

WALL'S CHAMPION BAD MAN IS NO MORE

How Lacombe, Practitioner of Art, Reached a Pinnacle of Fame, and Then Ruined Himself in the North the Initiative Was His Own.

Paris, May 2.—Lacombe, the worst "bad man" that Paris ever knew, is dead. His life was one long, ghastly playtime, with murder as his chief sport.

For a while in the United States, Tracy, the bandit, was thought to be the worst bad man in the world. But Tracy became a coward and ran away.

Lacombe never ran.

Here's the way he worked:

First, the police would hear that some automobilist in the suburbs had been murdered and his car taken. An hour of terrible suspense would follow for the police, for they would know that somewhere, soon, a bank would be held up by a quartette of men in the stolen automobile, the bank officials probably murdered, and a huge sum stolen.

It was Lacombe's work, they knew.

But how would they get Lacombe? "I will never run from you," Lacombe told them, by mail. "When you catch me I'll kill myself. So I shall never go to jail."

One man, a former friend of Lacombe, tried to help the police in their effort to get the bandit. The next night there came a map of this man's door and in it Lacombe, and he was dead.

"Undress and get into bed," he ordered the man and the wife. The pair dressed themselves. "It's midnight now," said Lacombe. At 10 in the morning I shall kill you, if not before."

All night Lacombe played with the man and his wife, as a cat plays with a mouse. Now and then he would raise his gun as if to shoot, or he would walk over to the bed and place his gun against the man's head, saying, "You will tell the police on me?"

It was about 9 o'clock in the morning, after he had tortured the pair for nine hours that he suddenly said:

"Enough of this silly talk."

Whereupon in the coldest of cold blood, he used one bullet to kill his one-time friend and then walked out onto the street.

Two country-town policemen, whom Lacombe did not suspect of knowing him, caught him at a country fair, munched peanuts and seeing the sights. He had two revolvers, two dynamite bombs, three knives and four sorts of poison on him!

They got him to the country jail in safety and after several days to the big prison in Paris, for trial.

"You'll never guttoline me," he declared, for the knife instead of the rope is the executioner's tool in France.

The Business Side of the Moving Picture Show

Forty Millions of Dollars Invested in It, and Maybe Six Millions of Persons Visit the Theatres Daily—Meteorite Rise of Business—Making the Films for "Movies" a Matter of Large Expense—Profits Less Than Formerly—Stringency of Fire Department Regulations.

The New York Sun says: Of all the quick growths in any branch of business in the United States in recent years, it is asserted that with the single exception of the automobile industry none has been more meteoric than that of the moving picture theatre. Whereas only a few years ago several hundred thousand dollars represented the amount of capital employed, today it is estimated not less than \$10,000,000 is the sum invested.

While no exact information is available as to the sum total invested or the daily attendance at motion picture shows in this country, it is estimated that between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 persons visit the "movies" each day at prices of admission varying from five cents to 50 cents each. As to the amount invested in individual theatres, they range from \$500 in the case of the smaller to \$100,000 in that of the more important places, giving this form of entertainment born of the twentieth century.

The charge was recently made that motion picture theatres are to some extent responsible for the high cost of living, in that they induce persons of small or moderate means to spend money which otherwise might be placed in savings banks. This argument is laughed at by those engaged in the motion picture business, and they point to the fact that a person may visit a motion picture show many times for the cost of attending a regular theatre but once. The average person has little conception of the actual commercial side

ONE MORE ADDED TO THE LONG LIST

Of Women Who Owe Their Health to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. John Cabot Recommends Dodd's Kidney Pills to All Who Suffer From Backache, Headache and Nervousness.

White Head Perce, Que., May 2.—(Special.) As a remedy for women Dodd's Kidney Pills hold an enviable place in the estimation of the people of Quebec, and Mrs. John Cabot, a highly-respected lady living here, adds her name to the long list of those who stand ready to tell of the good work they are doing.

"My trouble," Mrs. Cabot states, "started from a cold, and I suffered for six years. I was always tired and nervous. I was greatly troubled with my back, and as time wore on neuralgia, rheumatism, and Bright's disease added to my pains."

"I had dark circles under my eyes; I perspired freely with the slightest exertion, and my perspiration had an unpleasant odor."

"I could find nothing to relieve me till I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I can heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all who suffer from backache, headache, and nervousness."

Nearly all women's troubles are caused by diseased or disordered kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills bring back youth to women by curing their kidneys.

higher one and before the guards could get him, he was sitting smiling on a roof 20 feet above the stone pavement. He tore tiles from the roof to throw at those who tried to follow him. "I won't come down until you fetch my lawyer," he declared. The lawyers came. Meantime the papers of Paris got out extra editions telling of Lacombe's escape.

