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## Next Week

"A Camera Man's Adventures in Newspaperdom"

"DAVID GRIFFITH—The Greatest Producer of Them All"

And an Article on Trick Pictures and Double Exposures

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Cloud Publishing Company 1100 Hartford Building Chicago
A Stay of Execution
Taggart Escapes Death as a Spy

EDITOR'S NOTE:—If you read "The Time—The Place—and the Man" in THE MOVIE PICTORIAL of August 22, you know Clem Taggart; if you didn't you missed one of the best true-to-life stories you ever read. Here is the second adventure of this dare-devil motion picture director. It took much persuasion to induce the author, a man high up in moving picture circles, to consent to write a series of stories about the exploits of his head director in Europe, but at last we succeeded and now our readers can enjoy one of his fascinating stories as often as the "Big Boss" bears from Taggart.

"I DIDN'T start this war, did I?" complained Billy Reynolds, bitterly and distinctly. "They can't prove I shot any crown prince, can they? Well, then—what for are they treating me as if I had done the whole thing—eh? That's what I'd like to know."

"Oh, cheer up," said Clem Taggart, pleasantly. "You'll have some work to do pretty soon. We'll be making some pictures. Like the ones we got on the Drina, when the Servians licked the Austrians."

"Yes, and I suppose you won't be happy, then, either," said Billy Reynolds, who was a perfectly good camera man, but not gifted with an imagination. "You get see high with that Servian general, and, instead of having us both shot at sunrise he has you make a commander-in-chief or a duke or something—anyhow, they give you a little iron star that must cost eighty cents a dozen, wholesale. And they let you take a lot of pictures—fine pictures, stuff that's enough to make every exhibitor in the U. S. A. go mad with joy. Is that enough? It is not!"

Taggart only laughed. He and his camera man had really done a good deal already. A pure hunch, sheer guesswork, that prophetic smell out of trouble to come, had sent them abroad. They had followed the Archduke Franz Ferdinand to his death at the hands of a Serb assassin at Sarajevo, the kindling of the fire that was to sweep all Europe. Wonderful pictures of that tragedy had been taken by the impassive Reynolds; later, Taggart's skill, and his forbearing thought in arranging a code with the home office that looked like the plainest of language, had enabled him to arrange to get the film to Antwerp, on the Montenegrin coast, and thence, by means of a yacht owned by a friend of his chief, to America.

And then, instead of calling it a job well done and scuttling for home, Taggart had done still more. He had waited in Belgrade for the fighting he was sure would come; thence he had gone to the banks of the Drina, where the tiny Servian army had gathered to oppose the Austrian army. His camera, with its all-seeing eye, had detected an Austrian flanking movement that the Servian scouts had not discovered; his reward was a remarkable battle picture, and a decoration from the King of Servia, together with safe conduct to Constantinople through neutral Roumania and Bulgaria. Thence he had shipped his films on one of the last British ships connecting at Genoa with an English liner for New York.

But he and Reynolds had not taken that heir. Instead they had made their way, guided by Taggart's knowledge of the country, to Rotterdam, still neutral territory, even after the declaration of war by England and Germany. Holland, though she feared that she would share the fate of Belgium and Luxembourg, and be invaded by the German army, striving to reach its hereditary enemy, France, had not yet been drawn into the general configuration.

"Now—this ain't a bad town," said Reynolds. "There's lots of good stuff here, too. And there's bound to be more. All these refugees, for one thing. Why, I got a picture yesterday of a guy that can draw his check for half a million at home—and he was beggars' some one to lend him carriage! Why wouldn't this be a good place for headquarters? Eh, Clem?"

"We start to-morrow," said Taggart, impulsively. "I've doped out a way to get up to where there's some real fighting."

"Oh—well—uh—that's different," conceded Billy. "But didn't I have Taggart's utter indifference to danger, perhaps—except when he was actually at work. Then nothing could take his mind from the scene before him, and he handled his camera with a view to getting all that was in its range. But Taggart had noticed, with delight, that all of Billy's complaining, since the day they had left Vienna for Sarajevo, had been done in periods of inactivity.

"I got tired of trying to get permits," Taggart went on. "I tried the German headquarters, and the French. And the English didn't even answer me. I even tried to get with the Belgian army, and all they promised me was that they'd arrest me on sight! So we're going it alone. If these people think I'm going to take any more orders than I can help, they've got some more thinking coming."

Which explained the silent hogs of Clem Taggart, Billy Reynolds and the things that are needed for making pictures, from Rotterdam. Their course was not that of the ordinary traveler. They had a motor car, it is true, but they were not motor tourists. The picturesque scenery of Holland was not what they were looking for. They were simply making the best time they could. And as soon as they had crossed the Belgian frontier into Luxembourg they
know that they were near their goal—or some goal.

"Are you heading anywhere in particular, Clem?" asked Billy.

"I am not—I'm just looking for trouble—and the woods are full of it," answered Taggart.

"Right here, that's the road..." said Billy. "...and I bet it would be a lot more. We're not that far from Sedan, my boy—and from some place that's going to make Sedan look like a place where there was a skirmish! It doesn't know what's coming yet—neither does anyone else. Some little place you never heard of is going to be historic before winter, and don't you forget, 'cause I'm taking you to be there. And it's up to us to be there—or there abouts!"

In the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg progress was stalemated by a fallacious daily. That country is independent; it is so chiefly because France and Germany have both wanted to control it, and each has kept the other from doing so. It is really a toyo country; its army is so small that the New York police force would require only to wave a few nightsticks to disperse it; its police force can always use colas of the realm.

But it did not take the two Americans long to learn that things were far from being in a normal state in Luxembourg. The people were scared. Nor was it hard to discover the reason. That country's frontier they crossed the frontier they knew. The Germans were abroad. Already the distant sounds of firing had been heard; panic was in the air.

But we're with a few miles of the new border, Taggart suddenly whipped out his field glass, stopping the car.

"What do you think that is?"

"What's wrong now?" asked Reynolds.

"See that hill—away over there, to the right? I want to see this before I take the other trees. See any now? No—you bet you don't! But do you see that bunch of men there—on that hill—moving?"

"Yep. What of them?"

"Uhlans! German cavalry! Good soldiers—willing to do anything; finding out who you are afterward. They are simple souls—they run along on a perfectly good theory. If you're wearing a German uniform you're all right; if you're not they probably ought to shoot you."

"If they shoot me I'll call a cop," growled Reynolds. "How about them? Want a picture? I can get a few feet. With that telescopic lens—a great stunt, that, Clem."

"They've got a few feet. Here—they're heading this way. Quick. They may not have seen us yet.

"So Reynolds unlimbered, and in a few moments he was walking up to the men's front. When he stopped he had a film showing German Uhlans, riding straight toward him—men, by the way, not likely to have mistook our impromptu taken in time of war! And the film did not indicate that the Uhlans had been some miles distant when they was taken. That was made possible by the new device Taggart had invented. He hadn't even patented it; he and the other directors of the Climax sold it for a song and used it under a personal arrangement between Clem and the big boss of the Climax brand. But Clem got what was coming to him. Even if the big boss hadn't been disposed to be fair, Taggart was worth too much to take any chance of making him sore."

"All right," said Taggart. "Now hold tight, Billy—this road isn't my idea of an automobile highway just now."

And he drove straight through a gap in a fence into a field lately covered with a crop of some standing grain. There was stable in it now, owing to a harsty harvest, and the going was rough. But it wasn't complicated by Uhlans, who, knowing that their comimissary department could use automobiles, would probably have enjoyed pot shots at the tires—or, on the theory that tires were worth more than strange men, at the driver.

It was risky work after that. Three times, emerging roads, they found friendly Luxembourgeois, who warned them of the neighborhood of German troops. But they evaded them successfully. By nightfall, however, Taggart, reluctantly, decided that he would have to change his plan.

"I wanted to work into France, down toward Sedan—which is in a corner where there's plenty sure to be some fighting," he said. "I'm afraid it can't be done. We've got to dodge regular troops for a while—on both sides. If I've got to be pinchable, I'd rather have the French do it—they're more sympathetic! With them we've got a chance to put something over. But the trouble is we're right in the middle of the German army. They've thrown a cavalry screen over this whole country we're in—and the infantry and guns must be pushing along right behind. Now our best chance is to outflank 'em—and beat it for another theatre of war. Billy, how are your feet?"

"Sore," said Billy.

"Well, if they weren't, they would be soon," said Taggart, philosophically. "So cheer up. We'll ride around the edge of the place."

He prepared his new plan. All it involved was a movement right around country recently traversed by the German Army of the Moselle, now in Luxembourg. There was nothing there to worry about, except to Lillly. If he saw a fair chance of getting good pictures he was willing to do anything. He liked to growl and complain, but he could do that in one place as well as in another. So it didn't matter whether he went here or there. They got out of Luxembourg and into Germany. Simple words; they represented a task that was full of the most difficult and most dangerous work. One reason Taggart and Reynolds got through was that they didn't even begin to know how dangerous they did wrong. The other reason was that the Napoleons won battles on that same principle. He would deliberately do something so utterly opposed to all the rules of warfare that the German generals who opposed him knew that he couldn't be doing anything of the sort and, by the time they found out that he had been doing it, it was too late to destroy him—because he had gone into the destroying business himself on a large scale!

Taggart's plan was really Napoleonie. He got through the chain of guards that covered the German rear, and into the still peaceful Duchy of the Moselle. Here, except for the railroads, all was well. Taggart groaned at the sight of the vineyards.

"All going to waste!" he said ruefully. "The greatest wine in the world, my boy! And this year's crop—Lord, what a shame!"

"Sparkling Moselle!" said Billy. "'Hub! I've drunk that! Good stuff, too. Tastes something like champagne!"

Taggart groaned. But it was no time to worry about things like that. They went on their way. They saw soldiers, when they were near railroads, but they slashed and shot and ran away when they were drawing near territory that had once—once a dozen times!—been fertilized with blood. They saw the air, the chief danger now was from above, and they lay hidden by day—in haystacks, or in ditches. By night they moved. All day long the air was filled with a humming like that of great bees. Aeroplanes were on the wing constantly. And once Billy got a perfect picture of a great Zeppelin dirigible in flight, a swarm of swift aeroplanes hovering about her to protect her in case of attack by similar machines from the French side.

"Isn't this great?" said Taggart. "That airship from Metz—see the one that passed over the border, toward Verdun. You see, on this side the Germans have Metz—the great fortresses they got in 70. And to match that the French have Verdun, on their side of the line. There's about forty-two miles between—"

"That's all —"

"Won't there be fighting there, fearing?"

"May be some—Sometime right away. Verdun and Metz are too strong for attacks. The French can't have another. I want to work down into Aisne past Strasbourg. A long way past it, too. I think the French will come through the passes of the Vosges mountains. That's a great cover for them, if they don't get tooicked. And they can move down from Belfort and keep the Germans busy."

When he began to suffer from an embarrassment of riches now that they had only a certain quantity of film left in their camera, the Frenchman and German
troops, on a fairly large scale. And, so, for sentimental reasons, which we will enter into later, the value of the film, if he ever got it, had to be fought for, that fighting to be on the soil of Alsace, of which the French, in fact, France has mourned incessantly since Prussia tore it from her in 1871. "Billy!" he said. "You don't know how those Frenchmen feel! I can see that film will go in France — Lord! After the war—they'll want a picture of their troops striking the first blow in their revenge. That's what the Germans call the provinces. They've tried to Germanize them—but they haven't done it. Those people still want to be French. They slip out every year and join the French Foreign Legion, rather than do their part of duty in the German army. They're as patriotic as the French people are themselves."

As they neared their way southward Taggart and Reynolds got more and more of the scent of real war. Daylight travel they found utterly impossible; even at night the risks were great. Flying in the distance was almost constant, but Taggart, who had been one of the unhappy tribe who had tried to extract news from the Huns—Japanese conflict in Manchuria, shook his head, appraisingly. "Shrinking, that's all," he said. "Believe me, Billy, when there's a real fight it'll be different. All there's been so far, that we've heard, is clashing of outposts. There hasn't been that steady thunder sound of big guns getting into action. I guess we'll be in time. By the way—if the French catch us, we're English."

"I'm damned if I am!" crowed Billy. "Why?"

"Because the English are their allies, you poor fish," said Taggart. "They'll probably blow up the arms about our necks and kiss us—whereas, if they find we're Americans, they'll put us in jail."

"How so?—there's worse places than jail," said Billy. "Still—you're the boss."

But it was not the French who caught them. For it was the long and dangerous trip was nearing what promised to be a successful climax, disaster overtook the two movie men. Taggart had been simple, in one way. It was certain, he felt, that if the French invaded Alsace—and political reasons, including the arrangement of weather enthusiasm at home, made that almost inevitable—they would strike from Belfort, through the gap in the Vosges range of hills, in the direction of Alsace. It was simple to tell Taggart that the films should be able to get his pictures and slip away over the Swiss lines. Thence it would be possible, even if it would not be easy, to get his films to the sea, by way of Italy, and so to America. The plan was good. But, while he had not forgotten the German frontier guard, he had underestimated the difficulties of eluding it. Within five miles of Switzerland and the temporary shelter he craved, he was halted by the sight of a covey of screeching airplanes flying over the wooded heights of the Vosges. "Get busy!" he cried, to Reynolds. "Look—they're firing at us!"

Billy did get busy—first in time to catch the fall of a monoplane, wounded by a German bullet. From that moment developments were rapid. There was a sharper outbreak of firing than any they had yet heard, and in the distance large bodies of men, evidently in retreat, appeared, moving toward them, but stopping, at regular intervals, to fire a volley. "It's the French advance—they've started. They're driving in the German outposts," said Taggart. Suddenly he looked around. "Here—it's time to beat it!"

