

THE EVENING WORLD'S NEW PICTURE-STORY SERIES—A COMPLETE STORY EACH WEEK

WHEN COURAGE WON

Part Two—When Hope Fleed

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Scenario by Joseph Keogh

Unhurt by the fall down the crumbling river bank, but caught in the swift current of the rushing rapids, Rita and Jim sweep swiftly along, battling desperately for their lives.

Hearing Rita's scream, Frank had turned just in time to see the two beginning their perilous plunge. Rita's danger at first staggers him, then he swiftly thinks.

Seeing rocks jutting into the stream at a point below, Frank runs steadily toward them. If he can reach them in time he may yet save Rita from death.

He reaches the rock, clings to its slippery surface and grasps for Rita, who is sweeping nearer every second. But an eddy carries her almost beyond his reach.

Desperately striving to reach her, Frank feels himself slipping, then, as he grasps her, feels himself drawn irresistibly into the swift and merciless current.

Just ahead now are the "Red Rock Falls." The two see Jim swept over them and realize that unless a miracle prevents a like fate inevitably awaits them.—Continued to-morrow.



About Plays and Players

Broadway hears the theatrical district is to have just what it has been needing badly ever since the war began—another playhouse. This time the long felt want will be filled by Peter Newton, the report says, and the theatre will be another little affair, with the usual capacity of 250. A man who has heard all the details says it will be called the Toy and will be ready for occupancy before the end of spring.

Mr. Newton has been giving theatrical performances for children in Boston. His plan for the Toy here is to have entertainments for children afternoons and repertoires for grown-up evenings. Boston has a little theatre known as the Toy. The New York Toy will be built on the Aladdin stage, whatever that may be. A complete announcement covering the proposition is expected after the holidays. Mr. Newton is preparing to give two children's entertainments at the Hotel Plaza Dec. 28 and Jan. 2 for the war fund in which the Commission of Mercy is interested.

With the completion of the New-York House New York will have at least five little theatres with the 250 capacity—namely, the Toy, the Little Theatre, the Prince's, the Punch and Judy and the Bandbox. If the practice of building theatres in New York continues it won't be long until there'll be one for the use of each family and that will make theatre-going much more exclusive.

A GLANCE AHEAD. The fact that almost every week brings with it plans for the construction of a new theatre somewhere in Greater New York really calls for commemoration in rhyme. So, if you will grant your indulgence a moment, here goes:

As you have made some such in the past, you will be built a theatre. And you will be built a theatre. And you will be built a theatre. And you will be built a theatre.

SURPRISES HER MANAGERS. Pearl Evans, whose official designation is prima donna, appears to be a very sensible woman. Because of the stringent conditions in the theatrical business brought on by the war, Lillian & Bratton, her managers, felt that they must ask her to accept a cut in salary. George Goswami, manager for the firm, summoned Miss Evans and suggested that she accept a reduction of 40 per cent., expecting the nature of temperance as a result. But Miss Evans smiled and said "No, thank you very much." The next day Lillian & Bratton received a letter from her. It read: "My husband and I talked things over last night and I have decided to go on to make that reduction 50 per cent. until conditions improved."

"S'MATTER POP?"



FLOOEY AND AXEL—In OUR Opinion, Axel Might Easily Be Mistaken for a Big Simp!



THE MARRYING OF MARY—Uncle Josephus Was a Good Argument Until He Shed His Physique



ing from it. Yesterday he learned that they hadn't been able to make out what he was writing about. In the Chicago "On Trial" company will be Harry Mestayer, Len Baker, Harry C. Browne, Jane Wheatley, Emily Ann Wellman, Neil Moran and Thomas J. Meighan.

BILL, HE JOKES. Bill Muller, who "patters" around in Richard Lambert's office, decided to tell Larry Giffen a joke yesterday. "Did you hear about the explosion in Central Park?" asked Bill. "No," replied Larry. "Two bunns full of a bench." "Who was the other one?" asked Larry.

