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Gene Gauntier

The most popular figure in the early days of moving pictures tells the story of her thrilling adventures as actress, scenario writer and producer.

It was in June, 1916, that I literally jumped into the moving pictures. And from that day to this I have been connected with them as actress, scenario writer, producer and critic. In these different capacities I watched the very birth-pangs of the industry. I helped to develop and guide it, I cried and laughed over it, and was part of it as it was part of me.

In these reminiscences I make no attempt to write a history of moving pictures. I merely set forth what I recall of those early days in the few companies with which I was associated.

The impulse which led me to fling myself into a Connecticut river from which I issued forth leading lady of a small picture company destined to become a power in the industry was characteristic of the hour.

On the stage melodrama was in its heyday, and from the ranks of melodramatic actors were drawn the players for the first pictures. Why Girls Leave Home, or A Danger Signal on the Path of Folly gave us Lois Weber, Phillips Smalley, Anne Schaeffer and me. The Worst Woman in London was the play that graduated James Kirkwood. Billy the Kid, starring the boy Joseph Santley, produced three men who eventually became great directors, Sidney Olcott, Robert Vignola and George Melford; also Marion Leonard, the original "Biograph Girl," and Fred Santley who afterward starred in the Bertie series for Kalem. Mary Pickford had already appeared in The Fatal Wedding and Laurette Taylor had been leading woman for young Santley in The Boy of the Streets, written by her husband, Charles Taylor. Plays like Bertie the Sewing-machine Girl, Across the Pacific, and Nellie the Beautiful Chick Model were coming fortunes for Al Woods, Sullivan and Harris, the Mittenhals brothers, and the Blaneys. The public's appetite for thrillers seemed insatiable.

Like all players of the day, I came to New York each year at the close of the road season in search of an engagement for the next season. In 1916 I arrived with sufficient money to take a delightful little apartment on lower Spruce Street near Central Park West for which I paid thirty-two dollars a month.

About June first I realized that my funds were running low and in a vague way I thought of the new opening for actors, moving pictures. But like the rest of the legitimate profession I looked on it with contempt and felt sure that my prestige would be lowered if I worked in them. I knew only one person who did work in them regularly, Sidney Olcott, whom I had met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Santley, mother of Tommie, Fred and Joe, and my own "New York mother. He was then with the Biograph Company. Today he is one of our outstanding directors.

One noon Sid came from Forty-second Street to Forty-second Street by surface car, as this was before the day of subways and we had no telephone.

"How would you like to come to a picture tomorrow with Biograph?" I stalled for I did not want to go. He went on to explain:

"It's a water picture. If you can swim—"

"But I can't," I cried, relieved.

"That's all right. You'll only have to get your feet wet. We are going up to Sound Beach, Connecticut, and it will give you a long day in the country. I know you'll enjoy it and it'll put three berries in your pocket. Probably will mean more work too. Now, Dus, I think you are foolish not to seize such an opportunity. It's all going out and nothing coming in with you, and this is a right way for anyone to live—just to lie around waiting for something to turn up."

Good old Sid, how many times has he guided not only me but all of his contemporaries along the road of his wisdom?

So the next morning at eight-five I met the company at the Grand Central Station and we took a train for Sound Beach. Mr. Harrington was the director but the life of the party was a good-looking, enthusiastic man of vivid personality who seemed to take matters into his own hands. He was Frank J. Marston, sales manager for the Mutoscope, a subsidiary of the Biograph.

Arrangements had been made for our reception at a farmhouse smothered in roses and lilacs and set down in a field of daisies. Beyond the winding dirt road flowed a river some fifty feet wide which, a few hundred yards below, had been dammed to give power.
Producers demanded outdoor background for all scenarios

to a wooden mill, dilapidated and abandoned. Here on one side of the dam was a great pool thirty feet deep and on the other a sheer drop of thirty or forty feet.

