiders crawling on the screen unless either company can substitute a bluebottle or some other creature for one of them.

"Why Women Must Save."

"Let it be said with truth hereafter that the great world war of 1914-16 in defence of civilisation, justice, and humanity was largely won by the self-sacrifice of the women of the British Empire." This is the striking summation made by the Right Hon. the Earl of Meath, P.C., in an intensely interesting article by him, under the title "Why Women Must Save," which appears in the issue of Everyday's dated March 11th, on sale on Tuesday next.

Is this the Smallest Cinema?

VANAD ium, Columbia, is so small that it is not even marked on the map. The seating capacity of its cinema is seventy-five, and two shows are given weekly. Henry B. Walthall and Edna Mayo play frequent screen visits there although they have to encounter great difficulties. As Vanadium does not possess a railway station the films destined for its cinema are thrown on the mountain side while the train is passing through. The returned films are carried fifteen miles on horseback to the express office.

Already "Made Up."

HERE is a letter received by the World Film Company of America:—"Much against my country's wishes I have decided to be a movie actor. I am 15. With my pictures so much I want you should have the first chance to hire me. I would make a fine type for leading man, heroic parts, fine villains, comic characters, and Jewish. Another reason is that you would save a lot of money on me in face paint. I understand all movie actors paint their faces yellow. This would not be necessary in my case as I have the jaundice."

Prosperous Balboa.

THE rise of Balboa films is like a fairy tale. After an extensive theatrical experience, H. M. Rockne, who had been an electrical engineer up to that time, gradually the plant increased in size and capacity, and to-day occupies all four corners of two intersecting streets. There are a dozen buildings with an annual capacity for what will soon reach 2,000,000 films. The weekly pay-roll already runs into £1100.

"Greatness" on the Film.

"It is never wise to predict that the film will ever displace the writer in the American magazine. "There may come a time when careful critics will award to some movie-makers the treasured adjective 'great.' But at the beginning they are not entitled to any part of the adjective would be absurd. The movie drama has not yet shown itself capable nor given the slightest indication that it ever can show itself capable of affording an actor the chance to do great work." And we have persistently called many of our film stars "great" players. But our readers will agree with us that he who wrote the above is scarcely accurate.

"Not What Pictures Make Him."

PRESIDENT W ILSON was the guest of honour at the First Annual Dinner of the Motion Picture Board of Trade of America to which nearly one thousand guests sat down. The following is quoted from the President's address, which was confined largely to his own contact with the industry:—"I have sometimes been very much charmed at seeing myself in a motion picture. I have often wondered if I really could be that kind of a guy. The extraordinary rapidity with which I walked, for example; the instantaneous and apparently automatic manner of my motions; the way in which I produce uncommon grimmaces; altogether the whole picture the whole picture I make of myself sends me to bed very unhappy . . . . But I am not what I appear to be in the pictures you make of me. I really am a pretty decent fellow, and I have a lot of emotions that do not show on the surface; and the things that I don't say would fill a book. The great cross of public life is that you don't want to say all the things that you think."

A complete cinema programme, changed weekly, can be produced by Hepworth.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1. A SOLDIER BOXER: Corporal Sullivan, of the London Scottish, trains for his big fight with Corporal Pat O'Keeffe.
2. A WAR TROPHY: Birkenhead's "Own" captured German gun, on show in the Town Hall Square.
3. WINTER WARFARE: A regiment of Alpine Chasseurs mounted on Skis in the field.
4. A HERO OF THE AIR: Sergeant Guynemer, a twenty-one-year-old pilot, whose "bag" of five German aeroplanes includes a Fokker.
5. CONQUERORS ON THE MARCH: A part of the Grant Dukes' Army which attacked and captured Erzerum.
6. DOGS OF WAR: Teams of Alaskan dogs are now used to transport the wounded from the snowed-up battle-front in the Vosges.
"Pictures" chats with the famous London Film producer prior to his return to America.

Harold Shaw

BEING deputized by my Editor to interview Harold Shaw, I tried me, one recent springlike morning, before the sparrow had left his nest, to seek my prey. But early as I was, when I got out at St. Margaret's Station Mr. Shaw was on the platform going to town by the very train I had arrived by. So we journeyed together, and my interview took place in the new electric car now run by the London and South Western Railway.

Ever bright and cheery is Shaw, and with right good will he submitted to my questions.

"When did you arrive in England, Mr. Shaw?"

"I arrived in England for the first time in my life on June 7th, 1913, my good friend Mr. Northam having been sent out to America to secure me as general stage director for the London Film Company. I did not have his acquaintance long before I knew I had a pal. When we sailed out of New York Harbour, we both saluted the Statue of Liberty, and I know we saluted the Lizard when I first caught sight of Old England. I heard much from Northam on the voyage about Dr. Jupp and his associates; he had many kind things to say about them, and they were all borne out when I arrived among them.

"What was your first picture?"

"I started with Cleverly, but was never very pleased with it, for I knew that it did not contain my best work. Then came Beauty and the Barge, with that prince of actors Cyril Mande as Captain Barley.

"You like Mr. Mande, then?"

"It was a great pleasure to be associated with him, especially as I believe it was the first picture he had ever played in. My only regret was that my knowledge of England and that great luminous writer W. W. Jacobs was not greater at the time. I don't think I did him justice."

"I don't wish to contradict you, but I have seen the picture and I consider it excellent."

"Thanks, old man, that's good of you. Then came the preparation for the scenario of The House of Tempeley. A rather tall order for an American who knew so little of England, especially the Georgian period. But Sir Arthur Conan Doyle had given me clear lines, so I set to work. With the aid of a typist, I started at 10 a.m., and before seven o'clock that same evening the scenario as after-wards seen on the screen had been dictated. With such a splendid story and such a cast of characters, drawn from the best actors in England, I felt it was impossible to fail. Then came a rather nasty set-back for me. Two days before the trade show of Tempeley, which I was eagerly awaiting, I was operated upon for appendicitis; and here I must again speak of my good friend Dr. Jupp, for it was due to his advice and cheery company that I pulled through a very dangerous illness. He was more like a brother than a friend.

"Tempeley was a success?"

"It was, and from that day the London Film Company was a firm to be reckoned with. After a period of convalescence, during which I had paid two visits to Paris and the seaside, I came back to work.

"I suppose the demand for London Film pictures then commenced?"

"Yes, and in order to meet the demand we sent for my friend George L. Tucker, with whom I had been working to California to meet my father, whom I have not seen since his return from England.

"Have you any regret in leaving England?"

"Hundreds! I am leaving hosts of good friends who have made me welcome and at home all the time. And here let me express my thankfulness for the support given me by the English actors and actresses who have so splendidly aided me in my work, and you may add that I and the management of the London Film Company part the best of friends.

"When may we expect you back?"

"That is uncertain, but the green lanes of Old England have a great call for one who has grown to love them. As the East has to one who has sensed the desert. Working as I have done for twenty-three years on the stage, the cinema, and producing, I am naturally looking forward to meeting many of my old friends when I go home. In conclusion you may say that I wish all Americans knew England and Englishmen as well as I do, and that if all Englishmen knew Americans there would no longer be any doubt about the Anglo-Saxon race marching shoulder to shoulder."

Ashton Bryan

Poor Little Peppina.

For the first time in her screen career Mary Pickford appears in a produced production. Poor Little Peppina, produced by the Famous Players Company, is it is moreover her first appearance on the screen since the formation of the Famous Players-Mary Pickford Company, in the productions of which she retains a half interest. The picture will present Mary in novel garb—the corduroy trousers and ever-flowing skirt of the Italian peasant youth. As the stowaway on ship board, Peppina dresses in boy's clothes in order to avoid molestation, and she continues the disguise when she reaches New York because she finds it easier to find employment when she is clothed in male attire. Through force of circum-stances she becomes a bootblack, telegraph messenger, etc., and in general servant of a band of counterfeiters who prove to be the very band who kidnapped her as a baby.

Are 'The Commuters' coming to your favourite Picture show?
Prologue - The False Friend.

"To think that it is all over, that tomorrow - how sweet it sounds! - we start for home!"

"Yes, Dick," replied his companion. "I think we can cry 'Hail!' set firmly back to England with sufficient diamonds to make us rich men."

Years before, Dick Morgan and Gilbert Townsend had come to the Southern land to seek their fortunes. In their struggle against a hard fate, but Goddess Good and Fortune had come their way at last. No wonder Townsend was jubilant on this sunny evening when toil was forgotten in the desire to get home. "We have found the richest diamond-field in the world, old man," said he, slamming Morgan on the back. "Before dawn, to-morrow we start for England and wealth beyond dreams."

"Right, old son, we'll go inside and pack up," and Morgan led the way to the hut in which they were to spend the last night of the great hunt. Morgan dreamt of the future. His partner sat brooding through the night.

"With Morgan alive - halves. Without Morgan - all is mine," kept hammering at his brain until conscience was deadened. "Dare I do it?" he asked himself as the first pale beams of another day began to lighten the hut. Conquering his fear, Townsend rose, determined to shoot his partner, but Morgan stirred, and courage ebbed. The chance had gone, and Townsend, sitting at the table, hid his tell-tale face.

"It's you, old man!" cried Morgan, clapping the shoulders of his sleeping partner. "It's time to start."

Through the open door they stepped out into the Great Desert. Marching steadily side by side, the doomed Morgan and his scheming partner, with faces as pale as the sun's rays, set off on their course. The breeze was sudden and cold. Morgan suspected nothing, but his heart was in his mouth. Townsend's plan was consummated. Townsend had seen the opportunity. Townsend was the man. Townsend was the thief. Townsend was the villain. Townsend was determined to get the jewels of the Englishman who had left them for dead. Townsend was determined to have his revenge. Townsend was determined to have his revenge. Townsend was determined to have his revenge.

"Morgan should be dead by this time," muttered the villain when he returned six hours later and found his partner had fainted. Steadily his hand sought the wallet of precious stones, but the action was sufficient to arouse Morgan, who seized the wallet with his left hand, and fought gamely. "You - yes, you would rob me?" he managed to gasp.

"Yes, and kill you for such a prize."

The brutal Townsend slashed the hand clutching another's fortune, and fled with the shrills of the wounded man ringing in his ears. Over the hummocks of sand he tore; over the sand to England, wealth, and what?

Part I - The Vengeance of Ultus.

To a lonely loft came a striking-looking man. That he was no stranger in it was evident. He walked to the table, and placing a note inside the cover of a book, departed quietly. Late that night men and women came to the loft and read:

"To my faithful friends - The Call! Five years have I waited for revenge! Townsend, feasted by society, is at the height of his ambition. To-night, I strike! In our House of Mystery, at the hour of performing our secret rites, meet me."

"Ultus: The Man from the Dead."

The Call had come to those who had made the cause of Ultus. The little did Townsend, now Sir Gilbert, think that Morgan had returned to England - had come back from the dead - to exact vengeance for which he had waited five years. Morgan had not died. Rescued by a party of prospectors, he had been saved from death and nursed back to health and strength.

Sir Gilbert Townsend was in the public eye. A wealthy man, he had four years before become "the rage" in so-called society. Who he was, from whence he had come did not matter. The Townsend Diamond Syndicate was a large success. The wirepullers demonstrated their thankfulness by nominating him for the most exclusive..."
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

**THE BANQUET TO THE TOWNSENDS.** One of the many big scenes in *Ultus,* and a fine example of British film production.

Dramatic was the meeting of Ultus the Avenger and his comrades that night. Shrouded forms were standing round a table, the top of which was fashioned like a coffin-lid, when "The Chief" arrived.

"Greetings, comrades!" came in soft accents, as Ultus stood at the head.

"No, it is Morgan himself returned. You scoundrel! I am not dead. From to-night I begin, bit by bit, to take back all you stole from me in the desert. I, who once was Morgan, am now Ultus—the Avenger!"

"What do you want?" asked Townsend, hesitatingly.

"Revenge, you villain! Were it not too light a punishment I would kill you now," and seizing the Avenger by the throat, he flung him to the floor.

"You shall hear of me until the name of Ultus haunts you. See that scar? Your money, your reputation, and finally your life shall go to the wiping out of that deed of infamy."

Without another word Ultus left the house.

Even while the banquet had been in progress he had begun his work of revenge. "Here," said Ultus to his comrades, "are the plans of the vaults of his Diamond Syndicate. You have only the night watchman to deal with. Go, my brethren, and strike a firm blow!"

Working quietly, the marauders hit the safe, disappointed that their haul was so small. A hundred thousand pounds' worth of diamonds could scarcely be considered a great coup for effect in the stronghold of such a wealthy syndicate. A knock-out blow had put the watchman out of action, and when he recovered, he could not give an effective alarm, as the telephone wires had been cut.

Sir Gilbert soon heard the news. Its import was greater than any one else knew. It was all too clear that Morgan was not idly boasting when he threatened to bleed Sir Gilbert of his wealth and wreck the position he occupied.

Whilst the papers were busy "working up" the mystery, a meeting of the directors of the syndicate was held. At which it was unanimously agreed to call in Conan Way Bass to their assistance.

**Part 2—The Crime Investigator.**

SIR GILBERT TOWNSEND knew he could rely upon the detective to do his best to unravel the skeins of a fast-growing mystery and at the same time not to reveal too much.

The robbery was the talk of the town, and the imaginative writers of the sensational Press made the most of the opportunity.

Comfortably seated in his cosy flat, Ultus read the conclusions of the papers with a smile. Prate as the newspapers might concerning the old-fashioned methods of the police, the Avenger feared their steady piling more than the brilliance of any private investiga-
Week Ending
March 11, 1916

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PICTURES AND THE PICTURGOER

for, however famous. Ultras made a mental note to be careful of Conway Bass, and then turned to the only item of business containing the story. In the intention of his enemy to give him a ball-gown birth to an idea. He resolved to be one of the guests and strike another blow at the man he had sworn to ruin.

When the note was first called, he met the whole board of directors, and accepted the trust they placed in his hands.

Two days he spent in following clues. Then he telephoned to the baronet asking him to come and confer with him as he had suggested.

"What do you think of it, Bass?" inquired Sir Gilbert.

"I must first know what to say. There is nothing upon which to form conclusions of any value,"

"Then you have done nothing," said the baronet, in disappointed tones.

"I have the strength of the district for two weeks without realizing anything. I am inclined to agree with you."

"But there must have been a motive," suggested Sir Gilbert.

"Oh, there was a motive. The scoring of a hundred thousand pounds' worth of diamonds is sufficient motive even for a gang working scientifically as these men were," was the detective's response.

"You believe there was more than one man?" asked Sir Gilbert.

"Decidedly. But why put the question in that form, Sir Gilbert? Is it possible that you can throw light upon the mystery? Is there any man who owes you a grudge? You know the man, Sir Gilbert? I see you do," said Bass, as he watched the terror of fear steal across the baronet's face.

"Yes, I believe I do. On the night of the banquet I was seated in my study, when a man I knew years ago came in and demanded a large sum of money. I declined to accord him his demands. He threatened that he would get the money whether I gave it to him or not. We fought, I beat him off, but before I could call the servants he had gone."

"A very strange story, Sir Gilbert. What was the man like?"

"A tall, striking-looking man, with a scar on his left hand," he answered.

"Under what circumstances did you last meet him?"

"Please don't ask me," almost shouted the baronet.

"I do and must, Sir Gilbert. You are hiding something. You must tell me all."

Then Sir Gilbert told his story to the detective: "He had a fortune in diamonds, he continued, 'and I was dying. My wife, and with just suit to her which to reach inhabited land, I tried to take them. He woke up and fought. I cut his hand and fell—oh, the horror of it all!'" wailed the tardy victim.

"The man in me despises you," replied Bass, staggered by the recital; "but the detective will help you."

Bass did not go home, smoke a strong pipe, and look well. He decided, now that he had a description to work upon, to endeavour to trace the criminals. The following day the newspapers held the following advertisement:—

"£10 Reward.—If the chauffeur who drove some men to or from the neighbour of the Townsend Mining Syndicate Offices on the night of the 27th ult. will call at C. B.'s, Argyle Buildings, W., after 8 p.m. he will be heard of something to his advantage."

Ultras read the note. "C. B." was no doubt Conway Bass. Disguising himself as a chauffeur, and taking with him a route map of London, Ultras called at Argyle Buildings. To the servant he explained that he had come to make an engagement. The man asked Ultras to stay in the waiting-room for a minute or two. On the mantelpiece stood the indicator of a Morse instrument.

"Ah, a careful person this C. B.," I must keep an eye open for a two-button push within easy reach."

His speculations were broken as the man returned. "Mr. Bass will see you. This way, please."

"So it is Conway Bass," thought Ultras, as he walked into another room.

"What information can you give me?" asked the detective quickly.

"I have an idea I drove a cab full of sheat put that in his packet and told the detective good-night. Making sure that his man was carrying out the instructions given him, Conway Bass watched his visitor out of sight. Then he discovered the note Ultras had left. It read: "Do not use this Morse code when you have mirror firescreen. See you at the Townsend Ball, Ultras."

"Tricked, he heavens!" gasped Conway Bass, who knew now that he had a criminal after his own heart.

On the night of the ball Bass provided both police in uniform and detectives to ensure the complete frustration of any plan, however daring. When all were in their places, he assured Sir Gilbert that the house was so well guarded that if Ultras did put in an appearance disaster would overtake him.

"Then, thank goodness, we need not worry to-night. "Have a cigar."

The box contained more than a fine brand of cigars. Bass was astounded to find inside a note: 'To-night I shall read the Morse code; "This man is in disguise." Ticked out the instrument."

Bass uses the Morse Code: "This man is in disguise," ticked out the instrument.
"No," Sir Gilbert was saying, "the chances are all against a criminal eluding justice for long!"

Contrary to your own experience, isn’t it?" asked a voice from behind.

"Ulus!" cried both men in astonishment. Quickly they rushed at the stern-looking figure, but Ulus made no attempt to evade the attack. In the struggle a little table was upset, with a crash to the floor, and almost at once the baronet and the detective had the better of the intruder. With joy in his heart, Conway Bass whirled for the police, and as the men tumbled into the room and hustled Ulus away, Townsend whispered, gleefully: "You’ve had a short career, my fine leader of criminals."

"Such a wee, my fine fellow!" replied Ulus.

Into a waiting car the police pushed the Avenger, followed by Bass who began to congratulate himself upon the unexpected success of the evening, whilst Sir Gilbert Townsend announced to the guests that Ulus, a desperate criminal, had been captured.

The car tore madly down the road.

"My dear Mr. Chauffeur, you are my prisoner now," exclaimed Bass to the handcuffed Ulus.

"I don’t think so," was the quick response as Ulus sprang to his feet and led the "police" in an attack upon the detective. The tables were turned with amazing suddenness. Out into the road Bass was flung, and, struggling to his feet, he shook an impotent fist at the quickly receding car.

The dance was going merrily forward when a dishevelled man burst upon the startled company.

"Ulus has escaped!" shouted the newcomer, who was Conway Bass.

"Escaped? But—but—he was taken by the police!" roared Sir Gilbert.

"All confederates. The police are lying drugged down below," was the detective’s rejoinder.

"I’m so thankful my pendant is safe!" remarked Lady Townsend.

"Yes, I have that," replied Bass, putting his hand in his pocket. Then—"No, by heaven, that has gone too!" he faltered.

With the engine running sweetly, the car containing Ulus and his men soon reached the Towers. A laughing, chattering crowd went into the house.

"Splendid!" cried the Avenger, triumphantly. "Now they know what they are up against; let us drink the health of poor old Conway Bass."

(To be concluded next week.)

WOUNDED and home from the Wars, a useful right arm blown away,
Claimed in his Country’s Great Cause,
back in his seat he lay.
Debarked in the future from sports,
which he’d loved in the days long ago,
Still, some relaxation is left there’s always a picture show.

Here is another poor lad, not wounded,
but deaf—cannon’s shrill
Had saddened a heart that was glad, for
he cannot hear other folks speak.
The Temple of Thespis he does not
attend; words now convey nothing,
and so
He goes where he’ll understand everything
there’s always a picture show.

Here sit some poor wounded souls, one
with his legs gone for aye.

No more will he shoot clever goals when
in Winter “King Footer” holds sway,
But there’s one recreation left to him yet,
and he’ll go when he can that
I know—
He’ll make it a custom, as most of us do, attending the picture show.

Thank God for these heroes; they’re saving the world from the ruthless and ogre-like Hun.

They went and they fought with their banner unfurled, and thought it the greatest of fun.

We owe them a lot which we never can pay, but there’s one way to help them, I know—
Just give them a treat, when occasion demands, and “stand” them a picture show.

EDWIN HOLLINGSHEAD.
WANTED—THE HANDSOMEST MAN

Violet Mersereau, the beautiful screen star, will offer her heart, hand, and salary to the manly Adonis when he is found.

In a recent issue we told you that the Universal Company (known as the Trans-Atlantic) was giving to Los Angeles, California, an opportunity to compete for a prize contract, as a picture star. Now we learn that the contest is being advertised to be one of the most beautiful screen stars, and that portrait is published on the front cover of this issue, is going to kneel to the handsomest man in America.

According to the Editor of the Handsomest Man Contest, Violet declares that if any woman has learned to cook and nothing to her fame, she doesn’t mean, but is amiable, cheerful, and willing to trust her husband, and can be happy on a small income, then that woman is perfectly justified in asking the noblest of men to become her husband.

Furthermore, she would like to know if the sweet, delicate, economical, domestic, guaranteed, sound-and-kind woman can get a husband without asking for him, what is to become of the rest of us.

Now, there is no imagination so fertile as to conceive a reason for any Violet Mersereau’s having to propose. But the very latest bulletin features the fact that this delightful personage is prepared to propose to the handsomest man.

Who is he? That’s the question which Americans have been asking ever since Columbus “came across,” but it looks as though the Universal Company is going to settle this question for all time in the contest. In this contest they have given the handsomest man in America.

What is a year’s contract as a star in Universal Company compared with an offer of the hand, heart, and pay envelope of a girl who is known where the people can’t even speak English or look civilized? Violet is just about the sweetest, dearest little thing that ever gilded before an audience. To see her is to love her, for she has a wonderful personality which attracts every one to her.

Just what caused this rash promise is something her director and secretary refuse to discuss, while she herself will add nothing to her announcement. She will marry the handsomest man in America when he is found. Of course, there is a slight alibi here; she may not think the Universal’s choice is really the handsomest man. I don’t care who he is,” she said the other day, “as long as he is really handsome and fills the specifications I have drawn up. He may be working in coal mines or breaking bronchos out in Montana, but it will make no difference to me.”

What is your ideal?” was asked.

“Why do THE COMMUTERS’ commute?”
THE TAILOR OF BOND STREET

Adapted from the Film by NORMAN HOWARD.

The Marquis of Edenbridge, imperious peer and society parasite, looked bored. He had just called upon Marcovitch Einstein, the Bond Street tailor, with a view of collecting any sundry commissions that might be due to him. He had received instead, much to his disgust, a detailed account from the old man of how he intended arranging his son’s future.

