



54602196

STATUS: PENDING 20090610

OCLC #: 9029630

REQUEST DATE: 20090604 NEED BEFORE: 20090704

SOURCE: ILLiad

BORROWER: ZCU

RECEIVE DATE:

DUE DATE:

RENEWAL REQ:

NEW DUE DATE:

SPCL MES:

LENDERS: ZQP, *YQR, VVW, SNN, WZW

LHR SUMMARY: 26,34-84(1899,1907-1957)

TITLE: Woman's home companion.

IMPRINT: [Springfield, Ohio] : Crowell & Kirkpatrick Co.,

ARTICLE: Gauntier, Gene: Blazing the Trail

ISSUE DATE: December 1928

PAGES: 15-16, 132, 134

VERIFIED: <TN:131007><ODYSSEY:206.107.42.20/ZCU> OCLC

SHIP TO: ILL -- Borrowing / Columbia University Libraries / 535 West 114th St. / New York, NY 10027 / USA

BILL TO: Interlibrary Loan / Columbia University Libraries / 535 West 114th St. / New York, NY

SHIP VIA: UPS/metro#50/Ariel: 128.59....

MAXCOST: IFM - 100.00

COPYRIGHT COMPLIANCE: CCL

BILLING NOTES: We are a SHARES library.

ODYSSEY: 206.107.42.20/ZCU

FAX: 212-854-3313

AFFILIATION: SHARES

LOCATIONS: JCP,TFP,PBU,CPL

BORROWING NOTES: ARIEL: 128.59.152.191

PATRON: Lund, Maria

The work from which this copy was made did not include a formal copyright notice. This work may be protected under U.S. Copyright Law (Title 17, U.S. Code), which governs reproduction, distribution, public display and certain other uses of protected works. Uses may be allowed with permission from the rights holder, or if the copyright on the work has expired, or if the use is "fair use" or within another exemption. The user of this work is responsible for determining lawful uses.



EMIL POLLAK-OTTENHOFF

The old clothes market in Cork provided the costumes for our Irish pictures

Blazing the Trail

A history of the beginnings of the movies

By GENE GAUNTIER

MY THIRD year in the movies was marked by significant events for the industry, some of which were of profound interest to me personally.

For the first time publishers of daily papers and periodicals recognized the growing importance of the pictures by assigning critics to review them; censorship raised its head; the first group of American film actors went overseas to produce pictures.

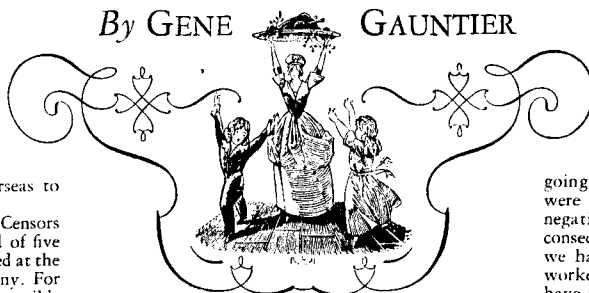
If I remember rightly the National Board of Censors came into being about 1908. It was composed of five well-known New Yorkers and had been organized at the suggestion of the Motion Picture Patents Company. For not only had their own licensees put out some terrible films, but the independents also were arousing unfavorable comment all over the country by depicting crime, vulgarity and atrocities.

While the National Board of Censors was not so exacting as some of the state censorship boards of today, one could never tell just which scenes would be censored and which would "get by." For example in *The Scarlet Letter*, Kalem was not permitted to release the film until by a title they had married Hester and the minister!

UP to this time there had been no medium of advertising or publicity for the pictures except the "lectures" and other small printed sheets issued by the individual companies. Such articles as had been published from time to time in *The Scientific American*, *Popular Mechanics* and *The Literary Digest* were technical, and did not deal with either productions or players. But about 1908 came *The Film Index*, soon to be absorbed by the *Moving Picture World*, both devoted to the needs of manufacturers and containing brief reviews and criticisms of current releases. In January of 1909 the *New York Morning Telegraph*, then the greatest theatrical paper in the United States, started a motion picture section containing reviews of films and *The Dramatic Mirror* soon followed suit. Not only did this create new interest in motion pictures among the reading public but it stimulated the players to greater endeavors. We began to feel that we were approaching the dignity of the speaking stage.

Frank Woods, the motion picture critic on the *Mirror*, soon began to write many of the *Biograph* scripts and finally left the *Mirror* to become scenario writer, then assistant director, and eventually he blossomed out into a full-fledged director under Griffith.

