

Behind the Screen in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD, Feb. 14.—O. Henry is not the candy bar but the magazine of fiction—is to be heaved in the motion picture world. Edward Earle, the delightful delineator of the screen, is to be heaved in the motion picture world. Edward Earle, the delightful delineator of the screen, is to be heaved in the motion picture world. Edward Earle, the delightful delineator of the screen, is to be heaved in the motion picture world.

"Fatty" is coming back! Whether Fatty Arbuckle is actually to appear before the camera or will officiate as director is not yet authoritatively known. It is a fact, however, that "Fatty" is at Buster Keaton's studio preparing a comedy story which he is to be the financial boss as well as producing mentor of the production. "Fatty" directed one film after Bill Hays banned him and took screen credit as "Will B. Good."

Movies are being made with fish, poultry and fens featured. One independent company threatens to produce a drama of movie high finance with an octopus starred!

"The Iron Horse," the John Ford production, has evidently registered as first-rate entertainment. Still showing after a long run at the Lyric theater in New York, the house of legitimate drama, it has won a coveted laurel in being chosen to be shown in a fortnight in Hollywood at the Grauman's Egyptian theater, the "show" place of Southern California and one of America's finest movie palaces. Grauman always stag in his "opening nights" with more seat than a New York first night. All the cinema lights are present and the event is a great one for Los Angeles and Hollywood.

Lon Chaney has been signed to a contract by Metro-Goldwyn. He is just finishing work on "The Unholy Three," a recent which there is a story. Marshall Neilan, the noted director, was "shooting" a scene on another set when Blanche Sweet, his leading lady (and wife!), clutched his arm. A huge

ATTRACTIONS COMING TO HEILIG

May Robson to be Here Tuesday in a Play of Her Own Writing; Brandon Opera Company to Play Three Days



Above is a scene from May Robson's "Something Tells Me," which will be at the Heilig theater Tuesday.

Below is Harry Pfeil, leading tenor in the Brandon Opera company, as Robin Hood.



black spider was crawling across the floor.

Carl Laemmle, head of the Universal company and a shrewd showman, evidently has sensed before other producers the tendency of the public to patronize the unusual in motion picture entertainment. In "Foolish Wives" Mr. Laemmle continentalized the screen before Lubitsch's advent. In "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" he introduced a palatable version of the gruesome and weird. Now comes "The Phantom of the Opera," a hair-raising mystery melodrama that promises definitely to create a new vogue in screen entertainment.

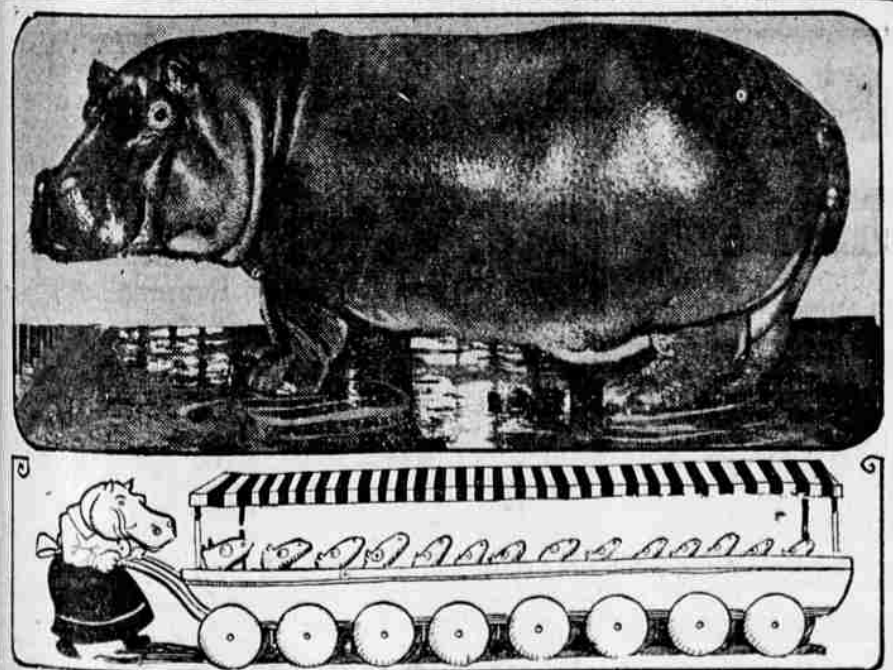
It is reported that Mr. Laemmle may present Bran Staker's great thriller, "Dracula," and that Arthur Edmund Carew, who plays the mysterious, intriguing Persian in "The Phantom" and who was Svengali in "Tribby," may play the title role.

Raoul Walsh is making "The Spaniard" with Ricardo Cortez for Paramount and is scheduled to produce "The Wanderer." In both Noah Beery is a featured player, and in

"The Wanderer" it is said he will have his greatest screen role.

