THEADVENTURES OF KATHLYNBY HAROLD MAC GRATH

Bala Khan was for beginning the warfare at once, but

"You white people must always talk," grumbled the

Bruce argued him out of this idea. Let them first learn

what Umballah intended to do. There was no need of

Khan, who was a fighting man, born of a race of fight-

ers yet to bow the head to the yoke. "It is better to

kill and talk afterward. I have given my word to pro-

tect you, and the word of Bala Khan is as sound as

"Keep your men from the walls," cried Kathlen.

Her request was granted. So when Durga Ram and

his soldiers arrived before the closed gates they beheld

"What wish you here, Durga Ram?" she called

"You! Your father and those who have helped you

down to the man on the richly caparisoned war ele-

Kathlyn mounted on the white elephant, alone.

"Indeed! Well, then, come and take us."

from his men stayed his impulse.

or upon him are in sanctity."

friends are under my protection."

"My word is not for sale!" came back.

the greed of Bala Khan.

another when I leave it!"

"One month!" Ramabai laughed.

smiling. "Umballah will not return here."

"You could tell me more than that."

at her enemy.

friend, not his enemy."

"I would speak with Bala Khan," imperiously.

"You will deal with me alone," declared Kathlyn.

Umballah reached for his rifle, but a loud murmur

"It is the sacred white elephant, highness. None dare

"Tell Bala Khan," said Umballah, controlling his rage

fire at that," his captain warned him. "Those with him

as best he could, "tell Bala Khan that I would be his

"Bala Khan." boomed a voice from the other side

of the wall, "cares not for your friendship. Whatever

the memsahib says is my word. What! Does Allaha

want war for the sake of gratifying Durga Ram's spite?

Begone, and thank your evil gods that I am not already

at your lying, treacherous throat. Take yourself off,

Durga Ram. The people of Bala Khan do not make

war on women and old men. The memsahib and her

"I will buy them!" shouted Umballah, recollecting

Kathlyn understood by the expression on Umballah's

countenance what was taking place. She smiled down

"So be it, Bala Khan," snarled Umballah, his rage

"Why are you always smiling, Ramabai?" asked

"I have had a dream, sahib," answered Ramabai, still

"I could, but will not," the smile giving way to stern-

and bring me the white elephant. I would deal with

"For that," said Bruce, "thanks."

shedding blood needlessly.

British gold."

to escape.

this man Umballah."

Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, n peril, has summoned her, leaves her home in California to go to him in Allaha, India. Umballah, pretender to the throne of that principality, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir, because he fears th American may insist on his royal rights. Upon her arrival in Allaha, Kathlyn is informed

by Umballah that, her father being dead, she is to be queen, and must marry him forthwith. Her refusal infuriates him, but as Kathlyn's beauty and spirit have made a strong appeal to the people, he yields the point for the time being A priest announces that no woman may rule unmarried, but because the young queen is no conversant with the laws of the state she will be given seven days to decide.

When Kathlyn reiterates, at the expiration of the week of grace, her refusal to marry Umba lah, she receives sentence from the supreme tribunal that she is to undergo two ordeals with mitted to rule without hindrance. John Bruce, an American and fellow passenger

on the boat which brought Kathlyn to Allaha, saves her life. The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trials becomes frightened and runs away, separating her from Bruce and

After a ride filled with peril she takes refuge in a ruined temple. The holy men and villagers, believing her to be an ancient priestess risen from the tomb, allow her to remain as the guar dian of the sacred fire. But Kathlyn's haven is also the abode of a lion, and she is forced to flee from it, with the savage beast in pursuit. She escapes and finds a retreat in the jungle, only to fall into the hands of a band of slave traders, who bring her to Allaha to the public mart She is sold to Umballah, who, finding her still unsubmissive, throws her into the dungeon with

Bruce and his friends effect the release o Kathlyn and the colonel. Umballah's attempt to recapture them is unsuccessful, and the fugitives are given shelter in the palace of Bala Khar khan's most prized possession, is stolen.

The photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "The Adventures of Kathlyn" may now be seen at a number of the leading moving picture theaters. By this unique arrangement with the Selig Polyscope company it is therefore possible not only to read "The Adventures of Kathlyn" in The Tribune but also to keep pace with each installment of it at the moving picture theaters.

