

PHOTOPLAYS AND PHOTOPLAYERS

By GARDNER MACK.

THE BEST Photo-play Department in WASHINGTON

Crawled Through the Box Office Window To Success in Film Plays

Crawling to the stage through the box office window is said to be one of the hardest feats in the world to perform, according to the students of the theater. And Robert Edeson, up to the present time, has been the only distinguished example of a person who attained success in this way. George Ovey has been entered as Edeson's only competitor, and to the East Ovey is known as a photo-play better than as a stage comedian. Edeson, it will be remembered, was the assistant treasurer of a Brooklyn theater when he went into the acting end of the business and a bet he could not find a member of the company playing at his house.

Ovey's career had much the same beginning. He was assistant treasurer of a theater in Kansas City in 1900, when some member of a company playing at the theater became ill, and Ovey offered to take the part. He had been wanting something like this to happen for a long time, because he had always felt that his real vocation was behind the foot-light rather than the ticket rack. He made a success of his first part, and immediately was engaged for a minstrel company.

Later he appeared in musical comedies and became popular throughout the West. He was appearing in a Los Angeles theater about six months ago when Milton Fahrney saw him. Fahrney has been a motion picture director almost since the business was invented, and when he saw Ovey he recognized what he thought was real film comedy ability. Fahrney was with the Hovey-Mutual forces, and engaged the comedian at once. The "Cub" comedies were made with the picture man vehicles, and he has become very popular.

Some days ago attention was called to the fact that Roger W. Babson proposed to put life into the dry bones of statistics by making them subjects for motion pictures. Just how Mr. Babson expected to make such things as views upon rows of figures interesting by means of motion pictures was not apparent, although the statistician was very enthusiastic about the thing. Mr. Babson has done it and with his little railroad trains and steamships and piles of exports and imports he has really invented a fascinating system of pictures.

The pictures have been shown here during the past week or so as a part of the Paramount program, and include all sorts of statistics—particularly those dealing with food stuffs, manufactured articles, etc. To make these things plain to the motion picture patrons the films start with a statement of what it is proposed to show and advice to the spectator to "watch the little railroad train" or "watch the little steamship."

A lined sheet is then seen divided into columns at the top of which appear the years to be covered, one for each column, and the amounts to be started, one for each horizontal line in the page. A railroad train is then started over the page following a zig-zag track showing the upward and downward trend of the figures. Usually the film ends with the exhibition of two large piles of goods, one being the first year and the other being the last that is treated in the statistical tables. Or the piles might be of wheat or of bales of cotton. Again the two pictures might show two railroad trains—anything in fact to show the comparative size of the maximum and minimum figures, the increase or the decrease.



\*ENID MARKEY. The leading woman in one of the newest Triangle Film Plays to be seen shortly at the Garden Theater.

THE RED CIRCLE

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE. Author of "The Fighter," "Caleb Conover," "Syria From the Saddle," etc. Novelized from the Pathe Photo Play of the Same Name by Will M. Ritchey. (Copyright, 1915, by Albert Payson Terhune.)

(Synopsis of Previous Installments.) Max Lamar, crime specialist, receives a note from Chief of Police Allen informing him of the release of "Circle" Jim Borden, a notorious criminal, and his future activities. The name "Circle" comes from the hereditary "red circle" which appears on the right hand in each generation of the Borden family. June Travis and her mother, interested in the reform of ex-convicts, are awaiting Borden's release. Borden refuses their aid, and is about to strike the persistent June, when Lamar comes up and deters him. Borden's son Ted, a good-for-nothing, loses his position, and desperate for want of money, is about to steal a man's watch, when his father comes upon him and pulls him away; the man raising a cry of thief. Pursued by a large crowd, Lamar among them, Borden and his son reach a secret passageway to his room. Lamar learns from a boy playing nearby its exact location, and sending the lad for aid, starts through the subterranean way. Old Borden, brooding over the degradation of his son, seals the room in which the boy is asleep and turns on the gas. Lamar reaches the room, but his revolver is wrested from him by Borden, who tells Lamar he will annihilate the Borden family after he has killed the detective. Lamar escapes death at the hands of the fanatical Borden by the timely arrival of the police. Borden kills himself. The gas has asphyxiated the son. Thinking that the circle-banded family is extinct, Lamar is surprised to see the Red Circle on the hand of a woman in a swifly moving automobile. He manages to get the license number. Grant, a notorious loan shark, is locked in his vault and a batch of valuable notes are stolen. Hastening to notify the police, he finds his chauffeur and car to be missing. He reaches the police headquarters in a taxicab, and tells Chief of Police Allen of his loss. Lamar is present. As they speak, the missing car is seen passing the same one that Lamar is interested in. "They overtake the car, but occupant has gone. The chauffeur shows a forged order for the car. The woman in black sinks into a nearby park and turns her coat inside out, exposing a dress and hat of white. (Continued from Yesterday.)



