The Daily Movie Magazine

FOR THE FILM FAN'S SCRAPBOOK

Jane Novak

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

THE MOVIE FAN'S LETTERBOX

By HENRY M. NEELY

"A. F." 'Fesses Up

Alice Fleming, the Tracy, writes: "Here I am back again—this time to your rescue.

"How can they accuse you of perpetrating such a crime as to print in your column a letter from an imaginary correspondent, sign it 'A. F.' and get the movie fans all 'het up' over it?

"Now that the storm has subsided I'll crawl out of my shell and face the music. I am 'A. F.' I wrote the much-discussed letter, and I have been having a marvelous time sitting back laughing at the replies.

"I didn't fool you, though, did I, Henry?

"The letter was written as a huge joke, but some one hit the nail on the head when she said the contents were 'sarcastics.'

"How do you do it, Hen? You sure have the girls interested, and the best part of it is that you run a sensible man's column; in fact, it is the best I have ever read—and that's stating a heap.

"In conclusion, here's hoping your column remains as is and does not, through the foolish letters of some fans, become a veritable question-and-answer box."

• • •

"U. Reka" writes: "By way of novelty, and in the interest of alluring youth and sparkling beauty, won't you kindly publish a telling likeness of the clever 'Fanchon' portrayalist in Nielsen's 'Penrod'? (Or should one's request be for one of the movie hangovers?) If we must continue to put up for the most part with the cinema's bromides or antiques, why not show them, at least occasionally, as they were in the days of their pristine loveliness, i. e., 'The Biograph Diving Girl,' 'the Kalem Girl,' 'Little Mary' of the Westerns, or the lamented Flo La Badie, the late Vedah Bertram, charming old-fashioned Florence Turner, the stately and intellectual Asta Nielsen, or possibly the brilliant and fascinating Regina Badet (a current queen of the Parisian stage).

"If all of this is not flapper fodder, at least please don't forget my 'Cricket of the Films.'"

(Trouble is Neilan didn't take the bother to tell us editors who Fanchon was. Clever bit of work for a kid. Mebbe Connie Palmer'll see this and send me a picture and some dope about her.)

• • •

"Just Landed" writes: "In the EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER of May 27 there appeared a letter signed 'Beatta Le Bron.' In re the arguments she has had about Alice Terry tell her I, too, have noticed something 'very much wrong with her nose.' This defect, which I cannot describe, is particularly noticeable in profiles.

"Will you please tell me who is this Eric von Stroheim I've read so much about? What did he ever do?

"Who was the fellow who played Julio in 'The Four Horsemen'? How did he get in the movies? He has pretty hair, hasn't he? He would be all right but for his ears, and they are just like rabbits.

"The inclosed picture I found. As you will notice, there is no name given on it. Had I known his name he would have headed my list of handsome men. Please enlighten me and then publish the picture—I think the girls would appreciate it. Ain't his uniform just grand, I'm? And don't you love his medals? Wonder how he got 'em?

"Whom do you consider the handsomest man on the American screen? Also who would you say was the most beautiful woman?"

Eric von Stroheim is a young actor who made his first success in the name part in "The Little Minister." Then came John Storm in "The Christian," the pastor of Oare parish in "Lorna Doone," Father Brian in "The Rosary" and the mother in "Over the Hill." He has built an enviable reputation for playing clean, wholesome pictures that appeal to the better instincts of young boys and girls. What did he ever do? Mostly the Universal Film Company.

The fellow who played Julio in "The Four Horsemen" was Luigi Montagni, known on the screen as "Bull" Montana. The way he got in the movies is explained by his nickname. He's a wrestler; that's how he learned throwing. No, Bull's ears are more like cauliflowers.

The picture you send is not very familiar to me. I'd like to print it, but there's a reason why I can't. I'll describe it for the fans and maybe some one can identify it for us. It shows a youngish, smooth-faced man in an Austrian ossifer's uniform. His head is close cropped and his white cap is pulled down rakishly over his left eye. A monocle is in his right eye and a cigarette hangs pendent from his lips, the lips themselves being parted in a sardonic, sensuous smile (Gosh, that's reg'lar lit'rary style, ain't it?). He wears the white tunic of a Prussic acid ossifer, a wrist watch on his left arm and a lady's (hope she was) bracelet on his right. Can any one identify this? I don't think it's Ben Turpin. But I can't print it because I've said I won't.