“You know,” continued Einstein, frankly, “it was a great blow to me when my son Reggie refused to come into my business. A gentleman he had been brought up, he said, and a gentleman he meant to remain.”

“Well, why shouldn’t he?” agreed the Marquis, pleasantly.

“There’s plenty of the necessary cash available to back him out. Send him up to Oxford and do the thing properly. My own son, Lord Alan Galberg, is there, and I’m sure he would be only too happy to look after the boy and put him up to the ropes,” he added obliquely, watching Einstein through his half-closed lashes.

Einstein nodded. “I suppose you are right after all,” he agreed.

That night the Marquis wrote to Lord Alan. “Don’t forget that old Einstein has plenty of cash,” he concluded, “so make hay while the sun shines.”

Upon opening his dad’s letter Lord Alan grinned. “The Gov. needn’t worry his head on that score,” he muttered under his breath. “I’ll look after old Einstein’s cash all right. Just the thing to pull me out of some of my own troubles.”

When Reggie arrived at Oxford some little time later, Lord Alan met him at the station. “Come along and share my rooms,” he insisted, affably. “I’ve got a topping place.”

“It’s awfully good of you,” answered Reggie, unenthusiastically. “Not a bit of it,” returned the other, laughing. “But I say,” he added, seriously, “hadn’t you better change your name? The chap here will scarcely stick Einstein, you know, and you will have a rough time if it don’t.”

“I never thought of that,” replied Reggie, uneasily.

“What name do you suggest?”

“Oh! any old name,” mused Lord Alan. “How will Murray do; or Maylett, say? Yes! Maylett is quite a good name; use that.”

“Capital,” agreed Reggie, gaily. “I’ll change it to Maylett.”

As soon as Reggie had settled down in his new quarters Lord Alan lost little time in commencing his “fleecing” operations. Race-meetings and card-parties speedily became their daily programme, and study was soon quite a secondary consideration.

“Look here, old chap,” burst out Reggie one morning, as the two were seated at breakfast, “I’m going to chuck up all this sporting business and settle down to do some work. I’m absolutely broke.”

Lord Alan looked at him critically.

“Don’t be a fool,” he remonstrated impatiently. “Your old man has plenty of tin, so what on earth are you worrying about?”

“It’s not that,” replied Reggie. “It’s the principle of the thing. I hate trading on the Gov.; it’s not playing the game.”

“Playing the game he hanged!” spluttered Lord Alan, putting down his cup and rising from the table. “Do you suppose for one moment that your Gov. doesn’t understand. He knows what it costs to fool about Oxford as well as you do. Probably did the same thing himself.”

“I’m perfectly certain that he never did anything of the kind,” flashed Reggie, indignantly.

“Oh, well, so much the better,” replied Lord Alan, “for now, you see, you’ve got his share to do as well. Just drop him a line telling him that you are hard up, and explain that your expenses here are heavier than you anticipated they would be. It’s as simple as A B C.”

“I suppose you know best,” replied Reggie, wearily, “only I wish to heaven I didn’t always want so much.”

Reggie’s persistent demands for money were beginning to worry old Einstein considerably.

“It’s no good,” expostulated Lew Mendel, his manager, “This sort of thing has got to stop. Business is by no means what it used to be, and your son’s reckless expenditure is placing the firm in a very precarious condition.”

“I know, I know!” muttered the old man, feebly. “I can’t understand what the boy is doing. He seems to have no consideration for me at all nowadays.”

“Let us go down and see him,” urged his ward Esther. “I’m sure that if only I could have a talk to Reggie for a few minutes, I could make him see the folly of his ways.”

And so it was agreed. Einstein and Esther decided to go down and see Reggie in his rooms.

“Well, I’m hanged if it isn’t Alys Vereker and her sister Hilda,” mused Lord Alan, when a few days later he spotted the two girls whilst enjoying his morning’s walk.

“Fancy meeting you,” he exclaimed, as he strode up to them. The Hon. Alys Vereker laughed lightly.

“Well, Alan,” she rippled, “when creditors get too pressing you know, country air is frequently preferable to town.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” roared Lord Alan. “Same old game. And who is damping you this time, might I ask? Dressmakers, I’ll wager.”

“Well, I believe you are right. Why I actually had a letter from that wretched Einstein man this morning, demanding a settlement of his account, and threatening me with proceedings.”

The amused expression upon Lord Alan’s face changed immediately to one of amazement.

“A letter from Einstein?” he repeated, questioningly. “Not Einstein the Bond Street tailor, surely?”

“Certainly, why if he has written me once he has done so a dozen times.”

Lord Alan collapsed once more into merriment. “This is too funny for words,” he gasped. “Why, do you know I’ve got the old boy’s son sharing rooms with me up here at Oxford.”

It was the girls’ turn to look amazed. “Here at Oxford,” they chomosed together.

“Yes, and has been for some time. Now, look here, girls,” continued Lord Alan, “here’s the very chance that you are
looking for. Let me introduce you to the chap as a friend of mine. Then, Alvy, you can make a fuss of him, and the rest will be plain sailing.

The girls at once agreed. The possibilities of the case appealed very strongly to both of them.

"I'll teach his precious father to annoy me with his unwelcome letters," thought Alvy, as she accepted Lord Alan's invitation to lunch for the following day.

Next morning, however, much to Reggie's annoyance and vexation, his father, accompanied by Esther, appeared upon the scene.

"Why didn't you say you were coming?" he asked the old man irritably, as he ushered them into his rooms.

"I'm sorry if I've upset any of your arrangements," answered his father; "but we only made up our minds to pay you a surprise visit this morning."

"Of course I'm glad to see you," answered Reggie, hurriedly. "But the fact is I've got a luncheon party on with some friends of Lord Alan's, and I'm afraid I must ask you to—er—take a walk or something for awhile, and then come back again. Here they are," he continued, as the bell rang. "Come this way to my bedroom in case they meet you here."

Einstein picked up his hat and slowly followed his son into the inner room. As the door closed upon him he heard his son being introduced to the party as "Maylett." A puzzled expression stole over his countenance.

"Maylett? Maylett?" he repeated, questioningly. "Why do they call my son 'Maylett'?"

But Esther remained silent, and, catching sight of her face, Einstein understood all. An icy chill swept over him. An intense bitterness filled his soul.

"Come," he choked, "we will go out this other way into the grounds."

Later in the day, succumbing to Esther's entreaties, Einstein set off with the intention of returning to his son's room. As he retraced his steps he ran into Hilda Vereker as she and Lord Alan were just setting out for a stroll.

"Why!" gasped Einstein, drawing back into the shadow, "there's that Vereker woman—the one who refuses to pay me her account. I will confront her with it at once!"

But Lord Alan thought otherwise. Spotting the approaching Einstein, and realising what was about to take place, he hailed a bunch of student-friends who were passing at the moment.

I commute. We commute.

Thou commutest. You commute.

He, she or it They commute.

commutes.

But how on earth is it done?

THE AWAKENING HOUR

A Drama of the Stage

IN THREE ACTS

Featuring

NELL CRAIG

Ask the manager of your local cinema when he is going to show this film.

ESSANAY FILM SERVICE, Ltd., 22, SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.
"That old chap is a tout, boys!" he cried out. "Chuck him out of the grounds!"

As Lord Alan’s friends proceeded to carry out his request, Einstein caught sight of Reggie talking to Alya in the distance. 

"Reggie, Reggie!" he called. "You aren’t going, Reggie!"

Reggie, rushing towards his son. "Tell these people who I am." But the horror of the situation overcame Reggie. "I don’t know you," he exclaimed feebly. "I think you have made a mistake." And turning quickly away, he was soon lost to sight.

With a low cry of pain the old man staggered forward, and would have fallen but the ready arm of Esther supported him. "My boy! My boy!"

He exclaimed, "That I should have lived to hear such words from my own son!"

On the following day Reggie went to London to explain the reason for his extraordinary conduct. "If the fellows knew who I was," he protested, "it would ruin my chances at Oxford for ever!"

Accepting his explanation, the old man forgave him and despatched him back to Oxford with his blessing.

But once again under the spell of the Hon. Alya, Reggie fell back into his old life of extravagance. Misfortune followed misfortune until at length his father was ruined. Disposing of his business to Mendel, his manager, Einstein distanced Reggie and faced an ordeal. "I still have the boy," he told himself, "whatever else I may have lost."

That night he discovered Reggie forcing open the safe in his own private office. The unexpected sight unnerved him, and he clutched at the wall for support. "My son—a thief!"

"Go! Go!") he exclaimed, with breaking heart. "Never enter my doors again. For you I have sacrificed everything, and, not content with ruining me, you would rob me. Go!"

Repeating bitterly for what he had done, Reggie went abroad. A year’s sheep-farming brought about a great change in him, for he had suffered deeply the acuteness of remorse.

Then came the chance glance at an English newspaper, which brought him home with all possible speed.

"Solly Einstein, return to your friend. All anxions'"—the paragraph ran.

He little realised that after his departure for abroad his father had gone out into the world alone—an old, hopeless, and broken man. Destitute, he had looked about for the means of livelihood, but misfortune had dogged his footsteps wherever he had gone, leaving him, a drifting derelict.

Upon his return home Reggie found his reception to be far from welcome. "I have come to find my father," he faltered, in low and even tones. "He is all I have left to live for now."

A great wave of sympathy swept over Mendel and Esther, as they watched his agony.

"Come with us, my boy, to the synagogue," said Mendel, kindly, placing his hand on Reggie’s shoulder, "we will look for your father together."

Outside the synagogue stood an aged and infirm man, helpless and poorly clad, begging for alms. "Thank you, kind sir," he murmured, as a passer-by dropped a coin into his nerveless fingers. "May heaven bless you for your goodness!"

As Reggie approached with Mendel and Esther, the pathetic figure of the old man standing at the door of the synagogue attracted his attention. For a second he paused, and stared intently; then with a cry of surprise he rushed towards him.

"Father! Father!" he cried wildly. "Don’t you know me? It is I—Reggie, your son. I have come back to beg your forgiveness."

With a gesture of despair the old man shrank away. "I don’t know you," he cried vacantly. "I have no son."

"For God’s sake forgive me," implored Reggie, clutching his father to his breast. "I didn’t understand."

For a moment the old man remained undecided; then, overcome by the great affection which he still bore his son, and also by the entreaties of both Mendel and Esther, he grasped Reggie by the hand. "My boy! My boy!" he sobbed brokenly. "Thank God He has brought you back to me once more!"

The boy’s strong arm supported his poor old father as they slowly crossed the threshold of the synagogue.

The Tailor of Bond Street is described as a comedy-drama in four reels. It was produced in London by the Barker Company. It is more than a story; it is a little bit of human life, and it features those clever actors Yorke and Leonard, the original Potash and Perlmutter.

The principal parts were played as follows:—"Einstein," Gus Yorke; "Reggie Einstein," (as a boy) Master Barker, (grown-up) Thos. H. MacDonald; "Mendel," Robert Leonard; "Esther," (as a girl) Miss Barker, (grown-up) Peggy Richards.

The film is owned by the Gerrard Film Company, Ltd., of Gerrard Street, London, W. The release date is March 14th.

WILLIAM LE QUEUX NOVEL FILMED.

His admirers will learn with pleasure that the B. and C. Co. have secured the film rights of William Le Queux’s well-known novel of political mystery Fatal Figures. The novel is typical of its author: a sensational plot, abounding in powerful situations, excellent characterisations, and real human interest. The adaptation and production of the film has been intrusted to Elton Stanwood and A. V. Bramble, the producers of Sinian, by John Strange Winter. Davison’s Film Sales Agency will handle the film when completed.

If you miss seeing Potash & Perlmutter in "THE TAILOR OF BOND ST." you’ll be sorry.
A Tribute to Hepworth Popularity

Many of our readers have sent for extra copies of "Pictures" containing photographs of the three leading Hepworth lady players, Alma Taylor, Chrissie White, and Violet Hopson.

We have not been able to meet the demand, as each of the issues has been out of print, and we consequently reproduce the photos on the three following pages, knowing that they will give delight to those who have been disappointed and to all lovers of good British Pictures.
Alma Taylor
"the girl who believed."

Hepworth Picture Player
Chrissie White
who plays the title role in the Hepworth Picture Play "Sweet Lavender," by Sir Arthur Pinero.
Violet Hopson
"the dear delightful villainess."
A WONDERFUL SUCCESS
and an apology.

MUCH as we are gratified at the success of 'The Cinegoer' we regret that so many have been disappointed in obtaining it. Owing to the shortage of paper it is impossible to extend the weekly supply and we wish that those who desire to receive this beautiful Cinema paper every week would place a regular order with their Newsagent at once or send 9/- to us for a year's subscription post paid.

This week's issue contains:

THE LATEST AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAIT OF
CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

THE FILM STORY OF "AN AFFAIR OF THREE NATIONS"
Beautifully illustrated.

"ANOTHER FILM SECRET."

4 FULL-PAGE PORTRAITS OF FILM STARS

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
POEMS OF THE FILM
and other splendid features

ORDER
"THE CINEGOER"
NOW

from your newsagent.

All subscriptions should be sent direct to 613 Imperial House, Kingsway, London W.C.
BILLY MERSON
is the uninvited guest in
The Man in Possession.

This film is a scream from beginning to end. Merson's inimitable acting is a treat.
Lupino Lane is also in the cast.

DON'T MISS IT.

If you have not seen it, a postcard to us will bring you a reply stating when and where it will be shown in your district.

THE GLOBE FILM CO., Ltd.,
81-83, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE,
LONDON, W.
J. Warren Kerrigan, who is still a Trans-Atlantic star. The Victor films in which he appears are giving great opportunities for his wonderful art.

Eleanor Woodruff, whose great popularity has been made in Pathé American films, and more recently in Vitagraph Broadway Star Features.

Leonie Flugrath, the Edison player who appeared in The Little Saleslady, released in January. She is a sister of Edna Flugrath.

William Garwood—his friends call him "Billy"—one of the most gentlemanly actors in pictures. He is a Trans-Atlantic (Imp) Star.
Read the Story of The Tailor of Bond Street On Page 550.

THIS is one of the finest everyday life dramas that has yet been filmed. The story centres round our well-known friends, "Potash and Perlmutter," whose splendid acting is a joy to all who see the film.

The story in another part of this paper will certainly create the desire to see this production. We advise you not to forget it. We can tell you where and when it will be shown in your district if you will write to us, but the better way is to draw the attention of the manager of your favourite Cinema to it, and ask him to put it in his programme soon.

THE . . .
GERRARD FILM CO., LTD.,
The Film House, Gerrard Street,
LONDON, W.C.
FIND THE FILM
OUR GREAT FREE PICTURE COMPETITION.

£65 IN CASH AND OTHER PRIZES

1st prize, £10; 2nd prize, £5; Ten of 10s. each.

TWO HUNDRED CONSOLATION PRIZES.

Below we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognise one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but any one of these letters may be used more than once. Thus, even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the tenth set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in Pictures on sale Mar. 11th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10; and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

10th SET.

37. Scene from
Letters used: I J M S T U

38. Scene from
Letters used: A D E F G H I L R T W

39. Scene from
Letters used: C D E G H I N O R S T

40. Scene from
Letters used: A E F H I L N O P S T X
THE GREAT PICTURE PLAY
THE WHITE HOPE

By W. H. R. TROWBRIDGE

is now being shown at West End Cinema, London, W.C.
Very soon it will be on view at all the leading London and Provincial Picture Theatres.
You must certainly see this great boxing picture, which shows that a man is still a gentleman even if he is a professional pugilist.

Of course you're interested in the Dardanelles. Well, look out for a fine film

"WITH THE DARDANELLES EXPEDITION."

Photographed by
E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

Now showing at the "Empire," and will soon be on view throughout Britain.

See them when they come to your town.

Meanwhile, write and ask for
Illustrated Synopses to:

MOSS' EMPIRES, LTD.
86, Charing Cross Road,
LONDON, W.C.
THAT, according to a contemporary, Mrs. Alicia Adelaide Needham, composer of "Who Carries the Gun?" "Who's that Calling?" and about 700 other songs, has remarked—"Once a week at least I see the pictures, and am not ashamed to say that I enjoy them."

THAT the fact proves again that our picture theatres attract more than those of ordinary or lesser intelligence.

THAT a feather was missing from the title of our Four Feathers cartoon; it must have moulted through going to press.

THAT we may expect some really comic pictures by Graham and Green from the Broadwest Studio, the second G being R. Judd Green, so long associated with London Films.

THAT Vesta Tilley, long known as the "London Idol" of the music halls, is to make her first appearance on the screen.

THAT Constance Collier, the favourite English stage-player, is appearing with Sir Herbert Tree in the Macbeth film.

THAT Claude Harris, the photographer, of 122, Regent Street, W., is starting film-production on his own account, and in which he will introduce novel lighting effects.

THAT his first drama is Sanctuary, by Malcolm Watson, which will feature Sylvia Cavallio and Clifford Pembroke.

THAT Smith, Somerset Maugham’s comedy, which was done at the Comedy Theatre, London, is now being produced by Maurice Elvey, as a London film, with Elisabeth Riddon as "Smith," the parlour-maid, and Fred Groves also in the cast.

THAT J. R. Tozer, having recently finished playing in The Hard Way for Broadwest, will appear in their next big production, and in a part giving J. R. T. great scope.

THAT Crick’s and Martin’s latest trick picture, mentioned in last week’s issue, is called Only a Roomer.

THAT the author is Ernest Dangerfield, whose wife has played the leading female role in their last six comedies.

THAT Bakerloo Bunny, who turns the scale at 17st. 11lb., is appearing in light parts in Gaumont pictures in London.

THAT the Gaumont French Studios have produced Diamond Cut Diamond, the second of the series Chas. De La Rue: Crime Investigator, issued by the G.E.I.S.

DON'T LOOK OLD!
You begin to look old, with those grey and fade hair—always accompanied. Write now to the great Hair Specialist, J. Pepper & Co., Ltd., 7, Holborn Viaduct, London, for a bottle of their world famous Lockyer’s HAIR RESTORER 1/6
Sent privately packed and post-free.
Lockyer’s gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleans the scalp; is the most perfect Hair Dressing.

Potash & Perlmutter in THE TAILOR OF BOND ST."

"SALOMY JANE."

By BRETT HARTE.

A fine tale of California.
Beautiful scenery, and a thrilling love story.

"THE FOUR FEATHERS."

By Capt. A.E. W. MASON.

A really great story, the principal part of the plot being filmed in the desert in Egypt.

These two films will be shown in practically every town in Britain. We want you to see them, for we know they will please you. It is a good idea to collect the synopses of all the fine films you see. Both of the above, with photo illustrations, for two penny stamps to cover postage.

If your favourite cinema is not showing, ask the manager about it.

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Write for Synopses.
Weak, Dyspeptic and Anaemic.

Made Well and Happy by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Miss Alice Matthews, of 25, Fitzgerald Street, Manchester Road, Bradford, says: "For years I had never been really well, and finally my health collapsed altogether, because so weak that I had to give up my work, for severe fainting fits used to come on at all times. I have had several in one week. Indigestion made my life a misery. Every meal I ate by like a weight on my chest and caused severe pains just between my shoulders. Sometimes the food returned, after which I would be quite prostrate from the terrible strain. Expulsion due to indigestion was another affliction, so severe that I really thought I had heart disease, and hallucinations of frightful intensity added to my suffering. At times I was very nervous, miserable and depressed. No end of ordinary medicines were tried for me, but not one of them did any good. I grew thinner, weaker, and more heart-sick. I could not eat, and my condition became so serious that I thought I should never be well again. Then at last I was advised to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets. After a few doses I could feel that I was getting better, so I continued with them. Gradually I grew stronger and appetite began to return. The indigestion, too, became less and less severe, till it had gone altogether, and with returning strength the fainting fits ceased also. Thus little by little I grew better and stronger, till soon I was completely cured. I am now in the best of health.'"
EDITORIAL

IDA SCHNALL, who is featured in Undine, a Trans-Atlantic production.

A prize is offered to the reader who guesses the exact angle at which this picture is technically right side up. It represents the lady who plays the water-sprite title-role in Undine, a Bluebird masterpiece which Henry Otto has produced on an unhabited island off the coast of California. A great part of the picture was played in a cave with outlets to sea and beach, and which was flooded at high tide. Twenty-five girls were costumed in sea plants as water- nymphs, and although the work was not all sunshine and plain sailing the poetic effects and the poetic effects are to be superb. The filming of Undine would make a wonderful story, and I hope later to deal with it more fully, assuming, of course, that the picture will come to these islands per Trans-Atlantic in due course.

Final Weeks to Find the Film.

Only three more scenes will appear. I can't yet foresee the size of the success of this competition. Some readers call it "charming," "interesting," "easy," and so forth, whereas others say it is difficult. It depends surely to what extent the competitor visits the cinema, as all the films pictured are popular films, and are and have been running all over the kingdom. Many readers have asked if a letter is missing from those given under Scene 17. On looking it up I find they are right. The letter "T" should be there, but is not. It must have missed itself in our foundry, where all the pages of Pictures are cast in molten metal before going on to the great printing machine.

And—What Next?

Of course another big competition will immediately follow this one, and the all-important question arises—What? Although there have been several excellent schemes suggested, and can use one of them if I wish to, I am always open to suggestions. If any reader has a brainy idea for a competition which emotional effects the pictures send it along, please, and I will give it my best and careful consideration.

Snow in Pictures.

Our own recent snowfall brings to my mind the great Snow World of Alaska, where the action of the Metro drama The Face of Heart's Desire chiefly takes place. I have seen this picture on the screen, and found it very bit as good as that other Metro drama The Snowing of Dan McGrew. The Alaskan scenes, the land which lured the hero (Edward Bress) and little Snowbird, an Indian girl (Evelyn Brent), to fortune and death, has a particularly marked effect, and if only for the sake of the native dogs and sleights travelling over the snow the picture is worth anybody's while to go and see. But there is powerful drama in addition. If I mistake not, Evelyn Brent is going to make a big name in the picture world.

A Fine Art Film Feast.

The first number of The Geeper, the new paper advertised in our pages, is before me, and I find it a very beautiful production. Although, as previously stated, Pictures is generally connected with it, I am sure that many readers who love fine art printing will wish to possess this most artistic record of cinema plays and players.

A Film All Will Like.

For tense, gripping drama commend me to The Cheat, the latest Lasky production, in which Penny Ward (how many readers have seen her in comedy and drama on the London stage?) is featured. In The Marriage of Kirby, released in April, you will see her in comedy. In The Cheat you will be held by her masterful interpretation of drama. At the Trade show they cheered her! When America can give us such pictures as these we will American films. Penny Ward is one of the biggest successes ever seen on the screen, and in The Cheat she is going to create a sensation. It would not be fair to omit in this meagre praise of a wonderful performance by Japanese Hayakawa, the Japanese actor who plays her Japanese lover, Tori. This gentleman, must share with Miss Ward the honours due for some of the finest natural acting ever given us in pictures. Watch for the story of The Cheat in a future issue.

