MOVIE WEEKLY

April 1, 1922

10¢

Herb Rawlinson Brands Stage as Co-respondent in Divorce Suit

More things You don't know about the Stars

Marie Prevost study by Alfred Cheney Johnston

THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

This Will Cheer You

RECENTLY we read of an interesting situation which seemed, in a way, to show motion pictures in the light of Christian Science. The N. Y. Times published a story crediting a movie comedy with effecting the recovery of Katherine Hartwell, seven years old, of Pleasantville, an inmate of the Children's Seashore House in Chelsea.

"The child," according to this story, "had become weak and emaciated; she had scarcely slept for a month and was reduced to a state of helplessness where she could only with difficulty make any voluntary motion. Today she is reported on the rapid road to completely regaining her health.

"Henry Winik, of London, England, a wealthy picture magnate, who believes a happy frame of mind does much to help along patients and plans the inauguration of a hospital service, staged a picture show at the institution in Pleasantville, where this unfortunate girl lived.

" 'Too bad this little one can't go, too,' commented the child's nurse, as the other children filed out to see the movie.

". . . Just then Katherine's eyes opened and a most wistful smile lighted up her countenance. Mr. Winik's heart was touched.

" 'Well, if this poor little creature has only a few hours to live, what harm can be done if we try to brighten one of them?'

"She was made as comfortable as possible in the auditorium. There was a comic picture on the screen as the child opened her eyes at the suggestion of the nurse. At first Katherine watched the film listlessly. Then she began to take an interest. That night she slept, the first full night's slumber in a month. On the following day she could move. Now they look for her recovery." Three cheers for motion pictures!

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MOVIE WEEKLY

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INSIDE STORIES OF THE MOVIES

STORIES IN PICTURES

THRILLING ACTION STORIES

Published weekly by the PHYSICAL CULTURE CORPORATION, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Harold A. Wise, Secretary. Entered as second-class matter Jan. 20, 1921, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Mar. 3, 1879. Subscription, $5.00 a year. In Canada--single copy, 15 cents.

AN APPROPRIATE ERROR (?)

We have before us a copy of the Courier Journal, Louisville, Kentucky, opened to an editorial that is made conspicuous because of a glaring typographical error which may, after all, be strangely appropriate.

The editorial refers to the Brock bill for a Kentucky State censorship of moving pictures, but instead of reading: *"The Brock Bill,"* the headline shrieks: *"The Brock Pill."*

THE CRITICS ARE "CRIKETING"

Play the shrill and raucous music for the entrance of Morley's ghost, for the critics are "criketing" and their chirps demand propagation throughout the country. We therefore take pleasure in re-printing a paragraph or so from an editorial written by Mr. Irving J. Auerbach, editor of a review for a theatre in Butte, Montana.

The writer prognosticates that "the microscope of public sentiment is going to eradicate the weeds from the (motion picture) field or, like the poorly-kept farm, it will be ruined by its own carelessness."

Then there follows a certain amount of ranting against the morals both on stage and screen, following which comes the paragraph:

"That a conscientious person does not need to lose modesty and self-respect to become famous is best attested by the eminent success of Miss Alice Calhoun, the Vitagraph star. This is really Miss Calhoun's editorial," frankly confesses the writer, "for it was prompted by her splendid personality, her beauty, her versatility, and her clean pictures.

"Miss Calhoun is a finished artist . . . She is constantly under the careful everyday home guidance of her plain, sweet American mother and her "Uncle Joe" Curl, and she represents the type of artist which will bring the moving picture industry to a newer and better standard."

The Editor quite agrees with everything the above quoted writer has to say about Alice Calhoun. Alice is all that he has said. But in behalf of other artists in the film industry whose lives are just as quiet and hard-working and homelike we rise to the defensive.

It is a mistake, in our opinion, to draw conclusions about any individual or a collective group of individuals connected with the motion picture industry or any other industry. It is not fair to ingloriously dump everyone into the ash heap to the glorification of a single one.

Herb Rawlinson Brands Stage as co-respondent in divorce

Lure of footlights woos Roberta Arnold Rawlinson from her film star husband and leads to suit for divorce

AGAIN the stage has destroyed a romance. Herbert Rawlinson, film star, has filed a suit for divorce against his actress wife, Roberta Arnold, who has been playing the lead in the extremely successful comedy, "The First Year," for the last two seasons.

Rawlinson, in his complaint, charges virtually that his wife deserted him for the lure of the footlights. At the time he married her, on New Year's Day, 1914, she was an actress, playing in the Morosco Theatre, Los Angeles.

At that time, he did not foresee that she would ever become a successful actress in her own name. He continued his career, attaining stardom under the Universal banner, while she lived with him, in Los Angeles, until 1919.

Then the desire to become a star in her own name resulted in the first conflict between the couple, it is said, a conflict which surprised their friends, for the Rawlinsons had always been considered ideal mates and happily married. Miss Arnold obtained an engagement in "Upstairs and Down," a Morosco comedy. She went from the Coast to New York, where she was cast for the lead in Frank Craven's comedy of married life, "The First Year."

"The First Year" was a hit. Its run, critics declared, would continue for over two seasons. Rawlinson, on the Coast, fretted, it is said, at his wife's absence. He urged her to return to him, runs the gossip, but she could not be convinced that she ought to neglect her own career.

Miss Arnold was successful as an actress before she met Rawlinson. She had played in the first "Peg o' My Heart" company, and was highly praised for her ability as a comedienne.

Rawlinson came East somewhat over a year ago and played in pictures in New York, while his wife was, at the same time, playing opposite Mr. Craven. Her part is that of the daughter of a small town merchant who marries a blundering and apparently inefficient young man, and who fights with him continually throughout the first year of their marriage until, despite a quarrel which separates them for a time, they are finally reunited by the husband's success.

Roberta Arnold, who plays in one of Broadway's latest successes. It is this interest in the stage and a career that led Herb to sue for a divorce.

Herbert Rawlinson, popular star, who reverses the usual divorce situation and is suing his wife.

FREULICH PHOTO

Photo by IRA D. SCHWARZ

Roberta Arnold Rawlinson, a new photograph.

Judging from a scene in one of Herb's new Universal pictures, he really knows something of 'Love's frailty."

The parallel to the play in Miss Arnold's own life has apparently ended with the abrupt efforts of Rawlinson to get a divorce. As the run of "The First Year" was extended, and as critics applauded Miss Arnold's interpretation of the role of the young wife, Rawlinson returned to the West, convinced that it would be impossible for him to induce his wife to accompany him.

He joined Universal, made numerous pictures in which he was starred, and with the curtailment of activity in the Universal studios began to make personal appearances throughout the West. He was in Denver, appearing with his most recent film, "The Scrapper," when the news of the divorce action became known.

Secrecy shrouded the suit. The papers filed gave few details as to the incidents which led up to the action, and did not mention the names of the parties involved. Finally, about two weeks ago, an affidavit was filed, stating that the plaintiff was Rawlinson and that Mrs. Rawlinson is an actress living in New York, under the name of Roberta Arnold. She has preserved a policy of making no comment on the report of her husband's action, and efforts to obtain any idea of her personal point of view in the matter met with failure because of her policy of maintaining silence.

Herbert Rawlinson, the plaintiff in the suit, is an Englishman, having been born in Brighton, England, thirty-seven years ago. He was educated in England and France and played on both sides of the water in stock and repertoire companies. He engaged upon a screen career early in the history of the dramatic development of motion pictures.

Most of Rawlinson's work has been on the Coast. He has been infrequently in New York of late years, although he played in the last production made by Commodore Blackton in Brooklyn, "Passers-by."

Miss Arnold, on the other hand, has been more successful in New York than on the Coast. Her work in "'The First Year" placed her in the leading ranks of the younger stars.

No evidence of any other element in the disruption of the Rawlinson menage has thus far come to light and it is safe to say that the stage has once again stepped in to part husband and wife as it has done in the past.

More things you don't know — about the stars

Take Harold Lloyd. He's a regular wiz at solving puzzles. This is a closeup of his "puzzle face."

Charlie Ray started out in life with the intention of becoming a bookkeeper and stenographer. Now he does the dictating.

Harold has "cloudy company" at the solving of a most intricate puzzle — the temperamental ailments of a FORD.

Wallie Reid once studied medicine for a year at a medical college, so of course he's exactly the right man to save Agnes Ayres from drowning.

Wallie proves himself to be a willing heart patient opposite Gloria Swanson—in one of their recent pictures.

I WONDER if, after all, you ever think of them as real human beings—your stars. Or, despite all the publicity they get about everything from their chewing gum to their charities, do they still remain just mere hand-painted leading ladies and men to you?

But there are certain facts about the stars, concerning things they are interested in besides their work—little human interest touches that I'm sure will make them all more real to you, but which have been withheld.

Take Harold Lloyd, for instance, and his love of puzzles and parlor magic. He's a regular wiz at this sort of thing, and will never let go, when he gets hold of a new puzzle or trick, until he has studied it out.

He had a trick key-ring out at the studio the other day when I called on him, which he had just studied out. He was as gleeful over it as a small boy with a new toy.

"See if you can open this ring!" he demanded.

I tried with all my might, but couldn't do it.

"Now put it behind you," he said, "and you'll find you can open it."

I did as I was told—put my hands behind my back and pulled on the ring—behold it flew open!

I couldn't guess myself how it was done. But Lloyd had figured it out. It was because in putting the ring behind your back, you turned it upside down. If you had held it that way before you, it would have opened just as easily.

Lloyd spends hours at night figuring out new puzzles when he ought to be asleep, his family say.

WALLY REID STUDIED MEDICINE

Who knows that Wallace Reid once studied medicine for a year at a medical college in the Middle West, and that he would now prefer talking about medical discoveries and laboratory experiments to discussing his acting? Also, that it is Wally Reid who often comes to the rescue with the first-aid kit which he always carries about with him, when a player or a workman is injured while working on location?

Nevertheless all this is true. Wallace Reid has an uncle who is a physician, and it was through him that Wally, as a very young man, just out of Princeton preparatory school, attended medical college. Then his father, Hal Reid, insisted that he go into the acting profession, and so Wallace ended up his medical career.

Reid has a large laboratory fitted up at his home in Beverly Hills, and here he conducts all sorts of chemical experiments. He hasn't made any big discoveries yet, but expects to.

It was Wallace Reid who rendered first aid in a railroad wreck which occurred just outside of St. Louis, when he was going to that city, about three years ago, to make personal appearances.

"I was not injured, so I grabbed my kit and went out among the victims of the disaster," said Wallace the other night in course of conversation. "I worked for several hours among the injured, until the relief train came. I remember one funny thing among those hours of horror: the colored porter kept following me around with my bags, inquiring in a dazed sort of way, every few minutes: 'What shall I do with youah bags, Mistah Reed?' We got a ride to St. Louis on a garbage wagon, by the way!"

CHARLES RAY, STENOGRAPHER

Charles Ray started out in life with the intention of becoming a bookkeeper and stenographer.

He still keeps up his typewriting ond stenography to a certain extent. There is a room in his beautiful, big Beverely Hills residence which is fitted up as an office. Here, until just lately, he has answered all his own mail. But since becoming his own producer and director, he finds himself too busy to attend to these things himself, so he has a secretary to do it.

But he says he finds his stenography very handy in making notes on his picture work. When he gets home at night, for instance, and begins to plan his next day's work, he likes to sit down by himself in his den, make shorthand notes of his ideas, and then strike them off on his typewriter.

The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

by Truman B. Handy

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the third instalment of William D. Taylor's fascinating life story. The previous one ended with young Taylor's arrival in Kansas to take up ranch life. He left his London home at his father's suggestion and promised him not to go on the stage again.*

PART III

RANCH life in Kansas—eighteen months of it in an Englishmen's remittance colony—however alluring to native-born sons of the soil, singularly failed to appeal to the more sophisticated sensibilities of William D. Taylor.

He was not anxious to play again in theatricals, yet there was that inherent histrionic instinct in him that made life away from the footlights miserable for him. Perhaps it was the lack of adventure, of romance, that the prosaic farm-life in Kansas afforded, but . . .

Fanny Davenport, the famous American actress of more than a decade ago, was on tour with her repertoire company. Perchance she ventured into the mists of Harper, the small town of which Taylor and his English associates were residents. Her advent there was like a light in the clearing, for first-class theatrical attractions were almost unknown in the Middle West a few years ago.

And Taylor was enthralled. On her first night appearance he viewed her from a first-row seat as she played "La Tosca." Even though her stage scenery was somewhat worn by time and travel; even though Taylor could clearly see the makeup on the actors' faces; even though he knew that, in reality, the play was merely a play—he felt himself gripped by a strange, unconquerable longing—the same desire to express himself that he had felt a few months before when he stood in the wings and asked Sir Charles Hawtrey for a chance to play on the stage.

WITZEL

Director William D. Taylor

After the performance a reception was held in Miss Davenport's honor, and Taylor, being one of Harper's more prominent citizens, was, of course, invited. He met the lovely star face-to-face and talked with her. And, of course, expressed his appreciation of her performance.

"It was terrible!" she replied, looking a bit troubled. "We've just lost one of our actors, and, as you know, it's hard to find another out here in Kansas."

Taylor was electrified. Again the hand of Fate! Here was a chance for him, perhaps, to get back into theatricals.

Yet, could he openly defy his father's wishes? Could he rightfully re-enter a profession upon which his entire family looked with such utter condemnation?

For the moment he kept turning the question over and over in his mind. He was perplexed—because he wanted to ask Miss Davenport to give him a trial. Precisely what he did.

"I felt at the time," he told some Los Angeles friends shortly before his death, "that Fate decreed I should re-enter the show business. I knew my family would be displeased—but, after all, was I not separated from them by an ocean and several thousand miles? And hadn't they *wished* for that separation?"

It was this process of reasoning that prompted him to apply to Miss Davenport in the hopes of filling the missing actor's place.

"Can you play *Mario* in my 'Tosca?'" she inquired sweetly, and added, "I believe you can. I believe you could do anything you really *wanted* to do!"

"Thanks," he answered. He was too dumbfounded to say more.

The star then wrote something on a card and handed it to him. This would assure him of her sincerity. And would he kindly come to rehearsal the next morning? For it would be necessary for him to play that night in "Gismonda."

When he arrived, more or less excited, at the theatre, he found that Fanny Davenport herself had attended to the matter of his stage costumes. However, Taylor's predecessor was a man of medium stature, portly and altogether in physical contradistinction to him, for Taylor was tall, robust and inclined to be thin.

And the "Gismonda" costumes, originally tailored to the lines of their former wearer, reached not quite to his knees! The farther the rehearsal progressed, the more ridiculous Taylor looked in his skin-tight wardrobe. Something would have to be done—and yet Taylor would have to take the entire time for the remainder of the day to study his role even though it was not a vastly important one.

Their sojourn in America, in a portion of the country where conveniences were considered as luxuries, had taught a number of the English residents of Harper to perform innumerable useful tasks that formerly would have seemed ambiguous. One of Taylor's friends, in addition

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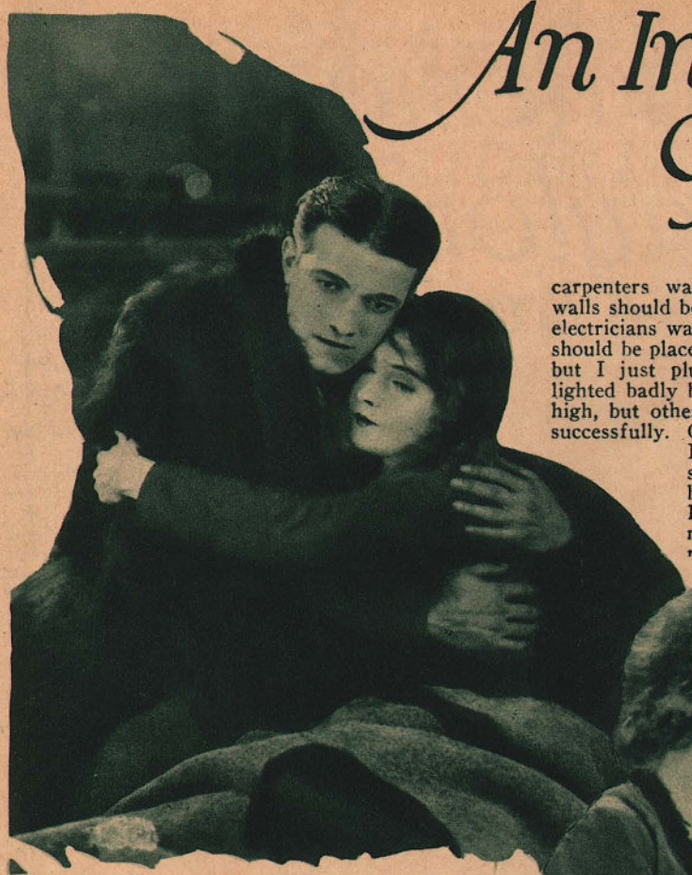
Jack Pickford, one of the stars directed by Taylor

MELBOURNE SPURR

Betty Compson, the last star directed by the murdered director.

An Intimate Story of ~ Triumphant



A final closeup with Dick Barthelmess in "Way Down East"

D. W. Griffith directing Lillian in a scene from "Way Down East."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the third and final instalment of the Gish girls' story. If you have missed the other two instalments through any mischance, send on for copies. "Movie Weekly" has, for the first time given a concisive account of Dorothy's and Lillian's interesting careers. This third and final instalment gives you more inside light on how various pictures in which the two girls starred were made.*

PART III

YOU have been chatting now with the Gish sisters for several hours. Night is falling. They have an engagement at the theatre. Jim Rennie is coming to call for Dorothy. You leave them, and promise to return to hear the rest of their fascinating tale on some other day.

When you visit them again, you find that Dorothy has gone to Louisville to attend the premiere showing in that city of "Orphans of the Storm." Lillian comes to greet you. She is in the midst of packing for the journey to join her sister. Her drab, wavy hair hangs about her shoulders.

"Please don't mind my appearance," she apologizes, "but with so many girls wearing their hair bobbed these days, you'll hardly notice the difference."

But you do notice the difference, for Lillian's hair is dull gold, and the sun shines through it as she sits beside the window.

"Now, let's see," she resumes, "I suppose I ought to take up the story from the days when we were making 'Hearts of the World' in England and France. We came back to America and we were all ready for a long vacation, but Mr. Griffith had bought the studio at Mamaroneck. He looked it over, found it in a mix-up, and decided to go south for a time. He told me I could start the first of Dorothy's series of comedies for Famous Players there, so I undertook to direct Dorothy in the picture that was later known as 'Remodeling a Husband.'"

Lillian laughed as she recalled her first efforts at directing. "I thought I knew a great deal about directing, the camera and acting, but when I got on my first set and the cameraman, the electricians and the carpenters all came to me for instructions, I was hard up for ideas. The carpenters wanted to know how high the walls should be, how deep the moulding; the electricians wanted to know where each light should be placed. I didn't know what to say, but I just plunged in. The first set was lighted badly because the back wall was too high, but otherwise I went through the job successfully. Of course I made mistakes and I suppose I hesitated and was slow, for the cameraman, who had just come back from France, and who was very nervous, used to pace about and make remarks about my way of directing a picture. The lights crew didn't know me from Adam, and I had my hands full, but we managed to get the picture out in good shape, at any rate.

A closeup of Lillian as Anna Moore being put out of the house. Another "Way Down East" scene.

"Then began the production of a half dozen program pictures by Mr. Griffith. During this period Dorothy was busy with her comedies. Among the pictures Mr. Griffith made were two in which some of the war scenes we took in France were used, and they also included 'The Romance of Happy Valley,' which Mr. Griffith has called his last vacation. He took his time with this film, filming many of the scenes over, just for the sake of making them. The characters were drawn from life from Mr. Griffith's home town, and the picture, which was a pastoral story, was beautiful, but was not particularly liked by the critics because it was not in Mr. Griffith's spectacular vein.

"Then came 'Broken Blossoms.' The actual shooting of 'Broken Blossoms' took just eighteen days, principally because Donald Crisp, Richard Barthelmess and myself, who played the three leading roles, knew, by the time the actual taking began, just what to do, and we went through the scenes with little correction. When Mr. Griffith completed the picture, he knew he had something, but he was not certain exactly what it was. The picture fascinated him. He finally decided to give it a private showing in Los Angeles. Those who saw it were enthusiastic about it, but Mr. Griffith was not yet sure they were right, so he took it to New York and showed it again privately. Again it was hailed as the perfect motion picture. He then decided to release it as a special and he put it into the George M. Cohan Theatre in New York.

A closeup of Lillian shot in one of the thrilling ice scenes in "Way Down East."

"It was the means of establishing his fame in Europe. Joseph Conrad saw it and wrote to Joseph Hergesheimer: 'Who is this man Griffith? How is it I have never heard of him before?' It was the most popular picture of the year in France, and in all of the other European countries it was very successful. The Dowager Queen of England wrote to Mr. Griffith congratulating him.

"The next episode was that of 'Way Down East.' We had been in the south when we heard

the Gish Girls Careers

Lillian plods her weary way down the snow-covered street, as Anna Moore in "Way Down East."

A splendid closeup of Lillian.

that Mr. Griffith had paid $175,000 for the story alone. When he offered the leading role to me, he gave me the choice of accepting or declining it. I felt like declining it at first, for according to the story, the burden of the success of the film rested on me, and I felt all the time that the whole $175,000 was on my shoulders. And of course we did not know at that time that we would be able to get the thrilling ice scenes."

Lillian paused in recollection of the difficulties of taking that memorable film. "We went to Vermont for the ice scenes, and we spent eight weeks in that part of the country. We sleighed to farmers' homes, to acquaint ourselves with the types we were supposed to portray, and we found that everyone knew about 'Way Down East,' but there were some who had never heard of Charlie Chaplin, and many, many who had never heard of us. It was a new sensation and a pleasant one, too, to be unknown for a time."

KENNETH ALEXANDER

Dorothy in one of her lovable, dreamy moods.

Dorothy tells the world all about it in a dramatic (?) scene from one of her comedies.

The two scenes which caused the greatest comment in "Way Down East" are, first of all, the ice thrillers and secondly, Lillian's remarkable acting in the episode during which Anna Moore, played by Lillian, loses her little baby. Lillian, however, didn't quite see what all the fuss was about, so far as her acting was concerned.

"Those were real tears I shed in the scene during which I portray the grief of Anna Moore over her loss. Anyone who says that glycerine tears are as good as the real thing doesn't know anything about it," she said emphatically. "And it is equally untrue that you can act as forcefully and bring tears just as easily if you think about some sorrow of your own. The camera catches the thoughts as well as the expression of those thoughts. You have to get under the skin and into the mind of the character you are playing in order to realize for the camera the emotion you are endeavoring to express. A western critic who was present when we were taking that scene with the baby said that it lost 75 per cent in effectiveness on the screen because the voice was lost to screen audiences. He said that as he saw the scene in the studio it was the most realistic grief he had ever seen portrayed. That was due to the fact that I really felt that bad about Anna Moore's loss.

"As for the weeks during which we shot the ice scenes, they were among the most unusual of my career. All we did during those weeks was to get up in the morning, go out on the ice and wait for events. The machinery behind those events consisted of a charge of dynamite up the river, which blew up the ice and released the floes downstream. We would go out on the ice, wait for the charge, I would lie down on one of the cakes, which were each day cut out in various shapes by ice-cutting machines, and downstream we would go, a half dozen cameramen chasing us.

"One cameraman was especially active. His name was Allen, and we would see him jumping from cake to cake, always trying to get as close as possible to me, to show that no one was doubling for me. Once or twice he fell in, camera and all, but he was safely fished out.

"Then I made a suggestion which has caused me considerable suffering since. I thought it would be more realistic if I dipped my hand in the icy water and let it lie there, while the camera took a closeup and a long shot of my hand. If you have ever put your hand in ice water—well, don't! Ice water feels just like a burning flame. When I took my hand out of the water, I found it was cramped and stiff, and ever since I have suffered from painful rheumatism in the palm of my hand and the fingers."

As for "Orphans of the Storm," the incidents of its production were few. Lillian Gish believes it is the greatest of Mr. Griffith's productions, and in her trips about the country, during which she and Dorothy are appearing personally with the picture, she has found similar response on the part of the public. In the course of these

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The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Remarkable Life

(Continued from page 5)

to farming, had learned the art of tailoring as an avocation. It was to him that Taylor went—and while the man lengthened here, padded there, and shortened another portion of the costumes, Taylor studied his part for the night's performance. Half the time he was standing, modeling, for his costume fitting while, at the same time his script in hand, he learned his lines and cues.