From the direction in which they had come a troop of Uhlan's was riding. They started up, but they were too late. Other Uhlan's cut them off. To fly or to show flight was alike useless. And so, instead of reaching neutral country, they were brought ignominiously into Altkirch, on the Rhine-Elbe canal, the base of the mobile German forces watching the Truce de Belfort. There a Prussian colonel, temporarily in command, greeted them stiffly. "You will develop your films," he said, in excellent English. "They will probably prove that you are spies. You will then be shot."

"And if we don't develop them?" said Taggart.

"Some one else will have to do it later," said the colonel. "And—you will be shot at once."

Taggart decided that the films should be developed. He put it as gracefully as he could, and he spoke in German. "We are not spies, my colonel," he said. "We are American moving picture men. If the films are of use, we shall be glad to serve you."

The colonel gave him a horse. And, typically, a young lieutenant was assigned to accompany them. Like most German officers, his English was admirable. And he seemed very calm, rather amused, as smoking a cigarette, he took them with him. "You fellows were very foolish—but quite brave," he said. "I'm sorry, you know, that we lost, in war. I rather admire spies, myself, once. I rather think I could tell the General Staff a few things they ought to know out the land defenses of Portsmouth!"

"We'll—better put out your cigarette," said Taggart. "Shooting won't be necessary. Moving pictures are highly inflammable stuff you know."

"You are to have the official photographer's dark room," said the colonel. "Hurr."

"Whatever that is. I can't see him. The French are driving in our outposts, you know. Of course, I don't suppose they'll really come anywhere near us, but they might—one never can tell. There isn't more than a brigade of them, though, and we are a whole regiment."

It wasn't boasting. It was the quiet confidence of an officer of an army that had been taught to consider itself invincible. In modern times no German army has ever been defeated, except for temporarychemistries. The French and French have tried and failed, and in this youngster's hearing Taggart got a sudden revelation of how it was that Germany, protected only by Austria, had dared to war on practically all of Europe.

Billy Reynolds worked, with the prospect of being shot when he finished, quite as coolly as if he had been making a test in the Climax studio at home. Perhaps he didn't hurry; that didn't seem necessary. And Taggart, hearing the steady and continually louder sounds of firing in the distance, began to cherish a slender hope. The lieutenant grew more and more uneasy. And suddenly, at a particularly loud explosion, not far away, he turned to Taggart.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said. "I shall lock you in. Don't try to get out."

"Go ahead," said Taggart, sympathetically. "That was a shell, wasn't it? Perhaps the French are foolish enough to have pressed on, after all."

The next moment they were alone. They were on the top floor of some sort of a public building; a school, probably, Taggart thought. The room was darkened, of course, but Billy had finished with his developing now. Taggart stripped the covers from the windows. At once he gave a cry of delight. "Here's a piece of luck!" he said. "There's a ledge outside—I believe we can get to the roof! Come on!"

They were on the ledge in a moment, Billy clinging to his camera. And Taggart soon found a means of reaching the flat roof. Once there he looked out and shouted. "Look at that—camera, Billy-camera!"

(Continued on page 30)
LOS ANGELES—Los Angeles is the Mecca to the effete who pour in hordes out of the east to its indefinite borders lies in the southern part of California. It has been suggested by unimpressed visitors to the Mecca of the Pharisees that everything in California lies, but Los Angeles has certain points of preference besides its distinction of having put the "I" in California. It is a great city, not only because it says so, which it does on the average of twenty-four times a day, but because it has kept on making the remark until it has forced the fact upon those who come to scoff. Remaining to pray, they have become "boosters" of a force and volume only second to that possessed by the Native Sons.

Even before the days of the Native Sons—there was such a time, although you have to go outside California to say it—Los Angeles was the City of the Angels. No one, not even the old Indian guardian at San Gabriel, remembers having seen one of this sort of angel on the cattlepaths of the village, but some fanciful Hidalgo gave it the name. The Hidalgos went the way of the conquered, the cattlepaths widened into streets, the Gringo came into the land of milk and honey, but the name clung. Los Angeles grew, on paper at first rather than on foun-
writer, or a manufacturer. They have been compiled by Arthur W. Kinney, Industrial Commissioner and member of the Chamber of Commerce of the City of Los Angeles. Mr. Kinney has computed that:

Between sixty and seventy per centum of the pictures made in the United States are manufactured in and around the City of Los Angeles;

There are more than seventy-five companies working every day except Sundays throughout the year;

The industry supports thousands of people, undoubtedly a number in excess of ten thousand, not including scenario writers;

The revenue derived by the city from the forty concerns which control the seventy-five companies is not less than four mil-nings of dollars a year;

The money invested in studios, grounds and buildings constitutes another four millions of dollars.

The investments in motion picture plants come from the east and are therefore clear profit to the community.

Thus far Mr. Kinney, but the Native Son goes farther in explanation of the reasons why Los Angeles

In the Manufacture of Motion Pictures Variety of Background Is an Essential or Diversity of Plot. For this Reason Alone Southern California Has Offered the Film Producers Exceptional Advantages

has become the Mecca of the Movies, drawing scores of companies and hundreds of players across the desert and the Rocky Mountains to a permanent abiding place in the principal city of Southern California.

"Climate," saith the prophet, "is the principal factor that has brought about the hegira." One of the necessities of motion picture making is sunshine. In California—meaning, of course, Southern California—the sun shines during a large part of the day for the better part of the year. Even during the rainy season it is not unusual for the sun to appear, between showers, giving a chance for some work to be done. The number of days when no pictures can be made is relatively very small.

With this as a basis, it is possible to build and maintain outdoor studios, which are the finest for the making of good photographs. The judicious use of canvas diffusers makes any sort of light possible for interior scenes under sunlight conditions. A good camera man can always regulate his pictures according to the prevailing sunlight out of doors. Although the one-time contention that the native-born of Southern California do not know the sound of thunder nor the flash of lightning has been disproved by jealously alien weather bureau statisticians, nevertheless the fact remains that electrical storms do not come often enough to seriously disturb picture-making. The air is remarkably free from the static electricity which is so ruinous to films.

The division of the weather into wet and dry seasons is also remarkably favorable to the making of motion pictures. Even where a relatively large amount of sunshine might be secured during the course of the year the state of the weather is always a factor that film producers have to consider and upon which they can never count. A company that has been engaged for a special picture may be held for days, under salary, to be ready for the making of the drama. In Southern California the certainty of sunshine in dry weather makes it

(Continued on page 29)
Fever a man would be tempted to tell his sweetheart secrets that would comfort her, Norton stood in that position after both he and Florence knew through so many tribulations. I believe that Jim Norton knows the facts about Hargrave; that he is an essential agent of the millionaire. Surely, the uppermost thought in her mind must have prompted Braine to unburden her lover if he had word from or knowledge of her father. A man might hold back many facts from his wife—but he entirely forgets the other who has all he knows—and a little more. Was Jim Norton made of different stuff? Did his great bravery shield his weakness? By the telegrapher's channel all he knows, and perhaps even more, were seen transmitted to her over you. For your own sake, he dare not tell you where he is, because that knowledge might endanger you. Obey Jones and all will be well."

When I interviewed Miss La Badie during my visit of inspection at New Rochelle, I decided that she was the type of girl who could make a young man tell pretty nearly all his mind toward her. In the films she is the same girl, not a different one, but there are some amusing contradictions. Let me name them for you. I want you to have the benefit of my own experience, of my intimate knowledge of affairs of mystery, and of my fortified understanding gained by visiting the scenes of the plot.

Jones has already cautioned Norton against Olg. Jones knows that the Countess is not trustworthy. Why does Norton still blunder into her schemes? Why did Norton permit Olg to work a ruse on him, under any pretext, that could either result in his capture or his separation from Florence? Norton is undoubtedly in touch with Hargrave. Jones and Hargrave, I am positive, are in close communion, either in person or in some other intimate manner. And in the face of all this, Norton goes on apparently blindly, and Florence remains in such doubt as to her father that she puts her head in many a noose that she might avoid. She still believes in Olg—although those around her, whose sworn and blood duty it is to protect her, permit her to fall into Olg's hands.

These, you must admit, are seeming inconsistencies—and still the plot is broken in remarkably consistent. Therefore, we must assume that they are based on inconsistencies, and that it is vitally necessary that Florence be used as "bait" for the undoing of her arch-enemies, the Black Hundred. No other answer would seem to suffice.

Probably you have felt that Norton was lacking in perception, or that Jones was brutally negligent in his protection of Florence. You will wonder still more at Hargrave. Why does he, above all others, permit Florence to fail to thwart herself into Olg's hands, when even her life may be endangered? I am going to tell you why, and point out a depth to the plot that you have likely never suspected: If Florence did know the facts about her father and the million dollars—it is a mystery that Olg believed to the band that had brought her so much trouble—like any young girl, she would show resentment. Not a word, and ill feeling, then somebody had been talking to her. Who would that somebody be? Certainly, that person would be an individual in possession of inside facts. Then Florence, who was merely a subject to be used as a hostage; she might be tortured and maybe murdered if she did not reveal the truth. It is because Norton does love her that he fears to tell her the truth as possesses. It is because Jones loves her—in a much different way—that he suffers her to take those long chances. Even in the great risks she runs there is more safety than there could be in her knowledge of the facts!

But back of all this is still a deeper channel to the plot: Not only is Florence's safety dependent on her concealed knowledge, but the undoing of the criminal Black Hundred also depends on that same ignorance on her part. She represents to the millionaires that much of least resistance. She is the only real hope they have of setting at last the truth—and because of her the members continue to go on into the open. They attack her in broad daylight; they assail her on country roads, in the village, on the street, everywhere. They show themselves—and often other members, who have remained in the background, of course, only one, every face is known to Jones—to Hargrave—to Norton. No longer do the Hargrave forces operate in the dark. Through Florence, as a vehicle, they are procuring tangible truths that will enable them to strike hard while the moment for the great, crushing blow arrives.

When Jones escaped from the House of Mystery with the treasure chest, in that spectacular manner disclosed in the fifth episode, he brought others out from cover—and looked into their faces—and accomplished something else. He made Braine appear before members unmasked—he compelled Braine to be a marked man when the time of exposure is on the part of the underlings should come. They would know whom to avenge themselves on!

Underlying all this is still another sub-plot of the plot: I am continuing as I have anticipated, from every clue that has been presented to date, that Hargrave, or somebody close to him, is within the fold of the Black Hundred, hearing all plots regarding himself and Florence, except those hatched in the apartment of the Countess—and probably getting some of those in the round-table whispers in the Black Hundred rendezvous. If the Hargrave members be distributed among the Black Hundred, can force them to do such terrible things, then any money, sweetening the spirit of the White and Hargrave, can buy them as they have always been willing to be bought. Persons who form an un holy alliance for the purpose of gain through robbery or murder, have not shown any great fealty to one another because of that illicit co-operation. They have merely been induced by the weakness for money. Therefore, they can be bribed against one another—will turn criminals against their own principles, will collude and turn criminals for them. Knowing the arts, thoughts, plans of their compatriots, they can be made to dislike and to hate, who would be possible were the traitors outsiders.

All such time as you feel that you have reason to believe otherwise, assume that Hargrave is represented inside the Black Hundred.
—that through this connection he will be able to operate, and bring to bear all the skill at his command; genius that is made more dependable because of vast moneyed interests.

You may ask if, in my opinion about the thought force of the Hargreve interests coming from the Hargreve mansion, I have developed. The answer is—Jones prepared purchased strange what and 

The command; Jones pared

purchased strange what and

The mind con- they ter-taining—that the mind

care—of the one piece of thinking mechanism, with the power to strike from two points at once; from the Hargreve home, and from outside the Hargreve home; quite likely from inside the Black Hundred!

Were I not so certain that Hargreve lives, and is near at hand, I would say that this strange condition could be answered only by purchased information from members of the Black Hundred, and likely, to a considerable degree, it is.

Let us not overlook the million dollars itself. The lock is fastened on the bottom of the sea. It should not be easily recovered. It was a nice clean chest, as I remember it, without any windings or folds. Jones still sees it, with Stanley Hargreave's name painted on it—and nothing else on it. If Jones had only thought to tie a rope or fasten a tag. I am not sure that it is not Hargreave to it, then maybe he could rescue that chest from the sands beneath the water. Maybe he doesn't care to get it—but hopes it will still do duty as a blind. Jones has pressing duty at the home—and only some tragedy could force him to desert the house. Maybe he has left to leave it he would take the million dollars from its hiding place and carry it with him! That would be a very good idea. Then if any one robbed the house during his absence, he would have the money on his person. If he went away protected by a body-guard, or with faithful detectives trailing near at hand, he could carry that money with reasonable safety.

Do not permit other events to divert your mind from the million dollars. That Florence jumps from a ship's side is thrilling; that Nor- toto is shamahed leads color to the story; that they meet again in so romantic a manner is ex- ternalizing—but the sword is not particularly dependent on the mere romance of these situa- tions. It hinges on Hargreave's fate, on the million's hiding place—on these two things much.

Hark back to the first episode, and you will recall that the money did not total any large volley. Hargreave carried them in his hand and didn't place them in the safe; the hands that withdrew them took them from the safe—all in a sin- gle operation. Distributed coat - pockets, these packages should not cause the gar- ment to bulge unduly. Hid- en in the back of the Hargreve portrait, they should not crowd the space. I re- peat, that if Jones should leave the residence for any considerable jour- ney, he would likely carry the money with him.

Presumably, the troubles of Florence are not over, but it is still the fore part of the story, and the Black Hundred will continue to direct their venom against the girl until some more ra- ra—than the sudden appearance of Hargreave. And if they saw Hargreve, they would probably try to kill him. They are worried up to that pitch. The reason they do not attempt to mur- der Jones seems to be because they are satis- fied that he came on the scene some three years after Florence, as an infant, was left at the boarding-school. The Black Hundred surely must be blinded by some sinister influence within their own councils. They are being thwarted by some designing intellect that is keener than their minds combined.

