

Friend of the Reel by the Fine

WREST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

(This is the story of the woman behind—the wife of a hero of the screen who recently appeared because her name is well-known.)

CHAPTER I

TO JUST MYSELF, Lovable Friesland, Hometown, Drowsed.

Dear Just Myself: Dan and a company have gone away up in the northern woods of Canada to take a picture, and tonight I'm so desperately lonely I'm going to talk things out with you. Me. I like to write, and in expressing myself even on paper will be a relief. I feel so choked—suffocated, mentally pained!

It doesn't seem possible that only two short years ago I was an ideally happy woman. It seems so long ago. I can't remember that so many changes could take place in a space of 24 months. But the fact remains. Two years ago, in an ordinary little five-room flat, doing my own work—all but the washing and ironing—feeding the babies, and, on rare, rare occasions going out with Dan on a regular spree to a dance with chop suey later—I was happy, while today, in my modern, garden-shaded, servant-attended bungalow, I'm more miserable than I ever thought would be possible for me to be—I'm not naturally a dumpy person. I'd so much rather laugh through life than cry through it. It looks, though, as if I were to have no choice.

It was five years ago that I met Dan. He was working in a little stock company in St. Louis. The leading man who had been there when I joined was taken ill and Dan was given his place. I was only an understudy, but from the moment our eyes first met it was a case of being able to see nobody else in the world after that. I wasn't a particularly good actress and had no delusions regarding myself, so when Dan asked me if I'd be willing to marry him and quit work—he didn't believe in

to California next week." He sat down and took us all on his lap. The babies in disgust squirmed to the floor, so then I had all his arms and attention.

And we're going to have a bungalow and a garden—just think, Doll, the babies can play out all day, and you'll have help with the work, and money for clothes, the kind I've always wanted to give you and couldn't—and I'll be working days instead of nights so we can have all our evenings together. And, Doll, to think that you'll see California! My wonderful girl in wonderland! Whew!"

I pulled his head to my breast, laughing at his enthusiasm. In spite of his age, 22, and the dignity that was his on occasion, he was just such a great big boy at heart.

"I suppose you know what it's all about," I said. "And I'm beginning to see light, but I don't exactly understand. Dan, tell me just what has happened and how it happened." So he told me.

"The founder and part owner of the motion picture company in question had been visiting in the city with relatives, with whom he had gone to the Happy Hour that night to witness the performance. He had sent in his card to Dan after the first act with a request that he be allowed to pay a visit to the dressing-room. He had gone, armed with a contract, for, it seemed, Dan was just the type they had been wanting for romantic lead. Would Dan come?"

Dan spoke immediately of me and the babies. Mr. Chilcote—that was the man's name—waved his objections away.

"Bring 'em along, of course. Finest place in the world to raise youngsters. I have five of my own and none of 'em knows what a doctor looks like. Sure, bring 'em. Expenses paid and all that."

It sounded too good to be true. But Dan produced the contract—and it was a bona fide contract. I had been in the theatrical business long enough to know that. Evidently, quite evidently, someone had decided we were worth a smile and she was determined to make it an extremely pleasant one.

Well, there followed a week of hurried preparation. Mr. Chilcote wished us to start almost immediately, as work was about to be begun on a big picture in which he wanted Dan as lead. So, responding to necessity, I did two days' work in every one of that week, with the result that at the allotted time Dan and the babies and I boarded the train, sped on our way by the loyal friends who had been ours during our stay in St. Louis.

(To Be Continued.)



"To express myself will be a relief."

women in professional life—I never hesitated for a moment.

After we were married we boarded for a while, but when I knew there was to be a third member of the family, I insisted on taking a tiny apartment. I'd always wanted a home of my own, but had been unable to gratify the desire, owing to circumstances thrust upon me by fate. Now there was nothing in the world to prevent. Accordingly we took the little apartment, furnished it simply but cozily, and I nudged down to life—real life—as warmly and contentedly as if I had never known the drudgery and excitement of outside work. Fundamentally, you see, I was a home woman and I seized with avidity the chance to make my home my forte.

"We hadn't much money, but I didn't mind that. I discovered that I possessed a genius for managing and making a little go a long way. Dan was as good as a peach of me, when, after some little dinner party had gone off successfully, I would tell him how little the whole thing had cost. He'd grab me and crush me to him—in that way that has made his lovemaking so popular on the screen—and say between the kisses that always left me breathless and dizzy little things—'You wonder child, you wonder child! No wonder I'm crazy about you!'"

"No wonder," thought I—and still think—that I was crazy about him. O, no wonder!

