# RINKEY AND THE PHONY LAMP

BY SEWELL FORD

## WHEREIN PROFESSOR SHORTY McCABE MIXES IT WITH SNICK BUTTERS AND SIR HUNTER TWIGGLE

SAY, for gettin' all the joy that's comin' to you, there's nothin' like being a mixer. The man who travels in one class all the time misses a lot. And I sure was mixin' it when I closes with Snick Butters and Sir Hunter Twiggle all in the same day.

Snick had first place on the card. He drifts into the studio early in the forenoon, and when I sees the green patch over the left eye I know's what's comin'. He's shy of a lamp on that side, you know—uses the kind you buy at the store, when he's got it; and when he ain't got it, he wants money.

I s'pose if I was wise I'd scratched Snick off my list long ago; but knowin' him is one of the luxuries I've kept up. You know how it is with them old-time friends you've kind of outgrown but hate to chuck in the discards, even when they work their touch as reg'lar as rent bills.

But Snick and me played on the same block when we was kids, and there was a time when I looked for Snick to be boostin' me, 'stead of me boostin' him. He's one of the near-smarts that you're always expectin' to make a record, but that never does. Bright lookin' boy, neat dresser, and all that, but never stickin' at one thing long enough to make good. You've seen 'em.

"Hello, Snick!" says I, as he levels the single barrel on me. "I see you've pulled down the shade again. What's happened to that memorial window of yours, this time?"

"Same old thing," says he. "It's in at Simpson's for five, and a bookie's got the five."

"And now you want to negotiate a second mortgage, eh?" says I.

That was the case. He tells me his newest job is handlin' the josh horn on the front end of one of these Rube wagons, and just because the folks from Keokuk and Painted Post said that lookin' at the patch took their minds off seein' the skyscrapers, the boss told him he'd have to chuck it or get the run.

"He wouldn't come across with a five in advance, either," says Snick. "How's that for the granite heart?"

"It's like other tales of woe I've heard you tell," says I, "and generally they could be traced to your backin' three kings or gettin' an inside tip on some beanery skate."

"That's right," says he, "but never again. I've quit the sportin' life for good. Just the same, if I don't show up on the wagon for the 'leven o'clock trip I'll be turned loose. If you don't believe it, Shorty, I'll—"

"Ah, don't go cailin' any notary publics," says I. "Here's the V to take up that ticket. But say, Snick, how many times do I have to buy out that eye before I get an equity in it?"

"It's your's now; honest it is," says he. "If you say so, I'll write out a bill of sale."

"No," says I, "your word goes. Do you pass it?"

He said he did.

"Thanks," says I. "I always have thought that was a fine eye, and I'm proud to own it. So long, Snick."

There's one good thing about Snick Butters; after he's made his touch he knows enough to fade; don't hang round and rub it in, or give you a chance to wish you hadn't been so easy. It's touch and go with him, and before I'd got out the last of my remarks he was on his way.

It wan't more'n half josh, though that I was givin' him about that phony pane of his. It was a work of art, one of the bright blue kind. As a general thing you can always spot a bought eye as far as you can see it, they're so set and stary. But Snick got his when he was young and, bein' a cute kid, he had learned how to use it so well that most folks never knew the difference. He could do about everything but see with it.

First off he'd trained it to keep pace with the other, movin' 'em together, like they was natural; but whenever he wanted to he could make the glass one stand

He Couldn't Help Being Dignified.

still and let the other roam around. He always did that on Friday afternoons when he got up to speak pieces in the grammar school. And it was no trick at all for him to look wall-eyed one minute, cross-eyed the next and then straighten 'em out with a jerk of his head. Maybe if it hadn't been for that eye of Snick's I'd have got further'n the eighth grade.

His star performance, though, was when he did a jugglin' act, keepin' three potatoes in the air. He'd follow the murphies with his good eye and turn the other one on the audience, and if you didn't know how it was done, it would give you the creeps up and down the back, just watchin' him.

Say, you'd thought a feller with talent like that would have made a name for himself, wouldn't you? Tryin' to be a sport was where Snick fell down, though. He had the blood all right, but no head. Why, when we used to play marbles for keeps, Snick would never know when to quit. He'd shoot away until he'd lost his last alley, and then he'd pry out that glass eye of his and chuck it in the ring for another go. Many a time Snick's gone home wearin' a striped chiny or a pink stony in place of the store eye, and then his old lady would chase around lookin' for the kid that had won it off'n him. There's such a thing as bein' too good a loser; but you could never make Snick see it.