For the time being, watch Jones to see if he touches that money. He may. Jones is the logical custodian. He "hangs around" the Mystery House altogether too much to simply answer the door-bell. He is alive to some mighty magnetism that is apart even from Florence. She goes; Jones still remains close to the scene—near the home—ready to pounce upon anybody who gets within reach of that money. You may wonder why I assume such belief as to its being hidden in the house. I will explain: It is incumbent on the weavers of this plot to show us the place where the money is hidden. They must not hide it in some building or receptacle that we have not seen. Nor could it be placed, in fair- ness to My- stery patrons, in some place that has been shown only in- cidentally. Wherever it is, it will be handy for sud- den flight, if the time to es- cape arrives. It must be pro- cumbable within a few minutes—a few sec- onds, perhaps. It must be where it will be Florence if all the oth- ers are killed. That is why I still point to the Harrreve portrait as the most logical hiding place for matter like this.

I presume all the points I have given you up to now have been noted in your "field book" which I suggested that you keep from the beginning. Even with that, your task is not finished. You have seen ten episodes. There are twelve more to come. The remarkable number of ad- ventures we have viewed to date will be more than doubled before we are finished with the story. It is probable that all—many of—these deductions will take wing—that new ideas will present themselves; that revelations will be made that will answer and explain away many doubts—only to build new ones in their stead.

If there was ever a time when we have to be vigilant it is seen in the mid-period. In the next few episodes the Thanhoukser folk may take advantage of our smug assumptions, and catch us napping. It is like walking a man from his deep slumbers in the early morning hours. His brain and nerves are numbed; he is inert—unable to calculate clearly; and quite likely a miserable coward. That is why so many bur- glars prefer to wait until two or three o'clock before perpetrating their raids.

And right now, we are "easing" through the middle of the story. We do not dare be too secure. The Million Dollar Mystery may swing around so suddenly we would lose the thread of the clues if we did not watch carefully. Let no one of you inattentive or thought, be- cause there are facies more episodes in which the mystery may deepen itself.

And there is one more thing I must again mention: Many letters have been written to me asking me to divulge secret clues. I can not reply to those letters. My offer to write these articles had to embody the same fairness to one person as to another. Everything I have to say regarding The Million Dollar Mystery will be said in these columns, and nowhere else. Some persons have kindly agreed to divide the spoils with me if I would tell! One person offered me seven thousand dollars out of the ten thousand—a very liberal sort of chap, you see! Remember that the award will be decided by a board of Judges, consisting of Lloyd Long- gan, Harold MacGrath and Mae Tine. Of all persons on earth I keep away from it is these three. Messrs. MacGrath and Tine are undoubtedly determined to make the work hard for you and me.

Some one will submit a solution that will point out things that may not have occurred to them. That ten thousand-dollar reward is cleart- proof. To persons of dishonest, or over-ex- theistic tendencies I issue this caution: Do not waste your time looking for "inside infor- mation."

If you will defraud in one thing, you will cheat in others. If you are dishonest enough to do personal business in this way, you are not in any position of trust. While it has been my life-work to hunt down criminals, I believe in crime prevention.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)
"EXTRAS" The "Supes" of the Motion Picture Stage

By RICHARD WILLIS

The Day is Rare. Indeed, When the Employment Bureau Does Not Have to Turn Extras for a Battle Scene

There must be a hundred thousand persons in Los Angeles working at regular employment, but the fact is difficult of realization to the man who has occasion to see the long line of men, women and children in front of the desk where an employment clerk

lots of the people who apply to the studios for work have to be turned away because they haven't the clothes for a scene like this and can't get them

chooses "extras" for most of the big companies that operate in and around the California city. A day at the agency, which has been established for a clearing house to save the individual directors the work and worry of choosing from the constant crowds of applicants and which has proven a boon and a blessing to the companies, if not to the agency clerk, is likely to give an observer the impression that the greater part of the population of the city is seeking employment in the moving picture game.

The clerk whose duty it is to select men, women and children for the parts required at the studios where extras happen to be in demand that day, has to be an executive of a high order of ability. To choose courtiers, soldiers, society belles, mourners, strikers, miners, from the motley crowd that beseeches his office every morning is a task worthy of a Belasco. If he sends unsuitable candidates to the studios, the directors will register complaints that may eventu-

ally cost him his place. On the other hand, he has to meet the anxious faces of people who really need the work, unsuited though they may be to its requirements. If he's human, he becomes a philosopher.

One employment bureau autocrat has acquired a knowledge of "extras" that is a gold mine to any one interested in the types who seek to keep on the fringe of motion picture making. Sometimes he waxes loquacious upon the topic of the types. At half-past eleven in the morning, when the last extra for the day has been engaged, he will sometimes fall into talk.

I happened upon him on the day when he had furnished nine companies with extras, some of them with picked performers—"types"—and others with soldiers, society folk, some frenzied operators for a stock exchange scene, and some sailors to go to San Pedro for a naval scene. He leaned back in his swivel chair, put his feet up on the railing, sighed in relief at his respite from labor, and spouted like a Yellowstone Park geyser.

"It's a funny life," he said. "You can get an idea of certain phases of human nature right here in this office all right. I had no idea there were so many stage-struck people in the world until I took up this job. Did you see that middle-aged woman in black, without any figure or good looks, the one who just said "Is there anything for me today?" and then went out? Well—she will come in for another week or two and then drop from view. She ain't strong enough to do regular work and thinks she can go into pictures and get enough to live on. I've told her straight that she can't, but she won't believe it and will just come along until she finds out what I say is

indeed pains was taken to secure just the right girl for this scene

School Episode in the Million Dollar Mystery

"Jane the Justice" has to be of a "Special Type"
true, and then she'll stop coming. If I sent her to any director he would come and tell me to stop kid-
ding him. I wish that class of woman would keep 
out of here. I've got my feelings like the rest of 'em and they get on my nerves.

"Gee, you'd laugh at some of them though. I think that the hardest type to deal with is the mother 
with one or more kids that she wants to get into 
the movies. Some of these women try and get their 

kids on so that they can make money out of them 
and not do anything themselves. I can generally 
tell them and some men are just as bad. I know of 
two husbands and wives who don't do a thing but 
live off the earnings made by their children. One 
of 'em is one of the cleverest little girls in the 
movies and the other is a small boy, a regular won-
der in his way. It's all right from their point of 
view I guess, but I think it's low down myself."

The clerk paused a moment to light the cigar I 
had offered him and then went on.

"I keep cards of all the people who call, you know, 
and there are so many that although my memory is 
good, I make little notes at the bottom of each card 
so that I can readily recall the applicant. Here is 
one. I have dotted down, 'Big, aggressive woman, 
aufal talker, from Kansas, 
girl too big and bony and boy 
impossible.' When this 
woman first came in she handed 
me a line of talk about like 
this:

"'Are you the young man 
who does the engaging? Yes, 
then I guess I'll have to talk 
to you, but I didn't want to. 
I don't believe in going to 
clerks, but like to talk to the 
homes—yes, I suppose you 
are the boss here in this 
office all right, but I mean 
that I want to talk to the men 
who are going to hire my 
children and find out just 
what they are expected to do. 
I spoke to Mr— (naming 
one of the directors) and 
he was quite rude, wouldn't 
listen to me at all. Told me 
to come to you, and I insisted 
upon him seeing the children 
and then he turned away and 
said something that I didn't 
hear. Come here Amelia, 
this is the man who engages 
the children, this is my eldest 
and she—" and she went on a 
blue streak and I couldn't

STOP HERE.
VERA gasped at Forster's prophecy of the consequences of her thoughtless and impulsive behavior.

"Oh!" she cried. "Heaven—! I never thought!" In the swift reaction that came with the discovery that Forster, far from being dead, was not even seriously hurt, she was touched with hysteria—the stress and strain of the whole experience naturally had its share in producing that condition. It was this which accounted for her next words—doubly unfortunate ones, they were, as it proved. She reverted, not unnaturally, to the Vera of Gudge and Bartlett's store, who had, in the last few days, been almost entirely disappeared and merged in the new Vera of the movies.

"Oh!" she cried again. "I'm so sorry! I never thought! But—you know I'm not used to being a public character—no one from the papers ever cared anything about me before!"

Forster caught the shrill note; weak as he was he recognized the hysterical touch and caught her hand.

"Keep quiet! Don't say anything more," he urged, in a low whisper. "I know that reporter, Deane. He'll make all he can out of this, anyhow.

And Forster was right. While policemen and townspeople, aided by the crowd that seemed always to spring up by magic at such times, did what they could to clear up the debris of the accident, while waiting for the coming of the wrecking crew, the reporter came over.

"Hello, Forster," he said. "Sorry. Not badly hurt, are you?"

"No thanks. That you, Deane? What are you doing up here? Thought you were one of the lucky ones who worked Broadway?"

"This is Broadway, isn't it?" said Deane, cheerfully. "I was sent up here for falling down. If it goes on story or two, though, I guess I'll get back to the real doling. His voice dropped and he spoke confidentially. "Say, be a good chap, Forster. What's the lady's name?"

"Miss Smith — Mary Smith, of 458 West Eleventh street," said Forster, promptly. "And say, don't you call her name, Deane. I'll take it as a favor—"

"Certainly— but it won't go," said Deane, chuckling. "Miss Vera Hayes sounds a lot better, and I've got a hunch she told the truth too. Come across, Forster. What's the dope? Who is she? You know, you're supposed to be engaged to Miss Brewster."

"Go to hell!" snapped Forster. His nerves, strained, as Vera's had been, by the scene with her, snapped suddenly—and no wonder. A man who has just been through an automobile accident is in no condition to submit to heckling, something that Deane knew and had counted upon. Deane had no thought beyond getting his story. He needed the story to rehabilitate himself with his paper. Its effect on Forster, on Vera, on anyone, indeed, but himself, was something that did not interest him at all.

"Oh, it's like that, is it?" he said. He drew back a little. "I'm sorry, Forster. This seems to annoy you a lot. I've noticed that a good many men are mighty willing to do things—and then, when they get caught at them they expect the papers to hush up the facts for them. I'm not in that business, and neither is my paper. We're out to print the news."

Forster swore savagely, but he realized that there was nothing more to be said or done. Deane taking this stand was amusing, to one who knew him. Ordinarily, he would have been good fellow enough to fix things so that the accident would have had only trivial mention—which, indeed, as a news story, was all it deserved. But now, seeing a chance to square himself with his city editor, he would make as much of it as possible, especially because no other newspaper men were present. He could dress up the facts almost as he liked, short of inviting a libel suit.

Vera was far from understanding why Forster was so angry and disturbed. She didn't know what Deane could do. For that matter, neither did Forster. He could guess, but it would be something decidedly unpleasant. However, since it could not be helped, it must be endured.

When the ambulance arrived, with the white coated surgeon from the Fordham Hospital, Forster gritted his teeth and managed to get on his feet. For a moment his head swam, and he thought he was going to faint—something he had never done, and which he, many, dreaded more than a really serious wound. But in a moment the dizziness left him, and he was able to take stock. The surgeon washed and dressed the cut over his eye, stopping the flow of blood, and he found it was not at all serious. His shoulder was rather badly wrenched, so that it gave him considerable pain to move it, and one ankle was sore—a ligament was pulled a little out of place, the surgeon said. But, on the whole, he had been lucky, while his escape had been almost miraculous. She had been badly shaken, and when she had time to notice it, she found that her dress was torn, and that her hat was crushed. But she had not suffered even a scratch.

"All right," said the doctor. "You were playing in big luck. Queer sort of accident. Pretty hard luck, I'd say. Better get home as soon as you can. How about your car?"

That, it turned out, was temporarily out of commission, though it had suffered no injuries that could be quickly repaired. A chauffeur on the trolley car volunteered to look after it and to see that it was towed to Forster's garage, and an errant taxi-cab, coming up from the subway terminal on the chance of picking a fare, he did, offered a substitute in which Forster took Vera home.

"I'm—you don't know how sorry I am for blurting out our names that way," she said.

"Forget it," he said, more cheerfully. He had had time to recover his balance, and his normal, joyous outlook had been restored to him. "Heaven knows what will happen. It's apt to be a plenty! But it's not your fault. That's a use Deane would have found out, anyhow. That's his business. Changes are it would have been worse if he hadn't got it the way he did. Can't blame him so much,
either. I suppose it means a good deal to him with his age of a paper."

"Just the same, I'm sorry," said Vera.

"Oh, I'm such a fool! I want you to promise me something. If Miss—if Miss Brewster makes a fuss, let me stand for whatever happens. Will you?"

"This is Miss Brewster's party," he said, rather grimly. "I suppose I'm unreasona—"

"Boy, I think you've got to—\n
"Sure," she said, brightening immediately. "You think I'd better? Really?"

"I think you've got to— if you can stand it!" he said. "There'll be talk enough, anyhow. If either of us isn't there it'll be that much worse. When there's a knockers' convention assembled, with you for the knockers, always be there, early."

"But—surely—you're making it all up, aren't you?" she asked, aghast.

"You're really here? You must be in bed and look after yourself! Didn't that doctor say so?"

"Maybe he did, but he doesn't know it all, you know," said Forster. "You bet your boots I'll be there. Wouldn't miss it for the world, even if it costs me which I can't. Oh, cheer up. I'll be all right. Here we are at your place. Get to sleep if you can. Better take a good hot bath. Nothing like it to brace you up and steady your nerves so you can sleep after a shock."

She stopped him when he would have left the cab to help her out.

"Stay where you are," she said, pressing him back.

"You—you're the gamest little sport I ever saw," he said. "I—I take back everything I said to-night after dinner! You were right and I was wrong. I was a shank, too. You're a corker!"

Then she sat down in the machine for a moment. As he looked at her he was thrilled by her lovely face, and took her hand.