• • •

"Phil Ossifer" writes: "If it is obviously absurd to say that John Barrymore is no actor and that Rodolph Valentino far excels him, it is quite as obviously absurd to say, as M. C. did, that Valentino's only qualifications are 'the fit of his clothes' and 'his patent leather hair.'

"To speak here further of John Barrymore is, of course, unnecessary, since he is already acknowledged to be the best actor on the American if not on any stage.

"To speak further of Rodolph Valentino, however, appears advisable since, at present, his place is rather in the making; and since those who like him are quite as blind in their praise of him as those who dislike him are in their condemnation of him.

"Rodolph Valentino, to begin with, is an artist. With the exception of John Barrymore, he is, perhaps, the foremost actor on the screen. But this is not merely because he is handsome. On Chestnut street you can find handsome men any day who wear clothes quite as faultlessly and who brush their hair quite as perfectly as he; but who could not for the life of them act as he does, or they would not be on Chestnut street.

"This is what too many people lose sight of; that Rodolph Valentino is good not because he is merely handsome but because he is a fine actor.

"In 'The Sheik' he displayed the former qualifications. In 'The Conquering Power' he displayed the latter. To wear flowing robs and make eyes at a pretty girl is, perhaps, not difficult. But to master all the inner details and subtleties of acting as he did in 'The Conquering Power' is proof of artistry and approaches more closely the work of John Barrymore than anything else I have seen on the screen.

"In that scene where Alice Terry and he are standing together in the hall and she begs him to take her box of money and both of them, at their impending separation, are, so to speak, torn with grief, Rodolph Valentino, to my mind, proves himself an artist.

"It was an exceptionally difficult scene to act. It necessitated the actor 'living' the character he was portraying; it necessitated his 'feeling' all the terrible love and terrible sadness of the moment and with just the right degree of emotion and without overdoing it or underdoing it, and Rodolph Valentino passed that test successfully.

"It is, on the stage and screen, of course, an old test. But there are unfortunately very few on either the stage or screen who can pass it. Wallace Reid, one of the handsomest men in the moving pictures and perhaps in America, failed to pass it successfully in 'Peter Ibbetson.' And only those who saw the stage production of the same name with John Barrymore can realize how signally he failed.

"I have written this letter with the hope that it will lead those who go into wild rhapsodies over Valentino's 'good looks' and 'magnetism' to give him more credit for the things that are really more praiseworthy; and because I hope it will lead those who say he is 'no actor' and who condemn him as 'stiff' and 'sickening,' to realize that their condemnation of him is quite as absurd as a F.'s praise of him.

"In closing I wish to give you a hand for having already assumed the proper attitude in the discussion and for having estimated the proper worth of Rodolph Valentino in a logical and sensible way."

57 YEARS ON STAGE; SEEN BY MORE PEOPLE IN ONE FILM

IT TOOK a veteran actor fifty-seven years to appear personally on the stage before approximately the same number of people that see a modern motion picture in one night.

W. J. Ferguson, who was on the stage of Ford's Theatre when Lincoln was shot, has appeared before some 24,000,000 playgoers in the course of more than half a century as a player. Today he is working with Betty Compson, Bert Lytell and Theodore Kosloff in "To Have and to Hold," a forthcoming George Fitzmaurice production. When it is released to thousands of theatres simultaneously all over the world more people will see his work in two or three days than the tremendous total painstakingly amassed during fifty-seven years of personal stage appearances.

Figures of this sort express vividly the tremendous difference in scope between the speaking stage and the screen. On the stage Mr. Ferguson could appear before only one audience at a time, varying between a few hundred to two or three thousand. On the screen his visage will be flashed before millions on the same day.

"To a player with real pride in his business of relieving for a few hours the troubles and worries of a busy world," says Mr. Ferguson, "it is a matter of extreme gratification that the cinema has made it possible for us to amuse, relax and educate millions where before our scope was limited to but a few thousand."

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

"Tom the Teaser"

By DADDY

Jack and Janet go with the fairies to Birdland where a supposed goblin giant is playing pranks. They find the goblin giant is a boy named Tom the Teaser.

CHAPTER VI

Tom Pays a Debt

TOM the Teaser was in trouble. His pranks suddenly had turned against him. The stone he had thrown to make Hoppity-Hop Rabbit jump had brought forth a bear, which had made Tom the Teaser jump. Tom's only way to escape from the bear had been to swim the river, and the two turtles he had teased by tying their tails together had spoiled that by becoming tangled about his foot. Now he lay on a flat rock in mid-stream, yelling with all his might.

