Right off the Reel — by Mae Tinee

MYSTERIOUS MICHAEL'S LITTLE SURPRISE

To look at Michael you never would have thought of him as mysterious.

He had a fine open countenance, but—

There was something about him his wife couldn't understand.

He was always late to his dinner—which

Demands an explanation. It is given in the following yarn.

PRETTY little Mrs. Barkley took her nose from the pane where it had been pressed for the last 15 minutes and looked at the clock. Then she flattened it again in her anxious attempt to see farther down the street.

"O, dear," she wailed, "where is Michael? And the chops done to a turn—and, and everything! I bet he's killed. I bet——"

Somebody whistling "My Little Girl" turned the corner. Mrs. Barkely's face and attitude, both physical and mental, went through a quick metamorphosis. With lightning speed she pulled down the curtain, whisked a powder puff from her stocking and dabbed it over her face, whisked it back, snatched up a book, and when Mr. Michael Barkley made his late entrance, it was to behold a haughty little spouse apparently deep in the adventures of "Paralyzed Peggy."

"Hello, sweetness!" said Mr. Michael Barkley fondly.

Mrs. Barkley looked up languidly. "O, hello. Is that you? I'd almost given you

"It's all up with you, Michael, if you dare to fib to me."

up. The chops are probably dried to a frizzle." And slipping eel-like from his offered embrace and kiss, she tossed the book on the couch and walked indifferently toward the kitchen, humming a tuneless tune—the object being to impress on the mind of Mr. Michael Barkley how utterly and absolutely his actions affected her—not!

Mr. Barkley, left to himself, glanced guiltily at the clock, while a sheepish grin overspread his fine, open countenance.

"Golly! Late again! No wonder the kid's sore! But I reckon what I've got in my pocket will make her feel better."

Whistling gayly then, he hurried to the bathroom, where he made a quick toilet, and in five minutes entered the dining-room, where Mrs. Barkley, having gotten everything on the table, even to the water, sat in an attitude of martyred waiting.

Mr. Barkley paused by her side and laid a hand on the soft hair.

Mrs. Barkley wriggled.

"Don't. I hate to be mussed."

Mr. Barkley cleared his throat. "Now, honey," he said deprecatingly, "there's no use acting like this. I'm a working man and if business keeps me late I've just got to stay—see? One of the other fellows was off this afternoon and they had to have a salesman on the floor, so——"

"I suppose," Mrs. Barkley remarked witheringly, "that the salesmen on the floor never eat any dinner. Fifteen minutes is nothing, Michael, but this is the third night in succession that you have been one hour and a half late. Working! Don't talk to me!"

"All right," Mr. Barkley said, still good-naturedly, "but let this talk a little, will you?" and on her folded napkin he dropped a little white box.

Mrs. Barkley squealed, her grievance forgotten. "Michael!" She opened the box and at sight of the ring it contained jumped to her feet and encircled the giver in an all-forgivin' embrace. "Michael, you are such a dear. And me so cross! Darling, you sit right down there and eat your dinner. Michael, shall I warm things up a little?"

"O, no. I'm all right," Michael assured her, returning the caresses with ardor. And so for that evening things were all right.

The clouds gathered again and were dissolved when other evenings quite close together Mr. Barkley was late and made restitution by the laying down at the shrine of his injured goddess trifles of gold, silver, silk and lace. For Mrs. Barkley did love pretty things. There came a night, however, when she spurned the offering and faced her husband with a hard little face.

"Michael," she said, "don't lie to me any more. You've been gambling! Not one word, Michael! You've not had a raise in salary, I know. Nobody's died. Therefore, where do you get your money if you don't gamble for it? Now you may tell me, if you can!"

"I—I—have not been gambling," Mr. Barkley stuttered. "My dear, I have not!"

"Then," said his now terrible little wife, "where has all the money been coming from. Tell me, Michael!"

There was an awful silence.

"Are you going to tell me?"

"Jess," blurted Mr. Barkley, "you'd be much happier not to know. Much happier. I'm not being dishonest, I swear."

"Will you tell me?"

"No."

"Then," said Mrs. Barkley, "I shall leave you. Good-by." She left the room.

Michael Barkley, big, awkward, perturbed, stood stock still for a moment. A closet door slamming, however, electrified him. He bolted into the bedroom, where his wife, reduced now to tears, was pathetically shoving useless things into a small hand grip.