She flushed a little, and leaned forward.

"You," she said, unsteadily. "You—oh, you're richer a deal!"

On a sudden impulse she leaned still further toward him. He felt the soft touch of her lips on his cheek. Then she was gone.

"Vera!" he cried, and made as to follow her. But the door slammed, and he sank back, conscious of the fact that he still needed repairs before he could make sudden moves. He gave the cabman his address, and nerved himself for the saving and bumping of the ramshackle taxicab.

Vera took her hot bath—and sank, as soon as she was in the pillow, into the deep and untroubled sleep of youth and perfect health. She had had a shock, but it was not a serious one. And her constitution, good in the beginning, and replenished, of late, by decent work and decent food and decent ways of life, had helped her. And she threw off a worse shock than this one. Then, too, a factor in her ability to sleep was her utter ignorance of what Deane had done. For in the back of the imagination needed to surmise his actions. She had no way of reasoning about him, and so she did not think of him at all.

But with Forster the case was different. He was more seriously affected by the accident than Vera was. In this, at least, and he was, though strong enough physically, possessed of a far more sensitive nervous organism than she. Also, on the subject of Deane and the story he would write, his imagination was decidedly active.

Arrived at his bachelor apartment he went, not to his own rooms, but to that of a doctor resident in the building, one James Syms. Syms pronounced him all right.

"A week in bed will fix you, old top," he said, cheerfully. "There's a special providence watching you mortormaniacs!"

"What'd ye mean—a week in bed?" said Forster, indignantly. "I've got to be on the job to-morrow morning, at the studio, at nine A.M. Syms was a friend as well as a doctor. Therefore he took that statement at face value, and frowned. But he did not throw up his hands and talk about disobedience of orders.

"That's different," he said. "'Hm! All right. Come on over to the Turkish bath. A-ht not to be many people there to-night. I guess we can do business. I'm going to hurt you like the devil," he added, cheerfully.

Which he did. But massage, skilfully directed, and certain pullings and kneadings of displaced ligaments and muscles, together with the beneficent effects of the hot room and the steam room, did wonders. Under the merciless fingers of Syms and a bury ruffian devoid of human qualities, who was supposed to be a rubber, Forster suffered the tortures of the damned. But he emerged clear eyed in the morning, with only a patch of one eye and the slightest of limps as trophies of his experience. He had had two hours of blessed sleep, the by product of sheer exhaustion, when he stepped into the restaurant of the bath for breakfast at seven o'clock. And there he had the pleasure of reading Deane's story.

It was worse than he had imagined it could be—which is saying a good deal. There were pictures—of himself, of Beatrice Brewster, and of Vera—this last the photograph of the Crown Princess of Germany, slightly altered. But the paper's readers, of course, didn't know that they had never having seen Vera, it was just as good as a true portrait of her. It was purposely blurred, too, in printing.

There was a picturesque account, with a moral worked into the tale, of what was described as a furious joy ride, and there were speculations on the conduct of Miss Brewster, unblushingly described as Forster's fiancée.

But that was not the worst. Forster ground his teeth at the discovery that Miss Brewster had been aroused from her beauty sleep and had talked at length over the telephone to a reporter. She had expressed regret at the accident. Miss Hayes? Yes, she knew her. A little department store sales girl. Mr. Forster had very kindly interested himself in her. That is all. Hadn't she? Didn't this ride, with its almost tragic conclusion, speak rather plainly for them? Was she engaged to Mr. Forster? She must decline to answer! With this affect the engagement, assuming one to exist, of Miss Brewster must decline to answer! But naturally, he and the public and really, of course, the newspapers could appreciate her feelings. It was diabolically clever of it. Amorefacts of facts were few; speculations and inanities were many. There was nothing upon which Forster or Vera could seize as the basis of a suit for libel, and yet their reputations were wrecked as surely as if definite accusations had been made.

"Vera," he cried. "Vera, you're the gamest little sport I ever saw! Every sinner, I Take Back Everything I Said Tonight after Dinner."

Forster was on hand earlier than any of the company at the studio—which gave him a considerable advantage, and, indirectly helped Vera as well. Everyone had said that Deane had left the room while the game, of course, everyone wanted to talk about it. But Forster's busy, unconsidered presence made the gathering gay, cheerful, in fact, impossible. He replied briefly to questions about the accident, minimizing its importance.

"I don't look as if I've seen the Doctor, do I?" he would say. "Miss Hayes? She'll be here to speak for herself. The whole thing was gruesously exaggerated. That is all. We've got work to do here to-day, you know."

Vera came in precisely on time, neither early nor late. In three words, she talked to everyone. And the studio presented a scene of considerable animation when Beatrice (Continued on page 59)
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

THE WORLD'S GREATEST WAR

September 5, 1914

Servian Refugees Leaving Belgrade Shortly before Their Capital was Bombarded by the Austrians

A Magnificent Chateau Perched on a Lofty Hill Overlooking the Meuse River near Dinant, Belgium. Dispatches Say that the French Troops Used this Chateau and Others as an Aid in Repelling the German Attacks

German Jack Tars Lowering Their Wounded into a Ship Hospital between Decks

Many of the French Sky-Cruisers were Built to Carry Sharp Shooters and a Rapid Fire Gun, and this Combination has Wrought Much Destruction, Especially among the Big German Dirigibles

Unloading Provisions at the Railroad Station and Center for the Belgian Troops

The Servian Infantry Firing Formation. The First Row is Lying Down, the Second is Kneeling, While the Third is Standing

Austrian Troops Constructing a Pontoon Bridge to Aid Their Advance into Servia

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MODERN WAR IMPLEMENTS AND FIGHTERS

One of the Large Austrian Balloons Used in Scouting along the French Border

The Crown Prince of Germany Who is at the Head of 50,000 Men, Forming a Part of the German Invading Army

A Train-load of the Czar's Soldiers Departing for the Front to Resist the German Invasion

English Soldiers Guarding the London Bridge Railway Station, One of the Principal Stations Used for Transportation Purposes

English Submarines Shortly Before They Departed to Blockade the Kiel Canal

One of the New French Aeroplanes, on Which is Mounted a One-inch Rapid Fire Gun, the Recoil of Which is Absorbed in the Breech, and Does Not Affect the Flight of the Machine

In the Top of This Tower is the Bell, Which for Centuries Has Called the Belgians to War. The Tower Stands on One of the Main Streets in Ghent, Belgium
Automobiles and War

How Motor Vehicles are Proving Their Worth in Europe

English Troops Leaving for the Front. Aeroplane Propeller in Its Case Strapped on the Side of a Motor Truck

A Squad of Army Trucks Carrying Aeroplanes, to be Put Aboard Transports for Belgium

The Twenty-Fifth Cyclist Battalion of London with Maxim Guns on Motor Trucks on Their Way to the Front

The British War Office Requisitioned Practically all the Motor Busses in London for the Transportation of Troops and Ammunition During the Recent Mobilization

One of the British Army Autos, Equipped with a Deadly Aeroplane Gun

An English Auto-Track, Which was Disarmed and Sent to Belgium with the First Expedition, is Seen Above. The Plate at the Left is the Same Machine. After it Had Been Stripped of Its Armour Plate at Dover.

Photos by International News Service
"I wish you were going too, dearest," said Warren.

He looked at his wife with the deep affection he felt for her showing in his eyes. The papered marchers, these two; nothing more serious than a lover's quarrel had ever come between them to mar a happiness their friends were wont to speak of as ideal. She was packing her last bag now; she looked up from the task with a little smile that tried, unsuccessfully, to mask the real sorrow that lay behind it.

"So do I," she said. "Ah, Frank, you mustn't have this service I can't go—can't I? With things as they are—I owe something, after all, to my father. And he is an old man..."

"The man of honor," said Dr. Warren. "I am sorry—for that reason as well as many others—that I must go myself. Still—Mason is good—as good as I am, certainly, and probably a good deal better. I've explained your father's case to him thoroughly. He knows it now as well as I do myself. You can depend upon him utterly. He will do everything that I would do myself. I don't believe there's any cause for immediate anxiety. But—your father is not a young man. And in his illness there is always the danger of a sudden complication. An emergency may arise at any moment, but Mason is just the man to meet it.

"He isn't you," said Mary Warren. Her lips trembled a little. "But I'm selfish—just as you are going! I know you must go, Frank—and it's wonderful that things are as they are! To think that the long struggle just to make a living is over—that you can afford, now, to do the sort of work you have always wanted to do! That you are going to be able to give up your time to research! Oh, I'm so happy over that, that I can give you up for this voyage!"

"It is wonderful," said Warren, a light coming into his eyes. He looked up from the papers he was examining for a moment. "I care very little, except for your sake, my dear. But this means more money than money. It means that I can be of some good in the world—that I can leave behind me the name of a great man who has done something that will help others. Dear, I'm nearer than anyone believes to the discovery of the cause of cancer—and if I find the cause the cure will follow. We can always do that. It won't make any difference whether I'm the one who happens to strike the cure. It's when we don't know what makes the trouble that we're so helpless. And to think that a man I've never seen should leave me this money!"

"He knew all about you. He's probably watched your career," said his wife, jealously. "People call such things chance—they'll say you were lucky. But such things don't come by chance. This uncle of yours hadn't spoken to your mother for years—had ignored her existence, and your own. And yet—in the end, he leaves you this great fortune! Of course he knew all about you, my dear! I can forgive him for everything—even for taking you away from me now—for what he makes it possible for you to do!"

It had been agreed between Warren and his wife that their farewell should be said at the house, and that she should not go to the pier to see his steamer sail. They had never before been separated for more than two or three days since their marriage, and it was hard for both of them, even though his trip was to be a short one. He was to go to England, proceed with the necessary formalities of proving his claim to his uncle's estate, and return as soon as the matter was settled. With luck, he reckoned, a month would see the whole business disposed of, and he would be back with Mary, ready to turn over much of his general practice to an assistant and devote himself almost entirely to the research work that was his absorbing passion and his life work.

And so he sailed away, looking back wistfully at the skyline of New York. He did not expect to enjoy the trip. And yet there was every reason why he should do so. He had plenty of money, and would have much leisure, for he would be a rich man now, no matter how much his research work might cost. He was a passenger on one of the finest vessels of the fleet of ocean greyhounds, and everything that could be devised to add to the comfort and the luxury of its passengers was provided. And the comfort and luxury of it all, the sheer joy of knowing that there was no work for him to do, had its effect on Warren after the first two days. His life had been a busy one; he had taken few vacations. And here, on the ocean, he had the feeling that he had utterly escaped, for a brief breathing spell, from his work.

It was on the fourth day out that he noticed the man Dow. His first sight of him startled him. Warren was glancing at his trap in a mirror, as he made his way toward the deck, when the man's face was reflected beside his own. And—it was his own face that he saw! His own face, as it might have been—seamed, distorted in some vague and terrible way. Though the general effect was startlingly different, in certain ways, every feature was the same. Warren turned, with a start, to look at the man himself, and found Dow regarding him with a fixed stare. Dow wore a steward's uniform; he had the servile look that went with it. And yet, as their eyes met, that disappeared, and the resemblance between them became even greater. For the moment they had one another, man to man.

"Why—why—you look like me—you're my double!" said Warren.

"Yes, sir," said Dow, servile once more. "I say, sir, I'm sure—hope you'll excuse the trouble, sir.

Warren laughed, a short, sharp laugh, of annoyance.

"Don't be a fool, man," he said. "It's not your fault, is it?
By God, this is curious! Here, when are you off duty?"

"Ten o'clock, sir," said Dow.

"Then meet me on the upper deck. If there’s any rule against it I’ll speak to the purser. I want a talk with you, my man." "You wondered over the strange resemblance. It caught and held his imagination. And, with the scientific mind he tried to explain it to himself, seconded for it. He waited with suppressed impatience for the meeting.

"The more about yourself," said Warren, when the steward met him and they had taken two empty chairs.

"A long story—soon told," said Dow, with a touch of bitterness. "I’m a roister, I suppose. I’m no good. My family was all right—though I was the only one of them." He laughed—"an ugly laugh. "My father—you understand?—didn’t own me. He looked after me, though, even after I was dropped before me. He was young—a man without a father! And—"I drank and gambled through it. I had the rotten strain in me. I went from bad to worse. Then I pulled up—stopped drinking. But I’d gone too far. This was the best work I could get—a college man!"

"Warren swallowed stealthily," he said, abruptly. "You say you quit drinking? Man alive, do you know how many men can do that? Not even one in a thousand! That’s a splendid feat! The rest will come. I’ll help it come, too—and be only too glad to do it."

He paused for a moment.

"You know," he went on, reflectively, "such resemblances as ours are never accidental. Nature doesn’t do things that way. When men are doubles there’s a tie between them—conspicuously. That’s invariable. You and I spring from the same stock—somewhere. It may be a long way back—it may be recent. You might be my cousin—one or many times removed. Some such relation is there certainly is. And chance has made me successful, rich—and you—"

"Say it—a derelict!" said Dow, bitterly.

"I’ll have to stick together, now that we’ve met," said Warren, ignoring his tone. "There’s a sort of link—that’s more than my share of the luck, you see. So you’ll be all right after this, Dow. I’ll see you get a good chance after that. It will be up to you again. But I think you’ll make good—imagine!"

"I hope so," said Dow. "Excuse me if I don’t say much, will you? This is—is—it’s rather a knock out, isn’t it?"

Warren smiled—as much at Dow’s reverting to the point of the class from which he had slipped, as at anything else. Here was a kind of sympathy arising from the mental attitude of the steward who had apologized so humbly for previous inexperience. He knew Dow was a stranger! It gave him a thrilling insight into the man’s character, too. He could not treat him as a stranger. The man had been battered; he had grown bitter as a result. He blamed the world rather than himself and with some justice. And yet, unless he had invited it to do so, he would not have treated him so. A dangerous man, this Dow; one to be helped with discretion, and to be watched carefully. And yet one he must help, by all means. For there was no sort of doubt in Warren’s mind that this man had not treated him the same blood.