Cold-Nose Bear was roaring mad when he came out of the cave, but the sight of Tom the Teaser lying across the flat rock and trying to kick his foot loose from the turtles made Cold Nose sit down to laugh.

When Tom got tired of kicking he lay quiet. Then the turtles began to nip at his foot, and their nipping made Tom kick the more.

About this time Giant Cross-Patch came along. Giant Cross-Patch was angry over the prank by which Tom had ducked him in the river. He was anxious to thrash Tom.

But when Giant Cross-Patch saw Tom the Teaser lying on the rock and trying to kick the turtles away, the giant's anger fled and he, too, sat down to laugh. And the place where he sat happened to be on top of Tom's pile of clothes. As the giant was still dripping wet from his unexpected bath, the water dripped on the clown suit and made it as wet as the giant's own garments. And that was another case in which Tom's own prank turned against him.

Giant Cross-Patch wasn't afraid to sit beside Cold-Nose Bear, for he knew Cold-Nose was a tame bear and wouldn't harm any one unless he happened to be vexed.

And now another trouble came to Tom the Teaser. A hungry mosquito spied Tom's bare back.

"Buzz-z-z-z-z! Here is a feast!" whined the mosquito, sharpening his stinger.

"Buzz-z-z-z! We are hungry, too," whined other mosquitoes, coming from the woods and swamp. Soon they were having a regular banquet off poor Tom the Teaser.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" yelled Tom, slapping at the mosquitoes and kicking at the turtles.

"Waugh! Waugh! Waugh!" laughed Cold-Nose Bear.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" roared Giant Cross-Patch.

"Ow! Ow!" yelled Tom at the giant. "Please give me my clothes before these mosquitoes eat me up."

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" laughed the giant. "You ducked me in the river. Why should I give you your clothes?"

Tom thought that over. He knew the giant was right. Tom was sorry he had ducked the giant.

"Hey, I want to make a bargain with you," cried Tom, still slapping at the mosquitoes and kicking at the turtles. "I will come ashore so you can thrash me for ducking you, if you will give me my clothes and protect me from that big bear."

The giant was struck by the giant as being very funny, and he rocked back and forth as he roared with laughter.

"I call that a sportsmanlike offer," he finally gasped. "You come ashore and get your spanking and we will call things square."

Tom didn't wait for another word. He plunged into the water and thrashed his way to shore. There Giant Cross-Patch broke the string that held the turtles and set them free. Away they scooted.

Tom might have grabbed his clothes and run, but instead he waited for his thrashing.

Giant Cross-Patch took him across his knees and began to spank him. Whack! he gave Tom a spank. Then the giant got to laughing again, and he laughed so hard that his spanks didn't hurt near so much as they might have done had he been spanking in anger. But even so they were hard enough to make Tom sorry he had been such a teaser.

"That's enough," said the giant. "I hope the spanking has done you good."

"It has, sir," said Tom. "I'll be a teaser no more."

And away he ran for home, much sorer and much wiser, and Jack and Janet and the fairies flew after him.

How Tom keeps his promise will be told next week in another Birdland story.

Little Benny's Note Book

By Lee Pape

The Park Ave. News

Weather. Unknown.

Extra! Sid Hunt Makes Big Discovery! Sid Hunt found a dime wile going a errand for his mother last Wensday and now he dont know weather to feel diskusted at the ideer of going errands as usual or weather to be glad to on account of maybe he mite find another dime.

For Sale or Ixchange. A stopped alarm clock with one hole hand and all the werks but not inside.

Pome by Skinny Martin

With the Door Locked

O I allways sing in the bath tub
Wile I splash and lather,
O others may yell Hay stop that,
But theres nuthing Id persinally
drather.

Intristing Facks About Intristing Peeple. Sam Crosses baby sister Udeen has another tooth, making 2 or plural.

Things You Awt to Know. One way to tell if a egg is fresh is by holding it up to see if you can see thro it. Another way is to open it and smell it, in case you dont mind spoiling its shape.

Lost and Found. Lost—A paper bag with 8 sour balls, some partly sucked and ony uscill to owner. See Puds Simkins.

Can You Tell?

By R. J. and A. W. Bodmer

Who Made the First Moving Pictures?

The first device which produced the motion-picture effect was a scientific toy. The idea is almost as old as pictures, but was not of practical value until photography was invented. The toy referred to was called a "zoetrope." It was a whirling cylinder with slits in the outside through which you could see a picture opposite each slit. The pictures were drawn by hand and the artist placed the pictures within the cylinder in such order that each succeeding one would represent the next succeeding motion which was being pictured. When the cylinder was whirled, and the slits in line with the eye, the moving-picture effect was produced.