"A wonderful place for the plunge," announced Marion and turning to me he said, "you swim of course!"

"Never was in water in my life except a bathe," I said cheerfully.

"I told you we must have someone who could swim," said Sid; "you said someone to go in the water.

That's a fine way to get out of it. The next time you do it as I say. All right, folks, take off your make-up and we'll go home and come back again tomorrow."}

This would never do. Mentally I made a calculation: ten people at three dollars a day, railroad fares and so forth. I spoke up:

"What do you want me to do?"

"The girl must be thrown into the mill dam."

All right! I'll do it if you make sure someone will save me.

It's impossible. The water is thirty feet deep. I'll think it over.

"Well, I will. Just have resuscitators there and I'll take the chance."

It took some persuading on Sid's part. He added his voice to mine, and in the end Marion agreed.

The picture, The Uninvited, proceeded on its criminal way until noon and I quickly caught on to the knack of facing the camera. But in the back of my mind lurked the fear of the big scene. For I was afraid—horribly so. But I was going through with it if it killed me. We had a rehearsal, all except the plunge. I came running across the stone dam until I reached the center when Jim Slevin, the villain who was pursuing, caught me. There was a fierce struggle and he lifted me bodily, whispering: "Hold your breath. Now—one—two—three—" and hurled me head downward into the water. Just outside the camera lines, in boats, waited the other members of the cast, tense and ready to plunge in should it be necessary. Slevin, frightened at what he had done, started with mouth open and arms hanging.

"Get out, you fool," roared Marion, holding back Gordon Burke, the hero, who strained to run into the scene and make the rescue. It was too good! Marion gripped him until my body rose and disappeared again.

In the meantime I felt as if I were plugging the bottom of the river. Ten feet down I went, with the strength of Slevin's arm. I thought I would never stop going and start up again. My lungs were burning. It seemed impossible to hold my breath another second. I felt the air on my face and wondered why I wasn't rescued; then down I went again. I was panic-stricken. Something had gone wrong, I was going to drown! Just then I felt arms under me and remembered not to struggle.

A few strong strokes and I was laid on the dam while the camera ground out the last few feet.

It was quite a triumph. Marion seized my hands and all but kissed me. Sid laughed and cried in his excitement and the cast gathered around showering me with congratulations. As for me, I have never before nor since been so exhilarated and self-satisfied. The plunge was a turning point to the film world, for Mr. Marion was so grateful that for several years he would not even consider another leading woman. Moreover I was presented with five dollars for my day's work instead of the customary three.

BEFORE I continue the story of my career, let us take a look at the making of picture and the theater in which it was shown.

The moving picture had just climbed upon the first rung of the ladder to fame and success. From the ignominy of being a "chaser" in the vaudeville program it had risen to the dignity of the top store.

THE summer of 1937 saw a general improvement in pictures all along the line and the Kalem Company settled down to a regular release of a one-reel picture weekly. Mr. Olcott, the director, gathered a score of actors who were his personal friends and threw himself whole-heartedly into the work. The chief requisite of the actor was a phone number so that his lodgings had no telephones must arrange for calls at the telephone dạ-case or at some friend's home, dropping in every evening to see whether their services were required for the morning. Another necessity for film actors was "rough stuff," how often over the 'phone did listing ears catch the voice of the director: [CONTINUED ON PAGE ?]

I had signed up with The County Chairman before I took my epoch-making plunge into the little Cockett system, but I made my third camera appearance before taking to the road, including a reproduction of the Hardy Thaw-Stanford White murder for the Metropole. My faith in the moving pictures increased with each experience, and before I returned to New York in the spring of 1937 many important things had happened. The Marion Picture Patents Company had been formed and was bringing some sort of order out of the chaos in which producers had been making and marketing pictures. The nickelodeons in which Mr. Marion was financially interested had spread all over the country and were coming money for him. Having decided that there was money in the producing end of the business he induced Mr. Samuel Long, who was manager of the Biograph factory at Hoboken, to believe likewise. With himself to write scenarios and direct and with Mr. Long to oversee the mechanical end success seemed assured. Such a company had been formed in Chicago by Spear and Anderson (Broncho Billy) under the name Essanay (S and A). The other American producing firms were Biograph, Vitagraph, Edison, Selig and Lubin. Some foreign films had also a following, notably Pathé, Gaumont and Meles.