They talked on, after that, in a friendly but not less deadly way. Warren, more to put some element of ease into the conversa-
tion than for any other reason, talked of his home, of his wife—this, with enthusiasm and flash-
ing eyes. Dow, too, told more of himself. When they parted for

They Fought Their Way Out of the Room and Down the Stairs

the night each man knew the other pretty well. It was agreed, moreover, that Dow should leave the ship at Queenstown with Warren and go to London with him. Then further arrangements could be made. To meet and talk further on board would excite too much comment.

And it was there that fate intervened. The world knows the tragedy that was lurking in the fog of the Irish coast. It knows how the ship was splintered on a rock; how she sank before her wireless call for help was heard and how hundreds perished. So terrific and overwhelm-
ing was the disaster that all details were en-
gulfed with the steamers.

Fate intervened again. She will it that Dow, cast up in a rocky cove, should have seen a body tossing about, just within his reach—
the body of Warren. He drew it in; a glance satisfied him that the doctor was dead. He cursed with blasphemies such as he had never dared to voice before. As he looked down on the man who had held out the hand of hope to him he was minded to join him in death. For now his last chance was gone. But then, suddenly, inspiration came to him with his sight of Warren’s face, so like his own. For a moment he stood trembling.

Then: "By God—I’ll do it!" he cried.

Shuddering a little he went through Warren’s pockets. He found papers, letters of credit; all he needed to exist with Warren and go to London and join him. Warren himself had told him those personal things that he needed to know; such lapes as there might be he felt himself clever enough to provide for.

Not for a moment did he dream of a long continued deception; he wanted to impress Warren only long enough to feather his nest, to provide for his future.

And that he seemed sure to do. The lawyers in London accepted him, on the evidence of his papers and a photograph they possessed, with-out question. He cabled to Warren’s wife; she returned an overjoyed answer. And, within two weeks, he was on his way back to America, plentifully supplied with money, and with the assurance of the lawyers that, as soon as cer-
tain formalities of the estate had been compiled with, se-
veral hundred thousand dollars, the first install-
ment of the estate of Warren’s uncle, would be
toward him. He would wait for that; then he would disburse Warren’s wife and vanish. After all—was it not his, his over-much his due? Warren had meant to help him—probably he was as close a relative of the dead uncle of the money bank as he. Might he not be closer, indeed? Might he not be his son?

Mary Warren’s anxiety after the news of the wreck had not been successfully brief. For a few days she had endured untold agony; then the cable had come. Her father had definitely re-
covered; he seemed safe this time for many years.

And Mason, the doctor to whom Warren’s patients had been turned over, had gone away. He had told her a year or two when the news of the wreck came; he had not been present when she received the cablegram sent by Dow in Warren’s name.

And it was, therefore, a dreadful shock to Mason when he returned to find that Warren was hourly expected to live and he had seen his chance. He had grown to love Mary Warren; he had known, however, that while Warren lived there was, as far as for him. With Warren dead he felt that he might win her. And the rivalry was too much for him. Feeling that he was sure of her, his whole nature was undermined by the discovery that she was more remote than ever. And in that moment of decided outrage Mason. He might never have reached such a desperate determination had not the interval in which he supposed his chance been a moment of happiness. Now, however, his mind was made up.

Dow, meanwhile, returning, was torn by a fearful doubt, a dreadful anxiety. He had suc-
cceeded incredibly so far; could he hope to con-tinue? Could he carry off Warren’s wife? There was the test. He dreaded it; yet, to gain all he hoped for, he must face it boldy.

She waited for him in the garden of their lovely house. And as he took her in his arms he saw, over her shoulder, an evil face, peering at him from the bushes. With a suppressed start he recognized it. It was a man with whom he had been associated in the days before he had made his great discovery—a pickpocket, named Swain. He had caught a glimpse of the man near the pier.

What had happened was all too plain. Swain, recognizing him, seeing him walk this way, fol-
lowed him! As soon as possible he got away from Warren’s wife and went straight to the garden. And there Swain waited for him—with two others of his kind.

"We’re on to youse," said Swain, without prelude. "We’ve got your game spotted, gus. An’—we won’t split. Not if you treat us right. I’ve got the whole lay. Ten thou. Gotta have a machinery to show this one!"

Dow was not lacking in grit. In a moment he made up his mind.

"You can’t get away from me," said Dow, savagely. "You’re crazy—and you’ll never dare split. I won’t give you thirty seconds to get out of here!"

They slunk away. But there was that in their eyes that might have warned Dow. True, they dared not betray him. But they were not the sort to stay the thirty seconds.

And, indeed, they did. For a week later Dow was brought to Warren’s house. He had received a sprig of wound, inflicted by a knife. He had been stabbed in the abdomen in st a n t death was remarkable. Mason, called in, showed the deepest concern; he said, however, that he thought there was no danger. In his secret heart he

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL
known the truth; that the man who stood between him and the woman he loved would never leave his house alive. If the wound was not enough Mason knew what he would do.

And then, like a bolt from the blue, came Warren himself. He had not died. Piscator had found him, just as his senses were returning. He had been stunned, not dead, when Dow had left him. But his mind had been a blank. Only the chance that had kept Dow from finding one paper, a letter from the London lawyers, had saved Warren from an asylum. They had answered the call; had seen at once his resemblance to the man who had come to them, and had seen to his care until he could account for himself. He had guessed Dow's hand in the affair at once. And he had sailed for home, enjoining strict secrecy upon the lawyers, planning to catch Dow red-handed.

Mary Warren, hovering over Dow's bedside, supposing him to be her husband, had seemed to the wounded man an angel. And, knowing himself near death, he had moved to com- pense. He told her everything.

"I—I've been decent to you," he said, feeble, "You're a good wife, and I was so cold—"

She fled. She wanted to be alone with her grief, doubly terrible now, doubly hard to bear. And lying downstairs, she was in time to hear a servant scream:

"The master! And him upstairs!"

She started. Then she flew to the hall. And there was Warren, her own husband!

"Frank!" she cried. "Is it you—this time?"

In his arms she knew she was safe at last. And then she told him of Dow, and of his confession and of his present danger.

"Poor devil!" said Warren. "He's weak—that's the worst of him. He confessed, you see—and he's done no great harm. I must go."

He went upstairs, quietly. And, as he cer-
tered the room, he stopped. The wound-
ed man was lying with his face turned away. By the bed was Mason. And as Warren looked he saw Mason furtively pour a few drops from a phial into a glass of medicine. A faltering perversion of color came to Warren, and he started with hor-
ror. Then he saw Mason's face in a mirror. In it there was a look of Americas and concentrated malice that Warren, all at once, understood. Mason thought he was lying there; he was trying to poison him.

"Here, old man—take this," said Mason. "[I'll—"

With one leap Warren was at his side. He struck the glass from his hand. "You murderer!"

Mason shrieked once. Then he must have seen the truth. He seized a chair for a weapon; the next moment he would have braided Warren's hair. He was knocking, stark mad for the moment. But it was Dow, the derelict, who received the blow. He had seen the danger; he interrupted the terrific blow. And then Warren, seeing that Mason had killed Dow, went mad with rage, as mad as Mason himself. They struggled; they fought their way out of the room and down the stairs. Now Mason sought only to escape. But he was helpless. Only the constable and the police saved him. And, as he was dragged away, he saw Mary in her husband's arms.

"Frank," she cried. "Is it you—This Time?"

Los Angeles -- The Movie Mecca

(Continued from page 9)

possible for a company director to count abso-
lutely upon the sunshine requisite for picture-
making. The lay of the land in this way alone,

must run into hundreds of thousands of dollars
every year for the companies. One must add to
this also the fact that constant employment is

a notable factor against that demoralization of

film companies, such as has been known to oc-
cur when several days of idleness have thrown
scores of people out of the working mood.

In addition to the advantages of its climate
Los Angeles loths other advantages to offer to
the motion picture makers. The existence of
these points of presciencenc has already brought
the man who was the head of the west, so that their
enumeration here is not a lure, but a statement
of facts already weighed in the balance.

But Los Angeles possesses many other ad-

vantages. The city itself furnishes about all
what could be desired in the way of city sets. It
has beaches, sky scrapers, alleys, ten-
mements, busy streets and huge stores. In
the suburbs, Hollywood, Pasadena, and Glendale,
and in distant mountains of every style of archi-
tecture, Italian, English, Scotch, French, Eastern
what you will—from the millionaire's resi-
dence to the broker's humble cottage.

A little farther out—a short automobile ride
and the necessary settings for farm, ranch, river, waterfall and mountain scenes can be
had. The cost of setting is not high, and most
are set at hand at almost any season. A few hours' ride brings one to desert scenery, to desertion enough to satisfy the most exacting director. Forests

there are too, any number of them, of every
variety of tree and there are miles and miles of
vineyards, wheat and alfalfa fields, and of

their gardens, of orange and lemon groves,

olive and apple orchards.

Not far from the city are old Indian dwellings
and caves which were used by the red men in
days aque and there are the quaint and gen-

eral old mission buildings which have fur-
nished the background and, indeed, the story
for many a photoplay.

A short journey in a steamboat and pictur-

esque islands await the camera man and his vic-
tims, and it is not a suspicious that the entrance
to the Golden Gate, the oil fields and the gold

and silver mines.

There is another feature of life in Los An-

gles that the motion picture makers have found
of immense value to them. There is no other
city of its size in the United States that has the
"local color" that Los Angeles possesses in its
cosmopolitan population. There is no other

York lacksthe Oriental element that makes for pictu-

resque ness, even though it causes diplomatic
complications. The Los Angeles Chinatown has
grown, especially since the San Francisco fire,

so that it is now quite as much a feature of the
city as was the San Francisco Chinatown of the
city farther north. Japanese are also common
in Los Angeles and they, too, have their colo-
nies. In California, also, so many of the
Chinese wear their native costumes that their
appearance is much more vividly picturesque
than it is in the eastern states. East Indians,

some of them clad in the white robes and the
turbans of their native country, are not uncom-
omon on the streets. Mexicans, wearing wide,

silver-braded sombreros and silver-braded
coats, with clanking spurs and rattling silver
watch chains, may be seen littering around the
street corners. Indians, no longer in war paint,

but none the less alien, pass through the high-
ways and byways. Russians there are, too, a
large colony of them. And Southern California
is the paradise of the Latin who comes to

Americans, Spaniards, Portuguese, southern
French, they find the climate of Southern Cal-
ifornia more suited to their temperaments and
their habits than the colder places of the north.
Throughout the state they are scattered, though
they are more numerous in the vicinity of Los
Angeles where access to market is easy from
the small farms which they are cultivating.

The utilization of all these elements have made possible pictures that until recently have been taken in Italy, in France, in Poland, in

Russia, even in China and Japan. One of the
greatest pictures of Alaska ever produced was

taken in Southern California with a truthful-
ness to Alaskan shore scenery that deceived
even travellers familiar with the "last lone
land."

"With all these advantages it is easy to under-
stand that unless an earthquake or fire or the climate alters completely, that Los An-
geles will continue to be the Mecca of the Man-
ufacturers of Motion Pictures. In the course of time I fully expect to see most of the com-
panies possess complete laboratories in Los
Angeles and simply ship their materials to New
York for distribution. Already several promi-

nent companies are doing this and one at least
is shipping its positives to Europe. As a take
is quite in the realm of possibility that in time
many of them will distribute their positives
direct from their plants—in Los Angeles.

"
"The Call of the North"
A Wild Tale of the Snow Country

WHEN Galen Albret, the factor at one of the trading posts of a great fur company in the northwest, married Elodie, daughter of one of the traders, he married the betrothed of Rand, a trapper and trader. And Rand, unable to revenge himself in any other way, poisons Albret's mind against his friend Graeham Stewart, making him believe that Elodie and Graeham love each other. Albret, who is absolute lord of the post, condemns Stewart to La Longue Traverse. This means that Stewart must start out, without food or gun, and try to reach the nearest settlement, five hundred miles away. Stewart knows that it is a journey of death and, before he starts out, sends his five-year-old son to his people in Montreal. And it is this son, grown to manhood, who comes back to the northwest twenty years later, lured by the desire to live in that wild country, and with the purpose in mind of discovering how his father had died. The laws of the company about trespassers are very severe, and Ned Stewart is a trespasser and as such is caught and brought before the factor, Galen Albret. The factor condemns him, as he did Ned's father, to take La Longue Traverse, the journey of death. In the meantime, Albret's daughter, Virginia, has fallen in love with young Ned Stewart, and pleads with her father for his life, but to no avail. But Rand, at the end of twenty years, confesses his crime. Albret tries to make amends by consenting to Ned's and Virginia's marriage.
A HEATED DISCUSSION THAT CONSIGNED THE BOX TO THE HUNGRY SEA

STARLING INFORMATION CONFRONTED THE ARCH VILLAIN

WHAT BLACK ABYSS NOW SHIELTS THE TREASURE-BOX?