When other members of the company, tired by travel, became discouraged, Taylor invariably cheered them or sympathized with them. When the character woman had trouble with her husband—a stage hand with the company—and threatened to divorce him, it was Taylor who played the role of mediator and got the couple to settle their differences.

But, at the same time, there were various instances of levity experienced as well as of gravity. For instance, in a small Pacific Coast town where the company were presenting "Fedora," "Cleopatra" and "Joan of Arc" in one-night succession, three hotel associates of Taylor's invited him to sit in with them on a card game. They had hardly commenced to play, the money pot had hardly commenced to boil, when visitor rapped on the door.

The person proved to be a middle-aged, nervous woman whose appearance was disheveled.

"I came," she faltered, "to borrow your drinking-water glass."

"Certainly!" said Taylor, postponing the game for a moment to get it for her.

A few moments later she rapped again and was admitted. She wanted more water. A third and a fourth time she came and went, and finally knocked a fifth time. By this time the men's curiosity was thoroughly aroused.

"What," inquired Taylor, "did you want all those glassfuls of *water* for?"

For a moment she seemed reluctant to tell.

"Well, you see, I'm living up on the fourth floor where we ain't got no water, and, bein' as my lace curtains took fire, I thought I'd just borry you gentlemen's water glass to put it out with!"

The tour was a long one, from one end of the continent to the other. Taylor's acting experiences were always progressive and he became a popular favorite with both his audiences and his public. In the theatre he was a diplomat and a statesman. Outside of it, however, he indulged in none of the customary pastimes of the average traveling actor, but, instead, he occupied himself with a serious study of books and of art.

While in Portland, Oregon, he heard a group of men discussing the newly-opened Alaskan gold fields. Here was a new type of adventure! New worlds to conquer! New riches! And, after all, romance! The men, it seemed, were making up an expedition into the Klondike. Taylor watched their preparations, listened to their conversations—heard them tell of wonderful, ice-covered bonanzas—and longed to be with them. One of the men offered him a berth, but his theatrical contract withheld him.

In Boston Taylor closed his engagement with the Davenport company, having been with the organization some three years. He was offered an engagement with a stock company in Chicago, and started for there. But, however, his finances were low, and when he arrived in St. Paul in company with a man who was desirous of opening a lunch counter, he accepted the proposition and stepped into a new character.

The restaurant venture proved a bugbear. Just at a time when it commenced to be a paying proposition, his partner decamped with the profits and, again, he was thrown out of funds. His spirit now seemed almost broken, and St. Paul, to him, was a nightmare. Whereupon he departed from the twin city and arrived, practically penniless, in Chicago.

A friend there noted his plight, but this man, too, was in straits. Together they secured a position canvassing in country towns—selling one of those pneumatic "household necessities" that every housewife wants. The Chicago agent was a kindly soul and gave them four dollars advance.

It happened that both Taylor and his companion were good gamblers. Not that that time-honored profession had been anything more to Taylor hitherto than a mere pastime. Yet, however, its ancient mesmerism has helped many a man out of the gravest debt.

And so, with their four dollars in their pockets, Taylor and his friend went into one of Chicago's Loop gambling halls. A crap game was in progress and both entered themselves and their money. When the stakes were counted it was discovered that each had won considerable—enough to buy them the necessities they both needed. Again the hand of Fate!

Both Taylor and his friend had pawned their overcoats. It was bitter cold, an incentive for the men to awaken the pawnbrokers. This they did, and with overcoats again on their backs, they set out to feed themselves.

"Taylor's partner decamped with the profits and, again, he was thrown out of funds."

Just as he was not destined to be a farmer, Taylor found that canvassing small towns for "household necessities" was not his forte.

He had been born with a bent for sketching and drawing, and, before in his life, he had made crayon portraits of his friends. It occurred to him to try to capitalize on this talent, when he found that it was impossible for him to locate successfully with a theatrical company in Chicago.

He rented a studio, bought a few dollars' worth of drawing material and started out to make his fortune. One of his ordinary drawings cost him forty-five cents to produce. On its completion, he would set out to sell it. Some days he made large sums of money, and, inside of two months, he had made enough to go to Milwaukee and there to become the owner of an art store.

In Milwaukee the dapper, continental-looking young man soon became a town personality, for he dressed like a Beau Brommel and had all the mannerisms of a European courtier. But the art business in Milwaukee was not good, and he left once again for New York to open his shop on fashionable Fifth Avenue.

There was one song which expresses Taylor's philosophy, and, as follows, it is one which he customarily sang whenever he felt particularly ebullient. During his days in the New York art colony he sang it often, for his sojourn in Gotham was a happy one. It reads:

Oh, my name is Pat O'Leary.
From a spot called Tipperary;
The heart of all the girls I am a thorn in
But before the break of morn faith 'tis they will be all forlorn.
For I am off for Philadelphia in the morning.

CHORUS

With me bundle on me shoulder,
Faith there's no man could be boulder.
For I am leaving dear old Ireland, without warning;
For I have lately took the notion,
For to cross the briny ocean.
And I'm off for Philadelphia in the morning.

There's a girl called Kate Malone,
Whom I hope to call my own,
And to see one little cabin place adorning;
But me heart is sad and weary,
How can she be "Mrs." Leary.
If I start for Philadelphia in the morning.

CHORUS

When they tould me I should lave the place,
I tried to have a cheerful face.
For to show me hearts deep sorrow I was scorning.
But the tears will surely blind me
For the friends I lave behind me,
When I start for Philadelphia in the morning.

CHORUS

For though me bundle's on me shoulder,
And though no one could be boulder,
I am leaving now the spot that I was born in.
Yet some day I'll take the notion
To come back across the ocean
To me home in dear old Ireland, in the morning.

—Words and music by Robert Martin.

His art shop netted him sufficient royalties for him to indulge in society and sportsmanship. He became a member of the yacht club at Larchmont, and his week-ends would be spent there and on cruises. A number of New York's wealthiest men were there, and, at one time, a party, including Taylor, planned a cruise around the world.

Once, F. Augustus Heinze, the copper magnate, hurried into the club announcing that he had bought a new ocean-going yacht, and inviting various of his friends, among them Taylor, to accompany him on a cruise to the Mediterranean. His invitation was accepted, and his guests began making plans, but, at the last minute, Mr. Heinze was informed by his chief steward that the vessel's bunkers would hold only coal enough for a trip of 300 miles! This was an experience that Taylor would traditionally recite—and in several instances he applied it to film personages whom he was directing, when they would affect the so-called actorial "temperament."

It was while he was a prominent luminary in the New York art and sport circles that he became acquainted with the girl who was later to become his wife.

He had seen her in the original "Floradora" company, met her and wooed her. For some reason Taylor and the girl, Miss Ethel May Harrison, chose to be married secretly. No one except the bride's mother was to be admitted into confidence until they should have sailed on their honeymoon trip to Dublin. But the news of the marriage became known, and when its principals were on the verge of departing they were surprised by a ceremony.

His wife was known in New York as a very accomplished young woman who had been brilliantly educated by her father before her entrance into theatricals. Taylor was handsome, gallant, popular. Hence, the match was one of note.

The couple traveled to some extent, and finally to them was born a daughter, Miss Ethel Daisy Deane-Tanner, who now remains as her father's heir and is a student in a fashionable young ladies' finishing school on the Hudson.

For some reason, which Taylor carried untold with him to his grave, his marriage was not a success. A few months after the birth of his daughter he commenced to drink heavily. Business cares seemingly did not trouble him. He was entertained lavishly in society and his prominence in art and sport circles continued.

But, however, he became known as a "heavy drinker." It was noted at one of the Vanderbilt Cup Races which he attended that he was a bit inebriated. For several days thereafter he disappeared and nothing was heard from him until he telephoned his office from a hotel asking that $600 be sent to him immediately.

For what silent purpose he desired that money, which was at once delivered to him, he never divulged. But, having received it, he removed his effects from the hotel, gave no further address, and departed.

A search for him was instituted. Nowhere could he be found—and some of his friends suspected foul play. But the fact remained that he had gone, and for many months there was no word received from him.

(*To be continued*)

Norma Talmadge—FORTUNE TELLER

ABOUT THE WEDDING DRESS

THE bride who has made most of her wedding garments will court good fortune so long as she has not sewn the wedding gown entirely by herself. The more new clothes she wears at the ceremony, the luckier she will be, but she should also take care to wear some old thing that has been lent her with sincere good wishes. Remember the old verse:

"Something old,
Something new;
Something borrowed,
And something blue."

DRESSING FOR THE WEDDING

When a girl is dressing for her wedding she must be careful not to look in the glass after her toilet is complete, for that is sure to bring her bad luck. She should have her last peep with one of her gloves laid aside, and she can put it on after she turns away from the glass.

It is very lucky for the bride to strew salt in her shoes before going to church.

ON THE WAY TO CHURCH

The best omen of all is to start off on a bright, sunny day, for, as the old proverb has it, "Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on." The worst omen is for a raven to be seen overshadowing either the bride or bridegroom, for it is a certain forerunner of woe. To find a spider on the wedding gown is a sure token of future happiness.

Married in grey, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back.
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen.
Married in blue, he will always live true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl.
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town.
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
But married in white you have married all right.

AT THE WEDDING

It is unlucky for the wedding ring to fall to the ground during the ceremony. If the bridegroom puts the ring only halfway on the finger, and the bride pushes it the rest of the way, it is a sign that she will rule in their married lives, and will have her own way in everything.

To be married with a diamond ring, or to have tried the ring on before the ceremony, is considered very unlucky.

AFTER THE CEREMONY

It is important that the bride should make the first cut in the cake. When the bride is removing her wedding gown she must be careful to remove each pin and throw it away, otherwise ill-luck will follow her. But the pins will bring good-luck to others, and a speedy marriage to all unwedded girls who secure them, therefore the bridesmaids have a regular scramble to see who can secure the pins the bride throws away.

The bride's garter is said to have a charm also, and if taken off and thrown among the maids, whoever secures it will be the first to get married. Afterwards it should be cut up into small pieces and given to the bride's girl friends as mascots to bring them good luck in their love affairs.

THE BEST DAYS TO GET MARRIED

A very old almanac, written hundreds of years ago, gives the following advice:

"If you wish to be happy in your marriage, choose for your wedding one of these days:

January 2, 4, 19, 21.
February 1, 3, 10, 19, 21.
March 3, 5, 12, 20, 23.
April 2, 4, 12, 20, 22.
May 2, 4, 12, 20, 23.
June 1, 3, 11, 19, 21.
July 1, 3, 12, 19, 21.
August 2, 11, 19, 20, 30.
September 1, 9, 16, 18, 28.
October 1, 8, 15, 17, 27.
November 5, 11, 13, 22, 25.
December 1, 8, 10, 19, 23.

A LOVELY PHOTO OF NORMA by POPPER

BRIDESMAIDS, BEWARE!

No girl should act as bridesmaid to more than two friends unless she wishes to risk her own chances of marrying, for there is an old superstition which says: "Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride."

HAPPY OMENS

The sneezing of a cat is a lucky omen to a bride who is to be married the following day. Her casting eyes on a strange cat is also a very good sign. If the bridegroom carries a miniature horseshoe in his pocket he will always in his married life have good luck.

READ YOUR FORTUNE IN THE TEACUP

(Concluded from last week)

Star—A lucky sign; if surounded by dots, foretells great wealth and honor.

Strike Mob—Trouble, money difficulties.

Sword—Disputes, quarrels between lovers; a broken sword; victory of an enemy.

Trees—A lucky sign; a sure indication of prosperity and happiness; surrounded by dots, a fortune in the country.

Umbrella—Annoyance and trouble.

Wagon—A sign of approaching poverty.

Wheel—An inheritance about to fall.

Windmill—Success in a venturesome enterprise.

Woman—Pleasure and happiness; if accompanied by dots, wealth or children. Several women indicate scandal.

Wood—A speedy marriage.

Yacht—Pleasure and happiness.

Hard Times

Some of 'em Going Into Trade

Dear me! It looks as though some of our best little players were going into trade, these hard times!

As for the extras, one can hardly enter a taxicab, or sit down in a restaurant, or apply at the ribbon counter, without being greeted by somebody who used to wear the greasepaint in the big mob scenes, but who now inquire, "Where to?" or "What will you have?" or "What is it today, madam?"

Some of the picture players have side line interests:

MAY ALLISON

May Allison, too, designed and built an elegant home in Beverly Hills. She has sold it, and is planning, together with her husband, Robert Ellis, on the building of another home. This she makes no secret she will sell if a good buyer comes along.

TOM MOORE

Tom Moore isn't in the real estate business; but nevertheless, he has built and sold one house, and is now building another, in which he will live with his wife and mother only until he can get a chance to sell it to advantage. He has a fine taste in building, as has also his wife, and it looks as though they were going to make a good deal of money out of it.

HELEN FERGUSON

Helen Ferguson, looked upon as a comer in the picture business, is also a brilliant writer. At present she has commissions to write for the Chicago Tribune and the Los Angeles Record. And she is writing a story, too. Not only this—she is booked up for a "Movi Weekly" story on Hollywood, which ought to be good, as she lives there, and is in the midst of the picture world.

Grace Kingsley.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

By Robert W. Chambers

FIRST INSTALMENT

"A lady to see you sir," said Farris.

Desboro, lying on the sofa, glanced up over his book.

"A *lady?*"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, who is she, Farris?"

"She refused her name, Mr. James."

Desboro swung his legs to the carpet and sat up. "What kind of a lady is she?" he asked; "a perfect one, or the real thing?"

"I don't know, sir. It's hard to tell these days; one dresses like t'other."

Desboro laid aside his book and arose leisurely.

"Where is she?"

"In the reception room, sir."

"Did you ever before see her?"

"I don't know, Mr. James—what with her veil and furs——"

"How did she come?"

"In one of Ransom's hacks from the station. There's a trunk outside, too."

"What the devil——"

"Yes, sir. That's what made me go to the door. Nobody rang. I heard the stompin' and the noise; and I went out, and she just kind of walked in. Yes, sir."

"Is the hack out there yet?"

"No, sir. Ransom's man he left the trunk and drove off. I heard her tell him he could go."

Desboro remained silent for a few moments, looking hard at the fireplace; then he tossed his cigarette onto the embers, dropped the amber mouthpiece into the pocket of his dinner jacket, dismissed Farris with a pleasant nod, and walked very slowly along the hall, as though in no haste to meet his visitor before he could come to some conclusion concerning her identity. For among all the women he had known, intimately or otherwise, he could remember very few reckless enough, or brainless enough, or sufficiently self-assured, to pay him an impromptu visit in the country at such an hour of the night.

The reception room, with its early Victorian furniture, appeared to be empty, at first glance; but the next instant he saw somebody in the curtained embrasure of a window—a shadowy figure which did not seem inclined to leave obscurity—the figure of a woman in veil and furs, her face half hidden in her muff.

He hesitated a second, then walked toward her; and she lifted her head.

"Elena!" he said, astonished.

"Are you angry, Jim?"

"What are you doing here?"

"I didn't know what to do," said Mrs. Clydesdale, wearily, "and it came over me all at once that I couldn't stand him any longer."

"What has he done?"

"Nothing. He's just the same—never quite sober—always following me about, always under foot, always grinning—and buying sixteenth century enamels—and—I can't stand it! I——" Her voice broke.

"Come into the library," he said curtly.

She found her handkerchief, held it tightly against her eyes, and reached out toward him to be guided.

In the library fireplace a few embers were still alive. He laid a log across the coals and used the bellows until the flames started. After that he dusted his hands, lighted a cigarette, and stood for a moment watching the mounting blaze.

She had cast aside her furs and was resting on one elbow, twisting her handkerchief to rags between her gloved hands, and staring at the fire. One or two tears gathered and fell.

"He'll divorce me now, won't he?" she asked unsteadily.

"Why?"

"Because nobody would believe the truth—after this."

She rested her pretty cheek against the cushion and gazed at the fire with wide eyes still tearfully brilliant.

"You have me on your hands," she said. "What are you going to do with me?"

"Send you home."

"You can't. I've disgraced myself. Won't you stand by me, Jim?"

"I can't stand by you if I let you stay here."

"Why not?"

"Because that would be destroying you."

"Are you going to send me away?"

"Certainly."

"Where are you going to send me?"

"Home."

"Home!" she repeated, beginning to cry again. "Why do you call his house 'home?' It's no more my home than he is my husband——"

"He *is* your husband! What do you mean by talking this way?"

"He *isn't* my husband. I told him I didn't care for him when he asked me to marry him. He only grinned. It was a perfectly cold-blooded bargain. I didn't sell him *everything!*"

"You married him."

"Partly."

"What!"

She flushed crimson.

"I sold him the right to call me his wife and to—to make me so if I ever came to—care for him. That was the bargain—if you've got to know. The clergy did their part——"

"Do you mean——"

"Yes!" she said, exasperated. "I mean that it is no marriage, in spite of law and clergy. And it never will be, because I hate him!"

Desboro looked at her in utter contempt.

"Do you know," he said, "what a rotten thing you have done?"

"Rotten!"

"Do you think it admirable?"

"I didn't sell myself wholesale. It might have been worse."

"You are wrong. Nothing worse could have happened."

"Then I don't care what else happens to me," she said, drawing off her gloves and unpinning her hat. "I shall not go back to him."

"You can't stay here."

"I will," she said excitedly. "I'm going to break with him—whether or not I can count on your loyalty to me——" Her voice broke childishly, and she bowed her head.

He caught his lip between his teeth for a moment. Then he said savagely:

"You ought not to have come here. There isn't one single thing to excuse it. Besides, you have just reminded me of my loyalty to you. Can't you understand that that includes your husband? Also, it isn't in me to forget that I once asked you to be my wife. Do you think I'd let you stand for anything less after that? Do you think I'm going to blacken my own face? I never asked any other woman to marry me, and this settles it—I never will! You've finished yourself and your sex for me!"

She was crying now, her head in her hands, and the bronze-red hair dishevelled, sagging between her long, white fingers.

He remained aloof, knowing her, and always afraid of her and of himself together—a very deadly combination for mischief. And she remained bowed in the attitude of despair, her lithe young body shaken.

His was naturally a lightly irresponsible disposition, and it came very easily for him to console beauty in distress—or out of it, for that matter. Why he was now so fastidious with his conscience in regard to Mrs. Clydesdale he himself scarcely understood, except that he had once asked her to marry him; and that he knew her husband. These two facts seemed to keep him steady. Also, he rather liked her burly husband; and he had almost recovered from the very real pangs which had pierced him when she suddenly flung him over and married Clydesdale's millions.

One of the logs had burned out. He rose to replace it with another. When he returned to the sofa, she looked up at him so pitifully that he bent over and caressed her hair. And she put one arm around his neck, crying, uncomforted.

"It won't do," he said; "it won't do. And you know it won't, don't you? This whole business is dead wrong—dead rotten. But you mustn't cry, do you hear? Don't be frightened. If there's trouble, I'll stand by you, of course. Hush, dear, the house is full of servants. Loosen your arms, Elena! It isn't a square deal to your husband—or to you, or even to me. Unless people have an even chance with me—men or women—there's nothing dangerous about me. I never dealt with any man whose eyes were not wide open—nor with any woman, either. Cary's are shut; yours are blinded."

She sprang up and walked to the fire and stood there, her hands nervously clenching and unclenching.

"When I tell you that my eyes *are* wide open—that I don't care what I do——"

"But your husband's eyes are not open!"

"They ought to be. I left a note saying where I was going—that rather than be his wife I'd prefer to be your——"

"Stop! You don't know what you're talking about—you little idiot!" he broke out, furious. "The very words you use don't mean anything to you—except that you've read them in some fool's novel, or heard them on a degenerate stage——"

"My words will mean something to *him*, if I can make them!" she retorted hysterically. "—and if you really care for me——"

Through the throbbing silence Desboro seemed to see Clydesdale, bulky, partly sober, with his eternal grin and permanently-flushed skin, rambling about among his porcelains and enamels and jades and ivories, like a drugged elephant in a bric-a-brac shop. And yet, there had always been a certain kindly harmlessness and good nature about him that had always appealed to men.

He said, incredulously: "Did you write to him what you have just said to me?"

"Yes."

"You actually left such a note for him?"

"Yes, I did."

The silence lasted long enough for her to become uneasy. Again and again she lifted her tear-swollen face to look at him, where he stood before the fire, but he did not even glance at her; and at last she murmured his name, and he turned.

"I guess you've done for us both," he said. "You're probably right; nobody would believe the truth after this."

She began to cry again silently.

He said: "You never gave your husband a chance. He was in love with you and you never gave him a chance. And you're giving yourself none, now. And as for me"—he laughed unpleasantly—"well, I'll leave it to you, Elena."

"I—I thought—if I burned my bridges and came to you——"

"What *did* you think?"

"That you'd stand by me, Jim."

"Have I any other choice?" he asked, with a laugh. "We seem to be a properly damned couple."

"Do—do you care for any other woman?"

"No."

"Then—then——"

"Oh, I am quite free to stand the consequences with you."

"Will you?"

"Can we escape them?"

"*You* could."

(*Continued on page* 27)

How to Get Into the Movies

by Mabel Normand

VII. *Hollywood Conditions.*

THERE are so many misconceptions concerning studio conditions on the West Coast that I feel it is necessary to tell you some facts.

By far the largest part of film production is carried on in California, hence, a person has a better chance of breaking into pictures here than in New York, where there are always a great many experienced stage actors out of work.

The motion picture studios of California are not grouped together on one street or even in one town.

Los Angeles, I believe, covers more ground than any city in the United States. Through it and around it are the various studios.

Hollywood is a suburb about a half-hour's trolleying distance from downtown Los Angeles. It is considered the center of the studio section, but there are also studios located at Culver City, ten or twelve miles beyond Hollywood, and there are studios on the other side of the city.

The great distances which separate the studios are a source of difficulty to the beginner, who must necessarily do a good deal of studio visiting.

Because the largest and most active producing units are located in Hollywood it would seem that here is the best place to live. But I believe that living accommodations are a trifle more expensive in Hollywood than in Los Angeles.

If a girl comes to Hollywood unchaperoned she should go at once to the Studio Club and register. This club has for its patronesses a number of prominent women of the film world, and is related to the Y. W. C. A.

The club house is a beautiful old Southern mansion located just a block above Hollywood Boulevard. It accommodates from twenty to forty girls, I believe, and about twice that number can be accommodated as boarders. The meals and the rooms are extremely cheap.

Of course, there is usually a waiting list of applicants for rooms at this club. Any girl can join the club and have the freedom of its living rooms. Here you will meet other girls who are beginners in some branch of the business, and from them you may get valuable tips concerning work and the way to go about getting it.

In the event that you are unable to reside at the Studio Club you should be able to get a very nice room elsewhere for five or six dollars a week.

I believe that one can live as cheaply in Hollywood as in any other part of the United States, and much more cheaply than in a large city.

As I have said before, do not start for Hollywood or for New York unless you have enough money to keep you for several months—and enough to take you home in the event you find no opportunity.

Upon arrival in Los Angeles, take a trolley to Hollywood. Go at once to the Studio Club, which can be easily located by inquiry, and ask the matron concerning living quarters. If the club house is filled, a list of good rooming houses can be supplied to you.

There have been so many sensational stories written about Hollywood that some people seem to have the idea it is a very unsafe place in which to live. I find that the general conception of its inhabitants is that they are closely akin to the Apaches of Paris.

Nothing could be more absurd. Hollywood is a quiet little village. Only a very small percentage of its population consists of film people. There are no night cafes or dance places in the entire

The Author

town. The only amusement places, in fact, are three or four small movie theatres. By ten o'clock in the evening Hollywood Boulevard, which is the main thoroughfare, is as quiet as the main street of any village. The "night life" of which you have read so much is not in evidence.

You will find all sorts of people in the film colony, for it has brought people from all classes and all quarters of the globe. It is up to you to pick your associates. There are teas and dances given at the Studio Club at which you will have an opportunity to meet a great many charming young girls who are serious artists. Among them you will find girls who, like yourself, are trying to break into pictures. They will be able to tell you the best way to take. There are also girls engaged in scenario writing, costume designing, magazine writing and other phases of work pertaining to the industry.

You should not miss an opportunity of meeting people connected with pictures, for through them you may find the opportunity which you seek. Make friends especially with the girls who are doing "extra" work, for you will probably have to start as they are starting and every bit of information they can give you will be of value.

I have visited the Studio Club at various times and I have found that the girls who live there are charming and refined. Many of them are college girls of splendid education and talents. They are easy to know and for the most part, I think, extremely sympathetic toward the newcomer, for they remember the time when they came as strangers without any knowledge of the business.