Unfortunately the combined forces of Slevin, Marion and Meles amounted to only three thousand dollars, so they approached George Kleine who was in the optical business in Chicago and who was also dabbling in films. Mr. Kleine put in two thousand dollars and received a third interest, but in a very short time the original promoters bought him out for several times the original investment.

With five thousand dollars and boundless enthusiasm they formed the Kalem Company—K for Kleine, L for Long and M for Marion. They secured a floor in a loft building at 131 West Twenty-fourth Street, put up this partition in a small room, dividing it into two offices, and used the back part for a laboratory.

There was to be no studio. Mr. Marion believed that outdoor pictures were much better photographically, and also permitted the action which he had determined should be the keynote of his pictures. Three years passed before the first crude actor-built interiors were used in Kalem films.

The first drastic change Mr. Marion made was to raise the wages of the actor to five dollars a day, thereby compelling other companies to follow suit. In February of 1929 the first picture, The Sleigh Ride, was filmed, followed some weeks later by The Pony Express. In the latter appeared Silverheels, Sigourney, Joe and Fred Santley, not to mention Joe's horse Silverheels.

Shadowside, a crude ugly little settlement, furnished the background for practically every picture we made that first summer.
**Blazing the Trail**

(continued from page 8)

"Hello!" That you, Joe! We're going to do a picture tomorrow, Shadyside. Be at the Forty-second Street ferry at seven-thirty.

bring your rough stuff.

And in suitcases or paper bundles the rough stuff would appear with Jim and Joe and Bill and Harty; an old flannel shirt, a handkerchief, rough roomers and shoes, and a cap or wide-brimmed shabby hat. Bob Vignola had a particularly good character shirt, a dark red flannel with black plaid marking of dingy white. Again and again that shirt appeared in Kalem pictures, once by Bob or some friend to whom he had loaned it, for they seemed to think that on a different person it would look better recognized. Finally one day, after watching the shirt get in its actuary for the ninth time in as many pictures, Mr. Marion remarked to Bob:

"I think you had better give that shirt of Bob's a rest. It'll soon be known as the Kalem shirt.

""You neglect the elaborate wardrobe of today!"

The general procedure for taking a picture was always the same. There was never a scenario on hand and Mr. Marion, after outlining the previous week's work, would hang about the office-door waiting for someone to come up. About Wednesday Mr. Marion would come down from his home in Connecticut, a black scarf on his face and an unfriendly attitude toward everyone. And Sid would whisper:

"Either his liver is bad or he has a story to get off his chest." Sid would then "beat it" for lunch, returning to face a smiling present Marion looking up expectantly over his desk.

"That's the report for good weather tomorrow. You'd better get your people together and run out to Shadyside and take this picture. It's about a horse thief and there's a dusty climax.

"The last I heard from him after the vigilance committee had lynched him, hanging over the Palisades by his neck. Here's the dope: You'd better get busy on the phone right away and have Bob send Sid a used business envelope on the back of which, in his minute handwriting, was sketched the outline of six scores, supposed to run one hundred and fifty feet to the scene—as much as our little camera would hold. A half dozen woods described each scene, believing to this day Mr. Marion holds the championship for the shortest working sessions.

So the next morning at quarter of eight a bunch of sleepy actors would be gathered before the ferry gate as the boat clanged in, with Sid running excitedly back and forth making the entrance for some late comer, and marching him toward scolding vociferously before the gates closed. Or if the delinquent did not appear:

"Don't mind, Sid. I'll manage."

