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# PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

January

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MARIE DORO

In this Issue—

*How the Motion Picture Saved the World*  
A Sensational Revelation by William A. Brady

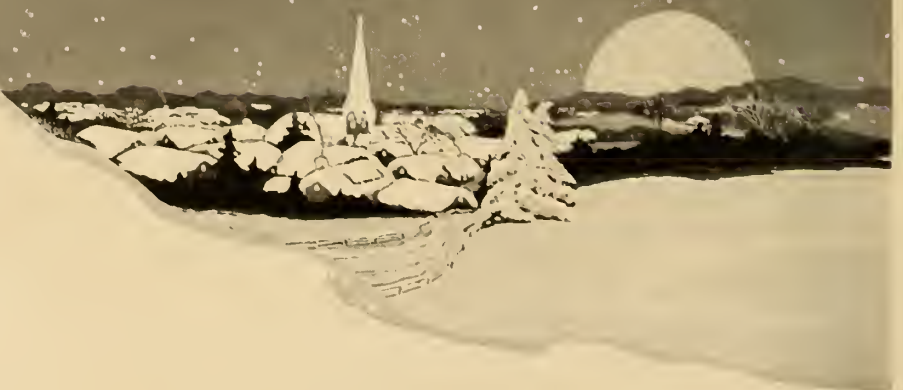


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## Industries that are winning the war

**A**GRICULTURE, steel, oil, transportation — all indispensable weapons. But there is another weapon to be fittingly grouped with them—a weapon of the heart—*motion pictures!*

Fittingly grouped with them, too, on their own basis of volume of business done and amount of capital invested, *as well as* on the basis of performing the indispensable duty of keeping up the national heart.

It is common knowledge that the quality of all others that America has brought to the Allies is buoyant morale, lightness of heart—and it is common knowledge from coast to coast that it is *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures that have been adopted by the whole nation as the romantic fuel of its cheery temper

*Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures have actually accomplished the magnificent destiny of raising the screen to the importance of a first-grade *weapon of victory*

In thousands upon thousands of American communities the great *Paramount*

and *Artcraft* Pictures, aflame with the purpose of victory, have shaped the public morale—the stuff of which victory is made—to a steely resoluteness!

No wonder the President has expressed his appreciation of the war-value of motion pictures!

The men and women of vision behind *Paramount* and *Artcraft* give their word to the nation that the weapon they wield shall always be kept polished and bright—

—bright with the shine “of foremost stars, superbly directed, in clean motion pictures.”

# Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

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THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE PUBLICATION

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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VOL. XV

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No. 2

JANUARY, 1919

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From the Pastel Portrait by W. Haskell Coffin

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## Next Month

*Beginning Geraldine Farrar's Own Story*

FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY, on sale everywhere January 1st, will be distinguished by the first instalment of the most remarkable record of womanly accomplishment ever published: Geraldine Farrar's own story of her life, her struggles and her triumphs. Miss Farrar is without doubt America's most celebrated lady of the arts, for she has achieved mastery in two widely separated fields, and overwhelming popularity in two worlds. In the zenith of her beauty and artistic enthusiasm she had done in the arena of music what Alexander did to the known earth: conquered it all. But, like Alexander, did she pause to weep? She did not; she did what Alexander deemed impossible—she found a new world to vanquish.

That world was the vast dominion of the photoplay, and it is safe to say that her motion picture subjects gained in less than three years, outnumber four to one the vassals of her voice, gathered in the operatic battles of a decade.

Quite naturally the life-story, the self-record, of a person of such extraordinary achievements surpasses in tense interest any external accomplishment. A great deal has been written about Miss Farrar, but at last Miss Farrar has consented to tell her world-wide audience, through the medium of PHOTOPLAY, *the true story of herself.*

The first of the several instalments, appearing next month, will deal with unopened chapters of her childhood and young girlhood and her early days in Paris.

With this wonderfully human narrative go unpublished family portraits, childhood pictures, rare off-stage groups and photographs of the artist in early roles.

*The Art of John Barrymore*

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## Next Month

ican actors. Having won the highest honors of the native stage, Mr. Barrymore thought it no more than honest to say: "I shall never abandon the screen, for it has taught me many things I could never have learned elsewhere"

### *The Confessions of a Male Vampire*

If the truth were known, our most artful vampires are certain handsome and romantic gentlemen. One of them will reveal his velvet villainies in February PHOTOPLAY.

### *The Early Days of Kay-Bee*

The fascinating and never-told romance of the greatest group of picture pioneers—excepting the immortal Biographers. Absorbing reminiscence and rare illustrative remembrance

### *Personalities*

No happening is as interesting as the person or persons who caused the thing to happen. So the real life of those who mimic life is a perpetual fascination.

Among the honest annals, freshly and abundantly illustrated, which PHOTOPLAY has in preparation are factual, vivid, intimate accounts of Jane Novak, Douglas McLean, King Baggett, Zasu Pitts, Roscoe Arbuckle, Lady Tsen Mei, Violet Heming, Constance and Fair Binney, Barbara Castleon, Tallulah Bankhead, Alec B. Francis, Eddie Polo, William Stowell, Jack Mulhall, E. K. Lincoln, Mabel Julienne Scott, Mitchell Lewis, Molly Malone, Wanda Hawley and Catherine Calvert.

### *Other Features*

February PHOTOPLAY will contain the usual surprises — timely features of varied nature that can't be announced here, and in addition:

Interesting new fiction, beautifully illustrated;

The splendid duotone art-section, Scientific and educational articles; Rube Goldberg's second cartoon topic — an apropos scream;

A rare chapter of advice, especially written for PHOTOPLAY's readers by a great new master of scenario writing—and every one of PHOTOPLAY's well-known departments

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**T**WENTY-ONE years ago, in the fall of 1897, J. Stuart Blackton directed his first motion picture. It was a Spanish flag fluttering in the breeze—a huge hand (THE HAND OF BLACKTON) rose slowly into the picture, seized and tore down the Spanish flag and hauled up the Stars and Stripes. This “production” was fifty feet in length, running time less than one minute. The Spanish-American War was on and the little film aroused wild enthusiasm in thousands of theatres where American patriotism was at fever heat.

During succeeding years in the progress of the growing Motion Picture Industry “THE HAND OF BLACKTON” was seen in “*The Haunted Hotel*,” the first trick picture made in America, “*The Life of Moses*,” the first five reel production made anywhere, “*The Christian*,” Hall Caine’s wonderful story, “*The Island of Regeneration*,” Cyrus Townsend Brady’s popular novel, and still later in “*The Battle Cry of Peace*,” written and produced by Mr. Blackton, the first preparedness propaganda picture ever made. In contrast to the “Spanish Flag,” the “Battle Cry” measured 9000 feet in length and required two hours and a half running time. Following this came the military and industrial mobilization picture “*Wo-*

*manhood*,” “*The Glory of the Nation*” and “*Missing*,” Mrs. Humphrey Ward’s successful novel, hailed by the press as “the best war picture of the year.” So much for past achievements.

For the present and future “THE HAND OF BLACKTON” will be seen in “*The Common Cause*” by J. Hartley Manners and Ian Hay Beith, an epic story dealing with the great cause of Humanity—the Getting

Together of the Allied Nations, in “*Safe for Democracy*” by Anthony P. Kelly, which as its title denotes sounds a clarion call for the democratization of the classes, and in “*The Battle Cry of Liberty*,” written by Charles T. Dazey and J. Stuart Blackton, a sequel to the famous “*Battle Cry of Peace*,” which shows the way to real liberty for all the peoples of all the world.

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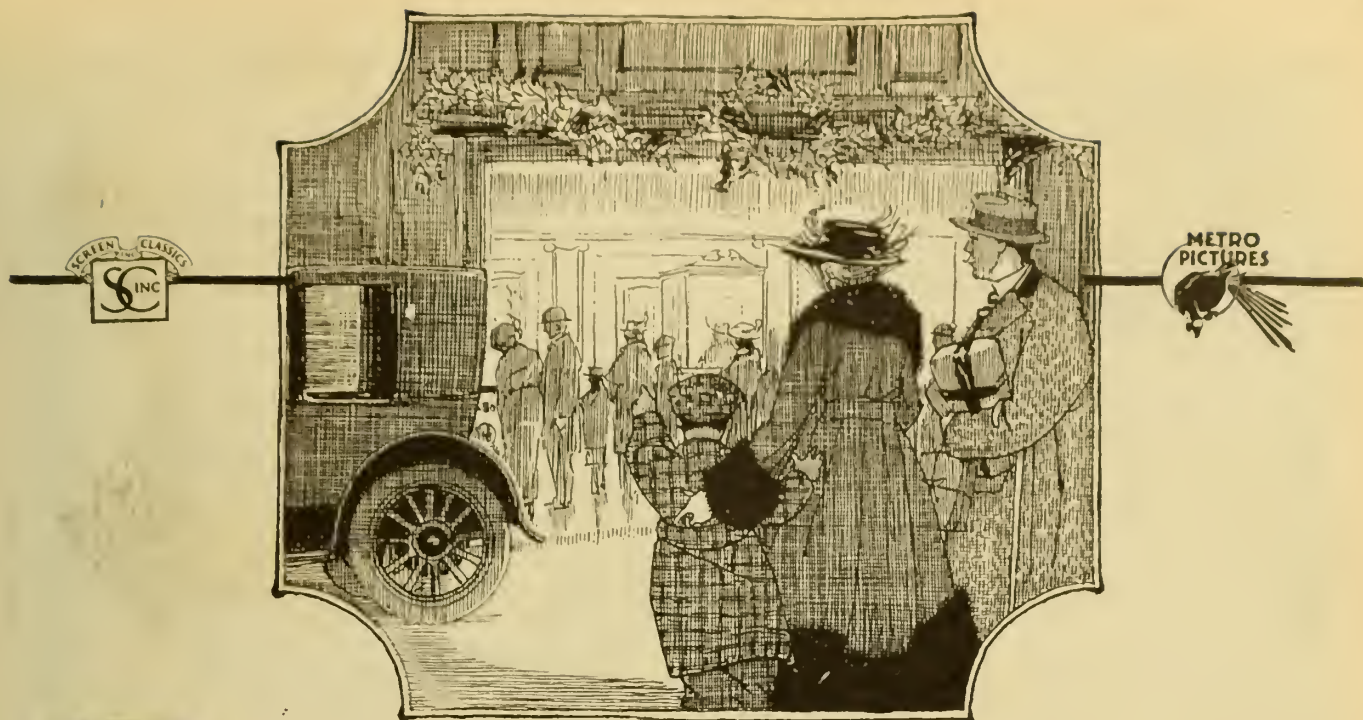
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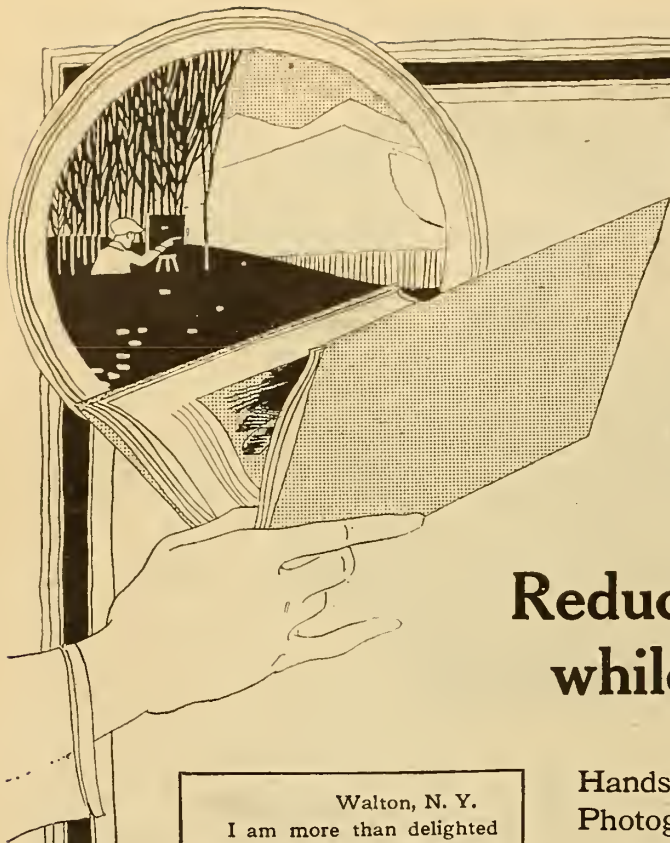
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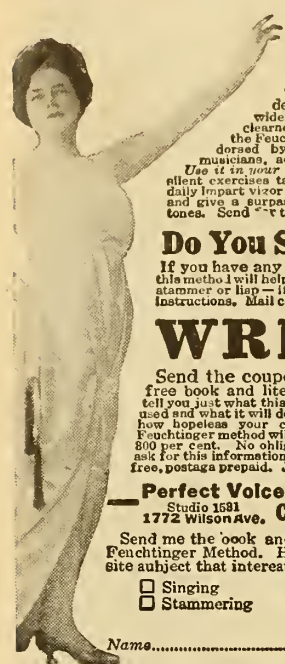
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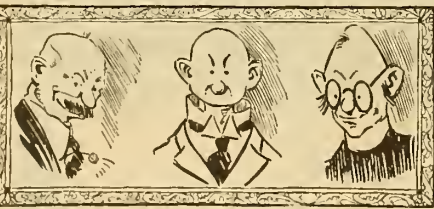
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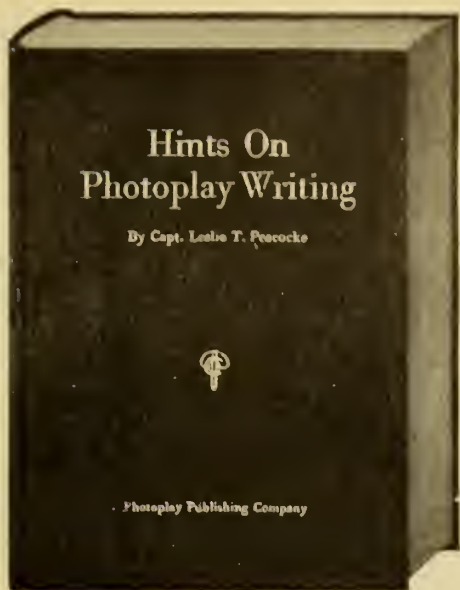
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The perfect bloom of a skin so soft, so fine in texture that it seems the outward sign of an exquisite personal fineness — Read below how by proper treatment you can gain this most appealing of all charms

## The Magic of a fine, soft skin

ONLY BY THE PROPER CARE CAN YOU GAIN THIS CHARM

**I**T DOES not "just happen" that some girls retain the loveliness of a fine, soft complexion. Only by faithfully using the right treatment for the skin can you gain this charm.

You, too, when you were a baby had a fresh, fair skin. Gradually, your skin has lost this magic beauty which rightly belongs to it.

It is exposure to cold winds and, most of all, to dust and dirt that makes the skin coarsen. By proper treatment you can offset these harmful influences; you can bring new life to your skin.

Your skin is changing every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. You can make this new skin what you will.

Examine your skin closely. Its pores should be hardly noticeable. If they already begin to show conspicuously, it is a sign that you

have not been giving your skin the proper care for its needs.

Begin tonight this treatment for reducing enlarged pores and making the skin fine in texture. Use it persistently.

### To make your skin fine in texture

Dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

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Do you lack the exquisite color that comes and goes? Write us for directions for the new steam treatment for pale, sallow skins. It will bring to your skin the fresh, glowing color for which you have longed





Alfred Cheney Johnston

*JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG* has used his quaint comedy conceits to find very positive talent in several young players. Here is Sally Long, another newcomer, who is starring in his camera sketches of metropolitan life.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

*AFTER a year's disappearance in managerial litigation, Anita Stewart comes back to black-and-white life with her popularity apparently undiminished. Briefly past twenty, she is, in pictures, a veteran of veterans.*





Alfred Cheacy Johnston

***L**EONA HUGHES is one of the answers to the question: Who will be the ingenues of tomorrow? You have seen her in Alice Brady's recent photo-plays, and she has had some stage experience as well.*



Campbell

*MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY DREW came to pictures from the stage, and now they have gone to the stage from pictures—temporarily—in "Keep Her Smiling," a spoken comedy like their comediettas of the screen.*





*MARJORIE RAMBEAU* has been more fortunate in dramas than in scenarios, though she has appeared in many photoplays. Here she depicts Columbia, a very brief allegory in Blackton's new picture, "The Common Cause."



© Strauss-Peyton

*WHEN Texas Guinan played "The Gunwoman" for Triangle last winter she gained immediately a large and devoted following. Her admirers will be glad to hear that she is returning to the screen, via World.*

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XV

JANUARY, 1919

NO. 2



**N**INETEEN hundred years ago a Star in the East heralded the first Christmas.

Today, a Star in the West promises the peace and good-will that were prophesied by the orb of Bethlehem.

That Star is America.

America is the one great healer and restorer left in the world, the strong-limbed sister whose hands are left unbroken that she may bind up the hurts of those the good fight for freedom has overthrown.

Every industry, every profession, every art we have must do its utmost to make well a world the Nibelungen wolf has torn.

As a spiritual Samaritan the art of the motion picture—which is entirely America's—is more effective than all the other arts combined.

It will be the Great Healer, the Great Harmonizer, the Universal Friend, in just the degree that it is optimistic, clean, progressive and fearlessly strong.

Whether it will be those things—when the moment comes for its mighty service—or a characterless, impotent trifle, depends upon you.

The majority of the films that will be rushed to all Europe when peace comes will be films that your money has caused to be made, that your patronage has permitted to endure.

A year ago your selection was a forecast of mere neighborhood entertainment. Today you are the untitled censor for millions longing to lift their faces to light and life once more.

From this moment choose among the pictures that come to you those that are clean, optimistic, progressive, intelligent.

At every other Christmas you have received; at this Christmas it is in your power to give, and to keep on giving, to a world spiritually starved.

Put the white fire of splendid humanity within the Star in the West





Matzene

# The Wilson of The Film Business

*The personality and achievements of the man  
who wrote the great story on the next page.*

*By Julian Johnson*

**B**RADY found the business of picture exhibiting a hopeless tangle of stagnant feudalism, and made it one nation of progressive endeavor.

If you don't like figures of speech, let's say the same thing in plain terms of record. On September 2nd last there were two hostile main camps, with a score of faiths, sects and politics in each camp. On September 3d the American Exhibitors' Association and the Motion Picture Exhibitors' League of America had ceased to exist, and in their place was one body, the National Association of the Motion Picture Industry, Exhibitors' Branch, with one faith, no politics, and a very general artistic and patriotic enthusiasm. In the afternoon of that day Brady had contrived to get the leaders of each faction in the same Chicago hotel, though in different rooms,

whereupon he acted as messenger, arbiter, go-between, suggestor and dictator until peace was declared and union came.

You may feel that the exhibitors and their trade arguments concern you very little. In that feeling you're both right and wrong. Their trade routine is no more your affair than the by-laws of the butter-and-egg men, but the effect of their doings as a whole, as an organization, is vital, for the exhibitor is the middleman who stands between you and the producer; and I think it is not too much to say that Brady's amalgamation of all these warring interests, his enforced peace, if you like to call it that, pretty nearly saved the whole situation in the eyes of the War Industries Board.

This task demanded one man who could qualify not only as a master politician but as a master showman. Brady, unquestionably, was the only man in America who could fill the great demand of the hour.

That's why I have called him, and I think with absolute justice, the Wilson of the film business, for he brought harmony and unity to American motion picture exhibition just as Woodrow Wilson has brought harmony and unity to the Allies.

Brady as a man is vastly more interesting than any of his interesting accomplishments. For a quarter of a century he has been a dominant factor in American theatricals, a promoter of the popular drama and the fosterer of high-brow plays at the same time, the discoverer of great acting talents, the patron of American authors, an authority on pugilism, a national political force, a builder of theatres, a pre-eminent stage manager, a motion-picture manufacturer, a motion-picture director, and, throughout the great war, the confidant and close personal friend of the President of the United States. He was appointed by the President in 1917 to organize the motion picture industry as a fighting arm of the government.

At the same time his withdrawal, months ago, from all personal interest in picture manufacture, has enabled him to control a situation not only national, but international, without any possible taint of self-interest in the actual picture business.

Mrs. William A. Brady is better known as Grace George, one of the finest actresses of the English-speaking stage, and their happy union of nearly twenty years is a tribute to the congeniality and home-making qualities of a busy man and a busy woman. His daughter, Alice, is a screen-star who needs no introduction in these pages.

The universality of the Brady talent is best appreciated by those who have beheld him, directing singers and even the orchestra, set an awry musical comedy right on the night of its dress-rehearsal, when its kinks defied composer, author, director, conductor, impresario and stars alike. The writer has seen him—coat off, hard-bitten cigar in one corner of his mouth—doing just that thing.

Jim Corbett was his protege and "find," and today he is probably the foremost dopest of the fight game.

Mr. Brady was born in San Francisco.



Mr. Brady, suggesting a scene to Lew Fields and little Madge Evans, in the World days when he had a personal interest in picture manufacture. Above, left, a Brady portrait.



# How the Motion Picture Saved the World!

When our government used film to cement the morale of France — the insidious use of our unclean pictures by the Hun — the tragic failure of the motion picture mission to Russia.

By William A. Brady

**T**O a great many otherwise intelligent people the motion picture is only an entertainment, never anything more than a toy, no more important than the comic paper with which you kill time in a barber-shop.

I want to tell such people in particular, and the readers of *PHOToplay MAGAZINE* in general, just how important the motion picture is, how powerful it has proved itself to be, what a world-factor it has become.

A little more than a year ago the motion picture saved the world.  
*Saved the world!*

That sounds big, and it is big, because it is not soap-box oratory. It is truth, a matter of government record. This magazine, I think, makes known the fact for the first time, and it is the biggest piece of news the picture business ever let loose. Here's the story of that salvation.

It was the darkest hour of the war. France and England were bent, but not broken. America had come in, but she was only getting ready, and struggling Europe had little more than her word and her good will. It was the exact moment for a great German psychological drive. German whispers, German arguments, German persuasions, German discouragements drifted all over France on every wind that blew from the North.

"All you will ever get from America is promises. The United States is not and can never be a military nation. Her people are entirely commercial—she'll sell you munitions, but she will not fight. They can't get ready across the Atlantic for they've nothing to get ready with. They have no gun-works, small-arms factories, or army organization. They can't build ships fast enough, and if they could, we'd sink them. Don't count on America as a material ally, for she couldn't get ready to begin to fight in less than ten years!"

That's what the French army got in one way, what the country people got in another, what was told pityingly to the French mothers, what the commercial agents told the bankers, the news brought to the mercantile men of the cities by their correspondents. There has never been such an insidious stream of propaganda-acid directed against the heart of a whole people. And it began to take effect!

France did not weaken or grow cowardly. That is not the spirit of France. But its people saw gathering above them the clouds of hopelessness—which is more fatal than weakness or cowardice. Probably—they reasoned—the Germans told the truth, for their arguments seemed based on facts that convinced.

At this moment the whole bridge of the Allied Cause trembled. France is not the entire bridge, but it is the keystone, the central arch.

There could be but one response: to *prove* to the whole people of France that *the Germans lied*. Not merely to convince a few statesmen, a visiting commission. It was up to America to show Jacques and Marie, from Belfort to Bordeaux, from

Rheims to the Spanish border, that *we were coming to them*, right away and millions strong.

In its five thousand recorded years humanity has contrived only one device to make such an exposition possible: The Motion Picture.

Not thousands, but millions of feet of film were rushed across by our government, and were shown in all parts of France simultaneously.

And what did the almost-disheartened French people see?

Gun-works like Krupp's, or their own Papa Creusot's, roaring

through the day, blazing through the night. Ship-yards, with great carriers building in quartets and octettes. Shell factories, with literal miles of workers. Great naval stations, and thousands of young sailors. Army camps, with hundreds of thousands of splendidly-drilled troops. Small-arms factories the like of which are nowhere. The vast organization of the army and navy, actually at work in Washington. The conservation of food for every part of the world except Kaiserdom—France saw a moving, living, rushing negative of every vicious argument Wilhelm's agents had put forth.

France drew a long breath. It smiled. It cinched up its belt. And—with its American brothers—it began to give their answer to the Germans at Chateau Thierry.

That is how the motion picture saved the world.

Anything which can be a great power for good can also be a great force for evil. That's a natural law as applicable to the motion picture as it is to fire and water.

About the time America was getting its myriad celluloid tongues ready to call the Germans liars—and before that time—Germany itself was a great believer in and purchaser of American films.

Unclean pictures; morbid stories; vampire tales; gangster and gunmen reels—every sort of cheap, suggestive, sensational, unnatural melodrama and prurient sex-story that it could pick up in the neutral countries around it, or that its American agents could smuggle to those neutral countries. To these pictures, especially among neutrals where it still had free access, Germany gave the widest circulation possible.

"Here," sneered the representatives of Potsdam, "is 'the saviour of civilization!' This is America—typical America—who is going to preserve the world for democracy. They abuse our Kultur; here's theirs. These gunmen and thugs are only average Americans. These vampires represent their women of leisure. Now then, which do you want in Europe—our civilization, or what these barbarians think is civilization?"

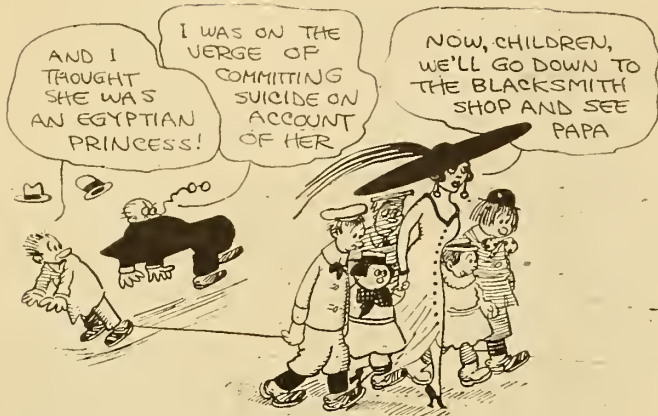
Needless to say, these dirty and desperate arguments were not wholly convincing to the intelligent citizens of Sweden, Switzerland and Spain. But they did damage enough.

I have given you merely an advance summary of two chapters of war history that remain to be written.

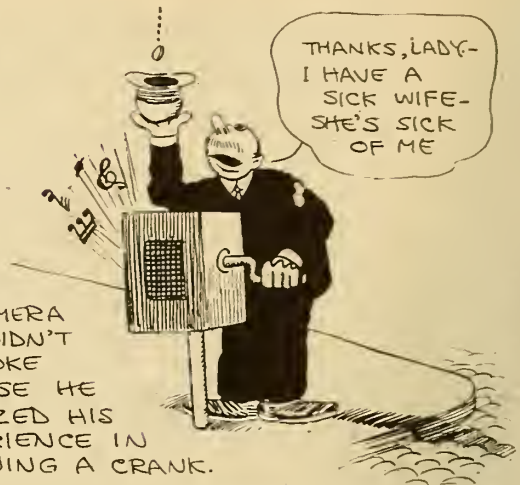
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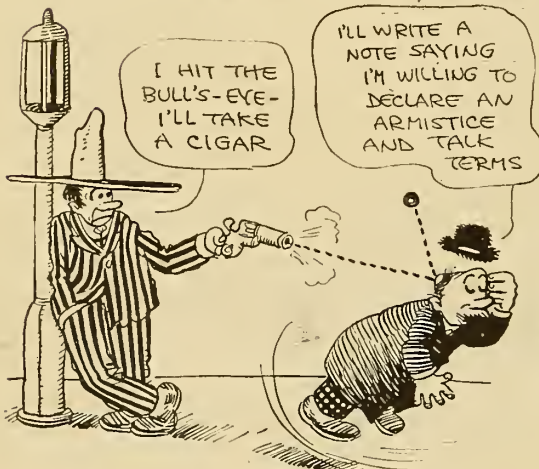
# Those Workless Fludays — What the screencelebs did in their four-weeks' layoff.



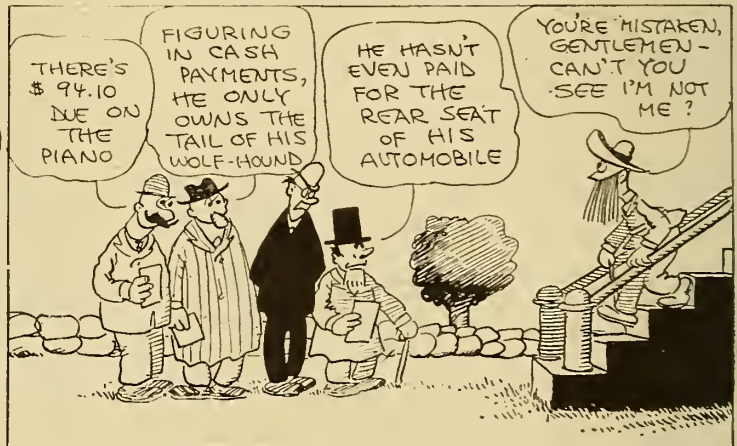
THE FOUR WEEKS' LAY-OFF GAVE THE VAMPIRE A LITTLE TIME TO DEVOTE TO HER CHILDREN.



THE CAMERA MAN DIDN'T GO BROKE BECAUSE HE UTILIZED HIS EXPERIENCE IN TURNING A CRANK.



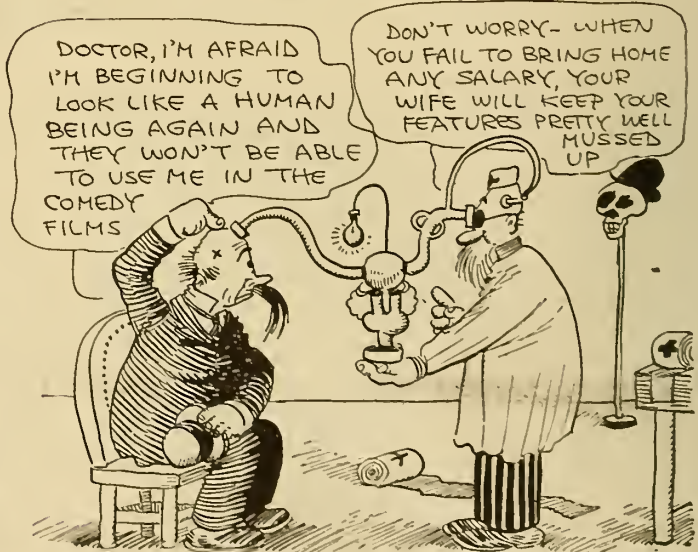
BILL HART AND THE OTHER WILD WEST SPECIALISTS MUST KEEP IN PRACTICE, WORK OR NO WORK.



WHEN THE SCREEN HERO'S SALARY STOPPED HE HAD TO WEAR A BEARD TO STALL OFF THE INSTALLMENT. MEN WHO FURNISHED HIM WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME.



THEY HAD TO USE ALL THE OLD FILMS - SOME WERE SO OLD THEY KEPT FALLING APART.



R. L. Goldberg

THE CUSTARD PIE COMEDIAN FEARED HIS HEAD WAS GROWING BACK TO ITS RIGHT SHAPE BECAUSE HE WAS NOT BEING HIT WITH A CLUB EVERY OTHER MINUTE.

R. L. Goldberg, the famous cartoonist, has signed an exclusive magazine contract with PHOTOPLAY. His droll observations on various phases of motion pictures—of which this page is the first example—will be a regular feature in coming issues.



# "Cheyenne Harry" — from N. Y.

He has some record. In fact, he is under suspicion of being a pretty good actor

**H**ARRY CAREY was raised right anyhow. Which only goes to show that crooks and western bad men are not always what they seem.

For Cheyenne Harry—the boldest bandit who ever roamed the plains or rescued fair ladies—former crook bank-robber, confidence man, forger—was born and raised in Manhattan.

He was not a wayward youth. When a child, he was never permitted to handle a gun. He was awfully good about going to school, and washing his ears. He even went through New York University—all the way through; he has a diploma to prove it. He had studied to become a lawyer. But he didn't stick to it—Harry was always truthful, whatever else they might say about him; he couldn't tell a lie.

But—now comes the sad part. Harry, one day, while poring over Blackstone, had an idea. It came to him suddenly. He stayed up real late one night and wrote it out. It turned out to be a plot, and he put it in a play, and called it "Montana." It was accepted and produced. And from then on, he went from bad to worse. He kept on writing plays; "The Heart of Alaska" was another. Finally it got so he began to act in his own dramas. It is terrible to think about—this strong man, who might have been a lawyer—sinking lower and lower in the social scale, from playwright to actor, and from legitimate actor to—motion pictures. Yes. Harry went into the movies.

With Biograph. He acted in more than one hundred Biographs, and in them he did his best—and dirtiest work. He won infamy as the foremost player of underworld characters on the screen. He was Bad. He never got any fan letters.

Then he had a company of his own for a while, but of course we can't hold that against Harry. It was called The Progressive, but it failed to live up to it. Then—came Universal, and Harry Carey became a westerner. A real westerner. They have given him a line of plays



The Good Guy. Here's Harry with three of his several dozen assorted dogs. Who, gazing upon this domestic picture, would even suspect him of holding up stage coaches? Yet on the screen, Cheyenne Harry does that, and worse.



The Bad Guy. Exemplifying the quick trigger finger. The next scene, please believe us, shows the Chinaman falling to the ground. Scene from Universal's "The Passing of Hell's Crown."

in which he rides, and shoots, and rescues substantial young western ladies in riding boots and feminine sombreros.

His ranch in the uplands beyond Newhall, California, domiciles, besides Harry and his "heavy" in pictures and best friend in real life, Joe Harris, several dozen dogs—of which a fifteen-year-old pensionnaire named "Judge" is the favorite—horses, cows, turkeys, ducks, pigeons, pigs, and rabbits. It's the simple life now for Cheyenne Harry, who never understood the business

end of a gun until he had signed his contract to play westerns.

Of course blood will tell. Before the cameras at Universal City, Harry rolls his own cigarettes and inhales, but after the day's work is done, he goes home and lights an old pipe and reads Herbert Spencer or a book on navigation—long ago he piloted a craft off the Maine Coast.

A resume of some of his old Biograph pictures brings to light such clear-cut titles as "The Sheriff's Dilemma" and "The Miser's Legacy." For Universal, "The Stolen Treaty," "The Master Cracksman," and "A Knight of the Range." Carey has written over one hundred scenarios.

Others of his pictures for Universal have been "Hell Bent," "A Woman's Fool," and "Three Mounted Men." With each of these he has improved his prowess with the six-shooter; his trigger finger is extremely agile, and he is proficient in the rescuing of those persecuted daughters of the plains, with whom he rides into the sunset in the last reel.

In real life, however, Cheyenne Harry rides alone.



He forgets the wild and woolly stuff when he leaves the studio for that ranch of his. There he is a gentleman farmer, kind to animals and all. But that sombrero, you'll note, is titled at the same wicked angle.



Phyllis Haver feels that her form of art has made her susceptible to cold only around the shoulders, hence this cunning chunk of Fitch fur has become the filler in a delectable chicken sandwich. Fitch is most comfortable, also, when worn with a delectable pose of the hands. Try it some time.



Proceeding in a downward curve to the right, beneath little Miss Haver's invisible feet, an immediate up-swoop will lead you directly to Miss Harriett Hammond; who, as your reliable eyes inform you, has just bought a wonderful Russiannesque 'thing-umbob' of moleskin, trimmed with ermine. Apart from the fact that there is a charming tasseled toque of the same, we haven't a thing more to say.



How do you like Ethel Lynn's choice? Miss Lynn took this great coat of beaver, trimmed with taupe fox as to collar and cuffs. Personally, we don't know very much about furs but we are quite sure that the beaver will be pleased. We would be, if we were a beaver.

## When the Arctic Came to the Tropics

THOUGH you're not used to thinking about Mack Sennett's living China in anything except its natural state, it's quite true that the weather gets chilly, if not actually cold, in California in winter-time; and it's also true that the water-babies are just water-babies in working hours, and afterward are little ladies of fashion, beneath the smartest plumage that modistes and milliners and trappers can bring them.



Photos by Stagg

Virginia Warwick's kolinsky is a sinful luxury in war-times. But isn't a girl who goes without clothes all summer entitled to something extra in winter?



# "My Gang"

*A narrative inning for a lot of real fellows always seen and never talked about*

By Cliff Smith

**D**ID you ever hear of a Western star who was a real cowboy? Possibly one or two, but not more. The majority of the spotlight lariat-throwers are actors of virile ambition and husky physique, who have found the transition from the formal plays of society to the plainsman's big outdoors both easy and exciting. But did you ever hear of a "cow outfit" around one of these stars that wasn't real? Never! You may be sure that the hands have punched and branded and ridden after mavericks in dead earnest. Some of their stories are genuine romances; others are quaint comedies. Cliff Smith, Triangle's late Western director, was once a cow-hand himself, and writes of his pals, the renowned and redoubtable old Triangle gang, in rough affection.

They're a silent, funny bunch, that' gang of mine. Wouldn't be no more use trying to interview them than the Sphinx. They aren't in the habit of talking much and when they do talk it's not about themselves. I've seen them sit around all day not making more than three or four remarks. But like the boys in the good old days that rode herd and busted broncs for "thirty a month and chuek" all over this western country, they sort of seem to know what the other fellow's thinking about.

Don't talk, don't smile more than once a month, but behind the "poker faces" that are part of their code, they've got the keenest sense of humor, the quickest minds and the kindest hearts in the world.

Cliff Smith has directed the biggest western stars the screen has ever had. And he says that his "gang" is about the most important thing on the lot.

Take Abe Farra— Abe was champion broncho buster of the world in 1911 and 1913. He went down from Montana to the big contest in Oklahoma and cleaned them up right. He rode nine horses couldn't anybody else ride, and then wound up with Corkscrew, the hardest horse to sit on around those parts. Abe's one of those smooth faced, quiet guys who hasn't anything at all

Stagg

**M**OST anybody can be a western star but it takes a darn good guy to be Western atmosphere.

I've been directing western pictures for more years than my wife likes me to admit. I've directed the biggest western stars the screen has ever had. And I'm here to state that my gang is about the most important thing there is on the lot to me.

You've never met my gang, of course, not even semi-officially. They seldom if ever get their names in the papers nor on the screen. Lots of times they don't even get their faces on the screen. But take them out of any good western picture I've made and they'll leave a hole seven stars, twelve beautiful leading ladies in distress, and fourteen heavies can't fill.

Who is it gives you the thrill when his horse jumps over a cliff, turns a somersault in midair and is still galloping when he comes up? Who does the roping stunts that make you sit right up straight in your seat? Who uses a gun with both hands and can hit the ace of hearts going by on a freight car sixty miles an hour? Who sticks to that "snakey" horse when it couldn't walk straight on anything but a corkscrew? My gang.

Do you want to know where the best bronc riders, the niftiest two-gun men, the fanciest ropers are—the boys who used to set Texas, Arizona, Wyoming and Oklahoma by the ears? In my gang.



to say.

Abe came to me via the Wild West show route. When

I asked him could he ride, he spit out of one

corner of his mouth and sort of gazed off into space and said: "Not much." It took me two weeks to find out about him. Seems Abe got tired of busting horses at \$3 a head and decided to look around the country. He tells it something like this:

"I farmed awhile and teamed awhile and gambled awhile, but I didn't make no money out of that truck. So I bought me a ticket and took a look around the country. Had my saddle in a sack and my money—what there was of it—in my pocket. When I got to Dennison,

Texas, I seen the posters on the fence—great big posters—telling 'bout a Wild West Show that had been there a few weeks before. Right there I makes up my mind to join it. Didn't have but 'bout a dollar and a half so I stopped off a couple of places to bust a horse or two.

"Brownie," Pete Morrisson's trained horse, who will do anything but talk. Pete raised Brownie "from a pup."

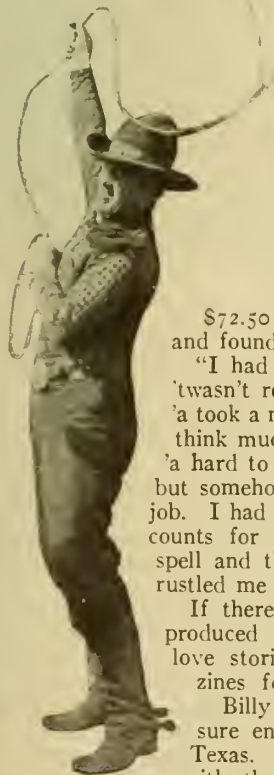




Above: "The Gang." Reading from left to right: Tuck Reynolds, Bill Smith, Chick Morrisson, Billy Patton, Pete Morrisson, Abe Farra and Curly Baldwin, all real cow hands. Below, Billy Patton, champion broncho buster, throwing his pony, "Sunshine."

One place they had a horse they allowed was plumb no 'count at all. So they took up a collection and if I rode him I was to get the pot.

"Well, it's funny to me nobody else couldn't ride that horse. I didn't have much trouble looking at the world from on top o' him. 'Course I got on him layin' down and had to fan him a bit on both sides with my gun, but him and me foregathered when it was over. There was

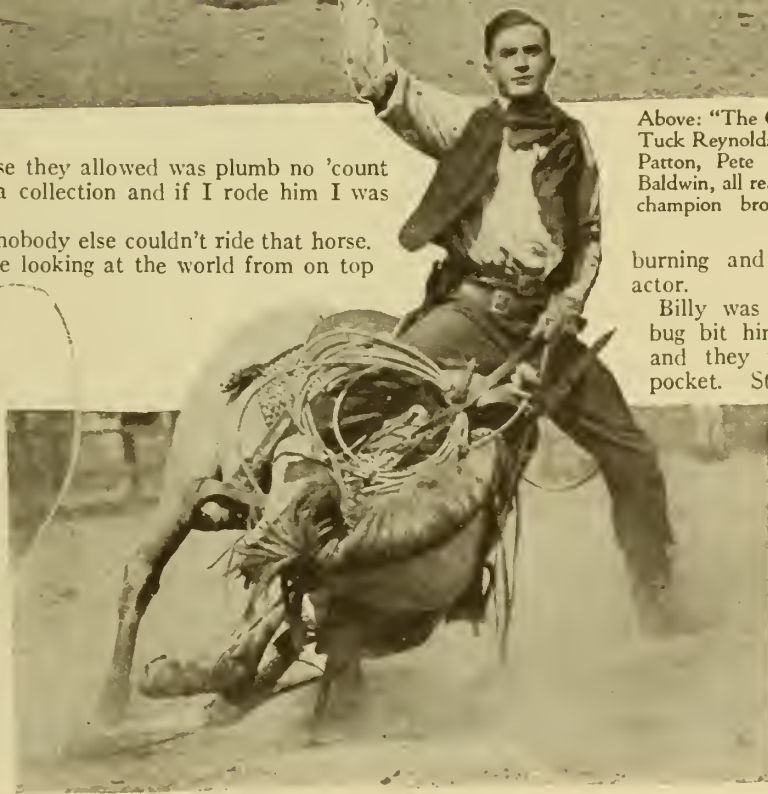


\$72.50 in that collection and I went right off and found me that Wild West Show.

"I had bought me a little dude of a hat—'twasn't really much good as a hat, but I sort 'a took a notion to it—and the show outfit didn't think much of me. They had a horse was sort 'a hard to sit on and a mule that sure was bad, but somehow I managed to ride 'em and got my job. I had a swell pair of spurs—maybe that accounts for it. Anyway I stuck around quite a spell and then, when its days was numbered, I rustled me a job in the pictures."

If there's anything he can't ride we haven't produced it. But Abe's ambition is to write love stories—the kind you sell to the magazines for important money.

Billy Patton, another lad in the gang that sure enjoys sitting a snakey horse, is from Texas. There was a time when Billy was with the rangers. The truth is Billy had a



burning and unsatiated desire to be an actor.

Billy was down to El Paso when the bug bit him. He had his thirty bucks and they were burning a hole in his pocket. Standing outside a theater, he saw a picture of a real swell chicken in a white dress with pearls in her hair. Underneath it said:

THE LONDON REPRO-TOIRE COMPANY, IN ROMEO AND JULIET.

Billy went and that was his finish. He still aspires to play Romeo and when nobody's looking he spouts a bit of Hamlet, but most of the time he's playing an all-around western cow puncher and bronc buster.

We've got one boy in the Triangle gang that

came near being a hero. Bill—"Whispering"—Smith. Bill says there's nothing to it but I got the dope pretty straight that he stood off eighteen Mexicans in '14 when all the trouble was popping on the Mexican border. When I asked him about it he got real peeved.

"Who's been tellin' you that stuff?" he wanted to know. "Of course you know Mexicans ain't real men, nohow."

But I had to let him off here a while ago. He didn't put a new notch on his gun because Mexicans don't count in the Texas code; but the sheriff back there wrote him a real nice letter asking him if he'd just as soon come back and face a jury, just to keep the Texas record for law and order clean. "Whispering" answered he'd sure accept the kind invitation if they'd send him a round trip ticket. They did and he went, but it didn't take him long, because he was back in time for the next picture.

I guess Pete Morrison became a movie cowboy because there wasn't any place else where he and Brownie could keep on rooming together. Brownie is Pete's horse. Talk about devotion to a woman?

(Continued on page 109)



# The SQUAW MAN

Narrated, by Jerome Shorey,  
from the photoplay.

(Copyright, 1906, by Edwin Milton Royle and  
Selena F. Royle)

IT was not to save his cousin, Henry, Earl of Kerhill, from disgrace, that Jim Wynnegate was leaving England, and by his sudden and unannounced departure tacitly pleading guilty to the embezzlement of charity funds of which he and Henry were joint custodians. Truth was, he despised Henry, not merely because he knew that his cousin was a thief, but because the remainder of his character was in harmony with this fact. Nor was it with any Quixotic idea of sheltering the family name, that he allowed the world to think he, rather than the Earl, was guilty. As the shores of England merged with the horizon he mused bitterly upon the pleas that had been made for him to take the blame upon his shoulders, for the sake of the family. And they all thought it was for the family he had done it. How little they understood!