Let me say here that right now the conditions in the studios are not favorable toward a beginner. The business depression throughout the country has affected the theatre business to some extent and there is not as much work in the studios as there will be in a few months. I believe that the fall will find Hollywood much busier, although there always seem to be plenty of applicants for jobs.

As soon as you have become settled you should at once set about looking for work. The sooner you learn the ropes the sooner will an opportunity be presented for employment.

Don't be led astray into taking courses at any school of moving picture acting in Los Angeles. I know of none that I can recommend. By mingling with the girls who play "extras" you can find out when the studios are in need of "atmosphere"—that is what they call extra players who appear in ballroom scenes, mobs, and the like. The pay for this ranges from five to seven and a half per day. Some studios supply costumes. Others will want you to supply your own. But do not invest in an elaborate wardrobe unless you have plenty of money to spare. An evening gown certainly would be of service, but it need not be an expensive one.

Because the studios are refraining from producing pictures which require a great number of people, times are hard at present for the "extra" folk, yet some are always in demand at certain studios. If you once become established you will get calls when special productions of this sort are being made. At first, however, you must expect to make the calls. Although producers say they want new faces for the screen they are not going up and down the streets looking for them. Very few new faces are "discovered" outside the studio walls, so your problem will be to get inside and attract attention.

In our next chat I will attempt to outline more fully the way of going about job-hunting, a task which requires, for the most part, individual initiative. There are, however, certain things which are worth knowing before you start the rounds.

SECRETS of the MOVIES - - Picture That Made the Most Money

X

THE picture which holds the record for having made the most money for the amount invested was only eight hundred feet long.

It was produced in the early days by the Edison Company and was called "The Great Train Robbery."

The picture cost $400 and made $92,000—a percentage of profit which has not been reached by even the most pretentious of modern productions. The small amount of money expended on the picture was due to the fact that it had only one studio set—that of a telegraph operator's office. The rest of the picture was taken outdoors where there was no cost for construction. The picture opened up on a telegraph operator sitting at his key when two robbers slipping in cover him and order him to flag the oncoming train. The operator is bound and gagged, and when the train slows up the robbers board the tender and then crawling up, cover the engineer. They cut the engine loose, rob the express car and escape on waiting horses. Later the telegraph operator wiggles loose from his ropes and helps capture the robbers.

From the beginning to the end there is not a sub-title in the picture. It is all action. It is interesting also to note that one of the robbers who escaped on the horses was later the first cowboy hero—G. M. Anderson, known as "Broncho Billy." He got fifty cents extra for riding the horse.

The picture is still in existence and was shown recently at Edison's birthday party.

Bernarr Macfadden's

Fox Sunshine Comedy Girls

I read in a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post one of the most humorous, albeit one of the most serious, reports of what happens when women permit themselves to become lax in caring for their bodies. Mary Roberts Rinehart in her story, entitled "Tish Plays The Game," tells the near-tragic account of what happened when the three women, Tish, Aggie and Lizzie go to a gymnasium to reduce weight and to regain control of their muscles, the better to indulge in long walks and other athletic sports.

"The first day," narrates the writer in recounting their initial exercises at the gymnasium, "was indeed trying. We found, for instance, that we were expected to take off all our clothing and to put on one-piece jersey garments, without skirts or sleeves, and reaching only to the knees. As if this were not enough, the woman attendant said, when we were ready, 'in you go, dearies,' and shoved us into a large bare room where a man was standing with his chest thrown out, and wearing only a pair of trousers and a shirt which had shrunk to almost nothing . . .

"Tish was explaining that we wished full and general muscular development.

Beauty Pages

"'The human body,' she said, 'instantly responds to care and guidance, and what we wish is simply to acquire perfect coordination.' 'The easy slip of muscles underneath the polished skin.'

" . . . When the lesson was over, we staggered out, Tish however had got her breath and said that she felt like a new woman and that blood had got to parts of her it had never reached before."

But the exercises had been exceedingly simple, as simple as those which I have recounted at length on these pages from time to time. I quote from Mrs. Rinehart's story, to demonstrate in full exactly what I mean when I say that once you permit yourself to neglect your body and indulge to excess in the comforts afforded these days, you perforce have a long and a painful road to retrace when you decide to get yourself in good physical condition and to enjoy a good time out-of-doors.

In the last two issues of "Movie Weekly," I detailed certain exercises that will surely be of aid to you in keeping yourself in trim. If you missed them, write to me and I will see that copies are forwarded to you.

Mack Sennet Bathing Girl

Josephine Hall, Christie Comedies

April-fooling with the Stars

Viola Dana shrieks with horror at the 160 pounds registered by the scale. But then, she doesn't know it's only a friend playing a "heavy" April Fool joke on her!

MELBOURNE SPURR

Mary and Doug play an April Fool stunt on the gullible photographer and look what he took!

Anita Stewart as she looked just after eating a piece of April Fool candy! 'Tis a good thing Anita was in bed, we'd say!

Winifred Westover, now Mrs. Bill Hart, doesn't know whether the mirror is playing an April Fool joke on her or whether the cameraman is up to tricks! Sumthin's wrong, anyway. Eh wot?

Gloria Swanson catches Rodolph Valentino on the old pocketbook trick. Oh, Valentino! How could you!

Rambling Through the Studios in the East

With Dorothea B. Herzog

Lucy Fox Frisks in Three Pictures at Same Time!

About Pearl White

PEARL WHITE will return to New York shortly to begin work on her serial for Pathe, which George Seitz, her erstwhile serial director, will have in charge. It's a far jump from five reel features to serials, but the undauntable Pearl achieves the jump with a nonchalant flourish of pen as it scrapes on the crinkly sheet of the contract.

Hedda Hopper

We were told that Miss White is the most popular of stars in France. Over there, the people salute her with burning enthusiasm as The White Pearl. And how they love her in serials! Pearl's move backwards to serials may be a rather wise one after all.

She's finishing up an engagement on the French stage, now, and in the not distant future will be again on American terra firma dashing through the wild escapades that feature her serials.

* * * * *

You'll Be Surprised

And you'll be surprised to know that over in France, Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle's popularity has in no wise diminished because of the unfortunate affair he was mixed up in not so long ago. Fatty is one of the real illustrious lights frolicking on the silver sheet. Such is the vast difference in the judgments of peoples of different countries.

* * * * *

A Popular "She-Heavy"

You've often heard of the "he-flapper" and the Scott Fitzgerald created flapper. Ye Rambler hereby creates and gives life to the "she-heavy" in the form of Mrs. Hedda Hopper, who is acclaimed by the press agent as "De Wolf Hopper's fifth wife." The p. a. probably knows what she's doing. Anyway, what's the "diff" concerning the number of wives among friends?

Mr. Hopper is one of the ideal "she-heavy" types. She's got that undulating gliding walk that fairly shouts "dirty work afoot." She flaunts an urbane, a suave, an irrelevant smile that blends blankness and revelation so paradoxically.

And in 'Sherlock Holmes," an Albert Parker Production starring John Barrymore, Mrs. Hopper deals black hands promiscuously about, until, in the end, the ingenious wiles of Sherlock, himself, get her in the dilemma that all "she-heavies" must eventually get in, in order to provide the hero and the heroine the proper opportunity to clinch in the "five-foot" closeup!

* * * * *

Oh You, Doris Kenyon

Well, we take off our rakish headgear to Doris Kenyon. She's gone and done it again. Indeed, Doris does "it" with such regularity that we are commencing to be aroused to furious sessions of envy. Doris never falls down. That's the whole thing.

Now, take the night she opened on Broadway in "Up the Ladder," William Brady's latest stage venture. We had a hunch Doris would get shell-shocked or something at the last minute, and lose her nerve. It's done, you know. Lots of old-timers get so nervous they quake quite obviously.

Not so Doris. She was as cool as the proverbial cucumber. Her entrance created a stir of thunderous applause. Her exits did the same. Even staid New Yorkers know how to appreciate good work.

The critics, the next day, admitted Doris "was there." Well, you see how it is, Friend Reader. Doris is a terribly young girl, but we never caught her "falling down," and we've camped on her trail tirelessly. Keep your eagle eye cocked on Doris.

* * * * *

Constance Binney Here

Constance Binney is in town. Maybe to stay. Her contract with Realart has expired and from

Lucy Fox bids good-bye to her little nephew before leaving for the South.

what we were told it is not to be renewed. The wee star may return to her first love—the stage. Then again, some producer may come along and offer her a crackerjack role in a corking production and she'll stay right in pictures. 'Tis a game of "Put and Take," with the gods of destiny holding the top.

* * * * *

Lucy Fox Finishes Three Pictures

YE RAMBLER has made an astounding discovery. Gather around, and hark ye to it. We've found a girl who has made the astonishing record of playing in three pictures at one and the same time. Which may be a gross violation of the hitherto unquestionable: "You can only be in one place at one time," but it's the honest-to-goodness truth.

It happened in this wise: Lucy Fox was down South playing the role of the mountain girl in "My Old Kentucky Home," with Monte Blue. Returning to New York, she was engaged for a part in Dick Barthelmess' new picture. About this time, Pathe upped and demanded her services as leading lady opposite Charles Hutchinson in his new serial, entitled "Speed."

* * * * *

The Dilemma

Get the situation? Well, Lucy played a scene or two in "My Old Kentucky Home," and then dashed to another studio to play opposite Dick Barthelmess. "Speed" was to be started in a week or so. Everything would have ben hunkadory had not Director Henry King of the Barthelmess' forces been knocked out by "Kid Pneumonia."

This threw a crimp in Lucy's plan. She finally completed "My Old Kentucky Home." But no work yet with Dick. Then Hutchinson began his serial and Lucy started in to work with the tremendous energy a serial leading lady must.

* * * * *

To Go or Not to Go

DUTCH and his company were scheduled to leave for the sunny Southland to shoot scenes. Lucy was "very much" among those present. In the meantime, Dick's new picture had not been begun. To go South or not to go, that was Lucy's tragic predicament. The long and short of it is, that energetic little person has gone South and Dick's picture is still held in abeyance, waiting Director King's return to health—a long road following "Kid Pneumonia's" dastardly K. O.

Now Lucy has only one thing to worry about. How will she be able to get back to New York in time to finish her work with Dick and still continue her serial work?

Gad, she's in a dilemma we don't envy. But Ye Rambler wagers a package of chewing gum against a bean shooter that Lucy will come out ace high.

* * * * *

Alice Calhoun Recovers From "Flu"

All the way from California comes a cheery word from Alice Calhoun. Alice's words are always cheery, bless her. She tells us that she has just recovered from a severe attack of influenza and is completing work on her new picture, "Knocked Out." "Rather appropriate title, is it not?" asks Alice. We agree. But we hasten to add she has supplied her own climax: "You can knock me out, but I'm jiggered if I'll stay down." Alice tells us that she has no idea when she'll return to New York. Anyway, making pictures on the Coast is "some pumpkins," she contends. They're gorgeous mountains and nature all green and lovely to roam through. Not so worse.

Constance Binney

This reminds us of a line from Floyd Dell's "The Briary Bush." According to the chief character in this story: California depresses him. It seems so immoral for Nature to be green in the winter time. (Wonder if Californians ever feel this way?)

MOVIE WEEKLY ART SERIES

BEBE DANIELS

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Bucking into the Movies

Hollywood, 1922.

Mr. H. O. Potts,
Hog Run, Ky.

Dear Maw and Folks:

Yours of the 28th ultimo received, and was interested to read that the Civic Improvement League of Hog Run, headed by Gamaliel Whitley, had gone on record as demanding that the proprietor of "The Bijou," Hog Run's leading and only moving picture palace, at once reduce his admission charge from a dime to nine cents, except on Saturday nights and national holidays only.

But I wasn't surprised any extent at the news, because most of the inhabitants of Hog Run are such natural spendthrifts that they wouldn't of given a Canadian quarter for an aisle seat at the Creation of the World, unless they got a chance on a turkey throwed in or something. And as for Gamaliel W. himself—honest, Maw, that bird is so darned tight

"The costumes ranged everywhere from Cleopatra to Pierrot."

that he stretches a nickle till the buffalo on it looks like a giraffe!

Well, folks, I had another job today, during the course of which I acquired a slight knowledge of Roman history, a sizable amount of physical agony and a sudden reputation as an emotional actress. The scene of action was in Mr. Lasky's little cinema factory down on Vine Street, and the name of the play was "Beyond the Rocks." It was a sort of an all-star affair, the piece being written by Mrs. E. Glyn, and the cast including me, Gloria Swanson and Rodolph Valentino.

You may remember E. Glyn. One of the many prominent members of the Caesar family invented the calendar some two thousand years ago, and then Mrs. Glyn came along and made a novelized improvement of it which she called "Three Weeks." Then she was also more or less directly responsible for that play of the hour, "The Great Moment," in which Gloria Swanson co-starred so brilliantly with a rattlesnake. And as for R. Valentino, he was the dark-complected hombre who recently achieved fame, not to say notoriety, by appearing as the masculine element in "The Sheik."

Well, anyway, the scene was supposed to be in a ballroom, and a flock of about sixty of us was endeavoring to portray the principal ingredients in a masque ball. In the matter of costumes we was granted a freedom bounded only by our imaginations and, consequently, we represented every nationality known to man, and some that haven't even been discovered yet. Honest, maw, in comparison with our little gathering, the Mardi Gras on its wildest night would of looked like a village in England during the reign of Oliver Cromwell.

The costumes ranged everywhere from Cleopatra to Pierrot. The first of these consists of a string of beads, a natural immunity against pneumonia and a vampish facial expression, and the latter is a clown suit, the two sides of which is entirely different, giving a sort of a "before-and-after-taking" effect, if you know what I mean.

As for me, I wore a Japanese costume, which same consisted of a kimona, a set of slanting eyebrows and a domino. This kind of domino, maw, isn't that indoor game popular among children in America and criminals in Paris, but is a small piece of wearing apparel that is as indispensable to a masque ball as a pair of galluses is to a fat man with a weak belt. It is an official emblem of the Burglars' Union which has gotten into society, and is nothing more or less than a small mask made out of black silk.

Well, anyway, I drew for my partner a rather simple looking hombre who was attired as a Roman gladiator, but the morning passed without our dancing together to any great extent. Because a gladiator, folks, seems to have been a sort of Roman equivalent for a buck private and, being an individual who earned his living by fighting various assorted Gauls, lions and other carnivorous animals, he was dressed for the occasion in a full outfit of "Pittsburg Tweeds." Which is to say that he was reniforced at every angle with sheets of pig-iron, and bristled with spikes like a chestnut's winter overcoat. The result was that my little playmate, with his scaled tunic, spiked helmet, et al., looked like a cross between a unicorn and a fish, and made about as congenial a dancing partner as an adult porcupine.

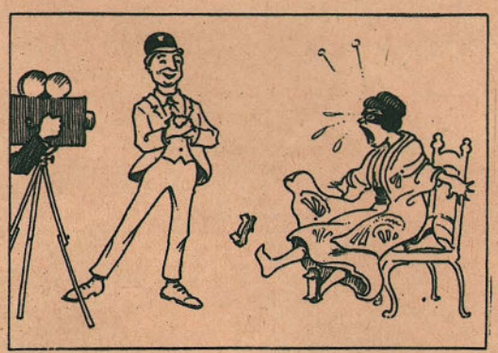
But we got along fairly well during the morning, except that the director had to bawl my partner out about every five minutes because of a charming habit he had of doffing his iron helmet to mop his heated brow right in the middle of otherwise dramatic scenes. Then come the first shot of the afternoon, and with it my sudden recognition as an emotional actress, via the physical agony route. The plot went something like this.

We was supposed to stop dancing all of a sudden and, sinking into nearby chairs, gaze soulfully at a pathetic little episode which was slated to occur at the other end of the ballroom about then. Which, along with the rest of the gang, I did—only I didn't see anything whatever of the aforesaid pathetic little episode. I found myself too blamed much engrossed in Pathos much nearer home, Pathos which developed in exact conjunction with the time of my sitting down. In fact, I had no sooner hit the chair than I regretted it more than I ever did anything in my life before, but it was too late to renege and get up then.

Because the camera was clicking, I was directly in the foreground of the scene, and I had far too healthy a respect for our director's temper, imagination and vocabulary to even risk a break. But, while I could control my body, I couldn't control my feelings, and I began weeping like Niobe, or whoever it was that pulled the sob act over Napoleon's tomb that time. The more I tried to keep from it, the harder I cried.

"Fine!" yelled the director. "Great stuff! By George, you're pulling tears like a veteran, Miss Potts. Keep it up!"

I did, for the excellent reason that I couldn't possibly have stopped the flow if I'd wanted to. Then the longest three minutes I've ever endured in my life finally come to an end, and when the camera stopped I was free to make a frenzied investigation. I found just what I thought I would.



"I had no sooner hit the chair than I began to regret it."

That hick partner of mine, getting overheated again, had very intelligently parked his spiked helmet on the chair beside him, and I had inadvertently sat on it. And, believe me, anybody who can sit on the business end of a Roman helmet for three minutes and not shed tears is either superhuman or a candidate for the cemetery!

Which I guess will be all for this time, only if I happen to be cast to play opposite that gladiator chap again tomorrow, there is going to be a sudden and permanent vacancy on Julius Caesar's payroll.

Your loving daughter, resp'y yours,

SOPHIE POTTS,

Via Hal Wells.

MOVIE WEEKLY Screen Dictionary

"Movie Weekly" presents to its readers the following dictionary of special terms which have developed with the growth of the screen industry. This dictionary includes words and phrases which apply to everything from the writing of the script to the projection of the completed film on the theatre screen. Clip the instalments and save them, they will enable you to obtain a more complete understanding of the technique of motion picture production.

A

Atmosphere—Extras used to create background for the leading players in a scene.

B

Bit—A small role of insufficient importance for screen credit.

Booking—Dates assigned to theatre owners for the showing of a film.

Boothman—Operator of projection machine.

Break—Lack of continuity in a film.

Broadside—Used by theatre owner to express method of advertising film by means of postcards to his patrons.

Burnt-out—Scene spoiled by over-lighting.

C

Camera-wise—Applied to an actor who knows how to stand before the camera in such a way as to be prominent in the scene.

Camera-hog—An actor who "hogs" the light.

Continuity—Scenario. This word is almost always used in screen circles in preference to the popular word, "scenario."

Crank-turner—A cameraman without particular skill or artistry.

Character man—An actor who plays away from himself, portraying bizarre roles, unlike his own personality.

Camera louse—An extra who tries to stay in front of the camera all the time.

Cooper-Hewitts—Lights.

Closeup—Used when the camera, at close range, is centered on an object or person.

Cut-outs—Scenes not used in the completed film.

Casting director—Studio official who selects actors for parts.

Continuity clerk—Assistant to director who records scenes taken, players used in them, progress of filming, etc.

Co-star—Player who is equally featured with another in the same picture.

Cut-ins—Inserts from travelogues and news reels used to suggest foreign atmosphere.

(Continued next week)

Sh-h-Under the Orange Pekoe Tree

by Irma, the Ingenue

WAITER, bring me the cup that cheers but not inebriates! . . . What? Well, let him find out what it means. I believe in uplifting the masses whenever it can be done, and quotations have a great deal of cultural value, as our teacher used to say at finishing school when she gave us a page of quotations to memorize because she was too lazy to think up something original."

Irma, the Ingenue, turned around just enough so that everybody else in the tea garden could get a look at her spring hat, and I asked her what was the latest in the film colony.

"Well, of course there's the Taylor case, but as nobody knows anything about it, what's the use of talking about it? Let's talk about something pleasanter, as the mouse said to the cat when the cat told him she was going to eat him up.

"Now-a-days it's getting to be all the style to marry a person and then not live with them. (Of course 'them' isn't right, but who in heaven's name is going to rattle along with a 'him' or her?') It's getting to be just nothing at all to marry a person and then say good-bye and trot off home and leave him or her to go home or take a room downtown or sleep in the park. And they seem very good friends at that. Is there no more romance in the world?

"That's how it is with Marcia Manon and her husband, J. L. Frothingham, the producer, you know. He lives at the Beverly Hill Hotel, you know, and she stays up in Laurel Canyon. She isn't very well, and she says it agrees with her better up there than anywhere else. He says that Laurel Canyon is too far for him to go at night, because he's often kept late at the studio. He spends the week-ends with her at her Laurel Canyon home, and both say there's going to be no divorce. He has bought a ranch for her, and she says she's going to spend the summer there. I think he's very deeply devoted to her."

"Romance is so pale, these days. Nobody is admitting being engaged to wed. They seem to feel that it isn't proper to even be in love any more, since all this scandal has been stirred up in the film colony. Most of the girls are behaving like cloistered nuns, these days. They won't even go out with the same young man more than once a week; and as for letting a man kiss you! Oh, my dear, it simply isn't done!

"Of course they do say that Jimmie Young is engaged to Virginia Faire. She played in 'Without Benefit of Clergy,' you know, which he directed, and he was awfully attentive to her for a long time, in fact until about a month ago. She says she isn't engaged to him, though, so probably there's nothing in it. Why, even Mary MacLaren hasn't been engaged in six months, and that shows how awfully slow the romance business is.

"But speaking of romance, that was rather a sweet one, wasn't it, between Clara Kimball Young's father, Edward Kimball, and Elise Whitaker, the scenario writer? Such a surprise, too! They had known each other a long time, but somehow nobody thought about their getting married. Clara's dad has been playing a part in 'The Masquerader,' with Guy Bates Post, and one day when it was raining he skipped off with Elise and got married. Then he came back and told the company. Clara is just as pleased as she can be they say, because she and Elise are great friends, being about the same age. Clara says she can't think of calling Elise 'Mamma!'

"Mme. Nazimova is going to take a nice long rest before doing anything more. She has worked so hard in 'Salome' and 'A Doll's House.' And it was so cold while she was making 'Salome,' and you know how a person has to dress for that part! Why, Salome's heavy winter clothing, you recollect, consisted of seven veils! Nazimova is going back to New York to show 'Salome,' and then she's going down to her New York State farm to vegetate. She's going to Europe next year, she says—wants to see the battlefields and styles and everything.

"Anita Stewart is another young lady who is going to vacation. She and her husband, Rudolph Cameron, are going to take a little rest at her Long Island home, and then she's coming back to do a costume picture.

"Dear me! We soon shall have to depend entirely on the fashion magazines for styles, shan't we? If all the picture stars go into costume plays. But I'm sure costume plays will be very uplifting, because we'll get a chance to think about the play itself, instead of concentrating, as we do now, on the clothes."

Irma, the Ingenue, paused with a sigh, as she mentally weighed the contrasting advantages of white French pastry and pink, finally deciding against the pink because it didn't go well with her henna tailored suit. Then she went on.

"Oh, but have you heard about Harold Lloyd and his illness!" Irma's questions were never really questions because she never gave you time to answer. They were more in the nature of exclamations. "You know both Marie Mosquini and Mildred Davis are supposed to be rather devoted to him, and he in turn likes them both tremendously. But they do say it takes a lot of diplomacy on his part always to have things smooth, though the girl are good friends. But when he got ill, both young ladies were anxious to do something for him. Both hit on the plan of sending him jellies. He couldn't eat any jelly when he had a fever, of course; but when he began to get better, he enjoyed it. But oh, woe, one day Mildred called, and when he heard her voice, he thought it was Marie, and began eating Marie's jelly; and oh, how reproachfully Mildred gazed at him, as he blushed and nearly choked on Marie's jelly! I was with Mildred, and you should have seen his face—looked as if his fever had risen!

"Marie Prevost is the latest girl to be reported engaged. Her rumored fiance is a man in the automobile business. But Marie is one of those sensible girls who intends to look before she leaps; besides she says she considers marriage a career in itself, and she doesn't intend to marry until she is willing to give up the screen. As she is doing very nicely, I suppose it will be a long time before she gives up her career.

"Chet Franklin drove me up to the Hollywood Heights, where he is building a house, the other day. He wouldn't tell whether he was going to be married or not, but they do say that Bebe Daniels has expressed a great interest in the plans, and I know there is to be a beautiful Spanish patio with a fountain, so that does sound suspicious, doesn't it—at least it does to one of my suspicious mind. Yes, Chet was married before. His wife was a lovely auburn haired girl, who used to appear in Triangle pictures. I forget her name. But she died, and he took it so terribly to heart that he has never cared for anyone since. But it seems that Bebe has won him."

"Why, even Mary MacLaren hasn't been engaged in six months, and that shows how awfully slow the romance business is!"

