The Daily Movie Magazine

HOLUBAR WILL START NEW PICTURE SHORTLY

By CONSTANCE PALMER
Hollywood, Calif.

ALLAN HOLUBAR is to start within a day or so on a new production. It's like old times to have him at work, isn't it? At the time I talked to the manager, Mr. Holubar was not ready to give out the name of the piece, nor the p[illegible]n it, but just as soon as it's to be known I'll tell you.

United Studios—nee Brunton—looked very busy this morning. Lots of people standing about in the usual movie way—always a sign of good times. But [illegible]me little habit of congregating [illegible]ps that makes Main street visitors tell the home folks we're the bunk. The trouble is, they just don't know the half of it.

They've changed the name of Betty Compson's picture from "The Noose" to "The Green Temptation"—whatever that is. Never saw a green one myself. Miss Compson tells me it's the best picture she's had yet, bar none. The cast is splendid, too. Mahlon Hamilton is the leading man, Theodore Kosloff the heavy, and Mary Thurman probably plays a contrasting part to Miss Compson's.

Miss Dupont's third starring vehicle has just been finished, if it intrigues any one to know it. It's called "Thy Servant's Wife," and is probably one of those things. Paul Scardon, Betty Blythe's husband, directed, and that counts for something. Miss Dupont lacks self-confidence.

Frank Mayo has lovely Sylvia Breamer as his leading woman in "The Way Back," his new picture. Stuart Paton, of the heavy touch, is directing.

It is well known by this time that the new studio policy with regard to Mr. Mayo is to take him from the rough-and-ready, black-and-blue metier, and put him into the drawing-room drammer. I also understand that Mr. Mayo has been quite dissatisfied with his treatment in the past.

Now that Realart has been absorbed by Famous Players-Lasky, the names of their five stars' pictures are at last being divulged. Bebe Daniels is taking her first vacation in several months after finishing "A Game Chicken," a Nina Wilcox Putnam story, written especially for Miss Daniels during the author's visit to the Coast.

Constance Binney has been making "The Sig[illegible]alker," but production is held up for a day or so on account of the heavy rains we have been having.

Wanda Hawley is making "The Truthful Liar." Will Payne's first cinema effort. He is a magazine writer and a very gallant and charming gentleman. Eddie Hearne is Miss Hawley's leading man. He has just returned from the famous South Sea Islands trip. He was leading man in the company filming "The Lagoon of Desire," in which Ruth Renick was leading woman.

SCREEN STARS ARE OFTEN FOUND IN RA[redacted]

"COULD you select a future motion-picture star from a crowd of extra girls? What characteristics in an applicant do you consider most important so far as ultimate advancement is concerned?"

The questions were put to Julius Stern, general manager, at Universal City, who personally supervises the selection of casts for all pictures made by Universal.

"Broadly speaking," replied Mr. Stern, "it is not in my province to look for new qualities or new talent. There are several thousand experienced, capable players registered in my office, covering every type and temperament required in making pictures. I have met all of them personally and have seen them all play various parts in different photodramas. A full description of each is card-indexed in my files, while I have a mental picture of each in different roles.

"When a director brings me a manuscript of a story to be cast, I run over the list of available actors in my mind and can visualize some player as ideal for every character in the play. After asking a number of these actors out to the studio, where we talk about salary, wardrobe and other details, in some instances asking the advice of the director or star, we select the cast of principals."

"But what chance has a newcomer in motion pictures and what qualities recommend them for consideration?" the questioner continued.

"It is in the minor roles, or even as 'extras,' that new faces make their appearance before the camera. Even for these humble roles," said Mr. Stern, "there are thousands of persons registered in every studio. But now and then some unusually pretty face or some striking personality will compel the attention of the casting director, and the possessor is given a chance to appear in a picture.

"As the art of the screen is primarily visual, it is our intention first to please the eye. If the applicant is a woman, good looks are the first requisite; but in the long run personality and intelligence are the qualities which will win success. To this must be added ambition and the willingness to undergo the hardships of the game.

"From my years of experience in interviewing applicants for the screen I can easily determine whether a girl is earnest and sincere or attracted to the studio by the glamour of the profession. The latter type will assure you it is her life-long ambition to become an actress, but I can generally detect the vanity of the applicant. She may be given a chance to do atmospheric or purely decorative work, but will seldom rise above that station.

"We are always looking for unique personalities. A sparkling eye, a sensitive mouth, a distinctive carriage, an individual way of holding the head or unusually expressive features will always interest the casting director and he will give the applicant an opportunity, even as an 'extra' or in a very minor part, to discover any latent possibilities.

