

FAIRBANKS AS FILM STORY DRAMATIST

Star of "Man From Painted Post" Senses Psychological Effects

By the Photoplay Editor

A photoplay reporter with a taste for roughing it and an unaffected admiration for Douglas Fairbanks, recently tracked the popular film star to the sort of "studio" conveniently furnished by western nature scenery and walked right into an earnest conference on movie plays and movie acting.

"What do you think of the story, boys?" broke the monotony of two minutes spent in silent admiration of the rising moon. The wind caused the fire to illuminate the profile of Stan Brownell, champion lugging horse rider of the world. He accepted this as his cue to speak.

"Kind of think you got the right stuff," said in a slow manner continued "I've seen many western pictures, but man alive, you've got drama into the life of a ranger—drama that's true and on the level. Why, man dear, you've got me buffaloed."

"Same here," came simultaneously from twenty other cowboys, who were specially engaged to work in the Fairbanks western play.

"Do you really think it's all right?" asked Fairbanks nervously fumbling some cigarette papers—"honestly, boys, this picture must be the real goods—the gun play—Frank Campeau's entrance—then when you see me up in the hills—goes—if you're honest with your opinion, off goes my coat—and we're in knee-deep to win."

"If a Strickland, who holds many medals for barback riding, observed: "Douglas, I'd like to say something for the boys. I'm the oldest cowboy, so I guess I'm on the right track. We've all seen a good deal of our lives on the ranch, punching cattle and breaking colts and we're kind of hardened to the emotions of life—in your story you have us doing our little routine work, but we've never singled out the details you seem to have magnified and I am thrilled when I hear you telling about them. Your bucking scene incident is fine—the fight in the room reminds me of the real thing—and the sentiment of the entire story seems to hit us for four, and we're with you until our voices are unable to yell to it."

"That's great," replied Douglas, "what do you say if—" and he continued telling of a new situation that could be logically worked into the story. It was about three hours later that Fairbanks and the boys turned in for the night. Their first day in camp—and with two previous nights spent in traveling from Los Angeles to Laramie, Wyoming, Morpheus seemed very alluring.

"Good nights" were exchanged among them and with their blankets under their arms they marched to their assigned bunk. But Fairbanks didn't turn in for the night. Although he had undressed and turned the sick in the lamp, he continued to do his work—alone—on a bed of straw and covered with blankets thinking—caused by his determination to have the story in perfect shape before the cameras started on the initial scene, scheduled to be taken the first thing in the morning.

He didn't do much sleeping that night, but was bright and snappy at the breakfast table, feasting on ham and eggs and telling the new version of his story—not a bit like the one he related at the camp fire—in his recital of the numerous times rich in appeal that won the unanimous approval of every one present.

That's how Douglas Fairbanks writes plays. He has gone to bed, satisfied that the story is a top-notch and will make an excellent picture. He lives it night after night, burns the midnight oil—and is always comes up smiling.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS TO SEE WAR PICTURE

New Photoplay to Be Feature of Show Under United Service Club's Auspices

Soldiers and sailors of Uncle Sam's forces and those of the Allies, too, who happen to be in Philadelphia at the present time have a big treat in store on next Sunday night, when they will be entertained with a very timely show at the Metropolitan Opera House, Broad and Poplar streets.

The performance will be given under the auspices of the United Service Club, which has been the lunch for the last few months to add general sunshine to the lives of the soldiers men who are here awaiting further orders.

In addition to the bluejackets and the boys in khaki, officers of the army and navy, as well as leading State and city officials, will attend. Those prominent in the city's business and social life will do their utmost to see that the guests have a good time.

The show will be instructive, as well as entertaining, and the men will have an opportunity to get an intimate view of real battle, for the chief attraction of the occasion will be the private view of the brand-new photoplay, "For the Freedom of the World."

In this picture numerous battle scenes and military movements, in which real soldiers participate, will be shown. Scenes of all kinds, illustrating the progress of the war, and the death figure constantly in the production. In the course of the picture the faces of many prominent army officers will be seen.