"Jess!"

"What?" gulped Mrs. Barkley. "N-now's your last chance, Michael. W-w-will you tell me?"

"I can't tell you," Michael said. "B-b-but, I'll take you—you'll probably leave me anyhow—when you know. But put on your things."

Her mystification getting the best of her sorrow, Mrs. Barkley obediently donned her out-of-door things and they started out, painfully silent and ill at ease. At the door of a motion picture theater Michael stopped. "I'll get you a ticket, honey," he said, "and I'll come back for you in an hour—I have to leave you for an hour."

Mrs. Barkley scowled. "Well, don't be any longer," she said. "It's all up with you, Michael, if you dare to fib to me."

"I won't fib," poor Michael said, and he vanished into the darkness.

As Mrs. Barkley took her seat she was conscious that the house was rocking with laughter. In her present mood, however, a funny picture held no charms for her and she deliberately closed her eyes. A scarcely suppressed shriek of merriment right at her elbow startled her into opening them and she stared at the screen to have her astonished gaze met by a grimace of—Michael's!

There he was—Michael! Cavorting, grimacing — Michael! Falling down stairs, going headfirst into rain barrels, peering out of freight cars—Michael! And at every new gyration his appreciative audience howled and clapped. Small boys whooped with delight. Little girls giggled. Women shook until tears rolled down their cheeks and the lines were ironed out of the faces of the tired business men by the wholesome mirth that possessed them. And Michael was doing it. Big, awkward, good-hearted Michael, whose lack of initiative she had always secretly deplored.

He was waiting for her as the show let out—standing well in the shadows, apparently dreading to be recognized. With a glad little cry she rushed up to him and caught his arm.

"Michael!" she said. "You blessed old wonder! So that's what you've been doing! Why, why didn't you tell me? Why, I'm so proud of you I could burst! Michael, how did it happen?"

Said Michael shyly: "Well, one day a moving picture fellow bought a car of me. He said something funny and I grinned. He said my grin was worth money and wanted me to quit my job and work for him. I told him that was too uncertain, but I'd give it a tryout in my odd minutes. So I did—and they say I'm the biggest hit of the year. So I—I quit my job last night and signed up a contract at $300 a week. I didn't like to tell you for fear you'd be sore at my making an exhibition of myself. That's all, honey! You're sure you don't mind?"

Said Mrs. Barkley proudly: "Michael, the only thing I ever had against you was that you were not a motion picture actor!"

The Frame of Public Favor

Henry B. Walthall

THERE is probably no man appearing on the screen who has more friends than has Henry B. Walthall, of the Essanay Company. His vivid impersonations have a potency of their own and any picture in which he has a role is pretty sure to be well worth seeing. Mr. Walthall was born in Shelby County, Alabama, in 1880, and is a veteran of the Spanish-American War. For several years he was on the legitimate stage. He began his screen career with the Biograph Company. Later he was with Pathe Freres, Mutual Film and he has been with the Essanay for some months, his duties being confined to the Chicago studio of that corporation. Mr. Walthall is about medium height, has pleasant brown eyes, brown hair which he wears, in the opinion of one person, rather too long. He has a nice, whimsical smile and a manner that is pleasant, though a trifle reticent. Altogether a vurr, vurr engaging person. Married.

TOPIC OF INTEREST TO MOVING-PICTURE FANS

WHAT one little idea can do for a man, and what a man can do with one little idea, no one knows better than George Beban.

Several years ago Beban heard Elsie Janis tell a little story in Italian dialect. It impressed him so much that he told it himself one night at a beefsteak dinner. Up to that time he had never attempted to be anything but funny, but when his dinner companions were seen to be deeply moved by the recital of the little story of "Rosa" Beban decided to keep it in his repertoire.

Not long after that the late Percy Williams offered Beban a big vaudeville engagement. Beban said he would like it if he could find a vehicle.

"What is the matter with that little 'Rosa' story you told?" said Mr. Williams. "There is your sketch."

That was the beginning. As "The Sign of the Rose," Beban played it five and a half years in vaudeville. Then Marx Klaw urged the actor-author-director to make it into a four-act play. He did so, and enjoyed a run at the Garrick Theater and a tour on the road. The next metamorphosis of the little idea was into a combination motion picture and play, which appeared on Broadway. The picture told the story up to the point of the original vaudeville act and Beban and company finished up the play in person.

