Serial Stories and Notes About Great Players of the Film World

RUNAWAY JUNE By George Randolph Chester of the Internal of June and Lillian Chester of the Internal of Internal of

paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the Star By arrangements made with the Mutual Film Corporation, it is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also afterward to see moving pictures Illustrating our story.

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> FIFTH EPISODE. A Woman In Trouble.

CHAPTER I. Fat, old, black Aunt Debby was dressed in her best marketing clothes, the green percale with the big yellow walls and ceiling. It was all so inconers, and the little blue hat with the nodding red poppies was set far forward on her kinkless wig. The marketing from the parior presently and explained trip to the city had been one of Aunt the posting into small blank books of complete change. It was very pleasant Debby's chief joys, but today the buoyancy and the high pitched laugh of excitement were absent 'You'll stop at Ned's for Mr. Moore,

Debby," said Mrs. Moore. 'Yassum." Aunt Debby stole a glance at June's portrait on the wall. "Youyou ain't heard nothin' yet of Miss

At the sound of that name, Bouncer rose instantly, head up, ears perked, tail wagging, eyes eager, mouth open. Where was June? That puzzling problem filled the entire mind of Aunt Debby as by the side of the driver, she spun into the city in the Moore auto.

Where was June? A dozen private decompanion a miniature of his lovely

Where was June? Who was this mysterious Gilbert Blye? What was his the door open and close. power over Ned Warner's bride? into the streets in his never-ending jectly miserable, and suddenly she was

search for June. June's employment agency.

hall, then with a significant grin left June was startled as that door opened installed. and a blaze of light came out with the chatter of many shrill voices. In there, amid wreaths of curling blue smoke, moved handsomely-gowned women, and man, turning on the unlucky one sharpmany of them nonchalantly puffed at ly as she closed the door. Here is the I. many or them nonchalantly pulled at cigarettes. At that instant the smiling O. U. Belle brought to me. I have not O. K.'d it." Gilbert Blye's key grated in the lock. A large, yellow-haired woman came hurrying from the salon with June's Perry.

employment agency card in her hand. in a voice to which the honey was foreign, and she led the way to a small room side room at the left of the salon. As "No, no!" The woman wrung her June reluctantly entered the strangely- hands. "I'll talk to him tonight!" furnished little room at the left, Gilbert

back toward the little room in which stood June, now alone and frightened. and say that his wife wishes to speak low-ha June.

roughly by the arm and pushed her She snatched up the phone herself and through the door which led to the base- called the number. nent. He stood staring at the smoke

gruous. And the work—it was queer, tion against which she had pitted hertoo. The yellow-haired woman came in self. "Mr. Perry, please." The yellowmany memorandum slips. Each slip of inflection, though it rasped. contained the name of a woman and a wife wishes to speak with him."

straction. Around a long table sat the on Mrs. Perry's face touched her symwomen whom June had seen. They all pathies and held her. had cards in front of them and stacks tectives were scouring the city of New of playing chips, and a raw-boned wo- her nervous fingers clutching desperate York for her, and they reported to a man sitting on a higher chair than the ly to keep the quaver from her voice. " stern-faced young man who sat in the rest was dealing. The yellow-haired -I hope I haven't interrupted anything lonely apartments which June and he woman fixed her attention on the gamhad fitted up to be their nest, his only bler next to the dealer. She was a fluffy blond with a feverish glitter in her eyes, and she was bent so intently upon the fall of the cards that she did not notice

Poor June! She glanced about her He seized his hat and strode forth with growing repugnance. She was absobbing.

In the gambling room the fluffy blond house had slammed abruptly behind who had played so feverishly staked and beautiful June Warner. And Gilbert lost the last chip in front of her. She Blye had furnished this address to turned impatiently to look for the page girl. She met instead the cold, hard June's employment agency.

A blase looking page girl inspected eye of the yellow-haired woman, who looking page girl inspected eye of the yellow-haired woman, who eye of the yellow-haired woman, who look in the player rose quietly motioned her. The player rose reluctantly, and fright came into her June standing there and swaggered face as she followed into the hall and through a door at the end of the hall, to the little office where June had been

> "You've reached the limit, Mrs. Perry," announced the yellow-haired wo-"It's only for \$50," faltered Mrs.