But the *Moving Picture World* was the magazine we all favored and its rapid growth under the astute management of the late J. P. Chalmers was astonishing. Among the early editors and writers were James Hoff, George Blaisdell and Epes Winthrop Sargent. The last



named, under the pen name of Chicor, had gained considerable fame as a critic of vaudeville on the staff of the *Morning Telegraph*, but at the time we met he was writing short stories and I was surprised when he remarked:

"You are fortunate in being able to write scenarios. I wish I could, but it requires a certain knack which I have not mastered although I am tremendously interested in the pictures."

In a short time he proved the sincerity of this interest by turning all of his energies into the new field of scenario writing, and in a few years became the most prolific writer of comedy scripts for films that the industry has ever produced. He wrote practically all of Lubin's comedies, no doubt a thousand or more. Moreover he became the leading authority on the art of

scenario-writing, conducting a department on the technique of the photoplay in the *Moving Picture World* and publishing books which are recognized by the entire profession as authorities on the subject.

When we were abroad, Ireland, Egypt or Palestine, the *Moving Picture World* was our only connection with the industry. It contained the only news we had of what was going on, aside from the firm's letters when our pictures were released to the public, since we expressed the negatives direct to New York for development, and consequently never saw a print of our films run off; for we had neither laboratory nor projection room, and worked far from any picture houses where we might have viewed them. Indeed many of the Egyptian pictures I have never seen to this day. So the weekly advent of the *Moving Picture World's* reviews was awaited eagerly and the achievements of the other picture companies conscientiously noted.

IN the fall of 1909 other newspapers began also to take an interest in the new amusement and on one occasion a writer was sent out with us to acquire copy on how pictures were taken. So inspired was she by Mr. Olcott's direction that she titled her story "The Belasco of the Open Air." This was Martha M. Stanley who has since become a successful playwright, author of *Nighty Night*, *Her Son* and other plays.

As the day approached for our departure for a second winter in Florida, many changes in our southern company loomed darkly. Max Schneider who had worked hand and glove with Sid Olcott to the great advantage of Kalem pictures received an offer from another firm which Kalem could not meet. We gave him a farewell dinner at Poggi's, the little Italian restaurant we all frequented, a typical dinner of the day, marked by speeches, heartfelt expressions of regret and a gift.

His successor, Knute Rahmn, whose only motion picture experience had been in making stills, was so expert in this line that later he became famous as Mary Pickford's still camera man, but what with static and many of his films being out of focus his first work for us almost ended in disaster. We nicknamed him Oppie, short for "operator." Amelia Barleon was engaged to lighten my work by alternating leads, but she remained with us only a short time and I was soon back on the triple job of writing scenarios, playing the leads and helping Olcott with the directing. George Melford, then playing with a Cincinnati stock company, signed up for heavies and characters with us; Jane Wolfe to do seconds and characters. Robert Vignola left the legitimate stage for good that season and threw his lot with the pictures. Kenean Buel, James Vincent, Tommie Santley,



L. B. CHICKERING

The Lad from Old Ireland with Gene Gauntier as Aileen and Sidney Olcott as Terry was the first American picture ever filmed abroad

own will
and to no

answered,
the forest.
ing a fact
ger!" the
now—three
PAGE 142]



harmony." It was very Bohemian and very jolly, and our southern friends were always eager for an invitation to one of the "roasts." But in the daytime we worked—hard. The Slave to Drink, The Romance of a Trained Nurse, The Wayward Daughter, The Man Who Lost, The Stepmother, The Forager, had all been taken when we received bad news.

Our output was not satisfactory photographically and thanks to the censors the picture crammed with thrills was in bad odor. It had become increasingly difficult for me to think up ideas for outdoor pictures, yet our instructions from the home office were explicit—exteriors only. I had used walks, tea and breakfast scenes galore, set proposals in palmetto groves and on grassy lawns, in lovely gardens, even brought men out on lawns to die. So finally I rebelled and urged Olcott to take matters in his own hands. Spurred on by Melford's enthusiasm for it he consented, and we began the

The burgomaster's daughter loaned her own costumes to Gene Gauntier for the Spree-wald Mädchen

Olcott and I represented the old organization. Of these men, Vignola, Buell, Melford and Vincent became successful directors within a few years, which reflects credit upon their schooling under Olcott.

Just before we left New York Kalem decided to exploit its actors. We were all sent to Bangs, then the leading theatrical photographer. Large photographs were taken, to be made up in big frames of weathered oak, and sold to exhibitors for their lobbies at the cost price of twenty-five dollars each. It was the first time the photographs and names of actors had ever been given out and the innovation created a favorable impression through the country. Needless to say we actors were delighted.