A great many variations of this toy followed. With photography it was possible to get successive photographs, but it was difficult to get photographs in such quick succession that all the movements of an object in motion were taken.

The difficulty was overcome by Muybridge in 1877. He arranged a row of twenty-four cameras with string trigger shutters, the string of each being stretched across a race track. A trotting horse moving down the track broke the strings in quick succession, thus causing each camera to take a picture. There were twenty-four pictures to this original "film."

About ten years later Le Prince arranged what he called a multiple camera. This was a battery of sixteen automatically reloading cameras in which strips of film were used. Each took a picture in turn and then automatically brought another strip into position.

The first really modern motion-picture camera was built in a single case with a battery of sixteen lenses and separate shutters. This was operated by a crank, which, when turned, exposed each of the sixteen lenses in succession.

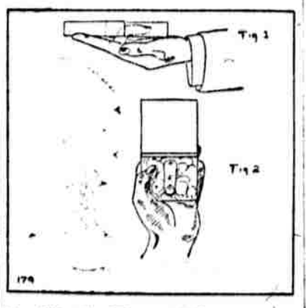
Monday—How Did Man Learn to Send Messages?

DR. TUKE TO TAKE PULPIT

Bishop Rhinelander to Officiate at St. John, Evangelist, Services

The Rev. Charles E. Tuke, formerly rector of St. Clement's Church, St. Paul, Minn., will be instituted tomorrow morning as rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Lansdowne. Bishop Rhinelander will say the office of institution. Mr. Tuke succeeds as rector the Rev. Croswell McBee, who accepted the rectorship of Old St. David's, Radnor. Mr. Tuke is an alumnus of Germantown Academy, this city, and of Trinity College.

After-Dinner Tricks



No. 179—The Waxwork Finger

A very surprising trick is accomplished with the aid of a small box, which the performer says contains a wax finger or a preserved finger. The lid is removed from the box and the finger is shown lying on cotton. Suddenly the finger moves in a very lively fashion and creates much excitement among the observers.

The finger is really the performer's own. A hole is previously made in the bottom of the box, and the second finger is pushed through (Fig. 1). A little dab of powder, or rouge, gives the finger a remarkably waxlike appearance (Fig. 2). The performer is, to all appearances merely holding the box in his hand. But, when the lid is removed, the fun begins.

THE MASTER OF MAN :-: By Sir Hall Caine

An Outspoken and Moving Study of a Deep Sex Problem by the Noted Author of "The Manxman," "The Deemster," "The Eternal City," "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," Etc.

PERSONS OF THE STORY

VICTOR STOWELL—Chief Judge of the Isle of Man. In a moment of mutual passion he has, to great later penitence over the secret sin, had illicit relations with
BESSIE COLLISTER—A handsome peasant girl, who murders her illegitimate child and is sentenced to death. She loves Victor's chum.
ALICK GELL—Agreeable but somewhat weak, who persuades Bessie to betroth herself to him.
FENELLA STANLEY—A great-hearted and beautiful girl with advanced ideas on woman's rights, who is in love with Victor and he with her. She becomes Bessie's friend.

CHAPTER FORTY

The Call of a Woman's Soul

AT 4 o'clock that day the Attorney General and the Chief Constable had returned to Government House and were sitting, on either side of the Governor, with the jailer standing before them. Fenella stood by the window, apparently gazing into the garden, but listening intently.

"Come now," said the Governor, "tell us what you know of this matter."

The jailer knew nothing. Changing repeatedly the leg on which he was standing, and mopping his forehead with a colored handkerchief, he protested absolute ignorance.

"After Miss Stanley left the castle a piece after 10 o'clock I locked the poor bogh in her cell——"

"Do you mean the prisoner?"

"Who else, your excellency?"

"Then say the prisoner."

"Well, I locked the prisoner in her cell a piece after ten o'clock last night and when I went back at five this morning to take her a bite of breakfast——"

"Breakfast? Where was your female warder?"

"Mistress Mylrea? Sick of the heart since General Gaol. They're telling me she died last night, sir."

"Where was your turnkey then?"

"Willie Shimmin? He went out on lave for a couple of hours on Sunday afternoon and didn't return on the night, sir."

"Do you mean to tell me you were alone in the castle on the night before an execution?"

