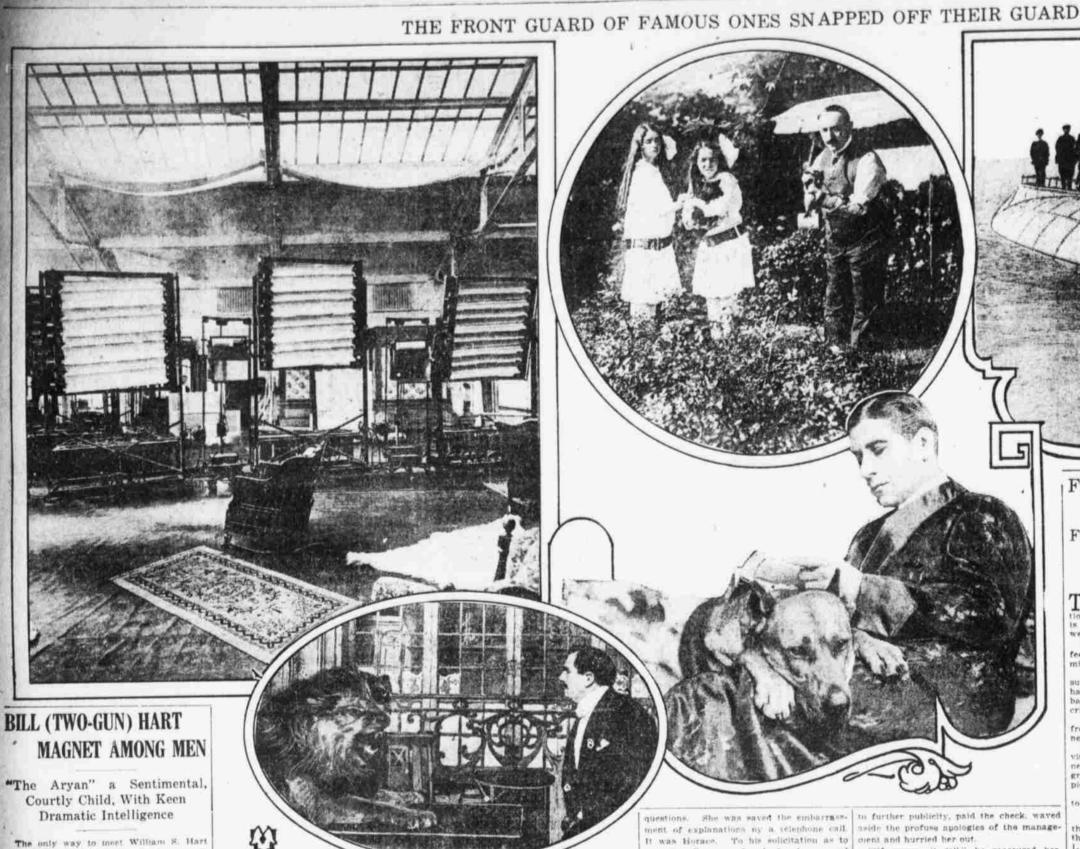
NEXT WEEK: "THE MASQUE OF LIFE," GARRICK-OTHER NOVELTIES FROM FILMLAND HERE



tor of Blackwall's Magazine, an old friend of the Kennedys, on one of her infrequent

ood discussed his work. He had a counter

excursions from the houseboat. He vacationing at the River Bank Inc. As they strolled to the houseboat, Nor-

From this pictorial melange, the discerning may pick out film and stage folk. Robert Warwick finds silent companionship in his Great Dane as he looks over the script of "The Silent Master," the Arcadia's first-half-of-the-week bill, in prospect. Captain Nemo and his submersifirst-half-of-the-week bill, in prospect. Captain Nemo and his submersible crew pose against the skyline for a striking scene in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." at the Forrest still, William Fox, head of the corporation responsible for Theda Bara's new film, at the Victoria the first half of next week, sprays his rose bushes, assisted by his daughters. Behold, also, the Metro studio, in which Olga Petrova's latest vehicle, "The Soul of a Magdalene," another Victoria offering, was "shot." And last but not less interesting, the fee-rocious lion and his master who will thrill Keith patrons with a new act in which movies and melodrama are dovetailed.