Well, I'd marked up five to the bad on my books and had read the latest from Tonopah, and then Swifty Joe and me had worked an hour with a couple of rockin' chair commodores from the New York Yacht Club, gettin' 'em in shape to answer Lipton's batch of Spring challenges, when Pinckney blows in towin' a tubby, red-faced party in a frock coat and a silk lid.

"Shorty," says he, "I want you to know Sir Hunter Twiggle. Sir Hunter, this is the Professor McCabe you've heard about."

"If you heard it from Pinckney," says I, "don't believe more'n half of it." With that we swaps the grip, and he says he's glad to meet up with me.

But say, he hadn't been in the shop two minutes 'fore I was next to the fact that he was another who'd had to mate up his lamps with a specimen from the glass counter.

"They must be runnin' in pairs," thinks I. "This'd be a good time to draw to three of a kind."

Course, I didn't mention it, but I couldn't keep from watchin' how awkward he handled his'n, compared to the smooth way Snick could do it. I guess Pinckney must have spotted me comin' the steady gaze, for pretty soon he gets me one side and whispers, "Don't appear to notice it."

"All right," says I; "I'll look at his feet."

"No, no," says Pinckney, "just pretend you haven't discovered it. He's very sensitive on the subject—thinks no one knows, and so on."

"But it's as plain as a gold tooth," says I.

"I know," says Pinckney; "but humor him. He's the right sort."

Pinckney wa'n't far off, either. For a gent that acted as though he'd been born wearin' a high collor and a shiny hat, Sir Twiggle wasn't so worse. Barrin' the stiffenin', which didn't wear off at all, he was a decent kind of haitch eater. Bein' dignified was something he couldn't help. You'd never guessed, to look at him, that he'd ever been mixed up in anything livelier'n layin' a church cornerstone, but it leaks out that he had been through all kinds of scraps in India, comes from the same stock as the old Marquis of Queensbury, and has followed the ring more or less himself.

"I had the doubtful honor," says he, bringin' both eyes into range on me, "of backing a certain Mr. Palmer, whom we sent over here several years ago after a belt.

"He got more'n one belt," says I.

"Quite so," says he, almost crackin' a smile; "one belt too many, I fancy."

Say, that was a real puncherino, eh? I ain't sure but what he got off more along the same line, for some of them British kind is hard to know unless you see 'em printed in the joke column. Anyway, we has quite a chin, and before he left we got real chummy.

He had a right to be feelin' gay, though; for he'd come over to marry a girl with more real estate deeds than you could pack in a trunk. Some kin of Pinckney's this Miss Cornérlot was; a sort of faded flower that had hung too long on the stem. She'd run across Sir Hunter in London, him bein' a widower that was willin' to forget, and they'd made a go of it, nobobdy knew why. I judged that Pinckney was some relieved at the prospects of placin' a misfit. He'd laid out for a little dinner at the club, just to introduce Sir Hunter to his set and brace him up for bein' inspected by the girl's aunt and other relations at some swell doin's after.

I didn't pay much attention to their programme at the time. It wa'n't any of my funeral who Pinckney married off his leftover second cousins to; and by evenin' I'd clean forgot all about Twiggle; when Pinckney phones he'd be obliged if I could step around to a Broadway hotel right off, as he's in trouble.

Pinckney meets me just inside the plate-glass merry-go-round. "Something in the matter with Sir Hunter," says he, "and I can't find out from his fool man what it is."

"Before we gets any deeper let's clear the ground," says I. "When you left him, was he soused, or only damp around the edges?"

"Oh, it's not that at all," says Pinckney. "Sir Hunter is a gentleman—er, with a wonderful capacity."

"The Hippodrome tank's got that too," says I; "but there's enough fancy drinks mixed on Broadway every afternoon to run it over."

Sir Hunter has a set of rooms on the 'leventh floor. He wa'n't in sight, but we digs up Rinkey. By the looks he'd just escaped from the chorus of a musical comedy, or else an Italian bakery. Near as I could make out he didn't have any

It Starts for the Inside Door.

proper clothes on at all, but was just done up in white buntin' that was wrapped and draped around him, like a parlor lamp on movin' day. The spots of him that you could see, around the back of his neck and the soles of his feet, was the color of a 20-cent maduro cigar. He was spread out on the rug with his heels toward us and his head on the sill of the door leadin' into the next room.

"Back up, Pinckney!" says I. "This must be a colored prayer meetin' we're buttin' into."

"No, it's all right," says Pinckney. "That is Sir Hunter's man Ringhi Singh."