All Jim hoped, all he asked, was that his action should restore to Diana her peace of mind, if it were not too late. Diana was Henry's wife, and Jim loved her. That was all right. Jim had infinite capacity for concealing his emotions. He never had hinted the truth to Diana, but when Henry, one day in a jealous rage, accused his wife of being too fond of Jim, she became confused and betrayed the fact that Jim's affection was returned. Jim discovered this accidentally, and realized that nothing but unhappiness for the woman he worshiped could result from his remaining in England. He had already decided to go away when the fact of Henry's peculations was discovered. So much the better. Jim could use this as the excuse for his departure, and, he believed, undermine Diana's faith in him so that her love, if it had come to that, would be killed. Diana could not love a thief.

Night closed in about the ship, and still Jim Wynnegate stood at the rail, peering through the gloom for his last glimpse of England. As the land and the sea became one vast mass of grey, shapeless and impenetrable, the face of Diana seemed to take form in the empty spaces, the beautiful face of Diana, proud yet kind, and to Jim it seemed that she smiled, and that in the smile there was a promise.

Two types of men are drawn irresistibly to the western plains—those who find in the arduous life a challenge to their courage and determination, and those who find in its wide, untraveled spaces, opportunities for undetected crime or opportunities for escape when crime is detected. Cash Hawkins was one of the latter. Like all of his kind, he was at heart a coward, blustering only when accompanied by his wolf-like gang. He was known to be a cattle-rustler, but in that remote corner of Wyoming there was not a sufficiently strong organ-

ization of law to attempt conviction and capture. It was rather openly hinted that the Sheriff himself was receiving money from Cash to pay no attention to complaints. When Jim Wynnegate dropped off at the little cow town and announced his intention of becoming a rancher, Cash Hawkins marked him for his special victim. It was inevitable that they should be enemies. The mere fact of two men of such opposite character, the one with the keenest sense of honor, the other with nothing but a sneer for whatever was honorable, living in the same neighborhood, was a guarantee that they must clash.

The feud was one-sided for a long time simply because Jim



Jim was considering whether it would be worth the

refused to recognize the fact that such a person as Cash Hawkins existed. He learned through his own cowboys that Cash was "laying for" him for no reason that anyone could discover. But he went his way unperturbed only being careful not to turn his back toward Cash when they happened to meet. The feud did not become really active until Jim, riding the range one day, came upon Hawkins and his gang, cutting out some of his cattle and branding them with Hawkins' mark. The gang jumped on their horses and fled, swearing vengeance upon Jim for interrupting the theft of his own stock. Not long after this Jim interfered with a deal Hawkins had framed up to cheat the old Ute chief, Tabywana, in a cattle transaction, earning the gratitude of the Indian and the renewed hate of Hawkins. And when, soon after, Jim rescued Tabywana's daughter, Naturitch, from Hawkins' insults, Cash was counting the days lost that gave him no opportunity to kill his enemy.

But if Jim had made Hawkins his blood-enemy, he had won a friend whose faithfulness and almost doglike worship was to



stand him in good stead. Naturitch looked upon him as little short of a god.

The Continental Limited pulled into the little town one day with a leaking boiler tube, and the passengers were informed that they might as well look about and enjoy some wild western scenery, as it would be several hours before the repairs could be made. Two men and a woman left one of the Pullmans, and strolled about the town. The curious travelling caps the men wore, told that they were English, and they stared at everything with true British curiosity, not unmixed with superciliousness. They were attracted by the dance hall-saloon-

"You too, Queenie," he commanded. "Come on in and get your liquor."

In an instant Jim was at Hawkins' side.

"Put up that gun," he commanded.

Hawkins looked up at him, with a surly snarl. But it was no time for dispute. Jim was facing him, and there was fight in his eyes. With a curse he dropped his gun back in its holster and slunk out of the saloon.

"By Jove, if it isn't our friend the embezzler," exclaimed Applegate.

The Earl looked away uneasily. Diana gave a little cry, and



A 62-67

chance to reach for his own gun, when a sharp report was heard, and Hawkins dropped where he stood.

gambling house, and after some debate decided to investigate. Cash was there with his gang. Spotting the strangers, and recognizing them as of the same caste as his sworn foe, he ordered them up to the bar.

"Cash Hawkins is buying for the house," he yelled, and brandished his gun.

Jim was at the other end of the long bar, with Big Bill and Grouchy, two of his most trusted cowboys. At the commotion he looked down the line and saw—Diana. Jim's cousin, the Earl, was swiftly obeying the bully's command to approach the bar. Sir John Applegate, their traveling companion, was hesitating between a desire to protect Diana from the insult of this barbarian, and the realization that resistance would be futile. Diana alone was defiant. Standing straight and motionless, she looked at Hawkins as Marie Antoinette looked upon the mobs that dragged her to the guillotine. But the scorn that would have withered a civilized being had no effect upon Hawkins.

then controlled herself.

"What's that?" demanded the Sheriff, who had been a witness of the incident.

"Oh, come on, Sir John," the Earl said petulantly. "We'll be missing our train."

"No yuh don't," said the Sheriff, blocking the way. "If this here Britisher's an embezzler, I want to know about it."

"Then find out about it for yourself," the Earl snapped. "Out of my way."

The outburst was so unexpected that the Sheriff, open-mouthed, obeyed, and the visitors started for the door. But not until Diana had found opportunity to whisper in Jim's ear:

"Oh why did you go? I know you are innocent."

Just that, and she was gone, but to Jim it was as if the heavens had opened for an instant. It reawakened his courage, that she should have this faith in him.

The Sheriff, always on the alert in the interests of his friend



Naturitch had slipped into the house and after crooning for a moment over some of the boy's toys, stealthily departed.

Cash Hawkins, would not allow the incident to be closed without asserting his authority a little further.

"What's this about you being an embezzler?" he demanded of Jim.

"Haven't the slightest idea," Jim replied with a smile. "Never saw the people in my life. Mistaken identity, I suppose. Any objection?"

The Sheriff took a long look into Jim's eyes, and decided he had no further comment to make. There would have been no time, in any event. While Jim's attention was engaged with the Sheriff, Cash Hawkins had flung open the door of the saloon, and flanked by half a dozen of his followers, guns in every hand, shouted:

"Hands up."

It was no time for parley, and Jim obeyed. Cash had the drop on him, and hesitation meant death. He doubted that Cash would have the nerve to shoot him in cold blood, but still the situation unquestionably was ticklish. Cash was in a rage over Jim's interruption of his sport a few minutes earlier, and the old scores remained unsettled. Besides, Cash was secure in his knowledge that the Sheriff was his friend. The tendency in those days was to take for granted that every man was capable of looking out for himself, and except for flagrantly

unprovoked murder, invoking the processes of law was looked upon with disfavor. These things all flashed through Jim's mind as he stood facing Cash, whose bestial features were lighted with unholy triumph.

Cash's right hand twitched a little. It looked as if he was about to fire. Jim was considering whether it would be worth the chance to reach for his own gun, when a sharp report was heard, and Hawkins dropped where he stood. A quick examination showed he had been shot through the heart.

The Sheriff, whose zeal for his friend was out of all proportion to his intelligence, wanted to arrest Jim, but an examination of Jim's gun, as well as that of his men, Bill and Grouchy, showed that every chamber contained a loaded cartridge, that the weapons were cold and the barrels clean and bright.

"Well, somebody must 'a killed him," the Sheriff insisted.

"That seems a reasonable conclusion." Jim assured him, "and it's up to you as Sheriff to find out who did it. But I don't believe anybody around here will mourn if you don't, especially owners of cattle."

That night Jim strolled away from his cabin, out under the stars. His mind was filled with thoughts of Diana, and of her faith in him. How splendid she was, as she stood there in the saloon, defying Hawkins, proud and fearless! How pitiful that she should be chained to the weakling Henry! Well, that was all past. He would never see either of them again. Henry would take good care that they never came that way.

As he stood on a slight rise of ground, Jim saw a figure approaching swiftly toward him through the darkness.

"Who's that?" he called, with his hand on his gun.

"Me—Naturitch," a woman's voice replied.

"Are you looking for me, Naturitch?" he asked.

She did not answer until she was close beside him.

"Me kill him," she whispered.

"You!"

"You save me from him, me save you," she explained, simply.

"But where were you?"

"Me watch—side room—he ready shoot—me shoot first," and she handed him a little revolver, hardly more than a toy beside the artillery of the plains.

"I'll keep this," Jim said. "If they find the little bullet, and see this gun, they'll know you did it. I don't suppose there's another this size in Wyoming. But how can I ever repay you?"

For reply she whispered a few words in her own language and slipped away as silently as she had come. Jim could only guess the purport of her remark, but he sensed something to the effect that she was his slave and would serve him whenever he needed her.

Jim's debt of gratitude to Naturitch was soon redoubled. Riding along a treacherous canyon trail one day, in search of stray cattle, his horse slipped, and he fell into a chasm known as Death Hole. Strange mineral springs sent off poisonous vapors in this narrow and almost inaccessible gorge, and animals and men shunned it. The Indians surrounded it with superstitions, and would make long detours to avoid it. As Jim fell his head struck a boulder, and he lay unconscious at the bottom of the Hole. An Indian tracker had been his companion, and hurried back to the camp to inform Tabywana of Jim's plight. But while Tabywana would have done anything in reason for his friend, he was of the older generation, and he would neither venture to defy the superstition, nor order



The Squaw Man

any of his tribe to do so. Naturitch heard the news, and, unseen by her father, hurried away. She too believed in the superstition of Death Hole, but something stronger than superstition drew her on. There was no time to warn the cowboys—the poison fumes would have done their work before they could be brought. So she sped through the steep defiles, and with almost superhuman strength, dragged the object of her devotion to safety.

Nor was this all. When, with the aid of her tribesmen, who were willing enough to help when Jim had been extricated from the Hole itself, she had taken Jim to his cabin, she refused to leave him. The poison had entered his system, and there was no doctor to be had. So she brought to bear all the lore of the aborigines, and nursed him back to health. When he had recovered sufficiently to be about, Jim went to her one day and said:

"Time for you to go back to your father now Naturitch."

She shook her head. "Me no go back again," she said, and no argument could alter her determination.

Jim was lonely. The comradeship of Big Bill, Grouchy, and the other cowboys did not suffice. The thought of his loss of Diana never left him. But the gentle ministrations of Naturitch, through his illness, seemed to supply something of the need that was growing within him. She was not of his race, but she was adaptable, and was willing to forego all to be with him. She asked nothing but to be permitted to serve her self-chosen master, and her face, which was beautiful with all the unspoiled beauty of nature, would light up with joy at the least word of praise from him. But Jim, knowing what it would mean for her to stay, did his best to force her to go, and even appealed to her father. But the old chief only shook his head, a little sadly. So Naturitch stayed, and when a few months later Jim saw her working on a tiny pair of moccasins, he sent for a minister.

Thus Jim Wynnegate, cousin of an Earl, became a squaw man. Ordinarily it was a term of reproach. Men who married Indian women were, frequently, outcasts from their own kind, and by their adoption of an Indian mate they still further isolated themselves. But Jim commanded the respect of the community, and while many looked askance at his marriage, they still held him in respect, although avoiding him a little, that there might be some slight indication of their disapproval of these mixed marriages.

If the few years which followed did not bring Jim actual happiness, they brought something perhaps a little more positive than contentment. He

**NARRATED**, by permission, from Beulah Marie Dix's scenario of the same name, adapted from the famous play of Edw. Milton Royle, and produced by Arcraft, with this cast:  
*Jim Wynnegate* ..... Elliott Dexter  
*Henry, Earl of Kerhill*, his cousin... Thurston Hall  
*Diana*, Henry's wife Katherine MacDonald  
*Sir John Applegate*..... Tully Marshall  
*Tubywana* ..... Noah Beery  
*Naturitch* ..... Ann Little  
*Big Bill* ..... Theodore Roberts  
*Little Hal*..... Pat Moore  
*Grouchy* ..... Jim Mason  
*Cash Hawkins*..... Jack Holt

was fairly successful and he had his son, Little Hal was his one joy in life. Naturitch seemed less like his wife than a superior servant, who came and went, intruding as little as possible into his life. She appeared to feel that only through the boy had she any claim to a part in Jim's existence. She made little attempt to learn to speak English fluently in spite of Jim's oft repeated urging that she should do so for the sake of Hal. If he had been firm with her, she doubtless would have obeyed, but he could no more scold her than he could scold his dog or his horse, she took all his words to heart so deeply. So rather than wound her he allowed things to drift along.

Suddenly everything seemed to go wrong. The fair measure of prosperity that had been his, evaporated almost overnight. An epidemic afflicted his cattle, his favorite horse broke its leg in a gopher hole, the whole ranch seemed to be overtaken by some perverse fate. To add to these very real troubles, there came an annoying incident that might have far reaching results. The Sheriff, seeking re-election, had been informed by the friends of Cash Hawkins that they would vote against him unless he discovered and arrested the slayer of their ringleader.

(Continued on page 105)



A62-13

"Need I tell you that I will care for him as if he were my own son?" Diana asked impulsively.



Stagg

The Gish home is a big white house on Serrano avenue, a street in the Western part of Los Angeles that always seems to be a river of sunshine. It is set back at the end of a deep lawn, and an unroofed portico runs across its whole front. On the broad cement rail of this portico behold the Gish *Enfant Terrible*, simultaneously kidding Mrs. St. Johns and the photographer.



# Black Sheep Gish

"Gee, I've got a nice family—all but me!" says Dorothy the Disturber.

By Adela Rogers-St. Johns

"HELLO," said Dorothy Gish, with the unaffected simplicity of a child, "I'm trying out my new uke. We've got a jazz band on my set now and I have to keep in training."

She sat down on one end of a perfectly enormous purple velvet divan, tucked her feet under her, kid-fashion, and began to laugh. Out of a clear sky it bubbled, that laugh—just girl. And there you have the secret of Dorothy Gish and her superlative charm—just girl—the sort of girl you adored in high school, and worshipped out of it—the girl you waltzed with under soft, shaded lights—the girl that's always held a little, wee place in your heart—

"Mother'll be here in a minute," she announced. "She's doing some Red Cross thing, of course. My mother," with that positive, almost belligerent little stare that belonged so completely to the famous "Little Disturber" of "Hearts of the World," "is the nicest woman in the world. She's always doing something for somebody."



In "Hearts of the World," with Robert Anderson.



In "The Hun Within," with Charles Girard.

She laid down the beloved ukelele and pulled her knees up under her chin. Try it yourself and you'll be convinced that Dorothy can't possibly be more than the twenty years she proudly claims.

"There's just one thing I want you to say for me," she remarked, with a giggle. "I wore a wig, a black wig, in 'Hearts of the World' and I'm wearing it in all my new pictures. My own hair's blond. See this?" She took a strand of the apricot, silken stuff that curled about her ears and gave it a yank. "That's my own, and it's naturally that color. Gee, everybody thinks now that I'm a peroxide, just because of that black wig. Why, the other day I was helping mother at a Red Cross booth and some woman spotted me. She stood and looked right in my face and then she said to the woman with her: 'Well, I've seen Dorothy Gish twice before. The first time she was a blond, the next time she was a brunette and now look at her!'"

It was too much for Dorothy. She turned over, kicked up her heels and went into a regular fit of giggles! But it is quite true that Dorothy is essentially blond. There is a Watteau shepherdess in the Wallace Gallery in London for which she might have posed.

"I've gotta stop that," she said, sitting up with a face grown suddenly serious. "Mother says I'll have wrinkles all over the



place by the time I'm forty. But, gee, anybody ought to have wrinkles at forty, hadn't they? Seems pretty old to me. I just can't help laughing. Seems to be my nature.

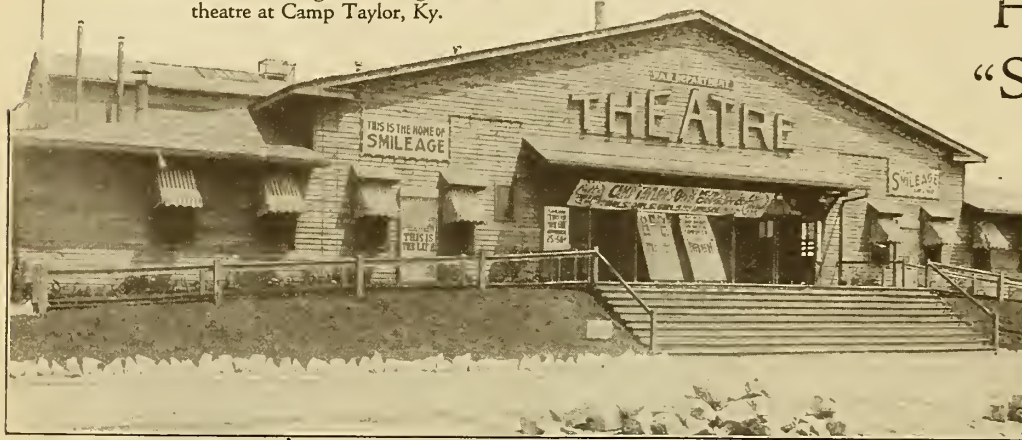
"Now, Lillian—here's a funny one. You know we were brought up with the Pickfords. Well, Mary and I always seemed to be the ones that started things. We used to hear mother say, 'Lillian is too good to live.' And then Mrs. Pickford would sigh and say, 'Yes, that child is almost too good for this world.' Then Mary and I would follow Lillian around all day to see if she wasn't going to fall over, or something. It fascinated us. But Lillian is still like that—so quiet and good. Gee, I've got a nice family—all but me. I'm the black sheep.

"Oh, there was a woman sat next to mother and me one day at a matinee of 'Hearts of the World.' The woman watched me on the screen for a few minutes and then she turned around to me and said, 'I'll bet that girl is a tough one. She couldn't pull that stuff so well if she wasn't.'"

Which brought us naturally to the "Little Disturber" and her origin, for there can be no doubt that Dorothy Gish has created a type of girl new to the screen and one that will follow her name as the "Music Master" has followed that of Warfield, or "Reg" that of Laurette Taylor.

"Well, she's partly a real girl," said Dorothy, and her eyes, under their peculiar lashes—black, feathered with gold—grew serious. "We saw her in Paris and followed her all one afternoon. She walked exactly as I did in the picture, only she brought her feet down harder—like this." She gave me the Little Disturber with amplifications. "She was wearing a peach-colored georgette, with a real lace collar, one of those things that made a tailor-made person like me break the tenth commandment every time I looked at it. And partly, she is—me, I guess. There's one thing makes me pretty glad everybody likes her so well. I won't have to cry much for a spell, and I'm sure glad. I hate to cry."

"The Home of Smileage" — the government theatre at Camp Taylor, Ky.



## How About a "Smileage Night" In Your Theatre?

*Announcing plans for an organized method of providing entertainment tickets for our soldiers and sailors.*

**A** NEW plan of getting Smileage Books into the hands of soldiers who want them has been proposed to the moving picture exhibitors and has received the approval of some of the biggest men in the industry. As Smileage coupons are now used in the government theatres in the forty-six largest camps, where something like 500,000 men are always kept for training, it is no surprise that about 1,000 requests for Smileage Books are received daily at the Smileage Division offices at Washington.

The new plan is to run a "Smileage Night" once every month in each theatre.

Ten per cent of the gross receipts on that night are to be devoted to the purchase of Smileage Books to go to the men, who come from the same city the theatre is in. That is, the money raised by New York City picture houses will buy Smileage for New York City boys now in camp "over here." The Chicago funds will keep Chicago boys supplied, and Cedar Rapids cash will enable Cedar Rapids soldiers to have a good time in the camp theatres, "on the folks back home."

As over 5,000 cities and towns have established permanent Smileage sales agencies, the entire country is pretty well covered. This additional method of assisting each local Smileage fund should enable the local chairman who has direct charge of the sales in his city, to keep all "his boys" supplied with Smileage coupons.

Smileage coupons are based on the theory that people back home enjoying a show would be glad to take their khaki-clad friends to the show with them if said friends were around town. As their friends are in camp, Smileage provides the

acceptable substitute. For the soldier who has a Smileage Book simply exchanges the Smileage coupons for his ticket to the camp theater, and thanks the person who sent him the book for sending him the seat, as it were, by long distance.

Many cities supplied their men with one-dollar or five-dollar Smileage Books when the men went off to camp. Of course, the coupons swiftly disappeared, for the average soldier takes his friends in "on Smileage." Then the demands came to the Washington headquarters, asking how to secure additional Smileage. These demands were referred to the cities from which the men came, and each city took care of its own soldiers. The requests were coming in too fast for most of the local chairmen, so the aid of the picture people comes at a most timely moment.

Each "picture house fund" will be kept separate. The books bought through the funds will all be marked as coming from the various picture houses. Smileage will thus serve as a pleasing reminder of the home town and the fact that the people back there want the men to have as good a time as military regulations permit.

Red Cross hospital directors in fifteen camps have sent in urgent calls "for as many Smileage Books as you can send me" to the Smileage Division of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities.

It is to provide funds to maintain exactly this sort of work that the theatres will give ten per cent of their receipts. The feeling is strong that the extra patronage on "Smileage Night" will not make the entire cost of the donation fall on the house owner.

### He Hated to Correct Him!

**O**NE of Pershing's colored soldiers, in going vigorously over the top, suddenly confronted a German reservist from St. Louis. The militant disciple of Kultur fell bravely to his knees and shrieked in English: "Spare me! I have a wife and six children at home!"

"Man, you's wrong! What you got at home is a widow and six orphans!" answered the Ethiop.

And immediately he took suitable steps to prove himself a perfectly truthful member of the African M. E. Church.





At left — scene from "Jane Goes A-Wooing," showing Niles and Mary Miles Minter.



At right — Niles Welch and his wife, Adele Boone, in the orchard about their California home.



## A Lover — Off and On

*Having made a study of romance at home, Niles Welch is putting his affectionate disposition into business.*

**A** CONTRACT was recently made between the Famous Players-Lasky corporation, party of the first part, and Niles Welch, esq., party of the second part, providing that the party of the second part is to appear as a featured player in Paramount and Artcraft pictures for a period of four years.

Niles Welch daren't grow old or prosaic during that period. And if it is true that one's home life influences his business, then Paramount and Artcraft needn't worry over this acquisition of screen youth. For Mr. and Mrs. Welch are established in a comfortable and beautiful little bungalow near the Lasky studios in Los Angeles, where they are showing how happy young married couples can be when they set their minds to it—as well as their hearts.

Jesse Lasky has confessed that he had been trying for a long time to corral Mr. Welch, and that having succeeded he felt much gratified. For you see Mr. Welch can do a great many things besides look young. To be perfectly frank about it, he is an actor of exceptional ability who plays roles exemplifying vim, nerve and virility, qualities which belong to youth.

Niles Welch is unique in that he deliberately and with malice prepense and aforethought set out to be an actor. He began qualifying himself for his career when he was younger even than he now looks to be. He was born in Hartford, Conn.—oh, well, if you must have the date, it was July 29, 1888. Soon thereafter his parents went to Europe, where they lived for some years. Niles began his education in England, took another installment in France, and then returned to Concord, New Hampshire, where he prepared for college at St. Paul's School.

He entered Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University, with

the class of 1909, and topped off with a course at Columbia University. Thus he acquired a cosmopolitan education which all finished artists should have.

While at Columbia Mr. Welch took a prominent, but not too prominent, part in all student activities, including football and rowing, and not overlooking amateur theatricals.

He simply went out of his own accord and found an opportunity to take a post-graduate course in dramatic art in that most grilling and unremunerative school, a stock company. For three mortal years he stuck to the job, playing in that time several million different parts—or, at least, so it seemed to his fevered imagination—until at last his soul revolted.

By this time motion pictures were coming along nicely, holding out prospects of substantial reward to actors who could act. Welch obtained an engagement with Vitagraph which lasted for a year. That was enough to establish him firmly in the new art. Next followed a year with Metro and other engagements with Paramount, World, Universal, Pathe, Select and Goldwyn pictures, Mr. Welch growing steadily in finished artistry.

He played the leading juvenile role opposite Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington," and then things began to happen. So many letters were received from exhibitors and their patrons expressing delight with his work and suggesting that he should be featured regularly in Paramount pictures that the four year contract was inevitable.

Without neglecting his duties in make-believe romances, Mr. Welch found time to work in a little private romance of his own, which in due time led a charming screen actress to the altar as Miss Dell Boone and away from it Mrs. Niles Welch.



# Educational Films

A department of service in the application of the motion picture to one of its greatest fields of usefulness.

By Henry MacMahon

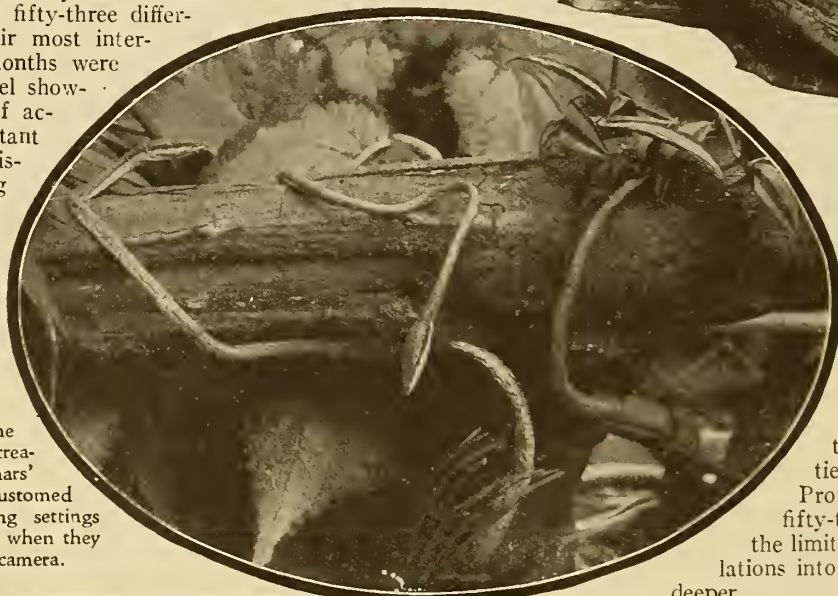
**D**O you know that the dormouse has never felt the thrill of hanging up his stocking on Christmas eve—simply because he sleeps without a break from November to March? Do you know that the python can eat a pig four times its own size and not feel stuffy?

Perhaps you do; maybe you have read about it in a book. You have, then, relied on the written word. But would you not be more interested and would not the impression be more lasting and vivid were you to see—actually *see*—the dormouse sleeping while autumn turns to winter, or the python in the midst of swallowing his portion of food, whose size Hoover could never sanction?

Motion pictures showing the lives and habits of animals is but another great, new phase of the educational film. In the series, "The Living Book of Nature," Raymond L. Ditmars is accumulating a priceless "library" for the eyes and brains of those who are interested in animals—whether that animal be a lion from Africa, or an alley cat in Toledo. Already Mr. Ditmars has dogged with his camera fifty-three different animals during their most interesting hours. Often months were required to collect a reel showing such difficult bits of action as the life of our distant friend, the skunk, or Mister Katydid grinding out his love song.

Professor Ditmars, a member of the New York Zoological staff and otherwise a famed animal authority, has

At right—Reptilian camouflage. These pale green serpents from Brazil look like the vines of the tropics. These creatures lived weeks in the Ditmars' studio until they became accustomed to crawling naturally among settings imitating their native jungle, when they could be "shot" by the camera.



Photos by Educational Films Corporation

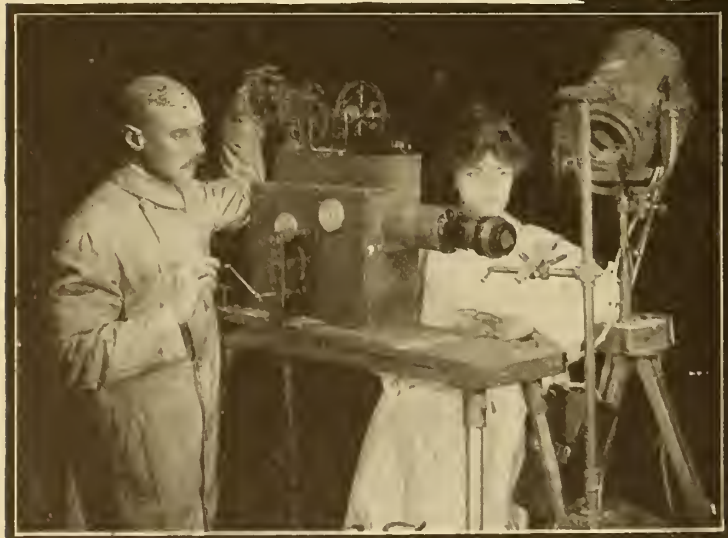
Showing a katydid in the act of "singing." You may not have known that the songs of insects are produced by rubbing brittle parts of the wings that are known as the stridulating organs. These organs are clearly shown behind the head, and look like discs of rough mica.

devoted the past five years toward transferring the moods and peculiarities of animals to the screen. Professor Ditmars' library of fifty-three subjects indicates the limitless field for further revelations into which he intends to step deeper.

In earlier years Professor Ditmars told what he had discovered in books, but the possibilities of even more vividly revealing animals in their natural haunts came to him through a study of the motion picture camera.

"In 'The Living Book of Nature,'" explains Professor Ditmars, "I am not looking for thrills or for camera tricks, but rather studies of the animals to reveal characteristic traits, habits and life histories unnoticed or unattainable by those who wander casually past the cages.

"None of my work is in the nature of made-up acting, and even in the monkey house I do not train the simians after the manner of the professional stage trainer, but rather educate them to investigate the extent of their mental capabilities. Stage training is largely the infliction of fear and punishment, but our method is entirely one of imitation and suasion. Thus the monkeys learn to handle knife and fork, to wear clothes, to perform intricate mechanical tasks, simply by watching and imitating human beings doing these things. For instance, there isn't an animal in our monkey house that won't put on a hat if it is handed to him. As favorable opportunities occur I accumulate film bits of their intelligent actions until finally I have a pretty complete life-history of the monkey from the lowest to the highest stage of intellectual development. It may take the better part of a year to build up this one film subject, but while I



Mr. and Mrs. Ditmars at work in the laboratory with an intricate camera which may be thrown into various ratios of gear in order to photograph and portray types of motion that are too quick for the eye to follow. The camera is fitted with a lens of great magnifying power and records the most intimate close-ups of the smaller creatures.





Ditmars claims he wore the first gas-mask. Here he is, clad in olive colored rubber coat and wearing his mask, long before we began to speak familiarly of such a contrivance. He's filming wild skunks!

am doing it I am also working on half a dozen or dozen other subjects which may be completed almost simultaneously.

"The young of all animals, and the methods of the parents in caring for them, have my particular attention. The jealousy of the mothers, of which some writers make so much, offers but slight difficulties if we except certain species of deer the does whereof will fight to the death for their fawns. In general we find that the animal mother is just as proud of its offspring as is a human mother. In a den of wolves I found the mother-wolf frankly delighted with my presence; she and the cubs played around just like friendly dogs as I prepared for the 'camera-shooting.'

"I couldn't accomplish much," continued the Professor, "if contented with the everyday appliances, lenses and rates of speed of the so-called 'dramatic' motion picture work. For instance, one of the chapters in my 'book' shows a lizard eating flies. This sort of lizard sticks out its tongue with almost lightning-like rapidity at its victim. The end of the tongue expands umbrella fashion, suction grabs the insect and holds it fast on the little tongue-platform till insect-carrier and insect are back within the jaws of the lizard. The whole operation takes but an instant, and you do not get it at all by the ordinary sixteen-pictures-per-second camera. I use a special machine taking thirty-two images per second, but project the positives in exhibition at the regular rate so that the operation can be seen in detail. On the other hand, many processes of Nature are so slow, so imperceptible in fact, that the camera eye must move very slowly over the field or else 'take' at intervals of five minutes or perhaps several hours or days in order to record the changes. Here again special equipment is necessary. For bird photography, telephoto, or telescopic, lenses are used. On the small work a beautiful ten-inch lens comes into play; its enormous light-giving and magnifying powers enable us to reproduce the tiniest of creatures in their marvelous activities. When engaged in special studies of the miniature world I use a camera so light that it can easily be carried on the palm of the hand and when in position on the tripod, controlled by the little finger.

"In taking outdoor scenes, I attach a camera to the tonneau of my automobile and throw in a few hundred feet of cable and an electric arc for the lighting purposes. Suppose, for example, I want to take the stridulations of the common katydid. A neighbor on a country road will accommodate me by letting me attach the cable to his electric switch.

Presto! there's the lighting and camera all set. The hard part of it is the katydid, its habit being to sing only in the dark and to quit when the scene is illuminated. I recall then that the katydid's lay is one of courtship and the song is exclusively a masculine one—made to entice the females by a musical note caused by the rubbing together of the wings. When one male katydid starts up, the others will join in and try to outvie him. So I provide a lusty chorus of males out there in the near-by dark, and by and by my captive hekatydid, though in the full light of the motion picture arc, will begin to think that those other fellows are putting something over him, and he will sing too.

"I've taken the camera into the rattlesnake dens in Connecticut and New York States and photographed the free reptiles and their young in action. I have filmed the wild deer, the small game and even occasionally the bears in the Berkshires, the Catskills and northern Pennsylvania. But the intensive study of the animal world can best be carried on in connection with a great and varied collection of animals such as the Zoological Park offers.

"In one of my reels I show a fight to the death between a mongoose and a cobra. The mongoose, as is well known, is the poisonous snake-hunter, its importation into the United States is forbidden, and I had great trouble in obtaining a license for a specimen, which I subsequently returned to the Orient. The cobra repeatedly coiled itself and struck at the mongoose which dodged every attack. Ever the snake tried to bury its fangs in its four-footed adversary and ever the mongoose was too quick for him. At the death grapple the

mongoose got around behind and bit the cobra in the tail; this caused the cobra head to rear up, and the mongoose jaws were upon it like a flash, inflicting the wound in the neck which ended the snake's struggles.

"Another film shows the swallowing by a python of a pig four times its size. This sounds incredible. The explanation is that the python's jaws, instead of being attached each to the other like mammalian jaws, are divided above and below, and the orifice of the throat is also elastic, the bones coming away from each other as the muscles are

### Ask This Department

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theaters.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures. (Send stamped envelope).

Address: Educational Department,  
Photoplay Magazine, Chicago



A scene from E. M. Newman Travel Picture released by the Educational Films Corporation of America, showing the Great Wall of China.



stretched wide to their utmost tensity. The pig having been killed by constriction, the right upper jaw moves outwards and away to encompass one end of the carcass, next the left upper jaw encloses the left side of the body, next the right and left lower jaws move forward upon the prey and pull in the lower part of it, until the pig is all in and gulped down by a tremendous series of slow swallows. The process of digestion takes from eight to ten days. In this snake-incinerator, the entire pig is reduced to nothingness—hide, hair, teeth, tail, squeal and all. I've had dentist friends of mine disbelieve my statement that snakes can digest teeth. For proof, I've let them put human teeth into the body of a rodent that was subsequently swallowed by one of my pet snakes; then the animal has been kept continually under observation, and it has been shown absolutely that no traces of the teeth anywhere remained.

"Of equal interest with the land reptilians are the pictures of submarine monsters I obtained from Italy some little while ago. Pictures of devil-fish, I grieve to say, are often faked, but these were the real thing. The Italian submarine pictures were made in specially devised deep-water-tanks at Naples and near Tahiti and Samoa. Actual colors of the deep were photographed by polychrome, and we reproduced them here in laboratory though the laboratory experts kindly assured us that no such greens, blues and pinks could possibly have been found at the bottom of the sea! I edited and titled the pictures and added to them some combats of my own between giant turtles and sea-monsters, but ninety per cent of the pictures were Italian and to Italian scientists the credit is due for this amazing record of the sea.

"Now I am engaged in revealing the mysteries of Nature in the constructive efforts of its creatures. I may mention here the nests, hives and hills of the birds, bees and ants; the burrow of the trap-door spider which digs its home in the sand, encloses it in silk 'wallpaper,' and constructs at the top a weather-proof, hinged trap-door which is indistinguishable from the surface of the desert; the spider of the Tornado Zone which reinforces its tree nest with stout silk-and-paste ligaments at the leaf stem and the branch trunk; the prairie dogs, so common in the West, as skillful on the land as the beavers in the water, kicking the upturned soil into the hillocks with mathematical exactitude and tamping it down with their heads, providing a rain-proof home which sudden storms cannot demolish. I have been working recently on subjects such as these, my aim being to show the truly creative intelligence that animates Nature."

Ditmars' studio-laboratory at Scarsdale (N. Y.), is a magic workshop wherein the scientist performs his cunningest feats and makes his most delicate experiments. He is a modern Merlin of props, scenery and lights, an enchanter who gets much out of little, like the mediaeval philosopher extracting gold from lead. Props? You would laugh to see them. Red, white, pink and neutral gray sands; sticks and bark from trees of every country in the world; jars of part-colored shells and marine specimens from the Seven Seas; trays of bones, ancient and modern; eggs assorted and as the produce men say "extra fine;" mosses, plants, the paraphernalia of tropic or temperate vegetation.

For every little animal that he pictures there, Ditmars makes a habitat identical with its natural conditions. He constructs the prairie burrows, he builds the rattlesnake den, he puts the insect on the bough, the sea-devil in the tank, the crustacean among the marine rocks and sands, and then he lights, directs, turns the motion picture crank, and even projects the negative right there.

The building, a substantial structure, is 100 feet long by thirty-five feet in width. It contains all the appliances of the

up-to-date movie factory, together with many special "wrinkles." The extreme elaboration, complexity and yet space-economy of the lighting system would interest an expert, but it would be Greek to most of us. Suffice it to say that the special difficulties are overcome by special means. For instance, the glare from the electric arcs bothers the little animal folk even more than it does humans and prevents their "acting," but Ditmars solves the problem simply by placing a ground glass screen in front of the arc, thus illuminating the scene and the animals by a soft, diffused light. He watches very carefully the shadows, corners and under sides of the picture, bunch lights being used in addition to the big arcs to light these up. For occasional daylight work, the large top of the studio can be lifted off.

Raymond L. Ditmars is a city boy with a love of animals strongly developed by park wanderings and by some youthful

experiences as a lad-of-all-work in the menagerie tent of a big circus. His parents used to live in a Harlem apartment house over against what was then the northern wilderness of Central Park. The boy knew every nook and cranny of the wildwood, and its creatures. He caught his first snakes on the rocky ledge where now the steep steps go down from Columbus avenue to the Park Circle. Bringing home the snakes in his pocket, he encountered the parental wrath which was only partly appeased when a neighboring taxidermist assured the family that the quarry were non-poisonous grass snakes of a harmless variety. He was finally allowed to keep the snakes and to add to their number, amassing a collection of several score which he attended to and photographed religiously. At fourteen he got a job in the American Museum of Natural History. For seven years he worked there, being finally promoted Assistant Curator of Insects. Then he went into newspaper work, writing animal stories, for the New York Times, and filled pages with the astonishing facts about the wild creatures to be found in the parks and in the out-of-the-way corners of New York. Then, one day, he hied to The Bronx to interview Director Hornaday of the newly started Zoological Park. He found his

future chief in a hut of the wilderness and started in. After obtaining all the journalistic facts about the new project, he said: "I've a collection of three hundred snakes on an upper floor of my home which I'd like you to look at!"

"Three hundred snakes!" said the Director, astonished. "Boy, where did you get them?"

"Collected them," said Ditmars briefly.

Director Hornaday came to see the collection, and young Ditmars promptly offered them to the New York Zoological Park. "Yes, we are pleased to accept them as the nucleus of New York's Reptile Collection, but—" he laid a friendly hand on the lad's shoulder, "on one condition, when they go to the Park, you go with them!" And that's how Raymond L. Ditmars became a member of the New York Zoological Staff just twenty years ago. In that decade of uninterrupted labor he has received academic degrees from many learned bodies in various lands, has written, illustrated and published two enormous tomes on "The Reptiles of North America" and "The Reptiles of the World." under Mr. Hornaday's supervision has augmented the mammals and reptiles of the park to the largest collections of their kinds in the world and has found time in the last five years to study the animals moving-pictorially. His series of fifty-three subjects constitute the first definite transference of a natural science from a literary and a "still"-illustrated form to a moving picture form.

"Once," said Mr. Ditmars, after a lecture, "a gentleman told me that he couldn't believe that dormouse and python stuff without seeing it. I took up motion pictures to silence such skeptics and think I have succeeded."

### Did You Know

—That the only song the katydid sings is one of courtship, and that sung only by the male; that keen rivalry often occurs for the hand of some fair katydid, and that the he-katydid who sings the prettiest is the chosen suitor?

—That the lizard catches flies by darting out his tongue in the shape of an umbrella?

—That the trap-door spider has a weather-proof, hinged door to his home, indistinguishable from the surface of the earth?

—That a python can swallow a pig—four times its own size—and still have room for dessert; that this same snake is alleged to be able to digest human teeth?

—That in the ocean there are fish able to instantly change their color to that of their surroundings—"chameleons of the sea"?



# The CAPTAIN'S CAPTAIN

Louise Grayling  
wished hard for  
some excitement,  
and got it—with  
trimmings—and  
everything



By  
Leigh  
Metcalf

Tarrytown, Monday evening

**D**EAREST WINIFRED:

Well—here I am—at Aunt Euphemia's house, where I shall remain all summer unless Dad sends for me, or I pine away in loneliness. I feel about as outraged as a newly-captured tiger upon being caged for the first time and offered a bowl of corn-meal gruel.

Tell me, pray—what is a girl to do in a prison like Auntie's house? Such a bunch of ogres—even the ice man looks haughty and offended when you attempt to smile at him. No noise, no excitement—nothing but stiff, staid ceremony. Oh, for a fire or a murder! I have just been wishing that a burglar would sneak into the house—a nice friendly burglar, with a sense of humor. But, oh dear—I suppose burglars are too unconventional for Auntie! Imagine me, Winnie—trying to warm up to a formal crowd of inert Grundies who have been antiques for perfect ages. What, pray, is the restlessness of youth to Aunt Euphemia? I was just looking at her baby pictures and do you know I can recognize that same hauteur and unbreakable dignity?

Listen, Winnie: the first minute Dad comes home I want you to send me a wire. For I won't stay in this dead place a minute longer than is necessary. I never will forgive him for going away on that business trip, permitting Auntie to drag me to Tarrytown, just because she thinks it wouldn't be "proper" for me to remain at home with everyone gone.

However, I don't intend to tire you with my dreariness—even though you did make me promise to write you everything. And so, because dreariness is all that drips from my pen to-night, I'll stop.

LOUISE.

Tarrytown, Tuesday morning.

Oh, Winnie—I must whisper a thrilling idea that came to me during the night! I suddenly remembered that Uncle Abe Silt had written me not so long ago, asking me to visit him at Cape Cod. He is a storekeeper there you know.

"No noise—no excitement—nothing but stiff, staid ceremony.  
Oh, for a fire or a murder!"

And so I think I'll sneak away to Cape Cod. Don't gasp, dear. It will be interesting and who knows but what I'll unearth some excitement there? Cape Cod is quite a picturesque place, I understand—where they get cod liver oil and all. And codfish. The people are very plain, I understand, and very difficult to shock.

Don't tell a soul yet, Winnie. I am going to make overtures to the housekeeper today. I am quite sure I saw her wink at me during breakfast when I declared to Auntie that cigarette-smoking was a graceful feminine habit. Auntie is going out on a calling tour. And if I am to sneak away, it must be done quickly. More later.

LOUISE.

Somewhere on Cape Cod,  
Wednesday morning.

WINNIE—I've gone and done it! Revolt was as inevitable as Hun defeat. The housekeeper is a real sport. Just after Auntie had gone yesterday, I sneaked up to her and sobbed out my plan on her shoulder. She melted into liquid sympathy. Then I sprang my idea. "I'm going to sneak off to my Uncle's—at Cape Cod!"

She swallowed a gasp but said: "I think I understand, dearie!"

And so I packed my things in a jiffy and by noon was gone. And here I am! No stiff, starched ceremony or any of that stuff. Oh, it's a relief after Tarrytown and I must go out and stir up some excitement.

If only Auntie doesn't come and spoil it all. But the housekeeper promised to tell her that I had left the house suddenly, after receiving a wire, and didn't tell where I was bound.

Uncle Abe is a dear old fellow. He has whiskers like Ulysses, only, unlike him, is afraid of water. I know he doesn't like water because Betty (more about her later) said so. And that is strange, considering that he was born and reared within sound of the breakers. I intend to investigate.



However, even if he is afraid, his brother, Captain Amazon, isn't. Amazon is a sea captain and Uncle just loves to tell of his exciting adventures. A ferocious old captain, he must be, and wonderfully courageous. Last evening I sat charmed—actually charmed—while Uncle told of Amazon's amazing adventures. There are several others rival story-tellers—ex-sea captains—but they can't pretend to match Uncle's true stories. Joab, a retired mariner, is especially eager to discredit Uncle's stories, and bullies the old dear unmercifully.

And Winnie—there's Betty—Betty Gallup, a typical sort of woman for this place, with a masculine way about her, unlimited nerve and a habit of making Uncle step lively. She keeps house here. One would think she really disliked Uncle—if one didn't observe closely. I have watched her, and really, Winnie, there's the oddest, prettiest light that shines in her eyes when she is near Uncle Abe. It's just as though only the tiniest little obstacle were all that kept her from flying into his great arms. And it is easy to see that he cares for Betty. I heard him sigh this morning when he was watching her. The sort of sigh that—well, like Bobby Wescott made when he wanted to dance with me (conceit!) and my card was filled. There's something between the two dears—I wonder what keeps them apart?

Well—I'm at the end of this sheet and must move about a little and forget that Aunt Euphemia has probably sent out the chief of Tarrytown police to look for her scapegoat niece. Goodbye for this time.

P. S.—I nearly forgot a very thrilling part of my trip here. I met the most unusual person—a snobbish fisherman. Perhaps not snobbish, but certainly independent. You see, I got off at the wrong station coming over, and I chartered his launch to ferry me across the cove. He refused to

LOUISE.