The presentation will be enhanced by special music rendered by an orchestra of fifty. This will be furnished by the orchestras of the Stanley and Palace Theatres, through the courtesy of Stanley V. Mastrbaum and Local No. 77, of the American Federation of Music. The Stanley orchestra will be directed by Al F. Wayne and the Palace by David Kaplan.

The performance will be given under the personal direction of Mr. Mastrbaum, who is arranging all details. Seats for the performance may be obtained free by all enlisted men in uniform at the United Service Club, 297 South Twenty-second street.

THEIRS BUT TO REASON WHY; THEIRS NOT TO DO OR DIE!



"THE WANDERER" Novelized by William A. Page from Maurice V. Samuels' play, now at the Metropolitan Opera House.

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Jether, the son of Jesse and Hannah of the village of Pharis, during the time of King Solomon, 800 years ago, is unhappy at home, where he is a shepherd boy. He forms a friendship with Tola, and on the latter's advice persuades his father to give him his portion of the paternal estate. Then he sets out for Jerusalem, where they go to the house of Nadina, who gives her daughter Tisha to a handsome child, Tisha, telling her that Jether holds her father's life in his hands.

"Let this girl have whatever pleaseth her," ordered Pharis, finally, as Sadyk held up the glittering golden necklace on his hand and dangled it before the avaricious eyes of Tisha. The girl clasped her hands and gave a cry of joy.

Jether, watching furtively this by-play and mad with jealousy and rage, rushed forward just as Tisha was about to place the necklace upon her shoulders. He grabbed the bauble roughly from the old jeweler and turned defiantly toward the sea captain.

"I have bought this necklace," he cried, "for a thousand shekels." Sadyk, humbly, "But thou hast not yet paid for it."

"Wait but a moment for thy money," commanded Jether, as he placed the necklace around the neck of the girl, Tisha, who did not suspect that Jether's gold had vanished, gave a pleased cry and threw her arms around the neck of the boy.

"If I have not borrowed, Jether, am I not punished for my delay? I meant to borrow this very day, and now thou hast taught me to lend. Oh, Tola, Tola—what hast thou done to me? Thou didst say this man was made of gold, and like a fool I waited my turn when there's no turn at all for me. A cup of wine—a cup of wine to better days when friends speak truth to friends."

As the disconsolate Jether turned sadly away from the group of parasites who had feasted and wine at his expense Tola drew him aside confidentially.

"Hast thou in truth already spent thine all?" he asked.

"I have now only that which is due me from you and others."

"Then thou shalt know how true a friend I am to thee. I give—"

"What thou shalt not repay—advice. Get ye away from here as fast as legs will carry thee before Nadina learns thou canst not pay her and has thee cast into prison. I give thee fair warning, my friend—when thy gold goes, go thou. Farewell, unless, perchance, thou dost care to use the dice with the dice in Nadina's house."

And Jether, sore in spirit and troubled in mind, involuntarily cast his eyes toward the dice he had forsaken, and a whisper came from his lips: "Oh, why did I leave my father's house?"

rolled over and over and settled on their sides.

"Seven," he cried, annoyed. Jether picked up the two dice. He drew back, as if to adjust his robe, held his hands out of sight behind the cloth for a moment and changed the dice. He threw, "Twelve."

A cry of surprise at Jether's lucky throw came from all.

"Thy money," demanded Jether, nervously. "Nay, thou shalt not quit a winner. Two thousand shekels," insisted Put.

Jether picked up the two dice, quickly changed them for the honest ones, and tossed the ivory squares to Put.

"Two thousand shekels. Throw thou," he said, humbly. Merbel, the false friend, put tossed the dice upon the table.

"Nay, let us again double stakes," cried Put, half angry at the turn of fortune. "Four thousand shekels."

"Agreed," replied Jether. "Four thousand shekels!"

Was about to throw with the false dice, when he felt his arm gripped as in a vice. He turned. Merbel, the false friend, who had intended to borrow and had put it off until too late, held his arm and seized the dice from his nerveless fingers.

"One moment, friends," cried Merbel. "Wait and see. Look!"