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CHAPTER XII. THEN Kathlyn returned to the compound it was with the news that she had discovered a group of men, some twelve or fifteen miles to the west. They had paused at what appeared to be a well, and with them was the sacred white elephant. Bala Khan was for giving orders at once to set out with his racing camels to catch and crucify every mother's son of

"As I came toward the compound I was given a message. The man who gave it to me was gone before I could get a good look at his face. These men who stole the sacred white elephant are brave and desperate. At the first sign of pursuit they promise to kill the ele-

them on the city walls. But Ramabai interposed.

"And by the beard of the prophet," cried Bala Khan. nail each one of them to the walls, to die hanging to

thing is to rescue the elephant, and I have a plan." "Let me hear it."

"From what you told me last night," went on Ramabai, "those nomads or brigands are opium fiends." Bala Khan nodded.

"Bruce Sahib here and I will undertake to carry them through the streets. My plan is this: we will take five word." racing camels, go north and turn, making the well from the west. That will not look like pursuit."

"But five camels?" Bala Khan was curious. "Yes. In order to allay the suspicions of the brigands, Kathlyn Memsahib and my wife must accompany us." The colonel objected, but Kathlyn overruled his ob-

"But, Kit, they will recognize us. They will not have rupees? Dogs! Pigs! Did they not recollect that Bala orgotten me. They will know that we have come from Khan had a way of nailing thieves outside the walls of he town, despite the fact that to all appearances we

Bruce also shook his head, "It doesn't look good, Ramabai. Why not we three men?"

son, if they saw Kathlyn Memsahib and my wife with us. that we were harmless. Will you trust me?" "Anywhere," said the colonel. "But they will simply



THE HOSPITABLE BOLA KHAN BIDS FARWELL TO HIS GUESTS.

new arrivals were informed that they were prisoners, and

"But we are on the way to the city of Bala Khan,"

white elephant was worth ten thousand rupees. He

of his very soul, and suddenly found peace. The super-

make us prisoners along with the elephant." "Ah, but the Colonel Sahib forgets the opium."

do will be to search the saddlebags. They will find the

opium. In a quarter of an hour they will be as dead and chief of the brigands stepped forward menacingly. The we can return. "It is a good plan," said Bala Khan, when the con- were bidden to dismount at once. versation was fully translated to him. "And once the elephant is back in the compound I'll send a dozen men remonstrated Ramabai. back for the rogues. Ah! they will play with me; they will steal into my town, overcome my guards, take the apple of my eye! Ramabai, thou art a friend indeed. Haste, and Allah fend for thee! Umballah may arrive

with an army, but he shall not enter my gates." Guided by a servant, Bruce and Ramabai set off for the opium den. The proprietor understood exactly what they desired. There were times when men entered his they should suffer the penalty of being left at the well place who were in need of a long sleep, having money to await the arrival of the tender Bala Khan. The tucked away in their fantastic cummerbunds.

So, mounted upon five swift camels, the party started might not be obliged to share these bags of silver. His his face purpling with passion, "these men of the desert off on a wide circle. Whether they caught the brigands men could not complain. They had discharged him. Let keep their promises. And so do I. I promise later to at the well or on the way to their mountain homes was them have the pipes. He himself would only pretend to of no great importance. Ramabai was quite certain that the result would be the same. The colonel grumbled But the first whiff of the fumes was too much for his "But just now," said Ramabai quietly, "the main a good deal. Supposing the rascals did not smoke; what will power. He sucked in the smoke, down to the bottom

'They will smoke," declared Ramabai, confidently. drug with which the poppy had been mixed was unknown "The old rascal of whom we bought the opium has to Ramabai, but he had often witnessed tests of its entertained them more than once. They are too poor potency. It worked with the rapidity of viper venom, to own pipes. Have patience, Colonel Sahib. A good Within ten minutes after the first inhalation the nine deal depends upon the success of our adventure this brigands sank back upon the sand, as nearly dead as any doctored opium. I know something about the drug. I morning. If I know anything about Umballah, he will man might care to be.

and beat them. What! After all these weeks of wait-

ing, to let sleep stand between them and thousands of

caves in the hills. Let them who would decorate the

believe that we saw the thieves last evening as we came shortly be on the march. Bala Khan has given his At once the elephant was liberated, and the party made off toward the town. Col. Hare, suspicious of Had it not been for liberal use of opium the night everything these days, marveled over the simplicity of before the brigand would not have tarried so long at the trick and the smoothness with which it had been the well; but they were terribly thirsty, a bit nerve turned. He began to have hope for the future. Perhaps shattered, and craved for the drug. The chief alone had this time they were really going to escape from this land fully recovered. He cursed and raved at his men, kicked accursed.