"Theoretically motion-picture producers are always looking for new faces and for material for future stars. But these cannot be discovered in the beginner. We must wait until an actor displays unusual talent in some particular role.

"For instance, Priscilla Dean played at Universal for over a year before she found her opportunity. In 'Even as You and I' she was given the role of 'baby vamp' and displayed the dynamic personality which has since made her famous. Marie Prevost played in two-reelers for a long time until a 'high-brow slapstick comedy' revealed that dramatic ability which has since endeared her to the public.

"Gladys Walton, a mere child, played an ingenue role in a Lyons and Moran comedy with such charm and ingenuousness that she was soon elevated to stellar prominence."

FOR THE FILM FAN'S SCRAPBOOK

GEORGE ARLISS

We will be glad to publish the pictures of such screen players as are suggested by the fans

THE MOVIE FAN'S LETTER-BOX

By HENRY M. NEELY

Bernard Porter—I should hardly call Harry Fox a movie star. He has spent most of his time in vaudeville. H[illegible] made [illegible] movie serials with [illegible] Darling about three or four years ago, but I haven't seen him in pictures since. Marie Dressler hasn't appeared in pictures since "Tillie's Tomato Surprise" for Lubin, so far as I know. You don't hear of King Baggot now because he has quit acting for directing Marie Prevost. Helen Holmes isn't acting now, but I notice in the trade papers advertisements announcing four pictures of hers that haven't been seen here. Francis Ford is no longer acting, but is a full-fledged director. Address him at Francis Ford Studios, Sto[illegible] Stevens had a nervous breakdown about a year ago and seems to have retired. She made a picture called "Place of Honeymoons," after "The Sacred Flame." Florence Reed appeared in "The Woman's Law," "Lucretia Borgia," "The Struggle Everlasting," "Wives of Men," "The Call of the Heart," "Woman Under Oath," "Her Game," "The Eternal Mother," "Her Code of Honor," "Black Panther's Cub" and "Indiscretion." She opened on the stage in "Drifting" in New York Tuesday night. I have no record of Robert Emmet Keene ever playing in pictures.

* * *

"X-X-X-X" writes—"Having just returned, and being an ardent reader of your 'Movie Fan's Letter Box,' may I join the Roffe's and [illegible] protest against the unkind things said about Tom Mix and Bill Hart? I can't let this go by, for they are special favorites of mine. Especially Bill Hart.

"I consider Mr. Hart the very best actor on the screen. And his plays are so very realistic (I was born in the West and lived there most of my life). His pictures, his plain-living people and his portrayal of them—especially the ones he writes himself—are certainly a wholesome and uplifting change from the disgusting bedroom scandals in so many of the pictures about fashionable people.

"Did you ever see Bill Hart playing a picture that wasn't fighting for the just and the right? I never did, and I've tried to see every one that came my way.

"To me Mr. Hart's work on the screen is like classical music. Those who think they don't like it are like the people who think they don't like classical music. They themselves are just not classical enough by nature or education to understand it.

"A reader says he read in a magazine that Bill Hart considers himself handsome. I'll bet that's a joke, for if there is one man on the screen who is not conceited, I believe it is William S. Hart. But I think he has the most noble-looking, refined, handsome face I ever saw anywhere. He is wonderful and splendid in every way. And I know of hosts of admirers of his just as enthusiastic over him as I am."

I'm sure you won't mind if I don't print the rest of your letter, will you, X-X-X-X? I've stopped the Reid-Valentine controversy and I'd rather not reopen that other old divorce scandal you mention. It does unfortunately seem true that men forget, in prosperity, the wives who stuck to them through adversity, but there are always two sides to every story, and we are none of us in a position to know the real, intimate details.)

* * *

Mr. [illegible] Green Street, writes—"I am certainly grateful to you for your answer the other evening, and I want to thank you for it. However, I believe you misunderstood my attitude in regards to 'Peter Ibbetson.' When the two Barrymores—Lionel and John—played it here, I saw it twice, just because of the beauty and sincerity of the piece, but I assure you I 'love Peter as a brother.'

"But now comes Wallace Reid masquerading in the clothes of a role he cannot feel. I like Wally. I like him very much; but it does seem rather far-fetched to praise and admire him as the pitiful dreamer Peter was. I felt [illegible] scenes. However, the picture is finished and on its successful journey already, so my squeak can matter little now.