"Sounds like a coon song," says I. "But he's no valet. He's a cook; can't you see by the cap?"

"That's a turban," says Pinckney. "Sir Hunter brought Ringhi from India, and he wears his native costume."

"Gee!" says I. "If that's his reg'lar get up, he's got Mark Twain's Phoebe Snow outfit beat a mile. But does Rinkey always rest on his face when he sits down?"

"It's that position which puzzles me," says Pinckney. "All I could get out of him was that Sahib Twiggle was in bed, and wouldn't see anyone."

"Oh, then the heathen is wise to United States talk, is he?" says I.

"He understands English, of course," says Pinckney, "but he declines to talk."

"That's easy fixed," says I, reachin' out and grabbin' Rinkey by the slack of his bloomers. "Maybe his conversation works is out of kink," and I up ends Rinkey into a chair.

"Be careful!" Pinckney sings out. "They're treacherous chaps."

I had my eye peeled for cutlery, but he was the mildest choc'late cream you ever saw. He slumped there on the chair, shiverin' as if he had a chill comin' on, and rollin' his eyes like a cat in a fit. He was so scared he didn't know the day of the month from the time of night.

"Cheer up, Rinkey," says I, "and act sociable. Now tell the gentleman what's ailin' your boss."

It was like talkin' into a 'phone when the line's out of business. Rinkey goes on sendin' Morse wireless with his teeth, and never unloosens a word.

"Look here, Br'er Singh," says I, "you ain't gettin' any third degree—yet! Cut out the ague act and give Mr. Pinckney the straight talk. He's got a date here and wants to know why the gate is up."

More silence from Rinkey.

"Oh, well," says I, "I expect it ain't etiquette to jump the outside guard; but if we're goin' to get next to Sir Hunter, it looks like we had to announce ourselves. Here goes!"

I starts for the inside door; but I hadn't got my knuckles on the panel before Rinkey was givin' me the knee tackle and splutterin' all kinds of language.

"Hey!" says I. "Got the cork out, have you?"

With that Rinkey gets up and beckons us over into the far corner.

"The lord sahib," says he, rollin' his eyes at the bedroom door—"the lord sahib desires that none should come near. He is in great anger."

"What's he grouchy about" says I.

"The lord sahib," says he, "will destroy to death poor Ringhi Singh if he reveals."

"Destroy to death is good," says I; "but it don't sound convincin'. I think we're bein' strung."

Pinckney has the same idea, so I gets a good grip on Rinkey's neck.

"Come off!" says I. "As a liar you're too ambitious. You tell us what's the matter with your boss, or I'll do things to you that'll make bein' destroyed to death seem like fallin' on a feather bed."

And it come, quick. "Yes, sahib," says he. "It is that there has been lost beyond finding the lord sahib's glorious eye."

"Sizzlin' sisters! Another pane gone!" says I. "This must be my eye retrievin' day, for sure."

But Pinckney takes it mighty serious. He says that the dinner at the club don't count for so much, but that the other affair can't be sidetracked so easy. It seems that the girl has lived through one throw down, when the feller skipped off to Europe just as the tie-up was to be posted, and it wouldn't do to give her a second scare of the same kind.

Rinkey was mighty reluctant about goin' into details, but we gets it out of him by degrees that the lord sahib has a habit, when he's locked up alone, of unscrewin' the fake lamp and puttin' it away in a box full of cotton battin'.

"Always in great secret," says Rinkey; "for the lord sahib would not disclose.

He's Shy a Lamp on One Side.

But I have seen which was an evil thing—oh, very evil! Tonight it was done as before; but when it was time for the return, alas! the box was down side up on the floor and the glorious eye was not anywhere. Search! We look into everything, under all things. Then comes a great rage on the lord sahib, and I be sore from it in many places."

"That accounts for your restin' on your face, eh?" says I. "Well, Pinckney, what now?"

"Why," says he, "we've simply got to get a substitute eye. "I'll wait here while you go out and buy another."

"Say, Pinckney," I says, "if you was goin' down Broadway at 8:30 P. M., shoppin' for glass eyes, where'd you hit first? Would you try a china store, or a gent's furnishin' place?"

"Don't they have them at drug stores?" says Pinckney.

"I never seen any glass eye counters in the ones I go to," says I. And then, right in the midst of our battin' our heads, I comes to.

"Oh, splash!" says I. "Pinckney, if anyone asks you, don't let on what a hickory head I am. Why, I've got a glass eye that Sir Hunter can have the loan of over night, just as well as not."

"You!" says Pinckney, lookin' wild.