"NEGLECTED WIFE" IN SECOND EPISODE

spend eight or ten years of your life

ting a hundred or so ordinary actors

Then, and then alone, you realize the differ

nce. For Hart is that anomaly in stage

fand-a man who retains both his histrionic

skill and his genuine masculinity. All this

coupled with a quiet dignity, a virile but

unostentatious assurance that leave their

mark on the least easily impressed. He

During the week I talked with the Tri-angle actor-director at some length. It was a talk full of human virtues and emptied of personal vanity. "The film fans are craxy, simply mad." he said, with an optic twinkle that didn't shield his belief in what

he said conclastly, but kindly. "The pic-tures have taken a hold on them with which nothing else is comparable. I didn't real-ing it till we started East. Our train wasn't

hight, Bill." I have made more speeches than any political campaigner and shaken more hands than I imagined existed. If I had the least sert of a swelled nut it would be all off with me. But, honestly, I take the smallest kind of personal pride in such achievements. It is the pictures them—

selves. I just happen to be doing the west-ern stuff that has caught on. Folks identify

me with them. But it is the pictures that

"If I have an ideal in the business, it is

acquaint spectators with the true life the wild mining and cowboy towns of

n horseback.
The final impression Bill leaves on you

The final impression Bill leaves on you is one of complete capability and an unamoiled, child-like, gentle, strong nature. Exeptical fans, who disassociate what actors do from what they are may be assured of this: He is a regular person, in addition to being a talented producer and player,

ASMILE develops congenial char-A acter. The physical always re-flects the mental. You force a smile

flects the mental. You force a smile and gradually your inner emotions, out of sympathy, correspond with your effort—you then derive the happy results. Making a practice of this, you will be smiling all the time; consequently, your disposition is bound to develop into the sunshine variety. I think Milton based his quotation, "Youth smiles without reason," on this theory,—Douglas Fairbanks.

agencies set up a yell."

is never unapproachable.

supposed to stop till we reached Kaneas.

City. The first time we were 'held up' we didn't understand what the people were driving at: I give you my word we were that innocent. In some places they not only had the regular police force active on the streets to restrain the mobs, but called cut the reserves. In one town, a rough one, I was received by a priest, belied with guns about the waist. In another a mother ran forward to me, holding up a child and crying: 'This little girl prays for you every night, Bill.' I have made more speeches than any political campaigner and shaken Further Adventures of Mabel Herbert Urner's Domestic Heroine, as Pictured by Pathe

The Preceding Chapter.

Herace Kennedy, a prominent lawyer, is cifting away from his "settled down," it loyal wife, Mary. He makes us enemy disbarring Doyle, an unscrippious atterney, on a charge lodged by Margaret Warner, a struggling writer. Margaret in employed by Kennedy to help write a series of newspaper articles. On the last evening, they are caught in an accident and Kennedy

CHAPTER II-"Weakening." : by Mabel Herbert Urner.) By JOSEPH DUNN

In the narrow hallroom, Margaret faced her disheveled image in the mirror. Her pallor was emphasized by her loosened hair and the black streak on her forehead.

of the wild mining and cowboy towns of the West as they were in the early dayw. I never did a strictly nonwestern film. though 'Between Men.' with its dresssuits, was an approach to that sort of thing. I have always wanted to prove to movie fans that I could do something beside the gun-drawing and digarette-rolling. So has Mr. Ince wanted me to. But every time the theme is broached, the distributing agencies set up a yell. Still unnerved, she dropped on the bed, er confused mind trying to bring order out of the thiers events of the past It the encircling strength mencies set up a yell."

Mr. Hart (though he prefers "Bill") is mighty good company. He tells a story better than Chauncey Depew, with all an actor's cleverness and none of an actor's attitudinizing. He smokes real cigars, and drinks a glass or two of real wine, and once in a while he swears, not violently, but in a gentle, hooming tone that takes away all the sting of profanity and makes a curse sound like a thunderous blessing. hour: She of Kennedy's . . ms as he held her. A hot flush dyed her pallor when she glanced at the folded slip she was nervously creasing. Her purse lost in the wreckage Kennedy had insisted on her taking this check. Only her urgent need had made her finally con

sent to the loan, for it was only as a loan all the ating of protants an inaccound like a thunderous blessing.