—"Twenty Years Ago Mrs. Travis accompanied Mr. Travis on a Western trip. I was the maid." It was Mary who spoke in a voice which seemed to come wafting over the past—the voice of a spirit that had suddenly disembodied itself and was speaking to a phantom present from over the vale of a reality that was—twenty years ago. And as she listened the girl beside her learned the secret of the uncontrollable desire for crime that sometimes surged within her and brought with it that sanguine red band that branded the back of her hand—

THE RED CIRCLE

This was the secret that the faithful Mary had kept locked within her faithful heart these past twenty years. THE RED CIRCLE is a remarkable story of heredity, romance and adventure, written by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE for this paper, from the photoplay by Will M. Ritchey. Read the story, then see the wonderful PATHE PICTURES produced by BALBOA with RUTH ROLAND and FRANK MAYO at your favorite theatre

promise to pay George Grant ten dollars (\$10), as first installment on my loan of one hundred dollars (\$100), plus interest at the rate of 10 per cent a week. Total payment due, \$20. Signed, John L. Peterson.

June Travis' fingers rifled the sheet. Most of the papers were of much the same nature as was the first, and for varying sums at exorbitant interest. Early a document was quite witness to a tale of poverty and of the greedy advantage Grant had taken of such poverty. Gathering up the papers, June went into her sitting room, placed a chair in front of a typewriter and began to rap away at the keys. For a full hour she wrote—a bare half-dozen lines on each sheet—addressing an envelope for each.

This task finished, she stacked the little pile of letters, ready for mailing. Without waiting to put on her hat she ran downstairs and out of the house by a rear door, to a nearby mail-box. In this she posted her stack of letters, and made her way back to her sitting-room, uninvited. After which she once more picked up the documents stolen from George Grant's desk; crumpled them into a ball; set a match to them; held them until they were ash, and tossed them. "There goes a sheaf of heartaches!" she sighed. "Oh, if only all poverty could be destroyed as easily!"

Mary, June's nurse, was more a member of the Travis family than a servant. She had lived with Mrs. Travis since long before June was born; she had comforted the stricken wife when her husband died; she had loved June from the day of the winsome girl's birth. In early years, it was Mary who had nursed June and every subsequent ailment; in later days the nurse was even more closely her confidante than was Mrs. Travis herself.

When June had come home that day and, passing Mary and Mrs. Travis on the veranda, had gone on to her room, Mary's anxious eyes had read the girl's face and had seen trouble lurking here. The nurse had said nothing; but, later, when June had retired, she had tried her upstairs. Softly she tried the door of the girl's sitting room. It was locked. Mary bent down to see, through the keyhole, if June were still in the room. She had had a brief glimpse of her; kneeling at the fireplace, watching some papers burn. Wandering, yet not daring to intrude, the old woman had tipped away.

But early next morning, while she was putting the sitting room to rights, Mary chanced to see half a charred piece of paper lying on the hearth. She picked it up. On the unburned half of the paper, she read:

"Seven days from date, or to pay George Grant ten-third installment on my loan of fifty-dollars interest of the rate-per week. Total payment due, \$15.—Signed Joe Bro.—"

Mary puzzled over the fragment in stark perplexity. To her it meant nothing. And she could not understand how her darling should have happened to possess such a thing, or why she had tried to burn it. But as she placed the morning newspaper on the table, for June, a few minutes later, the stars and stripes fell on these old headlines: "VEILED WOMAN IN BLACK ROBS LOAN BROKER GRANT"

"Notes of Chens, Owing Money, Are Missing—Chief of Police Vice-Tim's Auto and Escapes."

Mary let the newspaper fall to the floor for the first time. And now she examined the charred note. And now she knew what it was. (Continued Tomorrow.)

On the Fence. The Recruiting Official—One "gran-father living" is he on your father's or mother's side? "Oh, no, varies, sir, he sticks up for both on 'em—a sort of neutral.—London Sketch.

Painful Swollen Veins Quickly Relieved and Reduced Mrs. E. M. Remier, of Federal, Kansas, writes an interesting account of her success in reducing a severe case of enlarged veins that should be encouraging to others similarly afflicted. She suffered with badly swollen and inflamed veins (in fact, one had broken) for more than seven years before she became acquainted with Absorbine, Jr., and used it. Absorbine, Jr., was faithfully applied for several weeks, and, to quote from her letter, "The large knots in the veins all went, and I was healed, and has not bothered me since."