"I wouldn't O. K. it for 50 cents," "Right this way, honey," she rasped snapped the other. "Now I want action. You'll telephone your husband from this

With a smile upon his lips and glinting in his dark eyes he hurried straight the new secretary. "Ask for Mr. Perry "I heard him myself."

her eyes distended and her mouth open, no move toward the phone. She was credulously. It was as if she had been eady for the yell of "Fire!" she rushed staring at the yellow-haired woman in given a drink of some strong stimulant the door of the salon, but before she astonishment. That determined person and she clutched eagerly at the memorould reach it Gilbert Blye had her was not one to wrangle in emergencies.

"You women think I'm a mark," she which came curling ominously through scornfully stated to Mrs. Perry while which came curling ominously through that opening, glanced again toward she waited. You'd sting me for a thous June's room and dashed down the stairs.

That was a strangely-furnished little out. It contained the name of Jackson with the stairs out. It contained the name of Jackson with the stairs out. oom in which June found herself. W. Perry, his business address, his There were two desks and a filing cab- home address, his financial rating, probinet and some office chairs, but there able income, clubs and telephone num-

sum of money. There were no slips for handed over the telephone, and June, men, but there were index cards about men. June puzzled as to what sort of and compassionately gave the woman business this might be.

The page girl swished in with one of walked calmly over to her own desk and

the memorandum slips. The yellow head, whose face was puffy and more June looked at her hat and coat. She highly colored than was wholesome, seemed quite bewildered. . She could not took the slip, looked at the name on it, quite understand what this was all frowned shook her head and went out about but she did know that it was all with the girl. She entered the salon and unpleasant and heartless and degrading. stood surveying the scene with cold ab- She was starting to go when something

"Yes, it's Gwen," trembled Mrs. Perry

"Not very." The man's voice could e heard distinctly outside the phone "Jack"-the voice was full of pleading "I-I have to have some money The frown of the vellow-haired wo

man deepened as she listened to the "I know it's a week before my allowshe turned her eyes imploringly toward landscapes. the stony, yellow-haired one.

just must have it! Eight hundred dol-

sharp question "Why-why, it's to pay bills! Yes, yes, Jack, I know I was supposed to In "Lady Baffles," the third of the seep them paid out of my allowance! I series, Gale Henry, the funny old maid didn't want to tell you this until we of the screen, is locked in a trunk three

Yes, I know you've raised it-oh!" The man's heavy voice had interrupt. ed her calmly, quietly, coldly. She sank back limply in the chair. June hung up the receiver. She was receives many letters from others say surprised to see the yellow-haired wo- ing that he is "the source of inspiration across the room with a benign expres- are grateful."

"Cheer up," she advised. "Hubby's from June's desk she took an index card. lips, "he said that he'd go over those recently to Norfolk, Va., for the sole the lights for him and saw that he was "I heard him myself." And the yellow-haired woman grinned across at

Old age and low vitality go hand-in-

hand. The blood gets thin and watery;

the nerves, failing to get proper nour-

ishment, become exhausted. Since

nerve force is the power which runs

the machinery of the body, when this is

lacking the bodily organs lag, and the result is pain, weakness and suffering.

ous energy, and you put new vigor into

mind and body. Dr. Chase's Nerve

Food will help you to do this as noth-

ing else can. It is a source of unbound-

ed blessing to people of advanced years.

With the nerve cells revitalized the

vital organs resume their natural functions-

digestion is improved—the liver, kidneys and

bowels are more active in eliminating the

poisons from the system—the blood-stream is

Build up the reserve force of nerv-

At that instant a huge, clumsy maid

"No!" cried Mrs. Perry hysterically live O. K.'d it. You better go in and play awhile for your nerves."

The terrified little blond looked up interpretable and her mouth open. andum slip. Perhaps with that she

> "Thank you!" she gasped and hurried The other woman grabbed her phone. "Eight-o-eight-o Garden" she called. wife's friend.

could win back all that she had lost!

June moved for her hat and coat. at 48 Kingley court gambling, and she's going to be exposed in half an hour if you aren't here to pay her debts.' The man at the other end of the wire apparently took a moment to gasp for reath; then the wire boomed.