He tossed the dice upon the table. "Twelve," he said, sternly, looking at Jether, who hung his head in shame. "Again it is twelve—no more twelve. Thou wilt find it is always twelve."

Slowly Put reached across the table, picked up the false dice and threw. "Twelve!" he whispered in surprise.

Again he tried. "Twelve, always twelve." The men drew aside from him as one attracted to a magnet.

"A cheat!" cried Merbel. "Thou wouldst cheat my good friend Put? I spit upon thee."

Put leaned across the table in amazement, unable to realize that Jether, the wealthy spendthrift Jether, could be a common cheat and play with false dice.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

DIES ON ERRAND OF MERCY

Youth Driving Ambulance to Aid Injured Miner Killed in Collision

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 27.—Norman Tobias, seventeen years old, of Lowellville, was killed while on an errand of mercy at the Phoenix Park Colliery, near Minersville.

In response to a summons, he was hurrying from the stable with the colliery ambulance to convey an injured miner to his home at Minersville, when upon a grade crossing the ambulance was struck by a trip of mine cars being pushed by a small locomotive. Tobias was crushed beneath the cars. The ambulance is a wreck. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Abram Tobias.

Alexander Bryden Dead

SCRANTON, Pa., Sept. 27.—Alexander Bryden, for fifty-one years active in the affairs of the Pennsylvania Company, the Hillside Coal and Iron Company and the New York, Susquehanna and Western Coal Company, is dead at his home in Dunmore. He was graduated from the engineering department at Lafayette College in 1871. At his death Mr. Bryden was chief consulting engineer for the three companies. Three daughters and one son survive.

MEN WITH CURABLE ILLS HAVE NO EXCUSE

Hospitals of City and State Ready to Remedy All Such Physical Defects

Men with curable defects have no excuse for not serving in the army. Arrangements have been made by the Department of Sanitation, Medicine and Red Cross of the Committee of Public Safety for Pennsylvania with virtually every hospital in this city and State to treat men with curable physical defects, says a statement issued today by the department.

"Get your defects repaired," is the slogan adopted in this campaign. The committee points out that functional heart conditions, a common cause of rejection, usually results from nervous disorders, the cause of which may be traced and removed; bronchial and other chest ailments yield to a series of treatments; hernia is cured by a simple operation, and fatness may be remedied by appliances and training. All of these have been causes of rejection and can retard the working capacity of afflicted persons.

Dr. Hobart A. Hare, one of the directors of the department, said: "All drafted men who are rejected for Government service because of physical disability should have such disability removed by suitable treatment, since by so doing they will be relieved permanently of condition which may impair and hamper their usefulness all their lives, not only to themselves, but to the community as well."

Stale Groceries

You don't want them, Mrs. Housewife—any more than you'd choose ill-fashioned garments or old-fashioned hats—and you never will find them in THE AMERICAN STORES. We're all the time too busy to accumulate stock, and you may take it for granted that

It hasn't been long on the shelf (no matter what it may be), if it comes from one of OUR stores. High Quality, attractively priced, keeps everything moving in the strong current of continuous business, and there are no stagnant pools of stale groceries for the unwary. Everything is POSITIVELY FRESH.

Our Very Best Coffee, 21c lb.

"American Stores Blend" is outselling all other brands of coffee in every city and town in the territory we cover. Coffee-loving people have found out how deliciously good it is, and know that such quality cannot be equalled outside of THE AMERICAN STORES at anything near the price. Then, too, you get it positively fresh—for our roasting-plants are kept constantly busy in meeting enormous demand.

OUR VERY BEST Black or Mixed TEAS 35c lb. OUR VERY BEST India & Ceylon TEAS 45c lb. These teas are unquestionably the very best value you'll be able to find at such a reasonable price. They have distinctive qualities that are generally confined to much higher-priced teas. They're particularly good.

