

Star in "Lightnin'" Dies in Chicago of Heart Attack

Frank Bacon, Who Played Part of "Bill Jones," Expires in Hotel After Short Illness.

Chicago, Nov. 19.—Frank Bacon, one of the most widely known actors on the American stage, as the result of his extraordinary success in the part of Bill Jones in "Lightnin'," which he had to write, died at his hotel here today.

After four and one-half years in the role, Bacon was compelled by illness to retire from the cast of the play a week ago. He had been suffering from arterio sclerosis for some time, but declared he was just tired and would resume his work in two weeks.

Accompanied by his wife and daughter, Mrs. Matthew Allen, he was taken to an outlying hotel, in the hope that he would rally sufficiently to be moved to his home in New York.

He had been in the part of "Lightnin'" since he created it in the play, which he had written, and he had insisted that he would soon be out, but he became steadily weaker.

Saturday morning he suffered a heart attack and fell into a coma from which he never rallied, his death taking place shortly after 2 o'clock this morning. He is survived by his wife, daughter, and a son, Lloyd, of Los Angeles.

The funeral services will be held in Chicago Wednesday and the body will be removed to his boyhood home in California.

Mr. Bacon was born in Marysville, Cal., 28 years ago. He left school when he was 14, becoming successful by a sheep herder, an advertising copy editor, newspaper editor, and candidate for the California assembly.

He had collaborated with Winchell Smith in the writing of the play which ran for three years in New York and nearly a year and a half here.

Worn by the steady acting, Mr. Bacon had been under a physician's care for some time before he finally consented to take a rest. But there was nothing in his last performance, a week ago Saturday, to indicate his illness.

Perhaps he drew his hand across his forehead now a little more realistically, perhaps the break in his voice was just a trifle more real, but that was all.

"Are you all right?" he was asked by his wife after the curtain fell.

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Bacon, "I'm all right; but, oh, I'm so tired."

THE SILENT DRAMA

An underground cavern full of glittering diamonds makes an effective background for Bobe Daniels' wholehearted love making in "Pink Gods," the feature at the Strand this week.

James Kirkwood in the role of Queli is supposed to represent the late Cecil Rhodes. Anna Q. Nilsson will cast as the haughty English beauty and Bebe Daniels, who has the lead, naturally fits well with a few bunches of diamonds, for she is a luxurious creature.

You can't escape the frozen north in the moving pictures. You think that for a week you're to be allowed to forget it, but even such masterly caricatures as Buster Keaton's recent escape fail to convince the producers that the Yukon is palling on their imaginations.

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SOULS for SALE

Under a vast umbrella and behind shields of black flats called "niggers" the battery of camera men stood arranging faces and lights. Two of them held cameras that would shoot closeups, while the others caught the long shots, for there would be no chance of taking special closeups.

After an hour or more of harrowing delay the army was ready for the last. Men climbed up the scaffolding back of the palatial front door and porch. The assistant director, excited, held the signal in his hand.

A gentle rain fell from the pipes. The fire hose, aimed up in the air, added to its volume. The wind machine set up its mad clatter. The rain became a deluge of flying water and the lightning filled it with shattering fire.

Then Mem was called forth. She clutched her cloak about her and thrust into the tempest. It was like driving through a slightly rarefied atmosphere. She hardly reached the pillar at the edge of the porch, clutched it for a moment, caught a quick breath, and flung down the steps.

She was dripping and as hot as she ran into one of the property men, who checked her. Kendrick came to her and gave her an accolade of approval. He patted her shoulder and said:

"Fine! But in the next scene hold your cloak about you a little tighter. The wind was so strong and your clothes are wet. You must be careful of you left to the imagination. In some states the censors may cut the whole scene out. But we won't risk it."

When it came to speed, Barbara could beat a radio to Cuba," says a subtle "Up and at 'em," which opened at the Empress yesterday. Barbara, who is Doris May, doesn't move quite that fast, but she masquerades as a chauffeur, drives her car like a demon, pursues the villain, gets thrown into a box car with some tramps and moves plenty fast enough.

The Rialto, offering "The Cowboy and the Lady," not only presents a novel angle to the so-called eternal triangle, but gets a little different slant on the wild west. Tom Moore as the "dude" cowboy, manages to create a new sort of western type, and Mary Miles Minter as the eastern woman, brings a degenerate husband to Wyoming in the hopes of winning his soul, does some good emotional acting that is sufficiently restrained, and provides the audience with thrills when she took a 20-foot drop into a plunging stream.

At the World the genial smiling Herbert Rawlinson portrays the role of a traveling man who is duped by crooks into doing their work, and who has a hard time finally sparing himself with the population of the small town where he carried on his operations. It is a picture of not much consequence, but with a light vein running through it.

What a darling Precilla Dean is as Cigarette in that ancient drama, "Under Two Flags," revived in movies and now at the Star. Precilla is a handsome girl, especially in her little French chausser uniform, and more particularly when, for a brief space, she poses as a queen of the desert and almost of the harem.

And there's James Kirkwood, than whom no actor is fuller of manly virility, taking the part of the corporal Victor, the mysterious, with whom Cigarette falls in love with all the power of her jealous, passionate nature and in spite of his apparent indifference.

Plenty of action in a big way, too, with the French and the Arab armies galloping through the sand in great shape. Ethel Gray Terry makes a wonderful Princess Corona (not portable, and you'll hate Stuart Holmes, that two-faced screen villain, worse than ever.

Screen Programs Today

- Star—"Under Two Flags."
Rialto—"Cowboy and the Lady."
World—"Confidence."
Moose—"Snowshoe Trail."
Strand—"Pink Gods."
Empress—"Up and at 'em."
Mue—"Top of the Morning."
Victoria—"Broadway Rose."
Grand—"Rich Men's Wives."
Hamilton—"Silent Call."

Parents' Problems

Should children be paid for doing chores at home? If parents can afford to pay a child a small amount, it is a good way to furnish a child with spending money. If not, a child should be told that they are doing all they can for the child and expect him to do his share cheerfully.

Common Sense

Don't Be an Eye-Service Individual. When you are put on your honor and allowed to do things as you wish without dictation, are you more particular than you would be if under parental or school control? If so, you are to be trusted.

Common Sense

It does not show a balanced mind to be running either and neither as soon as you can get out from under influence or control. You will always be an underling as long as this spirit actuates your life.

Common Sense

During cold, damp weather take one Laxative BROMO QUININE Tablet just before retiring every night. Its tonic and laxative effect will fortify the system against Colds, Grip and Influenza.

10c per Box. E. M. Brown

SLEEPY-TIME TALES FATTY COON MORE OF HIS ADVENTURES

CHAPTER XXIX The Toy Balloon. If Johnnie Green hadn't happened to go to the village and buy a toy balloon this story would never have been written.

Johnnie Green hadn't happened to go to the village and buy a toy balloon this story would never have been written. Furthermore, it wouldn't have been written if the balloon hadn't got away from Johnnie. He was very proud of his purchase.

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My Marriage Problems

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