" Dismount!"

" Opium !"

"But I am selling opium there!"

There was great powwowing and salaaming at the gate as the sacred white elephant loomed into sight. The old Brahmin who had charge of him wept for joy. He was still a personage, respected, salaamed to, despite his city? Well, he for one would not wait. He would the preponderance of Mohammedans. His sacred elemount the sacred white elephant and head toward the phant

Bala Khan was joyous. Here was the sacred elewalls of Bala Khan. The threat of Bala Khan put life phant once more in the compound, and not a piece out "They would be suspicious at once. They would rea- into the eight followers, and they were getting ready to of his treasure chest. He was in luck. In the midst move on when one of them discovered a small caravan of his self-congratulations came the alarming news that a large body of men was seen approaching across the QUARTER OF AN HOUR THEY WILL BE AS DEAD AND WE CAN Camels? Ha! Here was a chance of leaving Bala desert from the direction of Allaha. Bala Khan, his

Khan's city far in the rear. And there would be loot chiefs, and his guests climbed to the top of the wall and besides. Those helmets were never worn by any save beheld the spectacle in truth. It required but a single no longer on the rein. "In one month's time I shall re-Ramabai laid his hand upon the colonel's arm. "Let white men. The chief scowled under his shading palm, look through the binoculars to discover to whom this host turn, and of your city there will not be one stone upon them make prisoners of us. The very first thing they will Women! O, this was going to be something worth while. belonged. When the caravan came within hailing distance the

"Ah! Durga Ram, to pay his respects." Bala Khan rubbed his hands together. It had been many moons since he had met a tulwar.

"Which you left this morning!" jeered the chi f. tended to shoot. This matter was going to be settled

"Umballah!" said Ramabai.

The colonel examined his revolver coldly. The moment that Umballah came within range the colonel indefinitely, here and now. So long as Umballah lived a ness.

AS LONG AS UMBALLAH LIVED A DREAD MENAGE HUNG ABOVE KATHLYN'S HEAD, SO HE MUST DIE

"If I only knew what had become of Ahmed," said a vacillating council. And the time has arrived when will be given you." the colonel, when the last of Umballah's soldiers disappeared whence they had come, "I should feel con-

One hundred miles to the west is the Arabian gulf. It is a caravan port, and there will be sailing vessels and steamships." She shook him by the shoulders joyously. "Dad, we are going home, home!" "Kit, I want to see Winnie!"

The word sent a twinge of pain through Bruce's heart. dued. This quiet young native banker would go far. Home! Would he ever have a real one? Was she to go out of his life at last? Kathlyn Hare. "But you, Ramabai?" said Kathlyn.

Ramabai. "It will be death!" objected Bruce and Kathlyn to-

"I think not." and Ramabai permitted one of his mysterious smiles to stir his lips. "Ramabai!" whispered Pundita, fearfully. Yes. After all, why should we wait?"

"What is all this about?" inquired Kathlyn.

turn of my hand. And who has a better right to the throne of Allaha than Pundita, my wife?"

"We shall find, or he will find us, if he is alive," said "Good!" cried Kathlyn, her eyes sparkling. "Good! And if we can help you-" Kathlyn. "Now let us make ready for the last journey. "Kit," interposed the colonel, "we can give Ramabai and Pundita only our good wishes. Our way lies to the west, to the seaport and home." Ramabai bowed.

And the party returned to the compound rather sub "And if I am ever a queen, will my beautiful memsahib come back some day and visit me?"

"That I promise, Pundita, though I have no love for "I shall return to Allaha, I and Pundita," replied "We will go with you to the coast," said Ramabai,

> "For that my thanks," responded the colonel, "Ahmed has been with me for many years, and has shared with cave. Here they remained huddled together till the me many hardships. If he lives he will be a marked , storm died away. man, so far as Umballah is concerned. Aid him to come to me. The loss of my camp and bungalow is nothing.