Shadyside, lying at the foot of the Palisades, furnished the background for practically every picture we made that first summer. It was a crude, ugly little settlement with miserable shacks clinging to the side of the hill, but we had discovered it and had turned its possibilities, so we guarded it jealously from other picture companies.

We carried our suitcases and props up and down the steep road on each trip, and we made our headquarters in a boarding house.

We made up in boisterous cell-like rooms, unirradiated and furnished with heavy beds which we coveted with blankets, and soft washstands from which we removed chipped bowls and pitchers. Outside our dressing tables, all decorated contrasting to the cool inviting dressing-rooms of today's modern models.

We were a gang of five: Juliette, an English Miss, named after the famous man whose name is still the envy of every divorced lady, and the wife of a man whom she ran into the house largely of necessity. John, who in his younger days played billiards for his breakfast, and in his earlier days did much better.

"You've found it, Mother"

How much more welcome that is to a busy mother than "I can't find my galoshes.""

"What did you do with my skates?"

Give your children eveready flashlights and they will enjoy finding things for themselves. A flashlight puts light—bright, steady light and lots of it—where a child can use it. The flashlight habit for children saves parents the endless hunt for mislaid clothes and lost playthings. And, most of all, it protects the child from the dangers of the dark—of a bed bump or a nasty fall.

Get Eveready Flashlights for your children. See that they're always bright—burning, too, with the very best of batteries—Eveready Batteries. They're as dependable as the light is long-lasting too. Just jammed full of usefulness. Always genuine Eveready Batteries when you refit a flashlight, and be certain of LIGHT.
FAMOUS FEET
how they're kept free from corns
JACQUELINE LOGAN'S
Famous Feet

There are more than a million walking advertisements for Bluejay...walking in comfort, thanks to Bluejay.
But the most enthusiastic of Bluejay's friends are the great hosts of dancers, screen stars and athletes who keep their gifted feet free of corns with this cool and velvety toe-cushion.

These and other Bluejay friends will get a pleasant surprise from the new and improved Bluejay in the next package, now all drug stores at no increase in price. For cartoons and humor see Bluejay Mirror and Callas Plasters.

THE new
Bluejay
THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

You will get the effect of a Paris Gown if you use McCall Patterns.

Blazing the Trail
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 181]

It was sokto's ambition to finish each one reel picture in a single day so he held a step watch on the final reel. If the director's acting was being stopped midway, if the actors were true to their roles, the careful tracking lines they must be at the end of the scene.

For the first time technique did not permit of the action being stopped mid way. If the actors were true to their roles, the careful tracking lines they must be at the end of the scene.

This early technique, which Toppy "next ground," requires some explanation. The marvelous photographic effects of today were far beyond the capabilities of the early days. Klieg lights were unknown and interior or studio pictures were not successful. Producers demanded outdoor background for all scenae. There were no close-ups, no subtle plots. There could be no action directly across the foreground because this meant a blurred picture. And when John was strolling through the woods he must be seen entering the path at an angle from the side line and they must exit the same way. A rear had to be held, and there had to be violent. If the explorer wished casing spoken words to register, they were enunciated with exaggerated slowness, leaving no doubt in the mind of the spectator.

In JUNE, 1916, Kalerm was admitted to the Marion Pictures Patent Company. This organization, which was bitterly assailed in the moving picture press of the day, included also Vitagraph, Edison, Selz, Lubin, Pathé, Melies and Essanay.
It operated the producers on a business basis, opened the era of prosperity which made millionaires of Mr. Martin and Mr. Long in less than five years and started up the ladder of success many of the actors who began in the very bottom and climbed high by hard work, enthusiasm and loyalty under this clever leader, Sidney Olcott. Olcott had been engaged by Kalerm to direct a one-reel picture of about a thousand feet every week for the minuscule sum of ten dollars per picture! Today he is said to receive one thousand dollars per week, another indication of the almost unbelievable changes and developments in the moving picture industry.