After the baby came it seemed to me I was simply too happy to contain myself. We named her Glory—who was such a rascal, really, girly little thing—always laughing and spitting her romp. Her father simply couldn't keep away from her, and many were the after-the-theater parties held at our house with Glory as the guest of honor. Not good for her, perhaps, but certainly not harmful. You should see her today! Health, personification and she looks just like her father.

Later Lena came. Just as dear as Glory—but different. Quiet, thoughtful and sedately humorous rather than rattling in her fun. They're great friends, though, my two babies—"some small team," their father calls them.

It was just two years ago this week that Dan came in one night greatly excited.

"What would you think, Doll?" he asked, "of having your husband's salary raised a mere hundred a week?"

"I'd think somebody good was about to die young," I replied. "Don't fool me, Dan. You know how that sort of thing simply isn't done at the Happy Hour."

He grabbed me in his arms, kissed me and all. "It was done in a happy hour, though, Doll," he said. "I've just signed a contract with the Great Western Photoplay corporation and we're going

to California next week." He sat down and took us all on his lap. The babies in disgust squirmed to the floor, so then I had all his arms and attention.

And we're going to have a bungalow and a garden—just think, Doll, the babies can play out all day, and you'll have help with the work, and money for clothes, the kind I've always wanted to give you and couldn't—and I'll be working days instead of nights so we can have all our evenings together. And, Doll, to think that you'll see California! My wonderful girl in wonderland! Whew!"

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(To Be Continued.)

IN MOVIE LAND

Struck for a Bath.

Strikes are the fashion. Even Charlie, the big elephant at the selling pool, took a whack at one. Nobody knew just what troubled Charlie. However, he was peevish about something and snapped the heavy chain that bound him to an iron ring in the concrete floor and off he went on a regular stampede. Small trees were pulled up by the roots or snapped in two; then a bath in the muddy waters of the Los Angeles River. This latter luxury evidently restored his good temper.

When You Kissed Me.

Soliloquy of a famous motion picture star upon beholding an old photograph. When you were a monkey and I was a pup.

One day I thought you would eat me up.

You frightened me so that I couldn't speak.

Though you tried to explain with a "squeak, squeak, squeak!"

I was standing still on my little four, watching them take a "out of doors." When, all of a sudden, plink, plink, plink.

I turned around and saw you, Monk!

"Kiss me!" you said, but I didn't know what you meant. I was scared. I turned to go.

But you put out a paw and pulled me back.

While my cold little nose received your smack.

Of a sudden there came a shriek—like this:

Someone cried, "Would you look at the darlings kiss!"

And folks same running, and then, O, O!

They made you do it again, you know!

I'm a big dog now—that time's far away.

But never will I forget that day.

For 'twas then I entered the "movie" game, in which I since have ris to fame.

ANSWERS TO MOVIE FANS

INTERESTED—Dear lady, when you subtract 1882 from 1915, what do you get? Your answer is the answer to the question.

Sub-Graduate—If one is to believe Miss Conard herself, she is neither dead nor married. Francis Ford is with the Universal Company in California. He has been married, but whether or not the ties have been severed I do not know. I understand that some effort toward divorce is being made.

H. C. F.—I think the thing for you to do would be to send me a stamped, addressed envelope for the conditions governing the sequel to be submitted to "The Diamond From the Sky." No, you are not supposed to write another sequel. Merely give your idea in 1600 words or less. It is the plan to make the sequel a serial.

Mary J. and Jane W.—I should hate to have you die, but an office rule forbids by giving away photographs. It is nice of you to want to know what I look like. Yes, "Bronche Billy" is

The Frame of Public Favor



Pearl White

"PEARL OF PATHOS" picture has appeared before in the Frame, but again she has received enough votes to place her here. Rather an interesting story is told about how she happened to become an actress—she was on the stage before going into pictures. A traveling man halted on his way through the Ozark Mountains in Missouri before a lonely log cabin, the first habitation he had

seen in six miles. After the hospitable cottagers had given him supper they sat down around the fire to chat. Suddenly the little tow-headed girl piped up, "Listen, I can act," and then assumed an oratorical posture and repeated a scene from Hamlet, word for word. The traveler, who was a theatrical man, was deeply impressed and with her parents' reluctant consent took Pearl into one of his companies and gave her \$5 a week and "grub,"

until shortly she earned her way to a much oster position. She played in various companies for a number of years and then joined the Pathé Company, with which concern she has been since. She was born in Missouri in 1899, is Irish-Italian by nationality, has reddish blonde hair and greenish yellow eyes. She is five feet five inches tall. Her hobbies are all outdoor sports. She also writes scenarios and is an ardent dance fiend.

And I'm vurr, vurr' grateful, Monk, to you.

Who started me, my thanks are due.

Ah, day I thought I would be et up!

When you were a monkey and I was a pup.

Gasoline Upsets a Scene.