WE found changes also at the Roseland for "Ma" Perkins had left and a new proprietor was in charge. While cleanliness was more apparent, the "homey" atmosphere was gone and the meals were quite dreadful. But the same old friends were around us and the same old Florida weather greeted us.

George Melford joined us in Florida. He had been playing the genteel heavy in Billy the Kid and his debut in the pictures was made in The Wayward Daughter, the beginning of a brilliantly successful career. For after becoming a director for the western Kalem Company in 1911 he finally left it to join the Lasky Company, remaining with them for a number of years, developing into one of their most dependable directors, accumulating a fortune. At this time, however, George was a handsome slender blond chap in his early thirties, enthusiastic and hard-working, and devoted to his wife, Louise, and her son Judson, both of whom had accompanied him to Florida, together with their bulldog Bess, the only household pet in the company. Mrs. Melford played characters and was a home-loving domestic little woman. After her arrival it became our custom to drop into the Melford rooms every evening around nine o'clock for the cup of coffee which was always waiting for chance visitors.

When I read of the wild parties, greatly exaggerated no doubt, given by film people today, I recall our naïve little social gatherings and smile at the enjoyment we got out of so little. Recently I read of an elaborate affair given by our own Bob Vignola at his gorgeous home in Hollywood, at which Hindoo magicians, a jazz band, shimmy dancers and other vaudeville acts entertained during the Lucullan feast, and I wondered if he remembered the dance we gave at Roseland when the rough board floor was sprinkled with cornmeal and the refreshments consisted of lemonade, cakes and beer—mark the combination! And the music was furnished by Quincy's band consisting of a basso, a cornet, a trombone, two drums and traps!

Most of our entertaining was done out of doors. We would invite friends from the neighborhood or from town and give them an oyster, crab or shrimp "roast." After we could eat no more the boys performed an Indian war dance, with its accompanying howls, around the fire; then came the songs, recitations and "close



One of Gene Gauntier's many successful roles was that of a southern belle of the Civil War period

erection of our first studio sets. Melford appointed himself chief carpenter and soon there appeared on the lower part of the hotel plot near the river, a stage floor some twenty-five feet square, and three walls, containing a door and two windows. It was crude and primitive and there were no sun shields, but it was our first stage and we exulted over it. The interiors were varied by papering the walls for each change of scene, the boys soon becoming expert paper-hangers. The walls were of lumber and in a storm stood a fine chance of being demolished. Many times at night Sid roused the house when a sudden wind came up and all the boys throwing raincoats over pajamas dashed down to

the "set" to brace it against the onslaught of the storm, or to lower the "flars" to the floor. We did not write north about our studio, but let the firm find it out when they viewed it in the next picture sent up. As I had foreseen they were delighted, and when they learned the boys had built it themselves they sent their warmest congratulations—and that's all. The Christmas holidays, however, brought more material expressions of appreciation. I quote from my diary:

December 20: "Sid received a letter from the firm in which they stated they had 'cut the melon' and that his share was three hundred and fifty dollars for the one share of stock he held as vice president. Also there was a check enclosed for one hundred dollars as a Christmas present for the company, which was divided into fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents for second-year people, and seven dollars and twenty-five cents for first-year people. So Sid and I went to town and got lovely brass desk clocks as gifts from the company, and he personally sent silver cardcases beautifully embossed."

Unspoiled? Rather!

WE had our first company Christmas tree this year, cut by the boys and brought, together with a boatload of holly and mistletoe, from far up Strawberry Creek. The diary again records:

Friday, December 24: "At nine o'clock we all assembled, first listening to a little concert by Sid's phonograph, a baby one he bought this evening for two dollars and seventy-five cents, but it is fine. Flashlights were taken of the crowd surrounded by presents, which numbered one hundred and sixty-two, and were distributed amid laughter and shouts and thank-you's. Afterward the boys got out their music and we had a serenade that would have put 'dot leetle German band' to shame. Did a lockstep to the pier, got in the Bess and went for a ride on the still river under a great golden moon."

Our friends the Hemmenways, who owned Oak Hall, an orange grove across the river at Floral Bluff, and were wintering in New York, had turned their lovely home over to us for our Christmas celebration. Mrs. Melford volunteered to cook the dinner, so my diary reports:

December 25: "A bright day, but blowing terribly. Had to split up the party going across the river. Arrived at Hemmenway's place at two-thirty. Mrs. Melford had been busy for two days. The table looked charming and the dinner was delicious. After dinner we had a jolly time playing children's games—'Drop the handkerchief,' 'Clap in and clap out' and so forth."