Born in Toronto, Canada, Olcott was chosen by Mr. Martin to act in the role of the Greek in the Kalam Company. He had played in the support of the legendary melodramatic boy actor Joseph Santley, the same Joseph Santley of whom I have been spoke in my previous column. Mr. Santley, who has written books and plays, has been a leader in the stock world and more recently has helped to stage the Music Box Revues in New York. At that time he was a boy in short trousers, watched over by an adoring mother.

In APPEARANCE Olcott was of medium height, deep-chested, with slender, sensitive nose, expressive dark eyes and close-cropped curly hair already turning gray. He was for life a man of culture that had been denied him in his youth, and doggedly determined to get it. Especially was he interested in philosophy and psychic phenomena and was psychic to an uncertain degree, impossible to compare anything from Olcott. He knew what was going on, from some sixth sense. Contentedly or unconsciously, he used the power of suggestion, even of hypnotism, in his acting. He would state plainly into the eyes with those large blue and slightly protruding orbs of his, never shifting his glance, as he explained the situation or action, and no one thought of questioning his instruction or refusing to follow him, however difficult or dangerous the stunt he demanded. Olcott was of Irish birth and pound with all the sparkle and sentiment of that emotional race. He also loved a fight and was as tenacious as a bulldog. His method of direction would not be tolerated outside the company.
Blazing the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

The same—so arn—thrously round the shoulder, compliments, enthusiasm. His people adored him, respected him and (and did) risk their lives for him. He was the son around which they all revolved. Soon he was considered the best of all actors, and he held that reputation until another dynamic personality hurled him to the screen world, D. W. Griffith.

About 1914 O'Connell disappeared from view, as so often occurs in the moving picture world. It would be interesting to know what happened to him, where he had himself, and what he did during those years of oblivion. But obviously he kept in touch with pictures, watching and studying the changing technique and the methods in which he had no part. In his bidding place he too continued to grow and to keep pace with the newer motion pictures. For he was born from the shell after seven years as director for Little Old New York.

Patriarch of the Motion Picture World

O'Connell followed quickly by The Green Goddess with George Arliss, The Hunchback with Robert Swanson, Spirit of the Dance with Pola Negri, and a... exquisite production which marked Valentine's return to the screen. Montmorency—every one of them a success, it is understood. An amusing, bountifully styled, production of direction has given place to the more serious treatment demanded by present-day producers and stars.

During the summer of 1919 Mr. Marion stepped writing scenarios and asked the man who had written it. He wrote a crude scenario from a melodrama in which he played a role in The Girls Leave Home. It was rejection, but a few days later a man named Tom Sawyer and to turn out a scenario which we could take in one day's notice, omitting all difficult situations.

That same of washing the fence was my inspiration, for the same in detail just as it would please me. The scenario was terrible but it was what Marion and my heart wanted and it gave me the knack of writing. Therefore I was the scriptwriter of the Baker scenario department.

Tom Sawyer was the best of my three hundred which I wrote and produced or sold. The woods were full of ideas. The surface had scarcely been scratched. A picture, a short story, a scene from a current play, a headline in a newspaper. All was grief that came to my mill. There was no copyright law to protect authors, and I could and did infringe upon everything.

We also traded on the names of successes, although the plot might be totally different. Thus Polly of the Circus, an outstanding stage hit with Mabel Taliaferro, became Polly the Great Queen. I sometimes wrote three complete scenarios for one-reelers in a day, but generally under pressure, at the last moment when the company was due and waiting for a story. After Tom Sawyer I never had a scenario refused, nor a place one that was not produced. The compensation for these feat was on average dollars a reel—a fairly high figure when you consider the director received less than ten dollars for directing it.

That summer of 1919 introduced us to two wonderful new locations. Rambo's in Sayville, New Jersey, and Windy Goal, the Ernest Thompson set in Connecticut.