"Why is Abe's bedroom door locked?" Betty demanded. My heart jumped, but Uncle's wits were quick, this day. "Because I want it locked!" he roared.

take any fee. And—oh, Winnie, imagine! His launch became shoaled out from shore and without hesitation or invitation, grabbed me in his strong arms and carried me to land. And the surprising thing about it was that I wasn't angry! His name is Lawford Tapp. There—isn't that a nice little thrill for a starter?

L.

Wednesday evening.

Mystery! I like the sound of that word—after Tarrytown! Mystery always precedes excitement. It concerns Uncle Abe. This afternoon I was putting away my things and discovered some old scrap books in the dresser. They contained old clippings—stories of the sea. Imagine my surprise to recognize that every one of the many stories Uncle has been pinning on to this Captain Amazon. The old sneak! Why should he plagiarize (I think that was what my English teacher called it) just for the sake of bragging over his brother? I intend to find out. . . . right now!

\* \* \* \* \*

I found out! Dear Uncle. He was down in the store when I searched for him. I lured him outside and while we were walking along the beach, he started another reminiscence of this Amazon person. I used it as a cue.

"But—I read that story, Uncle," I said.

His face fell and he flushed back to his ears. Cruelly I went on, demanding to know why he misrepresented fiction to be fact. Then he opened his heart.

"My mother was frightened before I was born, by a frightful wreck," he said quietly. "And I can hardly bear sight of the sea—and—so—I—" He went on to tell how he felt being a landlubber among the stalwart, unafraid fishermen and mariners. I was beginning to understand a little. I held his arm fondly. He finished.

"—an' so I invented a brother—so that he could hold the respect I can't command." He looked off toward the house, where Betty Gallup was puttering around the porch. "I didn't care so much about men ridiculing me," he said. "But Betty—she isn't afeard of the sea!"

We walked in silence for a while. Suddenly I was seized with an idea. I did so want to help Uncle with the men—and Betty. I clutched his arm, eagerly. "Oh, Uncle," I gasped, "I have it! Why not win Betty's greater respect and remove the taint from the minds of the people—by *being your brother yourself?*"

He stared at me astonished. But before he could voice objections, I plunged into my plan, sweeping fear quite out from his heart. Then we were interrupted by Mr. Tapp, who ran up, pleading with me to go with him in his launch. I couldn't refuse—even though my mind was a medley with thinking of my great idea. I wasn't half civil to Mr. Tapp, I know. I wonder who he really is? He doesn't seem to be ordinary—not a bit. Adieu.

LOUISE.

P. S.—On advice of





Uncle, I wrote a note to Aunty today, telling her where I was and assuring her that I was in good hands and quite well and happy.

L.

Thursday.

Our plan worked splendidly! Uncle Abe is now the fearsome "Amazon," whose prowess he so lustily sang in the past. He is now the blustering, domineering Captain, boss of the store and unafraid of Betty Gallup or any retired mariner in Cape Cod. The whole shore is thrilled! And to think that I—a mere girl, recently run away from a fashionable Tarrytown home—am at the bottom of it! Oh, this is a lark! I'll tell you all about it.

This morning Uncle and I got together while Betty was out, and looked over one of his books, "The Sea Scorpion." In it we found a wonderful portrait of a fierce-visaged sea captain—"Captain Gridd."

"You must resemble him," I determined, and Uncle nodded. Upstairs, the page before us, we got busy. Uncle's heart broke when his beard had to go under the shears. But we preserved it all and locked it in the dresser for resurrection. Then we mixed a heavy dye in the wash bowl and smeared it over his pale features and managed to put together some wild, weather-worn looking clothes suggestive of a lifetime at sea.

I sent for Uncle Abe's chest, which Perry, station agent, called for immediately. Soon Betty returned. Close behind her entered Uncle. Betty whirled around as he stamped into the room. She gasped and stared, speechless as he glared at her, thundering:

"I suppose you're Betty Gallup. I'm Captain Amazon—Abe's brother."

His voice was thunderous. He swaggered about, more impressively than has ever been pinafores on any stage. "Excellent," I commended mentally, hiding behind a curtain. Then I stepped out, feigning surprise and fear.

Betty hadn't yet found her voice. I nearly choked trying to make a giggle sound like a nervous murmur. And yet I was a little nervous and so was Uncle.

For all his bravado, I could see his knees trembling a little.

Uncle grudgingly explained that Abe had gone on a cruise for his health. "I'll take his place while he's gone."

Then Betty regained a little of her poise. She sniffed suspiciously. "It doesn't seem likely that Abe would go away on a ship," she retorted, and walked out, leaving us two alone. I could see Betty stopping outside and telling the news to every one she met. I grabbed Uncle's hand and found it shaking.

"Cheer up," I encouraged, "it is working fine!"

Presently Aunty came back and outside I heard her telling Joab that Perry said he didn't ship Abe's chest because *Abe didn't leave town!* I could see she was suspicious.

Misgiving number one thus presented itself. Why hadn't I done something else with that chest?

However, my misgivings were forgotten when I followed Uncle into the store. The benchwarmers there stared at him openmouthed and arose, subjection in their eyes. Straight through their midst swaggered the hero of the hour, and in a thundering voice announced himself. The first thing he did was to declare all credit business off, which made me grin. "Cash only goes," he said, "while I'm master of this ship's store." And cash he got too. Not even Joab dared to bully him, but shrank back into his chair, cowed.

Presently Betty burst into the store, coming from upstairs, with a question on her lips.

"Why is Abe's bedroom door locked?" she demanded, addressing Uncle.

My heart jumped. We had locked it so she wouldn't discover Uncle's clothing, and beard. But Uncle's wits were quick this day. He roared:

"It's locked because I want it locked!" daring her to insist.

But though Betty went out without further question, I can't help from feeling a little uneasy. The fact that the chest wasn't shipped and the locked door have aroused Betty's suspicion. She is championing the man she loves—I can see that. While it makes me happy, it frightens me—right at this stage of the game.

LOUISE.



"I heard a scuffling downstairs and running to the staircase, saw to my horror, the coolies circling about Uncle Abe—all eyeing a revolver on the table."

Thursday night.

This evening Lawford Tapp called for me in his car. And—Winnie—he confessed that he wasn't a fisherman, but the son of the rich family whose great country home lays up the shore. It surprised—but didn't particularly please—me.

"That's nice," I said coolly. But in my heart I was disappointed. You know, Winnie, how I abhor the "worthless rich." I had half a mind to ask him why he didn't go to work. And yet—I must say there's something fascinating about him.

LOUISE.

Friday forenoon.

And now what do you suppose has happened? Aunt Euphemia is here! All because I wrote that silly old letter, telling her where I was. She raved and stormed, of course, demanding that I return with her instantly. But how can I—and Uncle right in the midst of his re-making?

And, oh Winnie—when Aunty saw him, she immediately wanted to know who he was. Betty said sourly: "His brother!" But Aunty looked at his disappearing figure suspiciously.

"I don't understand," she said. "Abe has no brother!"

And then Betty was surely bewildered and angry. I ran out and caught up with him, telling him to brace up. "Everything will come out right," I said, fearing it wouldn't. Then Aunty called me and I had to return to the house. She demanded to know who he was. I fidgeted and set my mind to working and finally thought of an answer:

"Well, Aunty," I whispered, "if you must know—Uncle Abe is hiding in his locked room as there are people seeking his life and this man is posing as his brother, protecting him."

This didn't seem to get over very good, although I thought it sounded rather well. She seemed to take it for granted though that I was telling the truth, but demanded that I leave with her immediately. "Unless you do," she said, "I'll wire your father." Then stalked off to the hotel.

But, Winnie—how can I leave—now? It's up to me to see



that Uncle gets out of this scrape with flying colors. And I will—I WILL!

LOUISE.

Friday—evening.

WINNIE—I must relieve my mind or it'll burst! Alarming things have occurred! To begin with, after lunch a boat landed with six Malays and Bengalese, and a white officer, who explained that their ship had been submarined. And do you know that the coolies have been dogging Uncle ever since they landed? This evening just about dusk I saw one of them staring in the window and a little later a shot rang out and the window pane fell shattered to the floor. Uncle was in the room but escaped unhurt. Later we found "The Sea Scorpion" opened and the picture of the captain slashed through with a knife. What does it mean?

While we were studying the book we heard some mysterious racket outside in the dusk and presently in through the door came Perry and Jaob and some others, escorted by Betty—and they were carrying Uncle's chest! My heart jumped.

As they got it in the doorway they let it drop, by mutual accord, and it crashed to the floor, bursting open. You should have seen their eyes when the heap of old clothes fell out as—as though they expected to see Uncle's body fall out.

Perry and Jaob and the others, jealous of Captain Amazon's thundering personality, are encouraging Betty to think that Amazon has done away with Uncle! I just know it, for when they found the trunk devoid of Uncle Abe, they all stared at Uncle and then at me and shouted:

"Where is Uncle Abe?"

I could see that Uncle was aroused. He reached for the man nearest him and gave him a prodigious shove. Then he roared at them all to get out and out they got, pell mell!

I am just about in tears. I heard someone outside talking about calling the police. This is becoming terrible. And to make matters worse, Betty was skulking around upstairs and found the wash bowl with the red stain mixed in, which we had used on Uncle's face, and she sneaked out with it, after the mob. I just know she thinks it is blood!

And to think—they imagine that I am Amazon's accomplice! I feel that the climax is near. If these fools outside do as they threaten and arouse the police—but I can't write more tonight—

LOUISE.

Saturday.

This morning Lawford Tapp called and asked me to walk with him. I couldn't refuse, even though I felt little like a chat right then. He asked me the meaning of the gossip. It seems that news of my implication in the disappearance of Uncle Abe has gotten up the shore to his people. They forbid him seeing me.

"They—my people—call you a fishwife," he said with a wry smile, "and they say that you are Captain Amazon's accomplice-in-crime. I made them retract the first, of course—but the latter—"

I interrupted wearily. "I'm no fishwife, or any other kind of a wife. And as for murder—well, I refuse to say a word—yet!" Then I added warmly: "I should think you'd be busy doing a man's work instead of prying into other people's affairs."

He flushed deeply, which made him handsomer than ever, and then silently walked off up the beach. I hurried back. There was too much tension to permit my giving him much thought just then.

As I entered the house I heard a second gunshot! Fearfully, I rushed through the doorway and came upon Uncle Abe bending over the bird cage, shattered on the floor, and mourning over the prostrate canary—his beloved pet! Poor big-hearted Uncle Abe! Through the window, I saw one of the coolies disappearing in the distance. Impatient, I grabbed

for the book of sea stories and turned to the slashed portrait of "Captain Gridd." I began skimming through the chapter opposite titled "How the Drunken Crew Landed and Wrecked a Hindu Temple, Killed a Priest and Escaped." As I perused the chronicle light slowly dawned. Soon I was tugging on the shoulder of Uncle Abe, sunk into dejected silence on the floor. "Uncle," I whispered, "I've discovered about the coolies and the shots! They think you are Captain Gridd—who wronged their people."

And as we read the chronicle of the vandalism, the importance of Uncle's regaining his own personality and dropping this hideous and dangerous masquerade came over me. I told Uncle so, too. "I'm going upstairs and piece together your beard," I informed him, getting up. "I have a faint suspicion that Perry and Joab are going to return soon, meaning mischief." And I was off up stairs.

I sat down and with feverish fingers sought to mend the beard onto a strip of cloth. Suddenly the closet door opened and Betty sprang out. She had evidently been spying, and I—wary of the whole mystery—flung myself on her and said:

"Oh, Betty—Betty! There was no murder! It's all a farce—a put up job." And I confessed the whole affair. Would she believe me? She would not—not until I begged her to come to the staircase and observe Uncle Abe—still mourning over his canary. This scene succeeded in convincing her and she whipped herself into action for Uncle Abe—the man she loved!

"I must hurry out," she gasped. "They—they are alarming the police. I—"

But I stopped her. "You mustn't tell. That would spoil the whole plan. Abe will be reincarnated by the time they get here." Betty saw the wisdom of this and rushed downstairs, to delay them all she could.

My nervous fingers went back to the work of assembling the lifesaving beard.

Just as I rose to call Uncle, finishing the beard, I heard a scuffling downstairs and a muffled shout. I sprang to the staircase and saw, to my horror, the coolies circling about Uncle Abe, all eyeing a revolver on the table.

Then I did a peculiar thing, Winnie. I do not know what strange impulse came over me, but I made the descent of the stairs as in a dream. Straight for the medley of Malays I stepped, without hesitation or the blink of an eyelash. It was as though I walked in a trance. And the coolies were affected, paralyzed. I walked to the center of the room and made a sudden dive for the revolver; got it, and lined the coolies up against the wall. Then I called to Uncle to run upstairs and don the beard and his own clothes and to hurry back.

It seemed I stood there a lifetime—menacing the coolies. And already through the window I could see the mob hurrying toward the house—led by the police! Then Uncle came bounding down the stairs—three at a time—the REAL UNCLE ABE—even though his beard was the tiniest bit awry. Just then a coolie made a move and I fired—striking him on the arm. Imagine—Winnie!

By that time Uncle was at my side and I gave him the revolver even as I heard shouts outside and a battering on the locked door. I saw Uncle bravely take my place before the enraged coolies; I heard a great crash and saw the door fall in, Jaob, the police and others pouring in, with Betty hanging back anxiously. Elbowing through the crowd came Lawford.

And then—things grew vague and I sank to the floor and, calling myself a silly little weakling, fainted.

You can't imagine the relief now, Winnie. And fagged—gracious! I just told Aunty that I'd leave with her in the morning. I'll be actually glad to stay with her the rest of the summer. It's been an exhausting few days, but I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. For Uncle is now an idol in his

(Continued on page 108)



"The Captain's Captain"

NARRATED, by permission, from the scenario of the same name, adapted from the story "Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper," a novel by James A. Cooper, and produced by Vitagraph with the following cast:

<i>Louise Greyling</i> .....	Alice Joyce
<i>Cap'n Abe</i> .....	Arthur Donaldson
<i>Cap'n Joab</i> .....	Percy Standing
<i>Aunt Euphemia</i> .....	Julia Swayne Gordon
<i>Betty Gallup</i> .....	Eulalia Jensen
<i>Lawford Tapp</i> .....	Maurice Costello



# After Lunch at Chaplin's Studio



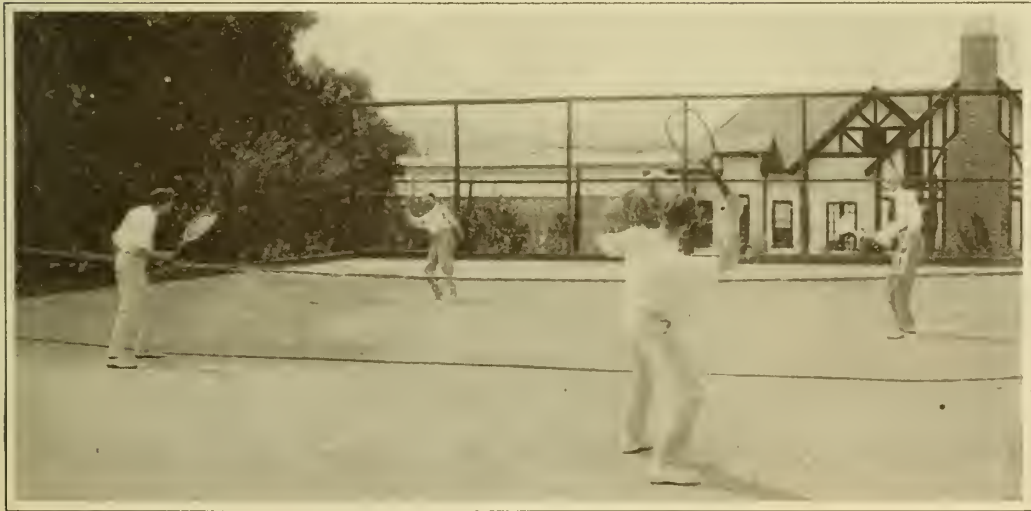
When Charlie went out to La Brea avenue, in Hollywood, he told his architects to build him a palace of humor that would have the homelike spaces of an English manor-house. So, after the noon feed-bag is taken off, you may find a lot of huskies on a sunlit patch of sand shooting a medicine ball at each other. It's much healthier than the ancient practise of shooting craps behind a bank of Cooper-Hewitts.



Subject, a stenographer and a rose. We know the rose is pretty, for we saw it. You can see the stenographer for yourself, so why shouldn't you get right into the contest and write your own lyric? Try it—it surely won't be any worse than ours!



Beholding this pleasant-faced lady and her evident occupation we started to write a pun to the effect that even costuming seams easy in such environment—but puns are worthy a Prussian, and we haven't the heart.



Here, at least, Chaplin realism is not accentuated. For, as the Marquis of Queensberry taught us years ago, tennis isn't properly played with the net at half-mast. However, such criticism shouldn't mar the interesting fact that this fine court is supplied for the recreation of the hard-working slaves of the film business, leading the cramped, pitiful, airless lives that are the forlorn lot of all that must go to the cold and gloomy state of California.



# Under Four Flags

*Excerpts from the Government's  
Fourth Official War Film*

THE Division of Films, Committee on Public Information, has already given general circulation to three patriotic and inspiring ensembles of photographic motion: "Pershing's Crusaders," "America's Answer," and "The Bridge of Ships." The first was the Division's hastily mobilized shock unit, a varied assemblage of reels visualizing the Expeditionary Force. It was received with general enthusiasm. The second—the "Answer" picture—must have hurt the home-grown Huns deep down, for it showed the tremendous material preparation, at home and abroad, for this war of liberty. And the third must have been an optic knell for these same Huns, since it showed that we could not only make the land, but the sea, safe for democracy.

The fourth picture, named above, is not only a general look at the great business now being carried on by America-England-France-Italy & Co., but is the first specimen of film production as a genuine government industry. The United States motion picture establishment is at last under full headway, and is delivering pictures not only effective as propaganda, but worth while as matters of history and specimens of art.

Below—The dull sky, the quiet trees, the venerable painting of war by D. W. Griffith. Yet, probably men—members of the 166th Infantry, 42nd Division on



In 1870 Germany had the Mighty Old Man of Politics in Prince Bismarck, but her line of Cabinet antiques today puts up a sorry front before the Venerable Lion of France, Premier Georges Clemenceau. The French Premier is here chatting with America's Captain-General, Pershing, before the latter's headquarters.



Men of the Quarter-Master's Corps unloading 155-millimetre shells at an ammunition dump somewhere near our galloping front. Recall some of the things you were told about war-costs in the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, and then figure out how many of these presents for Prussians you paid for.







Zero hour for aviators. These young Americans were photographed in the clear, early light of a cool autumn morning, waiting for the bugle-call to summon them to the clouds. Notwithstanding their Arctic muffling, the ground-weather is delightful—but there is some thermometric difference between the ground and 15,000 feet.

Photos by Committee on Public Information

buildings at the left and the wide stretch of white road suggest a sun—the only man who saw this as a picture was the photographer. The —are just trudging through a French village enroute to do a job of work the Huns.



Behold a Filipino recruit in the spud brigade! "Under Four Flags" is really a misnomer, for there are so many flags and national emblems in the allied ranks that a mere assemblage of standard-bearers would make quite a procession in itself.



# Grand Crossing Impressions



Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their fittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

FIRST I'll Tell You  
 What Happened to Mary.  
 She Started from Los Angeles,  
 For New York,  
 To Meet her Mother,  
 And Talk Over  
 That New Contract.  
 She was Sidetracked in 'Frisco,  
 To Speak for the Fourth Loan—  
 At the Ship-yards there, where  
 She Induced them to Part with  
 A Million and a Half Dollars' Worth.  
 Then she Came On to Chicago.  
 She Was Tired Out; and  
 Wanted to Rest.  
 She didn't Want them  
 To Know she was There.  
 But  
 Wherever she'd Go,  
 People would say,  
 "There's Mary Pickford!"  
 At the Blackstone Hotel,  
 She tried to eat dinner,  
 But instead  
 She Sold Bonds;  
 And at the theatre  
 She Co-Starred

With the Dolly Sisters,  
 And they Sold Some More.  
 At the Theatre,  
 When they Saw her,  
 They Screamed,  
 "There's  
 Mary!  
 Get Up on the Stage,  
 And Make a Speech!"  
 But Mary Said  
 She wasn't Much of a Hit  
 On the Stage, and  
 Gussed  
 She'd Stay where  
 She was—  
 And Kept on  
 Selling 'em.  
 Just Once,  
 When she was Hurrying  
 Out of her Hotel,  
 She Thought she Might Get By  
 Unrecognized.  
 But

Mary Pickford  
 sold a million and  
 a half dollars'  
 worth of Liberty  
 Bonds for the  
 Fourth Loan in the  
 San Francisco bay  
 region.

There was  
 A Little Girl—  
 Not More than Eight—  
 With a Pinched Face,  
 And Hungry Eyes,  
 Who was Selling Flowers;  
 And she Sidled Up.  
 With a Bunch of Violets.  
 She Looked Up—  
 And Saw Mary.  
 Her Eyes Shone, and  
 She Gasp'd,  
 "You—  
 You're Mary Pickford!  
 I Thought,  
 All the Time,  
 You was a Angel."  
 She Put Out a Timid Hand.  
 And Touched Mary's Dress.  
 "Why—  
 You're—You're *Real!*"  
 She Gulped; then—  
 "Please take these Flowers—"  
 And Held them Out—  
 "For Nothing; I  
 Wouldn't Take Money  
 From You."

Mary Patted her Hand,  
 And Slipped a Ten Dollar Bill  
 into it;  
 And Smiled,  
 And Afterwards Turned  
 And Looked Back,  
 And Waved her Hand.  
 The Kid Never Moved.  
 But then

Came Bad  
 News from  
 California  
 That Sister  
 Lottie  
 Was Ill, with  
 Influenza.  
 Mrs. Pickford  
 Met Mary in  
 Chicago,  
 And  
 They hurried home  
 To Los Angeles.

(Continued on page 100)





Sarony

## Harold Lockwood — *Died October Nineteenth, 1918*

**W**HEN people in the film business heard that Harold Lockwood was dead there was a general shock such as a fatal accident brings to a small village.

In his profession he was duly modest, a steady worker, and consistently progressive in the arts of acting, though—unfortunately—the material accorded him was not always what it should have been. Away from studio Lockwood was a clean, wholesome, worthy young American citizen in the very best sense of the term.

He died in his thirtieth year, leaving a

wife and one child. The last decade of his life comprised more activity than comes to most men who endure to seventy. He was born in Brooklyn, and, after a brief experience on the stage, was taken up by Edwin S. Porter, who, if you are familiar with screen history, you will recall as one of the great prime movers of this industry, and a founder of Famous Players.

Porter was then part owner of the Rex company, and young Mr. Lockwood played juvenile leads in turn for Rex, Nestor, New York Motion and Selig.

His first Famous Players part was oppo-

site Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country." He also played in "Hearts Adrift." After other Famous assignments, including a picture or two with Marguerite Clark, he signed his well-remembered Mutual contract, and co-starred with Mae Allison.

The climax of his fruitful career was reached as an individual star with Metro.

Included in the list of his best-known pictures are "Big Tremaine," "The River of Romance," "The Come-Back," "The Haunted Pajamas," "Broadway Bill," and "Lend Me Your Name."



# the World

The Journal Written by  
Julian Johnson

happiness and love and all the joys of humble war, and with the fair common souls, souls are the hearts of the world of to-day.

ing of Teutonic conquests and commercialism turned his face and his feet toward the land of France, was beginning to be just the first link in the chain. She loved America, and—though she didn't know it and wouldn't have admitted it any more—she was at that peak bloom age when an American girl welcomes the straightforward advances of an American boy.

But as there were no American boys—particularly that side of Paris, Marie was amused herself in her grandfather's high-walled garden with her old mother goose and mother geese's heavy brood of goslings. And on a certain day she ventured the boldest venture in the next garden on an army of his own.

And Marie after him. Just as she had the pin-feathered bandit thrust in her fingers, she glanced up, and directly into the eyes of a smiling, slightly mustached young Frenchman, who, somehow, didn't look exactly French. The young Frenchman began to whistle softly, bending his eyes directly upon the amethyst goatee.

"Stay in your own backyard!" What an air for a Frenchman to whistle!

"Why, you must be," gasped Marie.

"I don't," answered the young man with cheerful frankness. "That is, I don't know just what I am, but I'm whatever you say."

"Were both speaking English?" exclaimed Marie, surprised at that, too.

"No, speaking American," corrected the boy. "I've been here most of my life, but I consider myself a citizen of the U. S. A., and I'm proud of it. My name's Hamilton—Douglas Hamilton."

"You must be the son of grand-daddy's best friend—I'm Marie Stephenson."

"So you're the kid father's been raving about in his letters to me!"

And they were friends at once. But I don't think they ever thanked the power enough for its part in that wonderful meeting. In fact, they scarcely thought of him again.

A perfect love, like a perfect life, often leaves little to say. It is not un-petuous, it is not beset by quarrels or jealousies or

passion of anger or ambition. Like the progression of night or day, it comes naturally and inevitably and quietly. Right was the love of Douglas Hamilton and Marie Stephenson, which grew out of that quiet meeting at the garden wall. At that all their truth was played over it letters and precious notes were exchanged, and through the exposure the promises for life and eternity were repeated and waited upon kisses.

Vice Consul captured Marie by a locked door, turning a lascivious hand over her arm and shoulder.

You've been introduced to those heroic devil-dogs, the Marines, in every theatre, every newspaper, every magazine and by nearly every Liberty Bond exhorter in America. Below, the first returning likeness of the man who has done the largest individual part in making their glory a matter of permanent record: Leon Caverly, their official motion picture photographer in France. Mr. Caverly is not one of the gentlemen who take pretty bits of specially posed action far, far from the thud of highly emotional shells. Note the ready gas-mask? That's a matter of business, not ornament.



On August 17th Lieut. Maurice S. Revnes (Headquarters, 77th Division) found this crumpled page from July PHOTOPLAY in No Man's Land. Possibly it had fallen from the pocket of a charging doughboy. Strange, isn't it, that this particular page should have been devoted to a tale of that devastated France to which it finally found its way! It is a part of the fictionalized version of Mr. Griffith's "Hearts of the World."



California, whose visual products have caused the building of scores of theatres in every corner of the world, can still boast her original playhouse, just as it was in 1840, when it was opened. This rare temple of thespis and its adjacent saloon—pictured above—are to be found on a somnolent street in Monterey. Things don't change much, in *manana* Monterey.

Here's an Italian cinema, turned into a temple of mercy. Above it waves the American flag; inside it the American Red Cross is ladling out soup to a hungry town; behold the little folk—who once screamed with delight within, at the antics of Carlo Ceplin—patiently waiting with their pails.



# The Literary Secret Service

There are only thirty-six stories in the world, but every Scenario Department is expected to find one new one every day.

By Randolph Bartlett

HERE is a kink in the Cosmos. Will one of those incessantly optimistic individuals who go about declaring "all's well with the world," step into the spotlight and explain why it is that, although there are fifty-seven kinds of pickles there are only thirty-six kinds of stories? This inequality is the more tragic when we pause to consider that while probably no person ever went stark, staring mad over the fact that he could not think of some kind of pickle he never had tasted, several scores of young men and women have become prematurely gray, and go about day and night tearing out their hair by the handful, trying to think up new plots and situations for moving pictures. To save them from the asylum several producers have evolved a sort of literary secret service, a

When I returned to my hermitage I looked up the Gozzi list and was inclined to agree with MacAlarney, so far as practical purposes are concerned. For a good many of the dramatic situations he described were taken from the original Greek, and if the Greek was original he was also unhampered by the censor, and a large proportion of the thirty-six situations would horrify even Ivan the Terrible.

So there you have it. There is just about a MacAlarney handful of fundamental dramatic situations, and yet the moving picture producers, urged on by an avid public, sing on:

*"Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
Sees no five-reeler finished or begun."*

By sheer force of necessity, it is natural that the Paramount-Artcraft organization, with its heavy production program, should have worked out the most elaborate method of checking up on new picture possibilities. There are just two sources of material—published books and magazines, and manuscripts submitted by independent writers. A regular corps of readers is engaged. A magazine arrives and is assigned to one of them. The reader peruses every story, and submits a brief analysis of the plot of each, recommending for further consideration any that he

considers suited to the screen. These are followed up, but whether used or not, a record of each, available or otherwise, is kept on file. This file has a cross-index so that a story can be located through the name of the author, the title of the tale or the name of the star whose characteristics its leading character most closely approximates. Independent manuscripts are handled in exactly the same manner. No story that goes into the Paramount office is ever forgotten. Mr. MacAlarney may never see it, his assistants may forget its existence, but the big, silent, ever growing file has the record, and the file has a perfect memory.

Note the big surprise

that came to me in this little journey.

"Perhaps fifty percent of the pictures we produce," said Mr. MacAlarney, "are from stories which we have rejected at least once."

"Do you mean that the authors keep sending them back, improving them under your direction, until they suit you?"

"No—I mean that we take them in their original form after having first turned them down. It may have been that we did not need just that kind of a story at the moment. It may have been that we were not quite convinced it would make a good picture. It may not have been timely and it may have been that we were all wrong, and had to think it over before we discovered our error. This is the whole spirit of this organization. We



situation census, a vital statistics of ideas, a dramatic card-index.

Before examining the method by which these plot-hounds trail screen stories to their lairs and trap them, it might be well to draw attention to the fact once more, that there is no such thing as an original dramatic situation today. The erend gentleman who wrote the Book of Ecclesiastes and remarked "There is no new thing under the sun," said something. If you don't believe him or me, ask Bob MacAlarney at Paramount, or Gene Mullen at Vitagraph, or Tony Kelly, or June Mathis at Metro, or C. Gardner Sullivan, or any of the other boys and girls who turn out the scripts. And this remark was made about 400 B. C.

Then, about two thousand years later, Count Gozzi, a Venetian dramatist, made the thing more specific. He wrote down a list of thirty-six dramatic situations and drew a big black line underneath the list, remarking, as Ethel Barrymore was destined to observe a couple of hundred years later, "That's all there is, there isn't any more." Two Germans butted in, in the German way, and tried to tell Gozzi he was off his base, but after they had made a vain attempt to sink him without warning, they admitted he was torpedo proof.

And to nail the thing down, if you don't believe the evidence of all these eminent dead ones is valid as applying to moving pictures, consider this excerpt from a conversation I had with Mr. MacAlarney:

"What do you think of Gozzi's thirty-six—"

"Thirty-six!" he exclaimed. "I wish there were thirty-six. There isn't a handful," and he held up one hand with the five fingers spread, fingers rough and calloused from pawing through books and manuscripts in search for new stories.



In a month not less than three thousand stories pass through the machine.

Decorations by  
Quinn Hall

don't pretend to know everything. We want to be convinced."

There's a dramatic situation in itself, classifiable perhaps as Gozzi's No. 5, "Pursuit." Every month about forty magazines launch more or less original fiction. Perhaps twenty-five novels, even in these war times, can be added to this. And then there is the great flood of independent manuscripts, pouring in every day. All this has to go through the mill. In a month not less than three thousand stories pass through the machinery of the Paramount scenario department. Out of this three thousand, it is necessary to get from ten to fifteen that will screen. It ought to be easy. Strangely enough, it isn't. And that's where old Gozzie is proved to be not such a boob after all, for when you boil most of the three thousand down to what will show on the silversheet, there is little left, and that little is so obviously similar to one of the parent thirty-six that it would have about as much right on the screen as an old, faded tin-type in an exhibition of Alfred Cheney Johnston portraits.

Confronting the same dilemma, Ricord Gradwell, of the World, hit upon a brilliant idea. He decided to make the New York Public Library an annex of his scenario department. He engaged a little staff of readers who know French and Italian, and turned them loose in the foreign fiction department of the library with instructions to find ideas, more especially among old and forgotten books. Results were immediate and gratifying. One reader reported "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," a French novel a century old. Fifty years ago it was made into a play, "The Art of Being a Gentleman." Today it is a World picture, "The Golden Wall."

Out in Flatbush, where Eugene Mullen conducts the literary department of the Vitagraph activities, they have a staff which combs magazines and novels, but are going through the process of reorganizing and extending it. The majority of the productions here, as elsewhere, come from published books and stories. At Paramount eleven productions of sixty recent productions were from original manuscripts. At World, on the contrary, the staff writers have been developed, and half of the material comes from this source, one-third from original stories submitted, and the small remainder from published tales. Practically all the Goldwyn productions are from published works

and plays. At Metro the output is about evenly divided.

Just how these scouts feel about the race for material can best be described in their own language.

"Famous writers," Mr. Mullen remarks, "clever as their novels and plays may be, must positively first master the technique of the screen before their contributions can be of much value. Some of them, on the strength of their fiction successes, have submitted stuff to this office often so inexpressibly bald in treatment, childish in theme, and senile in conception, that the men into whose hands their attempts pass cannot contain their disgust. This is a pity, and let us hope, a temporary condition, for the screen needs good stories now as it never needed them before."

"We try to keep in touch with the most successful authors," Miss June Mathis of Metro reports. "I think authors are beginning to realize that there is a great field in the moving picture world and are offering their stories with a greater amount of warmth than previously. Within the last six months our scenario staff has furnished five stories. We do not, as a rule, encourage our staff writers, as we prefer to develop the outside writer and would much rather make his story suit the screen."

"We find that the average original photoplay writer will tell his story in narrative and not in situation. A situation is the keynote of the photoplay. These authors, however, are encouraged, and an attempt is always made to explain to them just exactly what we wish."

Until quite recently, the sleuthing of the plot-hounds, in their search for material, was impeded rather than aided by the more successful authors themselves. For years they had looked upon the screen as an interloper.

The story is one thing. The stage is something else again. The author whose story is dramatized seldom objects to the necessary changes made to adapt it to the stage. He sees that the stage is different from the book, that it expresses the idea in an entirely different shape, that a new form is necessary. Yet, when it goes into third speed, and is placed on the screen, he will scream like a wounded elephant because the book is not followed line by line. Yet the day is rapidly approaching when the author will see that the silversheet has its advantages, and they who know its intricacies should be left to handle matters for themselves.



"GASSED," reads the casualty list, and another American soldier suffers from the Hun poison! But there are the gas masks. Uncle Sam is turning them out—by the thousands. To do this there must be charcoal. The best charcoal for gas masks is made from the stones of peaches and other fruits. Uncle Sam needs these stones!

Saving peach-stones is the easiest thing you can do for your country to help win the war, but it is not a small service. Gas masks save soldiers' lives. Save those peach stones! Save peach, plum, apricot, cherry, prune and olive pits. Some cities have receptacles for them in public places. Many theatres give admittance for so many stones.

## Jimmie Blue

By Harry J. Smalley

*WHERE'ER he came from, no one knew—  
Just drifted 'long, as boys will do.  
He hung around the lot awhile,  
And always wore a happy smile.—  
And then one day, a job he cops—  
Became assistant to our "Props!"  
And things grew brighter when he came  
Into the studio; his name  
Was Jimmie Blue.*

*The brightest kid I ever met!  
We actors soon made him our pet,  
His cheerful way, his pep and vim—  
No one could help a-liking him!*

*All of us at the studio  
Were pals of Jim, you'd better know!  
A happy, careless, winsome lad—  
The skies of life one color had  
For Jimmie: blue!*

*One morning Jim did not appear  
For work as usual, which was queer.  
We then discussed the absent lad  
And learned some things that made us sad!  
It seems the blithesome little cuss  
Had borrowed coin from all of us!  
Yours truly lost ten iron men—  
It was a day of mourning when  
Our Jimmie blew!*



# Making the World Safe for the Author

How one scenario chief handles the problem—and the directors

By John Ten Eyck

(NOTE:

Listen, Mr. Director, this is for you. I'll murder you, as sure as my name is Mack, if you resort to that old movie trick of showing the girl tripping blithely up to the doctor's office and knocking on the door, or any other introduction of her in this story. We don't care a damn about who she is, or where she's living, or whether she uses Jockey Club ~~perfume~~ perfume, or eats with her knife, or any other attendant embellishment, which is usually resorted to announcing these movie queens. We are only interested in her when the doctor opens that door and discovers that his girl has been kind enough to pay him a little visit in the midst of his troubles. W.M.)

CU of Alice as she greets the doctor.

TITLE: "I WAS DOWNTOWN SHOPPING AND I THOUGHT I'D RUN IN AND SEE YOU."

Full shot of office.  
Doctor leads her to chair - they sit down. She continues to chatter:

"HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE TWO PRISONERS ESCAPED LODGET?"

A page from a recent Goldwyn manuscript, showing Mr. Mack's gentle and refined hints to the director who will ultimately receive this burning document as the foundation for a five-reel photoplay. At the left, Mr. Mack's most frequently used fighting face.



This seems to be the Mack idea—seems to be, because Mr. Mack is not an approachable person and is to be known only through his work. You might describe him as a ninety horse-power violet.

Scenarios are not the most interesting form of casual literature. Boy and man, I have been reading them ever since the motion picture industry was first in its infancy, which is harking back several harks. I never have encountered one which I would select deliberately to while away a dull hour. They are informative, rather than entertaining. But there is personality in a Mack scenario, and without personality in the scenario there is unlikely to be much of that quality in the finished product. The man has a certain driving force, which often comes out in matters that are apparently mere routine. For example, his scenario describes two men escaping from prison. The average scenario will inform the director that the men lower themselves from the prison wall by a rope. Here is the scene as Mack orders it:

"Show outside prison wall. Bill and old Dan come down the rope, and when they are both down Bill, with a dexterous twist, snaps the rope off the spike. He coils the rope inside his jacket and they move off in the darkness. These shots must be done at night, using an overhead arc, the same as is used in prison yards. This gives us our shadows and real darkness when the men move out of the circle of light. Please accept this as final—I will not tolerate daylight shots for these."

Here is that visualization which marks the scenario writer who knows what he wants. The story from which these excerpts are taken is "Laughing Bill Hyde," a Rex Beach tale in which Will Rogers made his first screen appearance. Mr. Beach knows the things he writes about. He knows the north, Alaska especially, perhaps better than any other writer in the world. Mr. Mack, I believe, knows Alaska too. Few directors have had that advantage, as has been demonstrated from time to time by the atrocities that have been committed in the

"LISTEN, Mr. Director, this is for you. I'll murder you, as sure as my name is Mack, if you resort to that old movie trick of showing the girl tripping blithely up to the doctor's office and knocking on the door, or any other introduction of her in this story. We don't care a d— about who she is, or where she's living, or whether she uses Jockey Club perfume, or eats with her knife, or any other attendant embellishment which is usually resorted to in introducing these movie queens. We are only interested in her when the doctor opens that door and discovers that his girl has been kind enough to pay him a little visit in the midst of his troubles.

W. M."

Thus Willard Mack, Great Panjandrum of the Goldwyn studio at Ft. Lee, is doing his bit in making the world safe for the author. The foregoing is just a sample of the fragments of personal advice and injunction to be found scattered through Mack scenarios, so that the director may understand that what is writ in the scenario is writ, nor all his piety nor tears can alter it.

In a measure, I am inclined to sympathize deeply with the young woman who, breaking into the movies, sits about day after day, finally plays her two or three little scenes, then waits eagerly for the picture to be released, and while waiting tells all her friends about the great achievement. The picture released, she hardly recognizes herself in the two or three feet remaining of the scenes she believed so important. On the other hand, I sympathize still more deeply with the audience when the entire action of a picture is stopped in order to impart the information, partly obvious and the remainder non-essential, that Angelica, the belle of the village, is in love with Percyvale, visits him against her parents' wishes, and that the role is played by some young person of whom one never previously heard, nor will remember.

name of Dawson. In one of his asides to the director, therefore, Mr. Mack observes:

"I know that Rex Beach will hold me personally responsible for any indiscretion or discrepancy in the story. Therefore I must warn the director that wherever the equipment of the scene puzzles you, see me before you shoot. I would like to see one Alaskan picture in which the detail is so faithfully carried out that all the old sourdoughs all over the U. S. will yelp with joy when they see it."

And here are a few of the "Stop, Look, Listen" signs that Mack posts in his scenario:

"Be sure and make Sam drunk," he interpolates, in a scene where a rowdy character in the gold rush days accosts a young woman who has just arrived in the north. "I do not wish to create a false impression of Alaska in the old days,

because a good woman was a d— sight safer in Dawson or Nome than she ever was in New York. The distinction between good and bad was drawn much finer than it is here in the big city."

Again: "I do not wish to see guns and knives hanging on these characters in the bar-room scenes. The indiscriminate carrying of firearms was not tolerated in Alaska, at least not this side of 1898."

Again: "Please, when you shoot the Bonanza saloon and dance hall, which are all supposed to be morning scenes, do not show a lot of girls ambling around. It was a big night and they're all asleep."

There is nothing revolutionary in all this. After all, it is much the same as a bank manager telling the cashier that he must keep his books straight.

## Lady-Spies — By Delight Evans

THESE Lady-Spies!  
Have you Seen them?

You Know—  
These Curious Creatures  
Who Go About  
Making the World Unsafe  
For Anything but Democracy.



—meeting bearded men in the park.

They Act  
As if they Started the War,  
And their Own Particular Spying  
Was Going to End it.  
The War  
Couldn't Go On for the Minute  
It it weren't for them.  
In fact,  
Just about the Whole Responsibility  
For this Great Struggle  
Seems to Rest on their Shoulders;  
And goodness knows,  
Some of these Brunnette Brunnhildes  
Look Strong Enough to Bear it.  
They're Never Blonde—  
Every Director Knows  
They have to be Kept Dark.  
Usually  
The Lady-Spy  
Has a Difficult French Name—  
The Scenario Writers see to it—  
Prefaced always by "Madame"—  
They Think it's Safer.  
Have they Ever Really Lived?  
I don't Know.  
Their Press-Agents,

The Caption Writers,  
Credit them with a Past.  
One has Been  
A Favorite in the Sultan's Harem;  
And we Understand Also  
That Crown Prince Wilhelm  
Thought a Whole Lot of her.  
They are Always  
Stepping In and Out of Motors,  
And Meeting Bearded Men  
In the Park.  
They Lower Window Shades  
All the Time—  
Signalling  
To the Spies Across the Street.  
They Put the Papers  
In a Safe Place—  
For Instance,  
In Their Pockets,  
Or Fastened in the Window Shade—  
(No Wonder Wilhelm Sent 'Em!)  
There are No Lengths  
To Which they Won't Go.  
Why, one Even  
Laid her Hand on the Hero's Coat-  
sleeve—  
(She Just had to Have those Papers.)  
Usually  
The Hero  
Is an Intelligence Officer—  
(He doesn't Look Intelligent.)  
The Lady-Spy  
Figures Largely  
In Scenes showing  
A Jeweled Hand  
Pouring a Sleeping-Potion  
Into a Wine Glass.  
(On the Wilhelmstrasse  
They Do It.)  
She Lets him Come To  
In her Own Boudoir; and  
Lets Everybody in the Audience Think  
There's Going to Be  
Something to Censor.  
There Never Is.  
She Can't Spy  
In Anything but a Spangled Gown.  
For the Close-ups,  
She Registers Cunning—  
A Curious Kind of Cunning—  
It's Gotta be Different.  
The Lady-Spy always  
Has an Accomplice, who,  
The Sub-titles Insinuate,  
Is Part of her Past  
Back in Berlin—  
(But he Looks to Us  
An Awful Lot like  
Heinrich Lutz,

The Butcher Around the Corner.)  
Spies have Pasts,  
But Seldom Futures.  
The Lady-Spy  
Is Always Led Away  
In the Last Scene—  
(After the Detectives have Come  
And Found the Papers,  
And the Girl-who-Loved-the-Hero-All-the-  
Time  
Twines her Arms  
Around his Neck, and calls him  
"My Hero"—  
She Can Have him—)  
Why, then the Lady-Spy  
Passes Out,  
And Throws Back her Head,  
And Laughs at them in Passing.  
I Don't Blame her.  
And so  
She Sweeps out the Door, and  
Off the Screen,  
And Out of the Picture—  
As you Knew all Along she Would—  
And you Get Up  
And Wander Out,  
And thank heaven  
We're Winning this War.  
And the Next Night,  
You Forget,  
And Go to Another Picture-Show,  
And there's the Same Spy,  
And the Same Papers—  
Just the Same Old Stuff—  
And you Think  
"To Hell with the Kaiser!"



She lets him come to in her own boudoir.



# PRIDE OF KENTUCKY

The romance of a horse race that eliminated Mason and Dixon's Line and reconstructed a southern colonel.

By  
Marion  
Craig



A surprising victory—Lucille had won her own horse! She was ashamed to accept—delighted that Southern Pride was not leaving the family.

IF anything were needed to finally convince the last doubter that these United States form one nation, the great war has supplied that need. In France, Michigan and Alabama boys, brigaded together, are winning hand in hand; at home, North and South have united in pouring out not only their best, but their all, for support and relief of a great common cause.

At the Cameron home in Virginia, on a Spring afternoon, the whole neighborhood had opened its thrifty hands to shower their contents into the patient lap of that greatest mother, the Red Cross. Not everyone had much to give, few had much to give, but all were giving as though to give were an excess of happiness. The Camerons themselves, much richer once than now, were putting upon the altar of mercy "Southern Pride," a great and ultimate gift of horseflesh. They could not give money, for they hadn't it; they could only proffer a living thing that was nearer their hearts than any gold could be. True, Southern Pride had sprained a tendon in her foreleg, and might never run again, but did that lessen her intrinsic value in the family's eyes? Not at all!

So Lucille Cameron stood there, a bit brave, a bit terrified, crying in a voice that was a bit shrill in spite of its determination to be calm: "One dollar a chance, ladies and gentlemen! You stand to win Southern Pride, daughter of Selim Bey, who, as you all know, was undisputed champion at one mile!"

The hand that held the tickets trembled, but the blue eyes smiled dauntlessly. Lucille was not exactly pretty; she was more than that; she was fascinating. She had that for which many a merely pretty girl might give her dimples and her teeth: fascination.

Slowly, her tickets were taken. As we have intimated, the spirit of mercy in and around Cameronville was infinite, but like Cameron House, the district had more spirit than coin.

