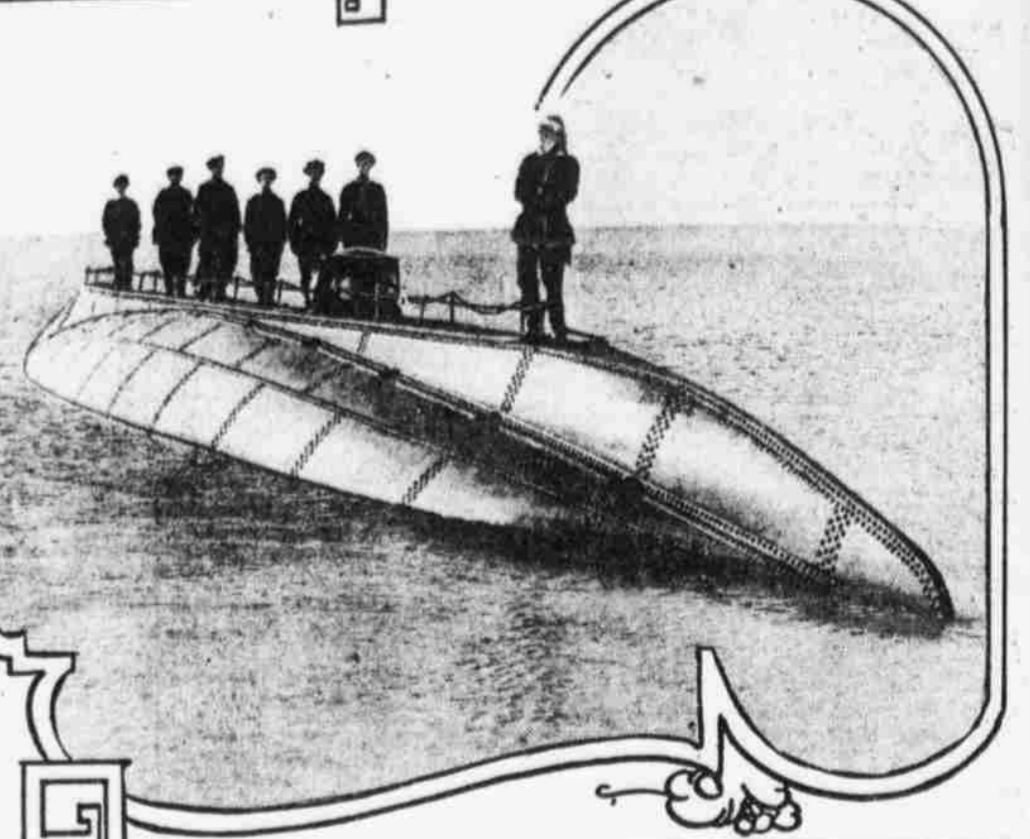
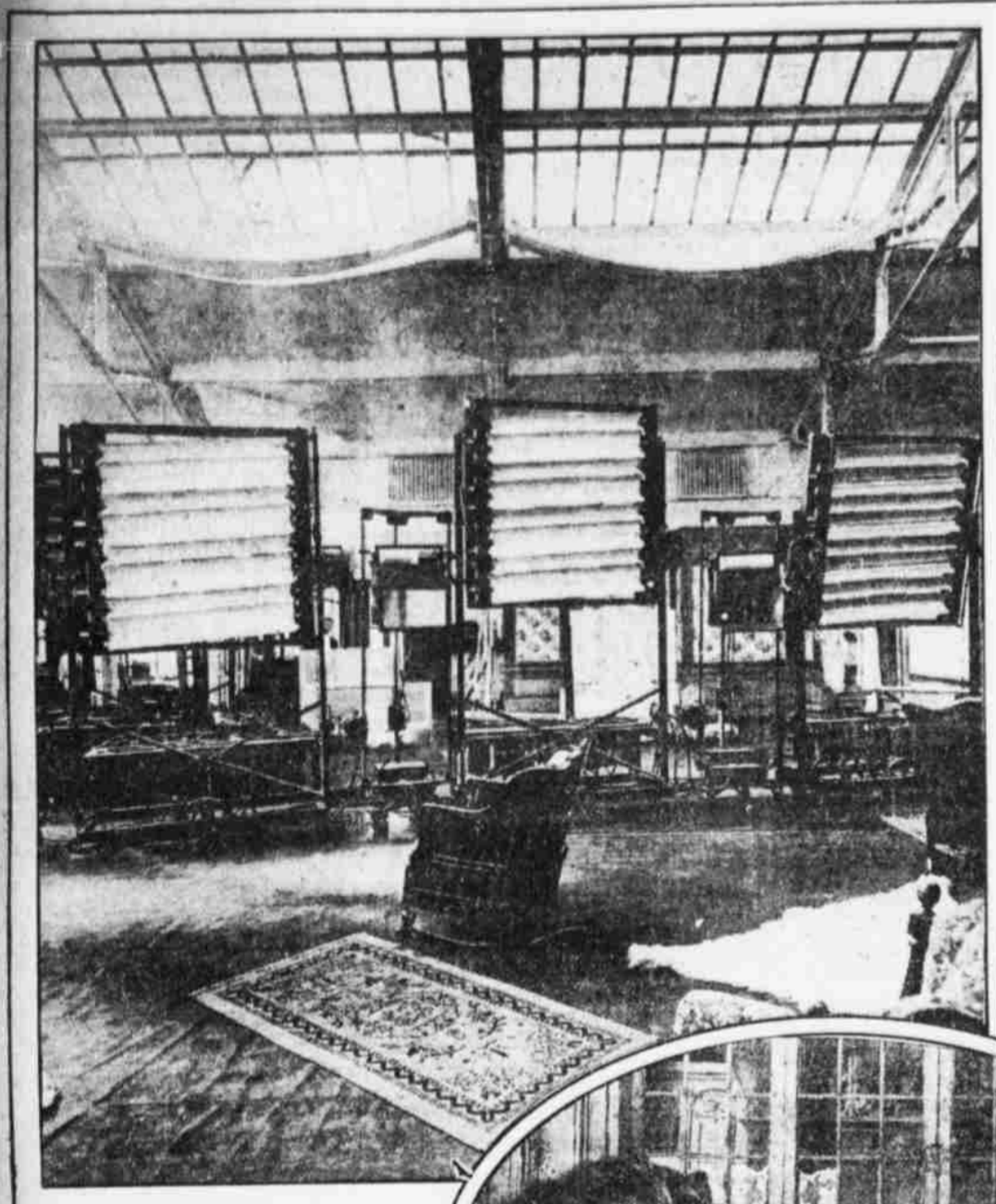