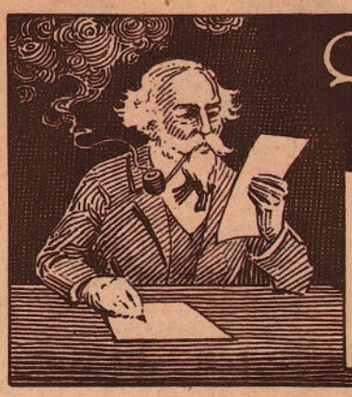
"Chet Franklin is building a house on Hollywood Heights. He wouldn't tell whether he was going to be married or not, but they do say that Bebe Daniels has expressed a great interest in the plans."

"Oh, have you heard about Harold Lloyd and his illness? You know both Marie Mosquini and Mildred Davis are supposed to be rather devoted to him. When he got ill, both young ladies decided to send him jellies."

"But, oh, woe, one day Mildred called; he thought it was Marie, and began eating Marie's jelly!" Horrors! . . .

"Wasn't that a sweet romance between Clara Kimball Young's father, Edward Kimball, and Elise Whitaker, the scenario writer? Clara is just as pleased as she can

"Oh, how reproachfully Mildred gazed at him, as Harold blushed and nearly choked on Marie's jelly. You should have seen his face; it looked as if his fever had risen!"



Questions Answered by The Colonel

I have joined the staff of "Movie Weekly" just to answer questions. Wouldn't you like me to tell you whether your favorite star is married? What color *her* eyes are, or what may be *his* hobbies? All right, then, write me on any subject pertaining to the movies. For an immediate personal reply, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address me, THE COLONEL, "Movie Weekly," 119 West 40th Street, New York City.

Every day I get requests for pictures of various stars, or sometimes the requests come to the editor. And of course the only thing we can do is to answer these requests with the statement that pictures should be obtained from the stars themselves. Just imagine how much work there is in getting out a whole magazine every week, and then maybe you will understand why it is that we haven't time to send out pictures. That is a business in itself, and we'd have to have a whole additional staff to take care of it. And anyway, Sister Susie, think how much more thrilling it is to write to stars with your requests than to write to an old duffer like me.

TESSIE—So you think Thomas Meighan "has it all over" Wallie Reid. Well, there's one thing about them—the ladies like them both. Tom is married to Frances Ring. He was born in Pittsburgh in 1883. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 and is a brunette. He began his stage career with Grace George and joined the movies some years later. He became famous in "The Miracle Man."

MISS RACHEL SOMEBODY—If you have been watching "Movie Weekly" for your answer, you have probably learned all about Rodolph by now. He is very dark and weighs 154. He lives at 7139 Hollywood Blvd., Los Angeles, but I can't guarantee that he will answer your letter. He gets hundreds, you know. But he will probably send you his "pitcher." I hope so, anyway.

FLORENCE ALLARD—You're an old friend of mine, aren't you? Mabel Normand is not married now. No, Al St. John is no relation to Fatty Arbuckle. Jack Mulhall, Jr. is the son of Mrs. Jack Mulhall, the second, who, before her marriage, was Laura Bunton. I suppose you saw the results of the Head and Shoulder Contest in the issue of February 4th?

MOLYY H.—Where am I going to put the answers to all your questions—out in the margin? If you will tell me your full name and address, I will write you the chattiest letter I can and fill it full of information.

ANITA STEWART—Yes, Anita Stewart's youngster is very cherubic. But why, when you enclosed his picture, did you tell me that Anita and I have a lot of explaining to do? Surely you don't hold me responsible?

HELEN BROWNE—Your favorite, Alice Calhoun, has been working on "Blue Bells," which should be released about this time.

FRANCES M.—When you say "the worst vamp in the movies," do you mean publicly or privately? Wallace Reid is twenty-nine and Gloria two years younger. Bebe is twenty-one and Connie twenty-four. Connie's husband is John Pialoglou, a Greek. No, Bebe is no relation to Jack Daniels.

TOM AND TONY—I will tell the editor that you requested us to publish pictures of Tom Mix and William S. Hart. Of course the trouble is, we try to use only beautiful pictures in the center of the magazine, and with all due respect to both William S. and Tom, they surely don't think they are beautiful.

PAULINE—Your name is sweet because it's almost like one of my favorite kinds of candy—pralines. Norma Talmadge is twenty-five; she is Mrs. Joseph Schenck. George Arliss is fifty-four; yes, he is married. Mary Pickford is twenty-nine; she has no children. Raymond McKee just laughed when I asked him his age.

VIRGINIA T. C.—What puzzles me is what does the art decoration on your letter represent? Or is it just supposed to indicate time and labor on your part? Dorothy Gish has medium brown hair; the black wig was only worn in some of her pictures. Write her at the Griffith Studio, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Betty Compson and Gloria both get their mail at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, and Nazimova c-o United Artists, 729 7th Ave., New York. May McAvoy has been living at the Hotel Ansonia, 72nd St., New York. She is twenty-one.

MARY PIGLER—So you wish "Movie Weekly" would be printed every day? You must like to see people work. Wouldn't you like to get a personal letter with all those addresses you wanted? All right, then, Mary, where do you live?

DARE DEVIL MORRISSEY—So Marguerite Clark is your sweetheart? Well, that's hard luck, because she is married to H. Palmerson Williams and she makes a moving picture moving about the house. She hasn't made any pictures since "Scrambled Wives," and has not declared her intention of making any more.

IRISH—No, Miss Dupont is no relation to the powder works, not even by marriage—and I don't know whether she is married or not. Her name is Margaret Armstrong and her address is 5937 Maplewood, Los Angeles, where you can write her for a picture.

MINNIE G.—No, Minnie, Mary Pickford does not wear a wig; the hair on her head is like Topsy. It "just growed."

BABE—Of course I don't mind if you write to me every now and then, and the "nower" the better. Jack Mulhall lives at 5857 Harold Way, Hollywood. He is bashful about telling his age, but he is about thirty. Jack Roach can be reached through Vitagraph, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood.

RED 'ED—I always know your handwriting (I'm beginning to be a handwriting expert). Yes, E. Phillips, who appeared in "Just Around the Corner," also played in "The Scarab Ring." Helen Weer's name is probably misspelled Weir sometimes, but Helen Ware is a different actress. She is well-known on the stage and plays dramatic roles. There is only one Virginia Lee. "The Sky Pilot" was a King Vidor Production; George Seitz did not play in it. Mary Miles Minter's picture that you refer to was "All Souls' Eve." I have not heard of Wallace Beery's marriage to Mona Lisa. A "gag" man is a man who is hired by the studios to make funny remarks when the players are to register laughter. Ayres is pronounced like airs.

ANXIOUS—Is this information important eough to be anxious about? James Rennie played opposite his wife, Dorothy Gish, in "Flying Pat." Mona Lisa was the vampire in "To Please One Woman."

MICHAEL CARROP—You're one of my most frequent repeaters, aren't you? Mitchell Lewis was born in Syracuse. Harold Becher won first prize in the Head and Shoulder Contest. I suppose you saw the results in the February 4th issue.

AN ARDENT SCREEN LOVER—At least your signature is more original than "A Valentino Lover." Constance is the youngest Talmadge sister. Mary Miles Minter is twenty and unmarried. Yes, "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" was rather highly colored, wasn't it? As it was imported ready-made, I don't know who wrote it. Charles Ray is married to Clara Grant. Wallie is 29.

30 BELOW ZERO—But cheer up; Spring is here. Ruth Clifford was born in Rhode Island, Feb. 17, 1900. She is 5 feet 2, weighs 115 and is a blonde with blue eyes. She is not married now. The last pictures that I know of her making were in Porto Rico, for the Porto Rico Photoplays Co. I understand that she is living in Los Angeles now, but do not know of any movies that she is in. Her plays include "Fires of Youth," "The Game Is Up," "The Black Gate," "Tropical Love," etc.

J. B.—I don't know who would be more interested in sending you a good picture of Earle Williams than Earle himself. Suppose you write to him at the Vitagraph Studio, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood.

JUST CHICK—Thanks so much for the valentine. Did you think I had forgotten you? Eddie Hearn has just finished playing opposite Mary Miles Minter in "The Heart Specialist." Eddie is fond of all kinds of athletics.

DEARIE—Were you named after the old popular song or was it named after you? Tom Carrigan played opposite Constance Binney in "Room and Board." And Herbert Rawlinson was the leading man for Clara Kimball Young in "Charge It."

CHERRIE—And cherries are valuable just now because they're not in season. Didn't you read about William S. Hart's marriage in "Movie Weekly?" Yes, Bill married Winifred Westover; he ought to be very satisfied with his wife; he certainly took long enough to make up his mind. Mary Miles Minter is twenty; she spends her life denying rumors of her engagements. That's what you get for being so popular. Mary Pickford is twenty-nine and Doug is ten years older, The other ages you asked for aren't given. George Walsh's latest picture is "With Stanley in Africa."

DOT—My sister had a dress once with dots all over it. Wallace Reid is twenty-nine and Gloria Swanson is twenty-seven. Bebe is twenty and not married yet. Think of that! How she can hold out against such ardent persuasion as she is subjected to is too much for me! Anita Stewart's age is a secret between herself and the family Bible.

P. I. E. G.—And I sat up all night trying to decipher the code of P. I. E. G. What *does* it mean? Yes, I spent my Christmas holidays in great style That wasn't all I spent either. I have a bitter blow for you: Niles Welch is married—to Dell Boone, and they live at 1616 Gardner St., Hollywood. Write him for a picture. You have a long bunch of favorites; are there any stars left to be "runners up?" (Pardon the race track parlance.)

I. O. DINE—Don't say "dine" to me now; I'm working overtime to-night to tell you fans what you want to know and you make me want to grab my hat and run to the nearest restaurant. Too many addresses, I. O., to publish in this column; tell me the rest of your name and I'll write you. Tom Mix lives at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood.

Film-Flam

No Bargain

"I have heard of exclusiveness in all degrees," said Richard Barthelmess, "but this man I am going to tell you about was just about the most exclusive person I ever heard of.

"In a small town where we were on location, a member of our company went to church on Sunday morning. The church was crowded, but up front he noticed a pew with a single occupant, an austere man, reading his prayer book devotedly. My friend walked up to the pew, and as the man made no effort to make room for him, he stepped by him and sat down.

"The old man glared at him. He paid no attention. As services commenced, he saw that the old man was ostentatiously pushing a prayer book toward him. Pleased at this mark of cordiality, he reached for it. On the fly leaf to which it was opened a hurriedly penciled comment met his eye:

"'Young man, I pay one hundred dollars a year for the exclusive use of this pew.'

"Supressing a smile, the actor took out his pencil and wrote his answer.

"The exclusive one adjusted his glasses and read, to his astonishment:

"'You pay too darned much.'"

* * * * *

Hunger Note

"Yes," said Thomas Meighan, discussing his next picture, "The Bachelor Daddy" "it's a good story—wonderful script, the train stuff is great, but—the darned scenario writer forgot to put in any dining car scenes, so we all had to get off in the country and eat our meals at lunch counters."

* * * * *

A Barbarous Suggestion

There is a "penalty box" at the Hal Roach studio into which every punster must put a dollar per pun. Harold Lloyd is a frequent contributor.

This remark cost him a dollar:

The Lloyd quartet was having a request program the other day when Harold came along with his request.

"What'll it be?" the boys asked him, in good old barroom style.

"You're Next," said Harold, "from 'The Barber of Seville!'"

* * * * *

An Experienced Actress

"What experience have you had?" asked Director Henry King of the flapper who applied for a part in Richard Barthelmess' picture, "Sonny."

"Why," was the proud answer, "I was understudy for Dorothy Gish."

Mr. King looked at her in amazement. This was a new one on him. He had heard of doubles in movies, but never of understudies, and he had certainly been in movies long enough to know all the studio terms anyway.

"What do you mean by understudy?" he asked the young lady. And the truth came out.

To save the star the fatigue of standing with the camera focused on her while the set was being "set up," they use a girl of about the same height and that is what this girl had been doing.

A Bloodthirsty Tale

"Send for a doctor, quick," said someone at the Universal studio excitedly pointing to Harry Myers, after some scenery had fallen. Harry looked like the end of a prize fight or something, bleeding copiously, it seemed.

"But I'm not hurt," he protested to the four doctors who arrived post-haste. And of course no one would believe him—not, at least, until it was discovered that the red fluid was only water that had spilled on his highly colored trunks.

"I've been held up by salesmen, but never before by an automobile," says Helen Ferguson.

The Whole Town Was Celebrating

Here's a thrilling one that Helen Ferguson tells on Buck Jones. Theye were on location with the cowboy's company and one evening after dinner, they started a game of "follow the leader." Even the cowboys over thirty joined in just like a bunch of ten year olds.

The game grew tiresome after awhile, and then Helen, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, whispered something in Buck's ear.

"What! I'm not game? Just follow ME!" said the daring, dashing cowboy, and he lead the crowd to the town's only "pitcher" show. Down the aisle he went, and right up onto the stage.

The natives soon caught the idea, and applauded gayly. And just to show what a good sport he was, the exuberant Mr. Jones treated the whole audience to ice-cream cones—all thirty seven of them! (Of course this was a small town).

* * * * *

A Fish Story

Near one of the studios they are pumping fish out of a new oil well.

Suppose they will be getting a thousand barrels of cod fish oil out next.

A Light Story

Mr. Kleig is one of the leading lights around the Paramount studio.

* * * * *

Making Mountains of Mole-Hills

"Sunshine Sammy" idolizes "Snub" Pollard, but when he can get a laugh at Snub's expense, he is very gleeful. The other day, the "gang" around the studio were discussing what they would do if they had a lot of money. Sammy wasn't going to be left out of anything; he edged into the crowd.

"Well, Sammy," asked one of the boys, "what would you do if you had a million or so?"

The youngster glanced at "Snub." "I know," he answered. "I'd buy Australia, where Mr. Pollard came from, and make it a real country as large as the United States."

* * * * *

Mrs. Ayres Doesn't Like Cavemen

If anyone wants to be mean to Agnes Ayres—though how could they?—they will have to answer to her mother. For Mrs. Ayres is justly proud of her daughter and she intends to look out for her.

That is what poor Clarence Burton discovered when he met her at the close of a very rough scene in "The Ordeal." Mrs. Ayres refused to have anything to do with him. And Clarence just couldn't convince her that it wasn't his fault that he was supposed to play the villain in the picture and manhandle Agnes. Really, he's as harmless as movie villains usually are in real life—has a wife, and ducks, and a dog, and everything.

"I don't think you ought to see much of that Mr. Burton," Mrs. Ayres solemnly advised her daughter, "I think he's the most brutal man I ever saw."

And now poor Clarence is worried as to how he can live down his reputation.

* * * * *

A Private Earthquake

Director George Melford came home from a busy day aboard a sailing ship directing scenes for "Moran of the Lady Letty."

"Hello," he said as the telephone bell jangled.

"Oh, Uncle George," came the agitated voice of Dorothy Dalton, "did you feel an earthquake?"

"No," answered the director, "don't get excited; there was no earthquake."

"Yes, but I felt one—the whole hotel just shook. Oh, there it goes again. Don't you feel it?"

Melford broke into a hearty laugh, but Dorothy couldn't see the joke.

"If it isn't an earthquake," she demanded, "what in Heaven's name is it?"

"It's not the building or the earth. It's you," explained the director. "You've been out on a rolling ship all day and you haven't got your land legs yet."

"Oh pshaw," was the only reply that Melford heard as the receiver was jammed back on the hook.

* * * * *

Can You Bear This?

Gloria Hope might have been a lawyer if she hadn't gone into the movies. She has such a logical mind. One of her arguments is that the bill recently introduced to bar sleeveless gowns is unconstitutional.

"The constitution says," explained Gloria demurely, "that the right to bear arms shall not be infringed."

A. M. T.

THE INS AND OUTS OF THE MOVIE WOILD

REEL NOOZE

WHETHER IT HAPPENS OR NOT, WE HAVE IT HERE!

JASPER J. SLUP, WHO STARRED IN, DEWBERRY McGLUGS SOUPER PRODUCTION "THE CALL OF THE CUCKOO" THAT SCORED SUCH A HIT THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY AND ALSO IN THE CITY, IS NOW SUMMERING IN PASSAIC, N.J.

—o

JASMINE TULIP HAS GRADUATED FROM THE RANKS OF THE MACK CHRISTIE GIRLS TO STARDUMB.

—o

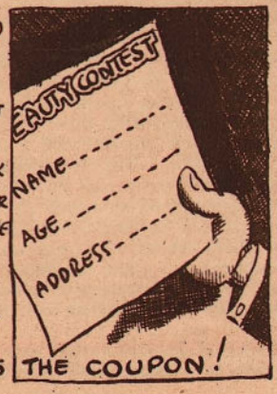
SHE HAS JUST SCRAWLED HER MONICKER ON A PARASOPE CONTRACT —o SALARY UNKNOWN

ANNOUNCEMENT

—o

REEL NOOZE BEAUTY CONTEST WILL COMMENCE HERE NEXT WEEK

ALL ASPIRANTS FOR FAME AND FORTUNE MAY FILL UP THE COUPON WITH HER BERTILLON MEASUREMENTS ETC., ON THE HEMSTITCHED LINES



ADDRESS ALL MAIL (IF ANY) TO PENROD BOZO—EDITOR OF CONTEST.

—

ADDRESS CAN BE FOUND IN HALL OF FAME OR NEAREST POLICE RECORDS

—o

WATCH THIS SPACE NEX WEEK.

Hints to Scenario Writers by Frederick Palmer

SCENARIO NOTE: *Our readers are invited to write and ask us questions they may have in mind on screen writing. Please enclose stamped and addressed envelope.*

CONCERNING THE SYNOPSIS

TIME was when directors—most of whom were seeking "ideas" only—requested that picture plays be submitted in the briefest form possible. "Give the gist of your story in five hundred words," they informed aspiring photoplaywrights. "A bare plot outline is all we desire. Our continuity men, under our guidance, will do the rest."

But those days are long since past. Studios—excepting in rare instances—no longer allow directors to build up their own stories. Instead, the scenario department prepares the script so carefully, mapping every "shot," that the director has small scope compared to the former period when he was monarch supreme. He must now attend to the task of seing that stars and others in the cast successfully enact the story that is handed to him, and leave scenario writing to those who make it a distinct profession.

Which brings us to the question: "How long should a synopsis be?"

Well, a synopsis should be long enough to insure that the story "gets across," to use a motion picture phrase. If you are clever enough to tell a five-reel story in 2,000 words, do not "pad" it into 3,000 words. But if you sincerely feel that you cannot tell your story in less than 10,000 words, that is the proper length. Remember, however, that description and clever witticisms—excepting in rare instances—are not only unnecessary in a photoplay synopsis, but are also undesirable. Just as you must visualize your story in terms of action, just so must you tell it in action. The scenario editor is not concerned with Sadie Dimplechin's "beautiful blue eyes," for instance; indeed, the star for whom he intends to buy the story may have eyes as dark as a Spanish siren's, and your description will tend only to prejudice him against your heroine, or at least to make the story seem less fit for the lead he has in mind. That abandoned farmhouse you describe in your climactic scene, may be conspicuous by its absence from the particular "lot" in which you expect your story to be filmed, and the company may not wish to expend money in finding or building one exactly like it. But, if you have not been too particular—too detailed—in your description of this location, the studio men may decide that some other farmhouse, already on their "location list," will fill the bill.

The foregoing are but two illustrations of many instances in which writers are apt to "overplay their hands" in writing synopses; and, undoubtedly, the extreme length of many such photoplays is due to this over-anxiety to inject minute descriptions into a story.

However, if your plot contains enough "meat," enough real action and dramatic suspense, the synopsis thereof will be long enough, even when all extraneous matter has been excluded. Cecil de Mille, the famous Lasky director, recently stated that no story worth filming could be told in less than 5,000 words. Immediately thereafter, I presume, the Lasky scenario department was flooded with scripts of 5,000 words or more. But what Mr. de Mille undoubtedly had in mind was that unless a story contained so much dramatic action that it could not be condensed, artistically, to less than 5,000 words it would not be filmable. He certainly did not mean to encourage scenarists to "pad" their otherwise slim plots with a mass of non-picturable incidents or bits of description.

Speaking from experience, I believe that most film stories may be told in fullest detail within 10,000 words, and that the ideal length is about the 5,000 words mentioned by Mr. de Mille. I have seen a number of synopses that dragged along into the twenty and thirty thousands; but I cannot state that I obtained much inspiration from reading them, and do not believe that the average scenario editor would have done so, either.

Follow the fashion—see any style journal for women—and "keep 'em short," but not so short as to be impractical. In photoplay writing, as in women's styles or anything else, there is always the happy medium.

Questions and Answers

(Q.) Does censorship rule out the situation of "abduction?"—D. M.

(A.) Even though it is given a very subtle treatment, this situation is apt to be frowned upon by the censors. In 'The Whistle," starring William S. Hart, a child is kidnapped, the motive for this kidnapping being strong and thoroughly justified. The child never comes to harm at the hands of the kidnapper. And yet, this picture was struck out by local censorship boards in several states, owing to the fact that the central situation was a "kidnapping."

(Q.) Is it necessary to have "physical" conflict in the photoplay?—D. L.

(A.) No, indeed. Almost all producers are beginning to concede that mental or spiritual conflict is preferable. The whole tendency in the cinematic world seems to be away from melodrama—the wild shootings, etc., etc., of the past.

(Q.) Do not actors "put across" a story more than the author?—R. A.

(A.) No. The story is the backbone of the entire enterprise. In spite of a most excellent production, the inferior story will never make a good picture. A good story, poorly screened, is, nine times out of ten, far more successful than a weak story that is given the most elaborate and satisfactory production.

(Q.) Why is it that incidents from real life are sometimes condemned by the critic as unconvincing? —R. B.

(A.) Because an incident or a situation actually occurred, is no reason to suppose it will make good story material. Everything depends upon the way it is developed. The question is not so much—is a thing possible—as—is a thing probable? You must convince your audience that a certain consummation would really take place. In other words, you must make the course of action in your story plausible. Art is quite different from reality. It may be *based upon reality*, but the writer must also bring imagination into play, must shape and mould reality until it becomes *dramatic* and interesting enough to hold the attention of the spectator. If the spectator wanted reality merely, he would not bother to go to the theatre. It is *art* that he wants.

(Q.) Is it necessary for the photo-dramatist to designate the number of scenes, in writing the detailed synopsis, for the guidance of the continuity writer? —B. R.

(A.) Matters of this kind are decided by the director and by the producer, and it is not necessary for the writer of the story to take them into serious consideration. If you will be sure you have enough material, by determining the number of incidents and situations that your plot contains, nothing further will be required of you along this line.

(Q.) Why do producers object to stories dealing with the motion picture profession?—H. D.

(A.) There is a sort of an unwritten law among producers to the effect that stories dealing with any part of the profession, especially those possessing *studio* atmosphere, be disregarded as picture material. We believe this is due to the fact that "studio business" in a picture would detract too greatly from the *story*. The audience would be so impressed with the novelty of seeing a picture made that the story would hold little or no attraction for them. Audiences usually "live" the stories of the screen, and it would be unfair to both them and the producer to remind them, during the production, that it is "only a movie."

(Q.) Do producers pay more for stories when they are accompanied by the continuity?—M. L. P.

(A.) Staff continuity writers are paid rather tremendous salaries to adapt accepted stories according to the studio's individual method, and for that reason the producer would pay no more for a story accompanied by a continuity than he would for simply a detailed synopsis. In the case of independent companies, it is very often possible for a free lance continuity writer, whose success has been established, to write a continuity to his accepted original, but, even in a case of that kind, the writer is in almost constant touch with the director and star which makes it possible to create a continuity suitable to everyone concerned.

(Q.) Suppose I read a book which I think would make a good photoplay, could I write it up in scenario form and then obtain the rights from the author to sell my scenario?—A. H.

(A.) In attempting to adapt a published book, we would suggest that you *first* secure the rights to do so, otherwise, you may find that your work has been in vain. Producers do not buy scenario adaptations from books. When they desire a certain book for screen purposes, they write direct to the publisher in an effort to buy the screen rights to the entire book. When that is secured, it is handled very much in the same manner in which an original story is handled. It is given to a staff writer who is trained to write continuities in the particular style desired by that certain company.

(Q.) Can you tell me if any of the studios would be interested in a "flood" story? If so, which one? —C. B. M.

(A.) We do not know of any studio at present that might be interested in a story dealing with a flood. Such a story would be difficult to make, inasmuch as it is not an easy matter to stage a flood disaster, besides there would be a tremendous expense in its production. Frequently an otherwise acceptable story is rejected by a studio because it is written in a manner that requires too great expense in production.

(Q.) How can one prevent himself from using hackneyed ideas and plots?—M. T.