"All right, bring the police if you want," snapped the yellow-haired woman. "I guess I can stand the notoriety if you and your wife can. And, say checks don't go. Bring cash. It's eightfifty now. June stood aghast. A gambling-house

CHAPTER II. On the corner near Mrs. O'Keefe's eyes. home Officer Grady walked over to lift "O his cap politely and to help Marie across

******** ******** ****** WITH THE PLAYERS

Two blocks up Officer Dowd car-

Breezy notes and stories on the players of the "Silent Drama" -Some pictures that will be released shortly, featuring stars of the photoplay.

role of the stranger in "A Stranger in Camp." a Victor drama, the scenes for ance is due," urged Mrs. Perry, and now Y., depicting some beautiful winter

Victoria Forde was disguised as a fat ady for her role in "Eddie's Little Miss Junie is!" The man's voice boomed an incredu- Nightmare." Her mother passed in her lous exclamation over the wire; then a machine, and did not recognize her own

could sit down quietly together, only sizes too small, with the result that she they're pressing me for payment! And the allowance isn't enough, Jackson! while descending from the balcony. Jack Kerrigan confesses that his mother is his "silent pardner," and he wants the whole world to know it. He

man put up her own 'phone and come for good to their boys for which they The Victor company, with Clem H. Easton, director; Ben Wilson, Dorothy threw open the parlor door. "Right in "Yes," she said and moistened her Phillips, and Joseph Girard journeyed here." She grinned as she switched on

purpose of taking some warm weather scenes for "The Port of Missing Men." Harry Rattenberry and Billie Rhodes, room, facing the door. create all the fun in "Down on the

Farm," the Nester comedy, has a repu-

tation of being an animal trainer. Edwin Arden has been added to the will continue the exploits. Mr. Arden experience, gained from playing lead- here?" The woman's lip curled. ing parts in many of the most note-worthy American plays, and in com-Well, Jackson, if you'll promise to bepanies with the most celebrated actors have I'll show her to you through a and actresses of the last twenty peephole

David Belasco has signified his inten- fifty first," said the yellow-haired tion of going to Los Angeles early in woman. the spring to take full charge of a production called "The Darling of the voice, low, gentle, cultured-no such Gods," based on his play of that name, voice as the man had expected to hear to be produced by the Lasky Feature in this place. He was equally impressed

Robert Warwick in the film version pose. Robert Warwick in the fill version with the fill version of the George Broadhurst story "The of the George Broadhurst story "The Man Who Found Himself," a William yellow-haired woman, her eyes flaming on her chest. She had no rest day or night. I gave her everything I could night. I gave her everything I could night. I gave her everything I could night. Arline Pretty, who has been King Baggot's leading woman in many productions: Douglas McLean, Ruth Finley, nounced June, with no trace of timidity

The often-tried versatility of J. Warren Kerrigan, popular idol of the Universal Film Company, is being put to another hard test. In "The Stool Pigeon," now being produced, he takes the man turned from June. the part of a tough.

"You give it." Across June's mind the part of a tough.

society man, of St. Louis, Mo., has be-come so fascinated by motion pic-nature of charity. She saw herself again tures, that he has given up his life business to ally himself with his brothers-in-law, Theodore and Leo- in that same attitude before this stern pold Wharton, in the production of pic- husband. "What right have you to call tures for Pathe.

has purchased a new roadster in the shape of a bullet. While the chassis is of standard make, the body of the car is made according to her own designs, and is unique.

Fritz Wintermier won first prize in western studio. With six shots as fast the six spots out of a six of hearts with his revolver at a distance of twenty-

Marc MacDermot is receiving the congratulations of his fellow players because of his mother finally passing out of danger after a very serious and prolonged illness, which has greatly

Billy Reeves, one of the best-known comedy acrobats and pantomimists in the country, has joined the Lubin Company and is to be featured in a series of popular comedies under the direction of Arthur D. Hotaling at the Lubin southern studio in Jacksonville, Fla.

three-cent movie house has been opened in Cincinnati, Five reels of pictures are shown. Two newsboys and tailor are the owners and promoters. Thus Cincinnati has reached the opposite extreme in movie prices from New York, where "The Birth of a Nation" opened at the Liberty Theatre in March charging two dollars a seat.

dinner. All this was first, because the Widow O'Keefe's husband had been the most popular man on the force, and, second, because Marie, plain of feature though she was, had found in herself an unexpected knack for pleasing police-

In the market June's maid, companion Hello! Mr. Perry, please! This is his and protector, wandered from stall to stall, selecting her tiny purchases fruit and vegetables. She was just de-"Hello, Mr. Perry! Say, your wife is ciding on the tremendously importan selection of the chicken itself when suddenly an avalanche of flaming color fell

upon her, and a voice cried:
"You, Marie? Wha's Miss Junie?" Aunt Debby! Her two fat black hands were gripped on Marie's arm.