Coming British Pictures.

Within a short time of going to press with this issue the Trade will see two notable productions—The Welf (Sir Arthur Pinero), produced by Hepworth, and She (H. Rider Haggard, produced by Langton), the latter being something that will set the picture-gospel writing and prave to the world that Britain can produce perfect pictures.

F. D.

Have You a Friend

to whom you would like to introduce "Pictures"?
A specimen copy will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom on application to

ODHAMS LTD., 93 & 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.
**Turner Films**

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds; You can't do that way when you're flying words. Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead, But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."

This is the theme of

**THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY**

By WILL CARLETON.

We are re-telling it in a Picture.

_Sole Agents—
The Hepworth Mfg. Co., Ltd., 2, Denman St., W.C._

THE TURNER FILMS, LTD.,
Walton-on-Thames.

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Dear Girls and Boys—

Little did I dream the task I had set myself when I asked you to solve the hidden players' names in puzzle pictures. Hundreds and hundreds of cards came to hand. I had to enlist the services of a young lady in checking them, and the work took two whole days to complete. With so few prizes and so many replies you may wonder how we judged them. Well, we first examined every card and threw out those which failed to give all the names correctly. Fortunately, for me, hundreds of competitors had one or more names wrong. Next we sorted those that were all right into boys and girls, and again put them in piles according to age. Then I had the delicate and difficult task of deciding which were the nearest.

The prizes will go to:—G. Nash, 22, Somerset Place, Cathay, Redcliffe; G. Gunclay, 18, Trouville Road, Clapham; Arthur Russell, 72, Mount Road, Pontypool; Winnifred Gough, 67, Rappart Road, Swcombe, Wallasey.

**Awards of Merit:**—Marjorie Cook (Wednesbury), Lizzy Gempity (Galway), Agnes Piper (Kingston-on-Thames), Margaret Cowley (Barons Court), Mabel (Greenwood), Zilpa (Croydon), Kathleen Caines (Devonport), Doris Workman, (Stuckhurst), I. J. (Windsor), Doris Meadows (Hackney), Winnie Barnard (Stoke-on-Trent),


Edmund Wadge, one of my young prize-winners in a previous competition, is a lucky boy. He gave as his favourite cinema "The Blue Halls, Hammer smith," and in applying for the seats which I offered as a prize I sent to the theatre a copy of his criticism, which, no doubt, you have read. The seats came to hand with another prize of the value of one guinea from the theatre management. In a letter to Master Wadge the management wrote—

"It has afforded us great pleasure to see the very nice description of our 'Blue Halls' that you have sent to Pictures, and we are very glad indeed it has won you the prize which they so kindly offered."

"As far as we are concerned, we feel that such a clever boy as you deserves a little acknowledgement on our part too, and we shall esteem it a favour if you will choose from our shop (within say, two miles radius of our hall) anything you may fancy up to
the value of one game. When you have decided what to buy, and where, please do as our little flock of hens have done the same, and we shall do so at once.

I am just as pleased about it as I have no doubt my lucky nephew is and I think the Blue Hat has fallen to the lot of him by the most delightful generosity. I am sure that all my Humphreys friends always enjoy the entertainment at this beautiful theatre. It only shows that you have a good laugh, when you enter for "Uncle Tim's" Competitions. Which reminds me—

"My dear Uncle Tim. It is such a shock to me that I can hardly write it," writes Ivy Neal, of Watford. "I am in, sixteen XVI, 3 years old, and can no longer enter those previous Competitions over which you are King. Oh! it's heartbreaking! Here am I feeling not nearly so old as I really am, and yet I know I could never thank you enough for the pleasant hours you have provided for me . . . and besides I have won a lovely bound volume of Pictures. I shall always read your paper. Good morning to you. The big Competitions run by our dear Editor, Folks may say that we should study economy by doing less papers, but I hold that it is true economy to spend the pulpy sum of one penny per week for "Pictures" and so keep cheerful and save doctors' bills."

Thank you, Ivy. Let me call you "niece" (if in name only), as you suggest, and I shall be quite happy. This week my letter seems to start Competitions. So I will keep them going. The weird and wonderful design below contains some hidden names. Each line represents the Christian name of a popular film-player. I have given you one letter of each name in each line, thereby brightening it up with the best name of all—Pictures. Here is the puzzle:

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A S J M G E R P L T H
P I C T U R E S
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Fill in the missing letters in place of the stars; then write the eight names on a postcard, state your age, and post it to "Stars" Pictures, 85 and 86, Leong Acre, London, W.C. by Monday, March 12th. Write as near to the boy or girl who sends the neatest correct answer, takes the form of a parrot. Not a Ruffell's parrot, though beautiful. It is home-made, measuring from 15 to 18 inches long, tipped with the tip of its beak nearly 18 inches. It is gorgeously coloured body is nicely stuffed, and, most important of all, it was made by the Answers Man's Grandmother, and I want him to me for one of my lucky boys and girls. There will also be two Consolation Prizes of books and the usual "Award," which six-times won means an "extra and altogether apart from an ordinary" prize from

Uncle Tim.


At the "May Manchester," Carlyle Blackwell played "Lieutenant Bold." In "The Secret Ordeal," for the Ladies Company. Your lady friend, who wrote the marriage story, is married. Now tell us who you are, Madam, as promised.


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 replies

Dear Mr. Smith, — We have been so pleased to receive your letter asking for our address the next time you are in England. We cannot reply to your request as we have been living in America for the last three years. We have been very happy in America and hope to return soon. If you wish to write to us, please do so. We shall be happy to hear from you.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

The Editor, "Pictures," 85 and 86, Leong Acre, London, W.C.

Mr. Smith,—I am writing to you about the prize that you won in our contest last year. The prize was a picture of a famous actor, and the name of the actor was announced in the newspaper. I am writing to you because I want to check the accuracy of the announcement. I believe that the name was announced as "Henry Ford," but I am not sure. I would be very grateful if you could check the name for me. I would also be grateful if you could tell me the address of the winner of the prize.

Yours truly,

[Your Name]

[Your Address]

Dear Mr. Smith,—We have been so pleased to receive your letter asking for our address the next time you are in England. We cannot reply to your request as we have been living in America for the last three years. We have been very happy in America and hope to return soon. If you wish to write to us, please do so. We shall be happy to hear from you.

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Yours truly,

[Your Name]

[Your Address]
EARLE WILLIAMS as he appears in The Juggerament, the story of which we published in our January 5th issue.

Agnes (Waterford).—Small orders for pictures to our publishers, Ollands, Ltd., 31 and 34, Long Acre, London. May you write again, Agnes,

INTERESTED (Plaisant).—Yes we always want to let your friend write again. We have no postcards of Edward Earle, House Peters or Pace Fox, but we have The Famous Players and Latest Stars; Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Hazel Davis, Pauline Frederick and Charlotte Walker. Sorry we have not the card you want.

Mabel (Edgerton).—You won a prize in the Screened Stars Competition! May you have greater success in Find the Flik. Eight earth quake shocks in England are by no means unfrequent as you imagine. Thank goodness they are a slight. "Not so the termites."

Tories (Full谢).—Has Charlie Chaplin sales test? No. Are Francis Ford and Grace Garwood married? Yes. Dean Moore has "Far and Charming" in "Chicagel." Yes.

Jane (South York).—Hugh A. Elliott's portrait and description of his visit to America appeared in Pictures Feb. 19, 1916. It can only be obtained from our office and is sold at 25, Long Acre, London, 21, post-free.

Lily (Bristol).—Yes, Victoria Forde is now with Solig. Have seen your letter to Alma Taylor and Pearl White, minus some forwards.

Dina (Cardiff).—Addresses H. B. Watkall, c/o Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 3010, Argyle St., Chicago, U.S.A. Mabel Normand, c/o Keystone Co., Long Acre Bldg., New York City; Anna Little, c/o Polyscope Co., West 23rd St., New York City; and Jack Pickford, c/o Selig Polyscope Co., Strawberry Fields, Chicago. We are still "in the pink," thank dear.

D. R. (Pongrow).—No restrictions in "Find the Flik." There will be thirteen sets (our lucky number! Lorna Doone" was banned by A.B. Co. Many other well-known novels have been banned." Far from the Madding Crowd," "Still Waters Run Deep," "Three Weeks," "The Poor Peasants," "The Woman Who Did," "Her Husband," "Edwin Drood," are a few recent subjects.

E. H. (Handsworth).—As the cast of the film you mention was not published, we are unable to tell if Thos. H. Macqu and played in it.

Pickford. (No name)—no address; we shan't forgive you next time. — "The Deception" (Flying A)—"Violet Day," Wifred Greenwood; Tom Sweeney. F. Cucinelli—"Howard Lock," Geo. Field; "Dr. King," John Stopping. H. H. (Stoughton).—Max Pickford won something but is now O.K. once married! Littery and do you mean? We're always trying to find the new author and more pictures of these stars. Many replies are unavoidably held over.

AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR THE "PICTUREGOER"=


SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

United Kingdom and Ireland:—

One Year (post-free) 6 6
Six Months 3 3
Three Months 1 8

Published Offices: 32 and 31 Long Acre, W.C.

A DRY STORY. A Scotsman and an Irishman went for a restaurant the other day to get something to eat, and the Irishman didn't have any money either.

Mary's "Much."—

Kind Lady: "How do you like being an attendant at the cinema? The manager is such a nice man, you can't do too much for him.

Mary: "I don't mean to, either."

Ancient and Modern.

Tourist: "And what is building in the valley?"

Native: "Well, if I can find a tenant it's a new pitch parcel, and if I can't it's an old wall,"

Silence is Golden.

Molly: "When she was on the stage she only got £29 a week! Now she is on the films she gets £460."

Peggy: "The extra £290 was to keep her from talking, I suppose."

A New Use for Pills.

Jimmie: "Another box of pills like what I got for Dad yesterday, please."

Chemist: "Why're you doing your father some good, eh?"

Jimmie: "I don't know, but they just fit my pea-shooter."

The Chief Attraction.

Director: "How long do you want for your honeymoon?"

Mr. Newtley: "How long do you think I should have?"

Director: "I haven't seen the bride."

Heavy though "Light."

"That man makes a living by writing light fiction."

"Indeed; he doesn't look a literary sort of chap."

"He's not; he writes out statements for the gas company."

Heard in the Dark.

First She "Sylvia told me that you told her the secret I told you not to tell her."

Second She: "The little cat! I told her not to tell it to me."

First She: "Don't tell her I told you because I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me."
Henry Vibart
"The Nobleman of the films."

Hepworth Picture Player
Men lose their heads and hearts to ALICE BRADY

IN The Cup of Chance

GAUMONT FILM HIRE SERVICE LONDON & BRANCHES
BLANCHE SWEET

An exciting drama of a dual personality

"The Case of Becky."

Released March 20th.

Produced by
JESSE L. LASKY
Feature Play Co.,
166-170, Wardour St., W.

BESSIE EYTON

The charming and popular Selig Star. We have long asked the Studio to send us a new portrait of her; and, having just had our patience rewarded, we hasten to present her latest to our readers.
COMING!

The Chronicles of "Bloom Centre"
A Series of Special Selig Comedies of Rural Life.

The new Selig Series is a novel form of entertainment which has never been offered to the public before. "Bloom Centre" is the name of an American village, specially erected by the Selig Polyscope Company, for the purpose of presenting on the screen true American life in a comical manner.

The first release will be made on May 15th. "LANDING THE HOSE REEL" will commence the series of eleven unique pictureplays.

Each story is complete in itself and has a well-defined plot. Thus there is a connecting link in the "Bloom Centre" Series, but at the same time every release does not necessarily have to be seen to keep in touch with the entire series.

"The Chronicles of Bloom Centre" are going to set up a new record in Screen Comedy.

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The Selig Polyscope Company,
E. H. MONTAGU (Sole Agent)
93-95, Wardour St., London, W.

---

A Few Words to Cinema Managers and Picture Patrons about

The Purple Iris

6 Weeks - 12 Reels

commencing Thursday, April 6th, 1916.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FILM CO., LTD.,
"The Home of Serials."
MANAGING DIRECTOR: J. D. TIPPETT.
37-39, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

To the Cinema Manager.
The Trans-Atlantic don't do things by halves. When they set out to produce a serial they put every ounce of punch and grip into it that they can. They make it a certain-sure success with the result that Trans-Atlantic serials are the finest guarantee of good business that an exhibitor can have. The Trans-Atlantic's latest serial will be as good a money-getter as all other Trans-Atlantic serials have been. It has the novelty and interest that will hold your patronage steady for six certain weeks. Don't forget to book "The Purple Iris," commencing Thursday, April 6th.

To the Picture Patron.
You know what to expect when you see the name Trans-Atlantic on a serial. You know that you can look forward every week to hours of keen enjoyment with absolute certainty that each episode will be as thrilling and full of real live incident as the Trans-Atlantic can make it. Then you know what to expect in "The Purple Iris," for this enthralling re-enactment of the amazing adventures of the Princess Tousson during her life in a Royal Harem is one of the most brilliant, expensive, magnificent, alluring photo-plays ever produced. Ask your manager to book it; then take your friends to see it.
THINKING OF HIS NEXT PART—TOM FORMAN

The lanky, heavy lead poses restfully for Pictures. His very latest appearances are in Kindling, The Fighting Hoop, The Marriage of Kitty, and The Explorer.
The rise of Bessie Eyton (whose portrait appears on our front cover) from an extra girl to leading woman was accomplished in less than a year.

So far as the public is concerned, the next picture to feature the World's Sweetheart is *Essie & Bertie*. Yes, you are quite right—we mean Mary Pickford.

Nine hundred and thirty-nine letters in one week's postbag is not bad, is it? This is the number which came into the editorial office last week—and they were just ordinary mails, too.

"Kick me, 'Ham,' I've missed you," are the first words Bud Dunne says to "Ham" in the comedy that marks the latter comedian's return to the screen after a three months' absence.

The second Mrs. T荭herg, the film of which is being looked forward to with such keen interest, was produced in 1909 at the St. James's Theatre, where it played continuously for 245 nights. It was revived in 1912 at the St. James's Theatre, but in the interval, and even since that date, the play has constantly been performed throughout the provinces.

**Film as a Comedy Theatre Play.**

LARRY TRIBBIL informs us that he has just started producing *An Act of the Sea*, Cyril Harcourt's play which was put on at the Comedy Theatre. Reginald Owen, who created and played leading part on the stage, will play the same part in the film, and be supported by well-known West End artistes.

**Mo British Films.**

THE Everman Film Company have now started work in earnest. Their studio at St. Margaret's Lodge, Twickenham, where Alfonso Frengnell, who is producing, has a player company, is looking like a regular theatre, with numerous persons around him, gas exceptionally busy all last week, and the snow which fell came in handy for some very dramatic outdoor scenes. Katia de Vincent (now playing at the Palace) promises to be quite an acquisition to "Everyman."

**HOPEWOOD IS LIVING PICTURES.**

FOUR hundred pages of wonderfully interesting material are contained in *Hopewood's Living Pictures*, by R. B. Foster, B.S.C. just published at us. by the Hatton Press, Ltd. It will tell the student all he wants to know concerning the production and practical working of motion pictures, and includes besides a classified list of British patents, many line diagrams and half-tone engravings. The volume stands in a conspicuous place on our bookshelf, and we know it will often be made use of.

**Screen Peaces Wounded Soldiers.**

A SUCCESSFUL matinee was held at the Northwood Cinema recently, the guests being wounded soldiers from the local V.A.D. Hospital, and by special request the picture shown was *The Man Who Stayed at Home*. The men thoroughly enjoyed it, as also did the

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**PICTURE AND THE PICTUROEER**

**THE PICTURES" STAFF,**
No. 2. THE EDITOR'S ASSISTANT.

**D0 NOT CONFUSE**

**"Pictures and The Picture goer"**

with any other publication.

This journal, published every Saturday, is the only one in which Pictures, Ltd., is interested.

EXT week's issue completes our ninth volume. Don't miss the tenth!

The Seig crocodile has struck work because he has the toothache.

Another two weeks only in which to "find the film." How are you getting on?

Are you reading the delightful Hopworth *P.P.P.?* Number Three is better than ever. The first numbers were fine.

Bryant Washburn's son has made his appearance in pictures in the Essanay drama *Destiny*. He is five months old.

It is stated that the *Birth of a Nation* will be shown at Drury Lane Theatre after the run in the pantomime. A big theatre for a big film.

Sixty-four reels of Essanay have arrived. They comprise some wonderful picture-plays, in which wonderful stars have given their best in acting.

Which is the "handsomest" film company in the world? asks a member of the staff. Answer: Essanay, because it has such perfect features.

A real live Anarchist is playing a part in *The Fatal Finger* the drama now being produced by B. and C. from the novel by William Le Quex.

---

**Sister and Matron of the hospital, who were in attendance. A number of wounded Anzacs from the Australian Auxiliary Hospital at Harfeild were expected, but owing to the snow, which rendered the roads impassable, they were unable to attend.**

**One Egg for a Twenty-weight.**

**W**

IT with eggs at a price which makes them almost as much of a luxury as a private yacht. Violet Horner, who is starred in the William Fox production, *The Young Heart*, offers the following omelette recipe, which calls for one egg and which will make sufficient omelette for twenty-eight persons; *Beat up one egg with iron fork; Add six quarts of milk; Salt and pepper to taste; Cook in hot butted omelette-pan.*

Henry Ainley, Hecworth picture player, is a most popular London actor.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

Interesting Topics in Film Pictures Selected from Pathés Animated Gazette.

1. London under Snow: Our Tommies enjoyed merry snow-ball fights and sport on Hampstead Heath.

2. The Burning of Canada's Parliament House at Ottawa: The fire, it is believed, was caused by an incendiary bomb placed by enemy agents.

3. Leipsic in London: The largest Teddy Bear in the world at the St.-British Toy Fair organized by the Board of Trade.


5. Icy Cold: The rigours of winter on the Yosges Front.

6. For Gas Attacks: Now our barbarous enemy compels the Allies to go into battle.

7. A Village Roll of Honour at Chew Magna, Somerset, where every eligible man has joined up.
"MY HOBBY"

HOW PICTURE "STARS" FILL :: IN THIRTEEN SPARE TIME.

"TELL me what you like and I will tell you what you are." This quotation from Ruskin applies with peculiar aptness to those people who gain popularity, fame, and a large supply annually of that "root" which philosophers could have believed is responsible for all evil by acting for the cinematograph. A producer who knows the tastes and spare-time recreations of the various members of his company is well off, for they reveal to him in their real personality and acquaint him with their temperament to an extent which is most useful when he has to allocate parts, which require an unusual amount of characterization in their interpretation.

An example of this came with the production of the Essanay five-reel detective drama The Master Case, when John Cossar was selected for the part of the detective solely because the study of criminology has been his hobby for many years past. There were other actors in the company just as clever at portraying character parts, but Cossar's hobby was the deciding point which made the producer allocate the part to him.

On hearing of the above incident it occurred to us that it would be interesting to learn of the hobbies of other Essanay favorites, and to what extent they had been made particular use of in the various pictures.

Accordinngly we wrote to most of these artists, and herewith append their replies, accompanied by the names of some of the films in which their spare-time pursuits were turned to good account—:

Henry B. Walthall—I am keenly interested in all forms of psychic research, and in the study of biology and Darwinism. Incidentally, I also take some interest in moustache growing. (The Miseducated Lady and The Race.)

Edna Mayo—My hobbies are sculpturing and clothes. These are rather contradictory items, for, more often than not, the art of sculpturing, instead of being concerned with the wearing of clothes, has to do with the lack of them. (The Miseducated Lady, The Strange Case of Mary Page, &c.)

Warda Howard—I have no hobbies outside business, unless it be that of reading classical literature.

Lilian Drew—I collect oriental rugs, and venture to believe that I have a unique collection of the finest to be purchased.

Bryant Washburn—Athletics, particularly those appertaining to the running track. (The Woman Hater.)

Richard Travers—Boxing. (The Man Trail.)

G. M. Anderson—Playing "Broncho Billy" parts.

Marguerite Clayton—Riding. (Most of the films she appears in.

Neil Craig—The study of medical science.

Ruth Stonehouse—Classical dancing. (Lioness Ann.)

Betty Brown—Yachting. (The Lighthouse by the Sea and the Sea's Movement.)

Thomas Commerford—Chess.

Elizabeth Burbidge—I am keenly interested in Christian Science, and read every book I can get my hands on.

John Lorenzo—I am an enthusiastic violin player. (Twice Into the Light.)

Arnold Manx—Painting. (A Daughter of the City.)

The crowded, changeable week of a film actor.
SYNOPSIS OF LAST WEEK’S STORY—Morgan and Townsend, partners in a mining adventure, discovered a rich deposit of diamonds and started for England across the Great Desert. Townsend robbed Morgan, cutting his hand and leaving him for dead. Five years later Townsend, now a baronet, was enjoying wealth and popularity in London when Morgan returned as Ultus—the Man from the Dead. With a band of confederates, Ultus set to work to revenge himself upon Townsend. He robbed him of the safe of the Diamond Syndicate and then Lady Townsend of a valuable diamond pendant, and took refuge with her men at his secret residence. The Towers, meanwhile Conway Bass crime investigator was on the track of Ultus.

Part III.—Conway Bass in Pursuit.

DEEPLY wounded, and feeling that his reputation was at stake, Conway Bass resolved upon immediate pursuit. Travelling west at a great speed, the car containing Ultus and his men was already miles away.

"There is only one good road for a car from here," said the baronet. "If he uses it he will pass the ‘Baths Arms’ in five minutes."

"Good!" said Bass, and the landlord of the hotel was summoned to the telephone. Conway Bass, detective, speaking. "If a car containing several men passes your hotel in the next few minutes—track it somehow. Ultus is in it. £500 reward for the capture."

"My son Alf will wait on the road with his motor-cycle, and if the car passes it shall be tracked," came the reply.

Two cars brought Sir Gilbert, Conway Bass, and the more venturesome men of the house party to the Bath Arms.

An imperious ring called them to the telephone, and Bass to the receiver heard the landlord's son report success. He says that he traced Ultus and the others to their hiding-place. Bass told the company, "So far as he knows, the house in which they are hiding is locally known as The Towers. The man is waiting on the Stanier road."

Inside The Towers the Avenger had related the full story of his visit to Conway Bass. "It will never do for all of you to stay here," he continued. The presence of that motorcyclist was so unnerving, it is possible that Bass has been making use of the phone. Take the car along the road which runs north, and travel to London.

In the road Alf was joined by the party of pursuers. "Follow me and I'll point out the house," cried the cyclist.

Whilst Ultus sat alone and congratulated himself upon the triumphant success he had in raiding upon the country house of the wealthy baronet he heard mysterious noises.