The fact that we are all aive today is enough for me. But you, Bruce; will it hit you hard?" Bruce laughed easily. "I am young. Besides, it Allaha is weary of Umballah's iron heel, weary of

"I am glad of that. There is nothing to regret in leaving this part of the world." Yet the colonel sighed. And Kathlyn heard that sigh, and intuitively understood. The filigree basket of gems. Of such was the minds of men.

But the colonel was taken ill that night, and it was a week before he left his bed, and another before he was considered strong enough to attempt the journey. Bala Khan proved to be a fine host, for he loved men of deeds, and this white haired old man was one of the right kidney. He must be strong are he took the long journey over the hot sands to the sea.

A spy of Umballah's watched and waited to carry the news to his master the day his master's enemies departed from the haven of Bala Khan's walled city.

When the day came the khan insisted that his guests should use his own camels and servants, and upon Ramabai's return the elephants would be turned over to him for his journey back to Allaha. Thus, one bright morning, the caravan set forth for what was believed to be the last journey. And Umballah's spy hastened away.

All day long they wound in and out, over and down the rolling mounds of sand, pausing only once, somewhere near 4 o'clock, when they dismounted for a space to enjoy a bite to eat and a dish of tea. Then on again, through the night, making about sixty miles in all. At dawn they came upon a well, and here they decided to rest till sunset. Beyond the well, some twenty-five miles, lay the low mountain range over which they must pass to the sea. At the foot of these hills stood a small village, which they reached about 10 o'clock

that night.

were howling. And on making inquiries it was learned that a tger had been prowling about for three or four nights, and that they had set a trap cage for the brute. The colonel and Bruce at once assumed charge. The old zest returned with all its vigor and allurement. Even Kathlyn and Pundita decided to join the expedition, though Pundita knew nothing of arms. Now, this village was the home of the nine brigands. and whenever they were about they dominated the villagers. They were returning from a foraging expedition into the hills, and discovered the trap cage with the tiger inside. Very good. The tiger was no use

They found the village wide awake. The pariah dogs

proaching. With the suspicion which was a part of their business they immediately ran to cover to see who Instantly the chief of the brigands discovered that these of those left shall die in yonder tiger cage." new arrivals were none other than the white people who had given him and his men a superdrug and thereby mulcted them out of the sacred white elephant which

to any but themselves, since they knew where to sell

t. They were in the act of pulling the brush away

was to have brought them a fortune. Unfortunately, the men of Kathlyn's party laid aside their weapons on approaching the cage to tear away the brush. Eight brigands, at a sign from their chief, surrounded the investigators, who found themselves nicely

The natives fled incontinently. So did Bala Khan's camel men.

"Death if you move!" snarled the chief. "Ah, you gave us bad opium, and we dropped like logs. Swine!" He raised his rifle threateningly. "Wait a minute," said Bruce coolly. "What you

"Ay, money! Ten thousand rupees!" t shall be given you if you let us go. You

conduct us over the hills to the sea, and there the money The chief laughed long and loudly. "What! Am I

a goat to put my head inside the tiger's jaws? Nay, I the first time, now that he gave the matter careful tied to the wheels of the cage. It would at least amuse shall hold you here for ransom. Let them bring gold. Now, take hold," indicating the trap cage. "We shall take this fine man eater along with us. I am speaking must trap Ramabai, openly, lawfully, in the matter of to you, white men, and you, pig of a Hindu! Chalu! I will kill any one who falters. Opium! Ah. ves! You shall pay for my headache and the sickness of my com- his arrival, Ramabai and Pundita demanded audience,

ransom of her own!" The village jutted out into the desert after the fashion of a peninsula. On the west of it lay another stated his case briefly. Col. Hare and his daughter stretch of sand. They followed the verdure till they were being held prisoners for ransom. Three bags of reached the base of the rocky hills, which were barren of any vegetation; huge jumbles of granite the color of manded by the captors. porphyry. During the night they made about ten miles, "and on our return to Allaha will see what has become and at dawn were smothered by one of those raging having in mind the part of the good Samaritan, with sandstorms, prevalent in this latitude. They had to reservations, to be sure. Having trod the paths of the abandon the trap cage and seek shelter in a nearby white man, he had acquired a certain adroitness in hold-

"It has blown itself out," commented the chief. Then another a feast. For the present, then, he would prehe spoke to Ramabai. "Who is this man?" with a nod toward the colonel.