"Sure thing," says I. "It's a beaut, too. Can't a feller own a glass eye without wearin' it?"

"But where is it?" says Pinckney.

"It's with Snick Butters," says I. "He's usin' it, I expect. Fact is, I was built for Snick, but I hold a gilt-edged first mortgage, and all I need to do to foreclose is say the word. Come on. Just as soon as we find Snick you can run back and fix up Sir Hunter as good as new."

"Do you think you can find him?" says Pinckney.

"We've got to find him," says I. "I'm gettin' interested in this game."

Snick was holdin' down a chair in the smokin' room at the Gilsey. He grins when he sees me, but when I puts it up to him about callin' in the loose lens for over night his jaw drops.

"Just my luck," says he. "Here I've got bill board seats for the Casino and was goin' to take the girl to the show as soon as she can get off."

"Sorry, Snick," says I, "but this is a desperate case. Won't she stand for the green curtain?"

"S-s-sh!" says he. "She don't know a thing about that. I'll have to call it off. Give me two minutes, will you?"

That was Snick, all over—losin' out just as easy as some folks wins. When he comes back, though, and I tells him what's doin, he says he'd like to know just where the lamp was goin', so he could be around after it in the mornin'.

"Sure," says I. "Bring it along up with you, then there won't be any chance of our losin' it."

So all three of us goes back to the hotel. Pinckney wa'n't sayin' a word, actin' like he was kind of dazed, but watchin' Snick all the time. As we gets into the elevator, he pulls me by the sleeve and whispers:

"I say, Shorty, which one is it?"

"The south one," says I.

It wasn't till we got clear into Sir Hunter's reception room, under the light, that Pinckney heaves up something else.

"Oh, I say," says he, starin' at Snick. "Beg pardon for mentioning it, but yours is a—er—you have blue eyes, haven't you, Mr. Butters?"

"That's right," says Snick.

"And Sir Hunter's are brown. It will never do," says he.

"Ah, what's the odds at night?" says I. "Maybe the girl's color blind, anyway."

"No," says Pinckney, "Sir Hunter would never do it. Now, if you only knew of some one with a—"

"I don't," says I. "Snick's the only glass-eyed friend I got on my repertoire. It's either his or none. You send Rinkey in to ask Twiggle if a blue one won't do on a pinch."

Mr. Rinkey didn't like the sound of that programme a bit, and he goes to clawin' around my knees, beggin' me not to send him in to the lord sahib.

"G'wan!" says I, pushin' him off. "You make me feel as if I was bein' measured for a pair of leggin's. Skiddoo!"

As I gives him a shove my finger catches in the white stuff he has around his head, and it begins to unwind. I'd peeled off about a yard, when out rolls somethin' shiny that Snick spots and makes a grab for.

"Hello!" says he. "What's this?"

It was the stray brown, all right. That Kipling negro has had it stowed away all the time. Well say, there was lively doin's in that room for the next few minutes; me tryin' to get a strangle hold on Rinkey, and him doin' his best to jump through a window, chairs bein' knocked over, Snick hoppin' around tryin' to help, and Pinckney explainin' to Sir Hunter through the keyhole what it was all about. When it was through we held a court of inquiry. And what do you guess? That smoked Chinaman had swiped it on purpose, thinkin' if he wore it on the back of his head he could see behind him. Wouldn't that grind you?

But it all comes out happy. Sir Hunter was a little late for dinner, but he shows up two-eyed before the girl, makes a hit with her folks, and has engaged Snick to give him private lessons on how to make a fake optic behave like the real goods.

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# MAKING THE MOVING PICTURES

OCCASIONAL visitors to the local moving picture theaters or other entertainments where moving pictures are displayed are likely to be puzzled at the costuming and settings of many of the scenes. Regular patrons are accustomed to it, and have learned the fact that a very large proportion of those which are shown in this country are manufactured in France.

This fact, combined with the attempt to design them for American audiences sometimes leads to curious incongruities, as when, in a railroad station or police station distinctly French in character and in the costumes worn, has all its signs printed in English. The devotees of the moving pictures quickly learn to overlook these incongruities, however, but is forced to the conclusion that the French manufacturers are more imaginative and skilful than their American competitors, although some of the most thrilling of the films, showing train robberies and similar incidents supposed to be of the wild West, have been made in New Jersey.

In view of the freedom with which French scenes are used some description of the ingenuity shown in making them and of the excellent stage management and business-like precision with which they are accomplished will be of interest. The following account is translated from the Paris Lectures pour Tous:

The scenes enacted upon the canvas must, of course, be first enacted before the apparatus. If their setting is the streets of Paris, they are performed entire and au naturel in the open street by actors suitably costumed and made up.