"I was right after all concerning the cyclist," he muttered, and acting quickly as his pursuers entered the hall, he pressed a key and a section of the floor disappeared. The resulting check gave him plenty of time and”的 stairs. Bass sprang over the gap in front of the men, and grappled Ultus as he came into a room. Fierce though the struggle Ultus was able to turn the key in the lock. Each man strained every muscle to overcome the other, but Bass was not equally matched. He failed to stop a fierce binge and fell. Then Ultus pulled a cash and the floor of the room rose.

At that moment the detective's helpers burst open the door, and the foremost fell into the cavity. Overhead the principals in the fight were waging bitter war. As Ultus and the Avenger succeeded, and making good use of the interval escaped to the roof and dropped the canvas fire shoot, to the ground. Into the tube he climbed, and shot earthwards, reaching the ground as Conway Bass, who had quickly recovered from the knock-down blow, realised the way of escape.

Following as rapidly as he could, Bass was soon in the stock, but at the bottom he was checked. The artful Ultus had already tied the end of the shoot into a knot. The detective wriggled about in the canvas in impotent rage as the Avenger strode away, enjoying the joke.

Some time elapsed before the detective’s plight was discovered, and then all hope of capture was abandoned.

Spring had merged into summer, but no trace of Ultus had been discovered. Standing at his window one evening, Bass looked over the roofs of the houses stretching towards the centre of the great metropolis, and asked himself, "Where in all this great city does Ultus hide?" King of criminals, he is indeed, and I admire his daring, though the thought that up to now he has proved the better man is a ranking one. But I am not to be beaten by the greatest criminal that ever lived. Has the skill of Conway Bass lost his keenness that such a man as Ultus can laugh at me with impunity?

And what of Ultus? He had just read this paragraph in a newspaper:

"The Carinthian Ambassador, who, despite his age and infirmity, is a well-known visitor at the dining-tables of the Regency, has made the biggest deal in the end of the year. He understands that Sir Gilbert Townsend is selling his famous blue diamond to His Excellency for six million pounds. The gem is to adorn the crown of His Majesty King John X. of Carinthia."

"This gem so rare for kingly brow To me belongs," exclaimed Ultus. "We will cut out the six millions that's near enough for a newspaper and secure it if possible."

London. Ultus started to summon his men. To Louis and the more fearless of the gang he outlined his idea. "Great," was Louis's comment. "If we pull it off it will alone for our long period of idleness."

"I tell you the diamond shall by mine," was the master's answer.

That same evening he dined at the Regency. His dress was sloppy. Ultus had actually resolved to impersonate the Ambassador at the sale, and his present object in dining at the Regency was to study the appearance of that diplomat. Whenever he had ever come to summon his men. To Louis and the more fearless of the gang he outlined his idea. "Great," was Louis's comment. "If we pull it off it will alone for our long period of idleness."

Throughout his meal Ultus carefully studied the features of the diplomat. Of a similar height, he saw that it needed but careful disguising and care in reproducing his gait to carry his amazing idea to a successful issue. The very daring of the scheme was half way to the diamond. Ultus watched every movement of his victim, and as the old gentleman went out the eyes of the watchful were held by the arrival of another well-known figure.

"Conway Bass" whispered Ultus. Calling a waiter, he handed him a note to "take to the tall gentleman sitting at the fifth table in the centre," and then left the hotel.

To-morrow's—Ultus. "read the detective as he unfolded the note, and wondered what the message meant. Knowing the hatred between Townsend and Ultus, Bass read a meaning into the
Pen Sketches of Picture Plays. — No. 6.

ULTUS: THE MAN FROM THE DEAD.

Frank R. Grey draws his screen impressions of "Ultus."

- Townsend's Treachery
- The Meeting of Ultus and Townsend (as seen on the screen)
- Ultus Disguised
- Conway Bass, Detective (J. L. Y. Leigh)
- Aurele Sydney as Ultus
- Ultus (in disguise) seeks out a traitor (in the background)
- Ultus and one of his disguises
- Ultus plays the detective in the fire escape
mysterious note, and early in the morning called upon the baronet.

At midnight Ulus met his confederates. "I believe I can take the place of the Ambassador at the sale if you keep cool and act boldly. We will go to the Embassy now. Upon our next move depends success or failure."

With skill they obtained entrance into the Embassy, and having ascertained the whereabouts of the Ambassador’s bedroom, Ulus said “Wait here. While the Ambassador sleeps I can copy every detail of his face. We can tremendous risks; my disguise must be perfect or we shall fail."

Seated by the side of the bed, Ulus carefully copied each lineament of the sleeping man, and then joined his waiting confederates. "Follow me," said he. "In a few hours it will be time to act. Until the time arrives I have found a safe hiding-place in the study."

Sir Gilbert, can you throw any light upon this note which was handed me in the Regency last night?" asked Conway Bass of Townsend in his study.

"I do not think I can. Yet, stay, I wonder if it has anything to do with the sale of our blue diamond to the Christian Ambassador?"

"Surely not. I do not see how Ulus can possibly upset that arrangement. But come with us," said Bass. "If Ulus tries any of his devilry we shall be ready for him."

To the Embassy Townsend and his fellow directors were accompanied by Bass and other detectives. Saluted by secretaries and members of his retinue, his Excellency went into a small room and awaited the arrival of Sir Gilbert Townsend. The visitors being announced, the Ambassador sent his secretary to bring them to the room.

Left alone, the Ambassador was suddenly attacked, dragged and gagged, and hidden behind a screen. Into his chair flopped the cleverly-disguised Ulus, and when Townsend and his party came into the room they were greeted with dignity by the impostor.

The Baronet had previously met the diplomat, and to him he explained the meaning of such a large party. "We

"Thus," said Ulus. "Do I deal with traitors?"

Two factors that the time occupied in recalling the detective would give Ulus and his confederates time to reach their waiting car, and that Bass and the whole party would rush to the room when the note was read.

"It was not misjudged the probabilities. You will find His Excellency behind the screen—Ulus," were the words written in the startling note. Bass read it aloud, and, shouting to the others to follow him, ran back to the room. There behind the screen lay the bound and gagged Ambassador. The old gentleman could give no explanation. He was suddenly attacked.

Of Ulus and his confederates not a sign remained. The constable on point duty remembered a car driving rapidly past him. There all traces ended.

PART IV.

A Thousand Pounds on Ulus.

Sir Gilbert Townsend was becoming alarmed, for the criminal was still at large. It was increasingly evident that Ulus was too good a man even for Bass, and the baronet sent for the detective.

"Well?" was Townsend’s greeting.

"Anything but well. This man Ulus is devilish in his ingenuity. I have not a single clue."

"It will never do, Bass, to give the beggar ‘best.’ Money is no object. Dead or alive, he must be captured."

The next morning the papers contained this advertisement: "£1,000 reward will be paid for any information leading to the arrest of the man who calls himself Ulus." All communications in the strictest confidence to "C. B.," 23, The Grove, West Kensington.

London was becoming too hot, but Ulus decreed the idea of showing the least alarm. He met his men in the familiar hut, and advised a retreat to their secret meeting-place in the hills. "Comrades," said the Avenger, "we
will shake the dust of London from our feet for a time. Join me in the hills on Wednesday night. Here is money for your needs. Till then, Beaky.'

They left the smiling Ultus alone, and he was on the point of leaving when Louis returned.

"What can I do for you?" asked Ultus.

"I want more money," was the reply.

"Why? Are you not content with your share? Say, do you not value your services higher than Wilson, or Conrad, or Thompson, or the others?"

"I would be content with services, and some one who is not sufficient," replied Louis.

"How dare you say that? You know perfectly well that our agreement was that all should share alike. Apologize, or I will kill you. At once," and Ultus turned upon the man in a towering rage.

"I apologize, Chief," he gasped.

The two went on, and met me on Thursday night. Any one who has this and I will denounce you to your fellows.

Louis shrank from the room pretending contrition, but his altered attitude had been detected.

That night Louis visited Conway Bass.

"Who, or what I am," said the traitor, "is neither here, nor there. You want Ultus; I know where you can find him. If you assume him a member of his gang you may not be far wrong; but it is not the likes of me you want, it is the Chief himself. Play the game and I'll lead you straight. Act on the cracked and I'm done. So far?"

"Clearly," was the response, "and I will take a chance and trust you.

For a while the two talked together. The traitor drew a plan of the Retreat in the hills, and finally said, "On Thursday night I will signal you from the hillside with a lamp. Bring plenty of men with you. Bass was quite satisfied, and having paid the reward money in notes, he took his departure.

Late on Wednesday night the gang went into the Retreat and the Avenger told them that on the following night he would lay his new plans before them. As the moon rose on Thursday night, Ultus, round a table with his men, sat closely watching Louis. The man was evidently ill at ease. Once or twice he took a furtive glance at his watch. At length the traitor judged the time to be ripe, and, secretly followed by Ultus, he left the cave and waved his lamp—the agreed signal to Bass and his men below. It was not part of the Avenger's plan to reveal himself; he intended dealing with the traitor in drastic fashion.

Down in the valley Bass saw the signal, and the police began climbing the hillside. The traitor returned to the cave and resumed the game of cards he had abandoned. Ultus was awaiting him. Louis attempted to take up a card, and suddenly shrieked with pain. Ultus had driven a knife through the man's hand.

"Thus," said he, "do I deal with traitors. Quick, man, we are betrayed. Conway Bass and the police have found us. Quickly climbing the face of the hill, the police were nearing the retreat when Ultus and his men broke into view. For a time there was a brisk little fight. Revolvers flashed, and men on either

side rolled over with low moans of pain. Numbers triumphed, and slowly the gang was forced back to their cave. We are outnumbered," cried Ultus. "We must battle. Each one look out for himself, and wait word from me. You, Wilson, come in quick, and fasten a bomb to the diamond casket."

While Wilson obeyed Ultus wrote a note—The diamond is in the box. I warn you to leave it there if you value your life. Ultus. Leaving the note fixed on the casket, Ultus ran through the tunnel, trusting that the note would induce Bass to stay. But the detective, at whose side panting Townsend, was not to be delayed by such a manoeuvre. "Don't stop, Town-end," he shouted, "it is only a trick to delay us. Follow me." In the open they were, and while Bass ran forward and had a parting shot at Ultus, the baronet returned and lifted the box. A deafer explosion ensued, and Sir Gilbert Townsend paid the debt of his disobedience and robbed the Avenger of his full revenge.

Ultus had not forgotten the traitor, whom he discovered was now at the detective's house. One day when Bass was absent Ultus, disguised as a tramp, walked into the room where the traitor was nursing his injured hand. "You!" he gasped.

"Yes, I have simply come to tell you that I leave London to-morrow. You remain to suffer. I shall deal with you when it pleases me. Flinging the craven-hearted man to the floor, Ultus kicked the life out of the traitor and left him there, for- toried by the traitor's assurance that the Avenger would be sure to go to the old barn to collect his papers. But if Ultus was leaving London the same night, Bass would make one more effort to capture him.

The traitor's guess was right. Bass and several men awaited Ultus at the barn. Scarcely had he begun to gather together the most important of the documents, when he noticed a old table that he grabbed at them and fled, with Bass at his heels. Doubling back to the barn he shock off his pursuers and was again faced against them by tying the door, which opened outwards to a post. The detective and his helpers could not force the door, but Ultus would have but a short breathing-space. His victor, in a moment, bolted the wooden wall, attaching to the trigger a piece of string, one end of which he carried in his mouth as he climbed to a beam. At length the door was forced open, and the men rushed in. Suddenly the revolver cracked, and before either of them realised what was happening Ultus had dropped from the beam and fled.

Only Bass succeeded in reaching the outside before a beam fell, holding the door fast against the others. Running to the river bank the Avenger jumped into a row-boat and rowed for dear life to the opposite side of the river. He made use of a passing motor-boat, and was so quickly upon the fleeing man's track that Ultus had to hide against the wall to avoid discovery. The detective discovered him in a small boat in the water. Good fortune aided Ultus, and having seen Conway Bass sink he made his way home, and afterwards disappeared from London and the haunts which had known him. Pinned to his table by a dagger was this note: "As a reward, Conway Bass. I go where I please.—Ultus."

**The End.**

*Ultus* is a six-reel picture, and "British" is stamped all over it. One part of the country has provided the desert scenes; another the wild scenery among the hills. A noted West-end circus is seen in one act: the gateway to "somewhere in France" in another. The London studies of the Gaumont Company are of a satisfactory order, with their invariable skill in scenes, brilliant and sombre. Photography and acting are of the highest quality. The cast is:—Ultus, Aurele Sydney; Bass, J. L. Bower; Sir Gilbert, Caton Woodville; "Lady Townsend," Marjorie Dunbar; "The Traitor," M. Gouget. The film is released by the Gaumont Film Hire Service on March 20th.
Our Picture Players Portrait Gallery

CLIFFORD PEMBROKE, who is playing the Artist in

Scarcity, a Claude Harris film, the scenario for which

was written by Malcolm Watson.

STELLA RAZETO, the charming and clever wife of

Ed. Saint (the well known producer), who, besides playing

for pictures, is also a talented authoress.

BARRY O'MOORE, the genial comedy man of the

Edison Co. He can be serious, but he doesn't like to be.

DOROTHY GREEN, a talented and beautiful Californian

actress, now with World Films. She will be remembered

for her clever work in Famous Players films.
"I SHALL never again ride in a green cab," exclaimed Lily Saxby as she burst into our office a few days ago. "Why a green cab?" we asked.

"Because one has just been smashed up by a motor bus," she replied, greatly agitated, "and of course poor me was inside. How I escaped with no more than a shanking I cannot imagine, but the fact that I was on my way to your office has, I am sure, brought me good luck.

And so we congratulated her.

We had heard that Miss Saxby had been visiting London cinemas where films in which she appeared were showing to sell postcards on behalf of the "Prisoners of War Fund," and we guessed that she had called to tell us something about that good work. We helped her to forget her thrilling escape from the cab by saying how much we liked her acting in Broad 'Way, the Broadway film, in which she is Lila Stelbeling, the adventuress.

"Oh, I am so glad you liked it," she exclaimed, brightening up, "and I have just finished the part of Clarice Creighton in The Road's End, another Broad-west production."

I played in many films for the Westron Film Co., yes. Reuben Weston, who is, is returning to America — and I have also played for Cricks and Martin and Davids-on, and in two pictures for Vitagraph.

"You have been to America then?" we remarked.

"Yes, I am a native American," she answered, with emphasis, "and although I have lived in England most of my life, I have visited Philadelphia, my home, every year since I was eight years old.

"Yes, I have been on the stage, I have three years on and off in drama and four pantomimes at Drury Lane, and have appeared as a single turn I am told I have a very good voice you know — on the stage.

"Have I been to America since the war? No. My last trip back to Eng-land happened soon after war broke out. It was an experience that I hope will never be repeated. The boat was so packed it had a list the whole voyage. Rich and poor alike were jammed together, and I had to lie on deck. We went three hundred miles out of our course and met heavy seas. During a storm my largest trunk was smashed to atoms. I had gone out by the Hamburg-America line, and because that Company's labels were still on my luggage I was treated as paunchy as if I had been of German origin. I actually had to descend to the hold myself and hunt for my luggage. On the voyage out I took all the sports prizes — swimming, diving, running, and even in a potato race.

Now, please, tell us about your Prisoners of War Fund work.

"Well, for a woman's past," answered Miss Saxby, "I have been visiting cinemas showing Fire and Fire; A Woman Without a Soul, and other films in which I appeared, and from the stage I have asked my friends to buy postcards of British prisoners of war in Germany. My postcards were then sold for anything the patrons liked to give, and the proceeds went out in food and clothing to the prisoners in my name.

"How nice!" we exclaimed, and have our fellows acknowledged these gifts?" I should rather think so," she answered, smiling, "I have brought you a few of their letters and postcards."

Here Miss Saxby passed to us a large parcel containing the "few" referred to.

"We will read through them with great interest, we observed.

"Of course, I get plenty of letters from picturegoers," she went on. "One came from a Scotchman, who said he would like to marry me, and if I thought him too old he had a handsome son interned in Germany who could take his place if I cared to wait for him.

"I ought to take an interest in the war," remarked Miss Saxby. "Five of my seven brothers are fighting. Two are at the Dardanelles, two are badly wounded—one lost his right arm at Mont—my baby brother, who is only seventeen, has been missing since June last. It really looks as if he might be dead" she sighed. "My two other brothers are ineligible."

Seeing that you are American born, your family is certainly a remarkably patriotic one. We sincerely hope your baby brother will turn up safe and sound. Have you met with any film accidents?

"Several. I was nearly blown up whilst a safe was being blown open with dynamite. The safe-door was supposed to kill me, and it nearly did so. Another time I was set on fire, nearly suffocated, and badly burnt about the ankles. As a lady burglar I was hiding in a box-cot in hotel, and during my disappearance the house was set on fire (for the film), and the burning petrol accidentally ran over my box. Very hot quarters, that?

"Yes, and by way of contrast I dived off Windsor Bridge just before Christmas in full evening dress, and fought with a detective in the cold waters of the Thames.

I am playing in "Everyman" films next week, and am promised a part in another Broad-west production. In the summer I may pay another visit to America.

After Miss Saxby had robbed us of her charming presence, much to our regret, we went through the parcel of letters, and here follow two of them as a fair sample of the whole.

From British Prisoners of War in Germany."

"Dear Miss Saxby—I received with this simple letter-card to convey the very heartiest thanks that a lonely soldier, under such circumstances, can send. Dear Miss Saxby (if you don't think I am too forward in addressing you as such), you can hardly guess how pleased I am and thankful for the parcel you sent me, which I received quite safe and sound. It was needed very much, as I have no parents in the Old Country to send me anything; but just lately through some medium I have received one or two parcels which have cheered me up a treat. I wish I could say lots more to you, but space will not permit a longer letter."

"Dear Miss Saxby—I received your parcel a week ago today, but could not..."
answer you until now. I didn't keep an account of the contents, but what I got was good. I think it was good of you for performing such a kind act and for letting me have such a nice gift. I have been in Germany eighteen months now. I was captured at a place called Erzenitz and from there I was sent to a camp called Paderborn. I was four months there. I was seven years in India in the Army, then fifteen months in Gibraltar. When I was two I went to America but returned when I was nine. I live in Stockport and am longing to get back to my dear folks at home.'

OUR LETTER-BAG

Selected from hundreds every week.

"In Reply to Yours——"

"In a recent issue I noticed a reader complains about the result of the World's Greatest Artists Competition. Surely he can never have seen Mary Pickford if he does not agree that she is worthy of the first place. If he has, and he maintains that there is a daintier, sweeter, more lovable, or truer artist than Little Mary, I'd like to meet him to know whom he considers so. Of course, if his quarrel is with the choice of order of the remaining artists, I have no remarks to make—they may or may not be correct—but seeing that they are the choice of the people why worry? After all, it is for the majority, not for the individual to decide."

H. B. A. (Herd).

A Cinema for all Tastes.

"It is with great interest that I have followed the attacks on American films which have been published in the Evening News and the Daily Express, and I have at last come to the conclusion that the writers of those articles have a very limited knowledge of the cinema or the cinema-going public. They would have the latter believe that they have got to go and witness dreadful things being enacted in American pictures, whether they like them or not. On the contrary, I think that the pictures-going public are hypercritical and will only have the very best of pictures, whether they are American or British or any other nationality, and personally I have usually enjoyed American pictures better than any others. The Daily Express objects to pictures in which detectives, murderers, gashers, forgers, drunkards, and police courts are shown, and seems to think that they are seen exclusively in American films. But I am sure I have seen them in other films, especially those made on the Continent. As for cowboys and sheriffs, some of the pictures with those people in are of the highest quality. Naturally there are some rather lurid and melodramatic films, but then there is a large percentage of the public who enjoy this style of picture, even as numbers of theatregoers prefer a Walter Melville melodrama to a Shakespearean play. The cinema must cater for all tastes, just as the theatre and music-halls do."

L. W. (Wandsworth),

Schoolmistress (to dulled boy in class): "Decline the present indicative of the verb "to commute.""

Johnny (sharply): "I commute, thou committest, &c."

Schoolmistress: "How on earth did you know it?"

Johnny: "Please, miss, I read "Pictures."

ESSANAY FILM SERVICE, LTD., 22. SOHO SQUARE, LONDON. W.
“HER PREY”
Adapted from the Gold Seal Drama by Michael Deane.

George Hearn waited for the reappearance of his partner and lifelong chum from the depths below. Presently he reached out his hand, and grasping that of the almost breathless pearl diver assisted him aboard.

Tom Harvey flung the coarse sack which contained his haul of oysters into the boat and shook himself. "They don't seem any different from our usual hauls of late," he growled. "Maybe the luck will change soon," he added reflectively. With the sure, quick strokes of practiced oarsmen the two chums sculled their light craft sinchron. Then, shouldering the results of his day's labors, Tom Harvey led the way to the bungalow where little Grace, a waif of the sea, whom he had brought up almost from babyhood, awaited them.

"George, dear," she cried, as the two men approached the building, "here's a letter for you from Frisco."

"A letter for me?" Hearn exclaimed, as he tore the envelope open; then a moment later he turned to face his two inquisitive companions with a smile.

"There's just where you get off the track. He said he'd give me a leg up, but you laughed and said words were cheap. Well, by Jove, you owe him an apology."

"He has a vacancy in his office at a good wage, and the job's mine if I can come along!"

The pearl diver glanced over the typewritten letter his friend thrust into his hand. "Yes, it seems straight enough—he don't seem to have forgotten what you did," he said. He handed the letter back, and his eyes wandered away over the stretch of beach to the blue sea beyond. "A job in the city, son—are you going to chuck away this for that?"

Hearn followed his gaze. "Why not?" he said at last, "there's money to be earned out there—there's money to be earned out there," Harvey interrupted, waving a strong arm towards the horizon; "big money sometimes, and a man's life with it."

"Yes, sometimes; but in the city it's a cert. Besides, when I make my pile, we can have that fleet of boats we've so often talked about, and besides there's hospitality right there, too. You like the money, you simply vegetate. I want to see life—I want to live as other men do."

He spoke vehemently, and Grace drew back, but the other man frowned. "The city!" he exclaimed. "Ah! that's simply a variation of the old story—the moths and the candle. Don't be deluded by this fairy yarn about the city, and its lights, its gaiety. It's artificial, boy—like its glaring light. You can buy anything there, but very little is genuine. It's food is faked, and theierce of a brass hand can't make it wholesome—it's drinks are doped, and its women—well," he laughed harshly, "their smiles are bought as a merchant buys a bale of cotton. You can't tell me, boy—I've had some. You call that life?—then consider this—he waved his hand towards the blue sea and the golden strand—"is Heaven!"

But despite all his friend's warnings Hearn accepted Edwards' offer.

In the city he received a great welcome and, newly roused out under his new friend's advice, soon began to forget the little bungalow and the old friends who had been so true to him.