"'Camille's' sets were the only feature that redeemed that overestimated piece. Why doesn't Mme. Nazimova give us another 'Revelation'? We need one! And to have it from her would be a revelation.

"It seems strange that after such a great amount of advance press agenting Neilan's 'Bits of Life' has caused such little comment. I was very enthusiastic, and enjoyed it immensely. I wondered, when I saw it, how you felt about the idea. It brought to mind Edgar Allan Poe, with the 'House of Usher,' 'Pit and Pendulum,' 'The Devil to Pay,' and 'The Raven.' Horrible? Yes, but art!

"Now we're getting down to it. When will we have our first taste of pictures (moving ones) as an art? We have commercial music and artistic music; commercial painting—I don't mean painting shingles, clapboards and roofs—and painting for love of it. But why, oh, why! Why don't we get a picture from somebody who has definite, distinct objects in mind, instead of these thousand rehashed, revamped plots, all so old and hackneyed that they are too weak to stand by themselves and must needs be bolstered up by the name of a star, director, scenario writer, author, artist, etc.?

"Is it our fault? Can't we support that sort of thing, or isn't the real reel artist living who feels the 'urge'? I'd like to meet you sometimes to have a chat. Even if you are sixty, and are gray, and perhaps bald (who knows?), and your face crinkles when you laugh, I imagine that I would enjoy talking to one who knows the 'ins and outs.' But I warn you, you'd be disappointed in me, for I'm not what I seem, and I'm positively not what I look.

"So I'll close and give you chance to look at some of the other 'mail and female.' I bet your office looks like the receiving end of a mail-order house."

The office does look that way, more or less. As far as art is concerned, the truth is it doesn't pay in pictures. I've seen several which were beautifully and not sincerely done, but they starved to death. Picture-making is a commercial proposition. There are companies with sufficiently liberal vision to put out a really good film now and then, deliberately facing a financial loss for the sake of their prestige. But if they did it too often they would soon go into bankruptcy.

Uncommon Sense : Stick Them Out

By JOHN BLAKE

SOME of the resolutions you made a few weeks ago are becoming troublesome.

After all, you think what was the sense in them.

There is but one life to live. Why deny yourself the things you enjoyed?

Why make the rest of the year arid and uncomfortable.

You ran along the same old, easy way in 1921, and nothing much happened. What, therefore, is the good of keeping all those resolutions?

THE good of keeping the resolutions is the same good that comes of keeping any sort of promise.

Perhaps you do not notice any immediate benefit. But stick them out, and the benefits will be apparent at the end of the year.

The resolutions were a promise to yourself that you were going to make certain sacrifices, and put forth certain extra efforts.

The fact that you put them off to the end of the year shows how difficult it was to get yourself into a frame of mind where you could make them at all.

But make them you did. And if you ever expect to be any more than you are now, if you ever hope to gain real confidence in yourself, you will have to keep them.

EVERY broken resolution means a weakening of character. The strongest character will not endure many such weakenings without breaking altogether.

If you have kept your resolutions so far, continue to keep them through the term for which they were made.

If you do that, the next set will be far easier to keep. And perhaps by and by you will have formed so many good habits that you will not have to make any resolutions at all.

In any event don't weaken. Be able to look yourself in the eye before the mirror at the end of the year and say that you went clear through, at least for one year, with a contract, even though no penalty was attached to its violation.

Some time or other you must make a beginning if you want to move up. Resolutions made the first of the year were a beginning. Keep them and it will not be necessary to make the beginning all over again next year.

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From Now On

By FRANK L. PACKARD
(AUTHOR OF "THE MIRACLE MAN")
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THIS BEGINS THE STORY

Dave Henderson steals $100,000 which Martin Tydeman gives him for Bookie Skarvan to recoup racing losses. He hides the money and serves five years in prison, stubbornly keeping his mouth shut, both to the police and the old gang who are after the loot. Only because he knows his every move will be watched when he gets out does he finally disclose the hiding place of the money to Millman, a prison mate. Later, aided by Nicolo Capriano, a bomb gang leader, and his daughter, Teresa, oddly enough a pure-hearted, womanly girl, he outwits the police through the death of a bomb man, whose identity is confused with Henderson's. He is surprised when Millman keeps an appointment in New York, and turns over to him the unopened package of bank notes. Then Millman surprises him still more by demanding, as his share of the deal, either the entire amount to return to the estate of Tydeman, who has died, or none of it—saying that he feels himself guilty with Henderson and will pay it back [illegible] Henderson decides [illegible] snarily tells Millman to pay it back if he must, but he means to keep the money for which he has schemed so long and craftily. With the money in his possession, he goes to hunt up one Dago George, to whom he has a letter from Nicolo. This contains a secret code which is intended to double-cross Ben-[illegible]

"Then, thanks to your train being late," said Dago George, with a significant lowering of his voice, "I think I can tell you why you came. If you had been an hour earlier, it would have been you who would have had to tell me. Eh? Is it not so? There was a letter—eh? A letter which you wrote for Nicolo Capriano, for your father—is it not so?"