(A.) He can't prevent it entirely, but he can guard against it by seeing as many pictures as possible, and by studying the synopses of current plays published in the trade journals.

(Q.) I am told to make my characters more "life-like." They seem real enough to me. Why don't they seem real to the people who criticize my stories? —T. H. S.

(A.) Proficiency in the art of self-criticism can be acquired only by long and arduous practice. Until you have had that practice, the only standard you have is the criticism of people in whom you have faith. To make your characters more life-like, study the people around you—their habits, their outstanding traits, their motives, and their little, apparently meaningless actions.

(Q.) It seems to me that if a writer makes his play interesting enough he doesn't need to bother about the rules of construction and development. Am I right in this?—L. L.

(A.) You are right. But the point is that a writer cannot make the story interesting without following, consciously or unconsciously, the rules of construction and development. One with genius does not need rules; most of us do need them.

(Q.) I have a comedy that I think is good, for the reason that I have had letters from two editors saying that they liked it. Why didn't they take it if they liked it? —E. R.

(A.) Probably because it didn't fit the policy of either studio. Each company that produces comedy has one particular kind that it favors. Some use "bathing girls," some use "stunts" or "gags," while others use the "situation" or "polite" class.

A Philanthropic Bank Burglar

by John W. Grey

THIRD INSTALMENT

Blackey had hardly uttered the words: "It looks bad," when the two uniformed policemen pushed the door open and stepped inside the bank. A death-like silence prevailed as the two cops stood there in the dark. Every tick of the clock sounded like the blows of a sledge hammer upon an anvil to Blackey and Jimmy as they crouched down behind the door but a few feet away from the unsuspecting officers.

Suddenly Blackey shouted, "Hands up, quick! Don't make a move or we'll kill you right where you stand!"

"Keep your faces to the wall," he snapped. "If you turn your head an inch y' die."

The cops made no reply, neither did they make any effort to turn their heads and they immediately raised their hands.

"Get their cannons," he commanded Jimmy.

Jimmy lifted up the tail of their overcoats and pulled the guns out of their pockets, handing them to Blackey.

"Tie 'em," he grunted when Jimmy had handed him the guns.

The first cop submitted to the binding and gagging operation without any resistance, the unexpected reception had swept him off his feet and he obeyed Blackey's commands sort of automatically. When Jimmy had finished with him he dragged him back into the room where the bank watchman was reposing on the floor. The second officer never moved, said nothing, just stood there like a statue until Jimmy returned and began to tie his ankles together. Like a flash he turned and kicked Jimmy, knocking him over on the floor, and then dashed for Blackey.

He paid no attention to Blackey's orders to halt, he just continued to come on to Blackey like an enraged animal of some kind. Blackey backed away from him remarking as he did so:

"Another step and I'll blow your brains out. Stop! before I kill you!"

With a spring he was on Blackey, swinging his "billy" at his head with one hand and trying to grab Blackey's gun with the other. They both went to the floor, fighting, rolling over and over in a death-like embrace. Once or twice the big, burly cop succeeded in hitting Blackey on the head with his "billy." This enraged him, so he tossed his gun to one side and determined to end the farce right then and there. With his superhuman strength he wrenched the "billy" from the fighting cop's hand, picked him up clean from the floor and hit him an uppercut and then stood to one side while he fell to the floor unconscious.

Jimmy raised his gun to bang him over the head. but Blackey, quick as a flash, stopped him.

"Never mind that slugging, Jimmy, tie him up quick. while he is out."

When the battling patrolman came to he was securely bound and gagged. They carried him back to the room with the other cop and the watchman.

"That fellow is a regular Hackenschmidt," laughed Blackey.

"He nearly put that big hoof of his through me stomach," said Jimmy. "Why didn't y' shoot him?"

"Because I knew that I could handle him," replied Blackey as his mind for the moment drifted back to his days at Yale when he was recognized as the inter-collegiate heavyweight wrestling champion.

"Come on. let's get out of here," he continued "before we have any more cops coming in on us."

The streets were deserted as they stepped out of the bank. They started up the street toward their car which was parked about three blocks away. They had just gotten into it and started the motor when an officer turned the corner and hailed them:

"Hey. wait a minute!" he shouted.

"Go on." said Blackey to Jimmy. "don't stop."

Jimmy gave her the gas. but the cop jumped on the running board before he got going rapidly.

"Stop this c—": before he could finish, Blackey hit him and knocked him sprawling off the running board into the street. They tore up Race Street to North Broad and within a few moments they were on their way to New York.

"Some night!" declared Jimmy.

"Lots of thrills, eh, Jimmy?"

"Too damn many for me," he replied. "dis jug game is some racket. I'll tell the world that."

"We've got to ditch this car somewhere between here and New York," said Blackey, "and we've also got to plant this money. We can't go into New York early in the morning carrying three or four hundred thousand dollars."

"It's a good thing that we had phoney numbers on it or dat cop would have us dead to rights!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Right you are, Jimmy."

They went through Trenton at a fifty-mile-an-hour gait and when they struck a patch of woods on the outskirts, Blackey made Jimmy pull into them.

"Wat's the idea." inquired Jimmy. "you don't mean to tell me that y're going to ditch the boat here, do y'?"

Blackey made no reply until he had finished the job and then he simply said: "Get the bags and move away." He lighted the fuse, a terrific detonation followed, blowing the car to pieces.

"That eliminates any clue that the Philadelphia police may have as far as the automobile is concerned. Now let's plant the money and those bonds." Three or four miles further up the road they dug a hole and "stashed" (hid) the proceeds of the Arlington Bank.

"Now." said Blackey, "if we should happen to meet anybody we're all right.

They walked back to the Pennsylvania Station in Trenton and caught an early morning passenger train into New York. They went direct to Blackey's apartment and retired. They were dog tired after their eventful night, and were soon sound asleep.

About ten minutes to nine the morning after the robbery. President Barker of the Arlington National Bank walked into the police station of the sixth precinct to keep his appointment with "Captain Worthington." He was rather enthused over the thought of having a look at a couple of real. live bank burglars in the flesh. He stepped jauntily up to the desk, handed his card to the Lieutenant on duty and said:

"I want to see Captain Worthington, please."

The Lieutenant took the card, looked at it and then said:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Barker, but Captain Worthington isn't on duty today."

"I had an engagement with him here at nine o'clock, possibly I'm a little early," he said as he pulled out his watch.

His statement that he had an engagement with the Captain caused the Lieutenant to get up from his desk and inquire rather suspiciously:

"You say that you had an engagement with Captain Worthington to meet him here at nine o'clock, Mr. Barker?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"There must be some mistake, Mr. Barker. May I ask when you made this engagement?"

"I think it was about quarter past twelve last night."

"Quarter past twelve last night?" repeated the Lieutenant.

"I think it was about that time," continued Mr. Barker.

"Were you talking with the Captain personally?"

"Yes," he answered.

"I don't understand this," declared the Lieutenant, "for I was talking with the Captain in St. Agnes's Hospital last night and he told me that he didn't think he would be able to leave the hospital for at least another week, possibly two."

"In the hospital!" exclaimed Mr. Barker excitedly. "In the hospital!" he repeated. "Why that can't be possible, for he was in my office at the bank talking with me yesterday afternoon and made arrangements with me and my watchman to let him and his detectives in the bank to capture the burglars when they came to rob it. I phoned him at the bank about twelve fifteen last night, at which time he told me he had captured the crooks and if I would be here this morning at nine I could have a look at them."

"Captain Worthington has been in the hospital for over three weeks I am telling you," shouted the Lieutenant as he made a dash for the patrolmen's rest room. He understood what had happened and he lost no time in getting busy. He pulled open the door of the room where ten or fifteen officers were sitting around tables playing cards and shouted:

"Go to the Arlington National Bank at Sixth and Race, get the auto and beat it there as fast as you can, the bank has been robbed."

"My God!" exclaimed Barker dramatically.

The Lieutenant grabbed him by the arm, pulled him towards the door and yelled: "You go to the bank with the officers in the auto. I'll phone Detective Headquarters to send detectives to the bank at once."

Barker was a picture of dejection as he clambered into the car and when he arrived at the bank with the cops he was the first to jump out and dash up the steps. He hurriedly unlocked the big iron door and made a bee line for the vault. The first sight that met his eyes was the two night patrolmen and the bank watchman lying on the floor bound and gagged. He stopped and looked at them for a moment and then continued on to the vault. He pulled the door open and stepped inside:

"By God, they have taken everything!" he exclaimed in a voice ringing with emotion. "Everything!" he repeated.

Up and down the bank floor he walked with his hands in his pockets and his head bowed, talking to himself excitedly, waving his hands, trying to think, but only able to curse and swear. He acted like a man who was bereft of all reason.

"By God! by God!" he continually repeated to himself. "This will ruin me as sure as hell, I know it, I know it, I know it! What am I to do?"

He was really a pitiful sight as he paced the floor to and fro like a madman. His secretary came in while he was in the midst of one of his semi-maniacal harangues. When he saw him, he shouted more wildly than ever:

'Get the Harlan Safe people on the phone at once!"

"Burglar-proof safe," he muttered to himself, "burglar-proof safe be damned!" he repeated over and over again.

"Here you are, Mr. Barker," said the secretary as he got up from the desk. "Here's the Harlan Safe people."

SYNOPSIS

Jack Kennard, a great athlete and a graduate of the Yale school of Chemistry, utilizes his knowledge of chemistry to make a new liquid explosive with which he proposes to burglarize banks to get funds to build a hospital for his friend, Henry Haberly, the noted neuro-pathologist, who is interested in reclaiming criminals by scientific methods. He rescues a crook from a policeman in Central Park and makes a pal of the crook, "Jimmy" O'Connor. Together they plan the robbery of the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia. Kennard, in the uniform of a Captain of Police, visits the president of the bank and makes arrangements with him to be admitted to the bank that night with his pal, Jimmy, so that they can make the capture of the supposed burglars. They succeed in getting into the bank and tie and gag the watchman. Blackey then prepares to blow the safe open while Jimmy makes the rounds of the bank and punches the alarm clocks. The phone rings and Blackey answers it. It is Mr. Barker, the President of the bank. Blackey tells him that he has captured the burglars and that if he will come to headquarters in the morning he may see them. They have secured the money and are preparing to go when they hear voices outside the door.

He grabbed the receiver out of the secretary's hand nervously and in a voice ringing with indignation he began:

"Mr. Watts there? Watts, yes, Watts! Put him on, put him on!"

He stamped the floor nervously while he awaited Watts' coming to the phone.

"Hello, Watts. My bank has been robbed of every dollar. Why did you represent that time lock safe as being absolutely burglar-proof? Why did you do it? Why, I ask you—I—I——" Watts, on the other end of the wire, interrupted him by saying:

"Y' don't mean to tell me that our time lock safe was blown open? Impossible, impossible!"

This was the last straw. If Mr. Barker was excited and upset when he first began to talk with Watts, he was now a rip-roaring maniac, exasperated beyond expression, and what he didn't say to Watts wasn't worth saying.

"Impossible!" he shouted over the phone to Watts, "I want you to come on down to the bank quick as you can get here and see how damn impossible it is to blow open your time lock safe! Impossible be damned!" he shouted as he put the receiver up with a bang!

This news created consternation in the offices of the Harlan Automatic Time Lock Safe Company, because they really believed the safe to be absolutely burglar-proof. A series of tests had demonstrated beyond question that the safe could not be drilled and on the strength of their representations that it was burglar-proof nearly every bank in the United States had purchased one, and President Watts was a picture of despair as he grabbed his hat and departed for the Arlington National Bank.

Mr. Barker was still pacing the floor when he entered the bank. He grabbed Watts by the arm and rushed him to the vault.

"Look at it!" he shouted in a rage. "Look at it!" he repeated. "Does that look as though it were burglar-proof?" he inquired. "Hum!" he grunted, and swore again.

Watts face was beyond any possibility of description in words. He just stood and looked at the devastated mass of steel on the vault floor. He couldn't talk. He and Barker were in Barker's office when the detectives arrived from headquarters, and after they had talked with the bank watchman and the two cops who had been bound and gagged by the robbers and had looked the bank over from one end to the other for finger prints and clues of every sort they advised President Barker that they wanted to take a statement from him.

He recited in detail the story of the bogus Captain Worthington's visit to the bank, to all of which they listened very attentively, and when he had finished they quizzed him for an hour or more. His description of "Captain Worthington" was decidedly inaccurate, conflicting in several instances. Once he said he thought he was over six feet, another time he thought he was under six feet. He was sure that he was clean shaven and that his hair was dark brown, but he was not so positive about his height and weight. He remembered the lisp in his voice and the gold tooth.

"Ah!" said the detectives, "lisp in the voice and a gold tooth, eh? That's a real clue, Mr. Barker, we'll get some results on this burglary, be patient."

"I hope so," he replied, "have y' got any idea as to who they might be?"

"The gold tooth and the lisp in the voice gives us a lead. We'll look over our gallery and see what bank burglar tallies with your description," said one of the detectives.

"Do your best, boys," he said to them as they left the office, "and I'll see that you're well rewarded."

The news of the burglary quickly circulated amongst the rest of the banking interests in Philadelphia and the old Quaker City was aroused as it had never been aroused before. Newsboys were on every street in the banking district with extras containing a sensational account of the robbery. "Full account of the big Arlington Bank Burglary!" they shouted in loud, resonant tones. Bank employees dashed out of the banks and bought the papers as fast as the kids could hand them out, and it wasn't long before every bank and every bank employee in Philadelphia had heard of the burglary.

Detectives from Police Headquarters were combing every nook and corner of the underworld of Philadelphia for crooks with reputations as "jug" men (bank burglars) and hauling them to the detective bureau. "Look for the gold tooth and don't forget the lisp in the voice," were the instructions that Chief of Detectives Murray gave to his men as they left the office.

A hurried meeting of the board of directors of the Arlington National Bank was arranged and it was decided to call the celebrated detective, Mike Morrisey of Boston, in on the case.

"He's the fellow to handle this robbery," they said. "If there is a man in this country who can catch these crooks, Morrisey's the boy."

They phoned his Boston office and ascertained that he was in New York at the Knickerbocker Hotel. Within an hour they had located him and he was on his way to Philadelphia, arriving about noon.

It was recalled that he had been frequently consulted by many of the European Governments when the sleuths of Europe had fallen down on some bank burglaries that occurred over there. On more than one occasion, Chief Inspector Burroughs, of Scotland Yard had called Morrisey in to help him and it was only quite recently that he had solved the mystery of the robbery of the Crown's Bank at Liverpool, which was the work of three American crooks, Mark Shinburn, Tommy White and Jimmy Hahn, all of whom Morrisey had run to earth after everybody else had failed.

His methods, incidentally, were unique and original. When he consented to handle a case he did so under certain conditions. He would never make an arrest, neither would he appear in court as a witness. He would gather all the evidence with one of his men, Tom Sheehan, and when the case came to trial Sheehan was the fellow who handed out the evidence that had been collected by him and Morrisey. This procedure enabled Morrisey to keep his identity more or less a mystery and as a consequence there were very few crooks in the underworld who knew him at sight, though there were not many of them that he didn't know up one side and down the other. The "grifters" called him the "human bloodhound" and he was the only "dick" in the world who gave them any concern.

There was nothing about his personality that suggested the detective. He was forty-four when he took up the Arlington Bank robbery case. He stood about five feet seven and weighed around one hundred and fifty. His eyes were probably the most attractive part of him. They were dark brown; small, gimlet-like eyes that seemed to look into the bottom of your soul, or away back into the very recesses of your mind and read the things that you were thinking. When deep in thought over some knotty problem in criminality he invariably chewed on the end of an unlighted cigar and twirled between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand a small pocket knife.

At two o'clock on the afternoon following the burglary, he sat in the Arlington National Bank talking with President Barker and the Board of Directors. He had made a thorough examination of the wrecked safe and the vault. He had talked with the bank watchman, Kelly, and the two cops who had been held up, bound and gagged by the burglars. He took down a word for word statement of everything that was said. He interviewed the burglar alarm representatives and Mr. Watts of the Harlan Automatic Time Lock Safe Company, and when he had finished he made these remarks:

"This job is the work of some master criminal. New methods and a new explosive have been used. I know every bank burglar that has been operating in this country and Europe for the past twenty-five years and I know that there isn't one of them who could open this safe. The fellow that engineered this job is a brainy crook, a newcomer. I'll stake my reputation on that. It is the first bank burglary that I've ever investigated that I didn't find a clue of some kind or other. Of course Mr. Barker's description of the gold tooth and the lisp in the voice of the burglar with whom he talked in the uniform of a Police Captain is going to be of inestimable help to me, but I have a hunch that I'm starting out on a long trail. I'll get 'im, you can depend upon that, so I'll just ask you gentlemen to be patient for a while." He looked at his watch and then announced that he intended to catch the four o'clock train for New York.

"I shall phone our New York chairman of the American Bankers Association to meet you at the Knickerbocker at seven," said Mr. Barker. "He'll probably want to know all the details of the robbery and confirm our employment of you."

"Very well, sir," he replied, "I'll be glad to see him. Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said as he left them.

"Good day, Mr. Morrisey, good luck to you."

IT was close to seven-thirty when Blackey and Jimmy woke up. The glittering, silver-like rays from the bright, full moon in the star spangled vault above came streaming through the snow white lace curtains and flooded the room with light. Blackey got up, closed the window and stood looking out over the park. He was strangely fascinated by the delicate loveliness of the moon. With a sweep of his eyes he took in the ultra-fashionable Hotel Plaza, the Netherland's and the Savoy. He stood and looked and thought. In his revery he traversed Fifth Avenue from Fifty-ninth to Sixty-fifth Street with its mansions of wealth and splendor; its liveried limousines, finely gowned women and its luxury-ridden men. And then he had a dim memory of wandering through a labyrinth of the sordid homes of the poverty-stricken tenements on the densely populated east side. He saw privation, misery and sorrow everywhere; poorly clothed, ill-fed men, women and children. A contemptuous sneer flitted across his face and his eyes glowed with indignation as he turned from the window and muttered to himself.

"One feasts, the other starves. One revels in luxury while the other wallows in the mire of want, and yet they talk of equality of opportunity, honor and the golden rule and the brotherhood of man. Fine bunk! Fine bunk! It's the greed of the rich that manufactures the conditions in society out of which criminals are produced. No—it's no crime to plunder their banks to help those that need help—no—I'm sure it isn't."

He phoned for the evening papers and then jumped into the bath.

Jimmy received the papers when the boy brought them to the apartment and immediately began to devour them looking for an account of the robbery.

Across the front page of the Evening Mail he read:

"Bank burglars rob the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia, getting away with approximately $350.000 in cash and negotiable securities. The supposedly burglar-proof Harlan Automatic Time Lock Safe blown to smithereens. One of the cleverest pieces of work in the history of American crime and evidently the work of a master criminal mind." Jimmy's face lit up with a smile as he read this last statement; he continued on with the story:

"The American Bankers Association has called in the celebrated detective, Mike Morrisey, of Boston, to handle the case, who says that he is not going to waste any time combing the hangouts of the underworld looking for the burglar who engineered this robbery in the uniform of a Police Captain. Says he will land the robbers within forty-eight hours."

Jimmy stopped reading right there and dashed into the bathroom to Blackey shouting:

"It's all off, Blackey, it's all off! They got dat guy Morrisey on de job. We better beat it, we better beat it I tell you or he'll get us sure. Dat guy has sent more jug men to de stir than all the rest of the dicks in the country put together."

"Give me the paper," said Blackey, "and quit your raving."

Jimmy handed him the paper and he read it as though he were reading the stock quotations, and when he finished he handed it back to Jimmy remarking:

"Why so worried about this man Morrisey?"

"Dat guy will worry anybody," replied Jimmy.

"Forget him, Jimmy, forget him," declared Blackey.

"Forget 'im," repeated Jimmy, "how are y' going to ferget a guy like dat? Do y' know that he is the mug dat sent Mark Shinburn, Jimmy Hope, Tommy White, Jimmy Hahn and all the rest of the jug men to da boob? Do y' know dat?"

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Sure," said Jimmy.

"What does he look like, what age man is he?"

"He's a little short guy, wid a little mustache."

"How tall is he?" inquired Blackey.

"He's about five foot seven."

"What color is the mustache?"

"Kind'a brown," replied Jimmy, "wid a little grey in it."

"How old did you say he was?"

"About forty-seven or forty-eight."

"Does he know you? Ever arrest you?"

"No," answered Jimmy, "never."

"How long have you known him?"

"About six years," said Jimmy, "I used to play ball wid his boy, Johnny, when I lived in Boston."

"Sure you were never arrested in Boston, are you?"

"Never."

"I don't see any occasion for being so much alarmed about this fellow Morrisey," said Blackey, "so forget about him."

As a matter of fact Blackey was considerably alarmed over Morrisey being in on the case. He had read something about his activities in hunting criminals both in this country and abroad, and while he was wrought up just a little over the matter he gave no outward indications of it and went on with his bath.

Jimmy's face was a study. It was perfectly evident that he was doing a lot of thinking. He knew Morrisey as no other underworld character knew him and he feared him more than all the rest of the dicks in the country put together. He was a picture of deep thought as he sat with his head between his hands.

When Blackey finished his bath he picked up the paper and began to read it more attentively. When he came to the part of the story where it stated that the burglar who was in the bank in the uniform of the Police Captain had a gold tooth and talked with a decided lisp he laughed and said to Jimmy.

"I see they remembered my feigned lisp all right, Jimmy, they didn't forget the good tooth, either, so I guess I had better take this piece of gold out of my tooth right now. That little subterfuge has thrown them off the trail."

"If you think that will throw Morrisey off your trail you're bugs," replied Jimmy.

The ringing of the phone interrupted their conversation. Blackey got up and went over to answer it.

"Mr. Biddle calling you, Mr. Kennard, shall I connect him?"

"Yes, put him on," said Blackey.

"Hello, Jack," came the voice over the wire.

"Hello, there, George," replied Blackey.

"I want you to have dinner with me tonight."

"All right," answered Blackey, "what time and where?"

"The Knickerbocker Grill at eight-thirty. How's that suit you?"

"All right."

"I have an interesting friend who wants to meet you," said Biddle.

"Who is she?" laughed Blackey.

"It isn't a she," replied Biddle, "it's a he, a detective."

"A detective? What detective?" inquired Blackey.

"It's a man you've heard of, Detective Morrisey," said George.

(*Continued next week*)

A Fiery Romance of Love

by Montanye Perry

SECOND INSTALMENT

Doris, snatched from the yellow car to the motorcycle, seeing the trees, the telephone poles and fences melt together in a swift blur, was not in the least frightened. When a girl earns her daily bread by being snatched from one harrowing predicament into another, she isn't easily scared or upset. The reason for her Cave Man's precipitate action had not dawned on her, but her instinctive faith in him was still strong. She threw a sidewise glance at him, but his form and features were only a part of the zig-zag lines that made up the kaleidoscopic scenery.

"The speed-cops will get you if you don't watch out!" she shrilled at him presently.

"If I land you in jail you'll be safe from kidnappers, anyhow," he roared back.

"My goodness!" chuckled Doris to her suddenly enlightened self. "Of course! He thought I was really being kidnapped! He doesn't know I'm an actress. He thinks I'm somebody's pampered darling being carried off for ransom! He thinks poor old Jimpsey was a desperate villain. He thinks he's a bold hero who has saved me!"

Instantly her mind was made up. He had been a hero—in intent, and in deed. He had been quick, resourceful, superbly daring. Well, he shouldn't be made to feel ridiculous. She would *not* enlighten him.

"What an awful anti-climax if I said to him, 'Oh, that was only a movie melodrama you interrupted,'" she mused. "No, he's my hero. I wonder if I ought to sob on his shoulder. Well, I couldn't while we are going so fast, anyhow."

But the cycle was slowing down. A moment, and it stopped. He threw a quick glance back at the long stretch of road, miraculously empty of all traffic for a moment.

"Here's where we rest," he said, and lifted her from the seat. "Run up there behind that clump of shrubs and keep still. *Quick!*"

Obediently, Doris whisked herself out of sight behind a huge bunch of rhododendrons that topped a green bank a few feet back from the boulevard. An instant later a car came into sight, another, another. He fussed with the brakes while they passed without a glance at him. When the road was clear again he lifted his cycle and came with it to the shelter of the rhododendrons.

"I don't think there's any chance of that scamp following us," he said, "but it's just as well to lay up for a spell and make sure. Jove! You took it well. Most girls would have yelled their heads off. You'd have been a wonder in France!"

"But they wouldn't take me," she sighed. "I even told a lie, and I'm truthful, really. I *said* I was *twenty-six*, but the Red Cross didn't believe me, and the Y. M. C. A. just jeered at me!"