If you've got nothing better on to-night," Edwards said one morning after he had been a few weeks in his new berth, "come up town and have dinner with me at Sewimardine's. It's a quiet place, but the snuff is worth it. I've learned to eat out as sharp, and afterwards we'll beat up some of the boys and make a night of it."

True to the appointment George arrived at the restaurant only to find his new friend missing, although the table was reserved; then, after waiting some time he proceeded with the meal, but Edwards failed to put in an appearance. He was about to terminate his meal and paying the bill when his eyes met those of a beautifully-gowned woman who, accompanied by an elderly cavalier, sat at the table next to his.

Slowly the cold stare with which she treated his glance changed into a smile. George gasped. "I'm not sorry Edwards didn't show up after all. It only the old fool with her would get out—!

As though in obedience to the younger's thoughts, the fair one's companion rose and sauntered down the room. George was about to approach her, but Edwards intervened, terminating his meal and paying the bill when his eyes met those of a beautifully-gowned woman who, accompanied by an elderly cavalier, sat at the table next to his.

"You're not going to sit here and do nothing, old fellow," George said. "You're going to do something."

The light of a street lamp he read the card, "Lenora Carewe" he muttered. "A name as pretty as its owner, and whose address, too. Poor old Tom, with his prehistoric ideas of women—you can buy their smiles as a merchant buys a bale of cotton, can you? Well, at any rate, she's not the market, Lenora, by Jove. I'll look her up to-morrow afternoon. She wants me to—"

One visit to the enchantress was quickly followed by another and yet another, until hardly a day passed without Hearn calling on the beauty who had gained complete power over him. His was the mad infatuation of the young man who had been suddenly flung into contact with something beyond his comprehension. Some one, the like of whom he had barely thought of in his wildest dreams, but with Lenora Carewe it was very different. Their chance meeting had been more the result of a somewhat capricious and nothing else, followed by a liking which had sprung into her heart for the young man whose strength and arrogance were a novelty in the life she led; but beyond that liking she did not mean to go.

What's wrong, kid?" she asked, one afternoon, as Hearn sat by her side.

"Everything!" he growled.
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"Oh! thank you," she exclaimed, drawing farther away; "if you feel like that, I don't think you have any business here.

"For God's sake don't put a misconstruction on my words," he interrupted almost fiercely; "you know what you are doing to the woman! Lenora, why do you play with me? Why won't you give me the answer that'll give me the right to take you away from this?"

Lenora shrugged her sleek shoulders. "No, Mr. Harvey," she replied, "I abhor your friendship, Kid; but—her smiling eyes narrowed as she flashed a glance at his darkening face —yes, friendship's a pretty thing, but it doesn't put clothes on my back or jewels on my fingers, and I reckon I could find a good use for a pile of dollars just now."

Hearn sprang to his feet. "Money, always money—and you know I haven't a bean beyond my pay."

"And that badly pays my shoe bill," she answered; then, smacking up a paper, she pointed to a paragraph with a heavy-typed heading. "Why aren't you this man, Kid?"

Hearn took the paper from her, then gasped. "Diver discovers 100,000 dollar black pearl," he read, "and, by the force of old Tom."

"Tom?"

"Sure—my old partner," he told her all about the old life, its risks, and its rewards. "We often need to talk of what we've done when we struck it rich, and now he's done it, and I—I'm up here working like a nigger for beggar's wages!"

Swiftly the woman's mind worked. "You were friends, old friends?"

"Brothers, sort of like, "Hearn replied. "All our lives we've run together, and, come bad luck or good, it was always halves with Tom and me!"

"And now?" she laughed, "he'll be only too glad to give his old pal a lift, and—you know what money means to us."

"But that's not the game. He made good on his own. While I—"

"Don't be a fool," the woman interrupted, with a flash of anger; "unless you can part with the dollars we must say 'Good-bye.' I can't live on kisses!"

"Lenora—Lenora!"

She saw he was weakening. "You shall go down by the morning train," she whispered, winking her warm arms around him, "and I'll follow to see that that pretty-kid you've told me about doesn't steal your heart from me. If we meet at all down there it must be as strangers. Now, off you go. There!" she struggled from his embrace, "no more—no more!—but when we come back I'll give you a kiss for every dollar you bring to me."

As she heard the door of her palatial flat close behind the man whose infatuation for her was like the love of Faust to him, she, too, fair face became sinister in her hardness. "Good," she muttered; "but why only half? I can do well with the lot! Yes, it's all or nothing. That fool man is a fool, too, and I think, as I reckon I'll take a hand in the game myself. One hundred thousand dollars! Why, I'd sell every friend I have and chuck in what's left of my soul for a ten per cent."

The following morning Hearn proceeded home, as she suggested, and, in the delighted warmth of his old friend's reception, almost forgot the woman at whose bidding he was prepared to sacrifice his honour; but the tension which ran through his being at the memory of her red, smiling lips told plainly that though absent, she had in no way loosened the meshes of the net she had cast round him.

"What's wrong, old man?" Harvey asked, noticing his preoccupation.

"Nothing I was only thinking?"

With an effect he thrust aside his gloomy thoughts. "Well, old chum, what sort of luck have you had?"

"What? Haven't you heard?"

"Heard of what?" Hearn was unable to face his old chum's honest eyes.

Then, interrupted by Grace and his mother, Tom told his story of the finding of the great black pearl. "100,000 dollars they say it's worth, but it's worth more, and I've already had that offered by a City firm."

A few moments later Hearn held the perfect gem in his hand. "It is a beauty. You've had all the luck, Tom," he said enviously, as Harvey once more locked it away.

All that morning George could think of nothing but the great black pearl and the light that would leap into Lenora Carewe's eyes when he placed it in her hand.

Returning for lunch, he was met by little Grace. "Oh, George dear," she cried excitedly, "Tom has just rescued a lady who was bathing and got out of her depth."

"And she's pretty—at least I'm certain Tom thinks so, she pouted, but here they are!"

Turning quickly, Hearn found himself looking into the eyes of Lenora, who walked towards him with his friend. "Ah, George, old fellow," Tom cried, "let me introduce you—this is Miss Carewe, I was able to render her a small service this morning. This is my old chum—George Hearn, Miss Carewe!"

A warning tightening of the beauty's red lips drove the dangerous look of recognition from her dupe's eyes.

"I'll give you a kiss for every dollar you bring to me."

"Mr. Harvey chooses to make light of his bravery," she said, softly, "but I shall never forget that he risked his life to save mine. I am staying at the Metropole Hotel, and your friends are dining with me tonight—perhaps you will join them."

Hearn muttered a few conventional words of thanks, and a few moments later the adventurous left them, but not before she had planted a bitter thrust in Grace's loving heart by the way she looked at the handsome diver.

That afternoon Hearn managed to snatch a brief interview with his accomplice. "What's the game now?" he demanded, roughly.

"Please don't speak to me like that," she answered "And what do you mean by coming here publicly?"

"I had to see you, how can we carry off this coup unless I'm put wide?"

"True," she lighted a cigarette and laughed softly. "As you know, I managed to gain an introduction to your friend by the simple expedient of feigning drowning. Oh. I had no difficulty in locating him—everybody knows handsomme Tom Harvey, and his luck is on the lips of the whole town. I gained admittance to his home. I even persuaded him to show me the pearl, and I've decided that the game is too important for you to handle. I shall steal the pearl myself."

"Steal the pearl?"

"Precisely. Oh, you shall have your share, I always play square."

"Suppose I split?"

"Do so," she retorted swiftly, "and you've said 'Good-bye' to me for all time. Don't be a fool, George," she added, with a caressing look and touch that sent the young man's blood racing through his veins. "Think what the pearl means to us both!"

The dinner-party that night promised to be a great success, but during the second course Lenora suddenly leaned back heavily in her chair.

"It's nothing," she said in answer to the anxious inquiries of her guests —
PERFECT TEETH IN PICTURES

Screen Artistes cannot hope to succeed without them

IT may be one of the little facts which have escaped your notice, but perfect teeth help to make perfect pictures.
The hero or heroine of the picture play who can not display a perfect set of teeth would be like "Hamlet" without the Prince—a poor and expressionless sort of fellow.
Imagine a "close-up" on the screen of the smile of your favourite it he or she showed broken, missing, badly grown, or crooked teeth! It is too horrible to contemplate, and, as a matter of fact, is likely to happen. It is a most annoying feature of mankind that we are never stupid enough to let our teeth never would be immediately engaged to play the hero or heroine of a picture play.

But do not say that all picture players have false teeth, but we dare any pictures in all the world's artistes, both on the screen and on the stage, have been glad to seek the dentist's aid in order to possess beautiful rows of healthy, white, beautiful teeth.

TEETH which in themselves are MOVING PICTURES.

The purport of this column is to draw the attention of picture players and picturegoers alike to the dentist's awakening to the true art of dentistry.
The state of people's teeth is appalling. I doubt if there is a single native law in Great Britain, says Dr. Henry Campbell, in a London contemporary. But Mr. H. Goldberg of New Cavendish Street, Harley Street, London, gives further and more weight to this idea of lost teeth amongst the ruling classes, and especially the white races. It has grown to be considered a natural heritage of manhood and womanhood, while a complete set of false teeth is looked upon with pride as a beautiful possession, many having really fine, sound teeth extracted that they may enjoy the possession of a complete set.

A True Exponent of Modern Dentistry.

Mr. Goldberg is recognised to be one of the greatest experts we have to-day in Crown and Bridge work; indeed it is he who introduced to Londoners many years ago this great and forward movement in modern dentistry.

By his own ingenuity, device the completely and successfully does away with "plates," which are not only uncomfortable, unattractive and cause impairment of speech when worn, but frequently causes the wearer to be embarrassed by strangulation as the result of accidentally swallowing the plate.

Mr. Goldberg's method of teeth repairing is to save every tooth, even when decayed to the root, and, by his very clever device of building up decayed teeth and linking up one tooth to the other, especially where false ones are necessary, by an invisible bridge at the back of the teeth, has successfully solved the hitherto very difficult problem. This wizard of the dental art has introduced is certainly the last word in dental science. It is painless and expensive, and essentially beneficial to those who want to improve. Perhaps this is the reason why so many of the feminine sex, both of title and stage, are amongst his clientele.

Mr. GOLDBERG'S message to you today is:

SAVE YOUR TEETH

Mr. GOLDBERG'S HOURS are from 10-6, and his 'Phone No. is Mayfair 2022.

Note from the Advertisement Manager of Pictures: - "Mr. Goldberg has been falsely accused of being a German. We have investigated the statement and the appearance of this announcement in our columns is sufficient contradiction."
When George Hearn heard that their plot had miscarried, he was furiously angry. "I knew you'd make a mess of it," he raved. "Now we shall have to think out another scheme."

"No," she answered, "there will be no new attempt to gain possession of the jewels. I refused to rob Tom."

"Tom," she sneered, "you're mighty familiar—maybe you're on sweet on him, and you're going to clobber me over?"

"Yes, I love you, Hearn. I love in your heart would take me to him if he was a beggar. Now I'm through with you. Go!"

"Curse you!" Hearn hissed. "You promised yourself to me, and no other man shall have you. You—"

"Go!"

Still swearing madly, the wretched man stampeded out of her apartment, and Lenora went face to face with the most bitter moments of her life.

"It's no good," she sobbed. "I can't shut him out of my thoughts, out of my heart, and I'm not fit to take his hand. Tomorrow I'll return to the city.

But the money and many succeeding "tomorrows" found her still by the sea, and each day only increased the love she felt for the dead and her hatred for her one-time lover—who also staying on, spent his time between drinking and threatening the woman who had loved him to destruction.

Then, one summer's day, when alone with Tom in his motor-bus, she acted on a sudden impulse and, scarcely knowing what she did, confessed.

"For a moment Harvey was dumbfounded, then he stood up to rob me—went to the house that night—"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I was hard up. The man who was my lover comes regularly to pay for my shoes out of his legginess. It was made up in the way we planned the coup. That failed. Now you know all, Mr. Harvey—all but the reason why your pearl was not stolen, and that you can never find out.

Harvey's face set in rigid lines.

"Who was your accomplice?"

"Oh, don't ask for the sake of your—"

"Answer! Who is this man?"

She shrieked. Her eyes fell beneath his compelling gaze. "George Hearn," she whispered. "George!" he gasped—the man who was more to me than any brother the man I—"

With an oath, he swung the boat round, and brought it to land. Without another word he leaped ashore, and ran towards the town.

Outside a saloon he met the object of his search.

"Hullo, Tom," exclaimed George, "you're white as a ghost, man—surely, nothing has happened?"

"By Heaven," Harvey cried, "it's guilt was not written on your trembling lips! I should hardly believe the truth now; you—you infernal cur!"

"What do you mean?"

"That I know you for a thief—that if you dare to enter my house again I'll break every bone in your body; you miserable hound. Oh, don't worry to lie your accomplice; the woman who sells her love—has told me everything!"

"Lenora—"

"Yes; Lenora—now shut the town—"

"Silently; two can play that game! So you've 'ought her love, have you, and paid her a bit extra to betray me? Well, you're welcome to your shop-soiled bargain—"

Hardly had the words left his mouth, when a blow from Harvey's heavy fist stretched him on the floor. In a second he was up and each was struggling to shay the man he had once loved for the sake of a canton's money just, until the bystanders separated them.

Half an hour later George Hearn found Lorna on the cliffs.

"So you've added treachery to your other accomplishments," he cried. "Stand aside, and let me pass, or a nickel-plated revolver flashed in the sun—I'll shoot in self-defence!"

Shrieking obscene oaths, Hearn rushed at her. The blossom cracked, and he fell, and rolling down the slope crashed to his death on the rocks below.

For a moment Lenora listened, but no sound save the screaming of seagulls broke the silence. Then, hurrying the weapon far away from her, she crept back to the shelter of her hotel.

"One moment—I must speak to you!"

With a stare, Lenora Carewe swung round to look into the dark eyes of Grace, who had accosted her as she was about to leave the hotel to catch a train.

"Last night," began Grace, excitedly, "George Hearn was done to death, and this morning my—the sweet voice—trembled—Mr. Harvey was arrested for his murder.

All the colour left Lenora's cheeks. "Tom—Mr. Harvey arrested for George Hearn's murder?" she gasped. "What has it to do with me?"

"Everything!" the girl's calmness grew as the woman trembled—you can prove his innocence by giving yourself up for the crime you committed."

Grace made her accusation boldly enough, then once more her enforced calmness deserted her. "Oh!—can't you see yourself away from here, Tom quarrelled—each swore to kill—"

"Why do you accuse me?"

"I know. I saw it all in a dream. You and he quarrelled on the cliff, and you-you—odd how the right thing and I—oh, God knows what I should do, but even if I give myself up Tom shall not suffer! Dear Tom I'll brave—Grace, and Tom quarrelled—each swore to kill—"

"Tell me, child, what is he to you?"

"I love him, and until you came I knew that he loved me."

"Then, go home," the adventurer answered softly, "before many hours have passed he will be with you again—"

"I love him too."

"Shot from Henrietta's tree in self-defence, but she cast her hands appealingly on the girl's arm—try to think of me as kindly as you can, and one day, who knows? you and the man you love will be able to forgive."

Without another word she turned, and leaving the girl standing in the summer sunshine, walked slowly towards the grey building where the only man she had ever loved lay, charged with the crime she had committed.

**[For rest see "Guide" on page 532]**

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**Scots wha hae wi' Wallace stailed have never seen 'THE COMMUTERS'**
FIND THE FILM
OUR GREAT FREE PICTURE COMPETITION.

£65 IN CASH AND OTHER PRIZES
1st prize, £10; 2nd prize, £5; Ten of 10s. each.
TWO HUNDRED CONSOLATION PRIZES.

Below we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognize one or all of these scenes at your cinema. Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but any one of these letters may be used more than once. Thus even if you were non-film-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the eleventh set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set, for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the next set in Pictures on sale Mar. 18th. Do not send now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10, and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of ties the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor's decision must be regarded as final.

11th SET.

Name: 
Address: 

41. Scene from
Letters used: A E H R T V Y

42. Scene from
Letters used: A C D E F H I L N O R T U

43. Scene from
Letters used: A C D E F H I L N O R T

44. Scene from
Letters used: A E I P R T V
And they lived happily ever after.

This is the grand finale of one of the funniest and best of the

BILLY MERSON

films. It is the climax of much trouble, many adventures, and proves in the end the value of true love.

YOU MUST SEE

THE ONLY MAN

If you have not seen it, a postcard to us will bring you a reply stating when and where it will be shown in your district.

THE GLOBE FILM CO., Ltd.,
81-93, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE,
LONDON, W.
THAT Milton Rosner, the popular film actor, has attested, and will be shortly called up for the Army.

THAT Douglas Munro is said to be a screen in the London film production of "The Terra.

THAT Douglas himself asserts that the sight of Douglas as a boy on the screen actually made Douglas laugh.

THAT he further asserts that he would not go through the West End again on a child's scooter for any money.

THAT, as a matter of fact, he had to do it twice to satisfy his exacting producer, Maurice Elvey.

THAT the Nordisk Co. have two magnificent exclusives in "The Master Physician," a modern Faust story, and "The Price of Silence," a strong three-part drama.

THAT thirty-five students of the Victoria Cinema College appeared in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which the Ideal Company have filmed at Isleworth.

THAT in all probability Bannister Merwin will produce a film which Harold Shaw was going to produce when he left the London Film Company.

THAT Charles Reck is returning for a time to his old love the stage—from the "movies" to the "talkies," so to speak.

THAT he has a fine part in Arthur Bouchier's production of "Claude Duval," at His Majesty's Theatre.

THAT L. B. Lastrow, the London Film Company's stage manager, phoned to an agent the other day for four black men—one of them to be White.

THAT the same were duly supplied, the "white" gentleman being coloured but named Jasper White, a well-known fighting man.

THAT Mary Dibley has accepted an important offer from the Gaumont Company to appear as leading lady in their new production.

THAT the Hepworth plays, "Face to Face and Treachery of the Wulfs," have both been secured by Butcher's Film Service, Ltd., who evidently know good things when they see them.

THAT Eric Desmond, who is still to be seen in Hepworth films, is doing theatrical work in America.

THAT Harold Lockwood, the former Famous Players star, is now engaged by Lasky.

THAT the Gaumont Film Hire Service have now opened their new private theatre, and that, like the films to be projected therein, it is "tophole."

SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes skin eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faulty skin, pimple, pimple, disfiguring blemishes, obstinate eczema disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin soft, smooth, comfortable. For 21 years it has been the remedy for eruptions, redness, roughness, eczema, acne, spots, pimples, freckles, rash, chafing, blisters. Cures.

Sulpholene is prepared by the great skin specialists, J. Farren & Co., Ltd., 27 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E., and is sold in bottles at 1s., 3d., and 6d. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

SHE

By RIDER HAGGARD

A superb series of Photogravures (postcard size) have been produced of the most thrilling scenes in this great film. These are made up in packets of six, and can be had post-free for 6d.

These sets include a portrait of ALICE DELYSIA, the famous actress, as "She," and will make a handsome addition to your collection.

Send P.O. at once to

LUCOQUE Ltd.,
Film Renters,
93 & 95, WARDOUR STREET,
LONDON, W.
Mr. J. R. Tozer
Asks a Question!

"Who can judge the value of a good, pure face cream better than one who is using it every day in the studio?"

Why, I would rather go without washing my face than go without my Oatine, as nothing is so refreshing and soothing after a hard day's work. I have found none to compare with the purity and efficiency of 'Oatine.'"

This is what Mr. J. R. Tozer, the well-known screen and stage actor, says, and he knows from personal experience.

Oatine
FACE CREAM

The secret of its success is that it gets down into the pores and removes the dirt and grime embedded there, and by nourishing the skin it prevents the appearance of wrinkles and ugly lines, which soon make their appearance when the complexion is uncared for. Oatine Face Cream is sold by all Chemists and Stores, in white jars, 1½ and 2½.

Mackintosh's
TOFFEE DE LUXE
MINT DE LUXE

"The Last One! Daddy's been eating them!"

Even "grown-ups" never grow out of a liking for the toothsome Mackintosh's. And as for the kiddies—well, give them some toppers and a free hand, and nine times out of ten it's Mackintosh's.

Toffee-de-Luxe.
Just Butter, Sugar, and thick rich Cream blended in the "Mackintosh Way!"

Mint-de-Luxe.
We take such care in selecting and blending our Peppermint as we do of the other ingredients in Toffee-de-Luxe.

4ozs., 4½d., and in tins at 1½d., of all Confectioners.

Influenza Colds & Coughs

Mother says Veno's has never failed in her family.

The incomparable efficacy of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure as a remedy for all kinds of bronchial and chest troubles in old or young is well seen in the experience of Mrs. Hill, of 237, Alliance Avenue, Newington, Hull. This lady says: "I want to thank you for all the benefit my family have derived from use of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. I first used Veno's for my eldest girl when she was suffering with influenza and bronchitis. She coughed terribly, coughed by the hour, and none of the ordinary remedies I tried brought any relief. Her breathing, too, was very bad. But when at last I gave her Veno's Lightning Cough Cure it was quite wonderful how quickly she recovered. Since then I have made Veno's my family medicine for coughs and bronchial troubles. Some time ago one of my boys had an attack very similar to that of his sister; I used to be afraid he would choke altogether, his breathing was so very difficult; but Veno's cured him, too, and that in a remarkably short time. I may say that, all my children have had Veno's at one time or another, and it has never failed to cure. My husband also has taken Veno's with good results. Once he had caught influenza, and I advised him to try Veno's. He did, and it cut short the attack almost at once."

Sixpenny Book Free.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the best Remedy for:

Coughs & Colds
Bronchitis
Lung Troubles
Influenza
Old-Age Coughs

11½d. Nasal Catarrh
Bad Breathing

Larger Sizes, 1/3 and 3½d., in Chemists and Stores.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the best Remedy for:

Asthma
Nasal Catarrh
Whooping Cough
Blood Purifying

11½d. Old-Age Coughs

Including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India. Issued on having Veno's, and refuse all substitutes.
The Mab at St Margaret's.
Quite half of the bag studio was occupied by producer J. L. Tucker, and his wonderful scene in a new and original screen drama the title of which he would not divulge. The scene was a sort of schematic meeting-room in the East-end, and I had the pleasure of seeing it smashed up by some two hundred "ravishes," who seemed to enjoy the task as much as the riot. He rehearsing of this scene was little short of marvellous, and testified greatly to Mr. Tucker's wonderful knack of handling crowds.

Comedy of costume.
A film treat is coming to you in The Chronicles of a "Boom Centre," a series of comedies produced by the Zeig Company, who, in order to present American rural life in a comical manner, built up a film village, which they christened "Boom Centre." I look forward to seeing it, because Mr. Efisegi Montagu, who always says what he means, tells me that they are the "real goods" in the comedy line.