The lawyer came and climbed up near Lacombe. He pleaded with him to come down. "At 11:30 by that clock

I will come down, on my neck," Lacombe said. The lawyer and his prisoner talked for three-quarters of an hour, while hundreds of persons looked on and all Paris thrilled with the excitement of the thing.

At last the prison clock pointed to 11:30.

"Good-bye," shouted Lacombe. He hurled himself into the air and, like a diver, struck the pavement head first. The jail prisoners, who had been and seen, all shouted "Wise Lacombe," as he died.

Lacombe dressed in nothing but a blanket, with his guard of three policemen. He was denied clothes to prevent his using them to strangle himself.

One morning while walking in the yard with three guards, Lacombe suddenly drew himself, like a cat, to a low roof. From here he passed to a

company sent, as The Sun has related, by a New York film manufacturing company to the Holy Land to portray the important events in the life of Christ, as many photo plays as possible while the company was in the country. The company of sending the principal actors from New York having been very great, other scenarios were prepared and acted in other places than the Holy Land. One of these was a film picture showing the actors at various historical points, such as the Pyramids; the ruins at Luxor and the tombs of ancient Egyptian rulers.

Motion picture companies are always in the market to purchase scenarios that may be suitable for production in motion picture form. Each film company has a corps of scenario editors who read the manuscripts submitted in the same manner as book publishers examine manuscripts of stories submitted with a view to publication in book form. These scenario manuscripts, which are often received by dozens each day, are subjected to a process of elimination at the hands of the sub-editors or readers. After they have been examined by several readers and those not suitable have been rejected, the ones which seem to be of worth considering are submitted to the chief editor. If he passes favorably on them the manuscripts are then placed before higher officers of the company for their examination.

Many writers of scenarios, it is found, either consciously or unconsciously take their subjects from books or newspapers. The subjects being such things as stories which are in the public eye, others seek to feed the editors by plagiarizing some old or forgotten book which seems to contain a suitable subject. The chances of such works being accepted are small, for the editors and their readers quickly detect any effort to impose on them in this or in other ways.

The scenarios once accepted, they are sent to such companies for production in motion picture form. The managing directors of the companies then consider the scenarios with the leading members of the companies and decide which ones are the best suited for each part. The properties or stage fittings are then collected by the property men, while the director searches for the most suitable location for the setting of the play, whether it be an old farm house, a bridge, a rocky canyon or a wide plain.

The play is then acted, with many cameras, in the same manner and with equal attention to detail as if were to be produced later on the stage of a regular theatre. The actors all of them speak their parts, although, of course, the speech is lost in motion picture plays, but it has been found that

How constantly one hears the cry: "What a first-rate soldier Brown would have made, only his father forced him into the business." "Jones ought to have been a clergyman instead of a politician, for he is always preaching." "Robinson really is an artist, but he took that Family Living, and now he is scribbling and a butler."

Of poets who have been hindered by circumstances from giving full scope to their genius I have already spoken. Matthew Arnold was contentedly a poet in point. So were Edward Bowen and "Billy Johnson"—both schoolmasters. Such was poor David Gray, in fiction the poetic youth throttled by business, and the mid him, makes it possible to work outdoors during the entire year. One company in particular has a studio and company at Santa Monica, where subjects which involve the sea and the mountains are produced. Another at Glendale, near Los Angeles, and not far from Santa Monica, but where land subjects may be handled to better advantage. Then, in addition, some companies also have studios and companies at Chicago, at points in the South, in or near New York and elsewhere.

Having this idea of harmony and appropriateness in view, one large motion picture manufacturing company is now engaged in preparing a play based on the drama "Shenandoah" and depicting scenes during the Civil War in the South. This is being produced by a French company. Exact copies of Federal and Confederate uniforms are worn by the actors, and arms of the period are used, including a Confederate cannon which was posted at the scene of the battle of Atlanta during the war, but which for years has been stowed away in a warehouse in Brooklyn. Incidents of Sherman's march to the sea are to be shown. More than four hundred people are employed in this particular portrayal.

Another company bought the right from the widow of the late Don Boucicault to portray "The Shaughraun" in motion picture form. The actors and actresses who were to take part in the work were sent from New York to Ireland, so that the play might be acted amid appropriate surroundings.

Only a few days ago the principals of

ELEVEN POUNDS EACH

Maudie—Does Edwin write much to you?

Ellie—His letters to me weigh closely to the parcel post limit.

SQUARE PEGS, ROUND HOLES, HOW GREAT MEN MADE HOLES TO FIT THEMSELVES

(Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell in the Manchester Guardian.)