The blood seemed suddenly to Teresa to grow hot, and as suddenly to grow chill and cold in her veins. Dago George had answered her question. Dave Henderson had already delivered the letter! It brought fear; but it brought too, a sense of relief. The road was clear now before her. It was her wits against Dago George—to draw, and win, and hold the other's full and un-[illegible] appear essential to Dago George—for an hour—a week—a month—until she could reach Dave Henderson, wherever he might be, and meanwhile checkmate any move that this man here might make. She glanced furtively, with well-[illegible]

Lynch by a man who Barty Lynch said had run here to New York for cover. That is what has brought Barty Lynch here—to find that man, and get the money back. You see? Once Barty Lynch gets hold of the money again, [illegible] broke in Dago George, whispering feverishly, and almost as though speaking to himself. "Yes, yes! I see! It is the hand of the old master, and it has lost none of its cunning! Yes, yes! I see! There is no risk! It is stolen money to begin with! Signor Barty Lynch has no recourse to the law! And even if Signor Barty Lynch disappeared—eh?—who is to know the difference, since he has already arranged things so nicely in hiding himself away from the police! Eh? Yes! It is excellent, superb! Is it not so?"

Teresa's face was impassive.

"Yes, except that we have not got that money yet!" she said curtly. "It may not be as easy as it looks. That is why I am here—to help; and also"—she stared Dago George levelly in the face—"to see that Dago George does not get more than his share."

The Italian's hands were raised instantly in protestation.

"But, my little bambina—that you should say that!" He shook his head in an aggrieved way. "I am hurt that you should think I forget Nicolo Capriano, though he is dead, or that you should think I would do anything like that."

"Nor do I think so," she answered steadily. "I warn you, that is all. We shall work all the better together if we understand to begin with that Nicolo Capriano's daughter, though Nicolo Capriano is dead, has still some power; and if we understand that this is Nicolo Capriano's plan, and not yours, and that the division will be made on the same basis that Nicolo Capriano would have made it.

"It is Nicolo himself speaking," murmured Dago George. He was smiling now. "I had no thought of anything but that. It is understood. I could ask for nothing better."

"Very well!" she said. "There is nothing to be done at first then, but to watch him in everything he does here in New York. You have plenty of men you can depend upon—I know that; but I think I can do more, or at least as much as they can, and certainly with all of us working together we should succeed. He is in a room upstairs, you say."

"You have another one next to his that is empty, perhaps? Yes? Well, that is good. I will take it. He will be surprised to see me here, but he will not be suspicious. He believes that you were a very intimate friend of my [illegible] Dago George rubbed his hands together excitedly.

"Yes," he cried. "It is superb! I salute you. You do credit to Nicolo Capriano! Ah, my little bambina, you have your father's brains!"

Teresa, with a prettily imperious nod of her head, rose from her chair.

"It is getting late," she said. "It must be nearly 11 o'clock, and I have had a long journey. Since he is drugged, he is safe for the time being, and there is nothing more to be done tonight. Tomorrow we can begin our work. Take me to my room."

"Yes—it is superb!" Dago George repeated exultantly. He bowed Teresa to the door, and, picking up the valises, led the way upstairs. He chuckled with perverted humor, as they passed Dave Henderson's door. "He is in there," he said; "but we must not disturb his rest, eh? He said he was very tired!" He ushered Teresa into the next room, and turned on the light. "If there is anything that the little bambina requires?"—his head and hands [illegible] eloquently.

Teresa was looking around the none too clean and none too well furnished room.

"Nothing!" she said.

[illegible] and shuffled a little awkwardly with his feet.

"It is that the little bambina will know that I am thinking of her great sorrow, though I have said little, that I speak of it again," he said softly. "The master has been long dead? It is true you have told me he died on the night you wrote that letter from him, but the letter"—he produced it from his pocket, and scanned it earnestly—"yes, I am right—it bears no date."

"My father died nine days ago," Teresa answered tersely, and half turned away her head.