NEXT WEEK: "THE MASQUE OF LIFE," GARRICK—OTHER NOVELTIES FROM FILMLAND HERE

THE FRONT GUARD OF FAMOUS ONES SNAPPED OFF THEIR GUARD



BILL (TWO-GUN) HART MAGNET AMONG MEN

"The Aryan" a Sentimental, Courty Child, With Keen Dramatic Intelligence

The only way to meet William E. Hart is to spend eight or ten years of your life meeting a hundred or so ordinary actors. Then, and then alone, you realize the difference. For Hart is that anomaly in stardom—a man who retains both his historic skill and his genuine masculinity. All this coupled with a quiet dignity, a virile but unostentatious assurance that leaves their mark on the least easily impressed. He is never unapproachable.

During the week I talked with the Triangle actor-director at some length. It was a talk full of human virtues and emptied of personal vanity. "The film fans are crazy, simply mad," he said, with an optic twinkle that didn't shield his belief in what he said conceals, but kindly. "The pictures have taken a hold on them which nothing else is comparable. I didn't realize it till we started East. Our train wasn't supposed to stop till we reached Kansas 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 not only held up but the regular police force active on the streets to restrain the mobs, but called out the reserves. In one town, a rough one, I was received by a priest, belted with more hands than I imagined existed. If I had the least sort of a swell suit it would be all off with me. But, honestly, I take the smallest kind of personal pride in such achievements. It is the pictures themselves. I just happen to be doing the west-end stuff that has caught on. Folks identify me with them. But it is the pictures that count.

"If I have an ideal in the business, it is to acquaint spectators with the true life of the wild mining and cowboy towns of the West as they were in the early days. I never did a strictly non-western film. I never did a picture with its dressings, though 'Between Men' with its dressings, though an approach to that sort of thing. I have always wanted to prove to movie fans that I could do something besides the gun-drawing and eye-petting stuff. So has Mr. Ince wanted me to. But every time the theme is broached, the distributing agencies set up a yell."

Mr. Hart though he prefers "Bill" is a mighty good company. He tells a story better than Clarence Darrow, 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, booming tone that takes away all the sting of profanity and makes a curse sound like a thunderous blessing.

He is frankly sentimental, especially about animals and children. Of prime importance 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 named he broke a hand when his mount rolled down a knee when he rode through the big window on horseback.

The final impression Bill leaves on you is one of complete capability and an unspoiled, child-like, gentle, strong nature. Skeptical 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.

R. D.

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 first-half-of-the-week bill, in prospect. Captain Nemo and his submarine 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 least, 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

Further Adventures of Mabel Herbert Urner's Domestic Heroine, as Pictured by Pathe

The Preceding Chapter. Horace Kennedy, a prominent lawyer, is drifting away from his "settled down" life. He is a man of means, a man of family, a man of position. He is a man of many talents, a man of many virtues. He is a man of many friends, a man of many admirers. He is a man of many accomplishments, a man of many achievements. He is a man of many honors, a man of many titles. He is a man of many distinctions, a man of many accolades. He is a man of many awards, a man of many prizes. He is a man of many medals, a man of many decorations. He is a man of many honors, a man of many titles. He is a man of many distinctions, a man of many accolades. He is a man of many awards, a man of many prizes. He is a man of many medals, a man of many decorations.