Far back in the shadow of the deep, high-pillared porch sat Lucille's father. Colonel Cameron had been a boy not old enough to fight in the days of the Civil War. He had seen and heard it all and he grew up fired with the chivalry of a lost though perhaps erring cause. He was indeed a gentleman of the old school, and a scheme of life such as his demanded a million a year, at least. Now, the weight of sixty years of dreams and debts lay upon him like a silver cloud; in the bright sunlight beyond, Lucille, his darling, was trying vainly to raffle the last of his horses. Vainly! There was the tragedy. His hand convulsively shot to his pocket . . . should he spend the few silver dollars there in helping out his little girl. . . .?

Just then the gate banged determinedly, and among neighbors and neighboring farmers strode one obviously not of them.

Jim Luce was such a hale fellow generally well met that few had noticed a shifty eye that had a habit of settling nowhere, like a buzzing fly. Today that eye roamed restlessly across the crowd, lingering not at all, except, when her head was turned the other way, on Lucille.

"Well, Miss Cameron—how about it?" Luce squared himself in front of the nearest to her, his hands in his pockets, his feet wide apart. He had a habit of recognizing and mastering helpless people's emergencies, and he recognized this as one of them.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, swallowing hard—"I've got twenty-five that I *just can't* seem to sell!"

"I'll buy them—for you," responded Luce abruptly, flashing forth a sheaf of green money. "Ten—and another ten—and how about five ones—nice new Federal Reserve ones—made 'em all myself—that's why they're so new." And he laughed at the dull and ancient witticism as if it were his own.

Lucille laughed, too, from sheer nervousness and happiness. She would have laughed at anything that had been said to her in that relieving instant.

She jumped down and the drawing for Southern Pride commenced immediately. Luce made his way to the portico. Colonel Cameron rose to meet him.

"Got your message at the hotel half an hour ago, Colonel," said Luce, with elaborate cheerfulness, shooting a hand to the older man. "What's the big idea? Anything I can do?"

"I wanted you to come down . . . to come down. . . ." Colonel Cameron looked cautiously around. "I wanted you to come down and relieve me of my oil stock—the stock you



"Of course not—right to my point again! You're just getting to the age where a man of your physical vigor and fine mentality ought to enjoy life—enjoy it thoroughly! The paltry little twelve thousand you put in my oil stock means nothing to me. You can have it tomorrow—now, if you say so—but honestly, Colonel, I couldn't be more deeply interested if you were my own father. Hold on to that stock six months, three months—and you've a competence, a fortune, for all the rest of your years. For Lucille it means—

"Miss Cameron, suh!"

"I beg your pardon. For Miss Cameron it means travel, education, every advantage that any girl in the world may ask!"

Cameron's eyes and his head fell. The fingers of his long white hand nervously tapped the pattern of his trousers. Luce had won.

And just then a surprising victory happened on the lawn. In the drawing of the raffle, Lucille had won her own horse! She was ashamed to accept—delighted that Southern Pride was not leaving the family. In her happy confusion she ran to her father.

"It was Mr. Luce's tickets that kept Southern Pride for me," she murmured.

Colonel Cameron smiled, and put out his hand to Luce.

Meanwhile, the Cameron estate was the chief subject of discussion at that very instant in Judge Tabor's sober, ill-fashioned little office on the main street of Cameronville. The old jurist, in the rusty suit of solemn black he had worn a dozen years, faced a handsome boy whose khaki shoulders were crossed by single bars of silver. A wound stripe told, too, that Gregory Haines had been invalidated home from France.

"And that's the story of the family," Tabor was concluding. "A high spirited, proud old man—a girl that—a true Southern girl, sir. We don't say more when we want to compliment a girl down here."

"Then do me a favor," returned Lieut. Haines, "and say nothing about this mortgage now. What? You've told them . . . well, tell them that you were mistaken; the holder doesn't want to foreclose after all. Uncle William is dead. He might have finished the proceedings, but I won't. An old man . . . a young girl. . . . I'm going back, and I may not come home—you see, don't you?" The boy rose, as if the argument were finished.

"I see you're white, all the way through!" answered Judge Tabor, with vigor. "You must meet them, anyway, and see the place. It's a great old estate. I think it was your uncle's intention to put it right in your hands, but the stroke took him before I had started the action. Come along, sir!"

So Gregory Haines met Lucille Cameron.


A few minutes before, Luce had left the premises. At the turn of the road Jack Schuyler, his henchman, waited him, a furtive, anxious smile on his weak but not vicious face.

"Easy as selling hop to a Chinaman!" ejaculated Luce. "Two minutes of big bull on his oil stock, and you couldn't have pried the old man away from it with a crow-bar!"

"Been tough if he had struck for a refund, though," laughed Schuyler; "I've only got fifteen bucks left."

"You're rich," returned Luce. "That cute little chicken trimmed me till all I've got is ten ones—but they look like a roll, at that."

Three people neared Cameron House. Two of them were Judge Tabor, and his friend and sub-rosa client, Gregory Haines. The third was Johnny Tweed, a down-and-out jockey.



A moment more and the girl, with only the thinnest of wraps about her nightgowned shoulders, had opened the door and stood confronting the beast.

sold me. I—that is to say—the truth is, suh, that several years ago, when money was easier than it has been since these damned Huns broke forth, I put a pretty large mortgage on this place. The original owner died, and it passed on. The next owner transferred it. And so on. My lawyer—Judge Tabor, suh—informs me that the scoundrels who've got it now, whoever they may be, want to foreclose!"

"You mean," interrupted Luce, with an access of easy insolence, "that you're behind in your interest. That's why they want to foreclose."

"My affairs, suh," bristled Cameron, "are my affairs!"

"Exactly, Colonel. You're getting right to my point. You're an old man—"

"Not so damned old, suh!"



The attraction between Gregory and Lucille was mutual and instant. Colonel Cameron liked the boy, too, yet . . . he was, after all, only a Northern soldier, and was it not a Northern soldier who had killed his own father? So, when Lucille was more than obviously attracted, her father was resolutely resentful and suspicious.

The sudden cessation of demand on the part of Judge Tabor's client was a great mystery and yet a great relief to Cameron. Never once did he connect his long-gone and oft-transferred mortgage to young Haines. Haines was to him, a mere incident, a whilom protégé of the somewhat eccentric judge, to be tolerated but not encouraged accordingly.

Confused by Gregory, who charmed yet dreadfully embarrassed her, Lucille stole out of the house and to the stables, where—the Red Cross fete having ended—the ransomed Southern Pride was now safely returned.

A strange little fellow, old, wizened, shrewd yet not repellent, was arguing hoarsely, almost pitifully, with Dan, the suspicious negro stableman. He turned suddenly, and, like lightning, switched his appeal to Lucille.

"Lady, lemme have a chance to take care o' this filly! Me an' her pa, Selim Bey, was pals for three years. You must know me, lady—I'm Johnny Tweed—that won the Championship with old Selim at Saratoga!"

"You—Johnny Tweed? Why, you were ruled off, Johnny."

"Fer booze, lady—fer booze! Not fer crookedness. I never pulled a horse nor doped one. An' me an' the booze is divorced these six months. Why, lady—this here tendon swellin' ain't nothin' serious in *my* hands! I'll make a champion out o' Southern Pride!"

Johnny stayed — without pay, for they had little to give him ex-

Pride of Kentucky

NARRATED by permission, from the photoplay of the same name, written by Tex Charwate, and produced by Goldwyn, with the following cast:

- Lucille Cameron.....Mae Marsh
- Gregory Haines.....Clarence Oliver
- Jim DeLuce.....Clifford Bruce
- Colonel Cameron.....W. T. Carleton
- Johnny Tweed.....Tammany Young

cept a mattress and a generous share of old Dan's food.

And every day brought Lucille and Gregory a little nearer together. They walked, talked, drove, sat in the moonlight together. Jim Luce resented this for two reasons. First, because it meant a lessening of his power over Colonel Cameron; second, because it spoiled his chances with Lucille.

What he called his love for her leaped upward like a great impure flame. Real love could never find lodgment in such a heart as Luce's, so as the days went on, he thought only of getting her in his power.

To do this he had first to get Cameron more completely in his clutches, and he was, accordingly, ingratiating and full of strivings to please. He learned early of the old man's weakness for horses—on crooked books rather than bad debts had, indeed, gone a large part of the Cameron cash—and began planning a trip to Saratoga. Luce was a fellow who might today have twenty thousand dollars and tomorrow, twenty cents. He played dishonest racing wherever he could. He was known from Saratoga to Tia Juana. But Cameron, always proud, always slightly suspicious, grandiosely refused the suggestions of invitation, rather than invitations direct, which Luce persistently tossed in his way.

Yet there was that annoying soldier Haines! Luce, with the cunning of a political trickster, sensed that he would win two battles at once if he could decisively drive between the Northern officer and the Southern aristocrat.

His chance came to him more quickly than he thought.

In Judge Tabor's office one day, seeking an endorsement on some rather irregular papers which even the easy local bank refused to honor, he chanced to see, in an open strong-box,

the Cameron mortgage—in the name of Gregory Haines!

"After what has happened, suh, no man can say that is not a sporting proposition!"





Judge Tabor refused to sign Luce's queer documents—but what did he care? He had won a bigger victory than if he had won a whole crooked book at Saratoga. He prepared to play this victory in the proper place and only at the proper tempo.

He waited until afternoon before visiting Colonel Cameron. Then, as had been his custom, he sat down to chess with him. They played one game, half of another game, before Luce spoke of anything but the pieces and the plays. Then, as if it had been a single syllable about the weather, as he lifted a Bishop away from Cameron's Queen. . . . "Well . . . I see . . . is that move correct? . . . I see that at last young Haines has gotten what he came after . . . your mortgage."

Colonel Cameron rose in his place like an automaton when the string is not pulled, but yanked. The board flew up in Luce's face, and the chessmen flew all over the floor.

"It's a lie, suh!" roared Colonel Cameron—and as quickly apologized. Then, in the face of the sweetly-smiling Luce, he shouted anathema upon all Northerners, and cried for his hat. As he was starting for Judge Tabor's office Gregory Haines saved him the trip by opportunely entering.

The accusation was hurled forth like a bullet. Haines, taken aback, stammered that it was true, but . . .

Lucille, who had heard everything, came quietly from behind the library portieres.

"Mr. Haines"—now she contemptuously ignored the fact that he was an officer—"we have been living on your charity for two months. My father is a gentleman, and you should not have presumed—"

"Lucille! Can't *you* understand, at least?"

"If Mr. Haines will excuse me, suh, I shall retire to a cleaner atmosphere!" thundered old Cameron. "Mr. Luce"—turning to that delighted but dissembling varlet—"my daughter and I are very pleased to accept your invitation to visit with you in the North. We will leave in the morning!"

He whirled out. Luce, with a smile that was a smirk

for Lucille and a sneer for Haines, followed him. For a moment there was silence.

"Lucille," said Gregory, in a low voice, "I am so sorry, because . . . I love you. Am I to blame because my uncle left this mortgage to me? I have only tried to protect you—"

"I don't wish to be protected!" Lucille was one scarlet blaze of scorn. "Do you think that I, a Cameron, have no pride? I wish that I had never seen you!"

Gregory was silent and quite still for a full half minute. "Goodbye—Miss Cameron." And he was gone.

Lucille would have given her heart's blood to call him back. As she saw him going down the steps she knew that she loved him more than he could possibly love her. Almost unconsciously she stretched her arms toward him, but the dead and haughty aristocracy behind her—the ghosts of proud ancestors—stilled her voice.

In the morning they went away.

New York was very wonderful to the little girl who had known only sleepy towns and old-fashioned folk. Jim Luce's easy flash, his wide acquaintance and his real though rough courtesy during their first days there did much to disarm Lucille of her great original prejudice. Besides, had she not loved a gentle boy—only to have him turn out a plotting villain? It was when Luce made love to her, though, a sticky, unhealthy sort of love, that all of her heart cried out for Gregory and against Jim.

Schuyler was a great aid to Jim. It was Schuyler who fixed the stock farm trip—a borrowed stock farm, introduced as "one of Mr. Luce's country properties." And it was there that Jim showed off a horse that was really his: Torpedo, the whirlwind supposed to clean up everything at Saratoga.

Still, Luce had no chance to really make love to Lucille. Several times he had isolated her for the moment, and had seized her hand, said a word—always she evaded him, and had gone back to the party.

A dinner in his apartment was the last card Luce could play.

"We are one people, one nation—" "—and one family," added Gregory.

His pasty-faced, inscrutable servant prepared quarters for the night for them: for Lucille, a pretty little bed-room, replete with the dainty accessories that a woman demands; adjoining, an ample apartment for Colonel Cameron. Luce's own room, as Lucille gratefully noticed when being shown about by their host before dinner, was at the far end of the hall.

Luce had found one of his periodical easy touches, and how much cash he spent on that sumptuous meal his guests never knew. But there was course

upon course, and distinguished wines and aristocratic bourbons, until Colonel Cameron was living again in his garrulous, glorious youth, while Luce seemed merrily with him. Dismayed, disgusted, and piloted only by the impassive old servant, Lucille crept up to bed. She locked and bolted her outer door, and put a chair against it. She turned the key of the door leading to her father's room, too, but at first the lonesome little girl had an inclination to leave that portal quite unfastened.

Once Lucille had  
(Continued on page  
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# "Mother-Not-Ashamed-of-Her-Daughter"

Which, for a celebrated beauty and prominent screen star you'll admit is going some.

**D**ID you know Kitty Gordon is an Indian name? You didn't? Well, neither did we until just the other day. Then we found that translated, "Kitty Gordon" means, "Mother-not-ashamed-of-her-daughter." This is not the unexpurgated Indian, of course, but it will serve.

You see Kitty—who is an international celebrity and beauty and the possessor of the world's most famous back—was not supposed to have a daughter. Her press-agent was quite firm about it. He would permit a sister, but a daughter—never! So he went about telling everyone that the seventeen-year-old young lady with Miss Gordon, who was going to act in Miss Gordon's new pictures, was Miss Gordon's sister, Vera Beresford. But Kitty herself crabbed his act. She indignantly denied that Vera was her sister and stubbornly insisted on acknowledging Vera as her daughter. And for an international music-hall favorite and celebrated beauty and prominent screen star you'll admit that's going some.

It was in the London "halls" that Miss Gordon first won recognition. Later she extended her popularity to this side of the Atlantic. Her American debut was not a marked success, as the vehicle, "Veronique," did not give her an opportunity to make a real impression. However, she

came back in the leading role of "He Came from Milwaukee," with Sam Bernard, and scored an instantaneous hit. An engagement in the Wintergarden show, "La Belle Paris," followed. After that she was starred in Victor Herbert's operetta, "The Enchantress." Then came vaudeville and a tour in "Pretty Mrs. Smith." Later Miss Gordon formed a vaudeville partnership with Jack Wilson and the team was a big headline feature. In 1916 she went into pictures with World, appearing in "As in a Looking Glass." She continued with World for some months, leaving to do one picture, "Vera, the Medium," under the auspices of the short-lived G. M. Anderson corporation. Under the William A. Brady regime at World she con-

Kitty was not, according to the Hoyle of Popularity, supposed to have a daughter. Her press-agent was quite firm about it, but he was evidently out of power when the above picture was snapped, proclaiming: mother at right, and daughter at left.



tributed to the World program, and remained until the newly-formed United Pictures Productions offered to star her at the head of her own company.

Miss Gordon was married in England to the Hon. H. H.—now Captain Beresford, youngest son of a noble British family. Vera was born in England seventeen years ago, and she attended school abroad until, in 1914, she joined her mother over here.

"And now," says Vera, "now I'm in Pictures. I'm not studying and I'm not worrying about anything but my picture-work. I do hope I'll have a chance, in Mummy's new pictures, to show what I can do."

Miss Beresford has already played with Pauline Frederick in "Paid in Full" and "A Daughter of the South."

***THE NATION OWES a great debt of gratitude to the soldiers in France who fought in the first line of attack and to the wage earners at home who backed them up. Peace has imposed new duties upon us all; let us work to perform these duties even more earnestly than when war was on.***

**U. S. DEPARTMENT OF LABOR  
W. B. WILSON, Secretary of Labor**



Madge Kennedy,

from a portrait taken in her home, New York City, a few weeks ago for Photoplay Magazine. The comedienne says she can't remember her first dramatic role now without smiling. It was the Queen Mother, in an amateur performance of "Hamlet."



# Neé Madge Kennedy

And afterward—well, how can she be called else, after making a national acquaintance under that name?

By Dorothy Allison

SOME people always seem to belong in a fragrant, old-fashioned garden, some belong in a huge, dim cathedral, and others, alas, in a dark, gloomy dungeon surrounded by a slimy moat.

Madge Kennedy always seems to me to belong on a college campus.

Not the high-brow part of it, heavens no! You couldn't imagine anyone less like the traditional idea of the academic woman than Madge Kennedy. But the jolly, slangy side of college life that goes in for midnight suppers and rushing freshmen and senior hops.

Even her dressing-room out at the Goldwyn studios looks like a college girl's room in a sorority house. It is done all over in gay and festive cretonne and plastered with snap-shots of her friends. There is a scarlet tam and a tennis racket on the window seat and a white jersey sweater hung behind the door. You almost look about for the dance program stuck in the mirror. Instead of dance programs there are costume sketches but the general effect is the same.

And when Miss Kennedy jumped up from the window seat and said "How-are-you-awfully-glad-you-came" she looked so exactly like a college widow that I told her so. She smiled her sophomore smile at me.

"That's funny," she said. "Because I started in life as something very like that. For about a year I was a student in the Art Academy here in New York."

"You were going to be an artist?" I gasped, much impressed.

"Not exactly an artist," she corrected. "But I thought perhaps I might be something like an illustrator. You know, the sort that illustrates stories with beautiful seven foot heroes and clinging vine heroines with huge eyes. I hadn't any very definite plan about it. My main idea was to get to New York."

"You see, mother and I had been living in California and the art school gave us a good excuse to come East. Never shall I forget those first months in this city. I had a young friend at the art school—he has become a successful illustrator since then—and we used to go across the river to Palisade Park and ride on everything in the place just like Fatty and Mabel. It was the thrill that comes once in a lifetime!

"Then they started putting on private theatricals at the Academy. There was one little comedy the academy people liked so well that we gave it in



"She always seems to me," says Miss Allison, "to belong on a college campus, though you can't imagine anyone less like the average academic woman."



Originally, this young woman meant to be an illustrator. We wonder if she meant to find her model in a mirror?

Carnegie Hall.

One of the theatrical managers saw me in it and convinced me that as an illustrator I

wasn't such a bad comedienne. So I went on the road. And that's how it happened."

Miss Kennedy crossed her hands primly like a good child who has finished reciting a lesson. She has most extraordinarily expressive hands and these, with her big questioning eyes, have helped her to create a type which belongs to her alone whether on the stage or on the screen. It is the innocently sophisticated young girl or wife who extricates herself from an exceedingly Frenchy situation without the slightest suggestion of anything risqué. She proved this in "Baby Mine" and "Fair and Warmer," both plays which might have had dangerous phases for any other actress. But Madge Kennedy could get away with murder in the shape of a doubtful line or situation even with Anthony Comstock applauding in the front row.

These roles amuse her, but like all ambitious young women she does not care to be identified with any one character. "Sometime I am going to play something that is just a little bit sad," she told me. "Did you ever know a comedienne who did not want to play tragedy?"

Well, hardly ever. But it isn't always such a bad idea at  
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White photo

**H**ERE is the branding scene in "I. O. U.," which is Willard Mack's dramatization of Hector Turnbull's photoplay, "The Cheat," such a great success in the hands of Fannie Ward and Sessue Hayakawa a few years ago. "I. O. U." is the first big play to cross from screen to stage. It is now playing in New York, but it is not a great success. Mack's dramatization is a most unconvincing job, and changing the heavy from Japanese to East Indian—at the government's request—has immeasurably weakened the story. The principal players are Mary Nash and Jose Reuben, shown here.



# C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

*A Score of Slackers.* As these lines are written it is the last week in October, and the motion picture industry in America is doubtfully ornamented by at least a score of slacking leading men who ought to be, and are not, in the service of the United States.

As enlistment is always in a fluid condition, some of the twenty may have listened to their consciences as well as their draft boards by the time you read this. But there seems little prospect of this patriotic consummation. The camouflage that secured them while voluntary enlistments were not only permitted but implored has by now, in all probability, overgrown them like a set of vines.

This is not an indictment of the photoplay field as a whole. It is a selective and particular indictment of a certain small number of our *genus hero*, who love to romp through our projections in immaculate uniforms as much in danger of dirt as a Newport girl's bathing suit is in danger of water. As a whole, the industry has made a genuine American response; the sons of its magnates are privates or seamen; more than one of its inconspicuous lads has won the cross of war; several of the best character men of the business have been in a long, long time; some of the girls are yeomen of the Navy or are in the Red Cross.

In the group of leading men referred to there is no man above thirty-five years of age. A dozen or so, under thirty-five, must be omitted for very real dependencies, or, in two instances, for conspicuous service in their respective civil stations.

How small, in comparison, is that other list of principal actors, the list of service that contains the names of Forman, Warwick, Palette, Harlan, Lloyd, Kerry, Oakman, Pickford, Vernon, Lytell. . . .

And the gold star for Rankin Drew, who died in the air in France.

*The Passing Lecturer.* Every human advance discommodates the few for the convenience of the many.

One of the safe, dignified and entirely worthy human institutions of the last generation was the lecturer. He put a fillip in education, decoded the great cryptogram of history, widened the narrow horizon and provided a caffeineless substitute for the suspiciously stimulating theatre. Altogether, he was a sure though mild tonic with positively no narcotic reaction.

Yet the iconoclastic movie has finished this harmless, altruistic gentleman as remorselessly as Thanksgiving finishes the turkey.

The relation of the lecturer and the screen is that of the stage-coach and the Pullman. Where one sufficed the other has fulfilled beyond expectation, and then has anticipated. The public lecturer today is nearly as extinct as the buffalo, save where the shrewdest of his kind have become the camera's orderly or staff officers.

*Such Is Fame.* A young Western leading man of considerable screen prominence was convinced that Griffith had nothing on him as a national acquaintance.

Last month he came to New York, was flatteringly received by the trade, and decided—since he had army inclinations—to study French.

One of the international beauties of the metropolis was mentioned as a teacher both efficient and interesting! Scorning introductions, the youth addressed her, straight off, in the lounge of a great cafe. He told his linguistic ambition, and she said that she would be delighted to instruct him. They made an appointment.

"Is it necessary," he murmured as they parted, "to give you my name?"

"Certainly not!" she answered, cheerily. "You're Mr. Carl Laemmle."

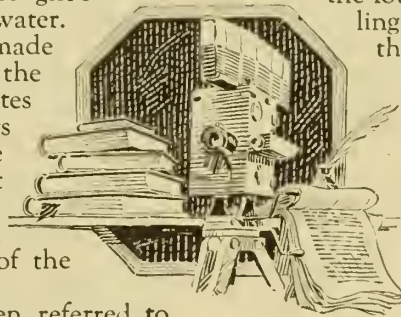
*The Undiscovered Country.* There is such a thing, even in photoplays.

This country covers four-fifths of the world's surface. It is the sea.

With our grand return to marine supremacy we are not going to become, we are now, a seafaring nation. No land or time possesses the mystery, the romance, the unbridled action of the vast reaches of the ocean. Every folk except the Russians have spread the splendors of their ultimate imaginations upon the water.

At the moment, the negotiation of marine locations is practically impossible, but it is hard to understand why our peace-time search for pictorial sensations, which led us out upon the plains, down into the cities, up upon the mountains and back into forgotten wars reached out to the winds and tides so seldom. The motion picture author has fooled a good deal with tiresome fishing-village types that perhaps never existed outside some old-fashioned romancer's imagination, but he has seldom gone beyond the three-mile limit into the trade-winds of deep water imagination.

In time of war, prepare for peace. The tale of the plains is about spun. Let us make ready to visualize the everlasting chanties to dramatize the eternal broncho-busters of the deep.





*Stars, and Acting.* There is acting, good acting, reflected upon the silver cloth of our picture theatres, but it is seldom performed by the stars. With few exceptions, the stars play themselves through every scenario. There are of course exceptions, of whom that *Mary* who needs no further name is perhaps the chief example.

While this is to be deplored, the stars are not wholly to blame. This is a business of types, and the average photoplay is not a development of character, but the more or less happy adventure of a hero. In the end, a play gets the actors it demands, or it isn't given. Now and again we have a romance, an adventure, whose scenes can only be illuminated by a light of real humanity. Such compositions are the high spots in our photoplay year, and do much toward developing any or all of the latent talents of those who play in them. Infrequently a John Barrymore comes along, and makes a living man out of a mannikin in manuscript, but these ecstasies in the professional playgoer's life are not repeated often enough to harden him against thrills.

Some day, when we are making fewer photoplays and better ones, our picture dramatists will recognize the truth that the only creature whose infinite variety time cannot stale nor custom wither is the genuine human being. Then the hero will have to be an actor or get behind the glass eye and rustle the scenery instead of obscuring it.

Most of our compositions, today, really compel the comment that "the artistic feature of the tableau is the acting of Mr. Hatton"—or Mr. Roberts, or Mr. Lewis, or whoever the unheroic but lifelike performer may be.



*The Table-d'hote.* Who revived it? Hoover? The hotel men? Chef McAdoo's dining-cars?

No. The movies.

The table-d'hote is more than food, although, as food, it is more familiar. The standard moving picture show has never been a la carte, and when the high-grade and so-called high-priced houses became the vogue of cities the optical course dinner became as firmly fixed in American habits as the gastronomic course dinner of two generations ago.

It is arranged with a view to good digestion and to variety. The succession of moderate quantities of travelogue, news, feature and comedy is directly comparable to the restored succession of soup, fish, roast and dessert, and shares its common sense.



*An Ill-Wind Blowout.* It is to be hoped that the ill-winds of influenza blew the dust of motion picture ages out of some hundreds of America's photoplay-houses. If they did, we have another example of evil serving the powers of good.

There has been a brand of so-called theatres notorious for discomfort and medieval sanitation. Not the high-priced screen resort of the great city, with its marble balconies, rainbow lights and sterilized ventilation like unto a hospital; not the neighborly little gathering place of the small town, spick-painted, span-swept, and as much a personal pride as its owner's wife's kitchen—neither of these offends, but the continuous show in the big community, the second-run house, the cheap theatre of crowded districts, the drop-in grindery just under the lee of the great department store. Many of these places have not been closed, save from midnight to mid-morning, in half a dozen years. A little gilt on the front, a little paint on the screen frame, a fixed chair here and there, and the owner felt that he had done his whole duty to the public health. Boards of health have compelled the absolute renovation of scores of these germ-hatcheries in the past month. Wherever they have left one unpurged by the germicidal finger they have not done their duty. Have you one of these fusty, dusty, musty joints in your town? If you have, its menace deepens the longer it stands. Knock it straight into the washtub—now—while the public conscience is still awake. Make it open its windows, put in a ventilating system for winter as well as summer. Make it plane its grimy floors and paint them. Kick about its menacing old upholstery.

Make your theatre safe for democracy and all the other cies.



*Mr. Griffith and The Ancients.* Wandering from the reds of war and the grays of convention into the upper blue of mere speculation, we wonder if David Wark Griffith will ever again give us a play of the ancients?

Let us hope so—and admit in the same breath that the probabilities are slight.

Mr. Griffith wrought a miracle in his picture of *Babylon*, the superb keystone of "Intolerance" despite its bewildering overlay of confusing modernity. Those who know Mr. Griffith best are aware that one of his great conceptions was a mighty story of Egypt and the first grandeurs of mankind. Another of his dreams compassed the well-springs of religion. Still another would have visualized the birth of all contemplative thought and philosophy in an India so long gone that even its rock temples are dust.

If none of these are ever done by Mr. Griffith the loss to the people will be great, and the loss to the motion picture, as an art, will be greater. For Mr. Griffith, in common with Flaubert, Shakespeare and d'Annunzio, has a gift that appears few times in a century: the faculty of recreating the strife and love and laughter of a distant day in a manner that might make Syracuse, Sicily, and Syracuse, N. Y., twin and contemporary towns. In the illumination of his hands Attarea, queen of Babylon, is as much our neighbor as any of Maj. Rupert Hughes' little heroines.



# The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Photoplays

By Julian Johnson



Enrico Caruso, in the two characters he plays in his first photoplay, "My Cousin."



**F**INALLY, the comedy.

After an indifferent feature, after a routine news-reel, after an average scenic—after anything, we list the funny film.

Why? Why do we make laughter only a sideshow, while giving our greatest homage to a little man with a syncopated walk and microscopic moustache? Why do producers, press-agents, exhibitors and even audiences make laughter the tail of importance, while demanding so much of it that the humorous studios had to work right through the recent Spanish vacation to catch up with their orders?

Perhaps we have reversed the relative importance of our emotions. Or perhaps we have been judging by the length of the picture—quantity still has a vast hold on the public.

I'll venture this assertion, anarchistic as it sounds: our comedy-makers, as a whole, deliver immeasurably better goods than our feature-makers. Better in point of ingenuity, originality, and entertainment value. Now this comparison is not made for individuals. I'm not putting Harold Lloyd alongside D. W. Griffith, nor am I setting "The Cook" up against "The Bluebird." Here's what I mean: opposite the total recent output of any four dramatic studios I'll put the product, for the same period, of four comedy studios, and, basing the comparison only on the same percent of the whole output of each, I'll show you that the comedy studios put in more thought, more care, more expert photography, more down-right creative endeavor—and got a far more diverting result.

Here you'll find a masterful achievement with some old melodrama like "Sporting Life," there a tender poem of the shadows like "Missing," yonder a revelation like "Revelation." But what of the feature-host that accompanies these occasional greatnesses? Isn't it true that most five-reelers are love-stories of a pattern, with the expected virtues, the stereotyped heroisms, the conventional villainies?

On the other hand, let us consider the occasional output of Mr. Chaplin, the none-too-rapid production of Mr. Arbuckle, the rather too-rapid offerings of Mr. Sennett, the wild farces of Mr. Lehrman, or the late oddities of that present *gob*, Mr. Lloyd.

Mr. Chaplin shares Mr. Griffith's situation as the most- eagerly awaited producer in motion pictures. Why? Because every audience has come to know that his successive entertainments, like those of Mr. Griffith, are the fruition of long days and weary nights of intense study and experiment, heroic cutting, endless rejection, continuous retake and infinite patience. When you see a new Chaplin picture your ticket does not insure a laugh every two seconds, but it does entitle you to witness the ultimate endeavor of an artist who has completely mastered his business. Do you have this same assurance when you face the transparencies of most of the famous dramatic stars? Write your own answer.

While there is only one Chaplin, Mr. Arbuckle crowds him hard as a prodigious worker and genuine originator. Here is another man who should be honored for his stern self-criticism, for his determination that everything he puts out shall be worth while.

Mr. Sennett, the first master of both these laugh-chieftains, waters his high percentage with the *aqua* of quantity. No man possesses the diving-rod that goes unerringly to the spring of

inspiration, but where Chaplin and Arbuckle are prone to keep on digging until they hit it, Mr. Sennett comes out on a time-table. Consequently the amount of uproar from a Sennett audience varies.

Lehrman is the wild man of screen farce. Manifesting no great originality, he nevertheless exaggerates to the human limit. Does Mr. Arbuckle blow up a building? Mr. Lehrman kisses his actors good-bye—and blows them up. Does Mr. Sennett cautiously use a lion? Mr. Lehrman ties a knot in *his* lion's tail, and kicks him out into a group of shrieking clowns and soubrettes.

Mr. Lloyd is not yet travelling fast enough to make a flat entry with these speedsters, but he is promising comic material, and when he comes back from the submarine base at San Pedro I predict his steady advance as an expounder of mere and sheer entertainment.

I may be a Philistine, but when I go out looking for a good time on the screen there are mighty few dramas that could draw me away from a new composition by one of these boys. I had rather get a good laugh than a weak emotional thrill any night, and I feel that that sentiment is general. There is a group of so-called screen comedians whose perfunctory pie-throwing and meaningless knockabout deserves no patronage and invites downright suppression, but their trade buffoonery casts no shadow over the lustre of the great few.

It seems to me that bringing honest, unrestrained laughter to serious faces in serious times is a pretty good public service. The material which causes such laughter is fairly shrewd cartooning, too. Too much of our sentimental drama and romance is not life at all, but bald falsehood caramel-coated. Most of the stuff that is really laughed at on the screen is life—real life—comically twisted in a Coney Island mirror.

In "Shoulder Arms" Charlie Chaplin so easily and perfectly gets away from the bewildering trowsers, the rattan cane and the immortal derby that his escape, at last, is scarcely the matter of a moment's thought.

Here he is in khaki, canvas leggings and army hat—yet how many of us have insisted that the gentlemanly essentials named in the preceding paragraph were an absolutely necessary part of his success?

"Shoulder Arms" is the glory-dream of a recruit. It is a





June Elvidge and Frank Mayo in "The Appearance of Evil," a recent and rather unusual World picture, which may be described as a rebuke to the gossiping habit in small communities.



Madge Kennedy and Tom Moore, in "The Kingdom of Youth," the romance of a lake. Miss Kennedy's interest in her reading seems simply intense.



William Desmond and Ethel Fleming in "The Pretender."

perfect handling of a delicate subject, and in its treatment the comedian has shown, more completely than ever before, his faculty for getting inside a character, and grasping, as if by intuition (but really by hard work) all that character's salient points. The best thing about this film is that the rookie sees his own little weaknesses, his hardships, his hopes, his glories, his quaint vanities and small fears—he sees himself. If this film is not 100 percent triumph in our army camps in Europe all bets and guesses fail.

Right in the midst of a guffaw one stops to admire a skilful mastery of even the new technique of war. Camouflaged as a tree, and motionless in a grove, he is absolutely undiscoverable until he moves. What a chilling satire on Flanders rain, too, is that scene of sweet slumber in the inundated dug-out! Daintily shaking out his submarine pillows the comedian tucks the watery blanket about his shoulders—and sinks beneath the black flood with only the phonograph horn to give him air. Looking at this passage is enough to give one pneumonia by suggestion. The customary hint of breezy amour is lightly, deftly touched in a momentary scene with the cynical and evil-thinking crown prince.

Being completely funny on a background of completely terrible war is not only difficult, but dangerous. As far as we can see, only Chaplin and Bruce Bairnsfather have been wholly successful and wholly apropos.

#### MY COUSIN—Arctcraft

Enrico Caruso's first photoplay is better than most people's anticipations, and not as good as it might have been. This is no paradox: to most people Caruso is merely an incarnate voice, the world's greatest tenor; but people who know Caruso, and know his broad comedy vein, must realize that this play, lively as it is, does not properly exploit Mr. Lasky's really immense inspiration. Whether this is the fault of Caruso, or of a management and directorate who were altogether too obsequious to Caruso, I don't pretend to say. Here's the notion which, a number of months ago, seized upon Jesse Impresario; the greatest personality in the artistic world, to a lower or middle-class Italian, is Caruso. He fills the entire universe. Were a poor maker of plaster images, then, to claim relationship and get away with it, his whole neighborhood would bow and scrape before him. Which is exactly what happens, and *la bella signorina*, daughter and heiress of the table d'hote, sweeps forward on the tide of homage. An accident shows that *lo divino tenore* never even heard of the wretched sculptor—and down goes his house of cards—only to be built up higher than ever, even to love's full fruition, when Caruso, taking pity on the lying lover, hails him as "my cousin." I'll say that all the authors in America, in convention assembled, couldn't have gotten out a simpler, more human, more racially true plot for Caruso to work upon. Perhaps I am wrong in viewing this piece as somewhat of a disappointment; it will please, it will surprise, even. But, in the first place, Caruso's own name is dropped from the tenor character, the meaningless name of "Carolyi" is substituted—and there goes the reason of the whole thing. As the half-wit Michelangelo of the plaster, our celebrity is simply delightful; as the artist of the Metropolitan Operahouse, he is altogether too grand. The subtitles simply fawn, and where they should trip with the feet of wit, they wear arctics and goloshes. Much good material was taken in the operahouse. Caruso as the moulder was well directed; Caruso as himself—or Carolyi—seems not to have been directed at all. Evidently, everybody salaamed and got out of the way, and the resultant action is of the pre-Selig period. Carolina White, celebrated American prima-donna, gave graceful and girlish life to the opposite role.

#### WOMAN—Tournour

Maurice Tournour's new picture, an extensive allegory with the one-word name above, is one of the most beautiful things physically that has ever been made, with the most superb lighting and photography, and further evidences of Mr. Tournour's positive genius in grouping and general composition. Nevertheless, it has one cardinal fault: a lack of any sustained interest, composed as it is of separate and distinct episodes, with no central human theme to bind all these together. In argument, it is an exposition of woman's place, and service to the human race, throughout the ages. Most of the episodes show woman at her worst: Eve led Adam astray in the Gar-



den; Messalina, wife of the just Emperor Claudius, might be described by many evil words; Heloise, a virgin, is responsible for the death of the philosopher-monk, Abelard; the fisherman is deceived by Cyrene, the lady from the sea; the Civil War soldier is betrayed for a trinket. The prologue and epilogue, however, are entirely modern, and are of an identical interest. As a beautiful exposition of camera art, "Woman" is the event of the year; as a drama, it wears the same curse that "Intolerance" wore. Tourneur starts nowhere, and arrives gloriously and artistically at his destination—the same place. Many people, including such women as the celebrated Russian dancer Flora Revalles, Diana Allen, Gloria Goodwin, Ethel Hallor, Fair Binney and Florence Billings, participate.

EDITH CAVELL—Plunkitt & Carroll

Under the long but nevertheless dramatic title, "The Woman the Germans Shot," a pair of independent picture producers present Julia Arthur, distinguished stage artist, in a vehicle quite worthy of her talents, and of the subject. It is full of the right kind of propaganda, and shows the damnable ways of the Hun when he happens to be riding the red horse of Victory. Miss Arthur's work is magnificent. Her support is good throughout, and there is no attempt to drag in battle scenes; nor is the play marred by mawkish sentiment and twaddling cartooning of Germans—always the mark of the weak scenarioist or the director devoid of real ideas.

SALOME—Fox

This edition of the adventures of Herodiade's daughter is not a sin against morals; it is only a vast, colossal assault on common sense. It means . . . nothing. Mr. Edwards, the producer, is even more at sea than when he produced "Cleopatra," truly a new chapter in Alexandrine history; but is it all Mr. Edwards' fault? I have an idea that were Mr. Edwards let alone he would be putting on straightaway, ordinary tales of matter-of-fact life, instead of acting as nominal guide through these bewildering mangles of record and tradition recently affected by Miss Theda Bara. As Salome, Miss Bara does not resemble the tigerish princess of Judea as much as a neurasthenic taking sun-baths. No wonder Herod killed Salome after her dance; I took the Washburn-Crosby view: eventually—why not now? There has been a prodigious expenditure of money; large numbers of people appear and disappear; big scenic edifices have been erected. And all to no purpose, for we have a story unworthy even a nursery fable, a drama without a whit of dramatic interest, characters which are characterless, and the shocking murder of John the Baptist without reason whatsoever. Miss Bara was not content merely to vamp the prophet; she revamped him, insisting that he appear as a beardless male ingenue. Nevertheless, Al Roscoe's performance of John is the only assumption of any reasonableness or dignity in the picture.

THE HEART OF RACHEL—Hodkinson

This story of life might have happened—probably has happened more than once. The thing that commends it, despite a certain amount of sordidness, is its simpleness and humanity. Miss Barriscale plays, as well as she has ever played anything in her life, Rachel, wife of a widower who has a daughter but little younger than herself. Unable to stand an alliance of father and daughter against her, Rachel gets a divorce and marries their young family physician. Still, all is not smooth, for the physician's eye is eventually caught by an actress, whom he ardently desires only to the moment when his wife offers to step out of the way of their future happiness. He then goes to Europe, and Rachel, with her two children, travels on alone until, years later, the illness of one of the children brings them together again. Doesn't sound like much in a little synopsis, does it? Neither does life nor a Tolstoi novel. The charm of the piece is its unforced action, the naturalness of its characters, and a certain inevitableness of fate that you find in real existence and great fiction. A superb cast graces the play. After Miss Barriscale, as Rachel, we find Herschell Mayall as the father, Ella Hall as the daughter, and Herbert Heyes as the physician-husband. Little Ben Alexander plays Rachel's boy. Jack Cunningham made the scenario from a story by Kathleen Norris, and Howard Hickman directed.



"Her Great Chance," in which Select puts forward Alice Brady, was Fannie Hurst's novel, "Golden Fleece." Miss Brady and certain location scenes in the Catskills are the excellencies of the piece.



Dorothy Gish and her adopted infant in "Battling Jane."



World politics in high places and fights in many places are the features of "Unexpected Places," a Metro melodrama featuring Bert Lytell.



## THIRTY A WEEK—Goldwyn



Harry Morey's sincere acting and dominant personality make Vitagraph's "King of Diamonds" a convincing photoplay, in spite of an illogical story. Betty Blythe is the emotional lady in his arms.



Vivian Martin, in "Mirandy Smiles," an old-fashioned characterization.



Carmel Myers is the principal figure of "All Night."

—or, how the chauffeur married the millionaire's daughter, and the trials that came to their love and faith. In its essential ingredients, Mr. Buchanan has turned out something that might be attributed to Bertha M. Clay, and enjoyed only by the gum-eating elevator girls. But as it happens, the trashy little story is largely salvaged by good acting and an altogether superior production. Tom Moore's personality will usually make up for many lacks in material, and it does here. Tallulah Bankhead, as the young plutocress who compels him to keep her out all night—by removing a part from her car—in order to make him marry her, reveals considerable beauty and entirely too much temper in the quarrel scene.

## HIDDEN FIRES—Goldwyn

This feature is one which, like numerous others, seems to have been more or less delayed in reaching its public by influenza. However—it permits Mae Marsh to play two characters in a story which has rather more possibilities than the scenarioist took time to unearth. One of Miss Marsh's assumptions is Peggy, presiding officer of a hotel news-stand; the other, Louise Parke, daughter of a Boston family of wealth, and, like other women of her sort, destined to sink into the morass of idleness, booze, drugs and final extinction through sheer lack of occupation. The best part of the story—the most dramatic part—is the substitution of Peggy for Louise, to placate Louise's supposedly dying mother. Upon this, and its consequences, depends a plot that might have been big. There are no performances of especial distinction other than Miss Marsh's.

## THE YELLOW DOG—Universal

The best thing about "The Yellow Dog," it seems to me, is that it returns Arthur Hoyt to the screen. This very good actor has been absent, in directing and kindred film services, for a long period. As a play, the saffron canine isn't much. Elliott Clawson, who dramatized Mr. Dodge's serial story of the same name, found it a narrative, and left it one. As reading matter, it told interestingly of a resolute villager's successful attempt to oust the yellow dogs of German spydom from his small town. As a picture it still tells about it, and argues about it, with the best things Mr. Hoyt's acting of the 100% American, and the valiant services of a patriotic band of boys whose watchword is "How do you know?" when they hear any ulterior remarks about our war. The melodramatic passages are wholly unconvincing.

## THREE X GORDON—Paralta

It has been a long time since we wrote anything about J. Warren Kerrigan. But here he is, in much the same sort of play that he always used; and, in its kind, a moving and entertaining sort of picture. Kerrigan represents the traditional dissolute son of rich parents, eventually ousted by a disgusted father. With a pal, the abandoned one hits a farm at harvest time, and by the time the hay is in there has been such a change that however his exterior he certainly has a new soul in the old body. He then goes into the reclamation business, and starts a reconstruction camp for denatured rounders like himself. The result—material success, family reunion—and girl. This entertainment is without sophistication or subtlety, but if Warren Kerrigan is one of your admired actors, you will like it.

## THE FORBIDDEN CITY—Select

Norma Talmadge's large October vehicle might be described as "Madame Butterfly" turned inside out, and then turned outside in. For what happens to Toy's mother is what happened to Cho-Cho-San, only more so; and what happens to Toy is not at all what happened to Cho-Cho-San. The love of the Mandarin's daughter San-San for John Worden, the Consulate secretary, results in her death in the "alley of flashing spears," while her half-breed baby is reared to be a palace plaything and by-word. But Toy, the child, has her own idea of things, and escapes to Manila, where she meets her lieutenant, and the rest is love and difficulty—and love. While for sheer dramatic opportunity "The Forbidden City" does not compare with some of Miss Talmadge's recent plays, as a thing of beauty

(Continued on page 94)



# Speaking of Love—

Let's talk about Montagu, in respect to  
stature the biggest leading man in captivity

By Randolph Bartlett

Montagu Love—  
an unconventional  
new camera im-  
pression.

THESE are men whom it is impossible to think of as babies. If you ever think of such a man's beginnings at all, you are apt to find yourself hatching some such theory as that concerning the advent of Pallas Athena who, after her father, Zeus, had swallowed her mother, created such a furore in the old gentleman's interior that he had Prometheus split open his bean with a hatchet, whereupon Miss Athena stepped out, armed to the teeth—dressed to kill, as it were—and became right away a goddess of war. There are, as I have intimated, men who make you feel that they could not have passed through the first two or three of the stages of man as described rather uncomplimentarily by Shakespeare in "As You Like It." You cannot picture them "in their nurse's arms," much less doing the things that the veracious Bard of Avon declares is customary at that period.

On the other hand, there are men concerning whom you almost involuntarily exclaim, "What a cute baby he must have been." These are the male ingenues, the civilian wearers of wrist watches, the cigar-stand Romeos, the disporters of pink silk handkerchiefs with a corner coyly protruding from the breast pocket, the smokers of perfumed cigarettes, and nine out of ten of them "dance just simply divinely." When you find an individual of the male persuasion whose appearance and manner compel you involuntarily to think what a joy he must have been to his mother between the ages of one and half past three, you can know right away what a trial he must have been to his father between the ages of sixteen and whatever he is now.