After that Beban put the final act on the screen and the pictured "An Alien" was the successful result. Since then Beban has recited the original story of "Rosa" into the phonograph records and now (will the thing never end) he is fulfilling the demand of a noted publishing house and putting the story into form for publication as a novel.

Through the various elaborations on the original little story of "Rosa" Beban has become known as one of the richest actors in America. He is now nearly through the production of a World Film feature, "The Genius-Pierre." Beban is the author of the story and believes he has hit upon an idea that will run "Rosa" a close second.

* * *

Ruth Blair, who is one of the most promising of the William Fox younger photo-play stars, is an artist in drawing and painting; is well versed in the classics and in music, and has all the accomplishments that come to a girl delightfully and charmingly educated, yet she was not satisfied, because she wanted to become another sort of artist—an artist who could express her dramatic talent through the medium of the spoken drama or the newer art of animated photography.

Miss Blair was born in Williamsport, Pa., April 14, 1893.

The screen star was educated in the public schools of Williamsport, graduating from the High School. She always was interested in theatricals, and during her school days was a member of several amateur dramatic clubs. She gained her first real stage experience in stock, joining an organization that played a long engagement in Williamsport.

This only whetted her desire for greater things, and she prevailed upon her parents to let her come to New York. She became a pupil of Ada Dow Currier, the dramatic teacher to whom Julia Marlowe owes her great success on the stage, and, after a year's study and hard work, received a part in Selwyn & Company's production of "Within the Law," and immediately jumped into popular favor.

About a year ago she sought a tryout in one of the prominent picture-producing companies and immediately registered on the screen as an exceptional type. Her worth as a possible film star became known to William Fox, and he immediately engaged her for his production of "The Fourth Estate" as co-star with Samuel Ryan. Although this is Miss Blair's first picture under the William Fox banner, her work was of such positive nature that she soon will be recognized as one of the most popular stars in filmdom.

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The Fine Arts studio takes pride in its selection of character players, who, in addition to being types, are experienced members of the theatrical stage.

This list of proved-character artists includes Mary Alden, who has to her credit such character roles as the mother in "The Battle of the Sexes," and the "mulatto" in "The Birth of a Nation"; Ralph Lewis, who became celebrated as the result of his characterization of Stoneman in "The Birth of a Nation," and the detective in "The Avenging Conscience"; Spottiswoode Aitken, who appears in "The Avenging Conscience," "Home, Sweet Home" and "The Birth of a Nation"; F. A. Turner, who played the father in "The Escape"; William H. Brown plays the innkeeper in "Don Quixote"; Kate Tonrray plays the mother in "Old Heidelberg" and "Double Trouble"; George Pearce, who plays Murphy in "The Sable Lorcha"; Josephine Crowell, who plays the part of the mother in "Home, Sweet Home," and the same type of part in other Griffith features; Edwin Harley, well-known minstrel star; Loyola O'Connor, who made her debut in "The Lily and the Rose," and James Cosgrove, who appears in "Daphne."

* * *

The department heads of the Pathe forces have organized and formed a club for social purposes. The organization is known as the Pathe Club, and is now being incorporated. That the Roosterites mean business is shown by the fact that the club starts out with a paid-up capital of $1000 and has received the hearty support of Charles Pathe and General Manager Gasnier.

Officers have been elected as follows: Honorary president, Charles Pathe; President, Mr. Gasnier; acting president, W. A. Sholto Douglas; acting vice-president, Ralph Navarro; secretary, P. Allen Parsons; treasurer, Gabriel Bardet. To the board of governors were elected M. Ramirez Torres, George A. Smith, J. K. Burger, George B. Seitz and F. H. Knocke, the officers of the club also acting as members of the board ex officio.

A dance and dinner has been planned for the middle of January and clubrooms are contemplated.

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After appearing before the police and every other politician of San Francisco Cleo Madison is nearly finished with her five-reel story called "The Soul's Crucible," by herself and Kathleen Kerrigan.