"How discerning of them!" he laughed. "Of course you looked at least forty! Oh, well, I'm glad you didn't get across." His eyes were moody again and the deep lines had settled around his mouth, ageing him twenty years. "It's good to have someone left in the world who can shut their eyes without seeing horrors!"

"Don't shut your eyes," she said. Impulsively her hand went out to lie for an instant on his sleeve. "Look at me. I'm not a horror exactly. Think what you've done for me, and I haven't even tried to thank you."

"Don't! It wouldn't be right, really, when I'm thanking Fate, over and over, in my heart, for giving me a chance. I thought I'd never see you again. My mind was made up not to follow you. But my feet just walked themselves in the direction you took—and there was my chance. Hush-sh-sh!"

Abruptly, his hand closed over hers. As they talked he had been breaking away twigs until he had a little space through which he could look up the road they had come. And now the yellow car had flashed into sight, coming on at a furious pace. Doris had a glimpse of the man at the wheel, his face grotesque in its makeup, set and determined. Just abreast of them he slowed, suddenly, and came to a resounding stop. For a moment his eyes scanned everything in sight.

SYNOPSIS

Doris Dalrymple, beautiful screen star, out with her company on location 'wanders away during a lull in the work and meets a young man, Jerry Griswold, former soldier, who is now out of work. He tells her of his ambitions and she sympathizes with him.

She then starts back to where the company are staging the next scene and Jerry, following her with his eyes, sees her picked by a man in a yellow racer and thinks she is kidnapped. In reality, she is merely taken up by one of the players in a scene they are working on but Jerry, not knowing this, steals a motorcycle standing near follows the yellow car.

Doris and her companion stop their car and the man, Jimpsey, the villian of the company, goes into a store, while Jerry following on his machine, perceives his advantage and, swooping down on the motionless car, snatches Doris and dashes away just as Jimpsey comes out of the doorway. He also thinks Doris is being kidnapped and, in turn follows the fleeing motorcycle.

When they lingered an instant on the clump of rhododendrons her heart began to thump as if real danger threatened, and the pressure on her fingers tightened reassuringly.

"He can't help seeing my light frock," she thought, and realized in the same instant that the rose color of it would be only a part of the masses of pink and white bloom, from Jimpsey's viewpoint.

How clever the man beside her was to have seen that and hidden her there instead of in the clump of yellow gorse a few yards away!

It seemed an hour to Doris before Jimpsey humped himself over the wheel and the yellow car darted ahead again. Promptly, yet with an impression of reluctance, the man released her fingers.

"Now we know where we are at," he said. "I wonder what the brute thought he could do if he found you. Take you away from me, I suppose. Well, anybody'd have to go some to get you away from me, now."

Her laughter rippled out. He flushed, and fell back to earth with a jar. "I must get you home, right away," he said almost brusquely. "Your family will be frantic. Someone was with you at the park, of course. Do they realize what happened?"

A swift vision of Tony Valentine, ranting up and down on the green grass plot, wondering why his star and his heavy man took so long about their elopement shot through Doris' mind and she laughed again.

"I had just slipped out of sight of—of my maid," she said. "It's not the first time. She'll think I went home by subway. She'll go storming back with the chauffeur. They won't *worry* at home, as long as I'm not too late. They'll only be awfully angry."

"There. I did that very well!" she told herself. "I never knew I had so much imagination. Maybe I could write scenarios!"

"Well, I suppose we must start," he said: but he made no move. It was cool and pleasant there, with the breeze just stirring the clumps of pink and white bloom and the sun bringing up a faint, spicy fragrance from the warm earth all around. Doris knew she should rush to a telephone, get a message to the studio, to Tony Valentine, to poor Jimpsey. But instead she turned her brown eyes on her caveman, reducing him to utter helplessness.

"Tell me about yourself," she demanded. "What can you do, and what kind of job do you want, and—and everything."

"My name is Gerald Griswold, commonly known as Jerry," he answered promptly. "Like Lochinvar I came out of the west, with high ambitions, but unlike him, my steed was *not* the best through all the wide border. It didn't carry me anywhere—only as far as the chorus. Then the war came, and—and that's all."

"That's just the beginning. But of course you won't tell about the war—none of the nice men will. So we'll get down to the present. What can you *do?*"

He threw back his head with a joyous abandonment of mirth that she had not seen in him before. "For a daughter of luxury, you've got a practical turn of mind," he declared. "I bet your dad made his money himself! Well, I can sing, but I *won't!* I'm through with that kind of stuff. And I can run anything that has an engine it it."

"Engineering is a good profession," she mused.

"It is. But I don't know engineering. I just have a knack of making anything *go*, you know."

"How wonderful! The only thing I can make go is a rocking chair. Can you fly? Were you in aviation?"

"I wasn't—worse luck! Or worse judgment, rather. I joined up with the first thing at hand, which happened to be the signal corps. But there were chances to fly with other fellows, odd times, and of course I took 'em. I could handle the things all right. If the armistice had held off I might have got a transfer to aviation."

"I see. Well, there are some awfully good jobs for men who can handle planes and motors and *all* engine-y things. With the right introductions . . ." She was thinking aloud now, wrinkling her nose in the absurd little way she had when considering a thing seriously. He stiffened at once.

"Thank you. But I'll find something soon. In fact, I have two or three rather good prospects. Which reminds me that I must call on one of them this evening. Where shall I take you?"

"Proud and independent. Won't have a girl helping him get a job. Just the same I'll tell Tony about him. He's so good-looking and maybe he would think doing studio thrillers was a man-size job," thought Doris, approving even while she regretted. Aloud she said, "If you are going into the city suppose you drop me anywhere that won't take you out of your way. I can get a car or a cab or walk. I live in the East Sixties."

"I'll take you there, of course," he insisted. "I don't intend to leave you until I know you are safely home."

But in the end he was persuaded to let her down on the Avenue. In truth she was afraid Jimpsey might be hovering in front of the very small and exclusive hotel where she lived. Then the truth would come out. It hadn't occurred to her that Jimpsey would think she had been kidnapped. She expected him to scold her furiously for a mad prank and a wasted afternoon. And Tony—*what* would Tony say?

But the reason she invented for not letting Jerry take her home sounded improvised and bungling to him and hurt him bitterly. She didn't want him to know just where she lived, he thought; she was afraid he would presume, would ask to call! He became suddenly very cold and formal, standing on the curb, hatless, hand outheld to say goodbye. The heart of Doris sank, desolately. How *could* she manage another meeting without taking from him the glow of heroism? And he was so good-looking, and so *real!*

So because of her real sweetness and sincerity, she bungled the matter still more! "I *want* to see you again," she declared frankly, "I'm just wondering how, or where. You see it's different, because——"

And then Jerry Griswold touched the heights of the decent instincts and good breeding which really were his by birth and training. For, though his heart was sick with longing to see this darling of fortune again, and again, and *again*, he compelled his lips to say clearly and crisply:

"Don't wonder, or trouble. I quite understand. It has been a pleasure to know you, even for a few hours. Good-bye, Miss Rose-Girl."

So final was his tone, so definitely was she dismissed that her eyes filled with tears, like a scolded child's. "I haven't told you my name, have I?" she faltered. "I didn't *mean* not to."

"I'll just remember you—*always!*—as Miss Rose-girl," he said, and though his eyes yearned his tones were firm.

"Then good-bye," she said, and turned quickly. Jerry's eyes followed her with longing, but he held himself there until she rounded a corner. Then he followed, wheeling the cycle beside him. It was no part of his plan to let her out of his care until she was safe, but he would keep so far behind she could not know.

There was a high iron fence encircling this corner lot and back of the fence a tall green hedge. Jerry, rounding the corner onto the side street, saw a blue limousine standing a few rods down, beside the curb. A very smart chauffeur, touching his hat civilly, was just speaking to Doris. She turned, rather surprised and undetermined apparently, toward the car. The chauffeur, hurrying her along a little, it seemed, flung open the door.

"Her chauffeur and maid beat her home," Jerry thought, amusedly. "Good sports to wait for her and not tell. I'll bet they worship the ground her little feet walk on."

And then, with her foot on the step, Doris suddenly gave a little scream—a scream that was promptly stifled by someone inside who put out a hand that covered her lips while the chauffeur thrust her into the car and banged the door.

For the second time that day Jerry fell onto the motorcycle and dashed forward, but with one spring the chauffeur had taken the wheel and the blue car was running swiftly eastward.

"That was a man's hand," Jerry told himself, riding close behind the speeding car. "That wretch evidently knew where she lived. He left the yellow car, got the blue closed one, and hung 'round. He used his bean while I like a fool let her go like that. He's got her now, the dirty scoundrel. But if I keep them in sight he can't——"

His reflections ceased abruptly. For there, standing on the curb beside his yellow roadster, in front of a smart little hotel, was the man whom Jerry was anathematizing. His eyes were open very wide, his mouth, too, was open. In short he was staring in the manner commonly known as pop-eyed at the fleeting limousine and the pursuing motor cycle.

As they passed, Jerry out of the tail of his eye saw the man spring into the yellow car and step on the gas.

"It's an accomplice of his in the blue car," Jerry decided. "He was waiting for it. Well, he'll find I'm in the game to stay!"

"He maneuvered her into that blue machine somehow," Jimpsey was deciding as his car took up the task of trailing Jerry. "It's plain as day. Closed car, curtains all drawn tight. And him following along behind. Well, he'll find I'm in the game to stay!"

The smart chauffeur whirled his blue car around a corner, turning south. Jerry whirled his red Indian around the corner, keeping close behind. Jimpsey essayed the same whirl with the yellow roadster. A taxicab whose driver was running under a bribe to make the Seventy-second Street subway by five-fifteen, shot out to pass another car. Jimpsey swerved to one side sharply. He escaped a collision. But right there the street had been torn up for one of the never-ending repairs to New York's sewage system. A red flag warned of danger, but that didn't help Jimpsey.

Two wheels of the yellow roadster went into the excavation, which fortunately was too narrow to take it all in. Jimpsey was hurled out, landing in the heap of soft dirt that had been thrown up by the excavators. Even with that good luck, he was stunned by the shock and the car had two tires punctured. Jerry, who had slowed down to watch, grinned gleefully and uncharitably.

"He's out of it for a little while, anyhow," he exulted, and spurted ahead to regain his position next to the blue car, which was just edging into the tangle of traffic at the Queensborough Bridge.

"Here, you! You! You with the Indian!"

Jerry heard the voice, sharp, authoritative, but it conveyed nothing to him. He had to dodge ahead of two Fords, a Pierce Arrow and a mail truck, and regain his position by the blue car. They were going across. Over into Long Island. Well, he would be with them. All this in one distracted minute, while the voice boomed on.

"You, there! Stop!"

A shrill whistle, a sudden, confusing stoppage of the tide of traffic all around him. A hand on his shoulder. A heavy hand.

"Say, where'd you think you're going? Know enough to stop when you're told, or don't you? Ever hear of traffic laws?"

Sickeningly, his predicament dawned on Jerry. He had broken a traffic rule. He had not sensed that the voice was bawling at him, so he had not heeded. Thus his transgression was magnified!

And as he waited miserably beside the uniformed giant whose lifted finger could send him on his way or point him to a trip to the station house, the whistle blew again. The blue car moved out on the bridge, pushing smoothly on, with scores of other cars packing in, a solid, swiftly moving mass, behind it.

DORIS, finding herself on the softly cushioned seat of the blue limousine, quite comfortable except for the firm pressure of a man's strong fingers on her red lips, subsided instantly. What was the use of struggling? It was undignified and could get her nowhere. Truly, a long experience in perilous predicaments has its advantages. The eyes that she turned on her captor were blazing with indignation rather than fear. The man was well-dressed, in a serge suit and cap, but a mask concealed all his face except a pair of very dark eyes which were regarding her with evident admiration.

"Terribly sorry to hold you like this," he said quietly. "I beg a million pardons. But I can't take a chance on your screaming, right here in the busy streets, you see. I assure you it won't be long."

An electric bulb was burning over their heads, so it was quite light in spite of the closely drawn curtains. Doris scanned the man beside her. He returned her gaze steadily and in a moment he felt the muscles of her mouth twitch beneath his fingers, as if the girl's inclination was to laugh.

"She may be a pampered darling, but she's got oodles of nerve," he thought amazedly.

And suddenly Doris put up her hands—such pretty, slim hands they were, with only one old-fashioned ring, set with a curiously tinted cameo.

Deliberately, glancing first at her fingers, then at the man to see if he was following her, then back to her hands again, she began to spell slowly, in the old two-handed alphabet that every school child has at some time used:

"I p-r-o-m-i-s-e o-n m-y h-o-n-o-r," went the pink-tipped fingers. The brown eyes went up to his and he nodded. The fingers went to their task again, "I w-o-n-t m-a-k-e a-n-y n-o-i——"

Before the word was finished he had removed his hand. "Good girl!" he approved. "I'll say you're game! Anybody'd think you got kidnapped every day!"

"And they'd think quite right," snapped Doris. "Kidnapped or something worse! But I'm usually given a chance to read up the part in advance. Now may I ask what this is all about?"

Amazedly, his eyes regarded her. With a little shrug he gave it up. The younger generation talk a queer lingo!

"I'm afraid I can't explain just yet," he said. "But you are perfectly safe. Keep that in mind, no matter what—er—what queer experiences you may have."

"How nice of you!" Again there was no fear in face or voice, only a thinly veiled sarcasm. "And may one ask where this chariot is taking me?"

"One may ask, but unfortunately one may not be answered," he smiled. "Better just let your mind rest."

Into their talk cut a shrill whistle and the car came to a halt. The girl's lips opened, and the man's hand flew up instantly, to be arrested by her look of cold scorn.

"*My* word means something," she said quietly. "Your chauffeur tricked me into this car with a lie that I wouldn't have paid the slightest attention to if my mind hadn't been completely occupied with something important. He said something about my friend Barbara wanting to see me, I believe. I hardly noticed—like a little fool! I'd be perfectly justified in breaking my word, but I never did it yet, and *you* shan't compel me to do it."

The whistle rang out again. They moved ahead rather slowly.

"The Queensborough Bridge," she murmured, wrinkling her nose in her funny little way. "Long Island—now why should anybody want me on Long Island? Is Tony going to——" She turned sharply toward her companion, a question on her lips, but thought better of it, and sank back against the cushions, her mouth closing with a determined little snap. For the next half hour she did not speak. The man, thankful to be relieved of reproaches or questioning, was silent, too.

When they came to a stop, the chauffeur spoke through the tube:

"Everything's all right."

There was real regret and reluctance in the voice that said to the girl, "I'm terribly sorry, but I've got to cover your eyes. It'll only be for a little while, and you're perfectly safe. And I may as well tell you that there's nobody to hear you if you screamed your head off."

"I have no intention of screaming my head off. And of course I cannot stop you, whatever you choose to do," said the girl. Her face was quite white now, but the defiance still lived, in eyes and voice. "My strength would be nothing beside yours."

"You're a game little girl," he said, rather huskily, and produced from his pocket a long silken scarf. She did not stir as he wrapped it closely about her eyes.

"How strong and brave you must feel," she jeered, but he made no reply except, "Now if you'll just give me your hand and walk along for a moment, I shan't have to carry you."

Disdainfully, she put her hand in his. She felt herself helped from the car, led carefully across a smooth space that felt sandy, over some rather jagged rocks, guided to a seat in something that rocked a little.

"A boat," she thought.

"Remember, you're quite safe," said the familiar voice, and as she felt the boat shoot through the water she realized that she was leaving the man of the blue car on the shore. For the first time real fear clutched at her heart. She bit her lips and felt herself turning faint. With a little shudder she lifted both hands to her lips, determined not to let them cry out.

"Nothing ain't going to hurt you, miss," said a man's voice. "It's only a short run. Keep your nerve up. You're safe."

The voice was rough, the speech uncultivated. What would this new captor be like, she wondered. He would not be a gentleman in appearance, like the other one? Where was she going? What for? What possible object could anyone have in stealing her? Would Jimpsey and Tony look for her, or would they, maybe, think she had really eloped with the man of the motorcycle? Was she simply going out on a new location and was the director doing this to punish her for her afternoon's madness?

The boat seemed to be making good speed. She could hear the engine purring, and now and then a slight movement from the man whom she knew must be at the wheel. Desperately she fought, and conquered her panic. By the time she heard the engine shut off and the boat came to a stop she had herself well in hand.

"Just set perfectly still for a minute, *if* you please," said the man. "I'll pull the boat up and have you out of there in a jiffy."

He seemed to be bringing the boat alongside a landing place now. In a moment she heard, to her immeasurable relief, a woman's voice, full-throated and rather pleasant.

"Well, you've brought our guest, haven't you? Let me get in there and take that scarf off her. I guess she'd like to be able to see about her again. There, my dear, everything's all right."

Doris felt deft hands wrestling capably with the knot in the scarf. An instant and it fell from her face. A woman, with a pleasant face and kindly twinkling eyes, was bending over her, stretching a hand from the rock on which she stood.

"Come," she said, "don't worry. Nothing's going to hurt you. And supper's all ready for you."

Doris glanced about her for an instant. The boat had been run into a narrow inlet, and was shut in by rocks. So there was nothing to see but the rocks, the woman, tall and blonde and rather splendidly built, and the man, short and dark, with snapping black eyes and a cool, almost expressionless face.

"Come on," urged the woman again.

Doris rose, rather stiffly, glad to accept the aid of the friendly hand. From the point where the woman stood a flight of rough steps had been cut in the stones. These they ascended, the woman keeping her reassuring grasp on the girl's hand. At the top, Doris stopped, with a little cry.

"Oh, a *lighthouse!*" she gasped. "I never saw one close at hand before. Do you live here? Are we going to have a scene here?"

The man and woman exchanged quick, puzzled glances before the woman spoke. "No scenes, I hope, miss. You're just going to make us a little visit and rest up a bit. See, we have to go up the ladder. Are you afraid to climb?"

Doris glanced at the ladder, a narrow one, of iron, painted red. It ran straight up, probably a hundred feet, to a balcony surrounding the tall circular structure.

"Me, afraid of a little stunt like that?" she laughed. "I wish I never had anything worse to do." Lightly she ran up, ahead of them both, while they looked at each other in puzzled surprise.

"Lord, if she'd get hurt here," growled the man, and the woman hurried up the ladder. Doris was standing on the narrow balcony, looking at the tossing waters that stretched away on every side. Off to the west the sun was dropping into the waves, turning them to molten gold, and a blaze of glory ran up the sky, melting off into vivid crimsons that paled into rose and amber. From the east twilight came creeping, dulling the blueness of the waters. The girl had forgotten all fear, all uneasiness. Her eyes were like twin stars as she turned to her new hostess.

"I never saw anything so beautiful," she cried. "Do you live here all the time? It makes one feel so—so clean, somehow, and holy, doesn't it? And so glad to be alive!"

Beside her the man spoke, civilly enough.

"I've got to report back to mainland before I eat," he said. "You two needn't wait. And I've got to have something of yours to take back with me, miss. Something that can't be mistook. I reckon that ring will do as well as anything."

"My ring?" Her eyes had widened and darkened. "But I can't give that up! Why should you take my ring from me?"

"You'll get it back, miss," put in the woman reassuringly.

"But I can't let it go. It—it was my mother's ring."

"Well, what of it?" demanded the man. "Your mother won't care. She'll be glad enough to see it. Don't keep me waiting, please, miss."

"Glad to see it? You don't understand. My mother is dead. She's been dead three years."

"She's been——" abruptly, the woman broke off, staring at the man who returned her gaze, his jaw dropping foolishly. They seemed to be asking each other silent questions to which they found no answers. And suddenly Doris stamped her foot imperiously.

(*Continued on page* 31)

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

"The Business of Life"

(*Continued from page* 10)

"I'm not in the habit of leaving a sinking ship," he said curtly.

"Then—you will marry me—when——" She stopped short and turned very white. After a moment the door-bell rang again.

Desboro glanced at the clock, then shrugged

"Wh—who is it?" she faltered

"It's probably somebody after you, Elena"

"It can't be. He wouldn't come, would he?"

The bell sounded again.

"What are you going to do?" she breathed.

"Do? Let him in."

"Wha do you think it is?"

"Your husband of course."

"Then—why are you going to let him in?"

"To talk it over with him."

"But—but I don't know what he'll do. I don't know him, I tell you. What do I know about him—except that he's big and red? How do I know what might be hidden behind that fixed grin of his?"

"Well, we'll find out in a minute or to," said Desboro coolly.

"Jim! You must stand by me now!"

"I've done it so far, haven't I? You needn't worry."

"You won't let him take me back! He can't, can he?"

"Not if you refuse to go. But you won't refuse—if he's man enough to ask you to return."

"But—suppose he won't ask me to go back?"

"In that case I'll stand for what you've done. I'll marry you if he means to disgrace you. Now let's see what he does mean."

She caught his sleeve as he passed her, then let it go. The steady ringing of the bell was confusing and terrifying her, and she glanced about her like a trapped creature, listening to the distant jingling of chains and the click of bolts as Desboro undid the outer door.

Silence, then a far sound in the hall, footsteps coming nearer, nearer; and she dropped stiffly on the sofa as Desboro entered, followed by Cary Clydesdale in fur motor cap, coat and steaming goggles.

Desboro motioned her husband to a chair, but the man stood looking at his wife through his goggles, with a silly, fixed grin stamped on his features. Then he drew off the goggles and one fur gauntlet, fumbled in his overcoat, produced the crumpled note which she had left for him, laid it on the table between them, and sat down heavily, filling the leather armchair with his bulk. His bare red hand steamed. After a moment's silence, he pointed at the note.

"Well," she said, with an effort, "what of it! It's true—what this letter says."

"It isn't true yet, is it?" asked Clydesdale simply.

"What do you mean?"

But Desboro understood him, and answered for her with a calm shake of his head. Then the wife understood, too, and the deep color dyed her skin from throat to brow.

"Why do you come here—after reading that?" She pointed at the letter. "Didn't you read it?"

Clydesdale passed his hand slowly over his perplexed eyes.

"I came to take you home. The car is here."

"Didn't you understand what I wrote? Isn't it plain enough?" she demanded excitedly.

"No. You'd better get ready, Elena."

"Is that as much of a man as you are—when I tell you I'd rather be Mr. Desboro's——"

Something behind the fixed grin on her husband's face made her hesitate and falter. Then he swung heavily around and looked at Desboro.

"How much are you in this, anyway?" he asked, still grinning.

"Do you expect an answer?"

"I think I'll get one."

"I think you won't get one out of me."

"Oh. So you're at the bottom of it all, are you?"

"No doubt. A woman doesn't do such a thing unpersuaded. If you don't know enough to look after your own wife, there are plenty of men who'll apply for the job—as I did."

"You're a very rotten scoundrel, aren't you?" said Clydesdale, grinning.

"Oh, so-so."

Clydesdale sat very still, his grin unchanged, and Desboro looked him over coolly.

"Now, what do you want to do? You and Mrs. Clydesdale can remain here to-night, if you wish. There are plenty of bedrooms——"

Clydesdale rose, bulking huge and menacing in his furs; but Desboro, sitting on the edge of the table, continued to swing one foot gently, smiling at danger.

And Clydesdale hesitated, then veered around toward his wife, with the heavy movement of a perplexed and tortured bear.

"Get your furs on," he said, in a dull voice.

"Do you wish me to go home?"

"Get your furs on!"

"Do you wish me to go home, Cary?"

"Yes. Good God! What do you suppose I came here for?"

She walked over to Desboro and held out her hand:

"No wonder women like you. Good-bye—and if I come again—may I remain?"

"Don't come," he said, smiling, and holding her coat for her.

Clydesdale strode forward, took the fur garment from Desboro's hands, and held it open. His wife looked up at him, shrugged her shoulders, and suffered him to invest her with the coat.

After a moment Desboro said:

"Clydesdale, I am not your enemy. I wish you good luck."

"You go to hell," said Clydesdale thickly.

Mrs. Clydesdale moved toward the door, her husband on one side, Desboro on the other, and so, along the hall in silence, and out to the porch, where the glare of the acetylenes lighted up the frozen drive.

"It feels like rain," observed Desboro. "Not a very gay outlook for Christmas. All the same, I wish you a happy one, Elena. And, really, I believe you could have it, if you cared to."

"Thank you, Jim. You have been mistakenly kind to me. I am afraid you will have to be crueller some day. Good-bye—till then."

Clydesdale had descended to the drive and was conferring with the chauffeur. Now he turned and looked up at his wife. She went down the steps with Desboro, and he nodded good-night. Clydesdale put her into the limousine and then got in after her.