"BY nine it was fully decided the Bess could not live in that wind and we would have to bunk there all night. Gave a vaudeville performance, Bob Vignola and I opening with the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliet which we give very well together, if I do say it myself as shouldn't; we injected some comedy by interpolating scenes behind the stage as well as in front. Then Sid, Bob, Tom Santley and Melford attempted to do some scenes from Billy the Kid in which all had appeared, but could remember very little of it. The Sawdust Twins (Bob and Tom) were exceedingly funny."

Early Friday morning, January 14, the big passenger boat the *Chatam*, of the Merchants and Miners Line, was wrecked on the jetties near Mayport. I had a shipwreck picture in mind and, thinking we might get a good insert, Sid, Oppie and I went down [CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]



We were exultant over our first crude stage and studio sets which the boys had built themselves

WHAT? FOOD WITHOUT FLAVOR?



whence comes that **ZEST** of NEW ORLEANS dishes

New Orleans... famed the world over for its cooking... its restaurants... its delicious dishes. Where foods are gloriously flavored... foods which men and women from everywhere go to taste. There A.1. Sauce does the seasoning. It is the sauce that flavors these dishes so irresistibly. And this sauce you can use, too... in your dishes... and at your table. So easily. So inexpensively. Send 10 cents for recipe booklet of world-famous dishes, "LOST FOOD FLAVORS." Address G. F. Heublein & Bro., Dept. 212, Hartford, Connecticut.



Nurse's Amazing Discovery Gives Women a PERFECT FIGURE

Through knowledge gained as a graduate nurse I invented a garment which gives perfect proportions, grace and beauty to the figure. I call it the

Body Glove

It is not a corset, not a rubber band or girdle, but a scientific garment that places every part of hips and abdomen in the correct position without constraint or discomfort. I will gladly send full description to any woman who will write to me. Address Florence E. Lund-Brown, Dept. 121, 17 N. State St., Chicago

Among those presents

RIGHT up in the front rank of things to give for Christmas put Eveready Flashlights. Not only because that's one of the easiest and most successful ways out of the Christmas-gift dilemma, but because it's the sensible thing to do.

Everybody, from six to sixty, wants a genuine Eveready. Not just "a flashlight," but a genuine Eveready. Yes, it's important to insist on this point. Genuine Evereadys have ALL the newest and best features. There are models and types for every possible purpose.

This year, brighten the lives of all to whom you give. Start them right with the flashlight habit, that national movement to save skinned shins, banged heads and ripped clothes. Give them the world's best portable light-maker—a genuine Eveready Flashlight.

Blazing the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

to Mayport on Sunday morning. It was dark and windy and the waves, even inside the jetties, were very high. For several hours we tried to get someone to take us out to the wreck, but all the boatmen said it was too dangerous to venture—that the captain had abandoned her and that she was expected to go down in the mountainous waves at any moment. Opposition only strengthened our resolution and we eventually found an old Norwegian who consented to make the trip. My diary reads:

"It was an eighteen-foot open launch and that Norwegian was a wonder. The seas were monstrous and we were tossed like an eggshell but he maneuvered us within fifty yards of the ship, which was standing on her nose, with the decks at an angle of forty-five degrees. Quietly I reached for a life belt and buckled it on and closing my eyes prayed as hard as I could, for it did not seem possible to live long in such seas. Oppie had lashed his camera to the gunwale and hung on to the side of the boat, while Sid tried to keep his eye on the finder, cutting it badly on the sharp edge, and I had all I could do to keep from being tossed out. Finally, now on a crest, then in a trough with mountainous waves entirely obscuring the wreck, we ground our seventy-five feet. Three hundred yards away was another wreck which had come to grief some weeks previously, and of this we got a silhouette on our way back. We found the whole town watching for us anxiously and characterizing us as tool-hardy idiots. We were drenched to the skin and could get no dry clothes for five hours. It was an experience I would not have missed—not would I care to repeat it."

We inserted the scenes in a picture taken later called *The Castaways*, and Mr. Marion declared that just to watch it on the screen made him seasick.

IN March Mr. Olcott received word to return to New York and take charge of that studio, leaving the picture direction in Florida to Buel and me. Kenean Buel and I, determined to show what we were capable of, worked harder than ever before. We remained south five and a half weeks, and sent north two comedies and eight of the best southern dramas taken thus far.

On April 23 we boarded the *Comanche* of the Clyde Line, our old friend Captain Watson commanding, and three days at sea rendered us fit for the work awaiting us up north, although it was not all rest for we took the ship scenes of *The Castaways* en route.