"Aw, yes, alone enough, sir."

"Colonel Farrell!" said the Governor, turning sharply upon the chief constable.

That gentleman, although embarrassed, had many excuses. He had not been made aware of the situation, and if this blockhead had only communicated with the police-station——

"Well, well, enough of that now. Let us have the facts," said the Governor, and turning back to the jailer said,

"Did anybody come to the castle last night after Miss Stanley left it?"

"No, sir, no!"

"And your keys? Did they ever leave your possession?"

"Never, sir."

"After you locked the prisoner in her cell, what did you do?"

"I went back to the guard-room and sat by the fire, sir."

"And fell asleep, I suppose?"

"I'll give in I slept a wink or two, sir."

"Where were your keys while you were asleep?"

"On the table beside me, sir."

"And when you awoke where were they?"

"In the same place, your Excellency."

"Were the gates of the castle locked last night?"

"Aw, 'deed they were, sir."

"And were they locked this morning?"

"They were that, sir."

The Attorney General, who had been leaning forward, dropped back.

"Extraordinary!" he said. "The whole thing has the appearance of the supernatural."

"Nonsense!" said the Governor. "Vondy, do you know Mr. Gell, the advocate?"

"I'm sorry to say, sir——"

"Never mind about sorry—do you?"

"I do, sir."

"When did you see him last?"

"At General Gaol, when he was out of himself, the poor man, and we had to lock him up for threatening the Dempster."

"Did he never come to the Castle afterward to see the prisoner?"

"Never, sir."

"Will you swear that he was not there last night?"

"I will—before God Almighty, sir."

"Then, if the cell was locked all night and the castle gates were locked, how do you account for the escape of your prisoner?"

The jailer smoothed the hair over his forehead and then said,

"Bolts and bars are nothing to the Lord, sir."

The Governor gasped.

"Do you mean to say that while you were asleep before the fire in the guard-room an angel from heaven carried your prisoner through the castle walls?"

"Aw, well—I wouldn't say no to that, sir. We're reading of the like in the Good Book anyway."

"Fenella," cried the Governor, "take this fool away and turn him out of the house."

When Fenella, who had been quivering all over, had left the room, followed by the jailer, the Governor turned to the chief constable.

"The woman was not on the morning steamer?"

"No, sir."

"And what about Gell?"

"We broke open the door of his room in Athol Street and found he had gone."

"Ah! Have you come upon any trace of him elsewhere?"

"Yes; he slept at the Railway Inn at Ballaugh on Saturday night and took a ticket for St. John's by the first train on Sunday morning."

"Anything else?"

"The blacksmith at Ballasalla believes he saw him on Sunday evening going in the fog in the direction of Derby Haven."

"Aha! Did any fishing boat leave Castletown last night?"

"The Manx boats do not go out on Sunday, sir."

"Any trading steamers then?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Inquire at once. If your constables do not find the fugitives in the island we must send a 'Wanted' across the water."

"I'll draw one up, sir."

"Got the necessary photographs?"

"One of the girl, which was found in the young man's rooms, sir. Also one of the young man which we found in the girl's cell, but it is not of much use, being scratched and blurred as if it had been lying in water.

"No matter! The Deemster is sure to have another. I'll write and ask him to meet us here at 11 on Wednesday morning. He'll be able to help you to your personal description and issue the warrant at the same time."

II

Meantime, Fenella had taken the jailer into the drawing room and closed the door behind them.

"Mr. Vondy," she said in a low voice, "you can trust me. Nothing you may say in this room will ever be repeated. Did not somebody come to Castle Rushen last night after I left it?"

The old man tried in vain to look into the big moist eyes that were on him, but at length he dropped his own and said:

"Mr. Vondy, did not somebody come to Castle Rushen last night after I left it?"

"It is no use, miss. There will be no rest on me in the night unless I tell the truth to somebody. There can be no harm telling it to you neither—going to be the man's wife soon, they're saying. It's truth enough, miss—somebody did come."

"Was it the Deemster?"

"It was that," said the jailer, and then he told her everything that had happened.

Fenella's head became giddy and her cheeks blushed crimson. In a flash she saw what had happened. Victor had deceived the jailer. Did the old man know it? Lowering her voice she said:

"You didn't say this when the Governor questioned you—had you a reason for not doing so?"

"I had. The Deemster made me promise to say nothing."

And then came the other and still more degrading story—the story of the intimidation Stowell had put upon the jailer to keep his visit secret.