When the company went to the northern city a week or so ago they were told by the police that they would not be allowed to work. Los Angeles having no slums, they had to go north for the required slum scenes, and the San Francisco people did not propose to have the lower sections of the city put on the screen. After about 2,000,000 or so insults the company was finally allowed to work, but they were supplied with a private police censor, who accompanied them at every minute, and to whom they had to turn before they were allowed to shoot a scene. It is probably the first time in the history of pictures that a company was furnished with a private censor, in the past it being deemed that the National board could do all necessary. Edward Hearn, Ray Hanford and William Mong appear in support of Miss Madison.

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Lenore Ulrich, the popular little moving picture actress, has just returned to New York from war-ridden Mexico, where her latest photoplay has been staged for the Paramount programme by the Pallas organization.

To get the desired backgrounds for the play the entire company journeyed through Mexico, and, although many questionable characters and bands of desperate-looking natives were encountered during the trip, the strong guard of young Mexicans which accompanied the party offered an array which received the wholesome respect of the bedraggled citizens.

When seen at the Knickerbocker Hotel by the representative of the Morning Telegraph just after her arrival the pretty actress said with regard to her recent trip: "It was lots of fun, although, of course, we had to be alert all the time. Of course, at first we were all more or less a bit afraid, but this soon wore off. We came across many sorry looking individuals with their donkeys carrying their earthly belongings about, probably looking for a new spot to erect their homes. One evening while stopping at one of the 'halfway houses' a party of villainous-looking individuals put up for the night, and for a time I was considerably scared. However, a fine body of soldiers, which accompanied us all the way on our trip, probably made them change their minds, if they had expected any plunder, for they kept their peace. The Mexicans who acted as our guards are young men of the more prominent Mexican families in Los Angeles. Well educated and having a thorough grasp of conditions in the unsettled republic, their services were, indeed, of exceptional value."

* * *

Whiskers and war! There have been times when whiskers have suffered from wordy wars, the papers do say, but a conservative thinker would hardly expect the war to interfere with the price of whiskers. Yet that is Marc MacDermott's sad experience. Fastidious artist that he is, he wanted just such a shade of hair for his beard in the Kleine-Edison feature, "The Catspaw," in which he and Miriam Nesbitt are featured. He had finished about half the picture when he found that all his stock of that particular shade of "crepe" hair was gone. He used a new "beard" every day. He was surprised to be told at the usual store that the war had stopped the importation of that kind of hair. He rushed anxiously from place to place, all over New York City, with the same result—no whiskers. His whole day came to naught and it was not until Boston had been searched that the shade was found. It was particularly important, as MacDermott plays a dual role and, of course, had to preserve the finely-drawn likeness and difference in himself and his double. The whole theatrical profession is suffering considerably from the lack of such hair, he learned.

* * *

Houdini, famous wizard of escape, who is so well known to patrons of the vaudeville houses in the country, passed a few hours at Universal City recently.

This man, who has surprised thousands of people in this country and abroad by his ability to make his escape from trunks which have been securely nailed, sealed cabinets and straitjackets met his waterloo at the picture studio.

By accident Houdini walked across a set where Carter De Haven was directing a picture—"The Wrong Door," a comedy drama. "Now, Houdini," said the diminutive actor and director, who for many years has been a friend of the celebrated escapologist, "I guess you'll have to remain where you are until we finish this scene," and Houdini did. He remained there for 10 minutes. There was no escape this time.

ANSWERS TO MOVIE FANS

A FAITHFUL ADMIRER — Thank you vurr, vurr much. If you are going to talk about imposing on me you will make me feel badly. I am only too glad to do anything I can for you. It's me job. No, the picture of the actor in whom you are interested has not appeared in the Frame. She is with the Triangle Film corporation, 71 West Twenty-third street, New York. I imagine she would send you a photograph if you inclose a quarter with your request. I can't say positively, however. She is about 20. In "The Birth of a Nation" it was possible for Mr. Griffith to obtain some of the United States cavalry for various scenes. It is a wonderful, wonderful picture. Since Francis X. Bushman is married and lives with his wife and has five children, I think it hardly possible that he is engaged to Beverly Bayne. Edna Mayo is not married. Thanks ever so much for your good wishes. I hope my information is satisfactory.

A. B.—If you will send me a stamped and self-addressed envelope I will gladly mail you printed material I have on scenario writing and a list of firms that accept them, and an article on how to become a photoplayer. You are not too forward in asking questions. The Fairbanks twins are 14 years of age. Cute little girls, aren't they?