If there is one prayer that Van Dyke Brooke prays regularly it is: "Deliver me from cast!" If a member of the tribe falls happens to be near, either previous to or during the filming of a scene, work stops until the intruder is ejected and Mr. Brooke regains his normal poise.

Gasoline, the Vitagraph cat, to whom he has a special aversion, is aware of this feeling on Mr. Brooke's part and at every opportunity indicates her presence on the director. During the taking of the first scene in "Saints and Sinners" on which Mr. Brooke was working with Maurice Costello as star, Gasoline invited two of her friends to visit the studio. Casily walking over to where he was busily directing, the three sat watching him.

When the director caught a glimpse of Gasoline and her friends, he grabbed a broom and started for them. Into a scene being taken by Sidney Drew ran the cats, followed by the irate Mr. Brooke, completely disrupting its action. Gasoline, however, studied the broom at every swipe and, running into the next studio, still followed by her visitors, occupied the center of the stage where George D. Baker was at work with Edith Storey. Having driven them from the studio where he was at work, Mr. Brooke, satisfied, did not see Mr. Drew and Mr. Baker, whose speculations heated the atmosphere around Mr. Brooke's ears until they burned.

now with the Fine Arts Company. This is a branch of the Triangle Film Corporation.

Anxious—Dead? J. Warren Kerrigan? I shunaynot!

Mary Louise L.—Grace Cunard did not play in "The Million Dollar Mystery." Ed Coxen plays opposite Winifred Greenwood. No, dear heart, Mr. Chaplin is not crazy. No trouble at all.

Pearl M.—I am glad to be able to tell you that Sydney Ayres took the part of the blind man in "What the Blind Man Saw." Mildred Adams and Doris Pavn are the two actresses playing with him. It was a Universal production. Thank you for your words of

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appreciation and your wishes for luck.

Kathryn—In the Kalem production, "The Third Commandment," Robert Ellis played with Miss Courtot and Mr. Moore.

I Love You—Just for that—address King Bagrott, in care of the Universal Company, 1600 Broadway, New York. Thank you, my dear.

James—Far be it from me to sit calmly by and allow you and your chum to quarrel every time you come back from the theater regarding Charles Chaplin. So he insists that Mr. Chaplin is deaf and dumb, that he is a Pole and that his name is Chaplinski. Well, well! Tell said chum Mr. Chaplin both hears and speaks, he is an Englishman, 25 years old, and not married. I hope you had a good big wager on, for this is the time you sure would win it.

Alice R.—How awfully flattering to know that you start your Sundays by reading the Right Off the Reel Page! Thank you for being so interested. There's no doubt but that Henry B. Walthall could teach dramatic art had he the time, but I reckon he has his hands full with the work he is doing for the Essanay Company. Address him in care of that concern 1232 Argyle

street, Chicago. The number of votes received each week decides which picture will appear in the Frame. Y'week.

B. G.—Antonio Moreno does not play opposite Norma Talmadge any more, for the very good reason that Miss Talmadge has gone to the National Film Corporation, Los Angeles. Owen Moore played opposite Mary Pickford in "Miss Nell." Yes, J. Warren Kerrigan lives in California. His mother does not appear in pictures. There is nothing to forgive, I am only too glad to answer any questions you may care to ask me at any time.

J. R. W.—No, Florence La Badie is not married. Frank Farrington is to a non-professional. Elizabeth Forbes has been married. I understand. Your enjoyment makes my pleasure. Thank you.

E. R. Pickford—Address Mr. Bushman, in care of the Metropolitan Company, Los Angeles, Cal. I am quite sure he will answer your letter if you will inclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply. Yes, he is married. Address Jack Pickford, in care of the Selig Company, Los Angeles, Cal. He is Mary Pickford's brother.

TOPIC OF INTEREST TO MOVING-PICTURE FANS

ALMA HANLON, who made her film debut in George Kleine's comedy, "The Fixer," will be given the lead in a story written especially for her by Max Marcin, the dramatist who wrote "The House of Glass," now playing at the Candler Theater, New York.

Work on the production is already under way at the big Kleine studios in the Bronx. Miss Hanlon, who has been referred to as the film star who "escaped into fame over night," is surrounded by a splendid cast, all the members of which are enthusiastic admirers of the pretty ingenue.

Ford Sterling, who plays the comic role of Father in "His Father's Footsteps," was born November 2, 1889, in La Crosse, Wisconsin. He ran away from home to join the old Robeson Circus. There he played the part of Keno, the boy clown. A year later he was associated with George Whittier in "Tangled Relatives." While playing vaudeville in New York, Sterling was induced by Mack Sennett to join the Biograph Company. When Sennett went over to the Keystone Company, Sterling followed, accompanied by Miss Mabel Normand, Fred Mace and Mr. Lehrman. Some of the Keystonees he has appeared in are "The Band of Gold" and "Courthouse Crooks."

and ready for almost anything in the way of "picture-sque" excitement, though a wedding scene with "snow showers" might still make her nervous.