MRS. MURPHY, WHO IS ILL AT THE ZOO

Her Fourteen Children Were Worth Their Weight in Dimes, and Their Sale Made it Soft for the Other Park Inmates.



In her younger days Mrs. Murphy must have listened to the late Theodore Roosevelt's remarks on race suicide, and made up her mind to do her duty. Fourteen of 'em is her contribution, and if you don't believe it, just count 'em. They're all in the carriage.

MRS. MURPHY is ill. That may not seem important to you, but when you consider that Mrs. Murphy has made no history, her importance goes up a few points.

Just how sick she is cannot be determined; for she's pretty thick-skinned.

Little is known of her life, prior to her arrival at Central Park Zoo, but it is said that she started in the Nile and wound up in a circus menagerie.

Character she settled down to raise a family, and such a family. Fourteen of 'em! No zoo in the country, it is said, has one of Mrs. Murphy's children or grandchildren. They brought sums the total of which has been reckoned anywhere from \$25,000 to \$35,000.

Not only has she been self-supporting, but she has kept the elephants in the zoo many years.

It was when it became known that she was aging and sick, a representative was sent to see her.

effort as an author. Still, the legend about Annie is about as formidable as the fable about St. Patrick or the quest for Sally's hiding place. But maybe Mary will pull a Cinderella after all and find in this simple theme the reward of new riches and renewed popularity!

Lila Grey Chaplin and her family—including a San Francisco attorney—have been speaking freely right into the Los Angeles press about financial settlements with Charlie, open charge accounts at the millinery and the delicatessen and all that sort of thing.

In November the Chaplins were wedded in Mexico.

In January the forthcoming Chaplin heir was announced.

In February a "trust fund" for "baby" is being discussed and a settlement for the prospective mother arranged.

It is a fact that the Chaplins are definitely separated.

And Charlie is finishing "The Gold Rush," his latest comedy.

All Dogs Good Until They Bite

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 14.—(AP)—Coke's age-old maxim, "Every dog is entitled to one bite," was applied here recently by Judge Thompson of the Superior Court in finding for a damage suit defendant whose dog was alleged to have bitten a baker's boy.

No one denied that Max, the dog, had helped himself to a nip out of the baker boy's arm. The statement of the defendant that the nip had been the first indulged in by Max, likewise was undisputed, so motion for nonsuit was granted.

In delivering the finding the court said:

"It is an ancient rule of the law that every dog is entitled to one bite. The owner of a dog of known vicious character is charged with responsibility for its acts, but how shall a dog who never has manifested any vice be supposed by its owner to be a dog of vicious character? There obviously must be a first bite, and hard as it may be upon the unfortunate victim of this, so to speak, maiden bite, he apparently is left without recourse."

Men Preferred by California Shiners

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 14.—(AP)—Women are not so extravagant as popular belief would paint them, but on the contrary are economical, or at any rate they don't pay out money for shoe shines, says Los Angeles bootblack.

The shiners say that 15 men have their shoes polished to one woman.

A woman, they explained, will take home a 25-cent bottle of polish, hunt up a rag and at the end of the month figure out how much she has saved. Then, if she is married, she is liable to try to break up the age-old male custom of hiring someone else to clean his shoes.

Incompetent Bob Merchants Fought

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 14.—(AP)—Bobbed hair is responsible for at least one menace, according to the state labor department, through the establishment of so-called hair-bobbing schools.

So many of these schools are operating in California and charging high fees for incompetent instruction that legislation will be sought to put them out of business, or else compel them to teach at least an elementary course in practical hair-cutting, said the department officials.

Ezra Meeker no Waster of Time

TACOMA, Wash., Feb. 14.—(AP)—A 95-year-old man has no time to waste, in the opinion of Ezra Meeker, trail blazer, who in the early days crossed the plains in a covered wagon and recently went over the same route in an airplane.

Mr. Meeker visited a newspaper office here recently and inquired for a friend. He was asked to wait for him half an hour.

"Good gracious," answered Mr. Meeker. "I'm 95 years old and I have no half hours to spare."

Wallpaper 200 Years Old Used

LONDON, Feb. 14.—(AP)—Antique wallpaper 200 years old, will be used on the walls of a room being built in the English furniture galleries at South Kensington Museum.

The room will be a copy of an 18th century apartment and will contain furniture made at or about the time when Queen Anne died.



by CAPTAIN A.E. DINGLE
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(Synopsis)
ALDEN DRAKE, formerly a sailor, now grown soft and flabby through a life of idle ease, visits Sailortown, where he meets—

JOE HUNTING, a seaman, with whom he drinks himself off his feet in a barroom. Awakening next morning Drake hears—

CAPTAIN STEVENS of the Orontes denounce him as a "dude." Angry, Drake sneaks aboard the Orontes as one of the crew, but is recognized by Stevens and soundly thrashed. He is put down on the ship's articles as BOY, thereby shaming him before—

MARY MANNING, daughter of the owner, who is a messenger on the Orontes. In the forecastle Joe Hunting has made an enemy of Tony, another sailor, by throwing him out of a bunk in favor of Drake. Tony attacks Joe. Drake steps in and proceeds to administer a beating to Tony.