"He is an America." "He came from Allaha?"



DEATH IF YOU MOVE!" SNARLED THE CHIEF.

'Yes," said Ramabai, unsuspiciously. "Ha! Then that great prince did not lie."

'What prince?" cried Ramabai, now alarmed. "The Prince Durga Ram. Three fat bags of silver, he

said, would be pay me for the white hunter with the white hair. It is the will of Allah!" The colonel's head sank upon his knees. Kathlyn patted his shoulder.

"Father, I tell you mind not the mouthings of a vile guru. We shall soon be free."

"Kit, this time, if I return to Allaha, I shall die. I feel it in my bones." "And I say no!"

The chief turned to Ramabai. "You and the woman from the cage when they heard sounds of others ap- with you shall this day seek two camels of the five you borrowed from Bala Khan. You will journey at once to Allaha. But do not waste your time in stopping to acquaint Bala Khan. At the first sign of armed men each

"We refuse!" "Then be first to taste the tiger's fangs!" The chief called to his men to seize Ramabai and Pundita, when Kathlyn interfered.

"Go, Ramabai; it is useless to fight against these men, who mean all they say and who are as cruel as the tiger

silver-something like five thousand rupees-were de-

The council looked toward Umballah, who nodded,

the various unsuccessful episodes.

"It shall be as the memsahib says," replied Ramabai, about this guru's curse you say follows the colonel

"It is true. I was there," said Ahmed. "And here One morning Umballah entered the judgment hall of am I, with a price on my head!' the palace, disturbed in mind. Anonymous notes "In the business we are in there will always be a bade him not to persecute Ramabai and his wife further, on pain of death. He had found these notes at colonel sahib. What then?

"He has been conspiring for months."

'Then why does he not strike?"

"Why will men be sheep?"

"We know what we know, Lal Singh," and the face the door of his zenana, in his stables, on his pillows. In his heart he had sworn the death of Ramabai; but under the hood broke into a smile. here was a phase upon which he had set no calcula- Five days passed. The chief of the brigands was

scorned to pay any attention to these warnings; but this ransom was delivered that night he would rid himself

envoy; he himself would bring the legal king of Allaha

back to his throne. True, the daughter had been

would return with Col. Hare as soon as he could make

to his wife. "I must try to learn what it is."

which belied the wrinkles and palsied hands.

the journey and return.

year. Leather will be poor."

to the muddle in Allaha.

British rai.'

sahib?"

crowned, but she had forfeited her rights. Thus he

"He is contemplating some treachery," said Ramabai

In his shop in the bazaars Lal Singh had resumed

his awl. He had, as a companion, a bent and shaky

old man, whose voice, however, possessed a resonance

"The rains," said Lal Singh, "are very late this

All of which signified to Ahmed that the British raj

had too many affairs just then to give proper attention

"But there is this man Ramabai. He runs deep."

'He is wary. He is wary; a good sign." Lal Singh

reached for his pipe and set the water bubbling. "In

a few weeks I believe all will be ready, even the

Lal Singh shrugged. "Only Allah knows. But what

Ramabai-may he burn in hell!-was a power with of them all. The tiger was starving. In order to prove the populace, with low and high castes alike, and for that he was not chattering idly he had the prisoners thought, his own future did not look particularly clear. him to watch their growing terror.

More than ever he must plan with circumspection. He "Look! Some one is coming!" cried Kathlyn. The chief saw the caravan at the same time, and he set up a shout of pleasure. Three fat bags of silver Imagine his astonishment when, a few minutes after rupees!

Umballah, the good Samaritan, bargained with the rades. Chalu! And you white woman; she shall give a the one straight of back and proud of look, the other chief. He did not want all the prisoners, only one. serene and tranquil! Umballah felt a wave of bland Three bags of silver would be forthcoming upon the hatred surge over him, but he gave no sign. Ramabai promise that the young woman and the young man should be disposed of.