A few moments later the red tail-lamp of the motor disappeared among the trees bordering the drive, and Desboro turned and walked back into the house.

"That," he said aloud to himself, "settles the damned species for me! Let the next one look out for herself!"

He sauntered back into the library. The letter that she had left for her husband still lay on the table, apparently forgotten.

"A fine specimen of logic," he said. "She doesn't get on with him, so she decides to use Jim to jimmy the lock of wedlock! A white man can understand the Orientals better."

He glanced at the clock, and decided that there was no sense in going to bed, so he composed himself on the haircloth sofa once more, lighted a cigarette, and began to read, coolly using the note she had left, as a bookmark.

It was dawn before he closed the book and went away to bathe and change his attire.

While breakfasting he glanced out and saw that it had begun to rain. A green Christmas for day after to-morrow! And, thinking of Christmas, he thought of a girl he knew who usually wore blue, and what sort of a gift he had better send her when he went to the city that morning.

But he didn't go. He called up a jeweler and gave directions what to send and where to send it.

Then, listless, depressed, he idled about the great house, putting off instinctively the paramount issue—the necessary investigation of his finances. But he had evaded it too long to attempt it lightly now. It was only a question of days before he'd have to take up in deadly earnest the question of how to pay his debts. He knew it; and it made him yawn with disgust.

After luncheon he wrote a letter to one Jean Louis Nevers, a New York dealers in antiques, saying that he would drop in some day after Christmas to consult Mr. Nevers on a matter of private business.

And that is as far as he got with his very vague plan for paying off an accumulation of debts which, at last, were seriously annoying him.

The remainder of the day he spent tramping about the woods of Westchester with a pack of nondescript dogs belonging to him. He liked to walk in the rain; he liked his mongrels.

In the evening he resumed his attitude of unstudied elegance on the sofa, also his book; using Mrs. Clydesdale's note again to mark his place.

Mrs. Quant ventured to knock, bringing some "magic drops," which he smilingly refused. Farris announced dinner, and he dined as usual, surrounded by dogs and cats, all very cordial toward the master of Silverwood, who was unvaryingly so just and so kind to them.

After dinner he lighted a pipe, thought idly of the girl in blue, hoped she'd like his gift of aquamarines, and picked up his book again, yawning.

He had had about encugh of Silverwood, and he was realizing it. He had had more than enough of women, too.

The next day, riding one of his weedy hunters over Silverwood estate, he encountered the daughter of a neighbor, an old playmate of his when summer days were half a year long, and yesterdays immediately became embedded in the middle of the middle ages.

She was riding a fretful, handsome, Kentucky three-year-old, and sitting nonchalantly to his exasperating and jiggling gait.

The girl was one Daisy Hammerton—the sort men call "square" and "white," and a "good fellow"; but she was softly rounded and dark, and very feminine.

She bade him good morning in a friendly voice; and her voice and manner might well have been different, for Desboro had not behaved very civilly toward her or toward her family, or to any of his Westchester neighbors for that matter: and the rumors of his behavior in New York were anything but pleasant to a young girl's ears. So her cordiality was the more to her credit.

He made rather shame-faced inquiries about her and her parents, but she lightly put him at his ease, and they turned into the woods together on the old and unembarrassed terms of comradeship.

"Captain Herrendene is back. Did you know it?" she asked.

"Nice old bird," commented Desboro. "I must look him up. Where did he come from—Luzon?"

"Yes. He wrote us. Why don't you ask him up for the skating, Jim?"

"What skating?" said Desboro, with a laugh. "It will be a green Christmas, Daisy—it's going to rain again. Besides," he added, "I shan't be here much longer."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

He reddened. "You always were the sweetest thing in Westchester. Fancy your being sorry that I'm going back to town when I've never once ridden over to see you as long as I've been here!"

She laughed. "We've known each other too long to let such things make any real difference. But you have been a trifle negligent."

"Daisy, dear, I'm that way in everything. If anybody asked me to name the one person I would not neglect, I'd name you. But you see what happens—even to you! I don't know—I don't seem to have any character. I don't know what's the matter with me——"

"I'm afraid that you have no beliefs, Jim."

"How can I have any when the world is so rotten after nineteen hundred years of Christianity?"

"I have not found it rotten."

"No, because you live in a clean and wholesome circle."

"Why don't you, too? You can live where you please, can't you?"

He laughed and waved his hand toward the horizon.

"You know what the Desboros have always been. You needn't pretend you don't. All Westchester has it in for us. But relief is in sight," he added, with mock seriousness. "I'm the last of 'em, and your children, Daisy, won't have to endure the morally painful necessity of tolerating anybody of my name in the county."

She smiled: "Jim, you could be so nice if you only would."

"What! With no beliefs?"

"They're so easily acquired."

"Not in New York town, Daisy."

"Perhaps not among the people you affect. But such people really count for so little—they are only a small but noisy section of a vast and quiet and wholesome community. And the noise and cynicism are both based on idleness, Jim. Nobody who is busy is destitute of beliefs. Nobody who is responsible can avoid ideals."

"Quite right," he said. "I am idle and irresponsible. But, Daisy, it's as much a part of me as are my legs and arms, and head and body. I am not stupid; I have plenty of mental resources; I am never bored; I enjoy my drift through life in an empty tub as much as the man who pulls furiously through it in a rowboat loaded with ambitions, ballasted with brightly moral resolves, and buffeted by the cross seas of duty and conscience. That's rather neat, isn't it?"

"You can't drift safely very long without ballast," said the girl, smiling.

"Watch me."

She did not answer that she had been watching him for the last few years, or tell him how it had hurt her to hear his name linked with the gossip of fashionably vapid doings among idle and vapid people. For his had been an inheritance of ability and culture, and the leisure to develop both. Out of idleness and easy virtue had at last emerged three generations of Desboros full of energy and almost ruthless ability—his great-grandfather, grandfather and father—but he, the fourth generation, was throwing back into the melting pot all that his father and grandfathers had carried from it—even the material part of it. Land and fortune, were beginning to disappear, together with the sturdy mental and moral qualities of a race that had almost overcome its vicious origin under the vicious Stuarts. Only the physical stamina as yet seemed to remain intact; for Desboro was good to look upon.

"An odd thing happened the other night—or, rather, early in the morning," she said. "We were awakened by a hammering at the door and a horn blowing—and guess who it was?"

"Not Gabriel—though you look immortally angelic to-day——"

"Thank you, Jim. No; it was Cary and Elena Clydesdale, saying that their car had broken down. What a ridiculous hour to be motoring! Eelena was half dead with the cold,too. It seems they'd been to a party somewhere and were foolish enough to try to motor back to town. They stopped with us and took the noon train to town. Elena told me to give you her love; that's what reminded me."

"Give her mine when you see her," he said pleasantly.

When he returned to his house he sat down with a notion of trying to bring order out of the chaos into which his affairs had tumbled. But the mere sight of his desk, choked with unanswered letters and unpaid bills, sickened him, and he threw himself on the sofa and picked up his book, determined to rid himself of Silverwood House and all its curious, astonishing and costly contents.

"Tell Riley to be on hand Monday," he said to Mrs. Quant that evening. "I want the cases in the wing rooms and the stuff in the armory cleaned up, because I expect a Mr. Nevers to come here and recatalogue the entire collection next week."

"Will you be at home, Mr. James?" she asked anxiously.

"No. I'm going South, duck-shooting. See that Mr. Nevers is comfortable if he chooses to remain here; for it will take him a week or two to do his work in the armory, I suppose. So you'll have to start both furnaces to-morrow, and keep open fires going, or the man will freeze solid. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. And if you are going away, Mr. James, I could pack a little bottle of 'magic drops'——"

"By all means," he said, with good-humored resignation.

He spent the evening fussing over his guns and ammunition, determined to go to New York in the morning. But he didn't; indecision had become a habit; he knew it, and wondered a little at himself for his lack of decision.

He was deadly weary of Silverwood, but too lazy to leave; and it made him think of the laziest dog on record, who yelped all day because he had sat down on a tack and was too lazy to get up.

So it was not until the middle of Christmas week that Desboro summoned up sufficient energy to start for New York. And when at last he was on the train, he made up his mind that he wouldn't return to Silverwood in a hurry.

But that plan was one of the mice-like plans men make so confidently under the eternal skies.

DESBORO arrived in town on a late train. It was raining, so he drove to his rooms, exchanged his overcoat for a raincoat, and went out into the downpour again, undisturbed, disdaining an umbrella.

In a quarter of an hour's vigorous walking he came to the celebrated antique shop of Louis Nevers, and entered, letting in a gust of wind and rain at his heels.

Everywhere in the semi-gloom of the place objects loomed mysteriously, their outlines lost in shadow except where, here and there, a gleam of wintry daylight touched a jewel or fell across some gilded god, lotus-throned, brooding alone.

When Desboro's eyes became accustomed to the obscurity, he saw that there was armor there, complete

suits, Spanish and Milanese, and an odd Morion or two; and there were jewels in old-time settings, tapestries, silver, ivories, Hispano-Moresque lustre, jades, crystals. The subdued splendor of Chinese and Japanese armor, lacquered in turquoise, and scarlet and gold, glimmered on lay figures masked by grotesque helmets; an Ispahan rug, softly luminous, trailed across a table beside him, and on it lay a dead Sultan's scimitar, curved like the new moon, its slim blade inset with magic characters, the hilt wrought as delicately as the folded frond of a fern, graceful, exquisite, gem-incrusted.

There were a few people about the shop, customers and clerks, moving shapes in the dull light. Presently a little old salesman wearing a skull cap approached him.

"Rainy weather for Christmas week, sir. Can I be of service?"

"Thanks," said Desboro. "I came here by appointment on a matter of private business."

"Certainly, sir. I think Miss Nevers is not engaged. Kindly give me your card and I will find out."

"But I wish to see Mr. Nevers himself."

"Mr. Nevers is dead, sir."

"Oh! I didn't know——"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Nevers died two years ago." And, as Desboro remained silent and thoughtful: "Perhaps you might wish to see Miss Nevers? She has charge of everything now, including all our confidential affairs."

"No doubt," said Desboro pleasantly, "but this is an affair requiring personal judgment and expert advice——"

"I understand, sir. The gentlemen who came to see Mr. Nevers about matters requiring expert opinions now consult Miss Nevers personally."

"Who is Miss Nevers?"

"His daughter, sir." He added, with quaint pride: "The great jewelers of Fifth Avenue consult her; experts in our business often seek her advice. The Museum authorities have been pleased to speak highly of her monograph on Hurtado de Mendoza."

Desboro hesitated for a moment, then gave his card to the old salesman, who trotted away with it down the unlighted vista of the shop.

The young man's pleasantly indifferent glance rested on one object after another, not unintelligently, but without particular interest. Yet there were some very wonderful and very rare and beautiful things to be seen in the celebrated shop of the late Jean Louis Nevers.

So he stood, leaning on his walking stick, the upturned collar of his raincoat framing a face which was too colorless and worn for a man of his age; and presently the little old salesman came trotting back, the tassel on his neat silk cap bobbing with every step.

"Miss Nevers will be very glad to see you in her private office. This way, if you please, sir."

Desboro followed to the rear of the long, dusky shop, turned to the left through two more rooms full of shadowy objects dimly discerned, then traversed a tiled passage to where electric lights burned over a doorway.

The old man opened the door; Desboro entered and found himself in a square picture gallery, lighted from above, and hung all around with dark velvet curtains to protect the pictures on sale. As he closed the door behind him a woman at a distant desk turned her head, but remained seated, pen poised, looking across the room at him as he advanced. Her black gown blended so deceptively with the hangings that at first he could distinguish only the white face and throat and hands against the shadows behind her.

"Will you kindly announce me to Miss Nevers?" he said, looking around for a chair.

"I am Miss Nevers."

She closed the ledger in which she had been writing, laid aside her pen and arose. As she came forward he found himself looking at a tall girl, slim to thinness, except for the rounded oval of her face under a loose crown of yellow hair, from which a stray lock sagged untidily, curling across her cheek.

He thought: "A blue-stocking prodigy of learning, with her hair in a mess, and painted at that." But he said politely, yet with that hint of idle amusement in his voice which often sounded through his speech with women:

"Are you the Miss Nevers who has taken over this antique business, and who writes monographs on Hurtado de Mendoza?"

"Yes."

"You appear to be very young to succeed such a distinguished authority as your father, Miss Nevers."

His observation did not seem to disturb her, nor did the faintest hint of mockery in his pleasant voice. She waited quietly for him to state his business.

He said: "I came here to ask somebody's advice about engaging an expert to appraise and catalogue my collection."

And even while he was speaking he was conscious that never before had he seen such a white skin and such red lips—if they were natural. And he began to think that they might be.

He said, noticing the bright lock astray on her cheek once more:

"I suppose that I may speak to you in confidence—just as I would have spoken to your father."

She was still looking at him with the charm of youthful inquiry in her eyes.

"Certainly," she said.

She glanced down at his card which still lay on her blotter, stood a moment with her hand resting on the desk, then indicated a chair at her elbow and seated herself.

He took the chair.

"I wrote you that I'd drop in sometime this week. The note was directed to your father. I did not know he was not living."

"You are the Mr. Desboro who owns the collection of armor?" she asked.

"I am that James Philip Desboro who lives at Silverwood," he said. "Evidently you have heard of the Desboro collection of arms and armor."

"Everybody has, I think."

He said, carelessly: "Museums, amateur collectors, and students know it, and I suppose most dealers in antiques have heard of it."

"Yes, all of them, I believe."

"My house," he went on, "Silverwood, is in darkest Westchester, and my recent grandfather, who made the collection, built a wing to contain it. It's there as he left it. My father made no additions to it. Nor," he added, "have I. Now I want to ask you whether a lot of those things have not increased in value since my grandfather's day?"

"No doubt."

"And the collection is valuable?"

"I think it must be—very."

"And to determine its value I ought to have an expert go there and catalogue it and appraise it?"

"Certainly."

"Who? That's what I've come here to find out."

"Perhaps you might wish us to do it."

"Is that still part of your business?"

"It is."

"Well," he said, after a moment's thought, "I am going to sell the Desboro collection."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she exclaimed, under her breath; and looked up to find him surprised and beginning to be amused again.

"Your attitude is not very professional—for a dealer in antiques," he said quizzically.

"I am something else, too, Mr. Desboro." She had flushed a little, not responding to his lighter tone.

"I am very sure you are," he said. "Those who really know about and care for such collections must feel sorry to see them dispersed."

"I had hoped that the Museum might have the Desboro collection some day," she said, in a low voice.

He said: "I am sorry it is not to be so," and had the grace to redden a trifle.

She played with her pen, waiting for him to continue; and she was so young, and fresh, and pretty that he was in no hurry to finish. Besides, there was something about her face that had been interesting him—an expression which made him think sometimes that she was smiling, or on the verge of it. But the slightly upcurled corners of her mouth had been fashioned so by her Maker, or perhaps had become so from some inborn gaiety of heart, leaving a faint, sweet imprint on her lips.

To watch her was becoming a pleasure. He wondered what her smile might be like—all the while pretending an absent-minded air which cloaked his idle curiosity.

She waited, undisturbed, for him to come to some conclusion. And all the while he was thinking that her lips were perhaps just a trifle too full—that there was more of Aphrodite in her face than of any saint he remembered; but her figure was thin enough for any saint. Perhaps a course of banquets—perhaps a regime under a diet list warranted to improve——"

"Did you ever see the Desboro collection, Miss Nevers?" he asked vaguely.

"No."

"What expert will you send to catalogue and appraise it?"

"I could go."

"You!" he said, surprised and smiling.

"That is my profession."

"I knew, of course, that it was your father's. But I never supposed that you——"

"Did you wish to have an appraisement made, Mr. Desboro?" she interrupted dryly.

"Why, yes, I suppose so. Otherwise, I wouldn't know what to ask for anything."

"Have you really decided to sell that superb collection?" she demanded.

"What else can I do?" he inquired gayly. "I suppose the Museum ought to have it, but I can't afford to give it away or to keep it. In other words—and brutal ones—I need money."

She said gravely: "I am sorry."

And he knew that she didn't mean she was sorry because he needed money, but because the Museum was not to have the arms, armor, jades and ivories. Yet, somehow, her "I am sorry" sounded rather sweet to him.

For a while he sat silent, one knee crossed over the other, twisting the silver crook of his stick. From moment to moment she raised her eyes from the blotter to let them rest inquiringly on him, then went on tracing arabesques over her blotter with an inkless pen. One slender hand was bracketed on her hip, and he noticed the fingers, smooth and rounded as a child's. Nor could he keep his eyes from her profile, with its delicate, short nose, ever so slightly arched, and its lips, just a trifle too sensuous—and that soft lock astray again against her cheek. No, her hair was not dyed, either. And it was as though she divined his thought, for she looked up suddenly from her blotter and he instantly gazed elsewhere, feeling guilty and impertinent—sentiments not often experienced by that young man.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Miss Nevers," he concluded, "I'll write you a letter to my housekeeper, Mrs. Quant. Shall I? And you'll go up and look over the collection and let me know what you think of it!"

"Do you not expect to be there?"

"Ought I to be?"

"I really can't answer you, but it seems to me rather important that the owner of a collection should be present when the appraiser begins work."

"The fact is," he said, "I'm booked for a silly shooting trip. I'm supposed to start to-morrow."

"Then perhaps you had better write the letter. My full name is Jacqueline Nevers—if you require it. You may use my desk."

She rose; he thanked her, seated himself, and began a letter to Mrs. Quant, charging her to admit, entertain, and otherwise particularly cherish one Miss Jacqueline Nevers, and give her the keys to the armory.

While he was busy, Jacqueline Nevers paced the room backward and forward, her pretty head thoughtfully bent, hands clasped behind her, moving leisurely, absorbed in her cogitations.

Desboro ended his letter and sat for a moment watching her until, happening to glance at him, she discovered his idleness.

"Have you finished?" she asked.

A trifle out of countenance he rose and explained that he had, and laid the letter on her blotter. Realizing that she was expecting him to take his leave, he also realized that he didn't want to. And he began to spar with Destiny for time.

"I suppose this matter will require several visits from you," he inquired.

"Yes, several."

"It takes some time to catalogue and appraise such a collection, doesn't it?"

"Yes."

She answered him very sweetly but impersonally, and there seemed to be in her brief replies no encouragement for him to linger. So he started to pick up his hat, thinking as fast as he could all the while; and his facile wits saved him at the last moment.

"Well, upon my word!" he exclaimed. "Do you know that you and I have not yet discussed terms?"

"We make our usual charges," she said.

"And what are those?"

She explained briefly.

"That is for cataloguing and appraising only?"

"Yes."

"And if you sell the collection?"

"We take our usual commission."

"And you think you can sell it for me?"

"I'll have to—won't I?"

He laughed. "But can you?"

"Yes."

As the curt affirmative fell from her lips, suddenly, under all her delicate, youthful charm, Desboro divined the note of hidden strength, the self-confidence of capability—oddly at variance with her allure of lovely immaturity. Yet he might have surmised it, for though her figure was that of a girl, her face, for all its soft, fresh beauty, was a woman's, and already firmly moulded in noble lines which even the scarlet fulness of the lips could not deny. For if she had the mouth of Aphrodite, she had her brow, also.

He had not been able to make her smile, although the upcurled corners of her mouth seemed always to promise something. He wondered what her expression might be like when animated—even annoyed. And his idle curiosity led him on to the edges of impertinence.

"May I say something that I have in mind and not offend you?" he asked.

"Yes—if you wish." She lifted her eyes.

"Do you think you are old enough and experienced enough to catalogue and appraise such an important collection as this one? I thought perhaps you might prefer not to take such a responsibility upon yourself, but would rather choose to employ some veteran expert."

She was silent.

"Have I offended you?"

She walked slowly to the end of the room, turned, and, passing him a third time, looked up at him and laughed—a most enchanting little laugh—a revelation as delightful as it was unexpected.

"I believe you really want to do it yourself!" he exclaimed.

"Want to? I'm dying to! I don't think there is anything in the world I had rather try!" she said, with a sudden flush and sparkle of recklessness that transfigured her. "Do you suppose anybody in my business would willingly miss the chance of personally handling such a transaction? Of course I want to. Not only because it would be a most creditable transaction for this house—not only because it would be a profitable business undertaking, but"—and the swift, engaging smile parted her lips once more—"in a way I feel as though my own ability had been questioned——"

"By me?" he protested. "Did I actually dare question your ability?"

"Something very like it. So, naturally, I would seize an opportunity to vindicate myself—if you offer it——"

"I do offer it," he said.

"I accept."

There was a moment's indecisive silence. He picked up his hat and stick, lingering still; then:

"Good-bye, Miss Nevers. When are you going up to Silverwood?"

"To-morrow, if it quite convenient."

"Entirely. I may be there. Perhaps I can fix it—put off that shooting party for a day or two."

"I hope so."

"I hope so, too."

He walked reluctantly toward the door, turned and came all the way back.

"Perhaps you had rather I remained away from Silverwood."

"Why?"

"But, of course," he said, "there is a nice old housekeeper there, and a lot of servants——"

She laughed. "Thank you very much, Mr. Desboro. It is very nice of you, but I had not considered that at all. Business women must disregard such conventions, if they're to compete with men. I'd like you to be there, because I may have questions to ask."

"Certainly—it's very good of you. I—I'll try to be there——"

"Because I might have some very important questions to ask you," she repeated.

"Of course. I've got to be there. Haven't I?"

"It might be better for your interests."

"Then I'll be there. Well, good-bye, Miss Nevers."

"Good-bye, Mr. Desboro."

"And thank you for undertaking it," he said cordially.

"Thank you for asking me."

"Oh I'm really delighted. It's most kind of you. Good-bye Miss Nevers."

"Good-bye Mr. Desboro."

He had to go that time; and he went still retaining a confused vision of blue eyes and vivid lips and of a single lock of hair astray once more across a smooth, white cheek.

When he had gone, Jacqueline seated herself at her desk and picked up her pen. She remained so for a while, then emerged abruptly from a fit of abstraction and sorted some papers unnecessarily. When she had arranged them to her fancy, she rearranged them. Then the little Louis XIV desk interested her, and she examined the inset placques of flowered Sevres in detail, as though the little desk of tulip, satinwood and walnut had not stood there since she was a child.

Later she noticed his card on her blotter; and, face framed in her hands, she studied it so long that the card became a glimmering white patch and vanished; and before her remote gaze his phantom grew out of space, seated there in the empty chair beside her—the loosened collar of his raincoat revealing to her the most attractive face of any man she had ever looked upon in her twenty-two years of life.

Toward evening the electric lamps were lighted in the shop; rain fell more heavily outside; few people entered. She was busy with ledgers and files of old catalogues recording auction sales, the name of the purchaser and the prices pencilled on the margins in her father's curious handwriting. Also her card index aided her. Under the head of "Desboro" she was able to note what objects of interest or of art her father had bought for her recent visitor's grandfather, and the prices paid—little, indeed, in those days, compared

with what the same objects would now bring. And, continuing her search, she finally came upon an uncompleted catalogue of the Desboro collection. It was in manuscript—her father's peculiar French chirography—neat and accurate as far as it went.

Everything bearing upon the Desboro collection she bundled together and strapped with rubber bands; then, one by one, the clerks and salesmen came to report to her before closing up. She locked the safe, shut her desk, and went out to the shop, where she remained until the shutters were clamped and the last salesman had bade her a cheery good night. Then, bolting the door and double-locking it, she went up the stairs, where she had the two upper floors to herself, and a cook and chambermaid to keep house for her.

In the gaslight of the upper apartment she seemed even more slender than by daylight—her eyes bluer, her lips more scarlet. She glanced into the mirror of her dresser as she passed, pausing to twist up the unruly lock that had defied her since childhood.

Everywhere in the room Christmas was still in evidence—a tiny tree, with frivolous, glittering things still twisted and suspended among the branches, calendars, sachets, handkerchiefs still gaily tied in ribbons, flowering shrubs swathed in tissue and bows of tulle—these from her salesmen, and she had carefully but pleasantly maintained the line of demarcation by presenting each with a gold piece.

But there were other gifts—gloves and stockings, and bon-bons, and books, from the friends who were girls when she too was a child at school; and a set of volumes from Cary Clydesdale whose collection of jades she was cataloguing. The volumes were very beautiful and expensive. The gift had surprised her.

Among her childhood friends was her social niche; the circumference of their circle the limits of her social environment. They came to her and she went to them; their pastimes and pleasures were hers; and if there was not, perhaps, among them her intellectual equal, she had ben satisfied to have them hold her as a good companion who otherwise possesed much strange and perhaps useless knowledge quite beyond their compass.