Reverting to the more pleasing type, I know of no better specimen of this variety of the *genus homo* than Montagu Love. It isn't merely that he is big, for when a man is six feet, one inch from toenail to topknot and keeps all the material between the two poles within the weight of 195 pounds, he doesn't look big, for the same reason that the interior of the Pennsylvania Terminal in New York does not look big, or the great pyramid—the proportions are right. Dimensions alone will not bring the desired result. There are many huge men who leave an impression only of helplessness, or ridiculousness, or clumsiness. The truth is that it is much more difficult for a large man to be impressive than it is for a small one, but when he accomplishes it he is almost overwhelming. But even more than being impressive—it is almost as easy for a German to tell the truth as it is for a big man to be romantic and get away with it. As placing Montagu Love definitely in the category of men and actors, it is necessary only to add that he is the biggest leading man in captivity.

And here's another rather general characteristic of big men—they would rather talk about anything under the sun than themselves. Just by way of getting a subsoil of fact for this dissertation I sent Montagu one of those "Who's Who" blanks to fill out, with neat little dotted lines for all the salient facts of existence. Usually when I send one of these, it comes back accompanied by half a dozen typewritten pages, containing information for which there was no room on the aforesaid dotted lines. Here is how Montagu submitted it:

Born—Obviously.

Parents—Two.

Educated—Forcibly.

First stage appearance—Awful.



Lumiere





At the World studios. Montagu Love, on the sidelines, watches Montagu Love, in the set, make deferential love to Miss Barbara Castleton. Isn't it marvelous what strides motion picture photography has made in the last few years?

Career—Chequered.

Favorite recreation—Filling out these damn fool blanks.

The mountain, in short, refused to come to Mahomet in this easy method. To lime my bird it was necessary to brave the perils of the Jersey shore and the intricacies of the World Studio at Ft. Lee. He had been having lunch with the prettiest girl in the World. (Who was she? I would be glad to provide the information only that I am allowed only a certain amount of space for this article, and I have to be careful to economize my words. If I wasted words on such irrelevant matters, first thing I knew I would have no room left to write about Montagu Love, which, I take it, is the principal object in hand. So don't ask me who is the prettiest girl in the World, for I haven't time to tell, but I will say that her picture appeared on the cover of PHOTOPLAY last winter.)

As soon as the P. G. in the W. had gone to her dressing room, I hauled out the biography blank and protested.

"Now look here, Monty," (yes, I call him Monty—one is inclined to after meeting him two or three times). "Now look here, Monty, this won't do at all, you know." (You see, Monty being English one naturally drops into the use of the British idiom in talking to him.) "You know, old chap, what I want is some stories of your adventures in—"

"I'm an actor," Monty interrupted. "I don't believe it is a good thing for an actor's private life to be exploited. I'll tell you what I know about the drama and—"

"But that is exactly what I don't want. The fans—"

"I know all about the fans," Monty boomed me down. "And I don't want you to think that I don't appreciate the fans and their viewpoint. But I believe this—that to satisfy

the curiosity of the fan is the worst thing possible in the interests of the fan him or herself. Curiosity was not created to be satisfied. As soon—"

"Wait a minute, Monty—you've been and done an epigram. Do you mind if I change it to read, 'Curiosity was created to be forever denied satisfaction'—a little more rotund, don't you think?"

"I don't give a hang," Monty said, petulantly. "As I was saying, as soon as the player becomes an actual, visualized individual, half the romance is gone, and the fan loses half the former enjoyment, for romance is more than half of the drama."

"But how about Mary P—"

"I know all about the big exceptions," Monty interrupted again. "But the general principle remains. This is what has been the ruin of the stage—these peeps behind the scenes, this intimacy with the machinery of the drama and the private lives of the players."

"Probably so. But what I would like to get is a few personal reminiscences of your first profession, painting and sketching, of your art student days, and of your work for the London papers. How about a story of some of your experiences at the siege of Port Arthur, where, I understand, you represented the London Times, and other periodicals, sending out sketches which were reproduced all over the world?"

"Of course the greatest need of all," was his response to this request, "is stories that will call for different scenes than those we get into the habit of using, because they are different stories from the ones who seem to be available. For the same old type of fluffy romance—"

"Is it true that your first stage experience was in China, where you went after the Japanese-Russian war, and substituted for a member of a company who fell ill, and from that beginning went to London and played at the principal theatres, finally coming to America with Cyril Maude in 'Grumpy'?"

"The films of the future—"

"Is it true that you almost had Spanish Influenza and were saved from it only by the constant attentions of your valet Victor?"

"One of the principal difficulties—"

"Were you really born in Calcutta, and how old were you

when you left India? Is India anything like Kipling describes it in 'Kim'? Is it true that a man born in the Orient never overcomes the constant call of the East and always goes back? When are you going back if ever? Have you ever recovered the use of your broken wrist? What size collar do you wear? Wha—"

The director saved him. The scene was waiting. The answers to these vastly important questions may never be known, for I at least will never again brave the perils of Jersey and the intricacies of the World studio in the forlorn hope of getting Montagu Love to talk about himself.



Mr. Love holdeth Helene Chadwick's hand in a scene of "The Challenge" (Pathe).



# Better Photoplay League of America

## CHARTER

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE FOLLOWING

Cinema Composers Club of Columbia University

Dr. Marie L. Langdon . . . . . President

Mrs. Frances Taylor . . . . . Treasurer

is an  
Associate Member  
of the

# Better Photoplay League of America

When they report to this organization, they will be considered in good standing and will be eligible to receive any and all suggestions, information and advice concerning photoplays that may be in the possession of the parent organization—the Better Photoplay League of America.

*Myra Kingman Miller*  
Secretary

*James R. Quirk*  
President

Photographic reproduction of the special charter issued to the Cinema Club of Columbia University, now associated with the Better Photoplay League of America in that organization's constructive work.

# Better Photoplay League Gains Support of New Allies!

Organized movement for better pictures receives response from New Jersey to Los Angeles—progress of the month

By Myra Kingman Miller

**T**HE West!—the energetic West,—is ever to the front in movements that require enthusiasm, cooperation and energy, and Los Angeles, the Golden Key city, with her usual foresight has seemingly anticipated the Better Photoplay League of America. Our hats are off to Los Angeles!

Mrs. Janetta B. Wright, Chairman of the Los Angeles, California, League of Good Films, writes a most interesting letter in which she says that, in reading PHOTOPLAY, she discovered that the Better Photoplay League of America was doing along national lines what the citizens of Los Angeles had been doing for several years along local lines. She congratulates the Better Photoplay League of America on their work, stating at the same time that the Los Angeles League is not

now holding meetings regularly inasmuch as the workers are all busy in war activities, Mrs. Wright herself being in Washington, D. C.

Now here is one point and the only one in which we differ from Mrs. Wright and the Los Angeles League. Better Films are not only considered by the National League but also by our Government as a war time activity and a most important one. Think of the atrocious, insidious, under-mining pro-German, anti-Ally thoughts that have been subtly presented through the motion picture to an unsuspecting public during the first year of our participation in the war! One producer now is a guest of the nation in a small room where the draperies at the window are one and a half inch iron bars—all because of his special activities along

**T**HE Photoplay League of America is an organization of intelligent people who, realizing the tremendous influence that the screen now exerts and the great force that it is to be in the future, have interested themselves in an effort to aid in a constructive manner in the development of the new art and industry.

**I**T is not enough to criticise and discourage your exhibitor when he shows inferior pictures. You must prove to him that good pictures will increase his attendance. You must give him organized encouragement, real encouragement, in the shape of increased attendance. If you do not do this, you have failed.

JAMES R. QUIRK, Pres.  
Better Photoplay League of America.



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 Edwin Hebdgen, Director Bureau of Statistics and Research, Dept. of Education, Baltimore, Md.

this line. He fully realizes that the Better Film movement is a war activity!

On the other hand, think of the realistic, vivid, patriotic films that have stirred the very heart of the nation and have brought home to the masses, rich and poor, high and low, educated and otherwise, the vital truths that we wish impressed in their minds?

The Better Film movement not a war activity? Now as never before, the thinking, discerning patriotic citizens must become active factors in regulating this gigantic influence that is abroad in our country, remembering always the slogan of the Better Photoplay League of America: "The Motion Picture is the greatest factor in the education of the masses today, and as such demands our attention and influence."

But to go back to Los Angeles. In forming her League for good films, Los Angeles has followed exactly the course outlined by the National League—that is by asking every philanthropic, civic, educational, religious, and fraternal organization in Los Angeles to automatically become a member of the League, by sending a representative.

Let me quote from their chairman a statement which is worthy of nation-wide dissemination: "Our League was organized in the belief that there are *good* pictures, educational and entertaining films being produced and that both producers and exhibitors are as *anxious* and *willing* to produce and exhibit these *good* films as are we, the League members, to have them produced and exhibited. And we hope that through our efforts, through clubs and other organizations we will reveal the desire for good films through the box office receipts."

The quotation from Mrs. Wright sums up the whole situation. This Los Angeles League is working along constructive, rational lines and they are destined to become a great power and influence, and as these same representative citizens have cleaned up Los Angeles in many other lines, just so in a few years, they will be able to look back on their work in the League for Good Films and proudly show to the world a great city where there is no desire or demand for an objectionable film—a city where there is no Better Film problem because its citizenship enjoys only good films, patronizes only good films.

We feel that the Los Angeles League has pointed the way for the big cities of America to handle this movement, and we are very grateful for the information sent, that we may be the means of giving publicity to their work that it may thus help scores of other cities who have hitherto searched for some feasible method by which to attack this problem.

It is to be hoped that the Los Angeles League will immediately resume meetings with the full realization that they are doing a *great war work*. The Better Photoplay League of America will be glad to give them special suggestions along the line of specific war work.

The foregoing shows work under way and the following is just a glimpse of what the forward-looking people of today see in the Better Photoplay League of America.

"I desire to suggest to the club women here in Haddonfield, New Jersey, in the course of an address I am scheduled to make this winter, that they start a branch of the Photoplay League. Will you therefore," etc.

This is a paragraph from a letter written by the Reverend Augustus Walton Shick, Rector of the Grace Church, Haddonfield, New Jersey. Mr. Shick is one of the Eastern group of

big, broadminded clergymen who are helping to make the world a better place to live in.

Under the leadership and influence of men like these, communities take on a newer, better outlook, and organizations like the Better Photoplay League of America develop into their fullest usefulness. We shall look forward with interest during the coming months to hearing of the organization and progress of the Branch League of Haddonfield, New Jersey.

Episcopalians, Scientists, Jews, and Protestants alike recognize the future possibilities of the League. Note the following from I. Mortimer Bloom, Rabbi of Temple B'rith Sholom, Springfield, Illinois: "Will you kindly send me particulars regarding the Better Photoplay League of America? Some of us would like to organize a branch of the League in this city."

And thus the good movement is spread from the metropolis of the corn belt in Illinois to the land of the Cyclop mosquito—(where you cannot find them anymore)—the home of presidents—New Jersey. From the poppy-blown fields of California and the virgin, rugged wilds of Canada's Northwest forests come a united chorus of approval and requests for information, and gladly and most cheerfully do we welcome them.

The film companies are "sitting up and taking notice." Doesn't this look promising? For, after all, the pictures that are not made cannot be seen and even the Editor of PHOTOPLAY has dropped into line, for we notice in the December issue, he has quoted Mr. Ricord Gradwell, President of the World Film Company: "The first question I ask about any story intended for World is: Is it clean? When one considers that pictures are an affair for families and adolescent children as well as for the casual grown up their moral tone becomes as grave a responsibility as the patriotism of a government official."

Another film company has shown itself in tune with the spirit of the day, namely, the Art Film Company, 864 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia. Note the following: "The Photoplay League of America is creating greater and greater enthusiasm in the people who gather at our studio each day, so much so, that I have finally been prevailed upon to permit the use of one of our rooms as the headquarters for the Philadelphia branch when formed, and to advise you to that effect. I therefore take great pleasure in so advising you, and assure you of my hearty cooperation in organizing the branch here, if no such branch is already existing."

It is evident to the most casual observer from the varied personnel of the authors of the quotations in this article, that the Better Photoplay League has struck the popular chord of the day and just as if to emphasize it comes a message from Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Marquis and Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, from Ely House, Dublin, Ireland, where they are staying at present, acknowledging receipt of a letter from the Editor and gladly accepting a place on the Honorary and Advisory Patron list, wishing the League every success and trusting that its activities will extend over the water.

These people are all back of the Better Photoplay League of America. ARE YOU? If not why not? Think it over and then act! Form a Branch Photoplay League in your town this week if it does not already exist. If it does, become a member and be a factor in one of the biggest uplift movements of the day.

For further information, address the Better Photoplay League of America, 185 Madison Avenue, New York City.





*"Camera —  
Kamerad!"*

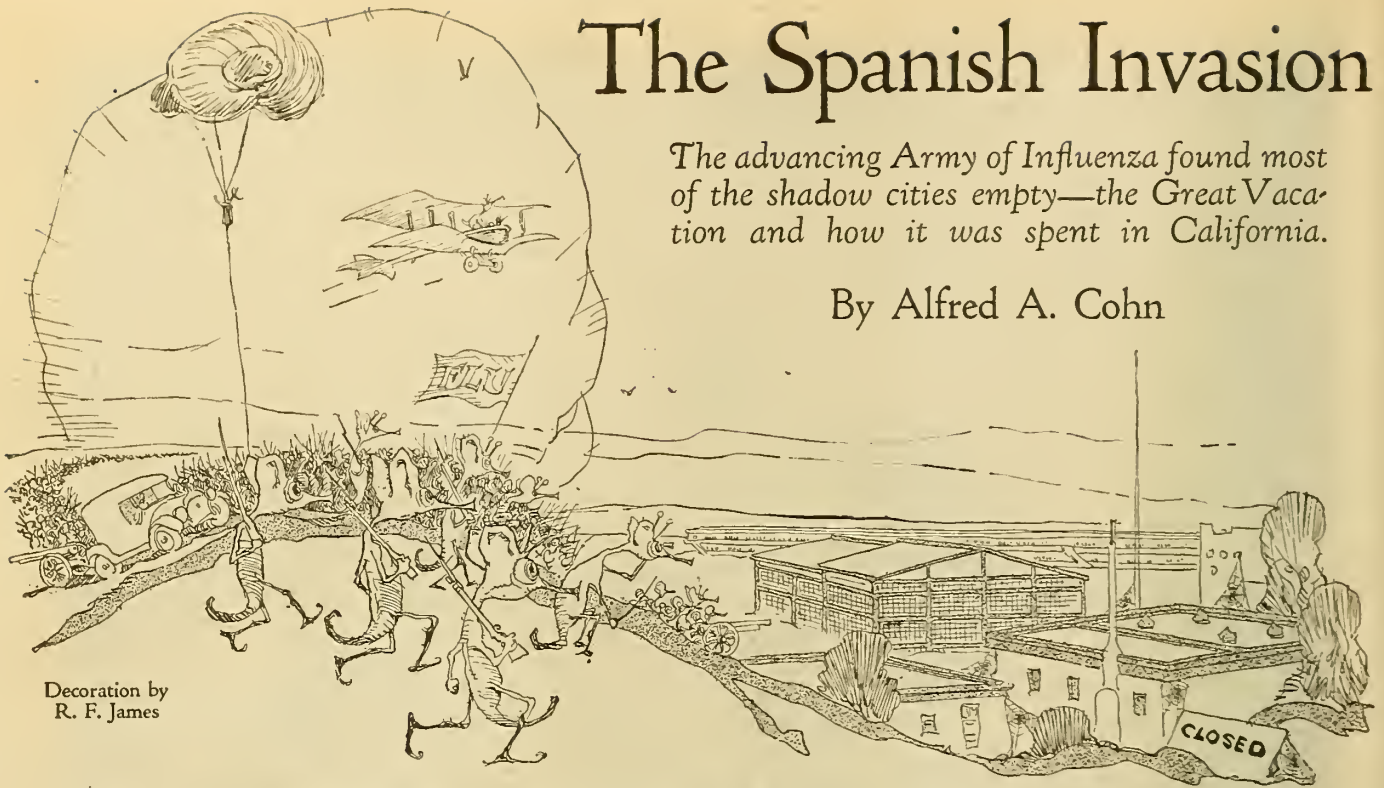
During the American advance in France in August the motion picture camera got a startling and unexpected tribute. Cranking in some scenes in a still-burning and newly-occupied village, Lieut. Edwin H. Cooper, of Harrisburg, Pa., was suddenly confronted by seven Germans, who debouched about a corner and mistook his formidable army film apparatus for some dreadful new type of Yankee machine gun. Up went their hands, and they yelled in terror. Not until he turned them over to an advancing detachment did he reveal the joke.



# The Spanish Invasion

The advancing Army of Influenza found most of the shadow cities empty—the Great Vacation and how it was spent in California.

By Alfred A. Cohn



Decoration by  
R. F. James

**C**'EST le guerre," they say resignedly when anything goes wrong abroad these days.

"It's the flu," they say in Califilmia when referring to cameraland's biggest panic.

Yet, like other disasters, the anticipation of the enforced vacation was much bluer than the realization. To the majority of the stars, four weeks of idleness came as a relief. To the majority of the lesser lights it was more or less a hardship.

Although the impression prevailed throughout the country that the manufacture of films had become extinct because of the ravages of the epidemic, actual figures indicate that the decrease in production was not more than forty percent. Custard drama suffered not at all, and the laugh canneries plodded along as though half the nation wasn't sneezing its head off.

The big program concerns suffered most because, operating on a close financial margin, retrenchment became imperative when the money ceased coming in from theaters and exchanges. For example: The gross income of the Paramount-Artcraft exchanges is something like a half million dollars a week. Production and exchange expenses are only slightly less—profits are not what they used to be in the film business. With only a third of that amount coming in and all the banks using their spare change to help out the Liberty Loan drive, it became necessary to stop spending money. The stars of the big program corporations were let into the actual condition of affairs and asked to accept a four-weeks' vacation without pay, the lost four weeks to be added at the termination of their respective contracts. So far as known all agreed. Upon the completion of the current production each star took a four-weeks' layoff.

On the Coast this rule became effective at the Lasky, Universal, Fox, Vitagraph, American and Triangle studios although the last named was giving up the ghost at the same time. Metro and Goldwyn were moving West. The rule also applied at World, in the East.

Among the Artcraft stars, the three leaders, Mary Pickford, Bill Hart and Fairbanks were not working when the suspension came. Mary had been idle since the first week in July owing to the termination of her contract; Hart was selling Liberty Bonds throughout the East, and Fairbanks was boosting bond

sales and endeavoring to ascertain his military status in the National Capital.

Nor was Charlie Chaplin hit by the new order. He was "between pictures" and was spending most of his vacation at Catalina Island in pursuit of the festive swordfish. (He caught one which weighed 168 pounds en deshabelle.) Roscoe Arbuckle was on the Island at the same time, doing a comedy which bears the interesting title, "Camping." Roscoe also kept busy during the "flu" flurry.

The first victim of influenza in the film colony was Bryant Washburn. Bryant had been east with a company of Lasky players including Director Donald Crisp and Margery Wilson, doing some scenes for "Venus in the East." When their train reached Los Angeles, Washburn, Crisp and Miss Wilson were seriously ill. They were among the first influenza patients on the Coast, but did not suffer any lasting effects. However, completion of the picture was postponed for the usual four weeks.

Wallie Reid was the first to draw a vacation, as he was far ahead of his release schedule. He spent most of the time on a hunting trip. Anna Little, his co-star, knitted several bushels of socks and took long auto trips with her mother. Lila Lee took the occasion to hie back to her beloved Broadway to visit with her foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Edwards, and to be "Cuddles" again, until the holiday season should end. Ethel Clayton spent most of her time at Camp Kearney, visiting with her brother, who is in the army. Vivian Martin enjoyed a mountain trip and Constance Talmadge went on location with Sister Norma, who arrived on the Coast simultaneously with the "flu" to make "The Heart of Wetona." The exteriors were made in the San Jacinto mountains and the interiors at the Lasky studio. C. B. deMille was the last to suspend. He was engaged on a production similar in theme to "Old Wives for New," but with the emphasis on the husbands this time. The leading players in it are Elliott Dexter, Theodore Roberts, Gloria Swanson, Lew Cody and Sylvia Ashton.

Blanche Sweet and Clara Kimball Young disregarded the suspension and continued work at the Griffith studio. Miss

(Continued on page 97)

## Flu Flurry Figures

**T**EN thousand picture theatres—80% of the total in the United States and Canada—closed for a period varying from one week to two months.

Loss in gross receipts at these theatres: \$40,000,000 (estimated).

Theatre employees deprived of income: 150,000.

In California, 60% of all production activity ceased.

In the East, production ceased completely. Strange to say, the comedy companies—all of them in California—did not stop working at all, nor was their personnel seriously affected by the epidemic.

Star salaries stopped for four weeks, on the uniform and generally accepted basis of a four-weeks' extension of the stellar contracts.

In fatalities, Metro was the heaviest loser, by the deaths of Harold Lockwood and John Collins.



# A New Portrait- Study of Marie Doro, An Ingenue of all Nations

WE started to write an impression, but gave it up because, after a fair wind of fancy and a propitious start, we couldn't decide on the next thing to say. In reality, Miss Doro comes from the Middle West. But when a young woman in her twenties has to reflect whether English or French is her native language, plays Chopin like a Pole, makes tea like a Russian, knows all the best people in Bombay, reads d'Annunzio in the original and is the favorite house-guest of half the British nobility what hope is there of pinning her to any particular page of your Rand-McNally? In our opinion Count de Strelecki mistook her for a temple-belle from the lower Ganges.



Marie Doro, posed especially for PHOTOPLAY by Count John de Strelecki, New York City.



Here are the ladies of "Heart's Desire" — a scene from Miss Doro's favorite and most recent photoplay. The milk business is something like the film business. There must be producers and distributors. Here you have the combination: producer, Mrs. Holstein Bovine; distributor, Miss Marie Doro. The distributor carries the milk in her large, left-side pocket. The heavy rope that you observe between them is to keep Miss Doro from running away.





Whenever we see a pergola we think of what the rich old lady from Iowa said to the architect who one of those things. She answered: "No, sir! I like tea as well as anybody—but I ain't a Russian."

## Fannie Ward's

A NUMBER of motion picture women have larger incomes than Fannie Ward, but she is the only one of her kind, so far, to manifest the possession of a generous independence in the European fashion of a thoroughly imposing establishment. Miss Ward's handsome house in Hollywood—previously half-toned in these pages—was a sumptuous residence, but it, and especially its grounds, are not to be compared with her new home and its artistic gardens at 255 South New Hampshire street, Los Angeles. Only Julian Eltinge's Italian palace can beat it as a regal dwelling. Fannie Ward's love of a fine house is not the frantic determination of a newly-rich ingenue to put it over her neighbors and associates.

Her theatrical career was crowned with complete artistic and financial success abroad before "abroad" blew to pieces; hence her well-paid movie career has merely meant the realization of long-cherished dreams.



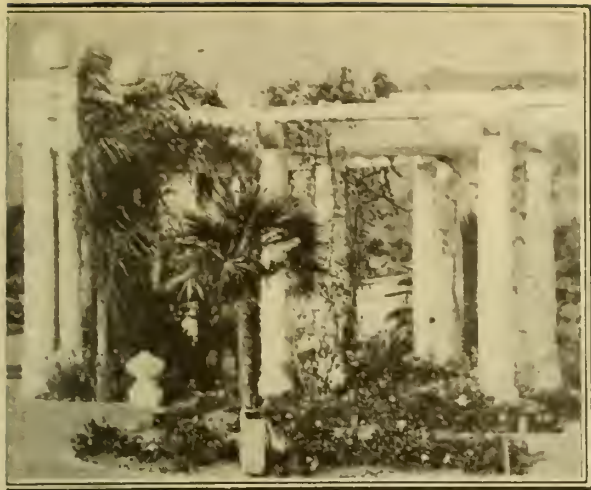
Above, a view through the sitting room and the dining room, taken from the drawing room. The sun-dial at the right, is, according to its owner's declaration, one of the absolute necessities of her domestic happiness.



The sunken garden and the marble balcony overlooking it. Directly beneath this balcony is the garden's tenderest inhabitant, a huge-leaved banana plant, so susceptible to slight cold that few of them endure even in the mild airs of California.





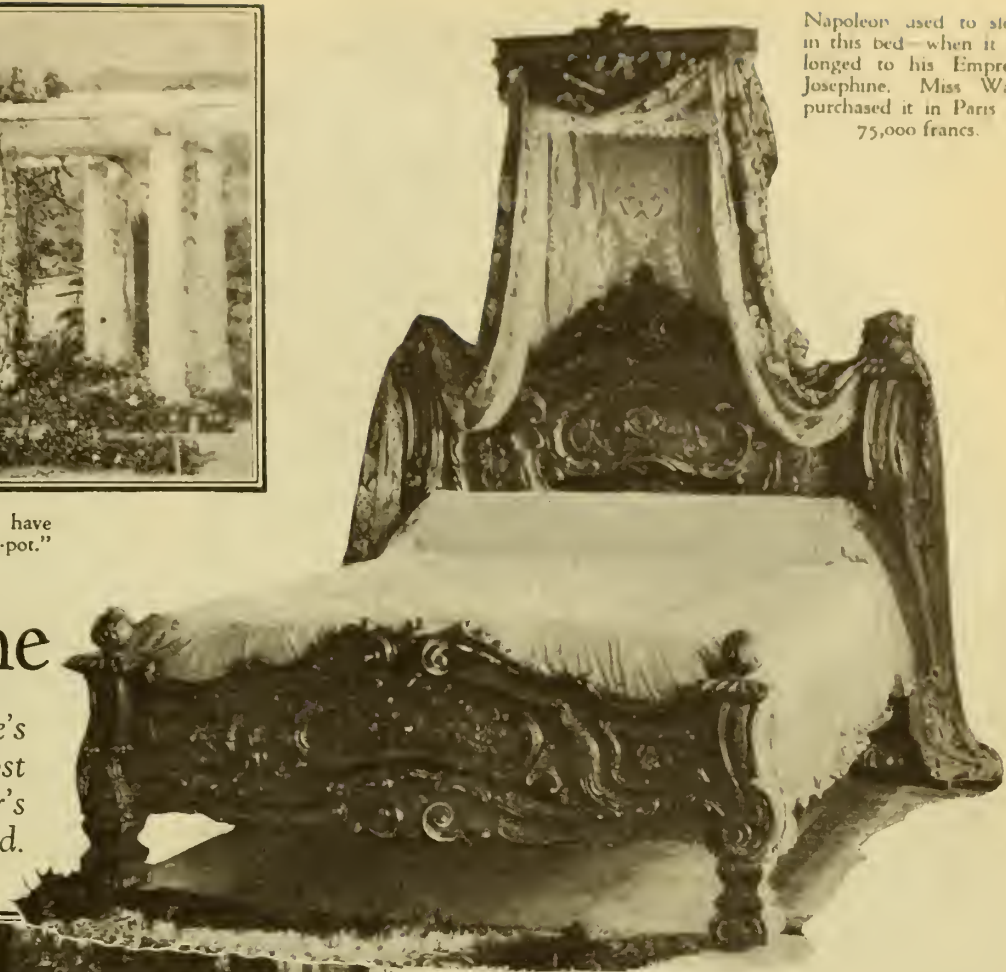


Napoleon used to sleep in this bed—when it belonged to his Empress Josephine. Miss Ward purchased it in Paris for 75,000 francs.

asked her if her projected home would have and I make it in a plain, old-fashioned tea-pot."

## New Home

*Excepting Juhan Eltinge's Italian palace the most sumptuous photoplayer's domicile in the world.*



At the foot of the marble stairs leading to the terrace and the sunken garden. These steps are a replica of a flight belonging to a villa in Florence.



Miss Ward in her study, whose wide portiered doors, as you see, open into her own simple sleeping apartment.



The thermometer had gone way down to 58 above when this frigid photo was made. Girls are something like flowers, and when you have to transplant one or the other from Southern Texas it's too bad that you can't carry the climate along.



# Frappéd

By Marion

weather, are still wearing lightweights and pronouncing October fifteenth, with its 58 degrees, a grand day.

"And why, Corinne Griffith," asked the callous ones—(the girl is none other than Corinne Griffith)—"why are you wearing your fur coat, when it is only October fifteenth, and the temperature but 58?"

"Because," she replied frostily, "I am not going to take any chances of freezing to death. I came very near it last winter, and I don't want to go through it again."

Poor little southern rose, shivering in the snow! One could almost write a poem about it. Born in Texarkana and raised in New Orleans, Corinne Griffith had never left the south until she was coaxed into the movies. And her first winter in them was spent at the Vitagraph western studios, in California. Last winter was her first in New York, and she didn't know what it was going to be like when it started. But she knows now. "And," she says between shivers, "if I didn't simply l-love my work, I wouldn't be up here, letting myself in for more snow stuff."

That picture of hers, "A Girl of Today," released sometime ago, was made last winter, and in the screening Miss Griffith had several close calls from death by freezing. It was, you remember, the coldest winter in New York since Washington crossed the Delaware. The scenes of the picture called for Corinne and her company to work on



Miss Griffith and Robert Gaillard in a scene exposition of the young woman's emotional fastly at the back of Mr. Gaillard's head on her hair. This little profile also answers see the most girl in

**I**T was October fifteenth in Flatbush, a part of Brooklyn, and the site of the Vitagraph company's eastern studio. The temperature was 58 degrees Fahr.

On this day, there might be seen on the Vitagraph lot a slim, shivering figure. Approaching, one might ascertain that this was a young girl. Though she was wrapped from nose to toes in a big fur coat, her teeth were chattering and her lips were blue; and her nose, if one could see it, quite red. Besides this, her eyes wore a far-away, pathetic look.

This may sound like the beginning of a Victor Hugo novel in which he plants his location. But wait—this isn't the half of it.

On the same day in Texarkana, Texas, which is one side of the triangle formed by the borders of Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas, thermometers were unanimous in declaring 78 degrees. And it was to Texarkana that the thoughts of the poor shivering girl wandered. In fancy she was back home,—back where the southern sun smiles genially, the winds from the Gulf blow caressingly,—where, in short, they have climate, not weather.

But this is to be sombre and realistic and all. The girl in the big fur coat still shivers, while the natives and others who had become accustomed to Flatbush and its



# in Flatbush

Not a new drink—just the fate of a southern rose trying to bloom in Brooklyn:

Craig

the ice-blocks of the Hudson River, in the snow-fields around Albany, and at the great Ashokan Dam, the heart of New York's water supply. While working on these frigid scenes she collapsed from cold and was on the verge of freezing. They placed her in an automobile and rushed her to her home. The cold she contracted then resulted in a long and painful illness. Is it any wonder, then, that Corinne does not welcome the prospect of another long hard winter and more snow stuff?

"Snow," she says, "makes grand scenery. But it doesn't appeal to me as a play-ground. I'd always wanted to see snow, but I didn't ask to be buried in it. Ice, too, is all right as a refrigerant of food and drink, but it loses its value for me when it is splashed all over the landscape in huge hunks. It may all be very picturesque, but who



A recent portrait of Corinne Griffith. Looking at this one can think of so many nice things to say that perhaps it would be better to leave them all unsaid, and permit the picture to do its own talking. Anyway, it's an example of the old metaphor, "a speaking likeness."

can appreciate artistic effects in snow when one's feet are frozen and one's nose is red?"

Miss Griffith was reared in a convent, and naturally knew nothing of snow and such until she landed in New York. She was a popular society girl in the Creole city, and had come into prominence through winning first prize in a beauty contest. It was at a society affair in New Orleans, where Corinne posed in tableaux and danced, that a moving picture director—Folin S. Sturgeon, of Vitagraph—was introduced to her. He saw her as a "screen proposition" and—you have probably heard the story—put the question right up to her, "How would you like to go in pictures?" Corinne's assent was easily gained, family opposition encountered and overcome, and the little southern girl soon embarked on a screen career.

She made good from the start, when she played small parts in western Vitagraph's short-reelers. Her director, observing her, said, "Watch that girl; she's going to be a star some day." And Corinne hasn't disappointed him. After a year of leading-lady roles for Earle Williams and Harry Morey, she was featured alone, and then starred. Her most important screen solos have been in "The Clutch of Circumstance," "Love Watches," and, more recently, "Miss Ambition" and "The Adventure Shop." These have gone far towards making her a fixed star—whether she likes snow-stuff or not.

In real life she is Mrs. Webster Campbell. Campbell is also a well-known picture personality, whose screen appearances have been mostly with Vitagraph. You will remember, too, his work for Lubin, Ince, American Beauty, Lasky—he played in "The Evil Eye" with Blanche Sweet—and in such pictures as "A Meddler with Destiny" and "The Love Doctor" for Vitagraph. With his wife he was featured in "New York, or Danger Within!" the Vitagraph propaganda play by Robert W. Chambers. One really cannot find it in his heart to rebuke Mr. Campbell when, in answer to the question, "What is your favorite role?" he replies, "Corinne Griffith's leading man."



from "The Clutch of Circumstance," a recent talents. The miniature lady staring steadily is also Miss Griffith, with a different "do" the interesting scientific question: why do we see the smallest picture?



# Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK

**CECIL B. DEMILLE**, director-general for Lasky, who made "Joan the Woman," "The Little American," and "We Can't Have Everything"; the one photoplay director who really looks the part; the producer of a thousand screen battles—is going to war. When he has completed his current production—and from present indications that will be about November fifteen—he will go to Washington to secure himself a commission in aviation. DeMille has been a student of aviation for some time, and last year bought himself a 'plane and spent his spare time motoring over Hollywood until he had mastered the science. The Lasky studio will be closed entirely for a week after DeMille finishes his present picture.

**KENNETH HARLAN** is now a sergeant in the 143rd Field Artillery, in France. Harlan, you remember, was with Universal when his draft call came; and trained at Camp Kearney, California.

**ALLAN DWAN**, who left the Fairbanks company in the middle of a



We're glad to see that resolute young actor, Pat O'Malley, again. Here he is in "Dealing with Daphne," a new Universal, with Priscilla Dean. You should behold him—in another scene—behind the deep facial foliage of a woodsman.

picture he was directing, is handling the megaphone for the new Clara Kimball Young production. When he has completed it, Dwan will return to the Fairbanks organization to resume his direction of Douglas.

**THE** first gold star in the Universal service flag is for Lawrence R. "Larry" Peyton, who died fighting in France. Peyton is the first of the coast actors to go. Peyton had served in the Spanish war, and when his old regiment was at Camp Kearney, he went down and enlisted, although he was over the draft age. "How Could You, Jean?" with Mary Pickford, was Peyton's last picture—he played *Oscar*, the Swedish man of all work. He was *Gaspard*, the coward, in "Joan the Woman," and played in Universal's serial, "The Red Ace." Peyton was in the 157th Infantry, a Colorado regiment.

**JACK SHERRILL** of the Frohman Amusement Corporation, is the father of a baby girl. Mrs. Sherrill was Lillian Forbes.

**JOHN HANCOCK COLLINS**, Metro director and the husband of Viola Dana, died October 23, after an illness of less than a week, a victim of pneumonia following the Spanish influenza. John Collins, though only twenty-eight years old, was one of the ablest members of Metro's directorial staff, with many Dana productions to his credit. He also directed most of his wife's Edison pictures. A New York boy, Collins was first associated with moving pictures at the old Edison studio, working his way up from an assistant to a full-fledged director. Perhaps his most ambitious effort was "Blue Jeans," the Metro picture from the stage play, starring Miss Dana. Besides

his wife, he is survived by his parents and one brother.

**LOUISE VALE**, wife of Travers Vale, the World director, was an influenza victim, succumbing to the disease after an illness of only two days. Mrs. Vale died in Madison, Wis., where she was visiting her mother. She will be remembered for her work in Biograph pictures several years ago, and more lately for World.

**R. W. LYNCH**, vice-president of the Triangle Distributing Corporation, and brother of S. A. Lynch, succumbed to pneumonia following an attack of Spanish  
(Continued on page 84)

This piece of male left Washington on the mail 'plane at eleven o'clock in the morning of October 16, and was "delivered" in New York at 2:55 p. m. It landed at Belmont Park and sold \$5,000,000 worth of Bonds. The name on the postal tag is "Douglas Fairbanks."



© Underwood & Underwood





When you cut the cuticle you leave unprotected places all around the delicate nail root

Remove surplus cuticle without cutting. See what a firm, smooth, even edge Cutex gives

# The wrong and the right way to manicure



"The Cutex way of manicuring is indeed pleasing, especially when your hands must always look freshly manicured"

Bessie Love



"I have found Cutex the quickest and most effective way of taking care of my nails"

Alise Brady

**C**UTTING the cuticle is ruinous! When you cut the cuticle, you leave little unprotected places all around the tender nail root. These become rough, sore and ragged; they grow unevenly and cause hangnails.

Soften and remove surplus cuticle without knife or scissors. Just apply a bit of Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pushing back the cuticle.

Cutex does away with all need for cutting or trimming, and leaves a firm, smooth, even line at the base of your nails.

**In five minutes the most delightful manicure you ever had**

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (these come in the Cutex package), dip it into the Cutex bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Rinse the fingers carefully in clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

If you like snowy-white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish with Cutex Cake Polish.

In cold weather the cuticle often shows a tendency to become dry and rough. When this happens, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort.

Now see how well-groomed your nails look. Keep them looking well. Give them a Cutex manicure regularly.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c, 65c and \$1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c, and Cutex Cuticle Comfort is 35c.

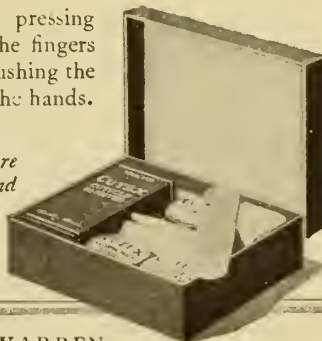
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Mail the coupon today with 21c for the complete manicure set shown below. It contains enough of the Cutex preparations for several manicures. Send for it today.

Northam Warren, Dept. 701,  
114 West 17th Street,  
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*If you live in Canada, send 21c to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 701, 489 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, for your complete set and get Canadian prices.*

A complete manicure set for 21c. Send for it today!



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114 West 17th St., New York City

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(Continued from page 82)



Evans

This is a new picture of Baby Marie Osborne, the "Mary Sunshine" of the films, her mother, Mrs. Leon T. Osborne, and little brother. The baby is also an actor; he is playing minor parts at present but undoubtedly will rise, since he has a star for his sister.

influenza. Lynch was on a business trip to the west coast when stricken.

**T**HE most successful individual effort in the Fourth Liberty Loan was that of William Farnum. Although he worked only the last fortnight of the campaign, Farnum turned in \$33,000,000 as the result of his work in that time.

Farnum's greatest single bond sale took place on the Thursday night of the last week of the Loan campaign, when he sold \$32,000,000 worth of bonds to an audience that packed Carnegie Hall in New York. This was an unprecedented showing, and established a record far beyond that achieved by any member of the theatrical profession, stage or screen. One afternoon the Fox star sold \$50,000 worth of bonds, in a New York department store, in a little less than two hours. All but two of his subscribers were women.

**T**RUE BOARDMAN, a pioneer film actor, died in Los Angeles the first week in October. Although not yet forty, Mr. Boardman had a long career on stage and screen. He was born in Oakland, California, and his early dramatic work was with David Belasco, and in stock. Boardman was with western Essanay before joining Kalem. His best-known characterization was "Stingaree," a Kalem serial. He is survived by a wife, known professionally as Virginia Ames, and a son.

**A** PROMINENT director was approached by a lieutenant in the U. S. Army, who greeted him effusively. Afterwards the director said, "What do you know about that? He still calls me

Mister and treats me as if I were more important than he is." The lieutenant was formerly the director's property boy.

**I**T is not known what pecuniary inducement was offered Eugene Walter to lay aside his widely advertised aversion to motion pictures, but the fact remains that Walter has contracted to write the next three Norma Talmadge pictures. Among Walter's stage successes were "Paid in Full," "The Easiest Way," and "Fine Feathers."

**G**EORGE FISHER is at Camp Kearney, California. You will remember him opposite Bessie Barriscale and Mary Miles Minter.

**P**OLLY MORAN, the former Sennett comedienne, who has been appearing in vaudeville at the New York Palace, brought with her from Hollywood an adopted baby.

"He's part Wop and part Irish," explains Polly. "he was born with a stiletto in one small fist, and an Irish shillelagh in the other, and he is going to be able to fight his own battles."

Wonder what Polly will do with him when she goes over seas as a member of the Over There Theatre League Entertainment Corps? Miss Moran is to head what will be styled the "Sheriff Mary" unit.

**H**ARRY CAREY picked up a paper and read Universal's advertisement for "Crashing Through to Berlin." "Well," said Harry, "there's a picture called 'Come Through.' Then they had 'Smashing Through,' and now it's 'Crashing Through to Berlin.' I hope they don't

ever ask me to play the stellar role in a drama of real life and call it 'You're Through.'"

**M**YRTLE GONZALES died in Los Angeles, October 23, from a complication of heart trouble and influenza. Her death is said to be indirectly due to a fall received a year ago while riding for a "stunt" picture. Miss Gonzales will be remembered for her work in Vitagraph and Bluebird-Universal productions. In private life she was Mrs. Allen Watt, and she leaves a seven-year-old son by a former marriage. Her husband is in the army.

**"T**HE Spirit of '76," the Goldstein picture that was branded as pro-German by the United States Court, has been completely revised, its title changed to "The Eternal Spirit of '76," and in its new form and meaning has been commended by the same Federal authorities who first condemned it. The revised version will be used as propaganda, stamped with the seal of the United States. The fate of Robert Goldstein producer of the original film, will not be affected, and he will fill his ten-year sentence for treason in a Federal prison.

**E**DWIN ARDEN, actor, playwright, and manager, died from heart failure, following a rehearsal of a new play in which he was to have starred, called "Three Wise Men." Arden played in support of many of the great actors of the time, including Edwin Booth, Thomas W. Keene, Clara Morris and Maude Adams. He has written many plays. His most notable motion picture appearance was in the Pathe serial, "The Exploits of Elaine," in which he played with Pearl White, and recently with Anita Stewart in "Virtuous Wives." Arden is survived by a wife.

(Continued on page 88)



Enterprise in the Orient. J. Sebastian Tan of Koodoes, Java, is PHOTOPLAY'S biggest booster in a foreign country. Mr. Tan gets subscriptions by the hundreds by the simple expedient of always carrying a copy of the Magazine about with him. This practice, he says, never fails to bring at least one new subscriber.





Don't dream  
about a good  
complexion—  
**HAVE ONE**

Every woman can safeguard her beauty and solve the problem of increasing her attractiveness by using Resinol Soap, which helps nature to heal skin trouble and ensure a good complexion.

Your skin is like any other fabric—subject to wear and tear—exposed as it is to sun, wind and storm. If your skin is rough, unnaturally dry, or excessively oily; if it chaps or reddens easily, is subject to blotches, or if slight irritation produces burning, smarting, or itching, you will find in Resinol Soap a means which will help greatly to overcome these ailments.

Resinol Soap removes dust, dirt and waste matter from the skin, but at the same time it benefits the skin cells, soothes irritation, and exerts a healing and tonic action.

A week's trial of Resinol Soap will convince you that you should always use it for your skin's sake as well as for your pride in having and preserving a good complexion.

Ideal for the hair—especially if there is a tendency to scalp trouble. Unequaled for the bath—soothes and refreshes a "tired" or irritated skin. Incomparable for nursery use—to keep baby's skin soft and fresh.

All druggists and dealers in toilet goods sell Resinol Soap.

*Resinol Shaving Stick gives a free non-drying lather which makes men really enjoy the daily shave.*

# Resinol Soap







# Why-Do-They Do-It



**THIS** is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

## No Curfew Here

**L**AST week I went to see Alice Brady in "The Better Half." Perhaps if anyone reading this has seen it they probably noticed that at 2:30 in the morning there were about six kids under twelve years old running around in the streets.

G. K. OMAHA.

## Producer's License, P'r'aps

**W**HERE does Triangle get the phoney license plates they use in their pictures? In "Daughter Angele," with Pauline Starke, we see automobiles with New Jersey licenses with the "N. J.—1918" on the left of the large numbers as the 1917 licenses were, instead of above them as the new ones are. And in numerous other pictures, for instance "Madame Paulette," we see, on the New York license plates: "N. Y.—1918" along the bottom instead of on top.

G. E. D., PASSAIC, N. J.

## We Were Puzzled, Too

**I**N "His Own Home Town" Charles Ray writes a play, based on his own experiences, naming it "His Own Home Town;" his sweetheart, Carol Landis (played by Catherine MacDonald) induces her manager, who is looking for a suitable play in which to star her, to purchase the above. I fail to see the suitability; in fact the leading role seemed to me to be decidedly a man's part. If not, why did Charles act in it in the first place?

L. A. R., SACRAMENTO, CAL.

## Some Houses Get So Dusty!

**W**HY is it that in so many pictures the maid is shown dusting and cleaning as late as five o'clock in the evening? You'll see them dusting about the stairs, tables and chairs in the pictures when their mistresses are serving dinner.

HELEN MILLER, MANHATTAN, N. Y.

## Scared White, Perhaps!

**I**want to know. I saw "A Woman of Impulse," with Lina Cavalieri. Good picture. But you know the mulatto house-keeper — Mary Alden — "Birth of a Nation" stuff? Well, in the interiors she was made up to look like a mulatto; and she did. But when it showed her outside, on the veranda—but since it was supposed to be Down South perhaps I'd better call it a "gallery"—why, when she was looking in at the window, spying on the villain, her face was quite white. Perhaps it "went white." But just the same I've heard it remarked that a leopard cannot change his spots, nor an Ethiope his skin. What about it? Anyway, Corinne Uzell was great in the part.

"INDIANA READER," FORT WAYNE, IND.

## A Great Ship for Seasick People

**H**IS Majesty Bunker Bean" was, no doubt, one of the best of the recent releases in spite of a very noticeable slip. There is supposed to be action on board a trans-Atlantic steamer. In the stateroom occupied by Jack Pickford everything is roll-

ing about and falling over, and even the steward can hardly walk across without losing his balance. But upstairs on deck all is perfectly tranquil. Also, in the dining-room everyone eats with perfect ease and not even a drop of water is spilt! This certainly is the ideal steamer and the Paramount people ought to build them.