Quality, Quantity and Price invite COMPARISON

Table listing various grocery items and prices: Sardines, oil or mustard, 7c can; Tuna Fish, .20c, 28c can; Fancy Shrimp, .12c can; Pink Salmon, .19c can; Kipperd Salmon, .15c can; Heinz Beans, .14c, 20c can; Campbell's Beans, .16c can; Campbell's Tomato Soup, 10c can; Choice New Peas, .15c can; Seedless Raisins, .12c pkg; Seedless Raisins, .13c pkg; Shredded Coconut, .4c, 8c pkg; Pearl or Flake Tapioca, .16c lb; Jell-O, assorted flavors, .9c pkg; Baking Powder, .4c, 8c can; Cracker Dust, .10c lb; Bread Crumbs, .15c pkg; Sliced Dried Beef, .10c pkg; No-Rind Sliced Bacon, .25c pkg; Beans, tomato sauce, .14c can; Pure Cider Vinegar, .5c qt; White Distilled Vinegar, .5c qt; Pure Salad Oil, .9c, 15c bot; Stuffed Olives, .9c, 15c bot; Imported Olive Oil, 1/2-pt., 27c; Sweet Pickles, .10c bot; Sour Pickles, large bottles, .12c; Prepared Mustard, .5c, 10c; Ritter's Catsup, .10c bot; Delicious India Relish, .9c bot; Choice Rice, .8c lb; Large Grain Rice, .10c lb; Good Corn Starch, .8c pkg; Choice Corn Meal, .7c lb; Really Pure Jelly, .12c glass; Jams, large variety, .13c jar; Delicious Peanut Butter, 12c glass; Sliced Pineapple, .17c can; Choice California Prunes, 15c lb; Highcure Cake, .10c pkg; Fresh-baked Pig Bars, .13c lb; Quaker Corn Flakes, .7c pkg; New Post Toasties, .9c pkg; Grape Nuts, .12c pkg; Shredded Wheat, .12c pkg; Hershey's Cocoa, .7c, 14c can; Wilbur's Cocoa, .9c, 18c can; Choice Macaroni, .10c, 12c pkg; Fine Dry Table Salt, .3c bag; Good Cleanser, .4c can; Good Laundry Soap, .4c cake.

"Gold Seal" EGGS, 50c doz.

Large, meaty fowls; selected for fullness and freshness—the very best a hen can lay. Packed, one dozen in sealed carton.

Carefully Selected Eggs, 45c doz.

High quality, very carefully selected. We guarantee twelve good eggs in every dozen.

FANCY Creamery Butter, 53c lb. CHOICE Creamery Butter, 48c lb.

The very highest grade of freshly churned butter—rich, creamy and of delightful flavor. A choice creamery product; sought and bought by thousands of particularly careful people.

At All Our Specialized Meat Shops

Finest Quality Native BEEF

Rump Steak 32c lb. Round Rump Pot Roast 30c lb. Sirloin

Fresh Country Sausage, 30c lb. Cooked Corned Beef, 10c 1/4 lb. Baked Meat Cake, 14c 1/4 lb. Sliced Lebanon Bologna, 10c 1/4 lb. Sliced Boiled Ham, 14c 1/4 lb.

Choicest Country Scrapple, 15c lb.

American Stores Company EVERYWHERE IN PHILADELPHIA And Conveniently Located in Cities and Towns PENNSYLVANIA, NEW JERSEY, DELAWARE, MARYLAND

Oakland advertisement: This is the day of the Six, smoother running, more powerful, greater economy. Proves its superiority over the four. The OAKLAND Six has these qualities, together with many high-priced car features such as the "bridge" type chassis, valve-in-head motor, genuine "pleated" leather upholstery, nickelled radiator, etc. 1917 J. & C. Pontiac, Mich.

Why I Buy Bond Bread advertisement: Tasty and Nutritious. Dear Sirs—I buy Kolb's Bond Bread because it is compact, close-grained and wholesome. It is tasty and nutritious. Its paraffine wrapper protects it from contamination. Last, but not least—I get my money's worth. A twelve-cent loaf of Bond lasts me as long as two ordinary seven-cent loaves. MRS. J. D. VAN VLIET 5435 Locust Street Philadelphia. The above letter was received from this Bond Bread user.

H.P. Baker-Motor Co. advertisement: 218 N. Broad St.