So, amid these people, she had found a place prepared for her when she emerged from childhood. What lay outside of this circle she surmised with the intermittent curiosity of ignorance, or of a bystander who watches a pageant for a moment and hastens on, preoccupied with matters more familiar.

All young girls think of pleasures; she had thought of them always when the day's task was ended, and she had sought them with all the ardor of youth.

In her, mental and physical pleasure were wholesomely balanced; the keen delight of intellectual experience, the happiness of research and attainment, went hand in hand with a rather fastidious appetite for having the best time that circumstances permitted.

She danced when she had a chance, went to theatres and restaurants with her friends, bathed at Manhattan in summer, when gay parties were organized, and did the thousand innocent things that thousands of young business girls do whose lines are cast in the metropolis.

Since her father's death she had been intensely lonely; only a desperate and steady application to business had pulled her through the first year without a breakdown.

The second year she rejoined her friends and went about again with them. Now, the third year since her father's death was already dawning; and her last prayer as the old year died had been that the new one would bring her friends and happiness.

Seated before the wood fire in her bedroom, leisurely undressing, she thought of Desboro and the business that concerned him. He was so very good looking—in the out-world manner— the manner of those who dwelt outside of orbit.

She had not been very friendly with him at first. She had wanted to be; instinct counselled reserve, and she had listened—until the very last. He had a way of laughing at her in every word—in even an ordinary business conversation. She had been conscious all the while of his half-listless interest in her, of an idle curiosity, which, before it had grown offensive, had become friendly and at times almost boyish in its naïve self-disclosure. And it made her smile to remember how very long it took him to take his leave.

But—a man of that kind—a man of the out-world—with the something in his face that betrays shadows which she had never seen cast—and never would see—he was no boy. For in his face was the faint imprint of that pallid wisdom which warned. Women in his own world might ignore the warning; perhaps it did not menace them. But instinct told her that it might be difficult outside that world.

She nestled into her fire-warmed bath-robe and sat pensively fitting her bare feet into her slippers.

Men were odd: alike and unalike. Since her father's death, she had had to be careful. Wealthy gentlemen, old and young , amateurs of armour, ivories, porcelains, jewels, all clients of her father, had sometimes sent for her too many times on too many pretexts; and sometimes their paternal manner toward her had made her uncomfortable. Desboro was of that same caste. Perhaps he was not like them otherwise.

When she had bathed and dressed, she dined alone, not having any invitation for the evening. After dinner she talked on the telephone to her little friend, Cynthia Lessler, whose late father's business had been to set jewels and repair antique watches and clocks. Incidentlly, he drank and chased his daughter about with a hatchet until she fled for good one evening, which afforded him an opportunity to drink himself very comfortably to death in six months.

"Hello, Cynthia!" called Jacqueline, softly.

"Hello! Is it you, Jacqueline, dear?"

"Yes. Don't you want to come over and eat chocolates and gossip?"

"Can't do it. I'm just starting for the hall."

"I thought you'd finished rehearsing."

"I've got to be on hand all the same. How are you, sweetness, anyway?"

"Blooming, my dear. I'm crazy to tell you about my good luck. I have a splendid commission with which to begin the new year."

"Good for you! What is it?"

"I can't tell you yet"—laughingly—"it's confidential business——"

"Oh, I know. Some old, fat man wants you to catalogue his collection."

"He isn't fat, either. You're the limit, Cynthia!"

"All the same, look out for him," retorted Cynthia. "I know man and his kind. Office experience is a liberal education; the theatre a post-graduate course. Are you coming to the dance to-morrow night?"

"Yes. I suppose the usual people will be there?"

"Some new ones. There's an awfully good-looking newspaper man from Yonkers. He has a car in town, too."

Something—some new and unaccustomed impatience—she did not understand exactly what—prompted Jacqueline to say scornfully:

"His name is Eddie, isn't it?'

"No. Why do you ask?"

A sudden vision of Desboro, laughing at her under every word of an unsmiling and commonplace conversation, annoyed her.

"Oh, Cynthia, dear, every good-looking man we meet is named Ed and comes from places like Yonkers."

Cynthia, slightly perplexed, said slangily that she didn't "get" her; and Jacqueline admitted that she herself didn't know what she had meant.

They gossiped for a while, then Cynthia ended:

"I'll see you tomorrow night, won't I? Listen, you little white mouse, I get what you mean by 'Eddie.'"

"Do you?"

"Yes. Shall I see you at the dance?"

"Yes, and 'Eddie,' too. Good-bye."

Jacqueline laughed again, then shivered slightly and hung up the receiver.

Back before her bedroom fire once more, Grenville's volume on ancient armour across her knees, she turned the illuminated pages absently, and gazed into the flames. What she saw among them apparently did not amuse her, for after a while she frowned, shrugged her shoulders, and resumed her reading.

But the XV century knights, in their gilded or silvered harness, had Desboro's lithe figure, and the lifted vizors of their helmets always disclosed his face. Shields emblazoned with quarterings, plumed armets, the golden morions, banner, pennon, embroidered surtout, and the brilliant trappings of battle horse and palfry, because only a confused blur of color under her eyes, framing a face that looked back at her out of youthful eyes, marred by the shadow of a wisdom she knew about—alas—but did not know.

The man of whom she was thinking had walked back to the club through a driving rain, still under the fascination of the interview, still exicted by its novelty and by her unusual beauty. He could not quite account for his exhilaration either, because, in New York, beauty is anything but unusual among the hundreds of thousands of young women who work for a living—for that is one of the seven wonders of the city—and it is the rule rather than the exception that, in this new race which is evolving itself out of an unknown amalgam, there is scarcely a young face in which some trace of it is not apparent at a glance.

Which is why, perhaps, he regarded his present exhilaration humorously, or meant to; perhaps why he chose to think of her as "Stray Lock," instead of Miss Nevers, and why he repeated confidently to himself: "She's thin as a Virgin by the 'Master of the Death of Mary'." And yet that haunting expression of her face—the sweetness of the lips upcurled at the corners—these impressions persisted as he swung on through the rain, through the hurrying throngs just released from shops and great department stores, and onward up the wet and glimmering avenue to his destination, which was the Olympian Club.

In the cloak room there were men he knew, being divested of wet hats and coats; in reading room, card room, lounge, billiard hall, squash court, and gymnasium, men greeted him with that friendly punctiliousness which indicates popularity; from the splashed edge of the great swimming pool men hailed him; clerks and curb servants saluted him smilingly as he sauntered about through the place, still driven into motion by an inexplicable and unaccustomed restlessness Cairns discovered him coming out of the billiard room:

"Have a snifter?" he suggested affably. "I'll find Ledyard and play you 'nigger' or 'rabbit' afterward, if you like."

Desboro laid a hand on his friend's shoulder:

"Jack, I've a business engagement at Silverwood to-morrow, and I believe I'd better go home to-night."

"Heavens! You've just been there! And what about the shooting trip?"

"I can join you day after to-morrow."

"Oh, come, Jim, are you going to spoil our card quartette on the train? Regge Ledyard will kill you."

"He might, at that," said Desboro pleasantly. "But I've got to be at Silverwood tomorrow. It's a matter of business, Jack."

"You and business! Lord! The amazing alliance! What are you going to do—sel la few superannuated Westchester hens at auction? By heck! You're a fake farmer and a pitiable piker, that's what you are. And Stuyve Van Alstyne had a wire to-night that the ducks are coming in to the guns by millions——"

"Go ahead and shoot 'em, then! I'll probably be along in time to pick up the game for you."

"You won't go with us?"

"Not to-morrow. A man can't neglect his own business every day in the year."

"Then you won't be in Baltimore for the Assembly, and you won't go to Georgia, and you won't do a thing that you expected to. Oh, you're the gay, quick-change artist! And don't tell me it's business, either," he added suspiciously.

"I do tell you exactly that."

"You mean to say that nothing except sheer, dry keep me busy tomorrow——"

The color slowly settled under Desboro's cheek bones:

"It's a matter with enough serious business in it to keep me busy to-morrow——"

"Selecting pearls? In which show and which row does she cavort, dear friend—speaking in an exquisitely colloquial metaphor!"

Desboro shrugged: "I'll play you a dozen games of rabbit before we dress for dinner. Come on, you suspicious sport!"

"Which show?" repeated Cairns obstinately. He did not mean it literally, footlight affairs being unfashionable. But Desboro's easy popularity with women originated continual gossip, friendly and otherwise; and his name was often connected harmlessly with that of some attractive woman in his own class—like Mrs. Clydesdale, for instance—and sometimes with some pretty unknown in some class not specified. But the surmise was idle, and the gossip vague, and neither the one nor the other disturbed Desboro, who continued to saunter through life keeping his personal affairs pleasantly to himself.

He linked his arm in Cairns's and guided him toward the billiard room. But there were no tables vacant for rabbit, which absurd game, being hard on the cloth, was limited to two decrepit pool tables.

So Cairns again suggested his celebrated "snifter," and then the young men separated, Desboro to go across the street to his elaborate rooms and dress, already a little less interested in his business trip to Silverwood, already regretting the gay party bound South for two weeks of pleasure.

And when he had emerged from a cold shower which, with the exception of sleep, is the wisest counsellor in the world, now that he stood in fresh linen and evening dress on the threshold of another night, he began to wonder at his late exhilaration.

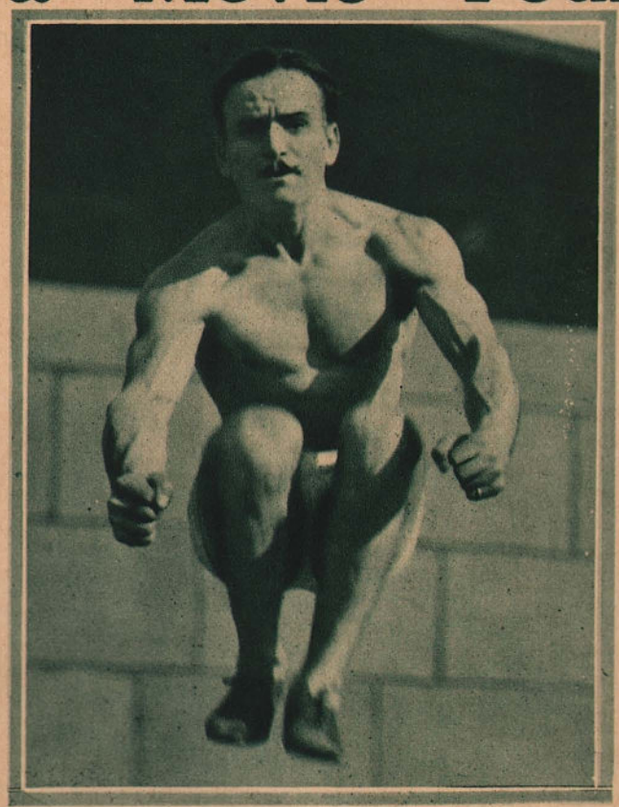
To him the approach of every night was always fraught with mysterious possibilities, and with a belief in Chance forever new. Adventure dawned with the electric lights; opportunity awoke with the evening whistles warning all laborers to rest. Opportunity for what? He did not know; he had not even surmised; but perhaps it was that something, that subtle, evanescent, volatile something for which the world itself waits instinctively, and has been waiting since the first day dawned. Maybe it is happiness for which the world has waited with patient instinct uneradicated; maybe it is death; and after all, the two may be inseparable.

Desboro, looking into the coals of a dying fire, heard the clock striking the hour. The night was before him—those hours in which anything could happen before another sun gilded the sky pinnacles of the earth.

Another hour sounded and found him listless, absent-eyed, still gazing into a dying fire.

(Continued next week)

Be a "Movie" Yourself



"Doug" as a Physical Culturist. He is a member of the National Physical Culture Week Committee

It's all right to go to the movies but it's still better to **be** a "movie."

If you're in a mental or a physical rut, **move out of it** and make your soul and body the dwelling place of health.

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National Physical Culture Week

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You may be able to help promote National Physical Culture Week in your own locality.

If you are interested, tell us what you think you can do.

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NATIONAL PHYSICAL CULTURE WEEK COMMITTEE

William Muldoon, Chairman

119 West 40th Street, New York City.

An Intimate Story of the Gish Girls' Triumphant Careers

(Continued from page 7)

trips she has been remarkably surprised at the spontaneous enthusiasm which their appearance has evoked, especially in these times when members of the film industry have been under fire.

As Dorothy said before she left for Louisville the attacks upon picture actors and actresses have affected her keenly: "When I walk down the street nowadays and someone recognizes me, I feel like turning my head so that I won't hear them say: 'Oh, there's another one of those picture actresses. I wonder when her story will be told on the front pages of the newspapers.'

"When we went to New Orleans," Lillian related, "we were fairly swept off our feet by the greeting extended us. Our train stopped at some little station en route and we heard some voices outside. It was early in the morning and we did not want to rise but we received a beautiful bouquet of flowers from an old gentleman who had heard that the Gish sisters were on board and wished to send them a mark of his esteem.

"North of New Orleans an advance agent of the theatre in which we were to appear boarded the train. He looked a little shamefaced and we wondered what was the matter with him. When we reached New Orleans we discovered the cause of his embarassment. There was a mob at the station; a brass band to escort us to our hotel, the mayor greeted us and gave us the keys to the city, and whenever we went to the theatre we had to storm our way through the crowds. We were dripping wet by the time we reached the hotel the first day, and Dorothy said, 'Now I know how it feels to be President,' for we were so busy standing up in the car so the people could see us and nodding greetings to them that we were worn out by the time we ended our stay in the south."

This evidence of their popularity was deeply appreciated by both Lillian and Dorothy especially as it occurred during the very week when the Hollywood wires were busy bearing the reports of the Taylor mystery. They were both eager to assert that they believed the self-respecting members of the theatrical and motion picture profession ought to make some effort to reply to the scandalous attacks to which the newspapers have given so much publicity.

In their long career both of the Gish girls have made many friends among the members of their profession. They have moved in the more social-minded group of film players of the cast. In addition to their friendship with the Pickfords born of the early days of the film industry, they count the Talmadges among their old friends. There is a spontaneity, a freshness and youthfulness about them which is rare among those devoted to the drama. They are unaffected, genuine persons, with simple tastes. Real girls as so many of their friends testify.

The kid company of "Oh Jo!" was so happy a vacation up Mamaroneck way as any party of young folk could conceive. "Oh Jo!" was one of Dorothy Gish's comedies. It was taken on Long Island Sound, in the Mamaroneck studio. The members of the company, Dorothy, Mildred Marsh, sister of Mae, Glenn Hunter, Tom Douglas and others, were all youngsters and they enacted the film with the vigorous enthusiasm of youngsters. Playing in pictures, playing on the beaches, tea-time dances, it was a glorious vacation combined with glorious interesting work. And Dorothy's infectious laughter, her gay spirits, dominated this business of playing. Only Dorothy Gish could caintain such a spirit and keenly enjoy picture playing in this manner, this sane, clean and peppy way of working.

So it is with the other aspects of Dorothy's work. She enjoys working as much as she enjoys living, and that is a very great deal. Her husband, an actor of note himself, returned recently from the coast, to engage in a play on Broadway. She lives with him on East 19th Street, New York, and theirs is a happy menage, indeed. When she has spare time, she spends it with her beloved sister and her beloved mother.

Perhaps the shadow of this mother's illness saddens the girls somewhat at this time. She has been seriously ill for many months now. A trained nurse is with her constantly, and it is pleasant to record that she is gaining appreciably in health, although she is still too ill to greet her many friends. Mrs. Gish is a frail woman; she has spent a difficult life. Those who are acquainted with her are eager to express their hope that she will live a long time to enjoy the fruits of her efforts and of those of her daughters.

Lillian Gish has had the more extensive experience of the two sisters. Her peculiar wistfulness of expression, her ability to portray the simple girl struggling against the manifold difficulties of life and her remarkable dramatic power have elevated her to an enviable position as an actress. She has that sort of intelligence which is based upon the assimilation of experience by a capable mind. She has attained power through herself, and is thus the more sure of expressing that power to others. She is an eager reader; on her library table are to be found many standard works, numerous of the better class of recent novels, and other evidences of her interest in the intellectual life.

She surprises you most by her combination of knowledge and youthfulness. As you look at her now, she is just a girl like many another girl you have met. She might be plodding her way hme from market in some little Middle Western town; she might be sitting with you in the parlor of her home, the daughter of a prosperous business man. But when she speaks to you, you readily ncte her superiority, her somewhat precocious wisdom. She startles you from time to time with her knowledge of pictures and picture-making. She has taken her work seriously, she can talk about everything from the camera lens to how to direct mob scenes. And she has similarly taken life seriously; she maintains an active interest in public affairs. She has been watching with interest the struggle between the friends and enemies of bonus legislation. She wonders whether the bonus bill, if passed, will not affect business unfavorably. She notes the difficulties of the present winter for the average actor. She tells of her observations of business conditions about the country, of soup lines in Sandusky, of how Pittsburgh was the last city to feel the business depression. She is, you note, keenly observant.

Then with regard to her personal life, you find she possesses warm friendships. She remarks that Jerome Storm, who directed her for a time in her sole individual effort, has written that he is the happy father of a "bouncing baby," and laughs with pleasure at Jerry's good luck. She bubbles over with enthusiasm for Mr. Griffith. He is the king of directors to her; she marvels at his ability, his versatility, and breadth.

Best of all, she loves her mother and her sister. There is perfect harmony between these two girls; that you know at once. Only such harmony cou'd have created the delightful scenes of the departure of the two orphans from their village home, the vivid pantomime of their first encounter with the world on the road to Paris. And Lillian's mother, and Dorothy's mother, is a rock upon which both of their lives are founded.

"Come again, very soon," she calls, as you bid her good-bye.

You know you'll come, as you close the door, and hear her call: "By-by!"

—Lewis F. Levinson.

THE END.

A FIERY ROMANCE OF LOVE

(Continued from page 26)

"What's all the mystery?" she demanded. "I'm tired of being treated like this. Tell me what it's all about."

The woman leaned forward staring, her face gone white beneath its coat of healthy tan.

"Miss," she said breathlessly, "when you stand like that—what's your name, miss?"

"It's Doris Dalrymple, of course," said Doris and paused, aghast at the effect of her words, for the man's face had flamed to sudden rage.

"It is not!" he roared. "She's making up a name. Cut out the nonsense."

"Wait!" gasped the woman. She darted into the open door and came out with a magazine, leafing it feverishly.

"There, look!" she trembled. "When she stamped her foot and stood like that, it came over me. She is Doris Dalrymple!"

The man looked. Doris looked. There, smiling up from the page, slender, defiant, imperious, was a full length portrait of Doris Dalrymple, filmdom's fairest favorite, as the printed line beneath the picture declared.

"They've picked up the wrong girl!" declared the woman.

"The blundering fools!" choked the man. "What we goin' to do now, I ask you? We can't keep 'er—we can't let 'er go!"

Flaming, suddenly bloodshot, his beady eyes looked Doris up and down and there was something sinister in their depths, a menace that grew and deepened, bringing a vague, nameless horror to the girl's heart.

"We can't keep 'er; we can't let 'er go!" he repeated.

(Continued next week)

Why Stout People Can't Wear New Styles

Easy to lose a pound a day or more by new fascinating method. No exercise self-denial or discomforts

Illustrations show what wonderful improvement in figure is secured by reduction of thirty pounds

Reduce to Your Ideal Figure In *Two Weeks!*

Make This Free Test – Results Guaranteed

"I REDUCED from 175 pounds to 153 pounds in 2 weeks! **(22 pounds lost in 14 days).** If you had known me before and could see me now, you would realize what a wonderful discovery your new method is. Before I started I was flabby, heavy and sick—had stomach trouble all the time. Had no vigor. I feel wonderful now." *Name furnished on request.*

This person's experience is duplicated by that of hundreds of others who have quickly regained their normal, healthful weight, and strong, graceful and slender figures in the simplest, easiest and most delightful way known. Mrs. George Guiterman, of 420 East 66th Street, New York, lost 13 pounds in the very first 8 days. Mrs. Mary Denneny, of 82 West 9th Street, Bayonne, N. J., lost 74 pounds in record time, reduced her bust 7½ inches, her waist 9 inches and her hips 11 inches. She also banished her pimples and secured a beautiful complexion; all through this marvelous new method. She can now RUN upstairs without puffing or discomfort, whereas before it made her feel faint just to walk up.

Look Years Younger When Fat Departs

A Pennsylvania woman writes, "Since I lost those 54 pounds I *feel* 20 years younger—and my family say I *look* it."

This appearance of youth is one of the most delightful results of this new method. Fat people always look older than they really are. Merely to secure a slender form would bring a more youthful appearance. But this new method also results in a clearer skin, a brighter eye, a firmer step and the most wonderful energy and vitality. Many write us that they have been positively amazed to lose lines and wrinkles which they had supposed to be ineffacable. So that when you reduce to normal weight in this new, simple, fascinating, natural way, you look even younger than most slender people of the same age. You can then dress stylishly and yet be in perfect taste. This season's designs are made for thin people. In a very short time after using this marvelous new method, you can wear the most colorful, the most fluffy, and the most extreme styles; and look well in them.

***NO** Exercise, Starving, Special Baths, Rolling, Massage, Appliances, Special Clothing or Any Discomfort Whatever.*

Results in 48 Hours

And, best of all, these wonderful benefits are secured without any discomforts whatever. No starving, no exercise, no medicines—nothing to do but pay attention to an easily followed law of nature. In reward, nature gives everything and exacts no payment.

The Secret Explained

As simple and easily understood as is this natural law it seems almost magical in its results. Eugene Christian, a specialist of international renown, discovered that it is not *how much* they eat, and to a certain extent it is not even *what* they eat that causes people with *natural fatty tendencies* to put on surplus flesh. It is how their food is *combined*. Eat certain dishes at the same meal and they will cause more flabbiness and fat and fill the body with the poisons that cause the puffiness, the lacklustre eyes and the skin blemishes which so often accompany obesity. But eat these very same dishes at different times and properly combined with other ordinary foods and they make muscle and bone and good rich blood instead of fat. Then the fat you have already stored up is rapidly consumed. This discovery is the greatest boon ever given to stout people who have found dieting a weakness, exercises a task and drugs a delusion. For when you learn the secret of properly combining your food you can eat **Potatoes, Fowl, Meat, Fish, Milk, Butter, Cheese, Chocolate, Corn Bread, Wheat Bread** and many other dishes you have probably been denying yourself. And yet you will lose weight steadily, right from the start—perhaps a pound a day, perhaps more, as so many others have done.

And as the unhealthy fat departs, your flesh becomes firm, your complexion clears, your eyes brighten and your health and energy increase wonderfully. Youthful looks, youthful spirits and a youthful form become quickly yours.

When you have reduced to normal weight and your fatty tendencies have been corrected it will not be necessary for you to pay further attention to how your food is combined. Still you will probably want to keep these combinations up all your life, for as Mr. Clyde Tapp, of Poole, Ky., says: "The delicious menus make every meal a pleasure never experienced before."

Free Trial—Send No Money

Send no money now—just fill out and mail coupon or send letter if you prefer. We will send you in 12 interesting booklets, complete instructions and dozens of delicious menus containing the foods you like combined in a way to enable you to quickly attain a slenderness which makes you look well in the most colorful, fluffy or bouffant styles. Weigh yourself when the course arrives. Follow the appetizing menus in the first lesson. Weigh yourself again in a couple of days and note the delightful and astonishing result.

People have been so grateful for what Christian has done for them that they have voluntarily paid him fees of $500.00 to $1,000.00. But he wants everyone to be able to own this course on "Weight Control." So in addition to a FREE TRIAL offer, he makes the following nominal price, which you will probably consider as hardly paying for printing and handling. You pay the postman only $1.97 (plus postage) when the course arrives. And it is then yours. (If convenient you may remit with coupon, but this is not necessary.) *There are no further charges.* If you are dissatisfied with it you will have the privilege of returning it within 5 days and your money will then be instantly refunded. So you risk nothing. Act today! You'll soon create astonishment and envy among your friends by your renewed slenderness, increased health and youthful appearance.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Dept. W-2054, 43 W. 16th St., New York City.

If you prefer to write a letter, copy wording of coupon in a letter or on a postcard.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, INC.,
Dept. W-2054, 43 W. 16th St., New York City.

You may send me, IN PLAIN WRAPER, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," in 12 books. I will pay the postman $1.97 (plus postage) on arrival. But if I am not satisfied with it I have the privilege of returning the course within 5 days and my money will be instantly refunded.

Name .....
(Please write plainly)

Street .....

City ..... State.....

(Price outside U. S. $2.15 Cash with Order)