THE MAN AT JONES' SIDE WAS MARKED FOR FATE

"MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY"
THANHOUSER'S $1,000,000 MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION

EPISODE 12—THE ELUSIVE TREASURE-BOX

CAST

STANLEY HARGREAVE, THE MILLIONAIRE... ALFRED NORTON
FLORENCE GREY, HARGREAVE'S DAUGHTER... FLORENCE LAFADDE
JONES, HARGREAVE'S BUTLER... SIDNEY BRACEY
THE COUNTESS OLGA... MARGUERITE SNOW
BRaine, LEADER OF THE BLACK HUNDRED... FRANK FARRINGTON
JIM NORTON, A NEWSPAPER REPORTER... JAMES CRUCE
SUSAN FURLONG, FLORENCE'S COMPANION... LILLA CHESTER

SYNOPSIS

A S THE anchor arises from the water, a sailor on a tramp steamer, due to sail for the Bahamas, notices a strange box suspended from the iron prow—climbs down the chains—takes it from its uncertain position. As he smuggles it to his room, he wonders at its painted inscription: "STANLEY HARGREAVE." Arrived at their destination, he attempts to take the box ashore—quarrels with a fellow sailor, and the box slips into the sea! About this time a mysterious stranger calls on Jones. Who is he—twin, double or—who? As Braine and Olga watch through the shrubbery, Braine raises his pistol to fire. Florence, through her window above, sees him, grasps a revolver, fires Braine's right arm drops limp at his side! Upon the sailor's return, he talks volubly about the treasure-chest. Vroon hears—calls into service a man with a wonderful deep-sea diving record—and at the Bahamas the box is rescued from the sea. Brought north, it is hurried to the Black Hundred rooms. They crowd around it to view its contents. The lights go out. The box is gone; with it three Black Hundred members vanish! Who were the traitors?
THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

September 5, 1914

The Moving Picture Game

V. Elevating an "Extra" Girl to Rank of Star

By Frank M. Wiltermood

ENTERING the scenario house the next morning, I told the head of the department, Bronzel, and the other office employees that I had found a purse near the studies and that if anybody made inquiry concerning it to send him to me. And then I felt energetically to work at my new task of reading and appraising manuscripts. The morning mail soon arrived, and among the letters was an envelope which contained a letter from the owner of a brewery, in which he offered to pay a considerable amount of money to the company if it would produce his photoplay and ingeniously introduce in several of the leading scenes a bottle bearing the label of his malt product. He stated he desired to advertise the bevare, and that he would allow the exhibitors everywhere to have free use of the film for several days. I referred his letter to Mr. Brent, and he passed it on to the company heads who, I learned, had promptly returned the script to its author as "impracticable.

Another scenario which I read was penned by an artiste La Belle France, and was illustrated with several dozen artistic water-color drawings of the costumes and most important scenes which bore mute witness to the fact that the author had undoubtedly expended a great deal of time and labor in painting the cards. His drama depicted episodes in the life of Marie Pompadour and, as I did not care to reject it on my own initiative, I put the manuscript aside for Bronzel's scrutiny.

One day it occurred to me that morning Bronzel ushered into my presence a young woman, saying:

"This is Miss Brent. I believe she is the loser of a purse," and withdrew. Realizing that the champion cowgirl equestrienne of New Mexico Indians had come to claim her property, I looked up with eager curiosity and discovered a girl about twenty-five years, tall and well built, though she gave an impression of slimness, dressed in the loosely fitting outdoor garments. She was good-looking, slightly thin-faced, her eyes large, brown and clear and her skin brown and smooth. She wore a short khaki skirt and her hat, of gray felt, was deceptively mannish. Her appearance suggested a young woman who had lived much out of doors and could easily take care of herself, her dignity and her composure in almost any situation.

I liked her at once and, desiring to "make" conversation, asked:

"The purse you lost, what did it contain?"

" Mostly bills from people I owe money to," she answered, laughing. I opened a drawer in my desk, took out the purse and handed it to her. After she had thanked me I managed by a few friendly questions to get her to talk about herself.

"You see," she said, "I am an 'extra' girl here, but have not been putting on any Westerns and I haven't been at the movies more than one or two days' work a week. I have my widowed mother to support. I live in a little flat in the city and when I had been gone so rough with me financially that last week I had to sell my riding saddle for about half what I paid for it two months ago. If you could help me in any way to get more work in the pictures, I and my mother would be very grateful."

She told me about her and even more about her work; of her prowess as a horsewoman, of how she had made a pet of one of the company's steeds, "Jimminy," and had trained him to do all sorts of clever tricks.

Her frankness and her need aroused my sympathy and when I finally shook hands with her and she withdrew, I promised to see what I could do. A few minutes later, Bronzel, Hartman, manager of the studios, and Bruce, a director, came in hurriedly and Hartman said to me:

"This is Mr. Bruce, looking for a good three-reel Western or Indian-military to begin work on. His leading woman, Miss Heston, fell ill last night, tying up the picture Bruce has been making the last five days and we can't go on with it until Miss Heston recovers. Bronzel is writing a four-reeler and can't stop to aid Bruce. Now I want you to leave off reading scripts and dope out a feature. And say, there are about thirty cowboys and twenty Indians here, on the company's payroll, and these fellows board and lodge with us. There have been no pictures put on lately that required their services to any extent. They are eating their hands off—at the company's expense. Write them all into the drama you fix up for Bruce. Make 'em work. We'll use the old stage coach and all the horses, too."

"Sure," I answered, smiling, nodding my head. "Sit down, Mr. Bruce," I continued, "and we'll talk it over."

As Bruce seated himself beside my desk, Bronzel and Hartman departed, unmercifully abandoning me to my fate as an emergency performer. After some few minutes I asked Bruce if he had any first-class Indian-military melodramas on hand for him to look over and get some good ideas. "Why no," I answered, hesitatingly, "but I think I might be able to write a scenario of that kind. You can give me a lot of days on the work, can't you?"

"Couple of days nothing," Bruce said, "But half of two."

"I've got to get to work at once, to keep my actors and actresses busy, it's 1 o'clock now. You can have three hours to dope out the script. What sort of a story will it be?"

While Bruce rattled on I was busily thinking and remembering that greatest of all warriors against Red Men, Custer, and I replied slowly, almost monotonously:"Oh, I'll write it around General Custer's exploits in Nebraska and the River Plate country, and ring in everything I can about Indians, soldiers and cowboys fighting Indians and all that. Come back at 1 o'clock."

"Fine," said Bruce, rising. "I'll round up all my people, tell the Indians and cowboys to be ready at 1 o'clock and I'll make $30 or $40 of him yet before dusk. So long."

Bruce walked hurriedly out of the library. I leaned back in my swivel chair, lighted a cigar and gazed absently out of the nearby window at a flock of birds on the lawn, and pondered, as Mr. Pickwick once mused, on "the mutability of human affairs."

On the wall over my desk a large old clock ticked loudly and I fancied it was calling to me, "Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up; write it, write it, write it!" Starting over my shoulder at the window, I noticed a young woman hurrying across the lawn, Lottie! An inspiration seized me to make use of her talent, "It's 10 o'clock and the trick horse, "Jimminy," into the melodrama. Having had fifteen years' experience as a newspaper reporter and editor before becoming a scenario student, I had learned to make quick decisions and so I resolved that in the work confronting me I would do all in my power to help Miss Brent liquidate those debts she owed, by making her a star.

Hurrying from the room to the lawn, I hurried to Miss Brent. She came quickly to my side, and I said:

"Miss Brent, I have arranged for you to play the part of an Indian princess in Bruce's next picture, on which he will begin work at 1 o'clock today. Go to the costuming house, select the best outfit on hand and tell the head of that department to phone me for an O. K. on the order. Dress yourself at noon, get the 'Jimminy' and be here at 1 o'clock."

Remember, you are to be the daughter of a Sioux chief—and don't plaster too much makeup on your face; simply stage it a light brown. Get a nice black wig and beaded head band, a la Hiawatha—you know the style."

Miss Brent's mouth opened widely, her eyes dilated and she stared at me with a look half of surprised glee and half of dreamy dis-
Do as I tell you," I said, earnestly. "Be here at once.
She hurried away. I returned to the library.
Culling into the room the most expert stenographer in the scenario department I began the composition of the film play. We worked silently,
and at a rate of speed that I don't care to "tally on" what I got.
For Miss Brent I created the role of an Indian princess and made her appear prominently in almost all of the 166 scenes in the scenario. The story showed how the beautiful daughter of a Sioux chief was befriended by the white hero, one of General Custer's military lieutenants, how she grew to love him and rode madly to warn the whites of an impending attack by the Indians.

For the climax there was a battle between the Sioux and the soldiers, the latter being aided by a band of cowboys. The stage coach was featured, as were also several running fights between mounted whites and Indians. The blowing up of a river bridge by soldiers, while the structure was crowded with many fighting Sioux, formed a feature of the second reel.

When noon arrived the melodrama was two-thirds completed, and I asked the stenographer to forget about luncheon until the photoplay was finished. At a quarter to 1 o'clock Bruce came into the window, peered in at me and asked:

"Ready yet? Can I have what you have written of the script and the synopsis and cast?" I replied. Here they are," I said.

I wrote the concluding part of the scenario, making the final, fade-out scene at five minutes to one. I called to Bruce as he entered the library. He asked, rather testily:

"Who is this Lottie Brent you've got starred up close to the camera in nearly every scene?"

I looked out across the campus and, there sure enough, was Miss Brent garbed as a Sioux beauty and astride of "Jimmie."

"There she is," I answered, boldly confident. "She is the best woman rough-rider in the country and I want you to give her this part. I wrote it for her and I know she will make good."

"You've got a lot of assurance," said Bruce, smiling cynically. "To cast up-sides for me. How do I know that the girl will screen well?"

"Screen well?" I faltered. "What do you mean?"

"Why," Bruce answered, "a woman or man might be handsome, have the physique of an Apollo or a Diana and still be cause of the color of the eyes and the general individual appearance, not to look well on the screen. But it's too late now. I'll take a chance on Lottie. Thank you for your quick work on this script. Come up the valley this afternoon and see me erie more or less on the film. Bring the order of scenes with you. So long."

At 3 o'clock that afternoon I told Bruce that I would like to spend the rest of the day watching Bruce and his players make scenes in my rapidly-created photoplay. He told me to go ahead and enjoy myself, cheerfully adding that he would have another "scenario" employee in the department read the scripts piled up in the library. As I strode to the valley, across house and the hills, I heard the sound of rifl cartridges exploding and I realized that Director Bruce was actively earning his salary of $150 a week.

Guided by the noise of the conflict, I made my way to a somewhat rocky ravine partly covered with brush and trees and here I found the company at work. A road traversed the bottom of the canyon and this thoroughfare allowed the actors and horses enough room to portray episodes in the melodrama. As soon as Bruce espied me he came forward and I handed him the order of scenes.

"How are things going?" I asked.

"Good," he answered, earnestly. "Everyone was ready for work at a quarter to 2 and we got on the first location within ten minutes. I have 'shot' about 150 feet of film already. Don't you want to play a part for me, the colonel who rides to the fort with a company of troops?"

"Sure," I answered, "lead me to it."

Bruce had one of the cowboys ride swiftly to the costume department and set a colonel's uniform, boots, sword, spurs and revolver. The cowboy returned in fifteen minutes. I quickly donned the suit, mounted a horse and Bruce rehearsed a company of cavalrymen and myself in a scene where we were to ride down the gorge, discover a dying white man in the brush and convey him to the fort.

"Come on, fellows, we'll make it!" Bruce finally shouted, "ride up the ravine and come down when I give you the signal."

I had gotten into position up the canyon, we waited for Bruce's command.

"Get ready!" he yelled and then followed with his running fire of about throughout the entire filming of the scene:

"Camera, one, two, three, go! Come on."

(Continued on page 20)
Scores of Millionaires Created by Craze for Motion Picture Plays

Enormous Profits From Films Made by Closely Held Private Corporations

U. S. Court Decision Now Opens Way for Others to Share in Golden Harvest

Lewis Film Corporation Organized to Establish Exchanges and Manufacture Films

Public Offered Chance to Enter Profitable Field Under Advantageous Plan

Among the business romances of the world none equals in vivid interest and astounding success the history of the growth and development of the moving picture industry, which, in half a dozen years, has created a score of millionaires and which is still in its infancy.

It is a matter of congressional record that over $1,400,000 is paid in to the moving picture theatres of the United States alone every day of the year, or $574,000,000 a year.

There are to-day approximately 25,000 moving picture theatres in this country. These charge prices ranging from 5 cents to $1—and the majority of these are good paying theatres. That a number of them do not pay larger returns is due to the system which prevails in the marketing of the films.

With such an enormous field and such tremendous receipts it is only natural that the men behind the moving picture business should be doing all in their power to centralize the business and keep outsiders from entering the field.

Last year alone it is estimated that the leading motion picture companies cleared net profits of over $50,000,000. Conditions have prevailed until recently which made it possible to centralize the power of these great firms. But the recent release of patents and the decisions of the United States Court of Appeals have made it possible for competing firms to enter the tremendously rich field.

A TYPICAL MOVING PICTURE AUDIENCE.

NEED OF EXCHANGES FELT.

The great obstacle at present is the inability of independent concerns to market their films except through the three great distributing agencies. These are the General Film Company, Mutual and the Universal. These three concerns are owned and controlled by the principal film manufacturing concerns. Under the anti-trust law they cannot exclude outside manufacturers.

These three great concerns provide through their exchanges the film programs for the movie theatres. Of course, all theatres cannot get first service of films, as the number of weekly releases (as the distribution of new films are called in the profession) is limited. The result is that hundreds of theatres only receive their weekly programs after the same films have already been seen in other theaters and are no longer new.

These hundreds of theaters that show old films need a new exchange. They need new programs; they need attractions that have not been shown elsewhere, perhaps in the same neighborhood, even next door.

To give this new service and to offer an outlet for the dozens of independent manufacturers outside the golden circle has been organized the Lewis Film Corporation. It is the purpose of this new company to organize immediately a chain of exchanges all over the country. As soon as this claim will have been completed, giving a market for full daily programs, the Lewis Film Corporation will begin the manufacturing of films on its own account, meanwhile marketing the best American and foreign films possible.

The great profits of the motion picture business is in the exchanges. These secure from the manufacturers the original films at a more or less standardized price. This price averages for ordinary films 10 cents a foot. The exchanges then rent these films to the exhibitors. A weekly service of four films a day for seven days ranges in price, according to the newness of the films, at from $48 to $50 a week.