To see how, let us visit a "cinema-hall." It is 7 in the morning; the entire staff is already on hand, not a minute of the day is to be lost. The artists emerge from their dressing rooms costumed and made up. Make-up is as essential, for a play in the street as for a play on the stage, so that the expression of the faces, here of capital importance, shall lose none of its emphasis.

We join the actors as they climb into the theater omnibus, and, as we hurry to the appointed place, the best stage manager in Paris—M. Etienne Arnaut—gives the artists a last reading of the scenario. The hero is played by a comedian from the Olympic.

In the first act he has received from his wife a tremendous cuff in the face, and now, with a swollen cheek, he is to ramble through Paris. Woe to them that laugh at him! A troupe of clowns in long coats and high hats, a comedienne and an actor dressed up as a vender of newspapers have come along to play the parts of these luckless citizens.

The afflicted husband must dash into a drug store for ungents to soothe his burning cheek—here is a well-lighted one that just suits our purpose. We alight, surrounded by 50 people who have run after our omnibus, attracted by the strange appearance of our troupe; with the consent of the proprietor one of the clowns goes behind the counter while the biograph apparatus is being set up on the sidewalk. At a whistle from the stage manager the man with the swollen cheek rushes into the shop and the clown roars with laughter. Zip! A blow sends him headlong. Exchange of cards. First duel in prospect.

En route now for the next scene. At the corner of a street in full sunshine, a fountain. Perfect! The omnibus stops and the maltreated husband sets about dashing water on his cheek. A second clown goes by arm in arm with the actress. They giggle. A blow hurls the clown into the gutter. The clown has executed his "cascade" with such fury that he has burst his coat. More than 200 people, in windows, take the whole thing seriously and roar with laughter.

By noon we have passed through two arrondissements, raised rumpusses on the terrasse of a cafe, in a public garden, in three open squares, and in a dozen streets; an hour later, at Raincy, under the trees of a park where we get a hilarious welcome, the hero of this burlesque epic, refusing weapons for his duels, knocks down the entire troupe of clowns—adversaries and seconds indiscriminately—and leaves them in a heap, brandishing their arms and legs in the maddest confusion.

The play is completed. To record it, 600 feet of transparent ribbon have barely sufficed. On each yard of that ribbon more than 50 photographs have been taken. When "Le Oucl a la Gifle" is presented upon the biograph screen 30,400 pictures will be shown within the space of a few moments.

Not a day passes but one of these street "rehearsals" is the occasion of an outlandist drama in which the crowd plays a part. On the 10th of February an automobile halted in front of a boulevard theater. A young woman alighted. She wore an infinitesimal hat. Bravo here was a lady who had mercy upon playgoers.

Yet, at the door of the theater, her valet de pied brought her a huge paper box; she took out of it an immense hat, upon which all the flowers and feather in creation mingled in a sort of crazy grove. Seeing the miracle of audacity the crowd protested. It was more than they could tolerate.

Then she pointed to the biograph apparatus, which was working only a few yards off; then she removed the "roof garden" and gave it back to her servant. This was the first scene of "La Chapeau de Madame."

Next day, at Les Ternes, there came near being trouble and narrow was the actor's escape. About 9 o'clock in the morning a strange scene formed in front of the window of a novelties shop. A shocking highwayman, with a scarf about his neck and a long dagger sticking out of his pocket, was chatting in the friendliest way in the world with two policemen, who were offering him cigarettes.

The indignant passers-by were on the point of reporting this scandal to the policemen's superiors when, notified by a whistle the highwayman threw himself down upon a piece of cloth; the policemen rushed up, the bad man drew his dagger. The crowd prepared to knock him senseless, but the two officers insisted nobody should strike their "comrade," and then it was their turn to be violently mauled by the scandalized spectators.

The melee became general; the "apache" and the "agents" were alike belabored, when the brigadier de service came up and the whole gang was hustled off to the station house, where matters were at last made clear. Again a biograph "rehearsal!"

Real danger sometimes attends this outdoor acting. Near London, several months ago, a manager of biograph plays got up a drama involving an attempt to derail the London and Brighton express. The villains, according to scenario, were discovered by an actor dressed as an employe of the railway, and tied him down between the rails. Naturally, while the series of photographs were being taken, the train was to stop for a moment so that the actor could have his place taken by a dummy before it reached him. Unhappily, the driver was unable to stop his engine, and the actor, himself the owner of the biograph, was run over.