H. Brown—The Fox Film Company is located at 120 West Forty-sixth street, New York. William Farnum is still with the Fox company. I am glad you are interested in the Right Off the Reel page, and hope you may continue to be.

G. E. B.—I don't blame you for wanting to know everything you can about your favorite pictures. Undoubtedly the cap in the play you mention was a boudoir cap. I have taken great pleasure in registering your vote. Write me again when at any time I can be of service to you.

Silly Gallillies Second—Pretty nice to be silly, isn't it? You make me awfully happy telling me that you enjoy the Right Off the Reel page so much. Thank you. At the present time I believe that Pearl White is not married. Mary Pickford has a white character. Her hair is naturally curly. Creighton Hale says he is not married. So sayeth Fay Tincher, so also sayeth J. Warren Kerrigan. I don't mind in the least your being inquisitive. I am here to answer questions. You are vurr, vurr welcome.

H. and B.—B'ess 'em hearts! Believe me, I am mighty glad you like the page so much and hope you will continue to like it. Write to the Thanhouser twins in care of the Thanhouser Company, New Rochelle, N. Y. Yes, they are really and truly twins. I am simply flattered to death to think that I look like one of them. You shouldn't tell me such nice things. I'd love to send you my picture, but the rules of this paper forbid. Don't worry, you're not missing much.

Just Claire—I'd love to see your den, Just Claire, for I think it must be so attractive. Regarding the questions: Pat O'Malley is still with the Edison Company, 2826 Decatur avenue, Bedford Park, N. Y. Harold Lockwood is still with the American Company, Santa Barbara, Cal. You are entirely right in thinking that I am a friend of yours. I hope that you will give me any chance of proving my friendship.

Jack—All right, let's settle your arguments. Marie Eline is not the child of James Cruze and Marguerite Snow. They have only one child, little Julia Cruze. Yes, John Bunny is really dead. In "A Fool There Was" Runa Hodges was the child. She was cunning, wasn't she?

Discouraged—The names of the winners in the Selig "Funny" contest were announced in the Sunday issue of October 24.

Told by the Stars on the Stars

DONALD BRIAN.

DONALD BRIAN, having been born under the sign of Aquarius—some highbrow planet—should:

Be a keen little business man, detecting on sight the motives of the sauve manner of the stranger who would sell the Flat Iron building or the Masonic Temple.

A BROAD JUDGE OF HUMAN NATURE

Be a good mixer.

Have the time of his life at being entertained.

Follow the dictates of "them."

Have a magnetic personality.

HAS A HYPNOTIZING EYE

Love a laugh better than anything else on earth.

Be able to tell a good story or bad so that it always sounds good.

Have hypnotizing eyes. Always wear amethysts, as they are his birthstone. Cultivate as his friends those born between May 22 and June 21, and between September 24 and October 23.

Look up your birthdays, girls.

* * *

ELLA HALL.

Little Ella Hall, being a St. Patrick's day baby, hails as her sign Mr. Pisces. She—

Always has to be shown.

WANTS TO KNOW

Is always on the alert to find out whatever she can about whatever she can.

Is thoughtful, industrious, and never gives up.

Always keep her promises at no matter what sacrifice to herself.

Loves to study out little problems in mechanics.

Is sympathetic and philanthropic.

HAS A FIT WHEN THINGS GO WRONG

Has a fit whenever anything goes wrong either in business or home life.

Counts her moods by the changes in the weather.

Should have as her friends those born between June 22 and July 22, and between October 24 and November 22.

Should wear bloodstones, as they are the stone that belongs to her birthday. (This, you understand, is what Mr. Pisces says about the lady.)

VOTE FOR THE PICTURE OF OUR FAVORITE PLAYER.

Dorothy Bernard received the highest number of votes last week. Her picture, therefore, will appear in The Frame of Public Favor next Sunday. Of the other players voted upon the following are the leaders: Lillian Gish, Henry King, Theda Bara, Jackie Saunders, Maclyn Arbucle and Charles Bartlett.

THE BALLOT.

M.....

requests the pleasure
of seeing
the photograph of

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

Adventures of the Silly Gallillies in Movie Land.