He is frankly sentimental, especially about animals and children. Of prime impertance to him is his pony, which he got from some of the Indians who came to Inceville a couple of years ago. He gave the writer some unusual sidelights on the chances that he and his company take while "shooting." Every day, he says, some one in the cast goes to the hospital, but he has had rare luck. The only times he was painfully injured were during the filming of "Hell's Hinges" and "The Two-gun Man." In the first naried he broke two ribs when his mount rolled down a sand hank. In the latter he crushed his knee when he rode through the big window on horseback. that she would accept it. Too excited to sleep, she knelt by the win-dow until long after midnight. For months she had been terrified by the thought that no one in the great city cared, but now, for the moment, her desolation had fallen from her. The throbbing consciousness of Ken-nedy's nearness, the refuge of his strength.

were still with her-Kennedy, hurrying home, was relieved that his wife was not waiting up for him, for just now he shrank from the thought of being questioned.

The sense of Margaret's nearness, the pulsating moments he held her in his arms, shattered the quiet conservatism of his

Mary was not asleep. Hating herself for her suspicions, she tried to banish them in sleep. Was she becoming a shrewish, icalous wife? For some time there had been a subtle withdrawsi in his attitude. He was becoming daily more absorbed and absent-minded. She tried to attribute them to his work, but there was always the lurking fear that it was something

In spite of her almost sleepless night Mary was at the breakfust table, dressed for a week-end trip to their houseboat, when Kennedy came down. It was with increasing misgivings that Mary clung to her husband as she told him good-by. She knew there would be no rest in this trip

alone.

At the houseboat, time hung heavy on her hands. It was the first time that Mary had ever come down alone. Always Horace had been with her. But now that he was coming only for the week-ends, the place seemed to have taken on a dreary emptiwas with real pleasure that she

"It's a pretty poor lot." Norwood lit a claurette "All sleep producers, except one—the one you have there. It's a corking story. His Wife and the Other Weman; y Margaret Warner Many recognized the name as that of the girl who helped Hornee with his articles. She tolunteered to read the story, and Norwood gave his eager consent. That morning at breakfast Margaret was ubjected to a bembardment of curious

Combine the smile with Napole-onic determination, and success should not be very distant.—Douglas

SMILES OF THE SWOLLEN SALARY

From the bottom of her trunk she dragged

out her one evening gown a simple, girlish dress, an evening frock of a small western town. Boliting her door, she heated an iron over the gas jet, a forbidden privilege, and pressed out the crushed flounces.

Promptly at seven a taxi stopped before the boarding house. Mrs. Devlin ushered Kennedy into the parior. A few minutes later Margaret appeared embarrassed and diffident. He tried to pur her at her case as he hurried her out to avoid the curious boarders.

She seemed in a daze until she found her-self at a table with Kennedy ordering an appetizing dinner.

It was Margaret's first glimpse of a smart

ment and hurried her out. "rif course, it rell." he reassured her. the aftereffects of the shock, she assured him she had quite recovered. She gave a fattering consent to his invitation to disc with him that evening when he explained that Mrs. Kennedy was out of town.

"No one would have set it off. I haven't any enemies bitter enough for that." "Edgar Doyle," suggested Margaret, But Kennedy dismissed the sub-

When a little later Kennedy left her at he heard ng house door, he held her hand

n n lingering clasp. "I hope our next evening will be without any perilous adventure.

At the breakfast table the next morning an envelope lay by Margaret's plate. In-side was this message:

"Any woman alone in New York had better be careful. She cannot run around with a married man and not get found out."

Who could have written it? What had been the motive? Her one impulse was to take the note to Kennedy. She shrank It was Margaret's first glimpse of a smart
New York restaurant, and she caught her
breath at the brilliancy of the scene. It
was all wonderful to her, and she leaned
forward impulsively.

'I'm going to weave all this into a story.'
A cry of warning! A shriek of horror
Margaret started up, almost paralyzed, as
a heavy urn from the ballony crashed to
the floor just back of Konnedy's chair. The
whole room was in an uprear.
Kennedy, not wanting to subject Margaret

To take the note to Kennedy. She shrank
from going to his office. Urged on by her
apprehension, in less than half an hour
apprehension, in l

"For a leading member of the har. your friendship with a certain young woman is most surprising." This is the story of the second episode of ... The Neglected Wife," the Pathe serial, featuring Buth Roland.