Back in New York we found things humming, with Olcott in charge; and there was a new camera man whose praises he was singing, George Hollister. Serious dependable old George, who quickly proved his aptitude for a place with us and remained as long as the Kalem Company was in existence.

In May my mother came from Kansas City to visit me until her departure for Germany to join my sister in September. She was shocked at my appearance and, mother-like, over the difficult tasks demanded of me. She was all for carrying me off with her to Europe for a year, but I had had one experience of idleness the previous summer and would not consent. Then suddenly the matter was compromised for us.

At intervals ever since my return from Europe I had suggested to Mr. Marion that Kalem make pictures in Ireland, a country which, though I had never seen it, appealed tremendously to my imagination. But my suggestion was usually greeted with smiles if not open laughter.

Then without warning and in those days of the pictures almost everything came without warning—I was summoned to the office.

"When can you and Olcott start for Ireland?" demanded Mr. Marion.

"Tomorrow, if necessary," I replied without hesitation.

"Good. The *Baltic* sails on Saturday. Better see Mr. Lindsey, the passenger agent, and engage passage for yourself, Olcott and Hollister."

I did more. I induced the North German Lloyd Company to refund the money my mother had paid for passage in September, and purchased four tickets instead of three for Queenstown, for August 6.

We were to be gone six weeks including the two Atlantic crossings, and were to take three pictures which I was to write en route, but not an inkling as to plot was given me.

We found our cabins filled with flowers and baskets of fruit; a merry crowd was on the pier to wave us farewell and in four days after the idea was conceived we sailed away, the first picture company, small though it was, to be sent out of America to take pictures.

AT sea we did not relax even for a day. Soon The Lad from Old Ireland was down on paper and as it was to be a "transatlantic" picture with scenes laid in Ireland, on the high seas, in New York on our return, and back again in Ireland, we proceeded to take the steamer pictures immediately. The ship's officers gave us every assistance, even working in the scenes.

For our second picture we hit upon the serviceable idea of An Irish Honey-moon, which would require only Sid and myself. Moreover we could sandwich scenes for the second picture between those taken for the first, and incidentally, we hoped to produce a good travel picture.

Upon landing before we could begin regular work on The Lad from Old Ireland we had to solve the problem of costumes. Cork did not boast a costumer, but we were advised to visit the old clothes market. There in a huge barn of a place we found stalls overflowing with cast-off clothes of every kind, boots and tawdry new goods, a motley array indeed. Wrinkled old men and women, with an occasional boxom red-cheeked colleen, presided at each stall and beguiled us with their brogue and flattery. We found just what we were looking for—baggy old homespun trousers, hobnailed shoes, corduroy coat and cap for Sid, and for me a full gathered skirt, elbow-sleeved coarse cotton "ballyshirt" and the small plaid shawl which all the poorer Irish girls wear today.

We journeyed out from Cork in a jaunting car, or side car as the natives called it, that quaint vigorously uncomfortable vehicle which at that time had not even begun to give way to the motor. How many wicked miles have I ridden in those jaunting cars!

We were not long in finding an ideal location; indeed our trouble was in selecting which of the quaint cottages we would use, for the landscape was universally bewitching. Our final choice was most fortunate, for there we found a dear old dame of eighty years whom Mr. Olcott immediately requisitioned for the grandmother of the picture. The hens scratched in the cobblestone dooryard, fat geese waddled about, and two clean white pigs, beloved members of the household, wandered in and out of the open door.

WHEN we had finished making scenes which promised unusual beauty on the screen the old folks kissed our hands and bade us an emotional farewell; and the old grandmother hobbled into the cottage and brought forth two of her treasures which Mama and I had so admired, huge old willow-ware platters which had been in her family before she was born.

One and all the juries had discounted the beauties of Cork.

"Ah," said they, "ye should go to Killarney. Up Killarney way it is the loveliest of all Oriland. Though meself, I've niver been there."

So to Killarney we went, to make views for An Irish Honey-moon. Stopping at Kate Kearney's cottage, now a tavern, then on through that mighty cleft, the Gap of Dunloe, to the head of the three lovely lakes we returned by a rowboat propelled by strapping boatmen who timed their strokes to Irish songs, or babbled weird explanations and wove fantastic tales in their thick brogue. We stepped ashore at beautiful old

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 134)

Baby-Bottle-K

Sterilizer and Carrier

A NEW and growth cure for the prevalent cure of Baby's Food by a baby bottle. It is a sterilizer, carrier, and handy for use. It is highly polished stainless steel. It is highly polished stainless steel. It is highly polished stainless steel.