'I do not know you!" she declared. "You don't know me!" Aunt Debby wheezed her broad bosom jumping up and down. "You say you don't know me! Ain't I Debby? Ain't you Marie?" "What's the matter here?". The gruff voice of a big policeman, Officer Dowd. "I want that woman took in charge! panted Aunt Debby, and she rolled her

"Oh, you do!" And the officer of the law turned on Marie an eye which was the street with her empty market bas- perfectly ready to be suspicious in spite of its disinclination. "What's the

charge?

The voice of Aunt Debby rose shrilly riumphant: "She done stole my pocketbook!" "Well, what's that on your arm?" And Aunt Debby's eyes dropped as she saw the stern gaze of the policeman fixed on the rusty old handbag which

gotten that detail in her planning. which ran to the floor. 'Open it up," ordered the officer, who pened it himself.

my other pocketbook!" "That's enough!" growled the officer. "No negro ever had two pocketbooks." The officer then dispersed the crowl shouts of the gathering crowd in front which were taken in Saranac Lake, N. that had gathered and started Marie of 48 Kingley court. and Aunt Debby in opposite directions.

breathlessly to her seat by the driver, her boarding a downtown car. "I done seed Marie! And whah she goes caught the next one.

The car was already started. To Ned's they drove, and within five of safety in the Widow O'Keefe's thorminutes after Aunt Debby's excited re- oughly protected house, June alighted port, Ned Warner and John Moore and at her usual corner and hurried down the long and lanky detectives were cross street. At an irregular corner, headed for the market, with Jerry and where half a dozen dingy streets and Aunt Debby up in front. At that point alleys plunged together, and, apparentthey scattered, and it was Ned whose ly dizzled by the impact, wandered inquiries after Marie led all the way to angularly and aimlessly off, June met

A heavy-jawed, firm mouthed, square the door of 48 Kingsley court and rang the bell with a vigorous jerk.

"Yes, sir," replied the impudent page girl, by no means abashed, and she

The yellow-haired woman found him standing solidly in the centre of the "Where is my wife?" he loudly de-

manded. "In a minute" The vellow-haired voman was quite calm and collected. "I don't mind turning over a parlor to setcast of "The Exploits of Elaine" and the a domestic scrap, but I want my will appear in the second serial which bill settled first. Elght-fifty." "How do I know that she is guilty of brings to his work with Pathe a vast gambling? How do I know that she is

> "Want to see her with the goods? The man's fists clinched convulsively.

> 'You'd better pass over my eight-"Just a minute, please." A swee

when he turned and saw the beautiful young girl who had glided through the In the company selected to support rear door, her face full of serious pur-

"I stayed in this house for no other

"What do you know about this?" "She had no reason to be in trouble.

Stool I give my wife an ample allowance." J. Whitworth Buck, capitalist and vital problem—that whatever the wife as the piteous little beggar before Ned

it a gift?" The man stopped and turned to June Ruth Stonehouse, the Essenay actress, with a puzzled brow. She had set astir in him a new thought.

"This angel of mercy stuff is bad for profits," rasped the voice of the yellow head. "But I can't overlook a chance like this. I know your kind, Jackson Perry! You give your wife an allowance that covers everything but emergencies a shooting contest at the Essenay's You figure the plumber to come in three times a year, and if he comes in four as he could pull the trigger, he shot she loses. If she has a mad passion to treat a few of her friends to ice cream sodas she has to wait till next month's allowance day. If she ever saved \$25 you'd reduce her pay! I'll bet this poor little wife of yours first got into trouble through losing \$2 in a friendly penny auction game, and she's been trying to overtake it ever since.'

> "You will help her?" The low, sweet voice was full of more than appeal; it was full of trust and confidence.

A gentle hand was laid on

of Perry's shoulders, but that was all. He drew out a pocketbook and counted some money into the yellow-haired woman's hand. "Now bring Gwen to me," he said.

came rushing back through the hall. She glossy, soft and luxuriant. had gone only as far as the parlor door and at the first sight of her husband had run, overwhelmed with unreasoning ter-Stricken blind through the dazzling ror. Back into the salon Mrs. Perry light from a powerful lamp in a "close-up" Muriel Ostriche, well-known pic-With snakelike swiftness she jerked ture actress, working a few weeks ago in the Mittenthal's studio, is now in a serious condition. It is said that the shining revolver which she had so producers were trying out an exceedingly powerful light and that after several minutes of enduring its rays Miss Ostriche was unable to see anything.