H. W., YALE UNIVERSITY.

## Some Speed!

**L**AST Saturday I saw "Peg O' The Pirates." It was a pretty fair picture, but this little incident might interest your columns of the PHOToplay:

Peg's home is seized by pirates. In her excitement she hides in the fireplace where her face gets jet black from soot. The captain orders her to be taken on board the ship where she is made prisoner. (Her face is still black.) She explores her cell and then finds a trap in the floor. And alas—as she comes down stairs her face is snow white.

Perhaps those dirty-faced pirates were kind enough to give her a basin of water before letting her empty the rum barrels. Who knows?

HELEN TRUCKENBRODT, N. Y. C.

## Dodging "Subs," Mebbe

**I**N "The Marriage Ring," Mr. Merten buys two tickets for Honolulu via the steamship, "Sonoma" of the Sidney Short Line. I obtained this fact from a close up of them.

If Honolulu was Mrs. Merten's destination, why did she board the "President"? This ship belongs to an entirely different company, the Pacific Steamship Co., and sails from Seattle to San Diego and vice versa.

BYRON J. SCHWAB,  
LINCOLN, NEB.

## Ukulele Facts

**H**AVING read a great deal about the genius of Maurice Tournour and having seen many of his splendid plays, I was properly impressed as to his wonderful directing ability. Therefore you can imagine my horror

when in "A Doll's House" I saw a ukulele gayly adorning one of the walls as innocently as could be. These instruments of torture were scarcely known or heard of in the United States fifteen years ago. So I hardly could believe that Ibsen would have used them in his play written about fifty years ago. I even doubt if the girls in Norway and Sweden to-day know how to sit in the moonlight and make the neighbors suffer.

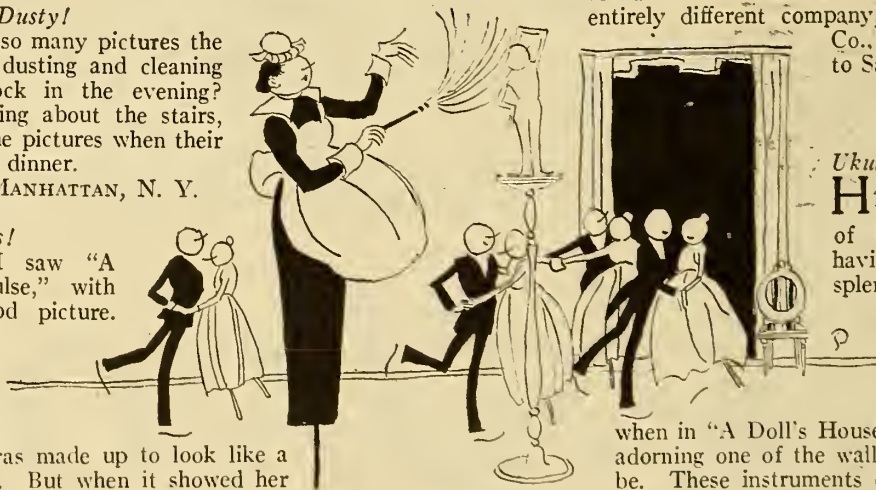
Although I do only possess the grand total of seventeen summers this was almost too much for my sense of humor.

ANNE O. NIMUS, VENICE, CALIF.

## Help! Help!

**I**N "Bound in Morocco," with Douglas Fairbanks, how is it that the Sultan and his friend can sink in a pool in which before we had seen swimmers standing up and splashing each other?

B. W. H., WOONSOCKET, R. I.







## A CALENDAR *for Beauty's Boudoir*

Fitting in its French daintiness to take its place in beauty's boudoir, this Djer-Kiss Calendar will serve as a daily reminder of the Parisian charm of all the *Spécialites de Djer-Kiss*—Extract, Face Powder, Talc, Sachet, Toilet Water, *Végétale et Soap*.

Particularly appropriate to be hung over your desk, it will add its graceful usefulness to the whole year.

*The DJER-KISS Calendar  
will be sent on receipt of 6c.*

THE ALFRED H. SMITH COMPANY  
Sole Importers  
26 West 34th Street New York

# *Djer-Kiss*

*Made in France only*



(Continued from page 84)

**Y**OU know what it did to your family and to every family in the neighborhood. You all had it. And the big movie family wasn't immune. It was a case of suspended animation for the whole industry in October, when the epidemic of Spanish influenza, dubbed "the flu," swept the country. Few companies, east or west, escaped the scourge. The studios in sunny California and the studios in Manhattan and Fort Lee suffered alike. With splendid impartiality the disease attacked stars and press-agents, presidents and prop men. The mechanical forces were stricken—even if the stars and their directors had been able to get down to work, there wouldn't have been any sets to work in or any lights to work under, because Pete Props and his gang were at home with the "flu." If they had somehow managed to get the pictures out, there would have been no press-agents to exploit them. No new contracts were signed, nor any new companies formed, because Cyrus Simplex, president of all the film corporations, had to keep his hands under the covers or his doctor wouldn't have given *that* for his life. The theatres were all shut down, by order, but they probably would have had to suspend operations anyway; the organist

at the Dreamland, our favorite suburban theatre, was laid up with the Flu, and what is a photodrome without an organ? And where was the Public? At home, in bed, combating the common enemy.

If you want to know what players had it: well, Charlie Chaplin couldn't laugh it off, even though threatened with pneumonia. Texas Guinan didn't escape—she was cast for an important part in "The Love Defenders," a new World film, but she caught the flu, and couldn't begin work.

Shirley Mason was to leave for California and the Famous Players-Lasky studio in Hollywood, when she came down with it. She had almost recovered when her husband, Bernard Durning, was stricken. Durning developed double pneumonia and for a while little hope was entertained for his recovery. Viola Dana, Miss Mason's sister, who had only a slight attack of influenza, was in a dangerous condition because of a nervous breakdown brought on by the death of her husband, John Collins, of influenza.

Mae Marsh and her sister Marguerite, each passed through a severe siege of the disease, and Mae's departure for the west coast studios of Goldwyn was delayed several weeks.



Chaplin really caught this sword-fish. When someone offered to take a picture of it he said "Wait a minute" and went home to change his clothes. When he came back he found that Fatty Arbuckle, looking the part, was posing beside the fish and assuming all the airs of ownership. Now Fatty's peeved because Charlie's crabbed his little act.



Witze

Myrtle Gonzales was a victim of the Spanish influenza. She was Mrs. Allan Watt in private life, and leaves a small son. You remember her work in Vitagraph and Universal pictures.

Owen Moore was ill with pneumonia. Bill Russell thought he had "just plain gripe" but changed his mind, after he was delirious for twenty-four hours. Tom Meighan looks husky, but he had it as bad as any of them. Howard Hickman had only a slight attack.

The Flu kept the world waiting for news about Mary Pickford's new contract. Mrs. Pickford was in New York talking it over and Mary was on her way east to join her mother when the news of Lottie's illness sent them back.

**HAROLD BOLSTER**, husband of Madge Kennedy, has received a Captain's commission, in recognition of his work in Washington for the Government. Miss Kennedy was with her husband in Washington until she was called west to resume her picture work for Goldwyn.

**LOUISE GLAUM** is back with Ince. Incidentally she has brought suit against Paralta Plays Inc. for \$2,500 for five weeks' salary, long overdue.

**W**HEN the World Film Company signed Texas Guinan to play a leading part in "The Love Defenders," Lee Kugel, World publicist, sat down to write a puff about Texas for the papers, only to discover that he had no material on hand. He called Miss Guinan on the phone and asked her to give him some information about herself.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Kugel," replied Miss Guinan, "only—I am in a great hurry just now. Would you mind if I sent you down a story?"

A few days later the porter at the World offices came in and told Mr. Kugel someone had sent him a gift. "Bring it in," said Mr. Kugel, smiling. In walked two men, loaded down with two huge suitcases and four packages. Mr. Kugel opened them. They contained press matter, newspaper clippings, scrap-books, and pictures of Texas Guinan.

(Continued on page 98)





The nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is most important

As a protection to the skin, use Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you go out

# Cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture

**T**HE reason your complexion suffers in winter is because the cold weather whips out of the skin all its natural moisture. With each exposure to the cold, the skin becomes tighter and rougher until it cracks and breaks. It loses all its delicate color.

## How to protect your skin

Before going out protect your skin by an application of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Compare the fresh, soft condition in which it keeps your face with the drawn, dry feeling that generally follows exposure to cold, windy weather.

Based on an ingredient which doctors

have used for years for its softening, beautifying qualities, Pond's Vanishing Cream is of the utmost value in overcoming all dryness and restoring the normal pliancy to the skin.

It is absolutely free from greasiness. You can use it throughout the day, with the knowledge that not a bit of it will remain on the skin to make it shiny.

## Your nightly cleansing needs a different cream

Without thorough cleansing of all the dust gathered during the day, the skin cannot be clear and fine-textured. Pond's Cold Cream was prepared especially to give the skin a perfect cleansing. Try it for your bedtime toilet tonight.

For massage also you will find Pond's Cold Cream delightfully smooth and easy to work into the pores.

Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream will not grow hair or down on the skin. Get a jar or tube of each today at any drug or department store.

## Or we will send you free samples of each cream

Mail the coupon below for free sample tubes of each cream. For enough of each cream to last two weeks send 10c. Get the samples today and give them a week's test. You will find that your complexion has become lovelier than ever. Address The Pond's Extract Company, 136T Hudson St., New York.

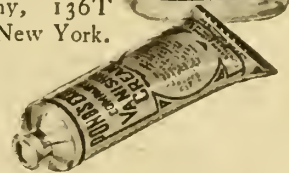


Photo by Charlotte Fairchild  
Billie Burke, whose beautiful skin is the envy of everyone who sees her, says: "No one appreciates Pond's Vanishing Cream more than I"



Photo by Campbell Studio

Marion Davies, whom many consider America's most beautiful young stage favorite, says: "I don't see how I ever got along without Pond's Vanishing Cream. Nothing else has ever kept my skin in such good condition"



Pond's Extract Co., 136T Hudson St., New York  
Please send me free the items checked:  
 A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream  
 A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream  
 Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:  
 A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream  
 A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name.....  
 Street.....  
 City..... State.....





Marguerite Clayton  
in a tense moment from  
"The Egg"  
Essanay Play

Marguerite introduces "The Egg"  
to the haughty Mrs. Van Rensselaer.



# Ingram's Milkweed Cream

You will find Ingram's Milkweed Cream cleansing, softening, and soothing to the skin. To these three essential qualities it adds a fourth that is exclusively its own. And that is its therapeutic property. It tones up the skin and keeps it in a healthful condition. Herein is the superiority of Ingram's Milkweed Cream over the many so-called "face-creams."

Its daily use will clear away imperfections, banish blemishes, prevent roughness and redness from wind and weather, and give a soft, smooth colorfulness to the complexion. Start today. Ask your druggist for a jar.

Chicago, Ill.,

August 5, 1917

F. F. INGRAM CO.:

I am glad to put in writing the appreciation of Ingram's Milkweed Cream I have so often voiced to my friends. A sense of fairness impels me to give it the full credit it has earned in keeping my complexion in such a healthy condition.

*Marguerite Clayton*

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I enclose a dime in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets and Milkweed Cream, Zedenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

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FACE POWDER

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"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

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Melbourne, Australia

(129)

There is Beauty in Every Jar





# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.



**TIMID SIXTEEN, JAMAICA, L. I.**—Sixteen is often sweet but seldom timid. Behold that rara avis of these crowded war-days—a maid with a blush born of the moment and an amiability no less confusing because it is unconscious. I won't tease you any more. So you met Julian Eltinge's mother? Julian is back on the vaudeville stage now. I'm sure Jackie Saunders would be delighted with the gift of a honey-comb. If I give you her personal address will you send the Answer Man one, too? Let me know. No. Norma Talmadge is twenty-one; Mary Miles Minter, sixteen. Glad your two soldier brothers look on PHOTOPLAY as a "God-send." Write soon again—and don't forget the honey-comb.

**VASHTI, PORT HURON.**—That was our very own epigram: Nothing can cease like success. The original was "Nothing succeeds like success;" there have been a good many variations on it. Yes, I like Bill Hart; "The Border Wireless" is one of his best. He was in Chicago recently, and came up to see PHOTOPLAY. He's a big man, and kinda shy, and real Western. You bet I like Bill.

**THE MYSTIC ROSE.**—Your letters have enabled me to endure the "flu" suspension with reasonable equanimity. The theatres are open again now, Allah be praised. So you had nice letters from Julian Johnson and Delight Evans. You don't mention the poor old Answer Man in the same breath with them. All of your comments interested me. You are quite right about that serial discussion. Will tell "Stars" editor you want a horoscope of Pearl White. I suppose because Miss White is so very busy. So you like Dot Gish's black wig.

**MOONEY, ALABAMA.**—You don't mind, do you? Of course, I am frivolous. Frivolity is the froth of life. Treated flippantly, life is sparkling champagne. Approached seriously, it is stale beer. But I forget—perhaps you cannot appreciate my comparisons; might even take exception to them. Forgive me. Story with Lew Cody coming.

**L. S., NEW YORK.**—The last time I saw Robert Cain was with Lina Cavalieri in "A Woman of Impulse." He was born in 1882; on the stage he played in "The Mis-

leading Lady," "The Deep Purple," and "The Man of the Hour." His screen career has been with Mary Pickford in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" and "The Eternal Grind," with Pauline Frederick, and Doug Fairbanks, and in various productions for other companies, not so well known. He is five feet ten. Believe a letter addressed to him care the Bergere Agency, Aeolian Bldg., N. Y.,

**JANE G.**—No, no, Pearl White isn't dead. Don't believe all you hear, Jane.

**H. G. W., JERSEY CITY.**—Two. The Answer Man and his amanuensis comprise the Answer Department. She has red hair and she finds your questions most amusing. But then she would laugh at anything. Some of the studios allow visitors but a permit is required. Can't help you out any, I'm afraid. Yes, most meetly.

**M. G. R., CLEVELAND.**—I don't know. I have asked myself that same question time and again; over and over. And always I come to the same conclusion—I don't know. It's awful not to know, isn't it? Finality is the only perfection. I'm sure I don't know, either, why Petrova wears those clothes. "Missing" was very good. Yes. Now look here—when an actress gives her age as sixteen, you can't very well contradict the lady, can you? I think you're altogether too intolerant. No.

**A. L., L. L., RED LODGE, MONT.**—I am quite sure little Miss Corbin will send you her photograph; Fox studios, Hollywood, Cal. Madge Evans, World, Fort Lee. Write to me soon again and tell me all about yourselves. Are you in school, you two?

**E. P., LEMOORE, CAL.**—Gee—you ask about a hundred questions and then say, "This is a pretty large order, but then the Answer Man is capable of big things." So what can I do but answer them all? Virginia Pearson is thirty; Raymond McKee—who is now a devil-dog (Marine)—is twenty-six. Anita King doesn't give her age. She is now making a trans-continental tour advertising a brand of automobile tires. With Balboa last. None of those you mention are married that I know of. Vernon Steel in that Clark picture. Bernard Thornton with June Caprice.

**TREASURE CHEST, ERIE.**—Boy, howdy—shake! Doug's new ones are "He Comes Up Smiling" and "Arizona." Pearl White's new serial is "The Lightning Raider." Floyd Buckley was the "Hooded Terror" in "The House of Hate." For a twelve-year-old you write a remarkable letter. And you'll get a personal reply soon. Handed that to the "Why-do-they-do-it" Ed. Let's hear from you often.

## Another Recruit

By Leigh Metcalfe

UNABLE, because of a faulty wisdom tooth,  
To go to war—  
I, Yank D. Dandy, once aspired  
To let off patriotic steam in a film studio.

In short, what I desired  
Was to become a dashing American war hero—

On the screen; a type  
All Americans might well admire.  
I memorized the manual of arms,  
Borrowed money from my poor old grandmother

To buy military equipment,  
Read Andreas Latzke's psychology of men in war

And then, perspiring patriotism,  
I assumed my veribest martial pose  
And waited around the studio.

At last I was recognized  
By the war-drama director  
And given a job—  
Playing a Hun spy.

Where is the nearest recruiting office?

with reach him. No; I never, never, never get tired of answering questions.

**B. A. G., PROVIDENCE, R. I.**—Nevertheless, I insist that Edna Purviance is not married to Charles Chaplin; that Mr. Chaplin is not married; that Miss Purviance is not married. I don't care if you did see it in a Boston newspaper. It isn't so. You see how provoked we get when someone doubts our veracity.



E. L. M., Chicago—Jack Mulhall is back with Paramount now, playing opposite little Lila Lee at the Lasky studios in Hollywood. I should rather guess I like Miss Lee. Bill Desmond will send you his picture; he recently signed a year's contract with Jesse Hampton. Bill is a fine fellow—big, with the bluest eyes I ever saw. I haven't a chance if you like Bill. Harold Lockwood died, in October, of the Spanish influenza. We were all very sorry to hear of it. He was always one of my great favorites.

DESPERATE DESMOND. — Of course, write to Dorothy Gish. Both the Gish girls are good friends of mine. Dorothy just sent me some lovely new pictures, all autographed to the old Answer Man, with love. What do you think of that? Too bad she has to wear that black wig in all her photoplays; but then she'd be delightful in anything. I like "Battling Jane;" in it, Dorothy is a Little Disturber again, in a small town, selling Thrift Stamps. Dorothy doesn't like herself in it. But all the rest of us like it, so she doesn't count. Griffith studios, Hollywood.

LEAH, MISS.—Douglas Fairbanks is playing right along. I've told many of you that his new pictures are "He Comes Up Smiling" and "Arizona." Following is the cast of Mary's "How Could You Jean?": *Jean Mackaye*, Mary Pickford; *Ted Burton, Jr.*, Casson Ferguson; *Burton, Sr.*, Herbert Standing; *Rufus Bonner*, Spottiswoode Aitken; *Mrs. Bonner*, Fannie Midgely; *Oscar*, the Swede, Larry Peyton; *his sweetheart*, Zasu Pitts; *Susan Trent*, Mabelle Harvey; *Mrs. Kate Morley*, Lucille Ward; *The Morley kids*, Aircraft kiddies.

SERGEANT M. F. ALEXANDER, POST PRINTER, U. S. M. C., QUANTICO, VA., and PRIVATE LEWIS H. JOHNSON, POST PRINTING OFFICE, U. S. M. C., QUANTICO, would like to hear from young ladies who might care to correspond with them. (You're welcome.)

CECILE, COTTAGE GROVE, ORE.—The Fairbanks Twins—that is, Marion and Madeline—are back on the stage—have been for some time, in the Follies. No relation to Doug. Don't know. Other is answered elsewhere. And I haven't any record of a Knox Price. Frank D. Williams has played for Pathe, Essanay, L-Ko, Universal and Keystone. For Fox, "Queen of the Sea," and for Keystone, "The Snow Cure." Last with Fox, so you might address him care that studio.

M. V., SPRINGFIELD.—You're almost a neighbor of mine. Do you ever come to Chi? Oh, but I like to hear from sixteen-year-old young ladies who live in Springfield and always read this department and don't want to get into the movies. And that isn't sarcasm, either. Before I accused anyone of sarcasm—as you did me,—I'd learn to spell it correctly. (That is). I am the one and only Answer Man whose sparkles of wit you read in PHOTOPLAY. Mary Pickford is your favorite. Just to be different.

A. B. H. S. G., BROOKLYN.—Yes, many thousands of fans and friends of the late

Harold Lockwood were grieved at his untimely death. "Pals First" and "A King in Khaki" were two of his last pictures. Metro suffered from the influenza epidemic; they lost also one of their ablest directors—John

ley Mason, Lasky, Hollywood; Viola Dana, Metro; Eugene O'Brien, Paramount. It wasn't too much trouble and we are glad you like us and wish you would write again.

EUGENIA, GAYLED, KAN.—I can't tell you how to become an actress, my dear. I wish I could form a picture company of my own and make all you nice girls—who-want-to-break-in, stars in it. But I fear 'twould be impossible. I can sympathize with you wanting your picture in PHOTOPLAY's art section, however. Lila Lee, Lasky. Jack Kerrigan is engaged to Lois Wilson, I believe; at least neither of them has denied it. Write to them. No

SAN DOMINGO.—Your description of that fair isle turned me positively green with envy. I'm coming to San Domingo some day. That picture is of Mary Pickford, who is generally called "America's Sweetheart."

LOVE, HARRISONBURG, VA.—I don't know whether you intended that "Love" for me, or as a nom de plume. Anyway, I accept it both ways. Constance Talmadge, Morosco studio, L. A.; Billie Burke, Famous Players; Mae Marsh, Goldwyn, Culver City; Marguerite Clark, Famous; Louise Glaum, back with Ince; Theda Bara, Fox; Pearl White, Pathe Jersey City, N. J.; Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Griffith studios, Hollywood; Beverly Bayne was last with Metro. Wallie Reid, Lasky; Douglas Fairbanks, Aircraft; Antonio Moreno, Western Vitagraph. You're entirely welcome.

DOTTIE DIMPLES, MOLINE, ILL.—Norma Talmadge is twenty-one, and in private life she is Mrs. Joseph Schneck. Niles Welch is thirty; born in Hartford, Conn. Lila Lee is fifteen. She has appeared in "The Cruise of the Make-Believes," "The Secret Garden," "Such a Little Pirate," and "Puppy Love." At this writing the last has not been released. You bet she's a comer.

CYNTHIA, ST. LOUIS.—You are glad Julian Johnson is back? So are we. I told Delight Evans about you and she wants your address so she can write to you and thank you. You say, "I like PHOTOPLAY's interviews; they are so human. The sugary interviews called 'chats' are awfully funny." Yes, Mary Pickford played in "Hearts Adrift," sure enough, and Harold Lockwood was in it. But that dance on the beach was done by a professional dancer, not Mary. Can't tell you how much I appreciate the nice things you say. I want you to write again.

ANNA MAY, DETROIT.—Ruth Roland question answered elsewhere. Juanita Hansen is twenty-one. No. She's descendant of the Vikings. Marie Walcamp is an American. No. You're welcome. Come again.

E. S. WALLACE, K. C.—Why, PHOTOPLAY has not neglected Elliott Dexter. Didn't you see that story, "Elliott and the Admirable Tassa" in November? We select for personality stories those players who are most in demand by our readers. It's all up to you, see. You want to see more about Jack Holt? All right.

(Continued on page 110)



## Stars of the Screen and Their Stars in the Sky

Nativity of Miss Mary Miles Minter,  
Born April 1, 10:10 a. m.

By Ellen Woods

**B**ETWEEN ten a. m. and noon is a good time in which to be born for fame and favoritism. Miss Minter was fortunate in her time of birth, for, according to the stars, she can travel where she will and not have an accident. Miss Minter has Neptune, called the mystical planet, on her ascending degree, which is twenty-seven degrees of gemini, giving her the power to assume any character except vicious ones.

Miss Minter will marry at about the age of twenty years. Her husband will be a foreigner, a good provider, and a diplomat in his profession. She will also inherit property but will have a lawsuit over it.

Miss Minter is a great reader and upon all subjects. She will do anything to accommodate anyone, loves babies and animals, has great reverence for old people, is tender-hearted but becomes furious when angered.

In 1930 and 1931 Miss Minter should realize a fortune that would make a Rockefeller envious. If she is attracted to art she should take it up as soon as possible. I believe cartooning would be her forte.

Collins, husband of Viola Dana. I think it would be unwise to answer those questions just as this time, don't you? In a month or two. All right?

HOLLY, STRONGHURST, ILL.—Cleo Madison plays in the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes," after some time spent in stock. You might write to her at the National Film Corp., Los Angeles. Theda Bara's sister is called "Loro," I believe. Theda doesn't answer her own letters, but she autographs her photographs.

W. H., GALESBURG, ILL.—Glad you like Q's and A's. Edna Mayo isn't playing now; she was with Essanay last. When she returns you'll find first reports of it in PHOTOPLAY. Neither of those actors have done anything recently. Lillian Walker has her own company, for which she has made, "The Grain of Dust" and "The Embarrassment of Riches." Henry Walthall was in Griffith's "The Great Love," a production for First National entitled "And a Still Small Voice—" and he is now on the stage in New York, in "Tamar and Sabinoff." Good luck to you and your boy. And write whenever you feel like it.

ALICIA M., YOUNTVILLE, CAL.—We are very frank; yes. Why, we would even tell you our favorite flower. Lillian and Dorothy Gish will write to you, Griffith studios, Hollywood. Robert Harron, the same address. Billie Burke, Famous Players; Shir-



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X93-1 extra-large fine Diamond, 14k. Solid Gold Tiffany-style Ring \$350

X94-Solid Gold Diamond set Cigar Cutter \$3

X95-Solid Gold Diamond set Tie Clip \$3.25

X96-1 fine Diamond set in White Gold hand engraved and pierced mounting \$115

X97-Ladies' Solid Gold belcher set with 1 fine Diamond \$40

X98-SERVICE RING Solid Gold—Any emblem encrusted in Gold on Genuine blood-stone \$12

X99-Hand engraved Solid Gold ring, genuine Coral Cameo, 1 fine Diamond \$22

X100-Ladies' Syllid Gold Belcher, 1 fine Diamond \$25

X101-White Gold, hand pierced hexagon ring, 7 fine Diamonds in Cluster \$75

X102-Solid Gold Heart filigree pendant Green Gold wreath design, fine Diamond, 1 genuine Pearl, 15 inch chain included \$25

X103-Ladies' or Gents' Green Gold engraved ring, fine quality, synthetic Sapphire \$12.50

X104-Green Gold pierced Octagon ring, 1 fine synthetic Sapphire \$15

X105-Solid Gold Tiffany-style ring, 1 fine Diamond \$25

X106-18k. White Gold Cluster ring, 1 large Diamond, 8 smaller ones \$150

X107-Hand engraved White Gold ring, high setting, 1 fine Diamond \$125

X108-Solid Gold Filigree Festoon, 4 fine Diamonds, 15 inch chain, included \$40

X109-Solid Gold Tiffany-style ring, 1 fine Diamond \$25

X110-18k. White Gold ring, 5 fine grade Diamonds \$100

X111-3 fine Diamonds set in 18k. White Gold ring \$75

X112-1 fine Diamond in Solid Gold, Tiffany-style mounting \$75

X113-Solid Gold Pendant-Brooch, Green Gold leaf design, 2 fine Diamonds, 2 genuine Pearls \$40

X114-Newest pierced Solid Gold Belcher, 1 fine Diamond \$35

X115-Hand carved genuine Pink Cameo Solid Gold mounting \$5

X116-Tiffany-style Solid Gold ring, 1 fine Diamond \$50

X117-1 fine Diamond in Tiffany-style ring \$100

X118-Genuine Aquamarine set in Solid Gold hand engraved, pierced mounting in leaf design \$15

X119-Genuine hand carved Pink Cameo in hand engraved Solid Gold oval frame \$8

X120-Solid Gold Gents' Tooth ring, 1 fine Diamond \$90

X121-Green Gold Bar Pin, center cluster consists of 7 fine Diamonds set in White Gold and resembles a \$300.00 Solitaire, 2 fine additional Diamonds at sides \$115

X82-14k. Gold Pilled Warranted Wrist Watch and Link Bracelet, Guaranteed \$10

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X87-Solid Gold Octagon Scarf Pin, 1 fine Diamond, White Gold \$22

X88-Solid Gold Circle Scarf Pin, 1 fine Diamond \$15

X89-1 fine Diamond set in Gents' Solid Gold Tooth Ring \$50

X90-Solid Gold Tiffany-style Ring, 1 fine Diamond \$150

X91-16 fine Diamonds set Cluster style, 18k, all White Gold \$185

X92-18k. White Gold ring set with a large Diamond and 6 smaller ones \$85

X93-1 extra-large fine Diamond, 14k. Solid Gold Tiffany-style Ring \$350

X94-Solid Gold Diamond set Cigar Cutter \$3

X95-Solid Gold Diamond set Tie Clip \$3.25

X96-1 fine Diamond set in White Gold hand engraved and pierced mounting \$115

X97-Ladies' Solid Gold belcher set with 1 fine Diamond \$40

X98-SERVICE RING Solid Gold—Any emblem encrusted in Gold on Genuine blood-stone \$12

X99-Hand engraved Solid Gold ring, genuine Coral Cameo, 1 fine Diamond \$22

X100-Ladies' Syllid Gold Belcher, 1 fine Diamond \$25

X101-White Gold, hand pierced hexagon ring, 7 fine Diamonds in Cluster \$75

X102-Solid Gold Heart filigree pendant Green Gold wreath design, fine Diamond, 1 genuine Pearl, 15 inch chain included \$25

X103-Ladies' or Gents' Green Gold engraved ring, fine quality, synthetic Sapphire \$12.50

X104-Green Gold pierced Octagon ring, 1 fine synthetic Sapphire \$15

X105-Solid Gold Tiffany-style ring, 1 fine Diamond \$25

X106-18k. White Gold Cluster ring, 1 large Diamond, 8 smaller ones \$150

X107-Hand engraved White Gold ring, high setting, 1 fine Diamond \$125

X108-Solid Gold Filigree Festoon, 4 fine Diamonds, 15 inch chain, included \$40

X109-Solid Gold Tiffany-style ring, 1 fine Diamond \$25

X110-18k. White Gold ring, 5 fine grade Diamonds \$100

X111-3 fine Diamonds set in 18k. White Gold ring \$75

X112-1 fine Diamond in Solid Gold, Tiffany-style mounting \$75

X113-Solid Gold Pendant-Brooch, Green Gold leaf design, 2 fine Diamonds, 2 genuine Pearls \$40

X114-Newest pierced Solid Gold Belcher, 1 fine Diamond \$35

X115-Hand carved genuine Pink Cameo Solid Gold mounting \$5

X116-Tiffany-style Solid Gold ring, 1 fine Diamond \$50

X117-1 fine Diamond in Tiffany-style ring \$100

X118-Genuine Aquamarine set in Solid Gold hand engraved, pierced mounting in leaf design \$15

X119-Genuine hand carved Pink Cameo in hand engraved Solid Gold oval frame \$8

X120-Solid Gold Gents' Tooth ring, 1 fine Diamond \$90

X121-Green Gold Bar Pin, center cluster consists of 7 fine Diamonds set in White Gold and resembles a \$300.00 Solitaire, 2 fine additional Diamonds at sides \$115

**L.W. SWEET & CO. INC. 2-4 Maiden Lane DEPT. 429F New York.**



## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 70)



Rosamond L. Gray,  
Kansas City, Kansas.

# A Mellin's Food

Baby

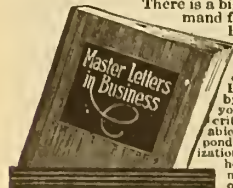
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opportunity "The Forbidden City" does not compare with some of Miss Talmadge's recent plays, as a thing of beauty it is beyond all of them, and the star's portrait of a Chinese girl is so perfect that director Franklin throws that perfection fairly in your face on an almond-eyed close-up. Always, Norma Talmadge is an artist. In one or two details the play missed its celestialty by an odd margin—notably the scene in which the Pekin palace guard, to overcome an unwary foe, resorts to a bar-room wrestling match, a thing about as unlike the Chinese character as anything that may be imagined. Your Oriental moves more subtly and certainly: an overturned flower pot, the plunge of a knife, strong strangling fingers . . . and the outward course of events flows so serenely that even passers-by cannot tell murder has been done. Tom Meighan enacts a man of varied years in Worden, the Consulate secretary who loved Toy's mother, and Reid Hamilton is the young lieutenant.

### THE LADY OF THE DUGOUT—Jennings

Boys, get out the yellow-backs. You'll need them for reference, for here come the ex-bandits Al and Frank Jennings, living over in celluloid much that they say lived in actual outlaw reality years ago. At any rate, I went in to this one looking for a mere roughneck impossibility—cheap sensationalism—and I found a rattling adventure story, with more than one touch of sweetness and genuine human interest. The Robin Hood element is worked in, of course, for who could justify any outlaw literature that didn't rob the rich to give to the poor? So the Jennings boys, after gayly trimming a bank-cashier and locking him in his own vault, find a woman abandoned by a drunken husband, alone and hungry with two little children in a dug-out; and how they help her makes the most of the rest of the story. The fact that this episode happens to be very natural and human is what makes "The Lady of the Dugout" more than a mere spooled dime novel.

### TONY AMERICA—Triangle

Francis McDonald puts this picture over by sheer ability to characterize. As a story, there is not enough to it to make it worth any consideration whatever. Antonio, an Italian fruit-peddler, in a fervor of patriotism discards his last name and takes the name of his adopted country. The fact that his faithless wife has an affair with a pro-German butcher furnishes the rest of the idea; and the fact that McDonald looks like an Italian, and can most whole-heartedly act like one, furnishes the entertainment.

### THE PRETENDER—Triangle

The kind-hearted cowboy, and his readiness to venture anything to help anybody, is the theme of "The Pretender," of one William Desmond's last Triangle enterprises. A school-teacher, coming West in advance of his sister, is thrown from his horse, and, with a broken leg, is carried to Bob Boldwin's (Desmond's) shack. Obviously, unless the school is kept, the school-master will have no job. So the illiterate and determined Bob commences his career as a pedagogue. He is not strong on latinin', but he is a Ludendorff for discipline, and no one can say that at least there isn't order in the school. When the sister arrives her presence is looked upon with village suspicion, and a chase after an absconder precludes the love-episode which winds up the sketch. The vigorous way in which the young people do their parts sends the piece over the top.

Ethel Fleming, Gene Burr and Walter Perkins rally round Mr. Desmond.

### THE BORDER WIRELESS—Hart-Artcraft

Every man does at least one spy-play, nowadays. Some do a lot of them. The fact that patriotism is considered a perfect substitute for art in all its forms spoils most of these well-meaning affairs. But it didn't spoil William S. Hart's. C. Gardner Sullivan did not provide him with an unusual story, but Hart provided himself with an unusual production, good cast, and extremely careful direction. Banditry is pretty much to the bad nowadays, and the piece opens with Hart, as a fugitive outlaw, helping out a pretty little telegraph operator near the Mexican line. One thing leads to another and this incident reveals a gang of Germans posing as cattlemen, but in reality transmitting army information into Mexico for direct and constant forwarding to Berlin. Here you have the substance of the stirring events that follow—a well-handled melodrama. Wanda Hawley is the blossom rising out of this cactus-bed. There is more than one bit of quick humor in the piece—notably the moment in which the shy hero-outlaw-lover, watching the aeroplanes at a fort, allows that he will enlist "if I can ride a horse."

### DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH—Paramount

This may have been a play for somebody, but it was no play to give Pauline Frederick. It's all about a Creole girl who neglects her true Spanish lover that she may listen to the advances of a fickle "novelist." Why scenario writers make authors so loving must remain a mystery—to authors. As a rule your romantic author is about as noble an exponent of his own goods as a shoemaker. There are exceptions, just as an occasional shoemaker is found to possess a neat set of hoofs. But to our subject: as Dolores, an ivory virgin, Miss Frederick tries hard not to appear sophisticated, but the role demands, not a matured young woman, but an immature ingenue. This Miss Frederick decidedly will not be until Ponce de Leon finds his fountain. Pedro de Cordoba, who always suffers so in love, gives similitude to Pedro, the devoted Don, and Rex McDougall, who looks about as romantic as Rex Beach, delineates the novelist of alternating devotions. Miss Vera Beresford, the very girlish daughter of statuette Kitty Gordon, plays the finally-selected lovee of the novelist lover.

### BATTLING JANE—Paramount

Sort of an American "Little Disturber" that we have here. Once more we have the determined and fiery young female solitary, shooting herself into first view on a bicycle, engaging in a general fight with a gang of hoodlum kids, pitied by the wife of a bad-egg doctor—and, after the doctor's desertion of his home, and his wife's death, valiantly assuming the care of their little friendless baby. But her troubles have just begun. Intense patriotism has hit the town, and Battling Jane's kitchen job in a boarding house does not permit any savings after caring for herself and "her" baby. So she is branded as a slacker because she buys no liberty bonds and does not contribute to the Red Cross. But the baby as a prize-winner brings Jane all the money there is in the world—viz., \$500—and also returns the baby's own father as an intended thief. Not to be overlooked are some passages of Rube love-making, between Jane and her bucolic swain, which almost write a new chapter in the well-thumbed book of that sort of

(Concluded on page 96)



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## The Shadow Stage

(Concluded from page 94)

thing. "Battling Jane" firmly plants Dorothy Gish as an individual star, and, further, is the best piece of direction yet credited to Elmer Clifton.

### UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE— Artcraft

Captain Adrian Gil-Spear has here made a very creditable scenario from Henry V. Esmond's play, produced originally on the New York stage with Maxine Elliott playing the pseudo-gypsy whose gayeties of apparel now encompass the refined curves of Miss Elsie Ferguson. I have observed that the criticism generally levelled at this piece is that it does not contain material enough for a five-reel photoplay, and is, besides, an idea better translated by lines than tableaux. In this I don't agree. The trouble—I think—is that the whole world has lost a reason for any sympathy with the story. Why should any woman of means, and especially an Englishwoman, be so tired of social existence, and so unable to find any occupation worth while, that she takes to a Romany caravan of her own, and a life so wholly irresponsible that the gentleman with whom she inevitably falls in love is easily convinced that she stole the silver plate off which she feeds him? If the world were still flat for something to do, I think this, and that gentleman's solemn determination to reform the wild but strangely fascinating creature, would be capital material for a romantic comedy, acted or pictured. But today, so many centuries are we removed from 1913, the notion is too absurd even for fiction. Miss Ferguson and Eugene O'Brien gracefully ornament this passage of idyllic idleness.

### SECRET STRINGS—Metro

Olive Tell, both as a beauty and as an actress, has long been one of the articles of my screen creed. She has done much to justify my faith on the stage; very little to justify it in motion pictures. "Secret Strings" gives her a better silversheet chance than she has ever had, and she improves it to the limit. It is not a great story. It is not even an unusual story, and we might well deplore its rather narrow and usual groove were it not for its clever development, a very unusual element of surprise, and the care in cast and direction. Miss Tell has a part for which she is admirably suited—the lovely and trusting wife of a bad man who, completely holding her trust, gets her into service in a house where—he convinces her—a deed for a mine has been long and unlawfully hidden from its rightful owner. In reality, the famous jewels of the family are all this husband of hers seeks. The surprise—that I'd best not reveal, but it is as good a trick in a crook play as we've seen in a long time. Miss Tell is sweet, womanly, sincerely convincing. The cast is admirably selected.

### IN BRIEF:—

"The Return of Mary" (Metro). A well-knit story of railroad adventure, plots and plotting, written by Hale Hamilton, and enacted by Miss May Allison and such competent players as Darrell Foss and Claire McDowell.

"Everybody's Girl" (Vitagraph). The romance of two little milliners, enacted by Alice Joyce and May Hopkins, and written originally by O. Henry, an American who could write of milliners about as well as his French fellow-craftsman, Henri Murger.

"Pals First" (Metro). James Lackaye, in a superb character portrayal; the beautiful Rubye de Remer as heroine, and Harold

Lockwood, all together making good possible entertainment of a rather impossible novel.

"The Make-Believe Wife" (Paramount). A French comedy, though Edward Childs Carpenter did write it. Lingerie, intrigue and Billie Burke are the principal performers.

"The Man From Funeral Range" (Paramount). A rather commonplace, but nevertheless vigorous melodrama of the West, written by Ernest Wilkes (originally) and principally acted by the now-familiar combination of Wallace Reid and Ann Little.

"Such A Little Pirate" (Paramount). The Zukor-Lasky organization seems to be straining a point to get mere whimsicalities for its orchid-like little twinkler, Lila Lee. Odd and interesting at first, this play soon grows tiresome despite a generally pleasing atmosphere, fine production and well-rounded cast. James Oliver Curwood wrote the story, and it does his reputation no honor. Theodore Roberts gets what acting honors aren't appropriated by a remarkable chimpanzee.

"Mirandy Smiles" (Paramount). Vivian Martin, in a quaint, old-fashioned characterization.

"Hobbs In a Hurry" (American). An inconsistent story, somewhat counterbalanced by good direction, and the snappy athletic hero, William Russell. It's about a mine.

"Rosemary Climbs the Heights" (American). A more or less believable story of art-life, perhaps chiefly noteworthy as the most dramatic assignment Mary Miles Minter has—perhaps ever—had.

"Just Sylvia" (World). The fantastic and story-bookish adventures of a poor little girl who lives in a cheap lodging-house, and prevents an old man from being imposed upon. Barbara Castleton.

"The Grouch" (World). A melodrama, an impending tragedy, various phases of tumultuous action, and the expected happy ending. Montagu Love is the chief performer.

"A Perfect 36" (Goldwyn). Mable Normand has announced that until the war is over, she will have no professional thought other than to make people laugh. In support of this very good resolution her picture padrones put forth "A Perfect 36," a bit of sea-side surf written by Tex Charwate, directed by Charlie Giblyn and generally well put on. I contend that almost any of Mabel Normand's recent vehicles would be steady laughs in two reels, but are only spotted with laughter in five. This is true here, and you will find, especially toward the end of this piece, moments which may be described as truly all to the Normand.

"Hugon, the Mighty" (Bluebird). Monroe Salisbury is an actor of more than usual limitations, but within those limitations he has, deservedly, a distinct following. Hugon, the French-Canadian, finds him at his best, A story of the North woods.

"All Night" (Universal). This might be the title of a French farce, but it isn't. Instead, it's a story of wild household adventure and still wilder family meddling, with Carmel Myers as the star. Mary Warren and William Dyer are best of the people in Miss Myers' support.

"The Rainbow Trail" (Fox). Dustin Farnum drew Zane Grey's "The Light of Western Stars," and William draws this, by the same author. William Farnum's personality is so powerful and extraordinary that it makes Grey's story even better than it really is—as a screen vehicle.

"Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" (Select). Constance Talmadge, in a captivating light comedy.

"Mother, I Need You" (Carleton Production, with Enid Markey). You certainly do, Enid. Also, a story wouldn't do you any harm.



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# The Spanish Invasion

(Concluded from page 76)

Sweet completing "The Unpardonable Sin," and Miss Young finishing "The Road Through the Dark." Dorothy Gish, at the same studio, completed "The Hope Chest" and went on a vacation which she spent in an endeavor to—what do you think? You'd never guess it. Well, she has been trying to reduce—yes, really. Dorothy imagines that Old Man Avoirdupois has designs on her. The treatment consisted chiefly in drinking orange juice in the morning instead of eating breakfast.

At the Triangle studio, the epidemic order merely hastened the disintegration of what was once the most formidable factor in film-dom. Olive Thomas and Alma Rubens, the two remaining stars, were disposed of by the payment of whatever salary was due on their respective contracts. Taylor Holmes alone remained on the star payroll, and it was understood that he also would be "paid in full." The studio was prepared for the influx of Goldwyn players, the first of whom to arrive, Tom Moore, being already on the job. Mac Marsh was the next of the Goldwynites to reach the Coast after most of the family had been attacked by influenza. Mrs. Marsh, who preceded her daughter, sustained a stroke of paralysis in San Francisco but is on the road to recovery.

At the Vitagraph studio there was a complete suspension. Earl Williams anticipated it by going back to New York, where he mixed up a dish of grief for the Answer Man by marrying Miss Florine Walz, a Brooklyn heiress, to whom he had been engaged for several years. Or did he? He strenuously denies it! Bessie Love, Antonio Moreno and Carol Holloway were among the other Vitagraphers to take a vacation.

There was no cessation at the Ince and Sennett studios, and at the Brunton studio the number of companies was more than doubled during the epidemic. This company engages chiefly in a studio rental business and among the stars working there when others were vacationing were Bessie Barriscale, Dustin Farnum, Madame Yorska, Gloria Joy, Kitty Gordon, Lillian Walker, Sessue Hayakawa and Frank Keenan, although the last named enjoyed an extended vacation in New York. Helen Keller, the famous blind girl, was also engaged here on her multi-reel propaganda picture.

D. W. Griffith gave himself a vacation after completing a propaganda picture for Provost Marshal-General Crowder in which Bobby Harron and Richard Barthelmess have the leading roles. He spent it going over the financial returns of "Hearts of the World" and getting ready another story.

Julian Eltinge got the Gotham fever after the completion of "Over the Rhine" and hied himself to Broadway to get ready for a vaudeville tour early next year.

At Universal City, each star was given the usual four weeks' vacation and the same routine was carried out at the Fox Coast studio, but there was no complete cessation at either place. At Metro, Bert Lytell and Mae Allison enjoyed trips to nearby resorts while the studio was being prepared for the reception of companies migrating from the Atlantic side.

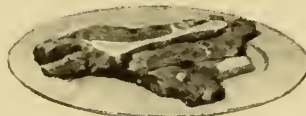


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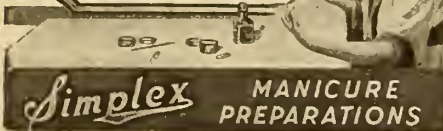


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## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 88)

"GOOD Gracious Annabelle!" a stage success of a season or two ago, is to be translated into celluloid by Famous Players, with Billie Burke in the role created by Lola Fisher. Herbert Rawlinson is to play opposite Miss Burke in the screen version of the Clare Kummer play.

MARGUERITE CLARK is now in Washington, where her husband, Lieutenant H. Palmerson Williams, is stationed. Miss Clark will return to New York in a month or two to begin work on her new Paramount picture, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

JOHN SUNDERLAND, who plays an important part in "The Silver King" for Artcraft, has sailed for France. He has already served three years in one aviation corps in Belgium, and his one year in America has given him a thorough rest. Sunderland is married to Claire Whitney.

ROY STEWART is negotiating with Astra-Pathe. The cowboy star has not yet affixed his signature to the proffered Pathe contract, but it is believed they will come to terms later on.

MAXINE ELLIOTT is suing Goldwyn for \$50,000. This amount, says Miss Elliott, should be hers in part payment for ten weeks' service for which she was to receive \$100,000. Miss Elliott is no longer in motion pictures.