Patented April 16th, 1927. It is highly polished stainless steel. It is highly polished stainless steel. It is highly polished stainless steel.

Therma Products Company, Dept. 12-1144 Ohio Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

Desert Cactus

The Ideal All Year Plant. Four blooming size plants in Mexican hand-painted cacti bowls as illustrated above, shipped anywhere in U. S. postage prepaid. A smaller group in 4 inch bowl prepaid anywhere in U. S. \$1.00. "Desert Cactus" for Christmas. They last for years. Let us send you a beautiful one today. Culture Book.

MEXICAN TRADING COMPANY, 426 1/2 Republic Building, El Paso, Texas

RAT BIS-KIT

Is ready to use. Sure death to rats and mice. Quickest, cleanest, easiest way. New tin package contains 18 "Bis-Kits," always fresh, 35¢ at all drug and general stores. Guarantee coupon in every package. The Rat Bis-Kit, Springfield, Ohio.

Pathfinder

Every week 13 WEEKS TRIAL. Your neighbors know the Pathfinder and you will like it. The great weekly news digest from the Nation's Center, bright, interesting, dependable, different—nothing else like it. Washington gossip, politics, science, travel, and more of pictures, facts, and fun. Free! Trial 13 weeks—13 big issues—only 13 Cents. Send no money now. Pathfinder, Dept. 90, Washington, D.C.

WOMEN

who want Extra Cash for Christmas

Mrs. J. T. Wilkins of Georgia, like yourself, enjoyed reading Woman's Home Companion and found that by introducing this splendid magazine to her friends and neighbors she could turn the few spare hours she had into REAL CASH.

Could you use \$10.00 Extra before Christmas?

Without experience or investment of any kind you can earn this much or more in your spare time as a special Crowell subscription representative. Work whenever you can and where you choose. Your profits begin immediately. FREE OUTFIT and full particulars sent without obligation.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk 49, The Crowell Publishing Company, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

Kindly tell me, without obligation, how I can earn EXTRA CASH for Christmas.

Name _____

Address _____

Post Office _____ State _____



CASSEROLE

plate, six things you can one of them recipes you ca

And you c enough Pyrex and serving—

Why put u in metal—th ened pots an more reliabl much better

You'll ne baking wat dishes. An costs but s

Pyrex

Pyrex oven utensils. then gives

The Chef's flavoring for home cooking

Kitchen Bouquet

for Gravies

Makes tasty gravies from less-juicy cuts of meat -- extends the meat flavor!

New Style Spoon FREE!
With 10c Trial-size Kitchen Bouquet, we will send a big Mixing-servicing Spoon FREE! This offer Send 10c today. Kitchen Bouquet, 249 New York Ave., West Hoboken, N.J.

Famous for 50 years

Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules -- many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food, climate and their relation to physical welfare.

CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT WITHOUT DRUGS OR TIREDSOME EXERCISES

Effective weight control diets, acid and blood diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic malalties.

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail order advertisement. Name and address on a card will bring it without cost or obligation.

Health Extension Bureau
324 Good Health Building, Battle Creek, Michigan

Nurseryland

HOW TO FURNISH BABY'S ROOM

A Free Book

Young mothers will receive many valuable hints from Nurseryland. It tells all about furnishing baby's room and about the Kidie-Koop, the Bathinette and other furniture. Send for your copy today. Address: THE NURSERYLAND CO., 875 Jay St., Rochester, N. Y.

Mother?

what about your boy?

What is he reading -- what habits forming?

THE OPEN ROAD for BOYS Magazine is a character builder. **YOUR BOY** should have it, he'll love it. Fifty pages a month crammed with splendid stories, stimulating articles which help boys grow, splendid outdoor club, "My Friend Abroad," world-wide correspondence club with trips to foreign lands. Other great features. Many 82 book-length serials. Endorsed by statesmen and clergymen. The magazine will stimulate your boy's taste for good reading, will help form a strong, manly character. Give him a year's subscription for Xmas. Twelve issues -- only \$1. A lasting gift he will love. Ship \$1 bill in envelope with his name and address and yours. We will mail December issue and an attractive gift card to reach him Christmas Day. Order now.

OPEN ROAD for BOYS MAGAZINE
Dept. SO-12
130 Newbury Street Boston, Mass.
For his friends, too! Three subscriptions only \$2.

Blazing the Trail

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132]

Ross Castle, ruined and ivy-covered, reminiscent of braver days.

Small wonder those first Irish pictures made a sensation in America and added greatly to the glory of Kalem!

Our main object in going to Dublin was to visit Glencairn, home of the ex-Tammany chief, Richard Croker.