Dayville was the same sleepy little village it had been for a hundred years, with winding dirt roads and clapboard houses, resulting among nose and life-like beings, as ideal background for pictures. Rambo's, since pictured in hundreds of films, was our set. It was merely a barnroom which light ladders were built in. Mas and Mrs. Rambo and Mrs. Rambo's sister, kindly interested family who did everything in their power to help us.

A narrow porch supported by uprights ran across the front of the house, which was plain to ugliness but typical of almost any part of the United States.

Tune in on the Women's Home Companion Radio Hour

beginning September 26 and continuing thereafter every second Wednesday at Eight P. M. (Eastern Time)

Music-Drama Humor

These sparkling radio hours are based on the current contents of Women's Home Companion

Hear the radio version of your own Companion stories every second Wednesday Night

And on alternating Wednesdays enjoy The American Magazine Hour at Eight P. M. (Eastern Time)


demand PHILIPS Milk of Magnesia

"Mill of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Register of the Commonwealth of the Charles H. Phillips Company and Phillips College since 1892.
Blazing the Trail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18)

It served as a New England tavern, for many a western saloon, for Civil War recruiting stations, and dozens of other uses. Benches and tables could be hastily added, old-fashioned chairs, tables and low wainscots dragged out, and, with the camera shooting the opposite direction, the old place could be, and has been, used for two different sets in the same picture. At the side was a wide old slat-shuttered window panelling leading to a typical barroom, with latticed cupboards, bars, haystacks, chicken coops, tables, chairs, stools, benches, horses, and all the other paraphernalia necessary to add color to a scene. And the prices were so reasonable. A dollar apiece for dressing-rooms, fifty cents each for the smoking hot dinner and nothing at all for the use of the exteriors and props. A year or so later, when Mr. Girdlow, with his (for them) luxurious ideas, discovered this place which we had considered wholly our own, he started what we thought was a rival of the same.

Everything was paid for. Twenty-five dollars apiece for the use of the exteriors of his own house! Two dollars each for rooms! And moreover every room was ordered, or at least a dollar a plate!

THERE we made the Days of '46, the first picture of the Civil War ever produced. The battle scenes were taken up at the St. Mark's Military Academy at Manlius, New York, once Syracuse. The costumes came from Capt. Thomas, an old German down at St. Mark's place, and everyone went to select his own. It was a queer old shop, such as Dickens might have written about. Costumes were rented for one dollar each, if not elaborate or of any fine material. Wins could also be had. The Thompson set was supplied the background for our first Indian pictures. An unspoiled lake was engaged by a pine forest and tangle underbrush, all reflected on the mirror-like water of the water on which floated black Indian canoes. The oars were a nature lover, so wild bears and small animals lived undisturbed in the grounds. In this environment, plus costumes and props, we turned up pictures which were things of beauty even in those crude days. Here also the first version of our office went. Huswara, Evangeline and At You Like It. For the time, you see, we had begun to reach for higher things.

All this was most interesting, but I still had no intention of remaining with the company. In the fall of that year, I was rehearsing with a promising melodrama. Texas, an impressive play came and I was offered the role of Mr. Marion. From force of habit I accepted.

He explained that the Pain's Fireworks Company, which had been exhibiting a splendid all season on the outskirts of Sleepyhead Park, was closing for the season. Here was a great opportunity to produce Ben Hur using the Pain's Fireworks Company and its supers and standing scenery. Would I have the season ready in two days? It was October. The fall rains might begin at any time.

I was not familiar with Ben Hur and the mere reading of the book would hardly occupy five days. But by this time my self-confidence was unlimited and I promised. What is more, by dint of working nearly all of two nights I turned in the script which was fulfilled.