The snining revolver which she had so, often seen there. There was an instant's commotion, shrieks of fright, an overturning of chairs, as with a wild cry the woman swiftly raised the revolver to her temple. Before she could

press the trigger, however, June's up for five minutes afterward. strong young arm had thrown up the That was enough for one day woman's wrist, and the bullet which June ran down the street, past the little would have ended Mrs. Perry's life went fountain, into the sanctuary of the into the ceiling. Jackson Perry came bursting through flights of stairs and dropped into the

the door and found June in the midst wicker chair. of the pandemonium, with the limp Mrs. Perry in her arms. showing every gum. "Gwen!" cried the man, and the call

came from his heart. The yellow-haired woman had waited then on until long after the wonderful only to see Perry clasp his wife in his chicken potpie had been consumed the film world when he again takes it uparms; then, leaving wide the salon door, conversation flowed with never an ebb. she rushed toward the basement door. | It was good to have found a refuge "Ready with that fire?" she yelled. like this. It seemed far, far away from

"It's ready, all right," replied the page the New York which these two knew, girl, bursting out of the basement door, and it was as if no one could ever find and with her came a tremendous cloud them here. They were safe. Safe! of smoke. It poured into the hall and its one ever safe? As Ned Warner into the salon. The page girl was chok-stood trying vainly to extract informawith it. "They foozled the first one tion from Officer Dowd June's car and the boss has been fighting ever flashed by him, and he caught a glimpse since, trying to keep the shack from of her. June rushed out through the hall.

"Not that way!" called the page girl. abruptly in the middle of a sentence and The cops are at the door! Wait for the go dashing madly after a street car. In

The explanation of that was slow in absurd chase. coming to June. When the yellow- The traffic thickened just beyon only way to foil a raid was to confuse stopped and started. Finally it was by the thousands. it with a fire.

back toward the salon, and as she passed the basement door she saw comthe dark, black Vandyked face of Gilbert lessly said Ned to the conductor.

"This way!" called the yellow-haired woman and with a jerk of a tasseled curtain cord drew aside the great yelgripped her thick forearm. She had for- low hangings of the salon windows,

The terrified women threw open the windows in an instant and were out on "Well-well" gulped Aunt Deb-by, her eyes batting. "She done stole and through the yard to the walled park fronting on the other side. As June sped away she heard the clang of the fire engines and the hoarse

Blye had dashed after her, but he "Jerry," she called as she climbed reached the street only in time to see swer?"

All unconscious that she was pursued,

on a narrow crossing a being fairly jiggling with alcohol. Her heart popped into her throat, and she was about to turn back, for she would have died rather than have brushed clothes with the object, when the creature, catching sight of her, immediately stepped far over into the mud, perked off his battered cap, and with it made a courtesy so sweeping that he was unable to rise

NEGLECTED COLD

Will Very Often Turn to There was no use to question that fellow

way! Ned chose the most direct street, the one which led to a little fountain. where another street angled sharply into be only a slight cold. Perhaps you start to cough, a little irritation in the throat the third floor window of the Widow ensues, then it gets lower down, settles O'Keefe's house. Ned Warner's heart on the lungs and bronchitis sets in, and was full of murder. you start to raise phlegm of a greenish.

If you let the simple cold run it will in surely develop into something very seri- away bride came down toward the little tures. fountain from the other angle. ous and perhaps consumption On the first sign of a cold or cough go to your dealer and procure a bottle of

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NORWAY PINE SYRUP. A few doses will convince you that is just the remedy you require.

Mrs. J. W. Pearsons, Amherst, N. S. writes: "Some time ago my daughter think of, but without doing her the least bit of good. At last I thought of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, so I got a bottle for her. She had not taken half of it before she got relief, and with the "Mrs. Perry is in deep trouble and remainder she was completely cured. Now when any of the family have a cough we always know what to get for

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While wispy, grey, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our There was a slight convulsive heaving youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell beause it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this With moist eyes June hurried from the through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all A moment later there was a shriek, and as June came to the door Mrs. Perry, her eyes wild and her hair flying, your hair becomes beautifully dark,

Short Films Best Says Big Producer

That was enough for one day, and

Widow O'Keefe's house, up the two

Marie was on her knees in an instant,

"Aunt Debby!" she cried, and from

Officer Dowd was astonished to have

"Where did she leave your car?"

going farther west would in all proba-

trict and a district of old, small houses.