BIG PROFITS IN EXCHANGES.

The average life of a film is about six months; that is, its earning period during which time it remains in good condition to be shown. After that the films begin to crack and show wear. Now, during that period of six months a thousand-foot reel averages in earning power about $100. This gives an idea of the enormous profits to be made from the handling of films.

In a week it is learned that the General Film Company, for instance, has cleared $50,000 through its various exchanges. As this company is owned by ten film manufacturers, their profits are made not only from the manufacture of films alone, but from the distribution of the same through their exchanges. At this rate the General should have earned in a year over $5,000,000.

The Lewis Film Corporation is prepared to establish a circuit of film exchanges all over the country, beginning with ten in the leading cities. To do this it is offering to the public an opportunity to invest in its company. Whether the film business has been controlled through closely held private interests. The public has not been allowed to share. Every film concern has been a closed corporation with only a few owners.

Film companies started on a "shoe string" have been built up into concerns rated to-day at several millions of dollars.

The Vitagraph Company, for instance, is said to have started with a capital of $10,000. It is rated to-day at several million dollars. All the beginnings have been humble. The Universal was started by Carl Laemmle, an immigrant of only a few years' experience in the United States, who invested his first few hundred dollars in a movie theater in Chicago. To-day the Universal's profits are counted by millions.

Selig, Kleine, Spoor, Anderson, Lubin and the dozen other magnates of the film world began with small investments which to-day are worth many millions.

A CHANCE TO SHARE IN PROFITS.

But all these men held to their stock and allowed only such capital to enter as was needed to start the ball rolling and get going.

The Lewis company is offering the general investing public a chance to share in the rich harvest.

The Lewis company is a reorganization of the Chicago Film Exchange, which was formed in 1906 as a distributing agency. At that time the independent film concerns were in litigation of a most costly character with the original film
the company, as it is possible to take pictures for even less. The extra cost of the Adventures of Katharine," "The Million Dollar Mystery," "The Perils of the World" and "Lucile Love," are specially paid for extras.

As soon as a producer feels ready and ready for work it will make a specialty of special films of this character. Another important addition will be a new film service. Already Mr. Harry Lewis is planning for this addition. At present we are now on the way to secure such a service in this country. When these services are established the Lewis Film Corporation will have the finest new feature service in the country a service that is not sufficiently advanced to make any attempt at competition. It will, however, be the one of the early developments in this line of business and this will be one of the early developments in this line of business.

OTTER MANUFACTURERS.

Meanwhile the exchanges will not be lacking in material for the production of more independent film manufacturing concerns in the United States with no rival market for this product. These will welcome the formation of this company with enthusiasm and assurance have already decided to buy or locate their own film. In addition the Lewis Film Corporation has the assurance of a number of the leading foreign film manufacturing companies.

Mr. Harry Lewis is in Europe at present extend this work and reports exclusive contracts with the Deutcher Biograph, the Wil- helm, the Jokie, the Dekage, the Wernher, and the Monopol, all of Berlin, and agreements (not exclusive with the Milano, the Dankoff,

investment of special feature films. This feature service is extra. As soon as a producer feels

EARNING CAPACITY OF EXCHANGES.

Now as to the earning capacity of the exchanges. This is naturally a matter of great importance. No exaggerated statements need be made how large these concerns may become and still show an amazing chance for profit.

Last year, in spite of tremendous difficulties, due to lack of competing branches, the Chicago Film Exchange averaged $500,000. This one exchange alone therefore cleared enough to pay the interest for the pre-ferred stock.

Firstly, the lowest possible amount of the earnings of the ten first years of the company will amount to $10,000 each. From the earnings of the first block of preferred stock, the holders of stock will receive $50,000 in dividends, or over 11% on their common stock which cost them nothing. The second year, with only $200,000 in earnings, the same ratio of earnings, the divid- end would be $11,000 and the retiring fund would increase it to $50,000 leaving $61,000 to be paid out as dividends among the holders of common stock. At the end of five years, when the preferred stock will have been retired, the common stock will receive all the earnings, which by that time will amount to $50,000 per cent on the original amount invested, which amount has been returned, although still earning interest.

ESTIMATE CONSERVATIVE.

The possibilities of the company are so dazzling that it is with difficulty that conserva- tion is kept within bounds. And, this, mind you, is not based on any figures, but on the most conservative estimates. Before any arrangement is made for the purchase of the patents company it had estab- lished the value of the patents and it will be possible to deduct the sum of $41,000, leaving $245,000 to be paid out as dividends among the holders of common stock. The amount has been returned, although still earning interest.

A DEADLY FIELD IS OPEN.

There that is a field for their programmes

DONALD MILLIONAIRES OF THE MOVIES.

OPEN FIRST BRANCH EXCHANGES

In 1907 the Lewis's opened a branch exchange in Louisville and found such encouragement from other branches that they later opened others in the other cities. In 1912 the Lewis's began leasing out the profits of the exchange to independent film companies. This company had its own fight with the patent companies, for the films it showed were distributed through their Feature Films Sales Company and the Phoenix Film Company, a manufacturer for which they were the largest single operators. A motion picture was of the better character and tremendously expensive, and they were hard pressed to keep up with the pace at which they had accumulated in fighting what was then called the Film Trust. The final decision which vindicated them left them in bad shape financially but strong in their faith in the future of the business.

It was at this time that the struggles of the independent manufacturers suggested to Mr. Max Lewis the plan for marketing the output of these independent manufacturers through a negative film is figured in a general way to amount to $1,000 a foot. The average exchange exchange is 10 cents a foot at the exchange. Now the independent manufacturers are being compelled to sell at 6, 7 or 8 cents a foot on account of the rapidly expending. These firms will, in effect, be the company's selling their profits through the Lewis Film Corporation's exchanges.

The Lewises, Max and Philip, bring to the new corporation the fullest and complete most complete and competent real pioneer in the movement. They know the business from the present time to the ultimate marketing of it through foreign exchanges. Their connections being with real films that have been shown here can be sold in foreign countries at a final profit.

Following is a list of films owned by the Lewis Film Corporation, and length of each in reels:

- The Fatal Emerald (2) Soul Mates (3) The Salm (1) Twenty Years in Sing Sing (2) Life or Death (2) The Ex-Convict (2) Meyer Josefett (2) James Patterson (4) In a Thief's Power (3) Blood Will Tell (3) My Boy (4) Trapped by Wireless (3) In a Gilded Cage (2) The Broken Melody (3) The Hidden Message (2) The Merchant of Justice (3) Iron Hand (Int'l Corp.)
- A Mountain Rescue (2) A Girl's Atone ment (2) A Woman's Honor (3) The Master's Voice (3) A Woman's Love (2) A Woman's Grave (Written in Blood) (3) Power of Fate (2) The Fatal Mask (2) Dagmar (Incendary) (2) His Troubled Sister (3) Zealous (3) Captain Scott's South Pole Ex. (2) Blood of the Father (4) Apache Bride (4) Thee, Koor ner (4) A Raise for Gold (Their Lives for Gold) (2) Victims of Alcohol (2) For Her Father's Sake (3) Blindness of Courage (3) Twist and Death (3) The Infected Hero (2) The Un written Law (3) The Citizen (2) The Queen's Necklace (2) The Conquest of the Pole (2) Ziegfeld Follies (2) The Great Gatsby (2) Fail to Death (3) Big Rock's Last Stand (2) Dare Devil Rescue (3) Mendel Bilius (Ter rance) (2) The Rose of Heaven (2) Revictive W. S. Burns) (3) When Lee Sucrend ers (2) Frontier Mystery (2) Carmen (The Carmen) (2) The Beautiful Path of Sorrow (3) Aviator (Journal) (3) Notre Dame De Paris (3) The Loan Shark (3) The Embezzler (3) Prison on CHF (2) When Lives Are Precious (3) One Foot in the Pogue (3) Her Secret (2) Taxis 1005 (3) Escaped from the Asylum (2) Tikeet of Leave Me Out of It (2) Young Samson (2) The Mid Air (Black Mask) (2) Mystery of the Main (3) Redemption (2) Nettie the Lion Mather (2) Star of the South (2) Younglove (2) Garden of Love (3) Grip of the Usurer (3)
so that the stock is actually offered at 50 cents on the dollar.

**MONEY TO ESTABLISH EXCHANGES.**

The investors' money is to be used in establishing the circuit of exchanges and will be spent for filling in with which stock to exchange. These films will be most carefully selected from those offered for sale by manufacturers and will be made with full knowledge of conditions and market demands.

For instance, the trend of the times is all towards short films. The demand for long feature pictures is decreasing every day. The exhibitors all agree that the one reel and split reel films are just what the market wants, but not one on which two films are shown in the $0.00 cost.

Abroad, where the taste of the public has foreshadowed the policy of American producers, it is expected that a greater demand for stock is likely to be made with full knowledge of conditions and public demands.

For instance, the trend of the times is all towards short films. The demand for long feature pictures is decreasing every day. The exhibitors all agree that the one reel and split reel films are just what the market wants, but not one on which two films are shown in the $0.00 cost.

**FORTUNES IN SPECIAL FILMS.**

Big fortunes have been made with special feature films, and once in a while one of these will turn up which wants through the exchange. These will also be shown independently of the booklook attached to the exchange.

In the suction of some of these feature films have come great success stories. A short-film, called "The Traffic in Souls" is said to have cleared a net profit of $3,000,000 on a cost of only $5.00. The earnings of the films will bequeath $500,000,000.

The greatest of the films are the most desirable to the investor, the cheaper the better.

**NEW MILLION DOLLAR THEATRES.**

Two new million dollar theatres have been erected in New York. Both will be completely fitted up for exhibiting motion pictures. These are the Strand and the Roxy, and the Vitagraph features are shown. And the business is not only growing but is growing steadily. In the last month the business is 50% higher than it was last year, and the second month is expected to be still more prosperous. The greater number may be a great demand for this issue of stock, so those who can get in on this opportunity are urged to make their applications as early as possible.

The moment a stock comes in a stock held in the future is considered unwise, and the greater the number the better. One of the conditions that should be observed is the issue of a separate share for each investor.

It is planned to sell all the voice of preferred stock under this plan without reservations. The common stock will not be offered separately and the issue of $250,000 of common stock allotted to the holder of the stock will all be given as bonus stock to purchasers of the preferred stock.

**GREAT FUTURE IN "MOVIES."**

The "Movies" have come to stay. They are growing stronger and better every day.

The greatest theatrical shows of the world are alive to this fact and on the orders of film producers will be found the names of those famous attractions on the map of the world in the realm of the theatre. Where formerly the "movie" was housed in converted stores and make-shift theatres, they today occupy million dollar theatres on the pictures avenues of the world. It is believed that it will be $500,000,000. Yet the business is still in its infancy, scrawny out of its swaddling clothes.

Today some of the biggest and finest theatres in the world are being used to show moving picture programmes.

Theatres that for ages had appealed only to the rich, with admissions exclusive, all, who could afford to pay well for their amusements, are now catering to the small purses with photocuts.

Every city has its dozens of "movie" houses and every village, no matter how remote, has its picture house if only for a day or two a day or two a week.

Every thousand picture theatres in the world are catering to this demand. Twenty-five thousand of these in the United States alone, and more would spring up if it believed they could be provided with programmes.

Thousands of men and women are working in the new field. Tens of thousands are interested in picture theatres and controlling strings of theatres are being formed all over the country. Lewis Corporations, for instance, which only a few years ago was selling newspaper on the streets of New York, now has twenty-eight picture theatres and is counted many times in the list of the best. The Adams Corporation, Chicago, theatre men, began in a penny arco, showing a few box affairs which were operated by dropping a penny in the slot. To-day they have thousands of theatres and has taken over several of the biggest theatres in the city, including McVicker's, the most historic theatre in the West, and for which they are paid an annual rental of $5,000,000, the Colonial, one of the finest theatres in the world; the Majestic, the Strand, the Grand, the Strand theatres in Chicago, and a score of minor theatres which are catering to the love of the public for motion pictures. Above all, we would draw your attention to the great need of the American film industry, which is the life of all the public for motion pictures. Above all, we would draw your attention to the great need of the American film industry, which is the life of all the public for motion pictures.

**INVESTORS FULLY PROTECTED.**

There could not be a more equitable arrangement for the protection of the interests of the stockholders. Remember not one cent goes to the Lewis for their good will, copyrights, trademark, or personal property, but it all to be expended in establishing exchanges and the exploitation of the pictures. Of the five directors having voice in the affairs of the company, the majority of the stockholders will be able to retain the stockholders will take hold and elect officers and directors, giving them the control of the organization, while two are members of the old Lewis firm. This is an added precaution for the protection of investors. Of these three none has had any previous connection with the Lewis company.
even try to look sorry and I haven't seen the kids in any pictures yet. Gimme another minute and I'll get me talking and I can't keep this well iced.

"We get lots of regulars here as you noticed this week. They come to see the show every morning and let me see they're around, old men and women and young men and girls. I don't have to look at them and wonder whether certain directors like 'em or not, and parcel 'em out where they will fit in best. Sometimes there is nothing for them to do, some of them and others will hang around to see what happens.

"I get some real paternity cases. People have no chance in the world of getting a job and they bring all sorts of tales of woe. Now and again I get a real find, but mighty seldom. You know Miss Nel? She's making good all right. As pretty as can be and willing and real clever I think. She came in here almost in rags and when I told her she couldn't get a job with that dress on anyhow, she turned round on me and asked me to lend her enough to fill the dress she could apply in and I was fool enough to do it. I don't know why, something in her 'way,' I guess. She paid me back in and left me a big box of cigars to boot. She's got a little sister she's sending to school and was just scraping along but didn't want to go. Well—I guess she's all right now.