IRENE CASTLE is in London now. She headed a program at a "Helping Hand" matinee, under the patronage of Queen Alexandria, for the daughters of fallen and disabled soldiers.

YOU may remember a page in PHOTOPLAY for August showing Cecil De Mille's gallery of freak motion picture films? DeMille added another unexpected happening to his collection of them when Noah Beery, who plays *Tabywana*, the aged Indian in "The Squaw Man," fell from his horse in a fast ride.

FILM producers are bidding for the picture rights to Al Wood's stage hit, "Friendly Enemies." Carl Laemmle wants it for a Universal special feature. If he gets it, he'll discard the original title and tack on an exclamatory one—something about Berlin.

"DADDY LONG LEGS" is to be filmed at last. Henry Miller was loath to part with it, but Mary Pickford coaxed him into it—to the tune of \$40,000 from her own pocketbook for the film rights.

H. O. DAVIS, of Triangle, wanted "Daddy Long Legs" last year. The price at that time was \$30,000. Davis wouldn't pay it. That price was met by a concern, but Miller raised it to \$35,000. Another company would have paid \$35,000, but it went up to \$40,000, and they refused to go that high. Mary was bound to play "Daddy Long Legs" sooner or later, anyway. It was as inevitable as the Kaiser's finish in one of Universal's crashes through to Berlin.

GOLDWYN has signed David Powell and John Bowers, than whom, believes the Answer Man, there are no two more popular leading men on the screen. The birth-dates, stage experience, and matrimonial status of these two young men seem to be of vital interest to every fanette in the country. Powell has played with such divinities as Mary Pickford, Alice Brady, Elsie Ferguson, and Clara Kimball Young. Bowers was recently with World.

JULIAN L'ESTRANGE was another victim of the Spanish influenza. L'Estrange, when stricken, was appearing in support of his wife, Constance Collier, in the Oscar Wilde play, "An Ideal Husband." An Englishman, L'Estrange had played in London with Sir Herbert Tree, Ellen Terry, and Sir George Alexander, before coming to this country. He supported Faversham, Maxine Elliott, Billie Burke and John Drew. For the screen L'Estrange was leading man for Pauline Frederick in "Zaza," "Bella Donna" and "Sold," and for Emily Stevens in Metro's "Daybreak."



True Boardman, in his well known characterization of "Stingaree," in the Kalem serial. Boardman was a picture pioneer; his last work was "K" in Lois Weber's "Doctor and the Woman." He died in October.

GEORGE SEIGMANN was talking to a friend about his enlistment in the photographic branch of the signal corps.

"It's wonderful work, old man, photographing history," enthused the pseudo-Hun of "Hearts of the World." "Wouldn't it have been great to photograph Washington crossing the Delaware, Lincoln signing the emancipation proclamation, or Lee surrendering to Grant?" "Yeh," said the friend, "only most of that was night stuff. Still, it wouldn't have been half bad—why didn't you take it?"



## Plays and Players

(Concluded)

**PREPAREDNESS NOTE:** Fred Stone has dispatched a communication to the manager of the Hotel Adlon, Berlin, Germany, asking him to reserve a suite of rooms for next spring for the use of Mrs. Stone and the three little Misses Stone and himself. Stone requested that the rooms face Unter Den Linden, so that he and his family may have an unrestricted view of the American troops as they march by.

"**SNOWY**" BAKER has arrived. He is, you may be relieved to learn, famed as the Douglas Fairbanks of the Antipodes. It is said Snowy can out-jump any kangaroo in the world. Baker has already appeared on the screens in Australia. Spike Robinson, of the Douglas Fairbanks company, when asked about this new athletic star, said, "Snowy" Baker? Aw, I ain't never heard of him."

**HAMPTON DEL RUTH**, who was to have had his own company, signed instead with Henry Lehrman and is now writing scripts for the Fox Sunshine Comedies.

**ANITA KING**, former Lasky and late Balboa star, who was making a trip across the country in an automobile to advertise a certain brand of tires, was injured at Michigan City, Indiana, near Chicago, when a train struck her machine while it was crossing the railroad tracks. The machine was demolished, but Miss King escaped with a few minor injuries.

**DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS** was given \$5,000,000 as his share to collect for the Fourth Liberty Loan. When he went out to get it, Douglas Jr. went along. An imposing Police Inspector caught Douglas Junior's eye at once. The youngster kept edging nearer and nearer the Inspector, his eyes fastened on the brass buttons. Finally he summoned courage and said to the blue-coat, "Say, are you the Chief of Police, and do you boss all the policemen in New York?" The Inspector modestly replied that he was not the Chief, only an Inspector. "Well, isn't that important?" asked young Douglas. Someone explained just how important the Inspector's position on the force was, and Douglas, satisfied that the Inspector was entitled to his uniform, climbed into the car with him. Doug Jr. sat on his father's knee and helped him sell bonds. And they did sell 'em—turned in the allotted \$5,000,000 before night.

**THE** Triangle studios at Culver City have been leased by Goldwyn. Future pictures starring Farrar, Pauline Frederick, Mabel Normand, Madge Kennedy, Mae Marsh, and Tom Moore, as well as the Rex Beach stories, will be made in California. J. G. Hawks, formerly of the Ince scenario forces, will write for Goldwyn.

**ALMA HANLON** was recently married to Louis Wyll, an actor in the s. c. legitimate. They are now in California,

**D. W. GRIFFITH** has received a letter on the stationery of Windsor Castle, England. 'Twould seem King George and Queen Mary fancied "Hearts of the World."



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# How the Motion Picture Saved the World

(Concluded from page 25)



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One more such chapter will concern the great film propaganda prepared here for Russia before she slipped into anarchy—a complete system of friendly argument and exposition, held up and completely thwarted by one man. I can't give you his name. I can only say that we were as ready to save Russia as we had been to reassure France—when into the machinery went just one monkey-wrench. But it was enough.

The film men of America have responded quietly and instantly, on government demand, without comment or press-work.

One day, Washington called for 2,500,000 million feet of film immediately, for emergency use across the water. Presumably, this great quantity had to be shipped in a week. Actually, it was all shipped in twenty-four hours.

The motion picture is the greatest enthusiasm of my life. There is nothing like it in power, in versatility, in range of expressiveness, in the whole world.

As Americans, we should be proud of the fact that the world knows only one standard of film—made in America. American film is today and will continue to be what German dye used to be and never can be again—the irritating, incomparable and inimitable mystery of science and commerce.

Ever since the dawn of history the people of the earth have been seeking some common bond of communication. Here it is: the first answer to the Tower of Babel; the Universal Language.

The greatest friend of the motion picture in a place of authority today is the President of the United States. Mr. Wilson realizes more keenly than most film manufacturers the power of the film in war and peace. He knows what a lot of his subordinates never realized—that the screen is a code which makes neighbors and brothers of all nations.

When I remember what Mr. Wilson has said and written about the motion picture—what he has said and written to me—I can-

not but smile at the clumsy stupidity of a treacherous attack like that of George Kleine in his recent letter to the War Industries Board; in which he, not engaged in the manufacture of new photoplays but in the marketing of old ones, artfully recommends a shut-down of all productive activity for a year as a matter of war-time welfare!

The great evils of the photoplay industry today are ignorance, selfishness and suspicion. It takes charity to make progress. You must let the other fellow live to get the larger life yourself. You have got to give today to make tomorrow. Yet those are the things the majority of picture men refuse to do. They sit tight, grab everything in reach, and glare at each other. Ignorance is a tremendous but youthful folly of this business. Ignorant, narrow-minded, uneducated men have been its curse. More especially, men without imagination. Illiterate men with imaginations have sometimes moved the world.

I am such an enthusiast over the screen as an educational, civilizing factor that I see this as the great field of the future, rather than mere picture-play production.

Can you fancy anything greater than Woodrow Wilson's "History of the American People" on the screen? So visualized, this work will—I say "will," because it certainly will be pictured—make us a people 100 per cent patriotic, and give every boy and girl an inspiring and personal acquaintance with every incident of consequence since the landing of Columbus, and an understanding of the national purposes and faiths not to be had in a thousand texts. The motion picture will breathe the breath of life into every other study, from geography to botany, and even into higher mathematics. It will be the first genuine college of trade, because it will show one people's real needs, and another's faculty to supply. It will be an international preacher of peace, and a more solemn warning against war than any coalition of statesmen.

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## A "Bad Man" Holds Up Wall Street

THE heart of the West spoke through the mouth of William S. Hart, screen idol, when he crossed the continent during the fourth Liberty Loan campaign and recited to thousands of Wall Streeters another definition of patriotism. Above he is shown on the steps of the sub-treasury building, addressing a vast, noon-day crowd.



## From the Audience

Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Hastings,  
H. B. New Zealand.

I congratulate you on your stand against some of the Fox Films, and agree with you that this firm's output is usually calculated to provide weapons for those who oppose pictures. I have protested myself against "The Valley of the Missing" and "The Victim," and cannot understand how they escaped the Censorship here, or how they ever passed the National Board of Review before they left America. Mr. Fox makes me think of "The Man with the Muck Rake" in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." He could have the Crown of Gold if he would, but seems to prefer raking in moral garbage; as for his melodramas—Ye Gods!

Some of the pictures dealing wholly with American customs do not appeal much to the majority here. Recently we had "The Regenerates" (Triangle), a wonderful picture for those who can understand, but it fell quite flat. Here "Jack is as good as his master;" blue blood does not exist; the only reference you ever hear to the vital fluid being a familiar adjective, used freely and continuously by both sexes. What the people like is Bill Hart amongst the men; and Mary Pickford is a sure card to play. I think "Poor Little Rich Girl" is the best play of the sort I have ever seen, and it drew packed houses all over New Zealand.

Under present circumstances, it seems probable that your great country will continue to supply the bulk of our programs, and I think the excellence of what comes to us will never be matched by any other nation.

Hastings, H. B. New Zealand,  
W. F. HICKS.

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,  
Dear Sir:

You may be surprised to receive this letter from "Over Here." Having worked around the picture studios and theatres since I was ten years old, I am a little familiar with the picture business. I am on board the U. S. S. Housatonic now serving in foreign waters and I have charge of the movie end of the ship.

We have a Powers 6-A machine on board and have pictures almost every night except when we are busy with the Kaiser. We had, on leaving the States, seventy-five reels of film from a film concern in Boston and after showing them continuously two or three times we shipped them back and up to now we have been without movies except occasionally we run in luck and borrow some from another ship which happens to lay near us.

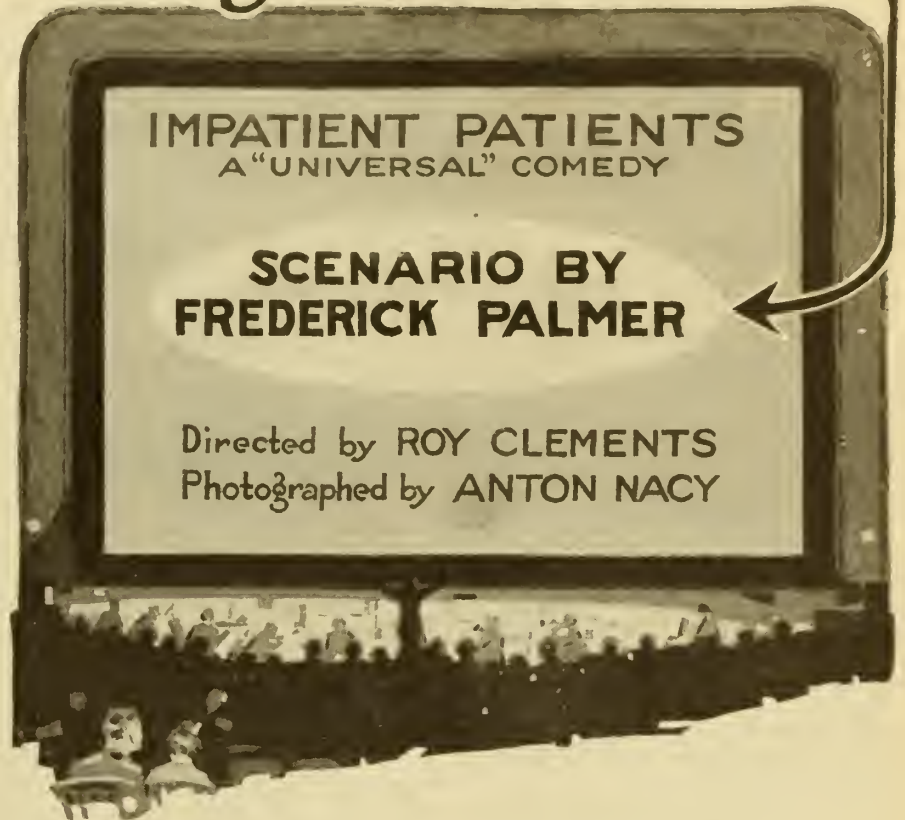
And we run some good plays too, such as "Carmen," "Ninety and Nine," "The Captive," "The Fighting Gringo," and numerous others. The boys certainly enjoy them. Everyone on board is movie crazy. They deserve the very best of the lot.

Why can't the ships over here be supplied with film? From my long experience in the motion picture industry I know that there are millions of feet of film laying around covered with dust, never to be used again, in studios and in exchanges. One five reel picture would bring more happiness into the hearts of our crew than anything else in the world.

I happened to get my hands on two stray copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE on board ship and certainly did enjoy reading them. They were the August and September issues and in them I noticed many changes in filmdom that I didn't know of before.

Very truly,  
CHARLES A. CHRISTOPHER,  
U. S. S. Housatonic.

# Imagine the thrill of seeing your name here



**I**MPOSSIBLE—you say? Not at all! How many times have you secretly cherished the thought that you could create better "movies" than some you've seen on the screen?

What's more—there is such a famine in photoplays that the leading producers, stars, directors and scenario editors *want* you to put your ideas to work. They believe that *any intelligent person* can create good, workable "movie plots" by putting into practice certain *fundamental* principles of photoplay technique.

And these the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing gives you in language so clear and simple that anyone can understand. Remember—there has never been anything like the Palmer Plan. It is the *first* method of photoplay technique that shows you *by direct example* how to prepare your stories in the action-language of the screen. It is the *first* Plan of its kind to receive the whole-hearted indorsement of the motion picture industry.

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# Nee Madge Kennedy

(Concluded from page 63)

that. For I can't imagine anything more appealing than the spectacle of Madge Kennedy being "just a little bit sad."

Just about here, the college sophomore theory received an awful jolt. On her dressing table is the picture of a very good-looking young man who might be anybody's leading man except that he doesn't look "stagey." I started to say so, but was interrupted by a squeal of delight from Miss Kennedy.

"Do you really think he is good-looking?" she beamed. "I have another picture—a smiling one—much more handsome than that. I've always thought that Harold—Mr. Bolster—had the jolliest smile in the world. You knew, didn't you, that I am Mrs. Bolster?"

Which wiped out forever the college girl picture, but left one just as charming in its place.

Years ago when "The Bells" was a new play and "The Black Crook" was shocking our grand-parents, there used to be a traditional idea of a person known as a "play-actress." Perhaps she really did exist, this sinuous lady in black velvet and picture hat who gave you two fingers to shake while she struck a Bernhardt-Rejane-Duse pose. But she is a far cry from her to the young actress of today who has happened to go on the stage just as any other happy, healthy, talented young girl might take up journalism in a serious way or go in for interior decorating. She is delicious and refreshing and a joyous vindication of the profession. If you want to know what she is really like, meet Mrs. Harold Bolster, nee Madge Kennedy.

The late Henry Woodruff was the actor-manager who saw Miss Kennedy at the Academy. He applauded her. Encouraged, Miss Kennedy asked him for an engagement. He gave it to her, in "The Genius."

The fortunes of the stage brought Madge Kennedy to Cleveland, where she played for two seasons in the Colonial stock company. That was over six years ago. Soon after came the opportunity she had been waiting for—a part in "Over Night," which gave her ample scope for her ability as a comedienne. Followed "Little Miss Brown." Then "Twin Beds" and "Fair and Warmer," in which she created the character of the misunderstood wife. Both farces had long runs in New York, and it was remarked at the time that "Madge Kennedy's cock-tail in 'Fair and Warmer' seemed destined, like Ten-nyson's brook, to run on forever." She established a notable reputation as a heroine



"Oh, you should see him smiling!" exclaims Mr. Bolster's wife. "I've always thought that my husband had the jolliest smile in the world."

in boudoir farce, and this led to her screen engagement.

Her first Goldwyn picture was "Baby Mine," from the comedy by Margaret Mayo. Other pictures of the same type in which she appeared early in her career as a film star include "Nearly Married," Edgar Selwyn's comedy-drama; "Our Little Wife," and "Friend Husband." Later she made "The Danger Game," "The Kingdom of Youth," and "The Service Star." "A Perfect Lady," from the play by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, and "Primrose," recently released, complete the list of her celluloid successes.

## When Jimmie Joined the Movies

By Mary Carolyn Davies

*When Jimmie was a little boy,  
He took the clock to pieces  
To see what made it go, and still  
My worry never ceases:  
For now that he is twenty-one  
He hopes to save the nation  
By leaving Jones' store and going  
In for aviation.*

*Instead of selling silks and lace,  
A derby or a tie;  
He's in an aviation camp,  
And learning how to fly.  
He never speaks of weather  
In his letters now. He writes  
About the aviation tests  
And taking trial flights.*

*He always was a-tinkering  
With wheelbarrows and guns  
And all the farm machinery,  
And now he thinks the Huns  
Will meet the "day" they don't expect  
A little sooner still  
If he too joins his signed-up chums,  
Romaine and Ralph and Bill.*

*I saw the soldier films last night;  
The aviators stood,  
Each in his queer eye-glasses,  
And his earlaps and his hood:  
And there was my boy, Jimmie,  
Smiling right straight down at me!  
Now that Jimmie's in the movies  
I am proud as I can be.*



# Pride of Kentucky

(Continued from page 60)

gone, Luce threw off his mask of merry revelry, and got down to the grim business of making the old Colonel, weak but sportive, utterly sleepy and completely helpless. This noble task was not hard to fulfill, and, presently, Colonel Cameron was helped upstairs and dropped upon a bed—not his, but Luce's!

In the room that had been assigned to Cameron Luce removed a shoe and threw it heavily upon the floor. A slight answering sound told him that it had awakened the girl.

"Lucille!" he called in a thick, indistinguishable voice. "I—I'm ill."

A moment more, and the girl, with only the lightest of wraps about her night-gowned shoulders, had opened the door between, and stood confronting—the beast!

"What are you doing in my father's room?"

"This is my room tonight, my dear. Your father was going to have it, but he's too drunk to know the difference."

He held out his arms.

The girl avoided them, and put her father's opened bag between herself and her pursuer by whirling unexpectedly to the center of the room. As her hands fell upon the bag her right hand touched a thing the ancient Southerner always—though somewhat Quixotically—carried when he travelled: an old and heavy Colt's revolver.

It was Luce's turn to shrink when the gun was pointed at him.

"Now," said Lucille, "take me to my father. And when we find him—I want him to take this gun, and kill you!"

"This isn't the South, my dear. If I'm shot in the State of New York, your father will go to the electric chair."

The man saw that his speech had gone home.

"Forget it! No one will ever know!"

Bewildered, now, and realizing that Luce spoke the truth, Lucille locked the connecting door and pocketed the key. Then, still keeping Jim covered, she passed through the outer door, locked that—and suddenly, in an access of pity or fright, threw the key over the transom. Then to her own room, where she sat rigidly awake, gun in hand, until sunrise.

But they saw no more of Luce. His man announced that he had been summoned, unexpectedly, to Saratoga.

Colonel Cameron and his daughter did not remain to breakfast, for neither had an appetite, and he, overwhelmed by remorse, thought all of Lucille's woe was for his spree of the preceding night. She did not enlighten him.

A new and unexpected interest awaited them when they returned to town and their hotel. Lieut. Gregory Haines was at the bottom of that interest, but they did not know.

All they found was a jerky and almost illegible letter from Johnny Tweed, saying that he and old Dan had pooled their little fortunes to transport the now thoroughly restored Southern Pride to the Saratoga races. She was even at that moment on the way.

Colonel Cameron was at first furiously angry—then full of explosive laughter and a sudden-born ambition to beat Luce's Torpedo. The thought swept racing-blooded Lucille, too, like a flame. To beat Torpedo!

As a matter of fact, neither Dan nor Johnny had had in years enough cash to get Southern Pride as far as Washington. Haines, called back to France the first of the following month, had persuaded the susceptible, loose-screw trainer and the proud old stableman to let him, quite sub-rosa, send their faith to the Northern track.



Another Movie Queen

# Margaret Marsh

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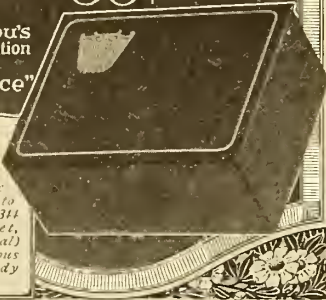


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# Pride of Kentucky

(Concluded)

Thoroughly distrusting his recent host, now, the repentant old Southerner took the last of his money—and his daughter—to Saratoga. The current of the race was in his blood—and no wonder, for in the try-outs the daughter of Selim Bey was the dark wonder, the whispered menace of the Saratoga track! He was living again his great days of gentlemen's sport. He had little to het, but he would het it all. As for Lucille, she welcomed anything, everything, that would ease her heart.

Luce, too, heard of Southern Pride's marvelous fleetness.

The filly was legitimately entered in his class. Torpedo, he knew, would otherwise have everything his own way. Johnny Tweed, an illegal rider himself, had gotten Spike Lasker, an honest jockey, as Southern Pride's rider. Furious, Luce realized that he could not hire the horse pulled.

Only one thing remained: a surreptitious entrance, the night before the race, with a syringe of drug—a rather painless hypodermic thrust into a quick-jumping animal; a steady pressure of the piston; escape.

Jack Schuyler, the weak-hut-not-wicked, drew the black bean of dope villainy.

Johnny, returning from a late supper, faced him squarely as he pulled and pried at the stall door. The lad whirled him about in fury—then fell hack in amazement.

"Jack!"

"Johnny!"

"I was coming to see you, old pal," evaded Jack, weakly. And Johnny believed it.

"Haven't seen you since Mexico, have I? Got a clean job and a good horse, Jack—I'm livin' square again—an' it's great!"

Though Jack Schuyler was square enough to stick by his old friendship rather than his dirty new job he served Jim Luce admirably and unconsciously. In their reunion he got Johnny drunk, for the first time since the Camerons had known him. Then, half-drunk himself, and remorseful, he sought his master to make a confession of failure.

At that moment Lieut. Haines, on the last three days of his American leave, had taken a cab—at the station—for Luce's hotel.

Jack found Luce eating a nervous sort of supper in a booth in the bar-room restaurant. As they began to talk Haines, unseen, entered the hooth adjoining and ordered a chicken sandwich and a cup of coffee. The officer was very much interested in their talk.

But another had heard—minutes before.

Dazed, stupefied by whiskey that contained chloral, but animated by a mighty sense of duty that overrode all else, Johnny Tweed stumbled back to his stall, and, using the telephone at hand, called Lucille—and fell unconscious. The girl made out the jockey's voice, hut could not get his message. Slipping on her clothes, she started for the stables without awakening her father.

And just then, with a snort of rage, Luce, below, exclaimed: "Afraid of old Cameron, eh, you cheap coward!"

"Cameron be damned!" returned Jack Schuyler, as hotly. "I'm not going to pull anything on this Johnny Tweed. I made a crooked book at Tia Juana last year, got caught—and he and his gun stood between me and fifty murderous Mexicans till I could set over the line. That's all!"

"You bet that's all. Now I'll do this myself, you cheap skate, as I should have done. Where's that hypodermic?"

Before Haines could face them. Luce and Schuyler had melted from the room as if by magic. He knew the hotel, and he had no difficulty in locating Colonel Cameron's room. The meeting between them was awkward, but necessity pierced their mutual embarrassment. The young officer told

quickly of what he had heard, and together, without a word, they turned to Lucille's room. It was empty.

It is quite probable that neither Luce nor Lucille knew which first arrived at the open door of Southern Pride's big, quiet, star-lit stall. They were in together, and Lucille's low, warning cry was answered by the old negro, Dan. A single blow of Jim's big fist sent him crashing, unconscious.

"You coward!" whispered Lucille.

"War is war," returned Luce, pleasantly. Then: "Hold out your hands!" he rasped, in a very different tone, to the girl. She did not hold them out, but he caught her, whirled her roughly around, and she realized that he meant to bind her to a stanchion while he ruined the running powers of the great daughter of the great Selim Bey. She broke away, struck him violently with her clenched fists, and ran to the door. In a corner the dazed little Tweed, all but out, was struggling to put aside the fumes.

"Unless you leave instantly," ordered the young woman, "I'll scream at the top of my voice. There are not many jockeys here tonight, hut there are policemen—watchmen—"

Just for the fatal, battle-losing instant, Luce stopped to argue. His work with the horse would, in his practised hands, occupy only a second or two. But if she aroused the stable neighborhood—and at the moment two other forms took the corner at a whirl. Luce stepped out now, indeed, to see what was coming. He found out. His chin met Gregory Haines' hard fist.

As, badly jarred, he arose from the pile of straw upon which he had been knocked, he was vaguely conscious that Cameron had grappled with the army officer and was trying to get his revolver. Luce cowered. Haines laughed—a good-natured, easy laugh. "Don't kill the poor fool!" he argued. "He doesn't deserve anything so easy."

And, still keeping Jim Luce covered, Lieut. Haines whispered to Lucille, and she whispered to her father, and then the three whispered together. Colonel Cameron spoke.

"Luce—you hound, suh! Is the oil stock you sold me worth what I paid for it? Is it worth twelve thousand honest, hard-earned dollars, suh?"

Infinite relief swept over Jim Luce's craven soul. They were forgetting a penitentiary offense and what might have been a murder merely to quibble over an old, half-forgotten deal in worthless, wild-cat stock! He almost shouted his answer.

"Yes! Of course it is! It is worth every cent of twelve thousand dollars!"

"Then, suh," flashed Cameron, "Lieut. Haines and I will keep you under surveillance while you go back to your hotel, get what the lieutenant is pleased to call your sucker money grafted in against tomorrow's races, and you will bet twelve thousand in cash, on Torpedo, against my twelve thousand shares of stock, placed on Southern Pride! After what has happened, suh, no man can say that is not a sporting proposition!"

There were two winnings next day.

The first, when Southern Pride, after a terrific race, with Lasker up, won over Torpedo by a length.

The second, when Gregory folded Lucille in his arms and asked the Colonel if he thought the old shadow of Mason and Dixon's line would avail against a marriage before his transport sailed.

"Mason and Dixon's line, suh?" snorted the Colonel. "We are one people, one nation—"

"And one family," added Gregory.

Lucille snuggled her face into his khaki shoulder. Gregory raised her face to kiss her.



## The Squaw Man

(Continued from page 52)

A coincidence came to the aid of the officer of the law. He happened to be in the side room of the saloon where Hawkins was killed, when part of the flooring was being torn up to make repairs. There, under the boards, an Indian bead pouch containing a number of small calibre cartridges was found. Naturitch had dropped it through an opening beside the partition, the day she shot Hawkins.

The Sheriff went to his office and compared the cartridges with the bullet that had been taken from Hawkins' body, and they corresponded. No one but an Indian woman would have carried cartridges in a beaded pouch. No Indian woman but Naturitch would have had any motive for killing Hawkins. So the Sheriff reasoned, and swiftly called several of his deputies into council. It was necessary to proceed with caution against so resourceful a person as Jim, especially as it was important to avoid unnecessarily antagonizing old Tabywana, father of the suspected woman, and chief of a tribe of Indians that might be difficult to handle unless the Sheriff had plenty of evidence to back his accusation.

Meanwhile, events at Jim's ranch were swiftly taking another turn. That same afternoon Jim, looking down the road toward town, saw a cloud of dust approaching, which soon resolved itself into the one public conveyance of the vicinity, and its occupants, besides the driver, were Diana and Sir John Applegate. Diana was dressed all in black. Jim's heart leaped to his throat, and he smothered a groan. This was a contingency he had not foreseen. Henry was young, in good health, and Jim had never considered such a possibility as Diana being left a widow. Then, as the buckboard neared the gate, another thought leaped up and almost sent him reeling. If Henry and Diana had no children, he, Jim Wynnegate, was Earl of Kerhill.

It was true. He never had considered the possibility of coming into the title. Although he was next in line, he was only a cousin, and it had seemed absurd. He took for granted that Henry would have an heir. He hardly heard the story that Sir John told him of his own exoneration.

"Your cousin was never quite himself, after that time we saw you in the saloon," Sir John said. "He wanted to travel incessantly—never seemed to be satisfied. We did not understand then, but of course we know now it was his conscience that was driving him. Finally he took to hunting big game, and seemed to enjoy accepting the most dangerous chances. He did it once too often, and a lion got to him before we could save him. He was terribly mangled, and knew he was going to die. Then he confessed about the embezzlement, and insisted that it should be written down and that he should sign it in the presence of the Countess and myself. We have let the facts become known, very diplomatically, among those who knew of your leaving England and the circumstances, so now there is nothing to stand between you and your proper place as the Earl of Kerhill."

Jim looked over at Diana, and her eyes were shining. He turned away. Naturitch was standing in the doorway.

"There is something between me and that place," Jim said, slowly, and indicated Naturitch with an almost imperceptible motion of his head. "Be very careful what you say. She is faithful, and I do not want to hurt her feelings."

The silence that followed was broken by the voice of a boy calling, "Daddy, daddy," and Hal came running in and flung himself into his father's arms.

"You son?" Sir John asked.

"My son, and hers," Jim replied, adding, that there might be no mistake, "We are married."

"Then he is your heir, the heir to the title," Sir John went on.

Jim only drew the boy closer to him. He knew he could not take Naturitch to England. He knew it would be a violation of his entire code of honor to desert her and go himself. But he knew also that he had no right to deprive his son of the birthright he himself must put aside. Hal Wynnegate, Earl of Kerhill that was to be, was entitled to education, to a place among men who would one day help to rule the British Empire. He was entitled to an opportunity to become one of those rulers himself. As against this, what had life in Wyoming to offer the lad?

"If you insist upon remaining here," Sir John was saying, "at least you must let us take the boy back."

"Need I tell you that I will care for him as if he were my own?" Diana asked, impulsively.

Jim drew a deep breath. He knew how hard it would be for him to give up his son, and that it would be ten times harder for Naturitch. For he knew why the boy was going, what opportunities were awaiting him. To Naturitch it would be as if he were dead, or even worse, for though he was living she would be unable to see him. Still, the boy must go.

"Come for him tomorrow. He will be ready," he said, and Sir John and Diana rose to go.

As they departed, Diana took Jim's hand and looked steadily into his eyes.

"I want you to feel that I understand, and fully sympathize with you," she said, and he pressed her hand, not daring to trust his voice.

When they had gone, Jim explained to Naturitch as gently and patiently as he could, the honors to which their son was heir, that he would be big chief far across the great water, and they must let him go. Whether Naturitch understood or not, she at least realized that her son was being taken from her, and with all the pride of her race she crept away and hid her grief in an all night vigil under the stars.

With this new and unexpected turn of events, everyone had forgotten that the Sheriff had sent word that he had evidence that Naturitch had killed Cash Hawkins, and would arrest her forthwith. Everyone, that is, except Tabywana. The old chief had informed the Sheriff that if Naturitch killed Hawkins, she had full cause, and if the Sheriff attempted to arrest her there would be war, for he would call out his tribe to defend her. The Sheriff regarded this as mere bluff, and went on with his plans, organizing a strong posse of friends of Hawkins to visit Jim's ranch and bring away Naturitch.

The stoical mother did not come back to the house to say goodbye to her son. Again she knew she would be unable to conceal her emotion, and she watched from a hiding place as the cowboys loaded him with gifts. Jim's heart was breaking too, and he hurried Sir John and Diana away. He had no desire to prolong the leavetaking. No one noticed that Naturitch, during the excitement, slipped into the house, and after crooning a moment over some of the boy's toys that were too big to be taken on the journey, found her little revolver and a pair of the boy's moccasins, and as stealthily departed.

When they had gone, Jim went in and flung himself on a couch. His life was now utterly empty, it seemed. His boy had been his one salvation when he lost Diana, and



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The glass of time that you invert today, watching its sands so relentlessly sifting without pause or hesitation, marks merely another year that has gone on its way and taken its troubles and vexations along with it. Do not waste a single sigh of regret upon time that has passed.

Old age is not made up of passing years nor sifting grains of sand. It is made up of worry and neglect; and the finger of time that writes wrinkles upon the face of beauty may be robbed of its sharpness by just a little carelessness and the love of keeping your natural charms dainty and delightful.

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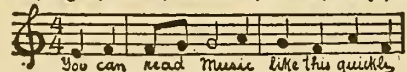
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## The Squaw Man

(Concluded)

now he had lost them both. Yet his pity for Naturitch made his own grief seem small in comparison. As he pondered, he heard Big Bill's voice calling for him.

"Here comes the Sheriff and a posse," Bill shouted. "Guess they're after Naturitch."

Jim ran out, and was astonished to find that with the Sheriff was the wagon containing Diana and Sir John and Hal.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"It means that this here lady and gent was in town the day Cash Hawkins was killed. I'm here to arrest Naturitch, and they've got to stay for the trial as witnesses. Can't tell how they may hook up with the case," the Sheriff replied, confident of his position, with twenty heavily armed men behind him.

"You let that lady and gentleman go, or—" Jim began.

"My God, boss, what's that," Big Bill shouted, and pointed across the valley.

It was a great cavalcade of Indians in full war paint, Tahywana at their head. At a signal from the chief the line stopped, ranged across the rise like splendid statues. Tahywana rode on to the house where Jim was parleying with the Sheriff.

"I told you I would call my people," Tahywana said, facing the Sheriff sternly. "Will you leave my daughter—"

A shot interrupted the chief. A change came over his features. Some instinct seemed to tell him what had occurred. He spurred his pony and rode around behind the stables. A few minutes later he came back, bearing in his arms the body of Naturitch, his voice quavering in the death chant of his tribe. Naturitch herself had severed the bonds that confined the Earl of Kerhill.

## Grand Crossing Impressions

(Concluded, from page 50)

The newspapers said:  
"Earle Williams is  
To Wed Brooklyn Girl."  
I Had to Find Out all about it.  
He was in Town  
For an Hour, between Trains.  
He had to Eat Dinner; so I  
Went to his Hotel.  
Right Away I Asked him,  
"Is it True?"

"Why," he Began—  
When  
A Girl Selling Liberty Bonds  
Came Up, and Said,  
"Now,  
Mr. Williams,  
You're Going to Buy  
Some More Bonds,"  
And he Said  
"I Know it,"  
And Bought a Few More.  
Then we Went in to Dinner;  
And he  
Did his Best  
To Eat, and  
Be Polite,  
While

He Looked at his Watch  
Every Few Minutes—  
And I Said,  
"Mr. Williams,  
Will You Tell me,  
Is it—?"  
And then the Orchestra  
Played "The Star-Spangled Banner."  
Mr. Williams  
Rushed Right Out,  
And Called a Taxi,  
"I've Got Just Five Minutes  
To Make my Train  
For California—"  
And Jumped In—  
And I Caught Up with him—  
And Got In Too—  
And Said,  
"Here I am, and  
Is it True?"

He Said,  
"To Tell the Truth,  
I Really Don't Believe  
In the Public's Demands  
To Know all About  
The Private Lives  
Of Us Players. However,  
In this Case—  
Here's the Station!"  
I Rushed After him.  
I was All Out of Breath, but—  
"Is she  
A Non-Professional?"  
I Simply Had to Find Out.  
The Porter Grabbed his Bags.  
He Held out his Hand—  
"Goodbye," he said.  
I Yelled after him,  
"Are  
You Married?  
MARRIED!"  
He Came Running Back.  
"You're Married?"  
Congratulations!"  
And went off Again.  
The Train was Starting.  
I Ran.  
"No!" I shrieked;  
"You!  
Are you  
Married?  
What's her Name,  
And had you  
Known her Long—  
Or is it Only a Rumor?"  
The Train Pulled Out.  
Faintly  
His Voice Came Back,  
"No—  
I'm not—  
Married—  
Nor Engaged—  
Never have been—  
Not Going to—  
Yet—  
Bought So Many Bonds—  
Really Can't Afford It!"

## All Aboard!

CLEVELAND exhibitors declare that the lightless nights are having a grievous effect on theatre attendance. "I have been told by more than a dozen women," comments one of them, "that they are afraid to come out onto the darkened streets Monday and Tuesday evenings."

Why cannot exhibitors follow the classic plan of the energetic political candidates who insure a full vote by bringing out the voters in tallyhoses and busses? An exhibitor could

round up a jolly big crowd of darkness-fearing patrons in that way. Patrons afraid of lightless streets, could be furnished by enterprising exhibitors with a postcard form, to be filled out in some such fashion as

Mrs. J. Rufus Wallington and nine children will be ready for the Elite theatre bus when it calls Monday evening at 739 Darkalley road.



## STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

- AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).
- ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood Cal. (s).
- ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5500 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
- CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, La Brea and De Longpre Aves., Hollywood, Calif.
- CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.
- ESSANAY FILM MFG. CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, (s).
- FAIRBANKS PICTURES CORP., 6281 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
- FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City, (s).
- FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 16th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).
- GAUMONT, Flushing, N. Y.; Jacksonville, Fla.
- GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).
- THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
- KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.
- LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).
- METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.
- MUTUAL FILM CORP., 1600 Broadway, New York City.
- PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ANTRA FILM CORP., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
- ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).
- SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
- SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s).
- SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
- TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Culver City, Cal. (s).
- UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).
- VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal. (s).
- WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y. (s).
- WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

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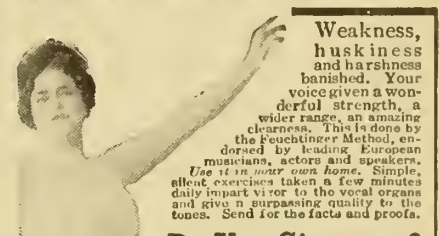
Mrs. Morgan Williams, Higbee, Mo. This deformity was corrected without plaster paris or general anaesthesia.

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223 Washington Street NEW YORK

**X-Bazin** The Famous French Depilatory Powder



75c and \$1.50 in Canada



# The Captain's Captain

(Concluded on page 46)

own right, having held the coolies off, single-handed, until the police took them over. Betty Gallup—the dear woman is so glad because the one she cared most for had proven himself entirely worthy of her affection, a real man by the simple measure of the Cape people, unafraid of human villainy or of the vastness of the ocean. (This sounds like a dime novel, Winnie, but you don't know how affected I am by it all.)

Uncle proved himself really clever in explaining his quick return—

"Submarines kept me from sailin'. 'Pears I'm just back in time—Amazon ducked and these fellers was after Niece Louise."

Which everyone believed. I must pack now.

LOUISE.

Sunday morning.

Uncle Abe is really gone this time—gone to sea. He wants to not only prove he's unafraid, but to give his beard time to grow, " 'gainst Betty yankin' it out," he explained as he smiled in her direction.

Aunty and I leave in half an hour.

LOUISE.

Tarrytown, Sunday afternoon.

Now that I am back at Aunty's (and mighty glad of it), I have discovered that one of the most important phases of my great adventure has been almost totally ignored, in all the excitement. Imagine a girl forgetting her own love affair! For I guess that is what you can call it.

It's that good looking fisherman—Lawford Tapp. Remember—I wrote last that he went away, stung by my slur on his laziness? Well, he met me at the station and managed to isolate me long enough to say that he was going to work for his father and that he wanted to come to Tarrytown soon to see me and that—and oh, Winnie—I like him heaps! And he said his folks were proud to know such an ingenious young lady. That is—if I may be sarcastic—dear of them!

And I'm going to church this evening and be as meek as a mouse. And now, Winnie—if I have been incoherent in these letters, you'll simply have to come up here and I'll verbally fill in all the chinks. Come next Sunday—can't you?

LOUISE.

P. S.—Don't come next Sunday—I'm sorry expecting Lawford. L.

## Perfectly Conventional

WHEN you go to see May Allison in "Thirty a Week" watch out for the kitchen scene. It cost a few thousand dollars. Yet, it's just a plain kitchen scene, with the usual props—stove, sink, and kitchen cabinet; nothing to indicate inflated expenditure in the making of it. And we're not counting May's salary either, or the overhead expense, when we make the above assertion.

It was this way:

May Allison was down on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor. The director was yelling, "That's it, May—keep it up—that worn expression—you don't like to scrub floors—" and the camera was grinding merrily on, when all of a sudden May giggled, made an effort to compose herself, and crumpled up in a mirthful heap. She spoiled feet and feet of film, which had to be re-taken, just because a black mammy in the scene, supposed to say, "I don't scasely know Marse John, he ain't nuffin' to me," became rattled and said instead, "No, miss, dey—dey ain't nuffin' between Marse John and me!"

## A Merry Christmas

I'm buying freedom bonds and stamps  
To help our boys in far-off France.  
But though my purse were fat as yore  
There's naught I'd give could please you more  
Than PHOTOPLAY.

.....months  
Photoplay Magazine is coming to you for.....  
beginning New Year's Day.

## A Merry Christmas Twelve Times

A Gift Suggestion that will appeal to you

YOU have a friend who is very much interested in moving pictures. You are going to give a Christmas present of some kind to this friend. There will be more pleasure for both of you if the gift is a particularly appropriate one. Or, how about that boy in France? It goes at the American rate. A subscription to

# Photoplay Magazine

will afford a delightful surprise on Christmas morning and give new satisfaction on the first day of each month during the ensuing year. Every issue will be a reminder that you are the thoughtful provider of several hours of interesting news, entertainment and instruction—the source of a twelve-time Merry Christmas.

To enable you to send this gift subscription in a correct and most attractive way, an artistic Christmas Card has been provided, stating that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will be sent for whatever period you desire. Your name and Christmas greetings will appear on this card, which will be sent either to you or to the recipient of the gift.

When you return coupon attach a Postal or Express money order or a Check. Better hurry.

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Send to—Name.....

Address.....

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Address.....



# My Gang

(Concluded from page 31)

He raised Brownie from a pup and when Pete left Montana, Brownie came along in the same car—a box car. And I'll admit that horse can do everything in the world but talk and, as Pete says himself, maybe that's an advantage. "She might voice a whole lot o' sentiments that weren't to my liking at all," says Pete, "but as long as she can't talk it's all right."

Pete's brother, Chick, is another top hand with the Triangle outfit. Chick's a contest rider and all round hand. He was one of the winners in the big Sheepshead Bay rodeo some years back.

Tuck Reynolds, a long, lean, rangy puncher from the Dakotas, is another one of the mainstays of the gang and it was disgust that won him over to the pictures. Tuck was a good hand. So good a puncher, in fact, that he couldn't stand the irrigated ranches which were slowly creeping into his range, and the Ford tractors clattering up the landscape, and when one day he saw a fellow hustling a gasoline can across the prairie after grub it just naturally hurt Tuck's feelings so that he grabbed his guns, jumped into the saddle and with a "so-long" beat it for the only west this darn civilization has left us—the picture range.

The West is Curley Baldwin's home. He's not particular just what part, so long as it's west and the pictures are about the wildest stamping ground he can find right now. Curley is quite some little stunt boy himself, his specialty being throwing the rope with his feet and making catches that would puzzle a man using his hands. I've seen some good rope-throwers in my time, including such trick gents as Will Rogers and Fred Stone, but Curley can tie his hands behind him and come out ahead. I've also heard tell that Curley could handle a gun pretty well with either hand, and from the hip, but he says it isn't so—so what can I do about it? I don't want to argue with a guy with a reputation, even if he says he hasn't got one. I might lay down my life just proving he was a liar.

But the next time you see a western picture, just remember what you're seeing, and that the atmosphere—the real goods—is the hardest thing to get there is.

## A Movie Prologue

By Will H. Johnston

GOOD sirs, what will you have? A laugh? A sob?  
 A tale of home to set your hearts athrob?  
 A romance with the scent of country lanes?  
 A seething plot of crime and crimson stains?  
 A merry joust at arms from bygone days?  
 A bit of life snatched out of Egypt's haze?  
 A railroad episode, replete with thrills?  
 A peep at Fashion's latest frocks and frills?  
 A group of warriors struggling toward a goal?  
 A trip with an explorer to the Pole?  
 A tenderfoot impressed into a "dance"?  
 A soldier on the far-off fields of France?  
 A drama staged in New York's gambling hell?  
 A jesier of to-day, sans cap and bells?  
 A king dethroned? A maiden led astray?  
 These are the puppets of the Shadow Play.

Good sirs, what will you have? We're here to please.  
 Ye little reck on what poor hints we seize  
 To guess your tastes. Our audience is world-wide.  
 We play wherever human folk reside.  
 Speak out! What will you have? The choice is yours.  
 From Frisco to Bombay the lantern lures.  
 What if your dress be rags or purple robe?  
 The strip of film encompasses the globe.

When you can't get your S-B Cough Drops don't blame the merchant. He has done his best, so have we. We are co-operating with the Government to save sugar and are shipping large quantities to the boys "over there." Therefore there will be a temporary shortage in some localities. Use Smith Brothers if you can get them. If not, *Keep away from Coughers.*

*Drop that Cough*  
**SMITH BROTHERS of Poughkeepsie**

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**El-Rado** Sanitary Liquid

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 A Movie Star!**

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This is the story of a girl's life in the movie world of Los Angeles—that happy-go-lucky country where fortunes and stars are made on an impulse—where life is full of lights and laughter and dancing—where men and women live and breathe the invigorating atmosphere of the studio until it becomes real to them—more real, perhaps, than the tragedies and comedies of their own lives.

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# Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 92)

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**GIRLIE, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.**—Oh, yes, we have heard of Bloomington. We were even there once. Your poem? We handed it to the Editor, who will undoubtedly do something with it; we don't know what.