The Mid-Victorian Picture-pie-play.
Trelawny of the "Wells," the Hepworth version of Sir Arthur Pinero's play, which I saw in the making, and wrote about in Pictures, has now been privately shown and sold. To say that I was charmed with this quaint story of stage life in the early 'sixties is putting it mildly. I saw the original production at the Court Theatre in 1888, and the revival at the Duke of York's in 1910, and Mr. Hepworth has succeeded so admirably in visualising the play that I almost fancied myself back again in the legitimate theatre. In some respects Trelawny on the screen is better, many incidents being shown which were only imagined on the stage—the visit of the common players during a thunderstorm, for example, to the aristocratic mansion in Cavendish Square. Alma Taylor as "Rose Trelawny" is very beautiful.

Italy at Walthamstow.
One of many British pictures now being made is The Fatal Fingers, from the novel by William Le Queux. I have just returned from the R. and G. studio, a huge chunk of which I found had been transformed into a street in Italy. Bathed in the sunshine of dozens of arc-lamps, this beautiful set with cobbléd-paving, quaint dwelling-houses, dark-eyed maidens, and fruit-sellers was the next best thing to Italy itself, and will be quite as effective on the screen. A. V. Bramley, so aged that I scarcely recognised him, was making for his part in Fatal Fingers, which, with Eliot Stannard, he is also producing. F. D.

But how on earth is it done?
Turner Films

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said."

This is the theme of

THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY

By WILL CARLETON.

We are retelling it in a Picture.

Sole Agents—
The Hepworth Mfg. Co., Ltd., 2, Denman St., W.C.

THE TURNER FILMS, LTD.,
Walton-on-Thames.

THE YOUNG

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS—
The delightfully quaint little "Chaplin" on this page is a portrait of Ronald Barton of Liverpool. In his equally quaint letter he writes: "Will you please put it in your gallery? I am hoping to be clever like the real Charlie some day." In drawing your attention to Ronald's picture, I would remind you that I have in hand a lot of photographs of children made up as Chaplin, but I want more, and when I get them I will select the very cleverest for publication and run a competition in connection with them. Now, if any of your readers have been photographed as a "Chaplin" or will get themselves photographed as such, and will send me the picture as soon as possible, I will judge them with the rest and publish the best.

In reply to numerous inquiries by letter, all my boy-readers may consider themselves my "nephews" and all my girl-readers may consider themselves my "nieces." I don't know how many thousands I have already, but I'm greedy, and I like Oliver Twist. I still want more. I am glad to hear that new readers of Pictures, both young and old, have been literally rolling in lately.

I note that the Thanhouser film The Flying Twins, in which those delightful children Marion and Madeline Fairbanks appear, is now being shown at the cinema, and as I told you a few months ago, when I reproduced a picture of them on the trapeze, you should on no account miss this splendid drama. Two fascinating little actresses, who have charmed picturegoers the world over, are Marion and Madeline. With expressive dark eyes and oval faces framed in soft, dark, curling hair, these beautiful and refined girls are now I believe, in their fourteenth year. The Flying Twins was produced especially for them, and tells a thrilling, laughable, also pathetic story of two little daughters of wealthy parents who ran away with a circus and became trapeze artists. In addition to the circus games there are charming views of farm-life, the chickens, colt, ducks, and cattle, Harry La Pearl as acrobat, clown, and actor has a fine part to play and is one of the few men who can do acrobatic work and still be a real actor. When you see the film write and tell me "Uncle" what you think of it.

The Competition in which I asked you to give a title to the picture of Ella Hall and her doll in Jest brought in a host of replies. Among the titles I have selected as being good are—Playmates—Two Dainty Jewels—The Little Mother—Her Jewel—Dolly Mine—A Priceless Possession—Jewel's Baby—A Child's Affinity—and Dolly's Nurse. The prizes have been awarded to—Ida Keighley, Springfield Terrace, Woolside, Horforth (11); Nellie Marsh, 12th St. John's Road, Waterloo, Liverpool (10); Marjorie May, Merthyr (6) awards win a special prize, Ruby Nicholls (Ilford), Violet Burgess (Swansecombe), Lillian Burgess (Swansecombe), B. Longson (Manchester), Vera Arnold (Chiswick), Nellie Suzout (Smethwick), Winnie Gibbs (Croydon), Queenie Rollett (West Bromwich, Irene Osborne (Plymouth).

I am afraid that last week's Name Competition, in which I printed stars for missing letters will go unread. The reason for this will be that I said the letters correctly guessed would form the Christian names of players, whereas I should
It has yet to be decided whether Adam could claim to be one of

'THE COMMUTERS'

**COLOURS!**

"Pictures" Postcards of your Favourites in Colour


All One Penny each (postal extra), or any 14 for ONE SHILLING.

**PICTURES, LIMITED.**

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**PICKTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER**

**REPLIES**

Name and address (not for publication) must be stated when writing. We cannot answer through the post. Letters dealt with in Rotating Address.


G. N. (Newport). Glad your prize was appreciated. I had not your name in order to post it to "Joyce," Pictures, 85 and 86, Long Acre, London, W.C. by Monday, March 20th. I present two seats at the charming "Elijah" by pap and lady, who get them most nearly correct. The ingenious letter, by the way, was sent to me by a lady reader, who is here now sincerely thanked by UNCLE TIM.

---

**MYSTERY MAN**

have said "Simanees." It was a silly mistake, and I can only wait and see what the results, if any, will be like.

I think I have something quite new to offer you so far as this page is concerned. It takes the form of a letter from one girl to another, and in which are missing words. But first let me give you the letter.

**PRIZES FOR MISSING NAMBS.**

DEAR JOYCE,

Thank you for your kind invitation to spend a few weeks with you. I am sending my box by and expect the — will arrive at your place by Friday, I myself will travel by — on Saturday. This morning I heard from my brother who is at the Front. He is having a dreadful time. The — is ever so thick out there, and a few nights ago, when they were sleeping in a country — with only a — for pillow, a terrible — sprung up and they had to take refuge under a —. They often have to — through water. It wants place to do a — like that in this. He had rheumatism rather badly some time ago, which I am afraid may cause the — in his — to return. Did you tell your sister has taken a job —, and doing fairly well —? She will soon be quite —. I went to the — to dinner last night. It was quite a change after —. In review. Will come along Saturday after I have visited my —.

Yours with much love,

PAULINE.

So much for the letter. The missing words are actually the Stereotypes of Film Players, which makes it much more interesting, don't you think? Write the names only in order on a postcard, and post it to "Joyce," Pictures, 85 and 86, Long Acre, London, W.C. by Monday, March 20th. I present two seats at the charming "Elijah" by pap and lady, who get them most nearly correct. The ingenious letter, by the way, was sent to me by a lady reader, who is here now sincerely thanked by UNCLE TIM.
SMILES

SHE: "You know, dear, I always speak as I think."
HE: "Yes, but more often.

Music Hath Charms.
He (at a concert): "She's a finished musician, isn't she?"
SHE: "I hope so. I don't want her to sing again."

The War-Time Youngster.

PROUD FATHER: "Well, Jim, what do you think of your new baby-sitter?"
JIM: "Oh, she's all right. But couldn't we have done without her in war-time?"

A Useful Pal.
FIRST ACTOR: "Come and have lunch; I've borrowed a river from a pal."
SECOND DITTO: Give me his address quick. If he trusts you, he'll lend to any use.

Bald and Banned.
The bold-headed uncle asked little Mary if she didn't want him to play with her.

"No, you're not useless, she said, 'we're playing Inga with pictures, and you're scalped already."

More Mystery.

PARSON: "Is there some one dead at the butcher's? I see the blinds are down.

URCHIN: "Dunno, sir; but they're making sausages."

Method in Madness.

WIFE (dreamily): "Darling, what would you do if I were to die?"

HUSBAND: "I should go raving mad."

WIFE: "Would you marry again?"

HUSBAND: "Probably, if I were mad enough."

The Bummed and the Brick.

"What a useful lump on yer head! 'Ow did yer get it?"

"Playing in a Chinese film."

"Hit by a piece of brick-a-brac."

"Well, I know it was a brick, but I don't remember any brick."

Physically Unfit.

COUNTRY YOKEL (to village parson, who asks why he is not in khaki): "Well, I saw the recruitin' officer 'marrin', and 'e told me, 'd did, that I was physically unfit. Why, I've never touched a drop of physic in me life!"

The Kiss and the Kuss.

Little Tommy disliked being kissed, and great was his disgust when he went to the cinema to see a film of cuddling. When mother came to kiss him good-night she asked for a kiss, but was refused. In desperation he turned to his father, "For heaven's sake, daddy," he cried, "kiss this woman!"

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Great. Four. Reel. Drama

Unique Film. Unique Story.

Gaumont Film Hire Service London & Branches

Red Feather Photo Play
Who for a year past has endeared herself to millions of picture-goers through her performance in many fine Essanay plays (See page 506.)
A DATE TO REMEMBER

MONDAY, MAY 15th, is an important day to the Public and Picture Theatre Managers. On that day Selig's release, Landing the Hose Reel, the first record of the doings of "Bloom Centre,"

the Selig Comedy Village we told you about last week. (See last week's advertisement.)

The inhabitants of "Bloom Centre" create happy and energising laughter an essential tonic during War Time.

Make an entry in your diary or mark your calendar for May 15, 1916, as a reminder to see the first of "The Chronicles of Bloom Centre."

SELIG FILMS,
E. H. MONTAGU (Sole Agent)
93-95, Wardour St., London, W.

"GREATEST OF ALL SERIAL PHOTPLAYS
20 WEEKS. 40 REELS"

This is the Trans-Atlantic great new Serial that will follow The "Broken Coin."

The first episode will be released on May 1st.

The most virile, stirring serial ever produced. Make a point of asking your manager to book it.
Scrap's in London dinner given to Harold Shaw, who is American makes quaintly the words in italics "London films press ..."

Menu:—

Don't lose a foot:

Chicken middle of Season from England's still picture; Challenge.

Fish on

a of Islanders

 makers...

1898.
Our News Feature: Events of the Week

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

1. GERMAN TROOPS IN WARSAW: The WAVEmount Ratbost, the first to enter the City, now drill daily in the municipal park.
2. AN UNBOUND HOSPITAL behind the fighting line near Ypres.
3. THE WATCHERS: In some parts of the French front the listening patrols are accompanied by trained dogs.
5. GROUP MEN IN TRAINING: Soldiers who, but a few weeks ago were in civil life, quickly prove adept in various phases of trench warfare.
6. AFTER BEING WOUNDED: New Zealanders, while waiting to be redrafted to the Front, hold sports at their depot.
PERHAPS very few people realise how many big works as Hall Caine’s The Christian or Sir Gilbert Parker’s Sea of the South are prepared for the screen.

"Oh, they are produced," airily dismiss the problem. True enough, but how?

"And cut short on it. Have my readers ever heard of a scenario writer? He is the man between,’ usually an unknown worker, of whom the public knows little about."

"Adapted and arranged for the cinematograph by ‘The Man Between,’" my readers have doubtless seen something like that on the film-title.

The scenario writer is a very important worker in the moving-picture world, and his work is becoming a highly specialised branch of cinematography.

"With the rapid development of the pictures” has come a demand for a highly-skilled specialist who can take any book or play and visualise it into a moving-picture play.

"Suppose that the picture-play is like a house building. Then the producer is, so to say, the master-builder, and the actors are his labourers—carpenters, bricklayers, tilers, if you like. The architect, the man who prepares the plans on which the master-builder works, is the scenario-writer."

The photo-play architect works usually on this plan. He makes himself familiar with the story which is to be filmed, learns how it will fall in the plot, studies the theme of the story, gets to know thoroughly all the characters. He studies these characters, their psychology, all their little weaknesses and foibles he examines.

By reason of the fact that the scenario-writer is thoroughly acquainted with every detail and difficulty of film-production, he acquires the knack of seeing the stories as a picture-play. He thinks in pictures just as the novelist thinks in sentences.

A synopsis of the story as he sees it as a film-play is quickly prepared and then follows a lengthy interview with the producer.

The two take this synopsis and submit it to a rigorous and merciless criticism. They talk in pictures, each testing the little group of scenes which the scenario writer suggests shall picture a given portion of the novel under discussion.

"Will it get across?" asks the producer. "Is this a little clumsy? Could we have some...

so..." and many other criticisms can be heard.

Eventually the synopsis is settled upon, and the scenario-writer retires to his study to produce the full scenario—the scenario of the story.

A scene in cinematography is a series to be everything photographed from one position of the camera. Scene by scene the scenario-writer sets down what the camera will photograph, the setting, whether it is an indoor one or a white coat and is always supposed to have a megaphone tucked under his arm.

"Ah, good man, what does it run out to?"

"Oh, about 140 scenes. Twenty-three sets."

The producer quickly turns to a little chart which contains the entire story of the film in as few lines as possible.

"Seventeen scenes in the drawing-room set—nine in the office—all: glad you’ve kept the exteriors down. It’s rotten weather this time of year."

"Yes," interposes “The Man Between.” "The author is awfully wild because I altered the end of the story. I couldn’t make him see that it wasn’t photographable."

The Producer has been rapidly scanning the scenario. He stops suddenly at a long scene.

"I say, why have you made this so long?"

"The Man Between” looks at the page, and then laments. "Oh! I wanted to avoid that last scene. Let’s cut it."

Between!” says the producer, "between Lady— and Sir— stopped while we sandwich in a Vision to explain why he— and so the two men talk on. Sometimes they agree, now and then they argue a point. Many matters have to be discussed. Among them are questions of style, for it is quite a mistake to imagine that the producers can spend as much money as they please.

"Got your cheque? It is the Producer who is speaking.

The Man Between” grins an affirmative.

"Well, pop along and see us when you’re near. I’d like to have a chat with you. Trade show? Oh, about a couple of months time. What’s your next play?"

"I’m going to do the Man in the Moon for the Top-Hole people," answers the other.

"Are they going to do that? Don’t envy you. Well, good-bye, old chap. We’ll drop you a line when we are ready for another one."

And “The Man Between” walks out of the studio to live on the cheque he has earned. May he be he is going to do “The Man in the Moon,” may he be isn’t. Probably the chances are that he is, for "such” a scenario is not given much time in which to be idle.

Dane Stanton.

He came straight home every night for a week after he had seen

'THE COMMUTERS'.
THE EXPLORER

JESSE LASKY PRODUCTION FEATURING LOU TELlegen.

Adapted from the film of William Somerset Maugham's play

—- BY PATRICK GLYNN. ——

HOPES TO SUPPRESS SLAVE TRADE.

AND ADD COUNTRY TO OUR EMPIRE.

It was announced last night by the Colonial Secretary that the famous explorer, Alec McKenzie, would undertake a special expedition into the heart of darkest Africa.

LUCY ALLERTON read the newspaper announcement with lively interest. She knew her gallant lover had set his heart on this expedition which was now officially announced after many visits to the Colonial Office. When the expedition was over Lucy knew that Alec McKenzie would put the important question to her, and he was not the kind of individual to take “No” for an answer.

The door of the drawing-room opened, and her brother George staggered into the room. Lucy rose greatly distressed. His disinterested habits had caused his dismissal from several important positions in the Diplomatic Service, and the degradation did not appear to affect him. Only the previous Monday a powerful friend of the Allerton family had secured him another chance, and Lucy divined that George had jeopardised this also.

“I’ve just been fired, Sis,” said the young man, seating himself heavily in armchair. “I’ve lost some despatches, and Lord Kent told me never to show my face inside his department again. Rotten luck, isn’t it?”

“You have risked your whole career by drinking,” began Lucy, passionately. “You are the last of our family, and this is how you bring disgrace on our name.”

“Don’t grousse, Sis. I can’t help it; it’s awful to have such an honourable name as ours. People expect me to be a saint.”

“No one expects you to be a saint,” replied Lucy, sadly.

“A man would suffice,” George winced under the sarcasm, and rose from the chair.

“I’ll chuck up the whole game,” he said at last. “I’m tired of England. I’ll go abroad.”

He staggered out of the room just as Alec McKenzie was announced. Lucy rose to greet the new arrival with a smile.

“I have come to say good-bye, Lucy,” said the explorer, taking her hand.

“May I hope for your answer on my return from Africa?”

Lucy hesitated. She had put him off before by pretexts and excuses, but she had made up her mind at last. Seeing her hesitation, McKenzie continued, “At least you are not engaged to any one else?”

“No,” replied the girl quietly.

“I am going on with a very dangerous one; for I must penetrate amongst the most savage tribes in Africa. But it is for the sake of Britain.”

“And I would not keep you back,” replied Lucy proudly.

“When you return my answer will be the same as now.”

“Since you love me, dear the explorer a few moments later.

“the jungle cannot harm me.” Lucy smiled at the foolishness of the remark and gently disengaged herself from the young man’s arms.

“When are you going?” she asked, as an idea suddenly entered her brain.

“To-morrow,” replied McKenzie.

“I want you to take my brother with you,” said Lucy. “You know he has disgraced himself in the eyes of the world, and he must win back its respect. Give him a chance to redeem himself.”

The explorer looked embarrassed. He would have preferred George Allerton’s absence to his company on an expedition which demanded the utmost endurance and sobriety of every mind that entered the party. If any one else, from the Prime Minister of England downwards, had made the request, he would have flatly refused; but the suppliant was Lucy, and, with a sigh which he tried to suppress, he promised to carry out her wishes.

CHAPTER II.

“Don’t be tome,” said McKenzie sternly. “You attacked a native girl, and then shot her lover because he was man enough to protect her.”

George Allerton looked weakly from the face of the explorer to the equally stern face of the doctor to the expedition. Both had heard the sound of a revolver-shot only a half-hour previously, and the chief of the local tribe, who had promised to be friendly with the expedition, had come into the camp with a story of how one of the expedition had fired on a native, and had demanded the person of the murderer with a threat that if the request was not complied with, the enraged tribe would attack and wipe the expedition from the face of the jungle. No wonder McKenzie looked stern.

“I shot at a snake this afternoon,” explained Allerton at last. “I didn’t tell you, because I knew you wouldn’t believe me.”

McKenzie held up a gold watch with George Allerton’s monogram on the case. The culprit looked even more embarrassed.

“That is what the chief brought in,” said the incensed explorer. “It was found in the dead native’s hand after his struggle with you to protect the girl. There is no use your denying the charge. I wondered where you got the brandy from until I examined the bottle which the doctor keeps for
George Allerton's attack on a native girl.

medieval purposes for the party, and I found half of it gone. Do you know what it means? Every man of the expedition will be dead by twelve o'clock to-night unless we give you up.

A sinister sound broke the silence of the jungle, a tom-tom was beaten with fiendish strength, and its sonorous, harsh sounds rang in the air bringing its deadly import to the expeditionary party.

There are twenty-two men in our party," said the doctor, turning to the explorer. "Are we all to lose our lives to pay for the madness of this one man?"

Alec McKenzie was silent. He remembered that the culprit was the brother of Lucy Allerton. How could he go back to England and seek the hand of Lucy in marriage after he had given up her brother to the vengeance of the wildest tribe in Central Africa.

"We'll have to fight our way through. We cannot give up George Allerton," he said at last. "We'll put up a stockade around the camp before it gets dark, and one man must stay behind to do the fighting whilst the rest escape. As long as there is one man here to keep on firing, they will think we are all here."

"And who will stay behind?" demanded Dr. Adamson.

"I shall," replied the explorer curtly.

"It's absolutely wicked!" shouted the doctor, now almost beside himself with anger. "If any one stays behind, it ought to be the man who made all the trouble. Besides, you are the only man who can lead the expedition back. You cannot stay."

George Allerton's face as he listened to this dialogue grew pale. His own thoughts had been very troubled, but he emerged from the ordeal with a new light in his eyes.

"The doctor is right," he said, turning to the explorer; "let me stay. I have caused all the mischief. Don't take away my only chance to atone."

For the first time for weeks Dr. Adamson looked at Allerton with approving eyes. "By gad, there's no yellow streak in him, after all," he muttered.

"I have only one request to make before you leave me," continued Allerton; "don't let Lucy know that you let me stay behind because I murdered a native; it would break her heart."

The doctor and the explorer looked at each other.

"You both promise on your honour?" persisted Allerton.

"Yes," replied both men in unison.

"Two hours is all I want," explained the explorer; "if you can keep the natives busy for that time, and then follow up our trail, the whole party will be in safe quarters."

But Allerton had seen enough of his surroundings to realise that he never would come out of the fight with a whole skin.

"If I don't reach you," replied the young man, "tell Lucy I died like a man."

The party threw up a nasty stockade, and then stole silently away, leaving Allerton with several loaded rifles and a store of ammunition. They were just in time. The allotted period to give up Allerton had passed, and the natives were gathering for an attack on the stockade. The sound of tom-toms grew more harsh and nerve-racking, whilst the yells of the natives as they advanced to the attack chilled the blood of the solitary defender.

The expedition found themselves intercepted by a small party of the savages, hastened to the scene of the attack by the sound of the tom-toms. After ten minutes sharp fighting the natives were scattered, and the expedition arrived safely on the territory of a friendly tribe. Alec McKenzie climbed to the top of a hill and watched the fight in the jungle. Spots of flame flashing like diamonds broke the darkness, and he could hear the sound of Allerton's rifle mingling with the shouts of the natives. Suddenly the sparks of flame died away, and the whole jungle lit up. The stockade had been set on fire, and the natives, with fiendish yells, climbed into the enclosure. A few minutes later the fire died away, and an uncanny silence reigned in the jungle.

"It's all over," muttered McKenzie, as he descended the hill.

Chapter III.

Six months later a little dinner of welcome was given to Alec McKenzie and the members of the expedition. The Colonial Secretary made a speech congratulating McKenzie on the success of his labours, and mentioned the fact that the intrepid explorer had added eight hundred miles of territory to the British Empire.

"The whole nation is proud of you," he concluded, bowing to the guest of honour. McKenzie replied with an almost absent-minded speech. He was wondering what effect the death of Lucy's brother would have upon her.

When he paid his visit to Lucy he found to his relief that she had already heard the news of her brother's death. She was quiet and subdued in her manner, and McKenzie, who brought Dr. Adamson and another leading member of the late expedition with him, were entertained to tea. Dr. Adamson, with a glance of amusement around the table, rose to propose a toast.

"To Lucy and Alec," he said, drinking the wine which he favoured rather than the tea.

The pair blushed and laughed, whilst John Lassar, the young engineer to the expedition, smiled bitterly. He was feeling a little jealous of the honours of McKenzie, who owned, only to himself, a sneaking regard for Lucy, who was soon to become the explorer's wife. After tea Adamson and McKenzie returned to the drawing-room to receive the congratulations of Allerton's friends, and Lassar seized the opportunity to whisper to Lucy.

"Before you marry him, ask him why he left your brother George to die alone."

Every man of the expedition will be dead by twelve o'clock.
Dr. Adamson thought hard for several minutes, and without vouchsafing any explanation he left saying he would return the next day. Early on the following morning, he visited Lucy and found her looking Elliot, and daunted, and with her thoughts wandering somewhere and now.