(Continued)
"Hi! Hi! Th' lad can handle his-



She stood a moment, inhaling the morning's freshness.

self," yelled Joe, dancing around the combatants.

"Aye, give 'im th' knee, Tony!" advised Tubbs, disgustedly. "I'd wallop th' pair o' yuh!"

"Never mind 'im, lad, I'm your man!" shouted Joe, pushing a pudgy fist up close to Tubbs' nose. "Lookin' fer a fight, are yuh?"

"Go take a jump at yerself! Who's talkin' to yuh?" growled Tubbs. Tony slipped between Drake's arms to the deck, and crouched there on hands and knees shaking his head foolishly. Drake stood over him, unmarked except for a blue eye and a scratched cheek, the result of an attack at gouging; but Tony stayed there, shaking his head, a thin trickle of blood reddening the deck, and Tubbs and Sins grabbed hold of him and dragged him out on deck to wash him off. Joe seized Drake by the hand, and dragged him over to the bunk, where he filled his own precious little nose-warmer with rich pipe tobacco and handed it to him in proud silence.

"Good lad, yer a good lad, I allus said so," said old Bill Gadgett, lighting a scrap of paper for Drake's pipe.

"Better watch ah! fer 'is knife, chum," warned Herbert Oats from his top bunk. "Them Dagos 'ud stick a feller soon as look at 'im!"

Drake laughed. Other quiet sailormen laughed, too. Herbert Oats was believed to have cause for dislike of Tony. He had stolen his girl's ring, or something. But Herbert was not a fighting man, so long as he had a choice. He was a good warner; prophet of evil.

"Shut yer 'ead, y' lopeared crow!" growled Nick Coombs. "Tony's on'y killin' sheepies after this. Keep under cover, me son."

But when all was over, and eight-bells struck, and the first watch was set for the night, Drake rolled into his bunk and sighed blissfully. He had fought and won. Tony might not be the hardest man to beat, but he had beaten him, and done it well. Better still, he had done it with ease. He was hardening.

In the pink shaded first flush of a fine weather dawn the great clipper awoke to another day's work. All dripping with dew, she was lovely with mantling light. Drake carried his brass razor aft. The Doctor and Tony bent over the grindstone forward, putting razor edges on two butcher knives. A sheep was to be killed for fresh meat, and Tony was to lend a hand. He and the Doctor got along very well. A terrific clucking in the chicken coops brought the Doctor aft, running, the steward popped out of the maindeck door, and

the second mate ran to the rail; but none of them were smart enough. There were eggs for the halfdeck coffee again. Drake grinned as he went up the poop ladder. He had been an apprentice once.

He fell to work upon his brass-work, feeling as if the world might yet be his. A good fight won is ever a tonic to a real man. A fight well won is more than tonic; it is inspiration. Drake hummed a song. Young Mr. Adams stood forward, giving orders to the bow. Sailors were getting out browns and buckets, squeegees, and hose; Chips rigged the head pump. The log line twirled merrily; the blue seas flashed into creamy white as the ship crushed them, turned into lacy blue and white as she left them, and turned again into deepest azure beyond the end of the log line. And the big red sun peeped up. Then, to challenge the sun, Mary Manning stepped from the companionway, rosy as the dawn, sweet as the sun warmed air. She stood a moment inhaling the morning's freshness, reveling in the dancing glints of the rising sun upon the waters, then glanced aft. She seemed to be hesitating. Mr. Adams greeted her with a smiling good morning.

"You have never taken your trick yet, Miss Manning," he said. "You won't get a better chance. She steers like a yacht now. Want to try?"

"I'd like to," she said quickly. She looked around, all over the deck. "I hope the captain won't disarrange you for letting me," she laughed.

"I will trust in your good word," Mr. Adams replied gallantly.

Mary took the wheel, and the helmsman stood by until the second mate was satisfied that she could steer as well as the seamen. She sang softly, in a full throated contralto that held the fibre of the ocean itself. Drake moved from brass to brass. He set down his brickdust and oil tin on the lee grating and as she sang the last lines of the verse: "Glad, and glad, was the sailor lad, as he steered and sang at his wheel!" And when she began to sing the

refrain, Drake unconsciously sang in harmony: "Only another day to wander, only another night to roam; Then safe at last, the harbor past— She stopped abruptly, coloring in embarrassment. And Drake went on and finished the verse as he rubbed only rust over the brass boss of the wheel. "I beg your pardon, Miss Manning. The beauty of the morning must have made me forget that I am just a dirty little ship's boy." (To be continued.)

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