I cannot say he was especially cordial. But Mr. Olcott with his most ingratiating brogue, acquired for the occasion, explained to him that the people back in New York were most anxious to see their former lord. In fact Sid gave the impression that they could scarcely be restrained until the moving pictures were shown to them. There was a certain hardness and lack of sympathy about the great old chief that made Sid decide to work fast while he could. So we swept through it with a rush. Sid explained that Mr. Croker must greet us and shake hands as we stepped from the motor, and invite us into the house. He followed instructions implicitly. George grabbed his camera, set it up in the garden, and the three of us sauntered past followed by Mr. Croker's two fine chow dogs, Sid and I conversing desperately, pointing to the mountains, to the flowers, anything to induce him to make gestures and the thing was in the box. I do not think he ever realized just what had happened. I believe it had been allowed time to think he would have refused to pose.

The honeymoon picture was the object of our visit to London, and we obtained scenes of the most notable spots like Trafalgar Square, Piccadilly Circus, Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. It was very embarrassing working before the crowds on the London streets, for moving pictures were a novelty as yet and we were sorely tried and much hampered by the throngs. We solved the problem by engaging one of the big omnibuses. At the rear of the uncovered top deck Hollister set up his camera, Sid and I seated ourselves in one of the front seats and in this way we shot a tour of London.

THE third picture grew out of my very natural desire to see my mother and sister who were in Berlin, where the latter was preparing for her operatic debut at Elberfeld-Barmen in September. I make no apologies for yielding to the impulse, for the results would have justified the most selfish motives. It was The Little Spreewald Mädchen, one of the loveliest pictures we turned out during this period.

I had heard of the Spreewald as one of the most picturesque spots in Germany, where in spite of its close proximity to Berlin the peasants still clung to their native dress. So on the boat going from London to Flushing I wrote the scenario.

It had a simple plot, but the quaint beautiful settings transformed it into a novelty.

The entire village collaborated with us. The pretty daughter of the burgomaster or mayor loaned her own costumes to wear as the heroine. And they were gorgeous. Dresses of heavy silks, embroidered kerchiefs, headresses trimmed in real lace, and stiffly starched little bodices exquisitely

hand-embroidered. One complete outfit I wore was valued at a thousand marks but, dear me, the weight of it! The combined weight of some half a dozen petticoats, one of which was heavily padded and quilted, was close to thirty pounds. Heavy wooden-soled shoes worn without stockings and held on by a bit of leather across the front part of the foot made walking difficult and running impossible to one unaccustomed to them. In fact, during one of the scenes when I must leap from a passing boat to the bank I had to leave them off entirely.

IN Berlin we were fortunate enough to be present at the autumn maneuvers of the German Army. The Pathé Company had acquired the film privileges for the spectacle, but by ingenious maneuvering and concealing of the camera, we managed to get some scenes in the streets as the parade returned to the city. The camera had been set up in a window but Olcott remained outside on a balcony. As the Kaiser, gorgeously uniformed, approached on horseback, our irrepressible director waved an American flag and shouted at the top of his lungs: "Hoch der Kaiser!" Of course his Majesty looked full in the camera and even smiled a little!

We were expected back in New York six weeks after leaving, but it was now early September and the tourist rush homeward had begun. We haunted the booking offices and finally Olcott and Hollister obtained a cabin which had been relinquished because of illness. It looked as if I would be left alone in Berlin and the prospect was not pleasing. But luck again favored me. On the day that Sid and George were to leave for Cherbourg whom should I meet but my "Berlin mother," Mrs. Lucille Graves, whom I have mentioned before as Social Directress of The American Woman's Club. After three years' stay abroad she had been called home. She volunteered to get passage back for both of us and shooed me off to Elberfeld to spend two happy weeks with my people. I was fortunate enough to attend my sister's dress rehearsal and first two performances before joining Mrs. Graves at Antwerp and taking passage on the *Maniton* of the Red Star Line, a little thirty-five-hundred-ton, one-class steamer headed for Boston, a dilapidated hulk which took two weeks to make the trip.

Kalem sent a delegation to Boston to welcome the truant home, and the morning after reaching New York I was in make-up, acting before the camera in a perfectly constructed interior of the little Irish cottage outside Cork. The grandmother was "doubled" by Mrs. Santley, an easy trick, for she was supposed to be dying and a big filled cap hid most of the face. The interiors for the Spreewald cottage and the New York scenes of the same picture had also been constructed while I was on the way home. In a little more than two months from the day we had sailed from New York, the three pictures were finished. We had traveled over six thousand miles and had filmed scenes in four countries and on the high seas.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN THE JANUARY ISSUE]

The Tree of Life

[SEE PAGE 46]

THE Tree of Delight was exhibited in the Grand Central Art Galleries last spring among other embroidered wall panels. When one of the COMPANION editors saw it she knew at once that it was just the sort of design that many of the COMPANION readers would enjoy working out and having in their homes. So forthwith arrangements were made with Mr. Arthur Crisp, the artist who designed it, to allow the COMPANION to reproduce it in full color. Even that cannot do justice to the soft richness of the original.