"Now, young lady," commenced the doctor, "I have a word of honour to your brother that I would not divulge. The circumstances leading to his death but to save the happiness of twain I will break my word of honour.

"What do you mean?" asked Lucy, with a rush of hope.

"I mean that Alick would have lost you to protect your brother's memory. Well, I am no southern.

Quietly and dispassionately the doctor told her the story of the incident until he reached the point of the girl's death, and the enigmatical demand for the body of the murderer, and the last grim choice. It was a bitter disillusionment for the girl, and when he finished the story she remained silent for several minutes, until Lucy dried her eyes and glared truthfully towards him.

"Your brother a victim of his crime," said the doctor at last. "At any rate, you have the consolation of knowing that he was no coward, and died like a man.

"Thanked the girl, quietly. Then she continued,

"Where is Alick?"

"A ghost of a smile hovered round the doctor's lips.

"Shall I send him to you?" he asked.

"Yes," came the soft reply.

THE EXPLORER

PICTURE HOUSE ETIQUETTE

S. Many people seem to have forgotten how to conduct themselves in picture houses, that we venture to remind them of which they should do to be really up to date.

Having gained admission, and got an eye on a seat in the aisle for it, reception of anybody else. If, when you are seated, other people wish to pass along, don't move your feet, stick, or umbrella—they hate to put you to so much trouble.

If a male and you wish to smoke, be sure you blow the smoke away from the people in front of it; it in the air, and loses them nothing. A pipe and "thick black" is best if you wish the thanks of the front-row seats, to say nothing of your neighbours.

It's strange when the orchestra plays a popular ditty, you think to front-parade is not appropriate, even though you are of the public. This sort of thing will be kept up all night, and even now and again put hand. This raises the company, and his girl, I am. In the room, but is more unpleasant on a wet night, and with gawking hoists, as these get a fine grip of the plush.

At all times remember that the arm of each side of your seat is for your arm rests. Get them well over and shift them for nobody.

So far as the pictures are concerned, we would suggest that then with a friend you should read all the letters and titles aloud to your friend. This shows a lot of people that you have been to school, and the example might send some of them to evening classes to improve their own education.

If a picture is shown which has been seen previously elsewhere this should be remarked upon in a loud, amiable tone. The effect is a audience will regard you with awe as an expert, and the management could not carry you at all.

When leaving the house don't do so until a picture has commenced. The other people in the row of seats like it best that way; you passing out helps them from falling asleep.

THE STORY OF A THEATRICAL BOARDING-HOUSE SLAVE

VICTORIAN DOORSTEPS

THE STORY OF A THEATRICAL BOARDING-HOUSE SLAVE WHO MADE GOOD AND WON HER IDEAL.
Mary Dibley as Herself.

We reproduce a new portrait of this charming British player. Miss Dibley made a striking success as the handsome adventures, "Belle Cavendish," in the lovely Turner picture woven round the old English Lady, Sally in one "Age," which will be released in May; and she will be seen again in a coming Gunumont production. She has done much good work in the "London" films: "The Middleman," "The Heart of a Child," "Jefis," "The Derby Winner," "What's That Thing I The Shulamite," and "The Christian.

She has had, too, very considerable stage experience, appearing in eight or nine plays with Arthur Bouchier during a nearly two years' engagement, and also with Sir George Alexander and Gerald Du Maurier. Before her first stage engagement she was an art student; and it was soon after she made her début upon the boards of the legitimate that she started a happy life.
Our Picture Players Portrait Gallery

FAITH BAILD, who, after two years with Vitagraph, joined Universal and is now back with Vitagraph. Her "first" picture was Chump, in which John Bunny appeared.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL, a very great favourite now with the Lesly Company. He has written, produced, and acted his own stories.

JACK PICKFORD, the younger brother of Mary and Lottie Pickford. He has played in films since 1915, and is now with the Selig Company.

RUTH FOLAND, who went from Kalem to Eulnor, where she is now being starred in a detective story serial. She has appeared in over one hundred picture-plays.
"YOU least!"

With a cry Hesperia sprang from her seat at the dinner-table; then, without another glance at the inflamed face of the man who had insulted her, fled from the room.

"What the dickens do you mean by creating such a scene?" her guardian demanded as she followed her. "Upon my word, Hesperia, this is too much!"

"As my guardian it is your duty to protect me from the insults of any blackguard whom you may call friend!"

"Insult?"

"What else? Ever since he arrived his manner, his looks have been those of a libertine, and now—" Her cheeks burned at the thought of the kiss Harry Morley had pressed upon her lips.

"Bah! A moment's forgetfulness for which he is now sorry. Morley wishes to make you his wife, and—"

"His money would be useful to you," the girl interrupted. "Then you can tell him that I refuse to be sold!"

The man's face grew purple with rage. "You will return to the dining-room at once, and apologise for your behaviour!"

"I will not!" she answered defiantly.

"Then, his voice rose, "you will find another roof to shelter you."

With an oath, he flung out of the room leaving Hesperia alone.

"I won't, I won't," she told herself. "Oh, if only Claude—"

Again a flush, but not of anger this time, dyed her cheeks as she thought of her secret artist-lover and the words he had spoken at their last stolen meeting.

"Darling," he had whispered as he held her to him, "if ever danger threatens—ever you are unhappy, come to the shelter waiting for you in my arms."

"He could not be false!" she exclaimed half aloud, "his eyes spoke the truth. He loves me—loves me!"

Shutting out all thoughts of what might be the result of her conduct, she hastily flung a cloak over her flaming evening gown and crept stealthily from the house. Calling a passing taxi, she was swiftly whisked to the great block of flats in which her lover lived, and as the lights of the vehicle vanished in the distance, she glanced the outer door as though determined at all costs to place an invincible barrier between herself and the old life; then hurrying across the floor, she knocked timidly at the entrance to his studio.

No answer came, and softly turning the handle she entered.

Claude!"

At the sound of her tremulous voice the artist sprang from his seat before an unfinished work; then, as his eyes took in the exquisite picture she made as she stood there in the soft light, he sprang forward with a glad cry.

"Hesperia—my darling!"

Laughing softly she allowed him to draw her into his embrace, and held up her face to meet the passionate kisses he rained upon it.

"My beautiful darling," he whispered, hoarsely. "Why, whatever good fortune brings you here to-night, when, by all the gods, I was beginning to wonder if either the present or the future held anything worth living for!"

"Don't you remember, dear?" she whispered back as she nestled against him, "you said if ever I was unhappy I had to come to you!"

"By Jove! I should think I do remember; but surely the world is not cruel enough to bring unhappiness to you?"

She nodded her head sadly, "I am unhappy!" Her voice broke in a sob, "Oh, my dear, my dear, I am so unhappy to you, for you are all I have!"

Her lover looked at her with a new light in his eyes, then drew her down on to a settle before the fire.

Stilling her sobs, Hesperia told him of the man who had been her guardian's guest, the man who thought to buy her, and of the final insult against which the whole of her sensitive nature had risen in revolt.

"Poor little woman!" Claude said as she finished, "for, I am sure, dear, to think only of ourselves. You are happy now?"

She raised her hand shyly to her lips, "I am quite happy now.

The blood raced madly through the artist's veins. "Oh, Hesperia, if I was only rich—only famous—"

For a long while they clung to each other, then, as a distant church chimed the hour, he sprang to his feet.

"Great Scott, midnight!" he exclaimed. "Too late to—" Smouldering fires her lover had stirred up to the enjoyment of the present, making up for their lack of means with the fervour of their kisses. At first they would often talk of the forthcoming marriage, but as the time Claude referred to the matter less often until, at last, it was almost completely dropped; and although Hesperia's woman-heart was often troubled by her irregular position she learned to forget all but her love when she felt his arms around her.

Inspired by her radiant beauty, he set to work on a great picture which he swore would make him rich. "Woman and Wine" he called it, and as he swiftly transferred the volupitous beauty of the girl who lay before him to the canvas he felt certain that at last fate had meant well to him. But as the picture grew a subtle change came over him—the living woman of flesh and blood began to lose her power, and he would sit for hours dreamily at the masterpiece his genius had wrought. Slowly but surely Claude Duroy's infatuation for his mistress was being absorbed in his love for her work.

One day she came upon him with an open letter in his hand.

"What is it, Claude, dear?"

"Oh, curse it—I beg your pardon, sweetheart, but here's my mother come up to see in his grave. I have seen strangers practically ever since I took up art, and now—"

Hesperia clapped her hands delightfully. "You're going to make it up, Oh, how glad I am!"

"But," he paced the studio irritably, "don't you understand. If my mother learns that you—that you and I—oh, don't you understand, Hesperia? The colour failed from her face. "I think I do," she answered slowly. "I am in the way now, is that not so? Love has been killed by ambition, and this visit leads so naturally to—"

"Hesperia—"
Chapter II.—After Long Years.

Years creep on, years bringing many changes to the life of the girl who had sacrificed her youth at the call of love. From poverty and grinding hard work she passed in time to fame, and ranked with the first actresses of the land, and then it was that Morris Alva, world-famed as a connoisseur of art, stood before her and humbly sought her hand.

"Don't speak yet," he said, gravely, as she raised her tear-dimmed eyes to his. "Whatever the past has been—for I am a man of the world, my dear, and understand the world's temptations—I ask you to forget all. All I ask is, if you love me with a love a tenth of that which I have for you, to give your honour and love into my keeping. Hesperia, will you be my wife?"

For a moment Claude Duroy's face appeared before her, but, as she looked into the grave eyes of the man before her, a curtain seemed to shut out the past.

"Is it love?" she whispered.

"As God is my judge—it is love!"

"Then she placed her slim hands into the big ones that trembled at her touch. "I will fight to the death to choke your utterance, with God's help, I will try to make you happy!"

They were married very quietly, and in the days that followed Alva did much to make Hesperia forget the old days. Not once did he ask her of her life before she burst meteor-like upon a delighted, artistic world, and at last she felt that almost equalled the passion she had felt during her early days with Claude Duroy. Then a little child was born to them, and, holding it in her arms, she felt that her cup of happiness was indeed full to overflowing.

But times were hard in the City, and one day Alva had to confess to his beautiful wife, that only a hair-breadth stood between him and financial ruin. "There is one chance and one only," he said, ruefully, "Armand Kaleb may consent to pull me out!"

Armand Kaleb! Hesperia remembered the dark-eyed almost Oriental art dealer who had lately been a constant visitor at her home and, with almost a return of her girlish repulsion, remembered how his eyes had sought and held hers whenever opportunity had thrown them in close contact.

"At any rate," Alva continued, "it's no good crying until we're really hurt, dearest, and he may come to the rescue. Go to the International Artists' exhibition. Kaleb and I will meet you there."

A couple of hours later while Hesperia
"You will find another roof to shelter you." (See page 598.)

was weakly listening to the gushing conversation of a group of women who would have fain joined her "set," her husband, with Kaleb, approached her.

"It's all right, darling," he said, delightedly, as she joined them, "our friend has pulled us out of the fire. I must rush off now to a company meeting. He hurried away and Hesperia turned to Kaleb with a smile.

"How ever can I thank you," she said frankly, holding out her hand.

Armand Kaleb held it firmly.

"I have done nothing, dear Mrs. Alba," he answered softly, "believe me, it is purely a business arrangement between your husband and myself. Still," he laughed, "if you wish to be very good to me, I would like a signed portrait of the people's darling. Ah!" he added, turning swiftly before she could answer, "allow me to introduce you to the Empire's most famous painter, Mr. Claude Duroy!"

With a strangled gasp, Hesperia shrunk back, conscious only of the smiling face before her, then of a great thankfulness as Kaleb turned away to greet another laughing group.

"Hesperia! At last!—Hesperia!"

Exerting all her self-control, Hesperia drew her hands away.

"I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Duroy," she said so that all might hear them. She added, in an almost fierce whisper, "I will tell you all later."

"When?" Duroy pretended to point out an item in his catalogue.

"You are in the old studio?" He nodded, walking beside her to the entrance of the exhibition. "Then I will come to you— to night!"

"Hesperia! You are more beautiful than ever!" was Claude's control. As if, he murmured, "our parting was only a dream—"

"Hush, you must not speak like that, you forget I am a married woman!"

"A married woman, true?" he spoke bitterly. "I had forgotten that; still I— Do you love your husband, Hesperia?"

"Yes, I love him with my whole being. He is the father of my little one." Her voice trembled. "And I pray that my love may bring him happiness."

"Does he know?"

"He has never asked; but, did he do so I would tell him all.

The sincerity of her tone, her look, was all-convincing, and with a groan, Duroy turned away. For some moments he paced the valuable carpet, then halted suddenly before a heavy curtain.

With a wrench he dragged it aside, and a hot blush of shame swept over the woman's cheeks as once more she looked upon his picture of "Woman and Wine"— her picture, her portrait, to the life, magnified by the sensitive brain and master-hand of the man who had persuaded her to throw aside her maidenly reserve and sit to him.

"Ah, you have not forgotten the picture," he exclaimed again attempting to seize her hands, "and remembering it you cannot forget the passion that gave birth to my grief—the passion you inspired, Hesperia. You loved me once, and now—" He paused as a knock sounded on the outer door.

In a frenzy Hesperia seized his arm.

"If I should be found here I shall be ruined," she gasped. "Years ago I trusted you, Claude, I trust you now to save me from that."

For a moment Duroy looked at her and paused. Slowly he memory of how cruelly he had betrayed her trust came to him, for he led her hurriedly to a concealed door; then, as the curtains dropped behind them, Armand Kaleb entered the studio.

"Sorry to disturb you, Duroy," he began, then looked round in bewilderment at the empty room. Why, confound it! I would swear I heard voices, and—ah!" his sharp eyes saw the portrait Duroy had forgotten to re-cover, then he gasped again as he recognised the central figure, "Mrs. Alba!" by all that's wonderful!— the beauty—Jove!" glancing swiftly round the room he saw a dainty sun-shade reclining on a chair, and a second later was examining the golden monogram upon the handle. "Her's, by Gad; hers—so my beauty can give her kisses as well as refuse them. By heaven! the next time we meet she may not look so bountifully at the man who saved her bankrupt husband for her sake."

Some days later Duroy was delighted to receive an invitation to lunch with the great art-dealer, and, scenting a commission, accepted immediately.

During the elegantly-served meal that followed Kaleb chattered lightly on affairs of art.

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"Now, if you'll just come into my den and smoke a cigar we'll talk over— What's this! Stupor?" he broke off abruptly, as his servant entered bearing a salver on which rested a small parcel.

"A lady, left it just now, sir. Said she would send it to you." The room swam around her. Only too clearly she guessed what picture the writer alluded to, and in a flash she realised the awful predicament its exhibition would place her in.

"Hesperia!"

Turning, she faced her husband, and one glance at his livid face warned her to prepare for some further blow.

"Everything," he answered, wrathfully. "Kaleb refuses to lend me more money, and even speaks of recovering himself, and now the one frail hope I had is dashed to pieces. A company, composed of whom I do not know, commissioned me to buy a picture which it was their intention to exhibit. Some scandal attached to it would draw all the town they will, and I was to have a good fee for obtaining it and a generous commission, but now, Duray—"

"Duray?" she scarcely breathed. "Yes, on my word, he writes today refusing to either sell or allow the picture to be exhibited—"

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" Morris Alba did not hear the whispered phrase, thankfulness.

"By jove, I never thought of it before," he exclaimed. "You may see this man, Hesperia. You must plead with him. Men will do anything you ask. Tell him that instead of the loan I shall be a beggar. Tell him that my fall will hurl hundreds to the depths of ruin and despair!"

"I go to him— to Claude Duray?"

"That is what I said—yes, it is not much to ask you after all these years, Hesperia, if you love me now—"

She interrupted him with a quizzical gesture. "Hush, Morris; I love you, but I must have time to think—"

That night she once more stood in the studio where her first lessons in love and passion had been learned; but this time her old instructor faced her with no welcome greeting. She knew that the smile would be gone from her lips. That first love, that first knowledge of what love meant, had left her.

"To what do I owe the honour of this visit, madam," he asked coldly.

The picture—my portrait—my husband wishes to buy it and—"

"You need have no fear, madam; he wished to buy it, true, and at first I agreed to sell; but now he must have received a letter from me revoking my original consent," he laughed shortly.

"No, you need have no fear I grant you. I thought to revenge myself on you in this way; but, thank God, my manhood proved stronger than jealousy. I shall bear you with the picture." He kissed her eyes. "But come to-night to beg of you to plead with me on my knees. Claude to sell the picture, as you originally agreed—"

"Do you know what you are saying? Do you remember whom the portrait is? Why, every man and woman in the town would recognise it as the picture of God! Help me, but still I beg of you to sell!"

"Why?"

"Because I love my husband, and—"

"Love?" the old jealousy blazed up. "Are you known and of whom your love for him the same as you had for me—for Armand Kaleb?"

She raised her head proudly.

"My love for you was for the first in my life, however, threw away on yourself. I knew how Kaleb is a man I would never think of being without—"

Duray sneered. "Then do you give your portraits to all men, even those you love?"

"I gave one to him because he asked for it, and I was grateful, for he had just saved my husband from ruin. No, she doth not say him so appar- ently—" he is once more faced with financial destruction. Oh, Claude, Claude, he married me without a question as to the past, nor has he ever asked me. All these years he has loved and trusted me, and now I do the only thing I can to help him in his dark hour—"

"You know what it means to you?"

"I know, and I will face it gladly for his sake. For my love it is—"

For some moments he was silent; then, striding across the room, drew aside the curtain that concealed the mysterious picture. "It shall be, as you wish," he said, "but not for years, for you—"

"The picture is his; his property; his—"

He interrupted her with a laugh. "I have not only known how different my lonely life would have been—still, thank God, however badly I used you, Heaven has been merciful in giving me the power to save your name—the name of the woman I won and lost, the woman whom I shall love in silence to the end—"

---

Chapter III—"To Save Her Name!"

Contrary to expectations, the money advanced by Kaleb proved insufficient to stem the tide of disaster that threatened Morris Alba, and again trouble descended like a black cloud on the commissar's household, and, to add to Hesperia's other worries, her only child was taken ill. One day, as she sat by the little convalescent's bedside, a newspaper paragraph caught her eye.

"It is said," she read, "that Claude Duray will show a picture painted some time ago, but not exhibited before for some unknown reason."

The room swam around her. Only too clearly she guessed what picture the writer alluded to, and in a flash she realised the awful predicament its exhibition would place her in.
Dear Girls and Boys,

Friends to me are the greatest things in the world, and without them I could never have gained the success I have in the silent drama. That is what a popular film-actor in America has written to one of my little "nieces," and it reminds me that many of his friends are my friends. I often wonder how many reader friends I possess—if every young picturegoer who reads this page suddenly took it into his or her head to write to me how many letters I should receive.

Of course the number would run into four figures, and perhaps five.

I have often told you how I love to see little children on the screen and am always regretting that so few children's pictures are produced. If I had a heap of money and a lot of time to spare I would start a studio of my own for the sole purpose of producing picture-plays in which none but children took part. And one of my secrets would be a nursery for very young children, a room with a hole in the wall to fit the front of my cinema camera so that I could get perfectly natural pictures of children at play without their being aware of it. Nearly all children are a great success on the screen, and cannot help being so, because they are too young to know anything about acting and posing, neither of which is wanted in screen pictures. But at present there is no respect of my producing pictures of any description. Perhaps some enterprising producer may read these lines and take the hint. I am quite sure that when you go to those so-called "children's matinées" your delight would be great if most of the films screened were children's pictures instead of dramas, the inner meaning of which you do not understand, and which are not always to the taste of even the grown-ups.

Children, as a rule, are very willing to play before the camera. I came across a bunch of them quite recently in one of our big studios, and found them the happiest little people in the building. During the long waits they crowded round the studio stove (for the day was bitterly cold), told each other stories, and feasted on oranges and sweets, and during one interval they passed the time merrily by skipping. When their time came to appear in the street scene they were neither tired nor bored, but played their little parts to perfection.

A single child, however, is sometimes troublesome. A producer friend of mine had a beautiful boy, about three years of age, brought to him the other day, and particularly wished him to laugh in a comedy scene; but all the efforts of producer and mother alike were useless. The little fellow had made up his mind to be obstinate. He did not like the look of the camera. It seemed to insist on staring at him, and being so young he did not know whether it loved good or evil for him. The producer's patience began to wear out, and when, finally, he spoke rather sharply to the child, the unbeli-
THE SAME GENTLEMEN AS THEY APPEAR WHEN VISITING A PICTURE THEATRE.

desired laughter seemed to be farther off than ever. The child began to cry, and tears soon led to a real homely baby's howling.

In fact, it was so real that Mr. Proctor thought it too good to waste. He brought the camera close up to the boy and used up a nice length of film on his howling. The result was a splendid picture of a child's misery, which he has since worked into an entirely different subject with complete success.

I come now to the second large series of picture puzzles which were hidden "Film Titles." I have not counted the entries, but it is said they were over a thousand in number. I shall be on the right side, and you will say that the Competition has been a colossal success.

The solutions are as follows:—
(1) The Million Dollar Mystery,
(2) The Exodus of Pharaoh,
(3) The Avenging Conscience,
(4) Caledon,
(5) The Birth of a Nation,
(6) The Prisoner of Zenda,
(7) My Old Dutch,
(8) Fruits of Vengeance,
(9) The Sign of the Cross,
(10) The Man at the Key,
(11) Charlie's Night Out,
(12) The Message from Mars.

The two prizes go to: Ivy Clark, 18, Antree Avenue, East Ham, London; E. Richmand Dickens, 132, Chandle Road, Peterborough. But two prizes with so many correct seem rather mean, and I therefore award in addition twelve consolation prizes as follows:

W. Kepp (Tredegar), Gerty Folkes (Stock-on-Tees), Lotus Evans (Birmingham), Gordon Woollatt (Chichester), Albert Barber Saltley, May Stevens (Warrington), Geoffrey Morris (Milton), Kitty Lane (Stockton-on-Tees), Norman Goldin (New, Brighton), Reginald Pollard (Highgate), Made Johnson (Lingsight), William Dawson (Longsight), Gordon Harris (Bristol).

Award of Merit (six of which win a special prize) V. Wright (Bradford), Mr. C. Copeland (Bradford), J. Crocker (Southampton), B. Simons (Mile End), D. Watts (Selby), A. Phillips (Manchester), E. M. Shaw (Farnworth), D. Money (Manchester), R. Lovelock (Mansfield), E. Buxton (Middlesbrough), E. Tetley (Liverpool), N. Blackmore (Wolverhampton), E. Scudder (Liverpool), W. Percival (Truro), E. Wate (Buxton), John Trupp (Islington).

Now this is very important: Will you please note that in judging the above (and all Competitions) I had to award prizes to the nearest after considering age. To send prizes to all who were correct would have needed hundreds of prizes.

I mention this because several readers write to complain that they had all the previous puzzles right, but got no prize. The prizes from Hilda North for "Uncle Tim" have been gratefully received. I wish I could return them in person.

PICTURE-MAKING AT HOME.