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most refined and sensitive of Nature's gentlemen, into the sordid drudgery of the whips' office. Of course, it is true that there are powers so irrepresible that they will force their way through the most ungenial surroundings into their proper light and air.

Talk not of genius baffled. Genius is master of man.

Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can.

Robert Burns was an excelsior, but he left behind him the most imperishable lyrics of love and freedom. Walter Scott was an advocate, but he gave the world its noblest fiction, and poetry which, if not the noblest, was yet noble. William Wordsworth was a noble distributor of stamps for profit and wrote the "Ode on the Immortality of the Soul" for recreation.

Can the square peg, recognizing his awkward plight, wisely and profitably extricate himself from the round hole? Certainly not unless he knows of a square hole to which he can transfer himself. Too often the change is only from one round hole to another. Probably wrecks of careers attempted and abandoned—clergymen who have turned into barristers; barristers who have become schoolmasters; schoolmasters who have taken to journalism. To change one's occupation may be only to score a two-fold failure. A member of the Birmingham oratory club, repudiated his faith, and announced his retirement to Cardinal Newman, expecting a torrent of remonstrance and reproach. But all he got was the very prosaic comment, uttered in the most delicate of tones, "I wonder what you mean to live on."

Of course, there are cases in which the square hole awaits the round peg, and the second occupation is more happily chosen than the first. Henry Edward Manning was a great deal happier as a prince of the church than he would have been if his early ambition had been fulfilled, and he had entered Parliament. "I often look," he used to say, "at the light on the clock tower, and I think to myself, 'By Jove, if I were a workman, I had made my way into that House.'"

St. George Trevelyan's friends (among whom I venture to number myself) rejoiced when he forsook the dusty career of politics for the "mild and dewy air of delightful studies."

Sir Rufus Isaacs is better employed as attorney-general and cabinet minister than in his earlier characters of bull or bear. At the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, the procession through the streets of London was headed by a young coronet of the Second Life Guards—Edwin Henry Howard by name—chosen for the duty on account of his fine stature and noble bearing. A year from that date he was studying theology at Rome; and, after a fine career as a missionary, he was in the church, he died a cardinal archbishop.

But successful transitions from one career to another are rare. In days gone by I knew a workman who had a remarkable gift of oil-painting. He was of course wholly ignorant of anatomy, and his figures were often out of drawing, but he had the knack of catching a likeness, and his sense for color was unusually strong. Benevolent people, anxious to have a hand in helping genius to develop, brought the man's work under the notice of a painter, who praised the painting, but thus admonished the painter. He said: "Don't dream of giving up your trade. You know it. You can do it. You can live on it. Don't throw away the substance for a shadow—the certainty of self-support for the precarious chances of artistic success. Stick to your work, and let painting be your recreation."

With the necessary modifications, each particular case, Landseer's counsel is applicable to all square pegs in round holes. Alike for the banker who would like to be a novelist, for the doctor who has a fancy for speculation, for the barrister who is attracted by monasticism, the true wisdom,

Just "Alabastine"—a Brush and Pail. And — you may have an artistic home. The old way of decorating the walls with paper, paint and kalsomine was always expensive, often unsanitary and never artistic. The new way—the "Alabastine" way—is always sanitary, artistic, economical and durable. With the numerous "Alabastine" tints and white every room in the home can be made to glow with cheerfulness and blend into a uniform color scheme. Anyone can apply "Alabastine." Just mix with cold water and brush on the wall. FREE STENCILS: Our staff of trained decorators will draw up any color scheme suitable for your purpose. "Alabastine" is sold by all Hardware and Paint Dealers. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

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in nine cases out of ten, is to abide where one finds oneself. The old adage which bade the Spartan citizen adorn the country that was his lot, supplies a rule of life. I find myself a squire or a cotton spinner, an editor or an engineer; and my wisdom is to make the best of my lot, not heeding the dream-voices which murmur plausible tales of glory to be won in distant and perhaps visionary fields. No career on earth is without its opportunities of usefulness; and, if they are rightly used, life is worthily lived.

Do the work that's nearest. Though it's dull at times, Helping as we meet them, Lame dogs over stiles.

"Genius will arise as heaven ordains. Patience and perseverance are the certain benefactors of humanity."

"What does this young fellow write?" I won't have my daughter married to a starving author." "Oft the handle, as usual, did. That young chap wrote \$400,000 worth of life insurance last year."—Washington Herald.

The realization that even actresses, like other folks, must grow old, brings genuine regret when it is associated with a woman like Ellen Terry. A newspaper dispatch tells us that her 65th birthday was recently the occasion of a family celebration at which a host of friends were privileged to offer their congratulations.

She—"Grace spends an awful lot of money." He—"Not a saving grace, then."—Boston Transcript.

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