It is interesting to note that the whole panel was worked by the artist's mother, Mrs. Ella Crisp, who is sixty-seven years old. The stitches are varied in character and used ingeniously in original ways, so that the result is most unusual and pleasing.

The frame was made by hand by Mr. Crisp and is of wood gilded and carved and colored. As the panel of embroidery has its own border, a frame could be dispensed with or a very simple gold one used. The protection of glass of course is worth considering in the case of such a lovely piece of handwork.

2568-A--The Tree of Delight: wall picture (27 x 35 inches) stamped on natural-colored linen, with key for colors, wool for embroidery and directions \$3.00

Use the color page itself as a guide to color.

How to ORDER: Address Woman's Home Companion, Service Department, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

CASH'S NAMES

Are Ideal Xmas Gifts. The search for something unique, something different, something useful, inexpensive finds its perfect solution in CASH'S NAMES. Many of your friends use them and they are the ideal way to mark all linen and cloth. Give CASH'S NAMES to everyone on your Xmas list this year. Order from your dealer or write:

Trial Offer
Send 10c for one dozen of your own first name woven in flax thread on fine emerald tape.

J. & J. CASH, INC.
128th St., South Norwalk, Conn.

Kissproof

LIPSTICK—adds just that touch of color—delicate—no alluring nature's own blending in the original "won't come off" lip rouge. Water-resistant. Have no effect. It stays on—vivid—yet so softly as to give only the shade that nature intended.

GIVEN
Send your name and address for large introductory size Kissproof Lipstick. Enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

KISSPROOF, INC., Dept. 2119
3012 Clybourn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FEMINE HYGIENE

Many dainty-looking women have become attracted by using Stirizol for feminine hygiene. It gives dainty, fresh and clean feeling at once.

Physicians are prescribing Stirizol for feminine hygiene because it is softening and healing. It eliminates body odors quickly and is very soothing to tired, burning feet.

For more than 20 years Stirizol has proved its softness and refreshes immediately, is extremely effective and yet not poisonous. The \$1.00 jar of Stirizol Powder will make many quarts of solution.

At your Druggist's or order direct from **STIRIZOL** VERY REFRESHING
33 Water Street, Ossining, N. Y.

The Ideal Xmas Gift for Children

INDIVIDUAL-NAME PENCIL SETS

50c

A genuine Leather case with reindeer on flap. Any name engraved in 18 Kt. gold on a pencil, pen, case and ruler. Complete, money order or cash.

Larger Leather Set with Coin pocket 75c

AMER PRINT CO., 656 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Maternity Style Book Free

MATERNITY apparel with no maternity look. Dresses, coats, corsets, underwear. Clever design and fitting provides ample expansion and consoling condition. Also, apparel for baby. Style Book sent FREE.

Sane Bryant Address Dept. 27 New York

BOOT MILLS

LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.

SCRIM CURTAINS

IN WHITE, BEIGE OR ECRA

Big Profits in Candy Making

Allen Bradley, famous teacher, shows how to make delicious "Amazing Home-Made Candies." Work sheet formulae, equipment boxes, adv. cards, full outline plans—everything provided. Make money after 1st Lesson. Quick Profits assured. Write today for free "work sheet" on FREE.

American School of Home Economics, 825 E. 58th St., Chicago

GO IN BUSINESS

SHARI BUREAU

Men and Women earn \$10 to \$100 weekly operating a "New System Specialty Candy Factory." Unlimited opportunity. Complete instruction and tools furnished. Only a few dollars required to begin. Write for big FREE BOOK—today.

W. HILLIER RAGSDALE, Drawer 122, East Orange, N. J.

ALWAYS Ask For DENISON'S—53 Years of Hits
Comedy Dramas, Vaudeville Acts, Farces, Musical Plays, Monologues, Songs, Comedies, Revues, Make-up Goods, Minstrel, Blackface Skits, Comedy Songs, Catalog Free.

S. DENISON & CO., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 121, CHICAGO

W. OTT ENGRAVING CO.
Script Lettering including two sets of envelopes. 100 Visiting Cards—One Dollar. Write for Samples. W. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1036 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.