Nothing, however, can make smiling, stunt Roscoe Arbuckle lose his easy or perpetual smile. He will direct the pictures, and scenes will be taken at points of interest along the route. Stopovers will be made at Salt Lake City, Denver, Colorado Springs, Chicago, Niagara Falls and other places. In the party will be Ferris Hartman, Al St. John, a camera man, assistant director and a full corps of assistants. After a sojourn in the East, the return trip will be made by way of the Panama Canal, where scenes will be taken. The popular Keystone players will be greatly missed by their friends and admirers in Los Angeles.

Beverly Bayne, the Metro star, is one of the few women in New York City who has a police card, usually given only to newspaper reporters, which entitles her to pass through police lines at fires, accidents or similar happenings. It has just been given to her by the Commissioner of Police, for Miss Bayne has qualified as a newspaper writer, in addition to her work in motion pictures. Hundreds of newspapers throughout the country use her special articles on women's fashions, which she writes under the heading of "Beverly Bayne's Fashion Talks." The articles are sold through a newspaper syndicate.

All who have laughed at or with Fred Mace, of the Keystone forces, should be glad to know that this famous knockabout comedian is still only 33 years of age. Amid the Keystone perils he bears a charmed life and will continue to do his funny stunts for many years to come. He was born in Philadelphia, took degrees in medicine and dentistry, but decided the Keystone would be not less dangerous but a far more congenial field of action. First, however, he was in musical comedy. Later, Sennett, Mack and Mabel Normand worked together under B. W. Griffith's supervision making biograph pictures. In 1912 Mace, Sennett, Normand and Sterling—the so-called Keystone Big Four—set out making comedies under the Keystone brand. Sennett and Mace were the prize knockabouts of the series. Later Mace withdrew from the Keystone and went into enterprises of his own, including a new comedy company and a trip to Cuba to make pictures of the famous Willard-Johnson fight. Mace lost a lot of money, being unable to get permits for the pictures to be shown in the United States. He decided to go back to Sennett and the Keystone. He returned there last year, including one of the stellar entertainers of the Triangle-Keystone films. Recent appearances of his in these pictures have comprised the amusing French Count in "My Valet" and the burly janitor in "A Janitor's Wife's Temptation."

Among a number of well-known members of the theatrical profession in New York City added to the working forces at the George Kleine studios last week was John Jarrot, long and familiarly known to the theater-going public of two continents. Jarrot has a long list of successes to his credit, among which are the star parts in the "Follies Bergere" and his own production of "Come On," which enjoyed a long and remarkably prosperous run quite recently at the Empire Theater. Mr. Jarrot, with his famous dancing partner, Jean Sawyer, was the dancing hit of continental capitals as well as the feature attraction of every vaudeville bill on which their names appeared.

Billy Quirk finished directing his first Harvard comedy last week, entitled "Billy Goes to War," in which he also plays the lead, supported by Billie Melbourne, Edith King, Bill Cavenagh, Deveraux Palmer, Frank P. Donovan, Minnie Rambo and Walter, Wills.

De Wolf Hopper, who is playing the title role in the new "Don Quixote" production, had a chance to emulate "Casey at the Bat" in a recent game of all-star players from the Fine Arts film studio and the Los Angeles City Council team. In response to overwhelming calls from the fans, Hopper obliged by reciting the poem about Casey which he has made famous. He was cheered to the echo and made good during the game. He made 18 first-base put-outs.

Willie Collier, the noted American comedian, has been added to the constellation of stars now under the supervision of Thomas Ince, it was recently announced, and will begin work in a comedy drama from the pen of C. Gardner Sullivan. Collier succumbed to the persuasion of Producer Ince on condition that he receive salary which, according to all reports, is to be a record-breaker. The story in New York City with a company of players and he gone for several months. Mabel has been enjoying a few weeks' vacation after her serious illness, and taken in the big show in San Francisco. She is now completely well but it will be quite Collieresque.

Adventures of the Silly Gallitilies in Movie Land.



VOTE FOR THE PICTURE OF YOUR FAVORITE PLAYER.

William R. Hart received the highest number of votes last week. His picture, therefore, will appear in The Frame of Public Favor next Sunday. Of the other players voted upon the following are: Charles Chaplin, Lillian Russell, Beatrice Mitchell, Donald Hall, Darwin Karr, Owen Moore, and Lillian Walker.

THE BALLOT.

M..... requests the pleasure of seeing the photograph of.....

..... sponsor In the Frame of Public Favor One Week from next Sunday.