CHAPTER II—"Weakness"

By JOSEPH DUNN

In the narrow hallway, Margaret faced her disheveled image in the mirror. Her pallor was emphasized by her loosened hair and the black streak on her forehead. Still unmoved, she dropped on the bed, her confused mind trying to bring order out of the chaotic events of the past hour. She felt the encircling strength of Kennedy's arms as he held her. A hot flush dyed her pallor when she glanced at the folded slip she was nervously creasing. Her pulse lost in the wreckage, Kennedy had insisted on her taking this check. Only her urgent need had made her finally consent to the loan, for it was only as a loan that she would accept it.

Too excited to sleep, she knelt by the window 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 Kennedy'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 life.

Mary was not asleep. Hating herself for her suspicions, she tried to banish them in sleep. Was she becoming a shrewish, jealous wife? For some time there had been a subtle withdrawal 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 more.

In spite of her almost sleepless night, Mary was at the breakfast 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.

It was with real pleasure that she

greeted Frank Norwood, the energetic editor of Blackwall's Magazine, an old friend of the Kennedys, on one of her infrequent excursions from the houseboat. He was vacationing at the River Bank Inn. As they strolled to the houseboat, Norwood discussed his work. He had a couple of manuscripts. "It's a pretty poor lot," Norwood lit a cigarette. "All sleep producers, except one—the one you have there. It's a corking story. His Wife and the Other Woman," by Margaret Warner." Mary recognized the name as that of the girl who helped Horace with his articles. She volunteered to read the story, and Norwood gave his eager consent. That morning at breakfast Margaret was subjected to a bombardment of curious

SMILES OF THE SWOLLEN SALARY



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.

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

THIS is the story of William Fox, the man who forgets to sleep. His production of "Heart and Soul" with Theda Bara, is at the Victoria the first half of next week.

It is the story of the man who sees 28,000 feet of film a day, more than twenty-five miles in a week.

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

It is the story of the man who works from 9 in the morning until 1, 2 or 3 the next morning.

It is the story of the man who super-vises 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 to Sleep.

The hot rain blew in thin sheets across the hatted shoulders 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 drove up before a house whose ivy covering dripped in the shower. The rain-coated figure, the Man Who Forgets to Sleep, darted from the machine, a cigar in one hand, a scenario in the other.

Heaving ran the chauffeur, several flat tin receptacles grasped tightly in his arms. The chauffeur hurried along the gravel path to the rear of the house. He stopped in front of 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.

"Films come!" he asked.

The chauffeur began handing up the tin. "Mr. Fox said to get the machine ready to print at 11. If the weather clears at all, twenty minutes yet. We made that 10:45 appointment out here, all right. Mr. Fox is going to have another conference at 11:30. The forty-sixth street office at 1:15, so at 11:30 it's 5 a. m. before he'll call it a day."

This is the passion for work of the Man Who Forgets to Sleep.

Fox is a severe critic. Laid associated with him in this home-process of construction destruction are three other persons, critics all. This trimmative consists of Mrs. Fox and the two youthful aids in the black-eyed daughters, Mona and Belle. These three are very pointed in their remarks about the film. The unflinching cigar with 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 forty-five of the somewhat Quixotic founder of French socialism, who boasted the elaborate name of Claude 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 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 'Remember, Monsieur le Comte, that you have great things to do.' One of his ideas, scooped at in those days as visionary, was a canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. So far as I can learn, he was the first man to think of such a thing. The Count married unwisely and unhappily, and in some manner not clear his wife managed to get all his money."

The recent opening of the new offices 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 his sort in this territory. Recent visits from film men testify to this fact.

It seems remarkable that only three years ago the majority of the film exchanges, which distribute the finished product of the producers, did business in one little room in any kind of squalid manner. 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 1600 square feet, while the present 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 ever-growing form of advertising. It can be 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 Britain.

WARWICK DELVES IN FRENCH HISTORY

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," is 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 the name of Valetin Simon and establishes a "Court of St. Simon," where wealthy oppressors of the poor are punished in a summary if entirely illegal manner. They are men who cannot be reached by the law, and are thus forced to atone for their misdeeds.

In reading the E. Phillips Oppenheim story 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 man.

"Mr. Oppenheim," he says, "apparently adopted for his character many of the attributes of the somewhat Quixotic founder of French socialism, who boasted the elaborate name of Claude 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 Britain."

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NEW F. P. EXCHANGE MODEL OF ITS SORT

Handsome Offices Provide Strange Contrast With Tiny Buildings of Past Years

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