> "By the tiger?" Umballah shrugged. To him it mattered not how The chief, weary of his vigil, agreed readily enough, and Umballah turned over the silver.

"The guru, my Kit! You see? This is the end. Well, I am tired. A filigree basket of gems!" "So!" said Umballah, smiling at Kathlyn. "You and ing his people. They had at best only the stability of your lover shall indeed be wed-by the striped one! A chickens. What at one moment was a terror was at sad tale I shall take back with me. You were both dead

tend that he had forgotten all about Ramabai's part in Presently Bruce and Kathlyn were alone. They could hear the brute in the cage, snarling and clawing at the To the council and the gurus (or priests) he declared wooden door.

Answers to Movie Fans.

MRS. P. L. AND OTHERS: Following is ner's Features, Inc., 130 West Forty-sixth a list of film manufacturing companies: street, New York. Space will not permit a Cal.; Advance Motion Picture company, 950 Edgecomb place, Chicago: Apex Film comany, 145 West Forty-fifth street, New York; Balboa Amusement Producing company, 806 Costello was printed in "Right Off the Reel" Security building, Los Angeles, Cal.; Bio- of March 8. graph company, 807 East One Hundred and company, 430 Wendover avenue, New York; Maurice Costello were printed in the col-California Motion Picture corporation, 356 umns of "Right Off the Reel" on March 8. Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.; Ryno Film company, 220 West Forty-second street, New Public Favor" soon. York: Eclair Film company, 126 West Fortysixth street, New York; Thomas A. Edison, W. W.: You seem to have the impression, nc., 2826 Decatur avenue, Bedford Park, as have many others, that John Bunny is N. Y.; Essanay Film Manufacturing company, 1333 Argyle street, Chicago; Famous Mary Pickford is back in the movies. Players Film company, 213 West Twenty-Picture company, Santa Paula, Cal.; Gaumont company, 110 West Fortieth street. New York; Kalem company, 235 West Twen-voting contest. ty-third street, New York; Kinemacolor company, 1600 Broadway. New York; Lubin
Manufacturing company, Indiana avenue and

W. C. W. Sorry, but advice cannot be given in this department on how to become wentieth street, Philadelphia, Pa.: Mutual lotion Picture corporation, Longacre building, New York; North American Film corporation, 111 Broadway, New York; Pathe but most of them were taken in India, but most of them were taken at the Selig Congress street, Jersey City zoo in Los Angeles, Heights, N. J.; Pilot Films corporation, 120
School street, Yonkers, N. Y.; Princess Film
W. C.: The more instruction you can one Hundred and First street, New York; where to send your scenarios. scope company, 20 East Randolph street, W. F.: Your ballot for Myrtle Stedman Rochelle, N. Y.; Universal Film Manufactur- winning in the voting contest her phot

schools for scenario writing. MISS E. G.: A large picture of Maurice

ood chance of appearing in the "Frame of

pear in the Sunday paper and not in the daily.

and Locust avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.; War- movie fans from this department.

L. S.: You can vote as many times for a

Film company's plant

looked dubiously at window of her office and made inquiry for the one who was to initiate us into the nysteries of moving picture production. With her hand on a plug she asked hesitat-

"Did you read the sign—right over the window?" We backed up and read it. It

said, largely, blackly, and convincingly: "ALL ENGAGEMENTS FILLED." I laughed. "Do we look like actors?" She said, "Not exactly-but you never can tell." Whereupon we explained, and there came to us an official who led us upward, onward, and

all around. As we walked along a lot of little closed doors attracted my attention. My inquiring glance brought information. "These," our guide said, "are dressing

girl of the Essanay could see a dressing room!"

Obligingly then, our guide rapped upon a heard of or of which you ever expect to hear, they're to do by doing it first himself. door; a feminine voice told us to come in, and and you'll find it there! Shoe blacking, grandwe found ourselves in one of the coziest, most 'athers' clocks, fly swatters, Chippendale complete little places of the kind I have ever furniture, tea sets, statuary-complete furseen, with its three elaborately chintz hung dressing tables, picture covered walls, and roomy cushioned couch. At one of the tables never saw anything like the conglomeration a girl sat writing-Miss Ruth Stonehouse, one of the leading women.