When these real dramas are performed upon the screen, the figures move sometimes with an astounding rapidity. In the funny little play, "L'Echelle," the robber must run 100 yards down the street while the apparatus is working. If he kept the crank turning at the usual rate, the operator would get about 900 pictures.

To produce an impression of greater speed, what does he do? He cuts down the number of pictures to 600, which still reproduces the distance as before, but will be run off upon the screen in a much briefer time. So the actor no longer runs; he bounds ahead with outrageous leaps, since a part of his successive postures have been omitted by the biograph.

One of the most successful films, "Lo Voyage de Nounou," has been tampered with in this way all through. A nurse—that is, a clown dressed up as a nurse—in order to recapture baby's balloon, which is lodged in the branch of a tree, puts the infant on a bench and climbs into the perambulator.

The ground is sloping, the baby carriage starts away, nurse and all. It darts through Paris, charges along the banks of the Seine, reaches Rouen, then Havre and the sea. There's no stopping it. It darts across the ocean, carrying Nounou to the imaginary land of Papouesia, where the natives make her their queen.

To dress up a score of people as Papouesians and to erect a little bamboo village in the Bois de Vincennes was mere child's play. It was equally easy to transport clown and perambulator to Saint Germain, Mantes and Andelys along all the dizzy slopes that could be found. But how to arrange the trip across the ocean?

At Havre a second baby carriage was built without wheels and perfectly seaworthy. The clown got aboard, and a tug towed the extraordinary craft out to sea, while the biograph apparatus followed and pictured the dancing baby carriage traversing the water. By touching out the tow rope in the photographs, the trick was completed.

There's a better one still. By some amazing enchantment the biograph can make horses gallop backward and make hats jump up from the ground and replace themselves on their owner's heads. The film has simply been reversed.

To produce certain lengthy comic scenes, with wondrous fairies performing in them, the biograph man must have the interior of a theater at his disposal. With the exception of the Opera and the Chatelet, no theater in Paris is well equipped as a biograph establishment. The Goumonts have one 140 feet long, with a stage 60 feet deep and 105 feet high. The stage flooring is strong enough to uphold a troupe of elephants, and has two approaches for teams.

The problem of lighting, here of prime importance, is solved by a skylight of 1800 square yards. Twelve powerful arc lights afforded additional illumination. So powerful are they that they will blister your hands and face. Notices in the wings warn the artists against remaining too long within their glare.

Everybody was delighted with the adventures of the gentleman who walked up the side of the wall and ran along the ceiling like a fly. Here is the secret. A stage set representing a parlor wall was laid upon the floor; farther on a second stage set showed a dining room wall; a third did for the decorated ceiling.

Each had all its appropriate appurtenances. The apparatus was carried to the top of the theater and the lens pointed downward. The actor crawled on all fours from one stage set to the next, while the operator turned the crank. The film showed no evidence of the humbug, and the man was shown really running along the ceiling.

But now we come to the case where inamiate objects become animate. With no workmen present a carpenter shop assumes a lively activity—the saw sawing a plank, the plane running to and fro the lathe turning, the hammer rising and falling.

This is how this is done. Instead of turning a crank this time, the operator runs his apparatus by an electrical arrangement so precise that it enables him to take one picture at a time. The stage manager moves the tools just so far and no farther, gets out of the way, and another picture is taken. So on to the end. When the film goes at normal speed the halts no longer exist. The illusion is perfect.

Same process for "La Statue," which emerges unassisted from a block of clay. A soft clay model, newly formed, is reduced by a series of beatings to a shapeless mass. At each step in the procedure a picture is taken. The film is shown run backward.

In fairyland the biograph is at its best, though the tricks are performed by the camera itself. To make a human being melt into air and vanish keep diminishing the opening of the diaphragm. To make a fairy appear pose the actress and, beginning with a closed diaphragm, open it gradually.

For miracles of magic, slowly close the diaphragm, thus blotting out one figure; while it is closed substitute another. Run the film back to the point where the first actress begins to fade out, start the machine slowly open the diaphragm and you make the second actress seem to evolve out of the first, since the new pictures will be caught upon the same parts of the film that have already registered the others.

When the artists have gone home and the lights are out the pranks of the biograph are continued in the manipulation of the films. The elision of certain pictures will improve the fun or mask the mechanics of a fairy scene. And coloring will be of value. Night scenes will be dipped in blue bath, sunlight effects in a yellow yellow bath, fire scenes in a red bath, forest scenes in a green bath. If the pictures are to be colored in detail the work is delicate in the extreme and is done by women. They paint in miniature under magnifying glasses and use the finest of brushes.