Fenella felt as if she would sink through the floor in shame, but all the same she found herself saying:

"You've known the Deemster all his life, haven't you?"

"I have. I was reared on the land," said the jailer, and then, raising himself to his full height, "I'm a Baliamour myself, miss."

"Then you will keep the promise you gave him?"

"Trust me for that, miss."

"But if anything should happen to yourself as the consequence of last night's escape, * * *"

"The father put me in the castle and the son won't see them fling me out of it."

"But if he should be overruled by the Governor and unable to help you, * * *"

"I'll take my chance with him. What's it they're sayin?—the Ballamoar will out, miss."

Tears sprang to Fenella's eyes, but her heart beat high.

"Mr. Vondy," she said, "he has not been well lately, and perhaps he doesn't always know what he is saying. If you should ever come to think that what he told you was not the truth, * * * the whole truth, I mean, * * *"

"Maybe so. I've been thinking as much myself since five this morning. But that's all as one to me, miss. Tell him Tommy Vondy will keep his word."

The jailer was gone, and Fenella was sitting with her hands over her eyes when she heard voices in the corridor and footsteps going toward the porch.

"You're right there, your Excellency" (it was the Attorney General who was speaking). "The authority of law in this island has received a blow, and already the disorderly elements are stirring up strife."

"Qualtrough of the Keys and the man Baldromma."

"Farrell" (it was the Governor in a stern voice), "quash that instantly. If there's any rioting send for the soldiers from Castletown to assist your police."

"I will, your Excellency."

"And listen! Get rid of that blockhead of a jailer. Appoint somebody in his place and give him authority to employ his own warders. He'll have his prison full enough presently."

The closing of the outer door rang through the corridor, and at the next moment the Governor was in the drawing room.

"Fenella," he said, "do you happen to know if Stowell has a photograph of young Gell, the advocate?"

Before she had time to reflect Fenella answered that he had. It was taken in America, and stood on the mantelpiece in the library at Ballamoar.

"But why?"

"Because I want him to bring it with him when he comes on Wednesday to issue the warrant."

"What warrant?"

"The warrant for the arrest of Gell, for breaking prison and aiding in the escape of the girl Collister."

"But, father, they are friends—lifelong friends."

"What of that? Stowell is Deemster, and you heard the oath he took, didn't you? 'Without fear or friendship, love or gain.' His duty as a judge is to administer justice, and as long as I am here I'll see he does it."

III

During the remainder of that day and the whole of the following one Fenella was a prey to the cruelest perplexity. Would Victor Stowell issue that warrant for the arrest of the innocent man, being himself the guilty one?

How could he refuse? It would be his duty to issue the warrant—what excuse could he make for not doing so? And then what a temptation to let things go on as usual! Although he had broken prison, and therefore his oath as a judge, how easily he might persuade himself that it had only been to snatch that poor girl from a wicked statute!

Yet if Victor issued that warrant for the arrest of Gell he would be a lost man for ever after. No matter how high he might rise he would go down, down, down until his very soul would perish.

"It cannot be!. It must not be! It shall not be!"

She wanted to run to Ballamoar and say, "Don't do it. If you have done wrong confess and take the consequences."

Oh, what did she care about their quarrel now? It was no longer Bessie Collister's life, but Victor Stowell's soul that was in peril.

But no, she could not ask him to act under compulsion. He must act of his own free will. In the valley of the shadow of sin the guilty soul must walk alone.

"But is there nothing I can do for him?" she asked herself.

Yes, there was one thing—one thing only. She could pray. For long hours on the night before Stowell was to come to Government House Fenella knelt in her bed and prayed for him.

"O God, help him! God help him! Help him to resist this great temptation."

At length peace came to her. Somewhere in the dead waste of the night she seemed to receive an answer to her prayers.

"He'll do the right, whatever it may cost him," she thought, and as the day was dawning she fell asleep.

But when she awoke in the morning she felt as if her heart would break. If Stowell confessed and took the consequences (as she had prayed he might do) he would be lost to her for ever. He would have to give up his judgeship, be banished from the island and become an outcast and wanderer.

"Is that to be the end of everything between us? After all this waiting?"

Her eyes were full of tears when she looked at herself in the glass, but they were shining like stars for all that. An immense pity for Stowell had taken possession of her. An immense faith in him also. He must be the most unhappy man alive, but he was her man now; and nothing on earth should part them.

Going down to breakfast she met Mim Green on the stairs. The old lady was full of some breathless story of rioting in Douglas the evening before. How remote it all sounded! She hardly heard what was being said to her.