"Yes," she said, in answer to a remark, "It is homey, isn't it? Well, you see, that's because it's-home. We're not Arabs like 'legits.' We're here all the time. And, as we're on duty from 9 in the morning until 5 in the afternoon, we like to be comfortable. Won't you sit down?" * *

Everything in the Property Room. We hadn't time for this, however, and left shortly. As we came out a Puritan maid, an Iroquois Indian, and a villain in a full dress suit tore by. I showed indications of a desire to tear after, but was restrained by the voice of our guide informing me that these people were on their way to the bus which was to room being taken at one time to avoid changcarry them to the place that was to be the scene of an out of door picture. We went downstairs then and found our-

selves in the property room. Talk about your

shop that ever was. Name anything you ever themselves, and he shows them just what nishings for house, garden, harem, or church. Is he handsome, just like his pictures? O, with nothing left out, nothing forgotten. I

The comedy studio was then presented to

of inanimate objects in that place!

up to the producer. He says to them:

old curiosity shops! The property room of you're to be a lady, and you're to be a house-

"Tomorrow you're to be a villain, and

our view, and from that we were ushered into the studio where the dramas are rehearsed. No, indeed, they don't do their comedies and dramas in the same place! I should say not! Movie people are quite as particular regarding "atmosphere" as are the Barrymores,

THE BRIGANDS WILL SEARCH US AND FIND THE OPIUM, IN A

Holmes, and a cunning little ingenue, Helen Weir by name, were standing in a parlor set, being instructed by the producer as to just what they were to do. Over their heads burned some of the kind of lights that have the Jolsons, and Forbes Robertsons. In arrangecheerful effect of making the persons illument, though, the studios are about the same, minated by their rays appear dead and beeach containing parlor, dining room, kitchen, ginning to mortify. I never have understood and bedroom-all scenes occurring in one what makes them so necessary to successful ing the camera and moving about. And the know everything. actors never have any parts to study. It's all

photography; but then, of course, I don't Just to satisfy your curiosity I might as well tell you that in "Fate's Plaything" Mr. Bushman is a handsome young doctor who falls in love with the plaything, as represented

THE CHICAGO

Those booked for "Fate's Plaything" were

X. Bushman was there. Vurry much there!

more so. Girls, he's adorable-perfectly

adorable! And right here I'll tell you some-

dark, six sided secret. So, always when you

see his smiling face—ree-ee-member! And

The Plot of "Fate's Plaything."

He, Miss Helen Dunbar, Miss Ruth Stone-

house, Bryant Washburn-lovalay!-Rapley

thing. There's a secret in his life—a deep,

gathered in the big drama studio. Yes, Francis

finds herself an heiress upon the death of her are angry, and determined to have your own father. When she was poor she wanted to way in this affair. You stride toward themmarry a young man-Mr. Washburn, who looking upset-like this-and say: usually plays the vil-

lainous parts-whose father, Mr. Holmes, strenuously objected and made no bones of telling her so, in a deep, growly, thundery voice. Mr. Washburn gave her up accordingly, proving himself to

be spineless—poor dear, he never has anything nice to do-and nobody loved her but her mother, until papa died and left much money. Then friends cropped up all over the country, and among these was a genial lady with a son whom she wanted to attach to the fortuneand incidentally to Miss Stonehouse. Between times, however. Miss Stonehouse had met Dr. Bushman-who attended dad when he was dying-and, well, figure it out for

"Now, Holmes," the producer was saying,

"you come in and find your son and Ruth together, and you are all upset-like this!" (Business of looking upset, by means of compressing the lips, clinching the fists, and cranthe neck.) Mr. Holmes imitated. The ducer shook his head and waved his hands. their own words. To quote Mr. Holmes, fero-NDAY TRIBUNE.

ZIPI-ZAM!-ZOWIL!-That's How They Stage a Movie Play. 69 Mae Cinee

"'Here, here. Cut it out. None of this. I suspected something of the kind was going on-now I have proved my suspicions correct. Young woman, you must release my son! Sir, come with me. Come—ZIP!' You put a heavy hand on his shoulder-ZAM! You lead you grow up to be a him out-ZOWIE! Out of the picture and pass the window. Get me? "Bryant, you look undecided and unhappy. Like this. Undecided—limplike, fingering

your cap. Unhappy-so! Ruth, you are stunned. Get me?" "Stunned!" grinned Ruth, and she clapped her hand to her forehead. The producer looked anxious.