"Ah, yes! Nine days ago!" Dago George shook his head sorrowfully, as he backed across the threshold. "The old master! It is very sad! Nine days ago! It is very sad! I wish you repose, my little bambina. Good-night!"

Teresa closed and locked the door behind Dago George—and stood still for an instant listening. Dago George's footsteps died away on the stairs below. She moved a little then, and stood with her ear pressed against the partition of the next room. There was no sound. And then she began to walk slowly about the room, and a few minutes later, the time that it would ordinarily have taken her to prepare for bed, she turned out the light—and sat down in a chair, fully dressed, and stared into the blackness.

She pressed her hand a little wearily across her eyes. She was here now at the end of those thousands of miles, every one of which had seemed to yawn as some impassable gulf between her and her goal; she was here now, and, in spite of her fears, she had reached that goal—in time. She had even outwitted—for the moment anyhow—Dago George.

True, Dave Henderson lay there in that next room drugged, but she was not too late. She smiled a little ironically. In a purely literal sense she was too early! She dared not make a move now for perhaps hours yet, not until she was sure the house was closed for the night, and that Dago George—she did not trust Dago George—had gone to bed.

And so she must sit here and stare into the blackness. She would not fall asleep; there was no fear of that. She could not sleep. Already thoughts and memories, as myriad in divergence as they were in numbers, were crowding [illegible]

She twisted her hands together now in her lap. She remembered, and she could not forget, the horror and the fear of that night when her father had died, and of the days thereafter when she had performed—alone—the last duties that had devolved upon her. Yes, it had been alone. She had lied to Dago George. It had been alone! If Nicolo Capriano had had friends and been powerful in life, Nicolo Capriano had been alone in death. She had lied to Dago George; there had been no heri-[illegible]

tage of power. She had lied—but then her whole life was a lie!

A low sound, a bitter moan, came suddenly from her lips. It was not the Teresa now who had faced Dago George with cool complacence in the room below. She slipped from the chair to her knees and buried her face in her hands. It was the black hour, of which she had known so many since that fearful night, that surged and swept upon her now again. It whirled scenes and thoughts of the past, and pictures of the future, before her like some bewildering and tormenting kaleidoscope. She could not define to herself her feelings relative to her father's death; grief seemed to mingle indissolubly with bitter abhorrence at his act of treachery. But in another way her father's death meant something to her that she was coming to grasp more clearly. It seemed to release her from something, from—from a tangled life.

All her life had been a lie. She was the daughter of a criminal, and all her life had been a lie; her environment had been a lie. In big things, in little things, it had been a lie. She had lied to herself that night when she had [illegible] this man in the next room here go without a word of protest from her lips to carry out a criminal act. She had been a coward that night, and it had shamed her. She had owed something to her father, a loyalty to her father; perhaps fundamentally [illegible] cause the habit of years, the lies, and only lies, that had been lived around her, had strangled her and weakened her. Perhaps it was that; but if so, and if she had owed and given loyalty to her father, then she had given more than loyalty—she had given her soul. And her soul turned miserably away from this pitiful landscape of life upon which now she was forcing it to gaze.

But this was a picture of the past, for if it were true, or in any degree true, her father's death had brought her release—her father was dead. And so she faced the future—alone. In so many a different sense—alone. She was alone now, a free agent to mold her own life, and the test was before her; whether the lie, for example, she had acted that night when she had sent Dave Henderson away was the outcome of things extraneous to her soul, or inherent in that soul itself. Her hands, that clasped her face, tightened. Thank God, she knew! Thank God, that from the moment her brain had staggered out of its blind pit of horror and darkness on that night she had seen her way clearly lighted before her!

To be continued Monday

XVI

The Second Guest

IN THE hallway of the Iron Tavern, as Dago George descended the stairs from Dave Henderson's room, a slim little figure in black, heavily veiled, stood waiting. Beside her, the greasy waiter, who had previously conveyed Dave Henderson's message to the proprietor, bowed and scraped and wiped his hands on his spotted apron, and pointed to Dago George on the stairs.

"Dat-a da boss," he announced.

A taxi chauffeur had already deposited two valises in the hall, and had retired. Outside, as the taxi moved away, another taxi, a short, but discreet, distance up the block, started suddenly out from the curb, as its fare, a fat man who chewed upon the butt of a cigar, dug with pudgy fingers into his vest pocket, and handed his chauffeur an address.

"Baggage and all — that's good enough" said the fat man to himself; and to the chauffeur: "Beat it—and beat it fast!"