Every day thousands of miles of film are shipped abroad by the biograph establishments of Paris. France leads the world in this production. And the biograph has a future that has enlisted the interest of the best playwrights. MM. Paul Hervieu, Lavaden and Jules Lemaitre have announced intentions to create dramas for the biograph that will be played by artists of the rank of Coquelin and Bernhardt.

### Stolen Sweets.

Don Marquis in Lippincott's.

A drunken bee came bumbling by
Across the fields of bloom;
I sternly asked him how it was
He hiccoughed when he tried to buzz;
Says he, "It's that perfume!"

I asked a tipsy humming-bird
That staggered as he flew.
"My friend," said he, "I seldom drink,
But some one passed this way, I think,
And mixed wine with the dew."

Kate, don't you kiss my flowers again!
You let those petals be.
If such delicious madness drips
Like wine from your caressing lips,
You bring 'em here to me!

# LITTLE JOYCES' JULY LETTERS

BY LOUISE LEXINGTON.

HEART'S CONTENT, July 1, 1908.—Dear Aunt Margaret: I am so glad that you like my letters. With all my practice, it seems to me, however, that I ought to succeed in making myself clear. How we laughed over your interpretation of my "gentle gray lady." You see, she is not old at all, but really very young and pretty. Julie just calls her that because she is so serious and dresses in such a quaint manner—quite like a gentle, sweet-faced nun. But Julie says she thinks she will have to name her all over again now and call her "the gentle gay lady," because her letters are simply sparkling with fun and happiness. We were so pleased with the last one from Yellowstone Park that I begged mamma to let me send it on to you. I am sure that it will act like a tonic and make you entirely well. I have read parts of it to almost everybody I knew, and even took it out to the clot...es yard this morning to try it upon Ruth Ann. But I found her in a very obstinate mood and she shook the towels and pillow slips until they fairly crackled.

"She'd much better be at home," Ruth Ann declared, "than gallivantin' off to that ridiculous place—as if our own City Park or the Oaks wa'n't good enough for a picnic."

"But, Ruth Ann," I tried to explain, "she is on her honeymoon. One always travels about when on a honeymoon—that's what that beautiful blue tailored gown was for."

"She'd be sensibler in a gingham dress and kitchen apron," Ruth Ann snapped back.

"But her new home won't be completed until Fall," I argued, determined to stand by the "gentle gray lady" until the last. "She'll have no housekeeping to do until then."

"All the more reason, Miss Joyce, for both of 'em to be in Portland now—he to look after the buildin' of their house and she to put up preserves! There's a time for honeymoons and a time for doin' up fruit. A honeymoon can be had at any time to my notion, but fruit's got to be looked after when it's ripe."

It's perfectly useless to "talk back" at Ruth Ann, so I took up "the gentle gray lady's" letter and went to the house. Ruth Ann is terribly stiff and unyielding. She makes one almost want to slap her sometimes. I only hope when I grow old I shall not turn into an old, hard, gnarled oak tree. Lovingly,

JOYCE.

"Heart's Content," July 2, 1908.—Dear Aunt Margaret: I am sure you will not expect another letter so soon, but I have an apology to make to Ruth Ann, and so must get it off my mind at once—to you. I had a talk with Julie this morning while she was putting rose leaves and spices into her big dragon jar that is almost as tall as she. Julie is so industrious. She is as busy all day long as Ruth Ann, and always smiling. She is like mamma. Why, I asked her the other day if she would rather make a cherry pie or read a new story, and what do you suppose? She said she would rather make the pie and afterwards crowd the story in somehow or other. So it must be that I am lazy, for I know I should read the story first, then eat the cherries and not bother about the pie at all. But I am forgetting about Ruth Ann. Julie asked me if I had noticed what Ruth Ann had been doing lately, and as I hadn't, we went to the basement, where there are swinging shelves upon which to store canned fruit. The center shelf bore the sign, "For Mrs. Walsh," and upon it were rows and rows of pretty labeled glasses and pint jars, all filled with delightful things. Julie said, "You see, Joyce, Ruth Ann has really adopted 'the gentle gray lady.' That's why she feels free to scold about her as she does. Whenever she scolds people like that, and works hard for them at the same time, it's a dandy good sign that she loves them—just as she loves all of us."

It sounded exactly like one of mamma's little preachments. Dear old Ruth Ann, whatever should we do without her? If she has grown old and somewhat sharp of tongue, it has been in a long, faithful service to all of us, that has lasted since I was a tiny baby.