"Have you seen a girl wearing a fur

The young man with the yellow derby

He asked that question of countless

streets and alleys had staggered them-

found a human being swaying gently in

"Have you seen a girl wearing a fur

Ned gazed after him in perplexity

ny further, but it was certain that the

nan had seen June. She had passed

this way then. She was somewhere near. And Blye! Blye, too, had passed this

And this fountain was visible from

wandering search for the run-

guy with black whiskers," and

over one ear shifted his cigarette.

On the chance Ned struck east.

cap with a green tassel?

"Have you seen"-

far from vacuous breath

cap with a green tassel?

"Did you see the girl?"

The object winked.

Ned went over his formula.

the breeze.

same thing!'

To the east lay a tenement dis-

"Bet your life."

"On the track."

"Slippers." was all she said

Head of Thanhouser Company Gives

Opinions on Plays of the Screen. No better idea of the improvement that has been made in moving pictures can be obtained than in securing from sociated with the business and has then dropped out of it, what he finds in the The things that have happened during the time such a man is out of touch with things make a pronounced impression on him, naturally. Film manufacturers for some time past have business depended upon the man who had long been connected with it-the man who started it, and watched it

grow from the beginning. In an interview recently with a writer his particularly insistent questioner stop for moving picture magazines, Edwin Thanhouser, who has returned to active management of the Thanhouser Comhalf a block the young man gave up that pany after several years abroad, throws some interesting sidelights on the business which has, as it were, overnight, haired woman sent for a husband she had always to fear the police, and the able to keep sight of the car as it dreds, besides giving delight to "fans"

"Of course, I find conditions in the blocked, and Ned was able to catch up Thoroughly frightened, June turned with it. June was no longer among the film market very much changed in the passengers! last two years," Mr. Thanhouser said. "Different methods are noticeable. For "There was a girl on your car wearing ing up through the rolling yellow smoke a fur cap with a green tassel!" breath- instance, there is the advent of the feature film and there is the engagement of the best talent-and, what is perhaps even more notable, the availability of the best talent. These are some of the Ned dropped off the car, left to his factors that make the business of pro-

own logic. June had alighted some-where within these last two blocks. One matter. "As to the relative merits of Eurobility have taken a more convenient car pean and American productions, I will firmly convinced that the European pictures were better than the American, Since my return to the United States my opinion has altered. I think the American producers have made won-derful strides with the best that comes from Europe. The feature film proposition is, and probably always will be. a vexed question. A long film does not necessarily constitute it a featurethat is, where a subject has nothing to

eople. On a corner where half a dozen recommend it but its length. "I always have advocated the natural, length film. I believe I was the first one to produce a 1,500-foot subject. My reason was that the particular story Ned stopped after one glance into that naturally ran just that distance. It vacuous face and one whiff from that was too good to cut to a thousand feet. land I didn't think it good enough to ex-

"Pipe up, pal," husked the jiggled one. tend to 2,000 feet. "So that it follows if a subject runs naturally to 4,000 feet it will be a good story and a good feature, too. It is the "Well, what do you think of that?" story that does not naturally run to that And it stopped swaying a moment. "A length that is tiresome and consequently the hurts the feature as a market asset. human being illustrated the Vandyke I don't think it will be disputed that by a motion of his hand, "asked me the the longer the film the better the story must be-the interest must be cumula-Blye again! Ned clinched his fist. tive.

"Of course the revival of old plays has helped the feature film business "'S none of your business!" he an- but just as soon as these are exhausted swered with great dignity and reeled producers will have to look nanuscripts or adaptations. Personally do not think the possibilities for classical diterature has been touchedimately limited field of plays. It is being produced on the stage as fast as they are being adapted for the screen. "There is a great deal in literature, what is described as classic, and that which is not termed, that has not yet remembered that the Thanhouser Company made many adaptations when I Blye had passed that way, but he had was in charge here, and I think these gone up another street. Now he, too, were responsible for some of the kind things that were said about our pic-

June looked out of the window. In and make the works of that author the gathering dusk she saw without rec- commercially acceptable. ognizing them the two men approaching among the first of the independents to each other, with the sharp-cornered put on Shakespearean plays. It is my intention to make more adaptations. At the point and under the light they because, as I said, the field practically would meet, Gilbert Blye and Ned War- is inexhaustible."



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