The waiter retired from the hall. The almost imperceptible frown on Dago George's face at sight of the valises was hidden by an ingratiating smile as he hurried forward.

"Madam," he inquired, "you desire to see me?"

The little figure in black nodded her head.

"Yes—in private," she answered quietly.

"Ah!" Dago George bowed profoundly. "But, yes—certainly! This way, then, if you please, madam."

He led the way into the rear room, and closed the door.

The little figure in black raised her veil.

"Do you know me?" she asked.

Dago George stared for a long minute into her face. He shook his head.

"I am desolated!" he murmured apologetically. "It is my memory that is unbelievably stupid, madam."

"I am Teresa Capriano," she said.

Dago George moved closer. He stared again into her face, and suddenly into his own there came the light of recognition.

"You—the so-little Teresa—the little bambina!" he cried. "But, yes—yes, it is true!" He caught both her hands, and began to pat them effusively. "Is it possible? Yes, yes! I begin [illegible] the little girl of the so [illegible] has not forgotten [illegible] Teresa! The little bandit queen! Eh? And you—do you remember that we called you that?" He led her to a chair, and seated her. "Well, well, the little Teresa! And your father, my good friend Nicolo—I had heard that he was sick. He is better—yes? And he is perhaps here, too, in New York?"

"My father is dead," Teresa answered in a low voice.

"Dead!" Dago George drew back, and stared again, but in a curiously bewildered way now. "Dead!" he repeated. "You say that Nicolo Capriano is—dead?"

"Yes," she said, and turned her face away from his gaze—only to raise her eyes again, and watch the man covertly, narrowly, as he now began to walk rapidly up and down the room with quick, nervous strides. Her hands tightened a little on the arms of her chair. Here was the end of that long race across the continent, the goal of those fearsome, harried days of haste in San Francisco while her father lay dead. Was she first or last in that frantic race? What did Dago George know? A thousand times she had pictured this scene, and planned for it every word and act that was to be hers—but it was actuality now, and the room for an instant seemed to swirl around her. She remembered Dago George—as one of the most crafty, callous and unscrupulous of the lawless band over whom the man who had been her father had reigned as king. The letter! Had Dago George received it—yes or no? Had Dave Henderson reached here before her? Was he already in danger; or did it require but just a simple bit of acting on her part to undo the treachery of which her father had been guilty—a simple story, for instance, that she was on her way to her father's people in Italy, which would enable her to stay here in this place unsuspected until Dave Henderson came, and she could intercept him, and warn him before any harm was done? Which was it? She dared not ask. If Dago George knew nothing, he must at all costs continue to know nothing. A hint, and Dago George, if he were the Dago George of old, would be like a bloodhound on the scent, and, exactly as though Dago George had actually received her father's letter, Dave Henderson would be the quarry. But if, on the other hand, the letter had already been delivered, well, then—then there was another role to play. She dared not ask; not until Dago George had shown his hand, not until she was sure of her own ground. She turned her head away again; Dago George had halted abruptly in front of her chair.

"Dead!" he said uneasily. "You [illegible] father, is dead?"

Teresa nodded without looking up.

Dago George, as abruptly as he had halted, turned and paced the length of the room and back again, and abruptly halted once more in front of her. He leaned toward her, one hand now laid over his heart.

"I am unpardonable!" he said softly. "I say nothing to you of your so great grief. I do not sympathize. I am heartless! But you will forgive! It is the shock of my own grief for the loss of my friend from which I have not recovered. I bleed for you in your deep sorrow. My poor little bambina! But you understand—yes—do you not?"

Teresa's hands, in her lap now, toyed with one of her gloves which she had taken off. She did not look up.

"Yes, yes," murmured Dago George. "You understand! But we will speak no more of that now—it is but to depress us both. There are other things—that you have come all this way from San Francisco, and that you have come immediately to me, for you have but just arrived in New York tonight, is it not so?"

"Yes," Teresa answered. "The train was very late. I came here at once from the station."

The blood seemed suddenly to Teresa to grow hot and as suddenly to grow chill and cold in her veins

to speak English, eh? It is less understood here. Ah, my little bambina! You are your father's daughter! Yes, yes! Nicolo Capriano is not dead! Well, the letter, eh? There is money in it, much money in it, you say?"

"Yes," she replied. Her voice sharpened, and became a little im-[illegible]

"Have no fear of that!" he whispered eagerly. "Dago George did not serve under Nicolo Capriano for nothing! The young man is upstairs, and safely asleep. He came perhaps a little more than half an hour ago. We had a little glass of wine together, and —" He shrugged his shoulders, and made a significant little circling motion with his thumb and forefinger.