Mr. Olcott and I went to the racetrack, found the props impossible and the super inadequate, hurried back to Sleepyhead Park and interviewed people for the cast and extras, and late at night we rushed down to Elliott's and remained until after midnight sketching props and hundreds of costumes, in five days after the idea was conceived we were at Sleepyhead Park taking the famous scene. In three days more it was finished and, in the developing labs, just compare that with the prints we made there. The man Mr. Goldwyn said on the stupendous Ben Hur which recently dazzled the world and which represented several trips to Italy and an investment of millions.

Nevertheless, we were proud because we turned out the greatest spectacle and money-maker of that time.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE 186]
The modern curtain mode
is Quaker transparent net

MODERN art and modern decoration demand
utility as well as beauty. Quaker Tulle
Net and Fringed Curtain in the new Craft-
tone Flax are delightfully, transparent
Net: White, 25c; Black, 35c Per Yd.

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Learn at home in
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this easy, new short-hand - Speedwriting.
No curvy or peculiar marks to learn; only ordinary
letters of alphabet. Enforced by phonetic and

Speedwriting
JUST SIGN HERE AND MAIL.

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try to work as a boy to the interest on the money for your baby or
child's tuition or college fund? Let's you save the interest and
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complete information on any of these
services. Write today.

MRS. WOOD

blazing the Trail
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 184)
Arrangements had been made for Mr. Frank and Mr. Rose, stage manager for Pan's Fireworks, to stage the spectacle. Okotok was to be on hand merely to offer suggestions. Oh, the guilelessness and confidence of Mr. Manuel!

The weather turned cold with a biting wind coming in from the sea, and the people had been called for eight o'clock in the morning. When I arrived a little before noon they were stirring in their thin Roman costumes and nothing had been accomplished. Not a scene had been taken. Charles Russell and Mr. Rose were like madmen. He had never even seen a motion picture taken, knew nothing of technique or camera limitations, and had reduced Max Schneiter, our cameraman, to despair with his impossible suggestions.

"I should worry."

At last Marion came to him, almost with tears in his eyes. "For the love of God, let it be easy and get something done. That man doesn't know the flicker of a picture."

Sid twitched his eyebrows and laughed but he jumped down from his perch, which was promptly taken by Mr. Rose who was getting nervous perspiration from his brow.

"God, this is the hardest thing I was ever up against," said the man who had produced a dozen spectacles, and there he sat for the rest of the day, learning how moving pictures were made.

For things began to happen. First and finally Okotok drove his crowds and then, arising an intelligent guiding hand, ceased milling and stamping and settled down on a constructive action. Three days it kept up and at the end of that time, exhausted but happy, we had the picture in the can."

And the next day it was raised.

Of course, viewed by present standards it was an abominable film. Imagine producing Ben Hur in approximately one thousand feet and "eleven magnificent scenes" as the advertisement read! The chariot race was the great climax and "sold" the picture. But there were no water scenes, no gallery shots. Nevertheless, crude as it was, it was a step forward and a fine advertisement for the Kalem Company.

Most important, it brought to a climax of patriotic interest, which had been building and building and building and building and building.

Harper and Brothers and the General Lew Wallace Estate brought suit against the Kalem Company, the Motion Picture Patents Company, and the symptom for an infringement of copyright, and asked for an accounting of profits. It was a case of right and left for up to now no one had seemed to know just where they stood. The new indiators had no precedents to guide in, neither stories nor plays and no author had that far come forward with enough confidence or money to fight the already strong organization.

However, the General Film Company wished to establish for its own satisfaction the exact status of its writers and all prices. Send for complete

Bathing Baby
Baby's own bed and dressing table makes bathing, changing and dressing easier.


ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT has written for the Companion a heart-searching and affecting story—
Threading of My Soldier—which will appear in the November Companion.

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ever retains its charm. And what an inspiration it is to the lovely French period grand shown above. Delicately hand-chiselled in fine mahogany, it is a typical Ivers & Pond, carrying the distinction (without the expense) of being built-to-order work.

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