FOX, THE MAN WHO FORGETS TO SLEEP, AND WHY HE DOES

Films, Films, Films the Sole Central Concern of the Producer Who Has Popularized Theda Bara and Others

feet of film a day more than twenty-five miles of it in a week.

It is the story of the man with his summer capital at Woodmere, L. J., who had a projection room and a screen built back of his home for his three hardest critics.

from 9 in the morning until 1, 2 or 3 the next morning.

next morning.

It is the story of the man who supervises personally every important detail connected with the ramifications of one of the greatest film corporations in the motion-picture industry.

It is the story of The Man Who Forgets

The hot rain blew in thin sheets across the bespattered shadows which the trees threw out upon the boulevard at Woodmere. L. I. An automobile scurried out of the jam of cars at the corner of Pond lane and drew up before a house whose by cov-

ering dripped in the shower. The rain-coated figure, the Man Who Forgets to Sleep darted from the machine, a sigar in one hand, a scenario in the other. Behind ran the chauffeur, several flat tin receptacles grasped tightly in hir arms. The chauffeur hurried along the gravel nath to the rear of the house. He stopped in front of a one-room building raised six or eight feet above the ground. This is William Fox's summer projection room. The iron doors swung back and a man stood silhouetted against the piercing light from two glowing carbons.

houested against the piercing light from two glowing carbons.

"Films come?" he asked.

The chauffeur began handing up the tins.
"Mr. Fox said to get the machine ready to print at il, if the weather clears at all. Twenty minute yet. We made that 10:45 appointment out here, all right. Mr. Fox is going to have another conference at the Forty-sixth street office at 1:15, so I guess it's 3 a, m before he'll call it a contract with hat

I guess it's 2 a, m before he'll call it a day.

This is the passion for work of the Man Who Forgets to Sleep.
Fox is his severes; critic, but associated with him in this home process of constructive destruction are three other persons, critics all. This triumvirate consists of Mrs. Fox and the two puttiful aids in the black-eyed daughters, along and Belle These three are very pointed in their remarks about the film. The unfailing clar with Mr. Fox says nothing, of course, but its movements are decidedly expressive.

When affairs in the office are so pressing that they prevent the Man Who Forgets to Sleep from seeing the films at an hour when four-fifths of the metropolit is slumbering, the reels are shot out to Woodmere to be run off at the first opportunity. Often

THIS is the story of William Fox, the man Who Forgets to Sleep. His production of "Heart and Soul," with Theda Barn, is at the Victoria the first half of next the Victoria the Victoria the first half of next the Victoria the Vi

It is the story of the man who sees 19,000 feet of film a day more than twenty-five miles of it in a week.

It is the story of the man with his summer capital at Woodmere, L. L. who had a projection room and a screen built back of his home for his three harders critics.

It is the story of the man who werks

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It is the story of the man who werks the story of the man with his summer capital at Woodmere L. L. who is the story of the man with his summer capital at Woodmere, L. L. who is the story of the man with his summer capital at Woodmere, L. L. who is the story of the man with his comfortable wicker chars—jot them down. In Woodmere distance seems to make the criticism harsher. Here Mrs. Fox and the criticism harsher is the story of the man who werks the story of the man who werks the story of the man who werks the story of the story

Mr. Fox says, "If my family is pleased, am, because I know the public will be." This terse sentence, summing up the Fox idea of "fireside" criticism, is characteristic of the Man Who Forgets to Steep. Concisence in speech, the demand of brevity in others and a constant appreciation of the time-saving truth that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, close together or wide apart, enable him to do much in little time. He has to, or a day and half the night would be too short to accomplish business necessities.

At 5 o'clock he leaves his Woodmers

At 11 o'clock he has gone over every

At 11 o'clock he has gone over every financial report and box-office sheet of his twenty-odd motion picture and vaudeville houses through ut the country.

By 12 o'clock he has dismissed the scenario writer and the stenographer, with whom he has been working in his private offices over a script to be whipped into shape for a new photoplay.

The next half hour is lunchtime. Sandwiches from a Broadway restaurant suffice, and frequently in the bustle of an extraordinarily heavy day the samour in the

tracrdinarily heavy day the samovar in the office has furnished the only noonday

My 2 o'clock Mr Fox knows every im-

My 2 o'clock Mr. Fox knows every im-portant comment made by any newspaper in the United States dealing with anything turned out by his organization. By 6 o'clock he has seen 5000 feet of film and mentally blue-penciled every part which

he helieves requires changing.