Teresa's eyebrows lifted in frank impatience.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked sharply.

Again Dago George shrugged his shoulders.

"Have I not said that he is—asleep?" he smiled.

"Drugged!" exclaimed Teresa.

"But, yes—naturally! What would you have?" smiled Dago George.

Teresa's glove slipped from her lap to the floor. She was deliberate and long in picking it up.

"But why?" There was irritation and censure in her voice now, as she looked up at him and frowned. "I don't see why! You know nothing of the reasons that prompted my father to write that letter. Why should you drug him? What could you expect to accomplish by that, except to excite his suspicions when he wakes up?"

"Ah, but you do me an injustice, my little bambina!" said Dago George smoothly. "It was but a pinch of the drug, a drug that I know very well, and that never plays tricks on me. He has had but enough to last for four or five hours, and he will experience no ill effects when he wakes up. You can trust Dago George for that. And as for why—what else could I do? It was precisely because I had had no word from Nicolo Capriano, and because it was all a mystery to me, except that the letter was signed con amore. Eh? You know well enough what that means, and that it was not to be disobeyed. The man must never leave my sight or hands until the little game, whatever it was, was played out. Is it not so? It was also necessary that, having nothing further from the old master to guide me, I should look this Signor Barty Lynch over for myself—yes? Is it not so, my little bambino?"

Teresa preserved her frown.

"Perhaps," she admitted, with well assumed unwillingness. "Well?"

Dago George drew a little closer.

"Well, he is safe upstairs, then. You see that Dago George had has head about him, after all, eh? And now—the letter! What is it that the old master was about to do?"

Teresa's mind was working swiftly. Dave Henderson was upstairs, drugged, [illegible] morning surely, by morning before daylight, he could get away, and until then she must stay here. There was only one way she could do that without arousing suspicion, and at the same time have freedom of action—as an ally, an indispensable ally, of this man here. There was only one dominating consideration, therefore, to guide her in what, or how much, she told Dago George, for once Dave Henderson had slipped away that was the last Dago George would ever see of him, or her; and the consideration involved was that, while she knew Dago George too well to trust him in the smallest degree, Dago George must be made to trust her in the fullest measure, and from the strongest of all reasons from Dago George's standpoint—that of self-interest. And the surest way to accomplish that was to tell Dago George enough of the truth to, at one and the same time, arouse his cupidity and leave him in a sense dependent upon her co-operation for his future activities.

"I can only tell you what I heard them saying to each other that night when I wrote that letter for my father," she said deliberately. "But that is enough, I think; anyway, it was enough to decide me to come here to [illegible] that I would come to stay when, owing to my father's death, I am making arrangements to sail to my father's people back in Italy. Barty Lynch trusted my father absolutely. That is plain. He therefore trusts me equally. It may not even be necessary to watch him; he is even more likely than not—if he is played right—to make a confidant of me."

Dago George rubbed his hands together excitedly.

"Yes," he cried. "It is superb! I salute you. You do credit to Nicolo

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Alhambra 12th, Morris & Passyunk Ave. Mat. Daily at 2; Eves. 6:45 & 9 GEORGE WALSH in "THE SERENADE"

ALLEGHENY Frankford & Allegheny Mat. Daily 2:15, 7 & 9 SPECIAL FOX PRODUCTION "OVER THE HILL"

APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY SPECIAL CAST in "Don't Neglect Your Wife"

ARCADIA CHESTNUT Bel. 16TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MARION DAVIES in "THE BRIDE'S PLAY"

ASTOR FRANKLIN & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in "WHAT NO MAN KNOWS"

BALTIMORE 51ST & BALTIMORE Eve. 6:30. Sat. Mat. EARLE WILLIAMS in "LUCKY CARSON"

BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna Continuous 2 until 11 EARLE WILLIAMS in "LUCKY CARSON"

BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. 2, 6:45 and 9 P. M. SPECIAL FOX PRODUCTION "OVER THE HILL"

CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. SPECIAL CAST in "A MAN'S HOME"

COLONIAL Gtn. & Maplewood Aves. 2:30, 7 and 9 P. M. CHARLES RAY in "THE MIDNIGHT BELL"

[illegible] THEATRE CHARLES RAY in "NINETEEN AND PHYLLIS"

EMPRESS MAIN ST., MANAYUNK MATINEE DAILY GEORGE WALSH in "THE SERENADE"