"Sure. I know." Miss Stonehouse told him consolingly, and they all smiled. The producer stepped back and signaled to the cam-

"Not literally stunned, you know," he said:

The Lines Are Their Own. "All-ll ready!" The little machine started grinding and the actors started with the picture, following the suggestion of the producer as to actions and expression, but choosing

you see so much of each other. Now, Bryant, turn around and come

with dad, and he'll take you to the next ball game. Ruthie, you be a good girl, and when great big lady, maybe -well, maybe - who knows?"

Bryant Washburn: "All right, dad: I don't care beans for girls, anyway. But you've got to put that ball game gag in writin'." Ruth Stonehouse: "Vamoose! Don't you know I'm expecting the family doctor? And

I wouldn't want him to lamp what I've got for acquaintances!" "Now, Bush!"

Mr. Bushman detached himself from a group of which he had been the center and came forward. (It's no wonder he gets as many as 300 mash notes a week! Unless I exercise great self-control, he's apt to receive 301 next time! And he writes a personal answer to every one. Think of it!) But-"Here, Bush," the producer was sayingsounds almost sacrilegious, doesn't it?—" you

"Little ones, little ones, this will never do. Ruth's shoulders, like this—softly, compas-Take it from papa that it is not best that sionately—looking sorry for her, you under- his vis-à-vis. stand. Then you turn suddenly—ZIP—then a backward look—ZAM—then walk out abruptly-ZOWIE-and pass the window, looking in. Ruth, drop your eyes-like this; make your mouth pathetic-so! You are sad

> * * A Flaw in the Makeup. There came a voice just then from the other

side of the studio. "Make Bush take off that straw hat! It's supposed to be winter, you know, and it out of one corner of doesn't go with his overcoat." A chuckle ran around the room, and Irene Warfield, another "Bush just loves to wear that straw hat.

I do believe he's worn it in every play for the

and shy. Now-"

last six months." "O, quit knocking!" Mr. Bushman called. smiling his charming smile. "Idol of my heart, art so unkind?" And he departed, whistling, in search of something else. He reappeared equipped with a sealskin cap, con-

and work went on. "Ready?" the producer asked. Mr. Bushman and Miss Stonehouse answered by getting into position. The camera man got his nod and the grinding started. Mr. Bushman

fiscated from that property room most likely,

"STOP!" the directing voice roared furiously. The grinding ceased. The director at once became Miss Stonehouse. "Sad and shy-like THIS-not like

THAT!" he said, illustrating. "Sad-ZIP -shy-ZOWIE! Now, try again! All ready!" He leaped out of the picture and the camera started grinding again. (Picture to yourself a stocky, gray haired man of 50 or so with his hat on and a cigar hanging

imitation of a sad and shy young girl, and you will understand why I giggled) But-"STOP!" Everything stopped. He stepped

nis mouth, giving an

forward and folded his arms. "Ruth," he said, "what's the matter? What makes you so coy and beaming today? Somebody leave you a fortune, or have they raised your salary? Whatever it is, forget it, for you've gotta be sad for two minutes. Now, sad and shy! THERE—that's better. All-ll right. Out of the picture!"

Mr. Bushman and Miss Stonehouse got out of the picture.

producer called genially. "And for you, Miss Weir." Entered then the genial lady, followed by her maid, carrying large baskets of fruit and flowers for the heiress. And behold, the producer, still cigared and hatted. first as the genial lady and then as the little maid. Behold him, in fact, all through the

fruit, which happened to be real. Flowers and fruit used in movies are always real—the eye of the camera demands this. I know it to be true, for I had a banana from the basket and wore a flower

pictures as everything but the flowers and

At last the picture was done, and they all came over and were introduced to us. They brought the fruit with them and we had a regular party. They're just like a great big happy family—all talking at once and as cordial to and interested in visitors as such a family would be. Mr. Bushman was here, there, everywhere—the straw hat upon his head-kidding, cajoling, teasing. Once he waxed histrionic and, dropping on one knee before me, called me "idol of my heart," but Mr. Washburn tipped him over, so the scene lost some of its effect.

It was awfully interesting and lots of fun. I wish you could have been along!