THEY PROBABLY WON'T. Margaret Mayo and Hayard Veiller yesterday promised each other that each would write the first act of a play before midnight to-night. George M. Cohan has been known to accomplish the same sort of a feat in five hours.

A FOOT NOTE. Hamilton Revelle, rehearsing in "Secret Strings," really ought to apply the safety first rule to his feet. If a gunman were to shoot at Mr. Revelle's head he'd probably hit him in the feet. And this is where the real story begins.

Mr. Revelle was crossing Broadway at Forty-eighth Street yesterday when Mabel Talbot came along and stepped on his foot. "What are you doing?" asked Mabel.

\$25.00 AWARDED EACH WEEK TO EVENING WORLD READERS FOR ACCEPTED PICTURE-STORY SCENARIOS.

THE EVENING WORLD each week is printing at the top of this page a picture story, the scenario for which was written by a reader of this paper, who has been awarded TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS. Each story is completed in one week.

THE EVENING WORLD will print one of these picture-stories each week, and the readers of this paper are invited to write the scenarios. Each week the writer of the scenario from which the pictures are drawn will receive \$25 and the name of the author will be published with the pictures.

PHONETIC SYSTEM USED. The name is now Lopokova. If you please, it used to be Logokova, but Harrison Gray Fiske joined the Phonetic League for Theatrical Managers shortly after engaging the young woman for a production and cut out the unnecessary letters in her name. He says the "w" was pronounced as "v" anyway, and that the "u" was silent as in "Tospeka."

JOHN SMITH—IMPOSSIBLE. The star of the show which is coming to Pilsley next week is John Smith—Pilsley (Miss) Star.

HERE'S SOME ADVICE. Keep away from the theatrical business unless you have money or much influence, as well as great talent or extraordinary good looks. Jane Fride, in Boston Traveller, "And," she might have added, "if you have all these attributes, try to get a good agent."

READ CAREFULLY

HOW TO SUBMIT THE SCENARIOS. Scenarios must be original, not taken from or built upon any motion picture, fiction story or work that has appeared anywhere in copyright form.

They must be written legibly and cleanly, preferably typewritten, on one side of each sheet of paper.

The story must be told in exactly thirty-six scenes, with a "suspense" in every sixth scene, the end of each day's installment.

Only stories of the "melodramatic" type, with lots of snap and action, suspense and "thrills" will be adaptable for use, preferably those in which the action takes place in New York City. Merely outline the story and the movements of the characters.

Manuscripts must be sent flat or folded and not rolled. The author's name and address must be written on the first page of the manuscript.

It shall be understood that with the sale of the scenario to THE EVENING WORLD all rights thereto are surrendered to this paper.

The editor reserves the right to make any changes in accepted scenarios that he may think necessary to render them available for publication.

ADDRESS SCENARIOS TO THE PICTURE-STORY EDITOR, THE EVENING WORLD, 15 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY.

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Good Stories of the Day

Art in Cleveland. We went up to the Caxton Building the other day to call on an artistic friend. Perhaps we have expressed ourselves badly; we do not refer to a person who makes an art out of friendship, but to one who by his painting gains friends.

Anyhow, we called on this fellow, and found him doing a war dance about his studio.

"What on earth has happened?" we asked.

"I've sold that painting!" he cried. "Fine!" said we; "what are you going to paint next?"

"The town!"

And he did.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Was Some Enthusiast. A FEW days ago a stranger happened in a certain town, and, after looking up and down the street for a minute or so, he accosted a man who was passing.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "are you a resident of this town?"

"I am sir," responded the other, halting. "What can I do for you?"

"I am looking for the post office."

returned the stranger. "Can you tell me how far it is from here?"

"Certainly," was the prompt answer of the native. "It is just about a good brassie away, a full midiron."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

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"THROUGH PATHS OF PERIL"

WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. Ever hear the story of the three boys?

"No."

"No."