FAIRMOUNT 20th & Girard Ave. MATINEE DAILY TOM MIX in "TRAILIN'"

FAMILY THEATRE—1311 Market St. 8 A. M. TO MIDNIGHT WILLIAM S. HART in "THE PATRIOT"

56TH ST. THEATRE—Below Spruce MATINEE DAILY WILLIAM S. HART in "THREE-WORD BRAND"

GLOBE 5901 MARKET ST. 2:30 and 6:30 to 11 ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN in "REMORSELESS LOVE"

GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erie 1:30 to 11 P. M. SPECIAL FOX PRODUCTION "OVER THE HILL"

IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. Mats. 2:30; Eves. 7 & 9 TOM MIX in "TRAILIN'"

KARLTON CHESTNUT Above BROAD Daily 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. Wallace Reid & Elsie Ferguson in "PETER IBBETSON"

Lehigh Palace Germantown Ave. and Lehigh Avenue EUGENE O'BRIEN in "WORLDS APART"

LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV. MATINEE DAILY TOM MIX in "TRAILIN'"

ORIENT Woodland Ave. at 62d St. WALLACE REID & GLORIA SWANSON in "Don't Tell Everything"

OVERBROOK 63D & HAVERFORD AVENUE BEBE DANIELS in "ONE WILD WEEK"

PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S "The Flower of the North"

PRINCESS 1018 MARKET STREET 8:30 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. EARLE WILLIAMS in "LUCKY CARSON"

REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. DAVID BUTLER and ELEANOR FIELDS in "GIRLS DON'T GAMBLE"

RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT TULPEHOCKEN ST. CHARLES RAY in "THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE"

RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW 7TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. DICK HATTON in "FEARLESS DICK"

SAVOY 1211 MARKET STREET [illegible] FAIRBANKS in "THE MATRIMANIAC"

SHERWOOD 54th & Baltimore Av. MAT. 2; EVE. 6:30 ETHEL CLAYTON in "EXIT—THE VAMP"

STANLEY MARKET AT 10TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. RUDOLPH VALENTINO in "The Conquering Power"

STANTON MARKET Above 16TH 10:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. "A CONNECTICUT YANKEE" IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT"

333 MARKET STREET THEATRE 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. THOMAS MEIGHAN in "A PRINCE THERE WAS"

VICTORIA MARKET ST. ab. 9TH 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. DUSTIN FARNUM in "THE DEVIL WITHIN"

RIALTO WEST CHESTER POLA NEGRI in "ONE ARABIAN NIGHT"

GRANT 4022 Girard Ave.—Mat. Today Violin and Organ Recitals D. W. GRIFFITH'S "THE FALL OF BABYLON"

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 1:30, 3:30 & 6:30 to 11 P. M. JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S "THE GOLDEN SNARE"

CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 and 3; 7 and 9 ENID BENNETT in "KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE"

COLISEUM Market bet. 50th & 60th 1:30 and 3; 7 and 9 GLADYS WALTON in "THE ROWDY"

JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo Junc. on Frankford "L" HARRY CAREY in "THE FOX"

LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. 1:30 to 5; 7 to 11 P. M. WILLIAM S. HART in "WHITE OAK"

LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREETS Mats. 1:30, 3:30. Eves. 6:30 to 11 PAULINE FREDERICK in "THE LURE OF JADE"

NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 2:15, 7 and 9 WILL ROGERS in "GUILE OF WOMEN"

RIVOLI 52D AND SANSOM STS. 1:30 and 3:30; 6:30 to 11 P. M. MAY MacAVOY in "MORALS"

69TH ST. Theatre—Opp. "L" Terminal 2:30, 7 & 9 P. M. [illegible] CLAYTON in "EXIT—THE VAMP"

STRAND Germantown Av. at Venango 2:30; 6:30 to 11 P. M. CONSTANCE BINNEY in "ROOM AND BOARD"

AT OTHER THEATRES MEMBERS OF M.P.T.O.A.

Ambassador Baltimore Ave. at 56th Daily 1:30 to 3; 6:45 to 11 P. M. HOBART BOSWORTH in "WHITE HANDS"

Germantown 5310 Germantown Ave. MATINEE DAILY WILLIAM FOX PRODUCTION "OVER THE HILL"

JEFFERSON 29th & Dauphin Sts. MATINEE DAILY JUSTINE JOHNSTONE in "HEARTS TO LET"

PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST. Mat. 2:15. Eve. 6:45 to 11 JACK HOLT and LILA LEE in "AFTER THE SHOW"