"Some of the boys get me fighting mad. They stand around and make remarks about the people applying for work and if there is any particular pretty girl in the place, will join me about flirting with her. Say, that makes me tired every time. A fellow can't talk decently to a girl without some cuss making game of him. If we want to take up flirtations with some of the girls I could do it all right, but I don't and that's why I hold my job.

"That's all right, you know. She came in here a year and a half ago a little wrinkled woman with a timid voice. She told me about her daughter, who, she said, was bringing up her grandson, a delicate boy, and she wanted to know if I would try and get him in some picture or get her in so that she could dress him and school him. Director—happened to be in here at the time and he put his arm round her and said she was just the very type he wanted for a scene he was putting on. I remember the old lady went, but she didn't get in.

"There is one whole family that work extra here—seem to prefer it to going into stock. They are all good too. The fact is—there is a useful one at that, and he draws his five per nearly every day in the year; the mother takes matrons and sometimes she gets it fair; the daughter pretty but not much of an actress, but she gets lots of work as maids and society beds in the background and her little sister is some peach, and gets more than all of the others.

"The girl is good, but it takes a day and a half of hard work and her small brother gets work quite regularly too. They are a nice family and the kids are smart, but they have to behave themselves, too, you bet.

"We seldom have any real trouble with our extras. Noise and story are the only disturbances we get, but it is always with mud engaged from outside. Not so long ago there were some strike scenes scheduled and the union said they wouldn't go on unless they got an extra dollar each. The director was no coward and he told them they could be ready by ten minutes and take their orders or they could walk home. They were some distance out, too, so he chucked all the lunch into the automobiles and instructing the chauffeurs to drive off with them the moment he gave the word. This broke the strikers to their senses and they did their work. But that night they were paid off and told that none of their sense had been taught, and a new lot were engaged for the next day.

"Say—deliver me from the persistent girl. Believe me, she might as well have been a man. She will come all the way over the barrier as possible and do the goo goo act with her eyes and will say, 'Oh, Mr. man, can't you get me something today?' and then she will say, 'I know how much I think of you, I think you are the very nicest man here—you'll give me something, won't you?' and then there aren't a thing she will post prettily and try all over again.

"Relbery! Believe me, that if I took all that's offered me I'd have a nice bank account, but my job wouldn't last for long I'm afraid. It would get around in no time. Lots of men and women offer me half of what they expect to get if I will get them a try out and more than once someone has put in an application after a day's work and slipped a dollar towards me and told me that there will be others if I will look after them. 'Em. Thanks to heaven I never took a sou yet. I get well paid and it's dangerous anyhow. I know of several of the property boys who are good for accepting bribes and then where are they?

"The trouble with lots of the people who apply is that they haven't got any clothes worth mentioning, and some of them haven't got the cash to go to a costumer's to get—well, lay a dress suit which the charming. She will come and ask me for five dollars, and I've got to give her something. It's no joke, I tell you, and I wonder why some of them stick to it. Halt, perhaps, I suppose that they rather hang around the chance of a pay-by-the-day job than get a steady at something where they'd have to work.

"Oh, well, I should worry. The world was made before I got into it, and I can't make it over!"

Which shows the value of an acquired philosophy.
How to Write Photoplays that Sell

H E R E IS A NEW BOOK:

Fresh from the press that will tell you how to write strong, red-blooded scenarios that laugh at the rejection slip.

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

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

Above all Else This Book is Practicable

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

This Book is a School Within Itself

The object of this book is to give, in the easiest understood form, the information necessary for the proper instruction on how to write photoplays that sell. Also received a voice letter from a fellow, (she is) the name has been practicing the Ukulele—two of them, to be accurate. One of them is generally in tune, but I have not been able to decide which one it is. They each claim the honor. Those who have thrown their rooms in their rooms, but to this day they are not as polite regarding the ability of either as they might be; nothing but rank jealousy, of course. Scene—Outside the Los Angeles Auditorium. Crowds waiting to get in to see "The Escape." Enter Wilfred Lucas and (omitted) in auto. Enter several small boys. Says one urchin, "She's a movit' picture actress; let's give her the paper money. They do. He turns glibly and greets the self-starter one boy hollers out, "Hello, Miss the Detectress!" Business of crowd snickering and gigling.

Anna Little has one scrapbook which she reserves for clippings in which the same joke appears. She received a voice letter from her as "little Miss Little." I had just written an article headed "Little Miss Little," and was about to send it off when I saw the book. I crumpled the article up in my pocket and merely remarked, "I cannot imagine how writers can be so inane."

Laura Oakley has now been sworn in as a real live special Los Angeles policeman and her number is "99." She threatens to arrest anyone who has her number or who deducts from it one-third by turning it upside down. Laura the cop. to stop now, and Charlie Murray have just been in telling me funny stories. They have left me so mournful I couldn't crack another joke if I tried.
The Making of an Actress
(Continued from page 14)

Brewster, for whom everyone, from Forster down, was waiting with emotions varying from a deep anxiety to a simple curiosity, came in. She was clad directly to the waist in the same not high pitched, carried well. And everyone in the studio could hear what she said.

"Harry!" she said. "I don’t think you should do such things! Don’t you know I'm worried to death about you? Are you all right?"

"Certainly I am all right," he replied, almost brusquely.

"I don’t think you’re very considerate," she said, frowning her volatile smile, and only a little. "You know a thing like that is bound to make talk—especially after the way you brought the girl here. I don’t think you’re fooling, Harry, I think I’m rather broad. I know you’re a man—and I expect you to do the sort of things men do—when you’re unmarried, at any rate. But I really think you should have a little more discretion!"

Forster’s cheeks were blushing.

"I’m sorry you were annoyed," he said. "I was foolish enough to think that Miss Hayes and I had suffered more than anyone else. I see I was wrong. But, if I might suggest Miss Hayes really does deserve some sympathy:

"Miss Hayes?" said Beatrice, curiously. She lifted her lorgnette. Then she turned, very slowly, very superbly, as she could, and her eyes swept the room. There was a looking at her. Vera, half way across the room, smiled and bowed. And Beatrice, very quietly, let her eyes pass on. Not a muscle of her face moved; she cut Vera dead.

"Look here!" said Forster, tensely, anger in his voice. "I—"

Of course, you quite understand," interrupted Beatrice, "that after this, after the publicity which I have been compelled to submit, it will be impossible for me to remain in the same company with Miss Hayes?"

"What?"

Forster’s voice was like the snap of a whip. He was outraged, and he was fighting, now, oblivious to what the result might mean to him.

"I made myself clear, I thought," said Beatrice. "Either Miss Hayes or I will have to leave this company. I informed Mr. Renshaw of my attitude this morning. He assured me that he understood perfectly, and that he would communicate with you at once."

There was a moment of silence. It was broken by the insistent, shrill ringing of a telephone from the director’s room. Someone answered it; a boy. He came toward Forster.

"Telephone, Mr. Forster," he said, in a loud, shrill voice. "Big boss wants you on the wire right away.

(To be continued)"

Helping Detect Thieves

It has happened frequently in fiction that the moving picture camera has figured in the recovery of stolen money, but an actual occurrence in Memphis, Tenn., shows that such a thing is possible. A young lady cashier for an auto concern was in the Germania Bank with an envelope containing $450 in cash with which to buy New York exchange. While she was standing at the counter preparing to fill out the deposit slip moving picture people came into the bank and presented pictures of a bride and groom making their first deposit. The young lady's attention was momentarily attracted and when she turned back the money was gone. Detectives were put to work on the case immediately, but found no clues.

Publication of the entire incident was made and of the plans to catch the thief. In an hour or two the business made to make the taking the cashier into their confidence, returned the money, stating that a young man in the employ of theTaken was not taken. Full credit is given to the camera for the return, although there was only a hope that the identity of the thief could have been ascertained in that manner.
**Eastern Studio News**

**Gossip of Players In and Around New York**

HAROLD Vosburgh will soon be seen in the Goldin Feature Film Company's releases. His was one of the very few in a five reel production in support of Madame Lipin. Mr. Vosburgh is a popular photoplay favorite having evolved River dining in pictures for the past year, and has hosts of friends both in the studio and among the fans.

Madame Alice Blache of the Solax Company had a narrow escape lately when the large glass tank used in "The Mysterious Bride" gave way under the heavy prone and scattered broken glass in all directions. At the time of the accident Madame Blache was standing quite near the weak side of the tank but luckily escaped injury. Because of the accident which came so near being fatal in the producing of "Nep-tun" there is every precaution had been taken to prevent a repetition but it seems that there was a flaw in the glass which could not be detected by the naked eye. After a few hours work the tank was again in condition for use and the scene was retaken without trouble.

Little Katherine Lee recently gave a "kid" party to all the child players of the different Universal negatives on the stage of the Globe Theatre after the matinee. Miss Lee will be remembered as the little mermaid in "Nep-tun." There is an order that this 5 year old "pollywoog" is a wonder. Director Herbert Brenon acted as master of ceremonies.

Marie Eline, the Thanhouser Kid, is again back in the East after a several weeks' stay in the West. Having just finished in a film production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Marie was Little Eva of course. During the making of the scene in which she is rescued from the water by Uncle Tom, a strong undertow drew both beneath the boat. Their rescue by the director and others of the company was difficult, in fact, it came very near not being effected. Marie ends the telling of this incident with the sighing inflection, "I'm certainly thankful I'm alive!"

Matty Roubert—of "Matty and Early" fame in Powers pictures—is busy at the Imp Picture House on Eleventh street, New York. The series is to be known as the "Universal Boy" pictures. Every picture in the series is complete in itself, yet the series will be a continuation of the events that go to make up the events of the interesting life of this interesting boy.

One Gauntier sailed for Europe lately with the latest home film camera a genuine rest. It is her thirteenth trip over the seas and the first on which she was accompanied by the motion picture camera. Evidently she misses it, for Warner's office is in receipt of a wireless stating that she is lonely and may return soon. During her absence the studio has been in charge of Jack Clark.

Marc MacDermott rests easy now that "The Man Who Disappeared" series is finished. His latest thrill was jumping from the upper deck of a Hudson River steamer into the water, a distance of about 70 feet. Previous to this he fought a fistic battle on the iron girder of an unfinished skyscraper and raced a railroad train in a speeding aeroplane. With a record of risks like these is it any wonder that Marc is glad the series is over?

King Baggot is the proud father of a ten-pound boy who recently made his initial bow to the world while he was working in "River Tangle" on 11th street, New York. The president and founder of the Screen Club and Mrs. Baggot have been keeping a close watch over the baby and telegrams since King the second's arrival. King's many friends are sheltering great hopes for the youngster's future.

A queer line of events preceded Robert Ellis' appearance in Raleim pictures. He was educated for the ministry, joined Hagenbeck and Wallace's circus and became known as their most daring horseman, and later was seen in the Savannah autumn shows as the partner of "Eddie" Timmons, the famous chauffeur. He afterwards appeared on the stage and then entered the silent films where he is well known as a juvenile portrayer. His latest picture is "Old Man Higgenbotham's Daughter."

During the warm weather Lillian Walker can generally be found at the ocean when it is not necessary for her to be at the studio. If the beach were an hour's ride from the Vitagraph plant instead of just a few minutes, Lillian would be there just the same, for she loves the water and is a good swimmer—not of the "ankle-deep" variety, but a regular swimmer who goes out until she is lost to sight among the waves. She has even offered to give about given up hope of ever seeing her again, but many smiles and consequent dips, tells how grand the water is.

Earl Metcalf has quit buying commutation tickets between Philadelphia and New York. Instead the Lubin boys is making the trips between the studio and the Screen Club in his new Overland. To date he has not been asked to report at the studio of any Barn Club fowl that might have been using the road at the same time as he, but give him a chance. He'll get them yet.

Dan Mason is recognized as the official country sheriff of the Edison studio. Some time ago Mr. Mason received an invitation from a "fan" of a small town to pay them a visit. He accepted and was met at the depot by the mayor and a band, and escorted down the main street in style. All his admirers which numbered the same as the population, turned out to make it a Mason day.

Herbert Brenon, universal actor and director, is never balked by a little thing like distance or travel when he has a scene to do. In putting on "When the Heart Calls" recently Brenon learned that the country around Stamford, Connecticut is exactly the kind of exterior he needed, so he bundled up his company and proceeded to Stamford without delay.

While a most peacefully inclined girl, Murriel Ostriche, leading lady in Princess films, can become very destructive if a picture necessitates such action. To this Dave Thompson will testify while he traces scratchings with one hand and, with the other, takes an inventory of the unpopulated spots where hair once grew. He does not regret the conflict, for the violent domestic argument made a cracking good scene, but he only wishes he had not underestimated Murriel's strength and ability at "mixing" before the scene was started.

Speaking of "film fights," Morrey Foster can give some good information on the subject—the kind that is acquired by painful experience. In a scene at the Thanhouser studio lately several husky fellows were turned loose on Foster and the instructions to "rough it up." They obeyed the command to the letter to the demolished of nearly all the furniture in the set. There were no more or minimal limitations; Marquis of Queensbury they had probably never heard of. It wouldn't have made any difference if they had, for when the director began shooting for realism they started to cut in, and for a few minutes Morrey knew how it felt to be the busiest man in the world. Nothing but the scenery will be marks of the conflict very long, but hereafter those who saw it will gauge fights according to it.

**Growing Up with the Movies**

by FLORENCE LAWRENCE

WINSOME Florence Lawrence, in collaboration with Monte M. Katterjohn, has written the story of her life, "Growing Up With the Movies," in which she tells about her remarkable career, from the time she was a child of six playing to select repertoire. At the age of 18, she was with the Edison Co., when its studio was nothing more than a sky-scraper roof in New York. She was the original "Biograph Girl," and played with Arthur Johnson and little Mary Pickford—and was with many of the other "stars in the making" when they were unknown to fame or fortune.

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