Absorbine, Jr., is an antiseptic liniment—cooling, and soothing. See and pleasant to use. \$1.00 and \$2.00 at your druggist's or per. paid. Liberal trial bottle postpaid for 3c to 15c. nps. W. D. Young, E. D. F. 418 Temple St., Springfield, Mass. —Adv.

U. S. ARMOR FACTORY PLAN GAINS IN FAVOR

Predictions Freely Made Bill to Authorize Enterprise Will Be Passed Soon.

Supporters of the proposed legislation for a Government armor plate factory have been quietly rousing sentiment in the Senate and House, and have found that sentiment such as to encourage them greatly. Predictions are freely made both in Senate and House circles that a bill will be passed before the session is far advanced authorizing the establishment of a Government armor plate plant.

Senator Ashurst of Arizona, who has long been working hard for such legislation, predicted that a bill will go through the Senate. He has conferred with a number of Senators about it. In responsible quarters in the House the feeling is declared to be strong for a Government armor plate factory. In House Naval Affairs Committee circles there is known to be much support for it. The view expressed by some of the members of the committee is that the armor plate companies have brought the legislation on themselves. They cite the recent failure of private companies to put in satisfactory bids on the two new superdreadnaughts because they could not get steel and other materials as evidence that it is time for the Government to take steps to protect itself in the matter of warship construction.

However, specific reasons for a Government armor plate factory are not the only factors working toward the passage of the bill in question. The sentiment in Congress for Government manufacture of war materials in general is more powerful than it has ever been, and it is likely that this feeling will have important effect on the whole program of naval and military legislation this session.

Motor Firm Incorporated. Articles Incorporating the William P. Barnhart Company, automobiles and accessories, at 1707-1709 Fourteenth street northwest, at a capital stock of \$25,000, have been filed with the recorder of deeds by the trustees, William P. Barnhart, Paul Barnhart, and Milton J. Phillips.

YOU'LL ALWAYS MAKE FINE Miller's Self-Rising Backwheat. —HOT GRIDDLE CAKES IF you use MILLER'S Self-Rising Backwheat. It's the "real thing"—milled from choice mountain grown GRAIN. Ask for it at your GROCER'S.

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DOES YOUR STOMACH TROUBLE YOU? MAYR'S Wonderful Stomach Remedy will change that Long Face!

And One Dose Has Often Dispelled Years of Suffering. Mayr's Wonderful Remedy can really be termed WONDERFUL. No matter how you live—you will find people who have suffered with Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments, etc., and have been restored to health and are loud in their praise of this remedy. It acts on the source and foundation of these ailments, removing the poisonous acids and bile secretions, taking out the inflammation from the intestinal tract and assists in rendering the same antiseptic. Sufferers are urged to try one dose—which alone should relieve your suffering and convince you that Mayr's Wonderful Remedy should restore you to good health. Put it to a test today. Send for booklet on Stomach Ailments to Geo. H. Mayr, Mfg. Chemist, 150 Wabash St., Chicago, or, 120 W. 11th St., New York. Still, obtain a bottle from your druggist. For sale by druggists everywhere.—Adv.

White Rock UNSURPASSED MINERAL WATER

HOTEL SEVILLE NEW YORK. SUITES OF ALL SIZES AT VERY ATTRACTIVE PRICES. HALF A BLOCK FROM FIFTH AV. AT MADISON AV. AND 29TH ST. Rooms with Bath, for Two, \$3 Per Day Up. Single Rooms, \$1.50 Per Day.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING HEIR One Richard Lundy, heir to a million, is lost in South Africa. His lawyer, Percy Hutch, meantime pockets Dick's dividends and grows rich thereby. When suddenly, by means of psychic phenomena, mysterious upheavals, Dick comes to life. It would be all very melodramatic and exciting if those clowns, Blackie Daw, J. Rufus Wallingford and Union Jones, hadn't busted the romance and played a farce with Percy! THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD have been humorous. But here's the high spot of it all. If you can view "The Missing Heir" without a laughing pain—something's wrong! The exceptional Pathé motion pictures, directed by Wharton Bros., starring Burr McIntosh, Max Figman and Lolita Robertson, come to your theatre through the local PATHE EXCHANGE The George Randolph Chester stories, from which the motion pictures are scenariorized, appear simultaneously in the Sunday Times Times Want Ads Bring Results

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