This morning mamma wore that pretty blue shirtwaist suit that you sent her for her birthday. She looked more like "Saint Elizabeth" than ever. The young woman who made it has the palest face and the largest gray eyes of anyone I ever saw. She brought the suit home last evening and then rested in the garden a while. Her face has haunted me ever since. Her name is Mabel Moffett. Lovingly, JOYCE.

"Heart's Content," July 5, 1908.

My Dear Aunt—Yesterday was perfectly heavenly. "Saint Elizabeth" was at home all day, enough of itself to make us supremely happy. Billy, with a big cigar-box full of fire-crackers, had Ruth Ann frightened out of her wits before breakfast. And then, in the afternoon people kept calling, and carrying away beautiful roses. Oh, the roses at "Heart's Content!" There are thousands of them, and almost all of our neighbors have just as many. There are long hedges of them; they are planted along the curb; in every tiny yard, and are rioting over fences and walls.

Billy asked two ladies who called if they had ever eaten any wild strawberries, and when they said "No," he offered to show them where some grew if they would go with him to "the other side of the world." They laughed, but decided to go, so we followed him around the house to where our lawn slopes downward to the loveliest stretch of woods beyond. Julia has named it "the other side of the world," because it is so different from the view seen at the front. From the front veranda one may look down upon Portland—the thousands of buildings and the miles upon miles of streets, and can hear the rumble of the big city almost like the distant beating of the ocean surf. But on "the other side of the world" there are mossy banks, a tiny stream trickling lazily, a clump of big stately fir trees, and a sunny slope where wild strawberries and blackberries grow—and all within 20 minutes of the heart of the city.

In the evening there were more people, among them dear old Mr. and Mrs. Thomas. They were our neighbors before we moved up here, and neither of them had ever seen the city by night from Portland Heights. Mr. Thomas looked at the beautiful lights below, that stretch away on either side almost as far as the eye can see, and kept exclaiming: "In all my life I never saw anything so fine."

Presently, from every part of the city, the graceful rockets began to ascend, and the effect was beautiful. It seemed just as if many of the bright lights had grown tired of patiently "shining in their little corners," and had started out boldly in search of adventure.

Now I hear Ruth Ann calling to me to go to bed, or I'll not want to get up to the early breakfast tomorrow morning—wash day. Tomorrow, after my music, I am going to call upon Mabel Moffett. I can't get her out of my mind. She said she perfectly adored flowers ,and hadn't one. Lovingly,

JOYCE.

"Heart's Content," July 8, 1908.

Oh, Dear Aunt Margaret—I do feel so sad, through and through! Here are Julie and I, as strong and well as can be, up here where it is cool and lovely, with everything at "Heart's Content" that heart could desire, while down there in two of the dingiest "light housekeeping" rooms live pretty, delicate Mabel Moffett and her poor old mother. I told about my visit to them at the dinner table tonight, and Billy said, feelingly: "I'll give them one of my kittens!" but dear little Julie, with her tender heart, just plumped her head down and cried and cried. Julia does look so pretty when she cries. I keep wishing our pretty bungalow were made of india rubber, and that we might have them up here all the rest of the Summer. But it is full now, and will not stretch a bit. Lovingly, JOYCE.

"Heart's Content," July 22, 1908.

Dear Aunt Margaret—You are ever so fine and dandy. Now, there is a Summer camp on "the other side of the world," and Mabel Moffett and her mother are established there—"too happy for words." Mabel daren't stop work for even one day at the place where she is sewing for fear of losing her position, but we have persuaded her to give up the extra work morning and evening, and she says it will not be necessary to work so hard now, since they will have no rent to pay. They do enjoy sleeping in that pretty striped tent out there among the trees so much. I am happy to tell you that Ruth Ann indorses the Summer tenants of "Heart's Content Annex," and today baked them a loaf of bread. She says old Mrs. Moffett is a born lady—that anybody with eyes ought to see that.

There was five dollars too much for the camping outfit, and so I am returning it to you in this letter. You have been so good, Aunt Margaret, it is useless to attempt to thank you. But you have made those two wonderfully happy, and all of us too. Lovingly,

JOYCE.

### Birthplace of the Icebergs.

St. Nicholas.

We might call Greenland the world's icebox. If you glance at the map you will see that the State of New York, large as it seems to us, is not over one-twentieth the size of Greenland, for New York contains only 47,000 square miles.

Then think that the glaciers are steadily moving away from the center of Greenland, really being crowded off the land, and it will not seem so strange that here is the birthplace of nearly all of the icebergs that are so feared by the mariner.