At night comes the conference with the

When affairs in the office are so pressing that they prevent the Man Who Forgets to Sleep from seeing the films at an hour when four-fifths of the metropolis is slumbering, the reels are shot out to Woodmere to be run off at the first opportunity. Often the criticism in the Forty-sixth street projection room is merely antecedent to the haraher judgment of those on the Woodmere "projection lawn," In the former, Mr. Fox.

If he is not busy with one of there things he is lying in a hammock, with the invariable scenario and cigar, or is seated beneath a great Japanese runshade, with another script and especially ideal day he will be as merry as a boy as he drives out a one-base hit to a group of friends in short right field.

For he is lying in a hammock, with the invariable scenario and cigar, or is seated beneath a great Japanese runshade, with another script and another script another script and another script another script another script and another script another script and another script another script another script and another script another script another

NEW F. P. EXCHANGE

IN FRENCH HISTORY

WARWICK DELVES

Star of "The Silent Master" Discourses on Socialism in a Past Century

Robert Warwick has made several interesting discoveries regarding the historical character from whom the principal person in his Selznick picture, "The Silent Master," to be presented at the Arcadia the first half of next week, derived his unique ideas and his name.

In "The Silent Master" a marquis adopts a "Court of St Simon," where wealthy op- tify to this fact. pressors of the poor are punished in a summary if entirely illega! manner. They are men who cannot be reached by the law, and changes, which distribute the finished prodare thus forced to atone for their misdeeds. In reading the E. Phillips Oppenheim story little room in any kind of slipshod manner. Mr. Warwick was impressed with the feeling that he had encountered the name of St. Simon before, and delving into the French section of his private library he found his

"Mr. Oppenheim." he says, "apparently adopted for his character many of the attributes of the somewhat Quixotic founder of French socialism, who hoasted the elaborate name of Claule Henri de Rouvrey. Comte de Saint-Simon. This personage was born about the middle of the eighteenth century, and it is interesting to note that he first appears in history as one of the many Frenchmen who came to America to assist the colonists in their struggle against Great

Strange Contrast With Tiny Buildings of Past Years The recent opening of the new offices

Handsome Offices Provide

MODEL OF ITS SORT

of the Famous Players Exchange, at 1219-23 Vine street, gives an idea of how sumptuous and efficient will be the exchanges of the future. There is no doubt that William, E. Smith, president of the Famous Players Exchange, has erected the most modern buildings of this sort in this the name of Valetin Simon and establishes country. Recent visits from film men tes-

It seems remarkable that only three years ago the majority of the film exuct of the producers, did business in one Some idea of the tremendous growth of the motion-picture industry can be gathered from the fact that three years ago the Famous Players Exchange occupied quarters of about 1000 square feet, while the new quarters have a floor space of 14,000

square feet.

The growth of the film business is, of course, due to the publicity of an evergrowing form of advertising. It can be said on good authority, however, that this business is by no means of the "get-rich-quick" variety. Published salaries of stars and profits of producers have been inflated many times.

Frenchmen who came to America to assist the colonists in their struggle against Grest Britain.

'The Count was wealthy, but believed that he had some great mission in life. For many years he had no definite idea what it was, but he gave his valet instructions to wake him every morning with the words. Remember, Monsieur le Counte, that you have great things to do.' One of his ideas, scoffed at in those days as visionary, was a canal connecting the Atiantic and Facific oceans. So far as I can learn, he was the first man to think of such a thing. The Count married unwisely and unhapplity, and in some manner not clear his wife managed to get all his money."

Through the foresight of men like William E. Smith, one of the first to see the possibilities of the sure for the business increased by leaps and bounds. Today it is on a fairly steady basis, but as it is with all infant industries, big changes will take place for some years to come. Personally, Smith is a man of retiring personally. Though his business accurate to the exhibitor, Paramount pictures now occupy their present high place in the territory.

In laying out new offices, Smith's first and greatest thought was for service to the exhibitors. A visit to the suchange at once impresses one with this feature.

This unique photograph discloses probably the three most famous individual stars in motion pictures. They consented to give a triple dental display for the camera man on the occasion of a party at which the young lady was hostess, the clean-shaven young man honor guest, and the mustachioed one among those present in California. Prizes are not offered for identifying the trio, but the lady will be at the Palace next week.