Coming upon the maid in the corridor she said:

"The Deemster is to call today, Catherine. Tell him I wish to see him before he sees the Governer."

In the breakfast room her father was looking over a printer's proof on a sheet of foolscap paper. It was headed with the Manx coat-of-arms and the words "ISLE OF MAN CONSTABULARY," and had an empty space near the top for a block to be made from a photograph.

"But that is no consequence now," thought Fenella, "no consequence whatever."

To be continued Monday

(Copyright, 1921, International Magazine Co.)

String Club to Give Dance

The first annual dance of the Progressive String Club will be held this evening at 2027 Chestnut street.

Uncommon Sense : Let Your Light Shine

By JOHN BLAKE

THE best advertised institution in the universe is the sun.

From the beginning of creation the people of the world have known of it.

They have known that it gives heat and light, that it rises in the East and sinks in the West.

They began talking of it as soon as they acquired speech.

Before they learned better they worshipped it.

And all because throughout the day it was visible in the sky, warming their bodies, and giving the light that enabled them to see.

WERE it possible for a human being to go about bearing a light one-billionth part as bright as that of the sun, that human being would be known to all men.

His qualities, good or bad, would be known, for he would always be the center of attention.

If he had something to sell people would examine it, and if they found it desirable they would buy it.

If he had qualifications for public life they would be known, and public office would be bestowed upon him.

If he were a bad man, or a weak man, or an inferior man, it would be impossible to hide these defects.

Bearing such a light about, every eye would be upon him. In other words, he would be advertised.

EVERY man should desire to be advertised. If he does not desire to be advertised—to have his qualities known to his fellowmen—there is something wrong with him.

If he does not want his business advertised there is something wrong with his business.

As a matter of fact every honest man wants his fellow citizens to know that he is honest.

Every man who has honest goods to sell wants his fellowmen to know that his goods are honest.

For if he is honest he will be respected. If his goods are honest people will buy them.

THE man who understands advertising merely understands the art of making his merits or the merits of what he has to sell known to the world.

He must stand or fall by what he sells. No business firm can long continue a policy of wide advertising unless the advertising tells the truth.

Truth will bear the light. Men who have only falsehood to tell about themselves or their wares had better not advertise.

Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company

TONIC FOR WEEK-END BLUES!

It gives you a pleasant outlook on life. Brightens up your day of rest. Puts you in a happy frame of mind for the following week. Just open up these six tickets and star Comics in next Sunday's Public Ledger "Make It a Bright Week."

M. Saying

150 Second-Hand FOLDING CHAIRS Wanted at Once. Reasonable Price. Bell Phone—Belmont 0452

COSTUMES WIGS-MASKS etc. TO HIRE MILLER-COSTUMER 236 So. 11 St. Phone Wal. 18

John S. Trower's Sons Germantown Ave. and Chelten Ave. CATERERS —: RESTAURANT :— We are extending our daily and Sunday delivery to NORTH PHILA., LOGAN and OAK LANE Fancy Cakes Ice Cream

"Mortgages" and "Kolsky" are synonymous. To think of mortgages is to think of Kolsky. Not alone in mortgages, but however, in every phase of Real Estate. Abe Kolsky & Co., Inc. N. W. COR. 9TH & WALNUT STS.

Pat. June 13, 1911 SAVILLS Trademark FAUCETS "No Splash in Sink" "Positive Shut Off" Name "SAVILL" on Faucet "Ask Your Plumber" Thomas Savill's Sons, Mfr. 1810-12-14 Wallace St., Phila.

Wire Your Home Est. 1899 High-grade work by a reliable house guaranteeing safety and satisfaction. Buy your Lighting Fixtures from the manufacturer and save in-between profits. Original and distinctive designs. BROMUND & SON, Inc. 2337 GERMANTOWN AVE. Columbia 1041 Open Every Evening Until 10 YEAR TO PAY IF DESIRED

DERDS WE MADE OUR REPUTATION ON QUALITY! THE ONE SURE REMEDY Get Rid of INSECTINE Non-Poisonous Non-Explosive We Sustain It by Quality! In Safe and Reliable Goods. Any Manufacturer—Jobber—or—Retailer—who attempts to make sales by "Just as good as" statement—condemns any Substitute they offer you. At Grocers and Druggists—15c, 35c and $1.60

PHOTOPLAYS PHOTOPLAYS

The following theatres obtain their pictures through the STANLEY Company of America, which is a guarantee of early showing of the finest productions. Ask for the theatre in your locality obtaining pictures through the Stanley Company of America.

APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY RALPH INCE'S PRODUCTION "A MAN'S HOME"	The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES
ASTOR EIGHTH & GIRARD AVE. MATINEE DAILY THE GREAT RACING SENSATION "QUEEN OF THE TURF"	BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET 1:30 and 8:00; 6:30 to 11 MARION DAVIES in "BEAUTY'S WORTH"
BALTIMORE 51ST & BALTIMORE Eve. 6:30. Sat. Mat. GLORIA SWANSON in "HER HUSBAND'S TRADEMARK"	CEDAR 60TH & CEDAR AVENUE 1:30 and 8; 7 and 9 P. M. WILLIAM C. CABANNE PRODUCTION "AT THE STAGE DOOR"
BLUEBIRD Broad & Susquehanna Continuous 2 until 11 GEORGE LOANE TUCKER'S "THE HYPOCRITES"	COLISEUM Market bet. 59th & 60th 1:30 and 8; 7 and 9 P. M. PRISCILLA DEAN in "WILD HONEY"
COLONIAL Gtn. & Maplewood Aves. 2:30, 7 and 9 P. M. CULLEN LANDIS and SPECIAL CAST in Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?	JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo Junc. on Frankford "L" PAULINE STARKE in "SALVATION NELL"
FAIRMOUNT 26th & Girard Ave. MATINEE DAILY HOBART BOSWORTH in "BLIND HEARTS"	LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE. 2:30 to 4:30; 7 to 11 P. M. ERICH VON STROHEIM'S "FOOLISH WIVES"
GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erie 2:30, 6:45 to 11 ERICH VON STROHEIM'S "FOOLISH WIVES"	LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREETS Mats. 1:30 & 3; Eve., 6:30 to 11 WALLACE REID in "ACROSS THE CONTINENT"
IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. Mats. 2:30. Eves. 7 & 9 ANITA STEWART in "SOWING THE WIND"	NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 2:15, 6:30 and 9 FRANK MAYO in "TRACKED TO EARTH"
LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV. MATINEE DAILY TOM MIX in "CHASING THE MOON"	RIVOLI 52D & SANSOM STS. Daily 1:30 & 3; 6:45 to 11 P.M. HARRY CAREY in "MAN TO MAN"
ORIENT Woodland Ave. at 63d St. MATINEE DAILY RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "TOL'ABLE DAVID"	69TH ST. Theatre, Opp. "L" Terminal 2:30, 7 and 9 P. M. WALLACE REID in "ACROSS THE CONTINENT"
OVERBROOK 63d & Haverford Ave. MATINEE TODAY TOM MIX in "TRAILIN'"	ROCCO'S STRING ORCHESTRA A. S. ROCCO, CONDUCTOR
PALM FRANKFORD AVE. & NORRIS STREET Rodolph Valentino & Dorothy Dalton in "MORAN OF THE LADY LETTY"	STRAND Germantown Av. at Venango 2:30, 6:30 to 11 P. M. MAE MURRAY in "FASCINATION"
REGENT Market St. Below 17th 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. POLA NEGRI in "THE RED PEACOCK"	ARDMORE LANCASTER PIKE ARDMORE, PA. WILLIAM FARNUM in "A STAGE ROMANCE"
RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVENUE AT TULPEHOCKEN ST. TOM MIX in "SKY HIGH"	GRANT 4022 GIRARD AVE. Mat. Today. Eve. 7 and 9 FIRST WEEK, PHILA. SHOWING "DETERMINATION"
SHERWOOD 54th & Baltimore Av. MAT. 2; EVE. 6:30 NORMA TALMADGE in "LOVE'S REDEMPTION"	
333 MARKET STREET THEATRE 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. MAE MURRAY in "FASCINATION"	

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

AMBASSADOR Baltimore Ave. at 56th Contin. 1:30 to 11 P. M. THOS. H. INCE'S PRODUCTION "HAIL THE WOMAN" NEXT WEEK—"THE ROSARY"	JEFFERSON 20th & Dauphin Sts. MATINEE DAILY BERT LYTELL in "THE RIGHT THAT FAILED"
GERMANTOWN 5510 Germantown Av. MATINEE DAILY TOM MIX in "SKY HIGH"	PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST. Mat. 2:15. Eve. 6:45 to 11 GARETH HUGHES in "LITTLE EVA ASCENDS"