For this week's Competition I have a very charming scheme to lay before you. I want you to make a composite picture on a postcard by cutting out figures, animals, or anything you please from other pictures appearing in any paper and pasting them together, so that the whole forms a picture in itself. To show you exactly what can be done I am reproducing on page 11 a picture made up in this way in this office. When you have made your picture give it a title, state your age, address it to "Home-Made," Pictures Office, 53 and 58, Long Acre, London, W.C., and post by return by Monday, March 27th. Six prizes will go to the senders of the cleverest pictures, and the award of merit to the next best. Now, my dears, set to work and show what you are capable of doing in this direction, to please your affectionate Uncle Tim.

READ MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY'S ARTICLES TO WOMEN IN 'EVERYWOMAN'S,' THE PENNY PAPER THAT IS DIFFERENT.

If you want to see a top-hole thriller look out for "DOORSTEPS."
We know you will like it. It is a first-rate drama, and cannot fail to hold your interest. You will certainly want to see the film, which is splendidly acted, beautifully photographed, and artistically staged.

Ask your favourite cinema manager when he will be showing it, or drop us a postcard and we will tell you.

TO EXHIBITORS.

If you will glance through this story you will see immediately that it is a very suitable subject, and will surely hold your audience. We supply really attractive posters. If you are not on our mailing list, a postcard will immediately remedy the matter.

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PICTURES AND THE PICTUROGER

READ
THE STORY
on page 598,

"TO SAVE HER NAME"

W.HIS WIFE'S PAST.—Novelistic drama. Three reels. A thrilling detective tale, showing how an adventure is clearly captured.

TWO HEARTS AND A THIEF.—Buzzy comedy. One reel. A clever little plot, in which a love affair is mixed up with charp, mixed letters, and a burglar.

—American Co., Ltd.


THE STAGE-COACH BOUND.—Serio comedic. One reel. A lively cow-boy story, full of incident and movement, ending in a pretty love episode. Tom Niclson performs more of his amazing stunts.


THE PINE'S REVENGE.—North-Western drama. Two reels. Story of a Pine Tree's retaliation upon a village forest. Directed by Joe and directed by Geo. Madison and Len Change—Triangle Film Co., Ltd.

HER HEARTS DESIRE.—Mutual Comedy drama. Four reels. Maritza Diabetes. The story is charming and thrilling and there are many beautiful scenic effects throughout the film.

—Gumnaund Film Hirz Service.

ESMERALDA.—Famous Player comedy drama. Four reels. Marie Pickford. A true-to-life story of the kind that keeps one entranced; glowing between tears and smiles. The "World's Sweetest" in the title-role is of course as fresh and as charming as ever.

—I. D. Walker's World Films, Ltd.

THE TAILOR OF DOUG STREET.—British-made comedy drama. Four reels. A human story in which comedy and pathos is ingeniously mingled. The original "Potash" and "Perlmutter" (Vorka and Leonard). morning in this. 20th story in issue of March 10th.

—Gumnaund Film Hirz Service.

IRE.—Hopwood's play. Five reels. The second of the Sir Arthur Pinch plays produced by Cecil H. Hopwood. In some repects it is better than the stages even, much more being shown on the screen than was possible on the stage. Henry Ainley and Alma Taylor play leading parts.

—Gumnaund Film Hirz Service.


PATRIOTIC MRS. BROWN.—Brown comedy. One reel. Fred Leslie, the much-hall seen on the screen. Mrs. Brown is so anxious to do a bit for her country that she does not do a bit for her home. Her little husband becomes a Boy Scout, and sets down his foot, which is the only great thing about him, and reverses things.

—Brown and Co., Ltd.

NIAGARA FALLS.—Edison scenic. One reel. This picture will provide all the thrills expected by a first-rate visit. Beginning at the Horseshoe Falls, we follow the2 camera again the Rapids, from the Canadian shore, we see the wonder of the American Falls. Our trip leads us around numerous whirlpools and rapids, until, from the gorge below, we get a view of the conicalc whipfalls at their base. Millions of gallons of water rush by us at a furious rate: it makes you wonder how man could ever have braved such a spectacle, in the distance, we see the factories with their waterwheels helping to create the works of man. Winter scenes are also shown. The beauty of the falls rushing onward in a background of snow and ice is superb.

FLORENCE TURNER is

"DOORSTEPS"

You really must see her.
THAT as the poorer classes, who work harder than ever since the war began, find their chief entertainment at the cinema, the Theatre Committee of the L.C.C. think it undesirable to close the cinemas on Sunday.

THAT if they were closed, many charities would be deprived of funds now devoted to useful work.

THAT Cecil R. Snape has migrated from the Kinematograph Trading Company to the Globe Film Company, whose manager for Exclusive films he now is.

THAT Fred Paul, the popular Sammelson and Ideal producer, is now or will be in one of Lord Derby's groups.

THAT George Fitzmaurice, who is producing for Pathé the A. H. Woods play, "Rit Jim Garrett," is using in one of his sets a bed with a counterpane which was once used by Marie Antoinette.

THAT a friend of his, a well-known collector, lent it to him for the purpose.

THAT Franz Lehar, famous as the composer of The Merry Widow, is now engaged on writing serious music for a patriotic film-drama.

THAT Anthony Hope's stirring romance, Respect of Honour, filmed by the London Film Company, is being put out in America as one of the Bluebird masterpieces.

THAT the Harold Shaw farewell dinner given by the "Stock" of the London Film Company was a terrific success.

THAT Ralph Dowbury's speech was a revelation—the entirely unsuspected brilliance of the "hard nut" taking every one by surprise.

THAT Harold's reply was just that manly statement that was expected.

THAT Charley Bland, the Secretary, handed over to the Percy House Military Hospital the sum of £3 7s. 6d. surplus from the Dinner Fund.

THAT Chinese idols are absorbing some attention from Alma Taylor, the Hepworth player, to whom some one has presented a book dealing with the subject.

THAT Alma has leased a riverside house, including a beautiful garden in which is a fine rockery in which is a ditto Chinese idol.

THAT the war-time "National," run on Friday, March 24th, at Gatwick, will be filmed exclusively by Barkers.

THAT Cupid has been busy within the last few weeks at the Lasky Studios, no fewer than three marriages having taken place. See page 598.

"SHE"

By RIDER HAGGARD

The new Photogravures produced from the finest scenes in the play have been so much appreciated by Picture enthusiasts, that we have decided to make it a feature. They are made up in sets of six, and can be had post-free for 6d. All sets include portraits of ALICE DELYSIA, the famous actress, as "She," and will make a handsome addition to your collection.

Send P.O. at once to LUCOQUE Ltd., Film Renters, 93 & 95, WARDOUR STREET, LONDON, W.

In 'DOORSTEPS' you see FLORENCE TURNER at her best.
LAST WEEK BUT ONE!

OUR FREE COMPETITION, "FIND THE FILM"

£65 IN CASH AND OTHER PRIZES

1st prize, £10; 2nd prize, £5; Ten of 10s. each.

TWO HUNDRED CONSOLATION PRIZES.

Below we present actual scenes from picture-plays, and invite you to fill in the correct titles of the films selected. All the films illustrated have been released. You may recognise one or all of these scenes at your cinema—Watch for them and note the title of the film. To help you we print below each picture the letters used in the title, but any one of these letters may be used more than once. Thus, even if you were non-cinema-goers (which you are not) you would be able to enter this Competition.

Below you will find the twelfth set of scenes, each one belonging to a different brand of films. Write in the spaces provided the titles of each. See No. 1 in the first set for example. Having filled in your solutions, get the final set in Pictures on sale Mar 29th. Do not send in now. Keep each set till the final set has appeared. There is nothing to pay. The Competition is free, and you can send in as many sets as you like.

A £10 note will be awarded to the sender of the most correct solutions: £5 to the next best, and all the other prizes to those next in order of merit. Even if you do not solve all the pictures you may yet win the £10—and there are over 200 other prizes to be won. In the event of a tie the cash will be pooled and divided. The Editor’s decision must be regarded as final.

12th SET.

43. Scene from .....................................................
Letters used: H I N O S T U W

46. Scene from .....................................................
Letters used: E I N R S T V

47. Scene from .....................................................
Letters used: A C D E F G I L M N O P R S T U V

48. Scene from .....................................................
Letters used: C E H I P R T

Name .................................................................
Address .............................................................

PREVIOUS SETS
are still obtainable through all newsagents, or direct from Odhams Ltd., 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C.
EDITORIAL

LAST week I told you of my visit to the B. and C. Studio, and below I am able to record the splendid set of a street in Italy, which I then saw being photographed. The scene shows A. V. Bramble on left, as the Earl of Ellersdale, the victim of circumstantial evidence and Harry Latimer as Don Mario Mellini, the priest poisoner, who never forgets to live up to his reputation as a friend of the people.

Next Week's Issue!

It begins the 16th Volume of Pictures, and the Fifth since it became amalgamated with The Picturegoer. We're getting on, aren't we. Another thing to note is that it will contain the final set in our "Find the Film" Competition. What you have not yet found begin finding now. It does not follow that you must find all the titles to win a prize. Even the first prize-winner of that pretty little cheque for £10 may not be successful in getting all correct.

Great Cast in Great Picture.

Sir George Alexander's screen début has come off with flying colours, and his costumed friends, I am sure, will be delighted to hear it. I refer, of course, to the splendid film The Second Mrs. Tanqueray (another of Sir Arthur Pinero's plays), which I had the pleasure of seeing a few days ago. If the well-known play suffers in the film by the absence of the spoken lines, it gains in scenes and characters which were not shown on the stage, including, for example, the "first" Mrs. Tanqueray. The screen has not robbed Sir George Alexander of his good looks (it does add the features of some players), and in his old part of Aubrey Tanqueray he looked as hand-some, and acted as naturally, as if he were playing the part upon the stage. Hild M. Moore in the title-role and many other well-known stage players supported him. A striking and successful departure at this particular tradeshows was the sublime music right through the production and the five-minute interval, when the lights never and characters went round (on sale) just as if it were a first night at the St. James's.

Greedy for "Greed."

Verily the Trans-Atlantic is the home of photo-play serials. Even whilst the great picture public is being fascinated with one, two, or three of them news comes to us of The Broken Chain's successor. It is Greed, and, according to their own statement, it is the greatest of all of them. There are forty reels of Greed, and it will occupy twenty weeks in showing. I am not greedy, but I hope to see a big lump of Greed.

The Crime and the Cloak.

Once more I have seen Irene Fenwick, and further strengthened my opinion that she is a first-class cinema actress. This Globe film in which she is featured is The Green Cloak, the said garment nearly getting the wearer (Miss Fenwick) arrested for a murder of which she was innocent. The first Act is a maze of mystery, and would have made a better second, but it all grins. Exhibitors who elect to put on the "green cloak" will assuredly, be rewarded.

The Romance of Civilisation.

Some months ago I published an article concerning the expedition of the renowned explorer Professor Geo. A. Dorsey, Curator of Anthropology for the Chicago Natural History Museum. This gentleman has taken a series of wonderful films in all the most interesting corners of the earth, and I am referring to him again because I find the Globe Film Co. are handling the films in this country. I have seen two reels of them viz. Imperial I. d. a; and Japan, the white industry of Aikawa.

Work in a Whale.

Both pictures fascinate, and the last-named is one of the most interesting I have ever seen. It shows various whales being cut up and prepared for the markets of the world. Many men are seen at work in a whale's head (which measures some eighteen feet) digging out masses of blubber and boiling out gallons of oil. We can do with any number of pictures of this type—they are each a relief from drama.

F. D.
FLORENCE TURNER.

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PICTURES AND THE PICTURESQUER

CHARLES CLEARY, who has played in many companies, including Selby, is now with Lucky. This is our postcard of him.

St. John's Pray! (1916).—How does that cut out in your postcard. Address Box 440, c/o Broadway Films, Ltd., Fulton Studios, Elitch, Surrey.—Shall look for your photo.

Douglas (Kentish Town). The film you mention (un-numbered) No cast was published. We are glad your indoor brother enjoys Pictures. We do not know where the verses you want can be found. Your long despatched to the players.

Llewellyn (Walsall).—Albert Colveray played lead in "The Botte," and cast of "My Old Dutch" was published in March 18th, 1916 issue.

H. E. Fordham.—Have put Herbert Rawlinson and Bryant Washburn's names on the "waiting" list for interviews. We agree with you, Hepworth's films good.

Brown Ely Stockport.—Address J. W. Vernon, c/o Curzon Film Manufacturing Co., 105, Broadway, New York City. Why have not sent name and a bless according to rule?

Winnie G. Credron—"Essie Hall was born in London, New York City on March 17th, 1879, so she is just 19 years old. Thnk for promise of photo.

Leslie S. (Birmingham).—There is an advertisement in No 101 Kodak Film. It was a DEE LEE, M. T. single brand up for a long time in the whole country, but only once in each set. Keep it. "Love.


Lilliput (Manchester).—Any one not paralyzed can write to film offices. Thus H. Marshland has joined the Army. Address Box 440, c/o Broadway Films, Ltd., Fulton Studios, Elitch, Surrey.—Shall look for your photo.

Travers (Bolton).—Dustin Furman, c/o Famous Players Film Co., 267, Fifth Avenue, New York City. J. S. Harold Lee cowell was the hero in 'Wildfire.' Marjorie to Clarke played lead.

JACOB (Salisbury).—You need get what you want from the Walsall Co., Gerrard Street, London, W. 1.

Fay (Folkestone).—Here's wishing you luck in "Finding the Child."--Thank you for kind note. In reply: Every (West Ham).—You have our sincere sympathies. We agree to the difficulty of making you mention in a Concert.

M. E. W. (Worksop).—Ivan Walker is with "Magnificent," 1st Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York U.S.A. For spreading the fame of Pictures: Thanks! Thanks! Thanks! Thank you very much. Your letter was lovely, tiny. A friends Metro Film Co., 119, West 25th Street, New York City, U.S.A. Telecard is not available.

A Kemps (Leith).—Address Ogle Paterson, c/o Metro Film Co., 119, West 25th Street, New York City. June Lovell, S. E., known as "Bunty," was killed in "The Wolf," "Just a Wife," "Boats and Saddles," "Warace of Virginia," and "Two Hours." Have got this information from "The Star Film Co., 628, Selma Avenue, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California." Thank you for your address and we wish you a hppy birthday for your officers. Sidney Drew, c/o Metro Film Co., 119, West 25th Street, New York City. U.S.A.

Novs (Leicester Gate).—Creighton Hall is unmarried. History again has not had the attention of the screen. It is well that this is not the case. "My Old Dutch," 1st Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, U.S.A. Pearl White's "The Player." Delighted of her news intend to read Pictures "until you die." May the feast never cease.


Henry M.-We all love your photo. Nancy. Lucy Web in c/o Mrs. Phillips Smiley, who is married at Pittsburg, and plays for Universal Films. E. H. U. (Edmonton).—We publish only one copy of Pictures a week, as you say. The cast was not published.

Henry (Kentish Town).—Any of South and North localities should get in touch with you name, if not write to American office.

Mary (Cargans).—Please send a view of your friends a postcard list. For an new book, ours, our grateful thanks.

White Rose (Dulston).—Marshall Neilson's address is given above. Muriel Ostroski in Dulston has joined the Equitable Co., 36, West 22nd St., New York City, U.S.A.

Pattie Herman.—The Changer is not published by Pictures. Write to the Editor of "The Imperial Rose," Ringway, Londo, W., about your coupon.

Miriam (London).—The office girl has picked and abused you to Mary Fieldsend and Pauline Froederick.

Casics (Rose).—It is indeed horrible to be too ill in the theatre, but the Preacher, who comes to you will able to help you. Send your love to Kerrigan and McAnderson.

F. Dunlop Majewski.—I am your friend. P. Turner is better than the Answers Men could do it, cleverer as is hope your wounded so much as he is a fellow man.

Mary (Catterbury).—We are almost tempted to ask you to take up with you when you travel across, but where we had Pictures will not yield your picture. Your love sent to Kerrigan and McAnderson.

Kate (The Rose).—I am your friend. P. Turner is better than the Answers Men could do it, cleverer as is hope your wounded so much as he is a fellow man.

Max (Catterbury).—We are almost tempted to ask you to take up with you when you travel across, but where we had Pictures will not yield your picture. Your love sent to Kerrigan and McAnderson.

Rosa (Kingson-on-Train).—In the Answers Men married it. It is a lovely little book. Fancy you are the only conductor "sailing" and starting Picture is done. Your name was so absorbed in it, but as you stand the matter as we do not realize, Rome. We believe the player you mention in a Concert.

Dore (Nottingham).—Yes we are pleased with "over so many new readers," you have obtained for Pictures.
PICTURES AND THE PICTUREGOER

May (Wilton).—Have not heard of the interesting event yet mentioned. The Famous Players Review is published monthly; no advertisement on front cover. You can get a return stamp voucher from your post office, probably the head office. We did not publish Owena 1928, love despised to players.

Dorothy (Birmingham).—"Kissing Cap" (Hepworth).—"Spirit Hetrzerman"; Larry Gilley; "Chaste" (His Daughter, Christine White); "Jack" (His Son, Cecil Morning); "Hedgerl Garrod" (a Rising Millionaire, Alec Worcester); "A, Inglis" (a Triniter), John McAndrew; "Daisy Inglim" (His Daughter), Flora Morris; "Arthur," Bobby Inglim.

Laveren (Bradford Park).—We have only one picture of Harry Asby—in character. Anna Taylor is not married. Marilyn Nolan played in "Madame Buttery,"

1st (Canning Town).—We try to desphere the movie now as a business. Sorry, but glad you like us so much.

Despit (Richmond).—Be careful what you do with it. "How to Write a Picture Play" is 2/6. post-free. from this office.

Bay (Glasgow).—Name of Metro player was not given. When, we won spectacularly.

Wesshif (Macleod).—Humorous thanks for all you have done for Picture. Lastly Winnie to possess many autographs of stars and revenues.

Kathleen (Kentish).—We have postcards of James Cruse. Sirely he would reply to letters. 

Crimson (Herdal).—Before Charlie Chaplin played a film he acted in Fred Karno's sketch "The Aiming Birds." but we don't know if he roller skates.

Many replies are unavoidably held over.

NOT MOVING PICTURES.

Editorial matters should be addressed to THE EDITOR, "Pictures and The Picturegoer," 55 & 66, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Telephone-Gerrard 2595.

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HOW do you manage to pass your time when your wife is away?

I don't miss it. It fits too quickly.

This Way Out.

Mr. STAYLATE: "I've just thought of a splendid idea for a scenario.

Miss SWEET (teasing).: 'I'd like to see you carry it out."

The Move-in Picture Crowd.

"The cinemas haven't been so crowded lately as usual."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Last night I waited only twenty minutes before getting a seat."

Walking and Driving.

"Give you a penny for a bus to the cinema? Certainly not—when I back walked three miles to school."

"Yes, dad. I know; grandfather told me how he drove with you."

A Film Star's Correspondence.

"Funny, I forbid your opening any of my letters."

"But this is just a business letter, and you used to—"

"Yes, my dear; but even my business letters are personal."

"Punctuality" at the Pictures.

"How late you are, dear; whispered the meek youth. "I seem to have been waiting for hours."

"Then you must go p.m. for a.m.;" she retorted. "I said I'd meet you at six, and it's barely seven yet."

Up and Down.

A young lady entered a crowded car with a pair of skates slung over her arm. An elderly gentleman rose to give her his seat.

"Thank you, sir," she said, "but I've been skating, and I'm tired of sitting."

Two in One.

JOHN: "I had your letter weighed, sir, and had to put another stamp on it."

MERCHANT: "That's right. I hope you didn't obliterate the address!"

JOEY: "No, sir. I stuck it on top of the other stamp to save room."

"Pictures" First.

A man sent a little boy to buy a stamp. He handed him two pennies, the extra one being for himself. Some time afterwards he backed blushing, with Pictures under his arm. He had lost one of the pence.

"But why didn't you buy me the stamp? asked the man.

"It was a boy’s penny, I lost it!"

The Misleading Old Dad.

THE GOVERNOR (closing the door)...

"Now, my boy. I am told by friends who know, that the other night you were seen in a popular cinema with three pretty girls. Is this true?"

GOVERNOR: "Well, what do you suppose your mother would say if she knew this?"

SON: "She would probably ask me, sir, not to let you know who they were."
There is in the Thames valley a plot of ground which is unique in all the British Isles for "great deeds per square foot."

Many historic spots in all Britain—hundreds in the Thames valley alone—are alive to-day with the memory of great deeds done, of deeds great in their intensity and humanity if not in result. The memories of the playing fields of Eton are fuller than those of Runnymede down the river.

Yet if the awkward phrase "great deeds per square foot of ground" could be taken as representing an actual standard of measurement, no plot in all the British Isles would stand so high as that which is known to the people of Walton as Hurst Grove, on the banks of the Thames.

For there, in a space of but a few hundred square feet, have been fights and struggles both physical and spiritual, deaths by murder and by suicide, promises made and refused, kept and broken, loves plighted and forgotten, sacrifices offered, accepted, refused.

Hepworth complications

On this plot of ground is the Hepworth studio for the production of picture plays. There for eighteen years have plots almost without number been re-lived by players whose natural power of sincerely accepting the complications thrust upon them, has kept them on the company's list of capable artists.

More than two thousand separate stories of life in its most intense moments have been portrayed there in all the reality of whole-hearted action.

It almost seems—and some believe it—that Hurst Grove, on the banks of the Thames, must be a plot of ground as far superior to other plots in its knowledge of life as is all of London in comparison with the wastes of Sahara.

I have lived a million lives.
In each life I have uncovered the sharp crises
I have torn the truth from a million souls.
I have not always told the truth myself:
But that was not because I did not know nor because I could not discover.
All the world with all its hidden places,
And with all its common places,
Is in my power to dissect.
I can show you the answer to any riddle in your life if you will but watch me.
I am the picture play.

Chrisstie White

Greatest British Picture Players (No. 3)

One day, when Chrisstie White was nine years old, she wrote a note to the chief producer of a picture play company to say that her sister couldn't work in a film that week as requested, and would she do as well?

It was the same eagerness to work that gave Chrisstie White the first Tillie-the-Tomboy part when Unity Moore left. And on through all the years in which she has been one of the best loved of all Hepworth players this same enthusiasm has remained.

It was the Tilly pictures, which she did, together with Alma Taylor, that first made her famous. Since the time when those charming comics gave way to changed tastes among picture goers and changed abilities in the two Tillas, she has played heroine in many dramatic productions. Perhaps her work as Sweet Lavender in the Hepworth version of Sir Arthur Pinero's play is her most popular achievement, but it must not be forgotten that it is on the immense breadth of her film experience and on the great variety of her roles that her popularity with cinema patrons rests.
J. Warren Kerrigan

The most versatile film actor in the world

IN

Landons Legacy

Absorbing story of a fight for a Peruvian Mine and a peculiar inheritance

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