**I BORD U.**—You did not. "Goose-flesh," you say, "as well as the goose-step, seems to be characteristic of the German people." Yes, but isn't it noble of the Kaiser to refuse to abandon his "sorely-trying" subjects? His name will go down in history. Almost as pathetic as Wilhelm, we think, is the spectacle of last year's movie idol, vainly, according to Leigh Metcalfe, "trying to white-wash the waning moon." Interview with Mary Pickford in July. Grace Darling isn't dead; that was Ruth Darling who was killed in an automobile accident. Emmy Wehlen, Metro. Lillian and Dorothy Gish are not married. Nor is Julian Eltinge.

**RALPH E. W., KINGMAN, KAN.**—Ah, Ralph, we are low-brow. We never read any Russian novels, and to our unenlightened minds the most enjoyable feature of photoplay entertainment is the audience. Who is our favorite actress? It wouldn't be policy to tell but we don't mind admitting that Mary Thurman is one of them. Irene Castle, you see, is Mrs. Vernon Castle, and sometimes uses one title, sometimes the other. Does that clear it up? Vernon Castle, of the Royal Air Force, was killed in an airplane accident. Irene is overseas now, entertaining the soldiers. Mollie King is no longer in pictures; she is twenty years old, and you may address her, Hotel Ansonia, N. Y. Leon Bary. Thanks.

**CONSTANTINE TEARL, NEW ORLEANS.**—We are delighted to have such an appreciative reader. Praise sometimes kills and often corrupts; but we thrive on it. Mary Miles Minter will send you her photograph if you write to her at the American Film Studios at Santa Barbara, Cal. Enid Bennett, Ince.

**P. C. L., SUSQUEHANNA, PA.**—The star in that picture has curls and a pout, and sometime's she's called America's Sweetheart; and if there's anyone else in the world who doesn't know her we'll give them a Third Liberty Loan button. In the only production of "The Sea Wolf" that I know of, Hobart Bosworth played *Wolf Larsen*; Herbert Rawlinson, *Humphrey Van Weyden*; and Viola Barry, *Maud Brewster*. June Caprice isn't playing just now.

**ALICE M., NASHVILLE.**—You seem to be a self-appointed censorship board of one. Of course, I agree with you that the bathing girls are altogether too prodigal of their charms—that is, with a bare dozen or two exceptions.

**JIM OF JOPLIN, Mo.**—Glad you're feeling better. That last gob of gloom you sent me made me cry. What with the theatres closed and everything. I think that you are like a lot of others—when you want something to worry about you pick on motion pictures. But you can't convince the Answer Man that they are going to the dogs. Yes, but if all the stars acted as their directors told them to act, they would be directors, not stars.

**J. G., BROOKLYN.**—That was Tom Santschi in "The Spoilers." Bill Farnum surely justified that title when he falloped Tom. Farnum is not a westerner by birth; he was born in Boston.

**A COUNTRY CONTRIBUTOR.**—You ask us if we have observed that Margarita Fisher was widening her range. Yes, we have noticed the amazing development of this young woman. And you think Theda Bara, in "Salome," with the hideous replica of John's head, displays shocking bad form. However—You'll find that address in the studio directory.

**R. M., St. Louis.**—My suggestion, as a war conservation measure—that Mack Sennett keep right on making more pictures like "Those Athletic Girls." I might also mention that I could worry along with less of the lady-stars who are playing these women who have so much to stand. Just a suggestion. Jack Mower. William Duncan was born in Scotland, and you want an interview with him? Very well. Lasky.

Dear Answer Man:

**I'D Like to Know—**  
**I wish you'd Tell Me.**  
 Why  
 Don't  
 They Censor  
 Popular Songs?  
 You Know,  
 I Dropped In  
 To See some Vaudeville  
 The Other Day  
 And  
 I Got In On  
 An Act  
 That Called Itself  
 "Devere and Devine—  
 That Klassy  
 Kill-Kare Kouple."  
 The Better Half of it  
 Was in Black Bombazine.  
 She would Sing.  
 The Man  
 Didn't Have Much to do.  
 The Songs they Sang  
 Were  
 About the Old Men, when  
 The Young Men Were Away.  
 Another, a Sad One,  
 About No-Man's Land, and  
 Breaking the News to Mother  
 If I Don't Get Back.  
 The Third—  
 "Would You Rather be a Colonel  
 With an Eagle on your Shoulder.  
 Than a Private with a Chicken  
 On your Knee?"  
 Well,  
 They were Still Calling them Back  
 When I Left.  
 The Last Picture I Saw  
 Was So Cut Up  
 By the Censors  
 I Didn't Know  
 Whether it was a Comedy or  
 A Drama.  
 Why?  
 Answer me that.

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**OLIVE THOMAS FAN, CLEVELAND.**—Of course I'm your friend. But I am not sure that I can see to it we have a "clear unbroken picture of Olive Thomas on the front page," and a "Story of My Life," written by herself. In the art section for December there's a corking picture of her, and there will be a story later on, perhaps. Sure next time I see Olive I'll tell her all about it.

**RUTH B., KANSAS CITY.**—No. I didn't have it. That's awfully sweet of you to tell me that, but really, I— Being the bashfullest A. M. in captivity, what can I say? Except that you live up to your last name. You say you can easily judge a city's pep by its picture theatres. Yes, I've heard that Dallas



## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

is a great fan center. How about K. C.? Latest Marguerite Clark interview was in July, 1918. Wally Reid, April and June, 1918. We are all out of the 1919 issues. Winifred Allen with Dick Barthelmess in "For Valor." That other picture is too old.

**BILLY T., TOLEDO.**—Jack Pickford is married to the admirer of the fan whose question I answered just before yours. But of course if Jack knew that a beautiful Toledo young lady was breaking her heart about it—The only consolation I can give you is the address of a beautiful Niles, Mich., young lady whose heart is also breaking, and you might correspond with her about it. Why does Theda Bara persist in playing vampires? I'm sure I don't know. George Walsh, Fox; Bert Lytell, Metro; Tom Moore, Goldwyn. That depends.

**INEZ W., SEATTLE.**—What do you mean about "Is Marriage Sacred"? (Essanay.) I always thought it was. But have you noticed—there is no character in fiction or in drama who gets so many laughs as the poor hen-pecked husband? Somehow or other we like to see the husband get the worst of it. Stupidity seems to be a domestic virtue. Douglas McLean doesn't say how old he is, but he's not so very old. Bryant Washburn is twenty-nine; married to Mabel Forrest. Jack Pickford is in the Navy. No record.

**J. H., CLEVELAND.**—You say all Mary's leading men are convincing. Would you find it hard to play opposite Miss Pickford? Conway Tearle in "Stella Maris." Tearle is seen in Anita Stewart's new pictures, "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" and "Virtuous Wives." He's married to Adele Rowland. Eugene O'Brien's latest is "Under the Greenwood Tree," for Arcraft, with Elsie Ferguson. Owen Moore isn't in pictures at present. He was very ill with influenza. Thanks.

**M. O'C., FORT WAYNE, IND.**—Norma Talmadge. Anyone who corners a soldier or a sailor to ask him when he thinks the war is going to end, and isn't it an awful war, and does he get enough to eat, and are all those things they say about the Germans true, and so on, is stimulating patriotism without knowing it. That sort of thing makes the victim all the more anxious to get to the front—as quickly as possible. That's a sunshade.

**TOMBOY, ALBERT LEA, MINN.**—So you had the "flu." Well, "flirting with the angels" is a facetious expression commonly employed in discussing one's narrow escape from an early ride down the River called Styx—facetious in most cases because the patient was not likely to have an opportunity of joshing the heavenly houri anyway. Never mind; Eugene O'Brien has signed a four-year contract with Paramount, so you'll see him often.

**WOPS, QUINCY, FLA.**—Why Wops? Have you a mop of that unruly red hair? I once knew a girl who had unruly red hair—only I made the mistake of calling it red, and now I don't know that girl any more. Wallace MacDonald has gone to war. He's probably pretty busy winning this war and hasn't got much time for autographing pictures. No. No. No. Yes, F. X. B. and Beverly Bayne are married. If you like, we can print your name and address so that a "lonely sojrer," when he reads this department, will see it and write to you. Well, lessee; we have met Mary, and Doug, and Bill Hart, and Marguerite Clark, and Wallie Reid, and Madge Kennedy, and Theda Bara, and the Gishes, and Bill Desmond, and Olive

Thomas, and Texas Guinan, and Tom Meighan, and—oh, lots. Now don't ask us which one we like best.

**CLINTON O'CAHE, CAMP BLAUREGARD, LA.**—White. Your letter was awfully funny. You just bet we will.

**VIOLETTE, INDEPENDENCE, MO.**—I saw one of those "Unconditional Surrender" signs hanging on the window of an undertaking establishment. Mrs. Bryant Washburn was Mabel Forrest. Bryant is twenty-nine. Hazel Daly played "Honey" in the Skinner stories. Edith Storey isn't married. She has a farm on Long Island and an apartment on Riverside Drive in New York. She is in the middle twenties. Billie Burke is thirty-two; Jackie Saunders, twenty-six; Shirley Mason, seventeen; June Caprice, nineteen; Mary Miles Minter, sixteen; Baby Marie Osborne, seven; Madge Evans, eight. Miss Clark's hair is her own; it's a reddish gold. Yes. That's all. Thanks.

**RUTH H., FERRY HALL, LAKE FOREST, ILL.**—Kenneth Harlan is in the Army now, training at Camp Kearney in California. Don't mention it. And don't be so sure that was the Answer Man you saw in the window. It might have been the office boy.

**MEPHISTOPHELES, WINNIPEG.**—I am, you say, a most exceptional man, of above-average intelligence, of good-natured character, possessing besides infinite patience, colossal memory, plus a keen sense of humor that reconfortates. Wait a minute until I look up all those hard words. And only the assurance that I actually possess all of these qualities, I suppose, emboldened you to forward to my encyclopedical sanctum your rather prolix epistle? Exactly. Can't thank you enough for all the nice things you say about PHOTOPLAY and its editorial staff. It's all true, too. You'll get it. Come again soon.

**GRIT C., HOBART, OKLA.**—Your few puzzled questions are encountered as follows: Charlie Chaplin is not married; he is twenty-nine. James Cruze in "The Million Dollar Mystery." Florence La Badie is dead. Harold Lockwood died in October, of Spanish influenza. Dustin has his own company; William is with Fox. Dustin. William Duncan in that. He's not telling. In California. Frank Keenan was with Pathe. I hear that he is forming his own company now. Yes. Thank you.

**JUST MARIE.**—We are fully cognizant of the hazards of writing to girls who sign themselves "Just Marie," without any reminders that "Mother doesn't really want me to write to strangers but in this case," etc. In this case the answers to your questions follow closely: Virginia Lee Corbin is six years old. Yes, she has been with Universal; for eight months in which she played with Ben Wilson and in a series of pictures written especially for her and directed by Alin Holubar. Last with Fox; address her Fox Studios L. A. No. I doubt if little Miss Corbin could put you in pictures.

**MARIE, MANOR, CAL.**—You may say "Darn," if you wish, although as a rule I don't approve of profanity. You haven't been to a picture-show since October, 1917? And here I've been thinking I'm in hard luck because I haven't seen a movie for two weeks, because of the "flu." Edith Storey is with Metro. Mary will send you one, I'm sure. He's married and he isn't in the movies at present, but when he comes back, I'll let you know at once.



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to forget Kondon's"**

"No fear now of sudden changes of weather—draughty stations or Pullman berths—with a tube of Kondon's handy.

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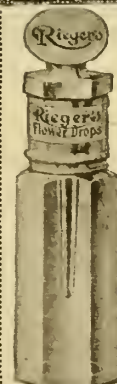
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## Questions and Answers

(Continued)



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MARY MAYS, EDMONTON, ALBERTA.—How old are you? You'll have to write and ask them. Marguerite Clark, Famous Players; Carmel Myers, Universal; Mildred Harris, Universal-Weber; Olive Thomas, Triangle, and Mae Marsh, Goldwyn. June Caprice is no longer with Fox. Hope the Health Commissioners, in their zeal for safeguarding the public health in the theatres, won't prohibit us from laughing at Charlie Chaplin on the ground that fun is contagious.

FLORENCE O'R., OSHKOSH.—I have never been in Oshkosh. I have often thought about coming to Oshkosh, always arriving at the same conclusion but never in Oshkosh. Ethel Barrymore Colt has three children. She has been on the stage since 1894, and made her optic debut in December, 1916. I think she is better on the stage than on the screen. Kathlyn Williams was in "We Can't Have Everything." About thirty-three.

PAULINE FREDERICK ADMIRER, LAFAYETTE, IND.—A woman should be seldom seen and never heard, you say. I wouldn't echo that sentiment—but I will admit that my ideal women are all stars in the silent drama. Don't call me "Mr. Oracle"; there are a few questions I can't answer, and I don't like to be reminded of them. Your favorite, Mrs. Willard Mack, is about thirty-three, with brown hair and blue eyes. None whatever. Wallie Reid was born in 1892 and has the same color hair and eyes as Pauline. Olive Thomas' birthday was October 20, so it's too late to send her a card now; you'll have to wait until next year. Theda Bara is twenty-eight. Come whenever you can and stay as long as you like.

MABEL H., BOSTON.—As I write this, I haven't seen a picture for two weeks. Two weeks since I've heard "Smiles" rendered on the \$100,000 pipe organ in our favorite suburban theatre. Two weeks since I've seen a picture in which the Kaiser was consigned to—two weeks without a glimpse of Mary, Marguerite, or any of the girls. Two weeks—a helufalong two weeks. Darn the Kaiser.

ROSE CERE, PHIL.—You say the idea of some movie directors seems to be that all lawyers are round and florid gentlemen who never smile; that all ingenues must laugh, without rhyme or reason; that all children must come down and say their prayers at their mothers' feet, before the fireside; that all parents have gray hair and a worried look—well, you must admit that the sins of their film children would tend to make them harassed and worn. Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh in "The Birth of a Nation." Kenneth Harlan is twenty-three; he is at Camp Kearney now. If you mean Bobby Harron, he isn't married. Griffith Studios, Hollywood.

M. Q., BUFFALO.—Barbara Tennant isn't playing now. I am not sure about that. For my part, I prefer to look on the bright side of it and be thankful that the vamps who want to play "Juliet" and the ingenues who are simply dying to do "Cleopatra" can't all have their very own companies.

D. MONTGOMERY, CHIC.—What's become of the movie matinee girl? Is she doing war work? I miss her. No longer am I diverted from the screen by her gossamer giggles, her audible comments on her favorite sport-shirt hero, her scornful silence and haughty profile when she doesn't like the leading woman; her chatter puncturing the monotony of a news weekly. She's gone. The pitiful part of it is that she disappeared before I ever met one of her. I am not

sure I believe in her after all. Perhaps she wasn't real. Annie Russell will appear in the screen for the first time in Metro's "Wilson or the Kaiser?" as Edith Cavell.

?, WEST LAFAYETTE, IND.—How mysterious you are! I showed your letter to Delight Evans and she said she remembered you. We are both much pleased that you like us. So you have subscribed to PHOTOPLAY for four years and expect to subscribe for four years more, and then some? Between us two, I'll tell you why I took this job on PHOTOPLAY—simply because I get a copy every month, gratis. I can't answer that question. The other involves research so will let you know later. Many thanks and come again.

R. F. K., UNITED STATES TROOPS, RAY, ARIZONA.—"Puss Puss?" That's a burlesque troop—out of my line. Write to Ann Pennington at her home, 142 West 44th St., New York.

A. BUMFORD, COLEBROOK, N. H.—What a punk pun. How did your letter strike me? It struck me all of a heap. (Yes, that's worse than yours.) "Don't hurry," you say, "in answering my questions. I subscribe to PHOTOPLAY; and I can wait." In my long career as an Answer Man, I have never met anyone quite like you before. Florence Reed was born in Philadelphia thirty-five years ago. Her father, Roland Reed, was a famous actor. Thomas Holding with Pauline Frederick in "Sold." Bessie Barriscale in "The Heart of Rachel." Charlotte Greenwood isn't in pictures now. Mae Marsh's new one is "Southern Pride," which appears in fiction form in this issue. Seena Owen was to have played with her husband in a Fox film, but illness intervened. She was born in Spokane of Danish parents. Alan Forrest.

TOMBOY, ALBERT LEA, MINN.—Again! Harrison Ford with Constance Talmadge. Norman Kerry with Universal last. Did you see him in "The Talk of the Town," with Dorothy Phillips? Corcking picture. Tom Moore, his p. a. informs us, wouldn't ride in a car, for anything. His own or anybody's else. He loves the Subway and he dotes on the L, but how he hates a car. Here's the cast of "The Doctor and the Woman": "K" Le Moyne, True Boardman; Sidney Page, Mildred Harris; Dr. Max Wilson, Albert Roscoe; Carlotta, Zella Caull; Joe Drummond, Carl Miller.

C. C. OF BUFFALO.—I should certainly relegate those comedies to the non-essential list. Niles Welch in "The Secret of the Storm Country" and "The Face in the Dark"—not "in the Park," as you put it. Blanche Sweet has her own company now, under Harry Garson's management. Lottie Pickford is reported to be considering a vaudeville engagement. Mary Pickford? Mrs. Owen Moore.

ADELAIDE, BROOKLYN.—I love to read the ads. I am particularly intrigued by the clothing-ad young man who is always escorting a young lady into her motor. Then there is the couple who advertise rubber-heeled shoes—refusing an invitation to ride with a "No, thank you; we'd rather walk." I bought a pair of rubber-heeled shoes and believe me if anyone asks me to ride I won't turn 'em down. None of those pictures have ever appeared in book form that I can think of, except "The Safety Curtain," which was adapted from a novel by the English writer, Ethel M. Dell. "De Luxe Annie" was from the stage play of the same name. Thank you.



# Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

**F. A. R., FRISCO.**—Bill Farnum was born in Boston in 1876; educated in Bucksport, Me. He was on the stage from the age of six; played in "The Prince of India," "Virginius," and starred five years in "Ben Hur." With his brother Dustin, also a famous legitimate actor, he starred for two seasons in "The Littlest Rebel." He was on the stage for ten years. You appear to know all about his screen successes. He is married. Of course I don't blame you for liking him.

**DES MOINES FAN.**—The theatres opened today. Yours is the last letter I'm going to answer. I'm going right out and take in every picture-show in town. I won't care whether it's a Fox super-production or a travelogue; anything they put on the screen would look good to me. I would rejoice even at a W. S. Hart re-issue, and scream at a Vitagraph comedy. Gosh, I'm glad they're back. Mae Marsh and Mabel Normand, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

**FRANCIS MACDONALD ADMIRER, FISHERVILLE, MO.**—And we thought there wasn't a town in Missouri we hadn't heard from. Welcome. Neva Gerber was born in Chicago—I hate like everything to disillusion you when you were so sure she was a native Californian—in 1895. Have you any brothers and sisters, Miss Gerber? That's the right address.

**THELMA.**—So you remember those old Mutual serials, "Runaway June" and "Our Mutual Girl?" Norma Phillips played in them. She was on the stage the last I heard. Awfully hard to keep track of all of them. The Hayakawas were born in Japan. No. Others answered elsewhere—except—Flo LaBadie was the heroine in "The Million Dollar Mystery." Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron. I was talking to Earle Williams the other day and said the fans all like to see him play opposite Miss Stewart, and Earle admitted he didn't mind it at all—that she was, in fact, his favorite leading woman. That's William Wallace Reid's real name. Sure enough.

**A FAN'S FAN.**—I'll tell you the letters we get from you fans are great. You and others like you inspire the Magazine to its best endeavors, and with such stimulation as yours this department should never be dull. George M. Cohan is married. Watch out for

the story about Cohan; it's a whizz. Life seems to me to be a series of compromises with one's ideals. Many, many thanks.

**CANADA.**—I like your name and wish you'd have let me use it instead of the obvious alias. You didn't like Elsie Ferguson in "The Lie?" She is very good, I think. Pearl White is not married, but I think she has been married. Helen Holmes was with Signal last, but I don't know her present address. Of course. Soon. Wisdom and understanding? Vastly different; I would rather know less, and understand a little more. As it is,—

**HELEN, DULUTH.**—Mae Marsh isn't married. Madge Kennedy's husband is Captain Harold Bolster. Theda Bara is not married. Your other questions are answered elsewhere. Not so awfully. Why?

**R. G. Y., BALLARAT.**—Mary and Bill have not retired and have no intentions of doing so. Nor has Pauline Frederick. She's with Goldwyn now, you know. May Allison. Metro studio, Hollywood. Life is but a cloak for death? Some poor pessimist gave voice to that thought once before. I don't believe all I read, fortunately.

**H. V. S., ROCHESTER, MINN.**—Why, hardly a month goes by that we don't say something about Douglas Fairbanks. Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning Jackie Saunders is Mrs. E. D. Horkheimer. The others are not married. Beth Sully. No. The Pickford contract has not yet been signed; but PHOTOPLAY will let you know as soon as it is. Bessie Barriscale doesn't say how old she is. That's nice of you.

**JUST TEXAS, HOLLYWOOD.**—Oh, you're too darned cheerful. Every silver lining has a cloud, you know. Besides, he's married. Another dream shattered; another youthful heart smashed. Rave on, Muriel. Edna Emerson.

**MURIEL G.,** who sent me her picture.—Yes, you do. Thanks.

**ELIZABETH B., NEW HAVEN.**—Dorothy Dalton is not married. She is twenty-five. Yes, I like to see her; she is always interesting. Write Mary at the Mary Pickford studios in Los Angeles. Good luck; come again.



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black  dark brown  medium brown  light brown

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*Oh, why not hang the pistol from the parlor chandelier,  
Or sink it in the bath tub for a change?  
Or lock it in the safe with mother's lavalier,  
Or tie it to the faithful kitchen range?*

*Oh, why not hide the weapon in brother's number twelves,  
Or drop it in the vitals of the clock?  
Or pile it neatly with the linen on the shelves,  
Or wrap it in the folds of sister's smock?*

*Oh, why not place it safely 'neath the mattress on the bed,  
Or hide it 'twixt the top and bottom sheets?  
Or clamp it in the cupboard after all the family's fed,  
Or store it with the cabbages and beets?*

*Oh, why not forget about it with this rank bit of verse,  
Or bury it along some distant shore?  
Or put it any place in all the universe  
Instead of in the old top drawer?*



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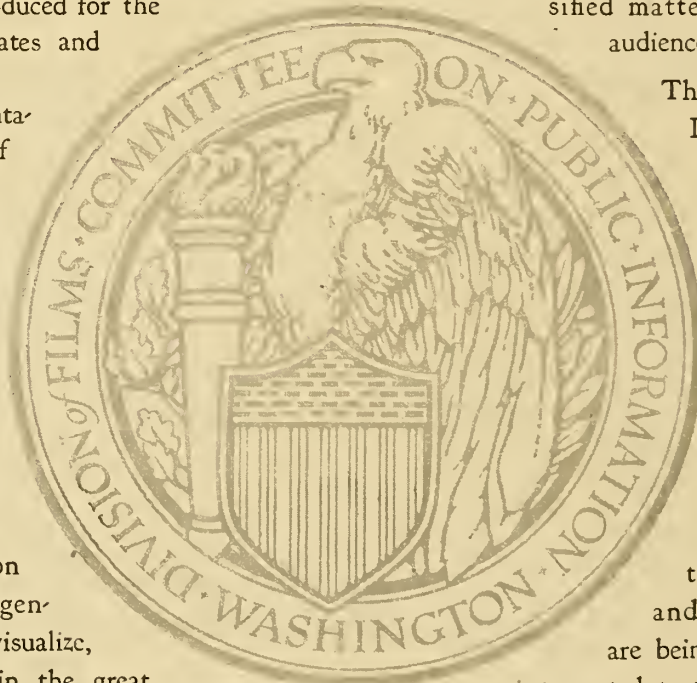
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February  
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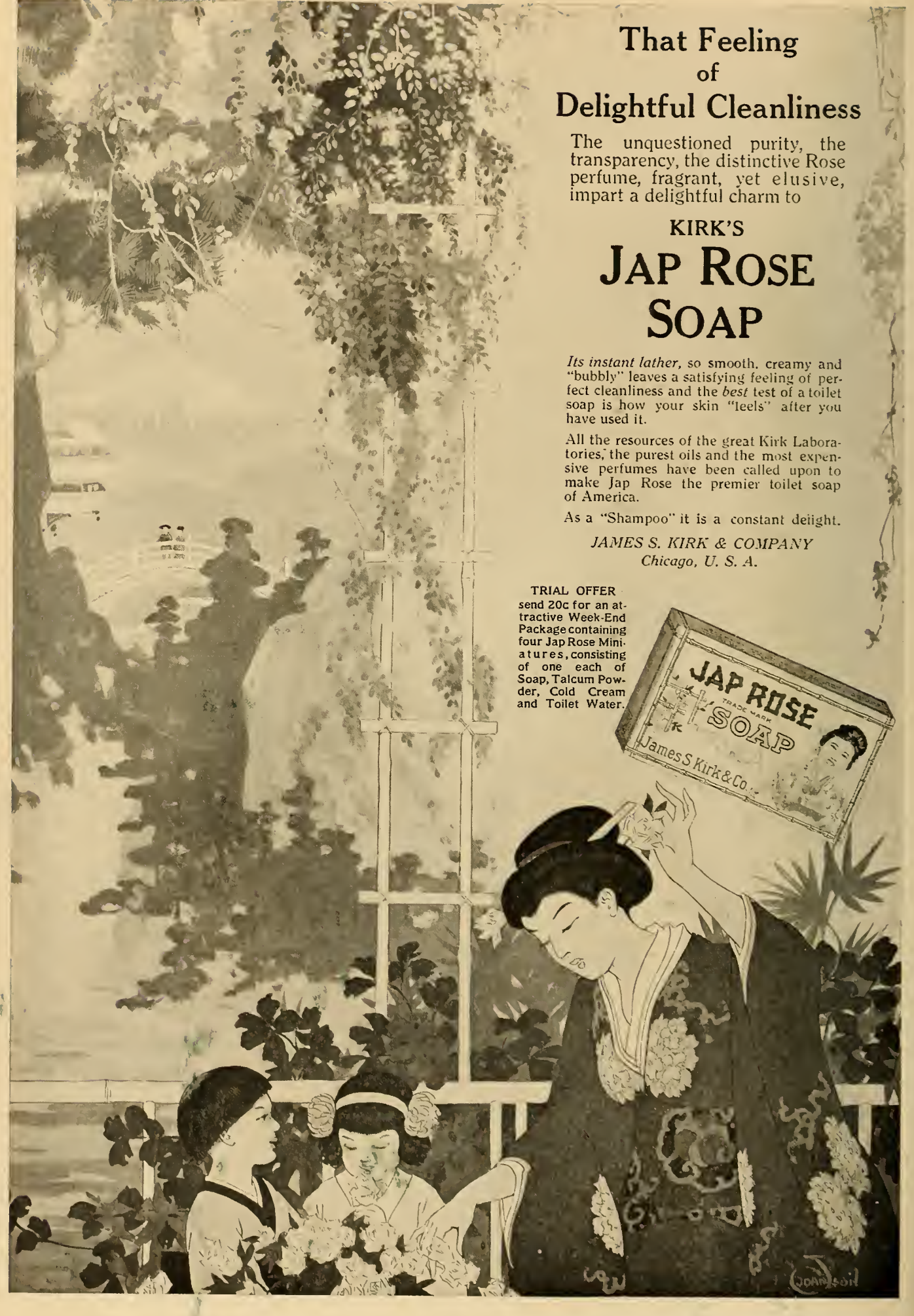
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**Artcraft**

Cecil B. DeMille's Production  
"THE SQUAW MAN"  
Douglas Fairbanks in  
"ARIZONA"  
Elsie Ferguson in "UNDER  
THE GREENWOOD TREE"  
D. W. Griffith's Production  
"THE GREATEST THING  
IN LIFE"  
William S. Hart in  
"BRANDING BROADWAY"

**Paramount**

Enid Bennett in  
"FUSS AND FEATHERS"  
Marguerite Clark in  
"LITTLE MISS HORNER"  
Ethel Clayton in  
"THE MYSTERY GIRL"  
Dorothy Dalton in  
"QUICKSAND"  
Dorothy Gish in  
"THE HOPE CHEST"  
Shirley Mason and Ernest  
Truex in "GOOD-BYE BILL"  
—A John Emmerson-Anita  
Loos Production.  
Charles Ray in  
"STRING BEANS"  
Wallace Reid in  
"TOO MANY MILLIONS"  
Bryant Washburn in  
"THE WAY OF A  
MAN WITH A MAID"

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duction "SPORTING LIFE"







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# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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VOL. XV

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No. 3

FEBRUARY, 1919

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## Next Month

WHILE the grouches and pessimists would have us believe that the grand romance occurs only on the screen or between printed pages, there are just enough of them in real and undecidable life to prove that the misanthropes are wrong.

The March issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will record just such a great living love story, in the romance of Lina Cavaliere and Lucien Muratore.

You know them. Perhaps you are acquainted with both their arts. At any rate, their photoplays have become familiar around the world, and those who are fortunate enough to live within sound of the Chicago Opera Company realize what a great singing actor M. Muratore is.

Mme. Muratore (Lina Cavaliere) has not been heard so extensively in this country, but she is one of the most celebrated living Italian sopranos, as well as being a beauty of international renown. Much of her most noteworthy singing has been done in the capitals of South America, where she is a continental favorite. She shares her husband's penchant for screen acting, and is a photographic type whose loveliness is unique.

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THIS doesn't mean pen-pushers, who were once under the domination of that out-of-office and generally unwanted individual, Mr. Hohenzollern.

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E. M. COLVIN, Pres.; JAMES R. QUIRK, Vice Pres. and Gen. Mgr.; R. M. EASTMAN, Sec.-Treas. JULIAN JOHNSON, Editor. W. M. HART, Adv. Mgr.

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## Next Month

It means certain men—many of them distinguished—of the writing craft in America, and their unfair treatment of the motion picture. This is an outrageous situation, a virtual league of otherwise capable individuals against a new expression.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE realizes that in opening this discussion it may be springing back the cover of Pandora's box of troubles, but there is a big "Why?" that demands an answer, and—without occupying our pages with mere editorial opinion, but giving unqualified reports by men who are competent to make them—we are going to try to find that answer.

The mightiest need of the photoplay world to-day is creditable stories by competent authors. Yet the real authors and the photoplay are drifting farther and farther apart. Who's to blame?

This arraignment of persecutors will speak freely. It will call right names. It will glimpse both sides of the argumentative fence. It will lay before you some of the gross, vituperative abuse of a celebrated, successful and cultured author who, asked by PHOTOPLAY to discuss the movies from an author's standpoint, produced no discussion, but turned on the silversheet like a mad dog. It will chronicle the absolute revolution of the most successful literary agent in America, sickened by the medieval prejudice of the men whose products it is his business to carry to the screen.

### *The Fortune Brothers*

MEANING, in translation, Dustin and William Farnum, whose long annal of success upon success reads like the chapters of an old-fashioned romance for boys.

### *Other Features*

"THE Early Days of Kay-Bee" and "The Confessions of a Male Vampire," announced for this issue, have been held over for PHOTOPLAY's March number. With them are a number of unusually written and unusually illustrated stories of place and personality which should be of absorbing interest to every lover of motion pictures.

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PHOTOPLAY for March will be rich in personality stories—vivid, intimate and homelike introductions to the stars, with an abundance of exclusive on-and-off-stage portraiture.

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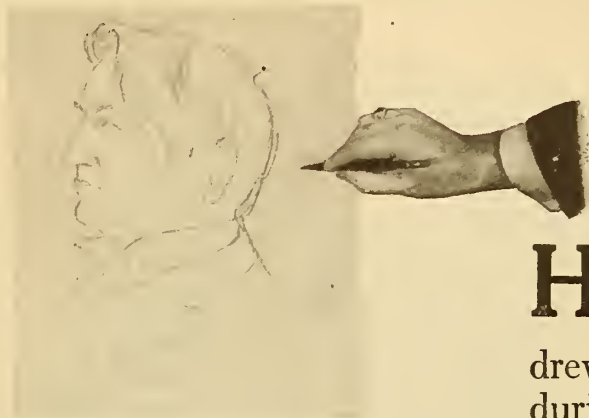
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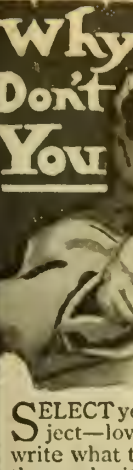
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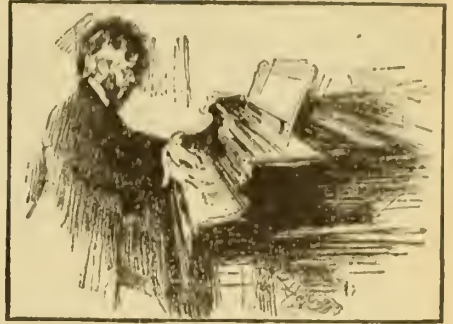
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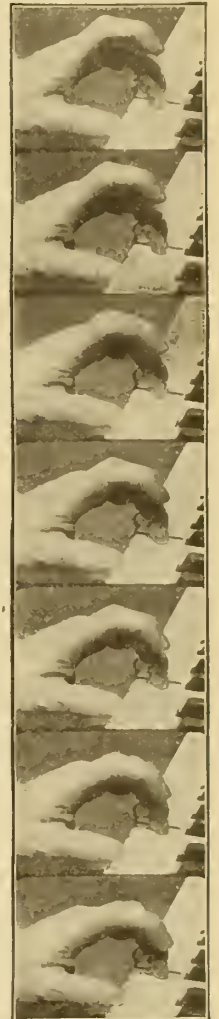
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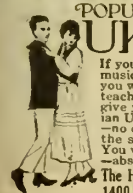
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### What Make Men Fight?

In one short, ugly sentence she stripped him of his manhood. In a moment of jest, she had cut deep into his heart. Always there rang in his ears that mocking laugh which had sent him flying to the front. She had the most tantalizing smile in all San Agustine. He would show the world.

The war was over. He went home—a Colonel and a hero. San Agustine was frenzied over her native son. Straight up the path to her home he went—and then the thing that happened was not at all what you expect. Let O. Henry tell you the story.



### Up From the Depths

The man had killed a man—he had met the girl—a stranger—at half-past one at Rooney's. A crisis came—and under the surface of shame, the souls of each stood forth to sacrifice—and to a better, cleaner life. It's not the truth a man tells, but the spirit in which he tells it, that counts. That is why O. Henry can write of things not always told, with a clean, high spirit.



For years you have read these advertisements of O. Henry and thought that some day you would take advantage of their low price.

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So the price must go up. No more will you be able to say, "Tomorrow I will get these books at the bargain price." This is your chance. The hands of the clock won't turn back. **Send the coupon today—now—or you will be too late.**

*One soldier in France had with him a volume of O. Henry, which was split up into as many parts as there were stories, distributed and used until the print had worn away.*

# O. HENRY

## FREE FIVE VOLUMES Jack London

He was the last of our classic writers to die. He was the founder of a new literature. He was more real—more primitive than any of his heroes. Go with him to the freezing north. Follow him to the south seas. Fight your way with him around the Horn. Get his best work absolutely free. Send the coupon.

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# For cleansing, one cream— For protection, an entirely different cream

*To give your skin the loveliness it should have, two creams are needed—an oil cream for cleansing, and a non-oily cream for protection*

**T**HE skin is constantly being toughened and coarsened by its daily exposure to wind and dirt. Unless you take care both to cleanse it thoroughly of all impurities at night and to protect it properly during the day, you deliberately sacrifice the clear, fresh-looking complexion you could so easily have.

## Cleanse the skin each night

Particularly at the end of a windy, dusty day the pores of your skin are filled with fine particles of grime and dirt. To make the skin clear and fine-textured, it must be kept thoroughly cleansed.

Before going to bed, cleanse the skin liberally with Pond's Cold Cream. The soothed, *refreshed* feeling will be noticeable at once.

You will find Pond's Cold Cream a perfect oil cream for massage as well as for cleansing.

## Protect the skin each day

Every woman who cares about her appearance knows that in cold winter days the skin must be especially protected to prevent its becoming rough, red and chapped. You can protect your skin from wind and cold, can keep it soft and smooth by applying



*The nightly cleansing and massage with Pond's Cold Cream keep the skin clear and smooth*

a little Pond's Vanishing Cream just before you go out.

Rub it lightly into your skin. It is wholly different from any other cream you have ever used. It contains no oil. At once it disappears without leaving a trace of disagreeable shine. By taking this simple precaution, you can keep your skin lovely all winter.

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Tear out and mail the coupon today and we will send you sample tubes of each cream free. Or for 10c we will send you larger tubes of both creams, containing enough to last two weeks. Send for them today. Address Pond's Extract Co., 136-L Hudson St., New York City. If you live in Canada, Address 136-L Brock Ave., Toronto, Canada.



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A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

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Street .....

City ..... State.....





Alfred Cheney Johnston

*STATISTICS* show that Ann Pennington was born in Trenton, N. J.—but why speak of vulgar things like statistics? “Penny” helped to make the Follies an institution. Lest she forget: her studio address is Famous Players.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

***T**HE dusky and fervent "Polly" Frederick has traversed the lens-shot path for more than two years now, for Famous Players and, lately, for Goldwyn. She has joined the procession of cinemese to the west coast studios.*





Alfred Cheney Johnston

***E**N profile: Violet Heming, a pleasurable personality on our screens, where she has been a Gilbert Parker heroine, and most recently a participant in Farrar's first Goldwyn, "The Turn of the Wheel." Now in "Three Faces East."*





Stagg

**T**HE sunny-haired Gish, snapped at her South Serrano street home in Los Angeles, is appearing on the celluloid in "The Greatest Thing in Life" (Griffith-Artercraft), in which we would say Lillian assumed the title role.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

*CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG is said to have paid a pretty price for the screen rights to Mar Marcin's stage success, "Cheating Cheaters," which will be her next vehicle. Miss Young, born in Chicago, has been in pictures since 1910.*





Witzel

*CARMELE MYERS, a rose of Sharon blooming in Universal City, acknowledges Nazimova as her aim in art. "I want," says Miss Myers, "to play tragic things, on the stage." Meanwhile she is a heroine of frivolous film fiction.*





Alfred Cheney Johnston

*"I T'S California now," said Madge Kennedy, when she returned to her native state. She will work at Goldwyn's Culver City studios. The new Kennedy expression is "Primrose"; author, Cosmo Hamilton; leading man, John Bowers.*





Charlotte Fairchild

*BLANCHE SWEET* reappears on the silver-sheet in "The Hushed Hour." Following this she plays the heroine in Rupert Hughes' novel of the war, "The Unpardonable Sin," in which she is directed by Marshall Neilan.



# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XV

FEBRUARY, 1919

NO. 3



## To A Young Girl Going to a Photoplay:

**I**F it were not for you the photoplay would not exist. There might be motion pictures of events and industries, but there would be no romance. Romance is what the photoplay is made of, and you are the finest half of romance, which always burns with the fire of youth or glows in youth's reflection: recollection.

You are hatted and coated and furred; one hand swings your heavy marching order of powder-puff and small handkerchief; your other hand firmly clutches your admission-plus-war-tax — yet, wait a moment: why are you going to the photoplay?

To idle away an hour?

To escape the dinner dishes?

To be one with the heroine in her paradise of happy-forever-after?

To dream over your ideal hero — so grandly different from all the men you know?

Here is something to remember: the only art which ever did anyone any good was an art which was honest. An honest art is one which bears a true relation to real life. Real life, not a dream about life, is what each of us has to live.

Any photoplay which calls up that frank, healthy laugh of yours; one which makes you want to do something worth while in the world; one which plants the seed of ambition in your receptive mind; one which touches your sympathies and makes you feel kind toward people; one which bares to you the tenderness and strength, the helplessness and power of a real man's love — photoplays like these are more than mere entertainment. They will actually help you in realizing the vital and splendid womanhood which lies at the end of every American girl's rainbow of youth.

Avoid the photoplay that makes you ashamed of your father and mother; and the one that makes you sorry for yourself; and the one that makes you envious of "rich girls;" and the one that makes you look down on Jimmy because he hasn't a "dress suit," and the nearly-naughty story that ends suddenly in a perfectly-proper marriage. Also, remember this: there aren't any screen "vampires" in real life, but if there were, men wouldn't fear them; they'd laugh at them. And you wouldn't wish a man to laugh at you — you'd rather he'd hate you!

Now, pass in and observe your photoplay.



# The Story of My Life

The babyhood, childhood and ambitious early youth of the most distinguished American artiste — a self-told tale.

## PART I

**M**Y memories go back to my third year; and that recollection has to do with music. I can see a great square room, with a cheery log-fire in one wall and a massive, old-fashioned piano in an opposite corner. The piano towered miles into the air, as my baby-mind calculated space, for it was only by the greatest straining on my tiptoes that I could reach the keyboard.

This was in our home in Melrose, Massachusetts, on Mount Vernon street. The old house, my birthplace, still stands. That was where the world began for me, and, as I have said, it began with a strange consciousness of music. Long before I could walk I hummed and crooned continually and although I attach no special significance to that—all mothers maintain their babies sing themselves to sleep—my mother interpreted the practice to indicate a great musical gift.

To me, my career has always seemed a thing pre-arranged. Looking backward, over each phase of it—clear back to the era of “piano-patterings”—I cannot help but feel that the “Farrar luck” I am so often accused of possessing to an uncanny degree is nothing but the manifest generosity of a guardian-fate, who had my appointed path all chalked down in some wonderbook. Each phase of my career seemed so essential and contributive to the one before and after it. My daily living has always seemed so truly a succession of preparatory experiences, all flowing toward one objective.

Do not imagine that merely because I believed my career to be in the groove of an unalterable fate that I did not work to win. I struggled against hardships that only operatic aspirants know about. I fought aside every possible hazard to hold to my life-long-ambition.

My mother did not believe that my early inclinations for music were surprising. She had expected and hoped for it, for both she and father were of a music-loving lineage.

My mother tells me that her father, Dennis Barnes, was a violinist of natural talent. His father owned the greater part of Middlesex Falls, near Boston, of uncommon interest because of the many Indian legends that were attached to it.



Above — Miss Farrar at three years — about the time when she first began to realize that the big old piano was a thing of great fascination.

Below — when the Melrose photographer wanted Miss Farrar to look into the camera, she refused, cast her eyes down, and said: “Now take me!”



One of the landmarks was an Indian cave, and that is where little Dennis Barnes used to take his toy violin, for which he paid twenty-five cents, and the bow which he made himself by pulling hairs from the horse's tail. A little later on, one of his uncles presented him with a real though inexpensive violin.

Their was an old Italian venter who passed the cave every other day or so, and one day he heard my grandfather playing and was so amazed at the beauty of the sounds that he listened for a long time. The next day he came to the cave with his own violin, a fine old instrument, and from then on the little boy and the old fruit peddler, who evidently had seen better days, played together. Ten years later, when Dennis was seventeen, this same instrument was delivered to him by a stranger, with a note explaining that the old Italian had died and that his last wish was that the violin be pre-

sented to him. That was his proudest possession, and later in his life—when he had become a minister—he found great diversion in stealing off to play.

It is said that when he grew to be an old man, he never went to sleep without placing the instrument beside him. Unquestionably, he would have been a wonderful violinist, if his father had encouraged him or if there had been sufficient money for him to go abroad for lessons.

My mother inherited a strong musical instinct from him, and because her father was himself thwarted in his artistic career, he hoped to see the fulfillment of his longings in his daughter. In addition to being able to read the most difficult music at sight, without being taught to do so, she had a beautiful soprano voice. Her father wanted her to study the violin; she tried, but found that she liked the piano better.

At a very early age she decided to go on the stage—that she would either study for grand opera, if she had sufficient voice; not granted that, she would go in for light opera. She studied elocution and took vocal lessons with a local teacher while attending high school. She graduated at sixteen, and was just preparing to leave

New York to arrange for a hearing with a well-known voice teacher, when my father, Sidney Farrar, then the embryo baseball star, came to Middlesex Falls, saw and conquered, with



By  
*Geraldine  
Farrar*

the result that before the year was over my mother was Mrs. Sidney Farrar.

She had every intention of keeping on with her career, but again Fate intervened, for before long I came along.

My mother tells me when she was expecting me, she thought continually of the time when I would be old enough for her to be free to leave me with a nurse part of the time, so that she might give several hours a day to musical studies. She was constantly at the piano, poring over opera scores, improvising little bits of her own. For my mother's talent was of a creative nature. Those who believe in prenatal influences can draw their own conclusions as to how this all affected me.

Mother says she named me "Geraldine" after the "Lady Geraldine," a poetic character whom she greatly admired at the time because of the fact that she was so unhesitating and positive in her daring unconventionality. My mother, with all her puritanical inhibitions, tells me she had a secret admiration for all that was unusual and unafraid, and although she did not by any means condone wickedness, she thought more highly of a person who had a strong character, whether it was for good or for evil, than one who was negative, namby-pamby.

I do not think I was yet five years old when my mother decided that my passion for music should find its outlet on the piano. I had hardly begun the scales however when my spirit revolted against the routine of lessons. I found my efforts to remain docile at the keyboard swamped and overrun by a medley of original harmonies and rhythms that clashed hopelessly with my teacher's instructions.

Mother and the teacher both often despaired of my learning the scales in the conventional fashion. I could not help but toy at the piano. And for some peculiar reason I always preferred to play upon the black keys. To this day I respond more completely to the softer half-tones of the sharps and flats than to the white keys. But when mother asked me why I hated the white keys I said that it was because the "white keys seem like angels and the black ones like devils and I like the devils best!"

By this time all my mother's dreams for her own world-fame,



Miss Farrar  
as she is to-  
day.

Strauss-Peyton



Miss Farrar inscribes on the back of the picture below: "Growing up." The age isn't given, but the picture was taken about the time Miss Farrar was studying in Boston.



The picture below was taken while Miss Farrar was studying abroad.



Mrs. Sidney D. Farrar, the singer's mother, when Geraldine was about twelve years old.

phenomenal success, on the singing stage, were transferred to my own little being. For her personal sacrifice, I can never be sufficiently grateful, and for her wonderful fulfillment of all my needs and wants, her insight and intuitive knowledge of what was right to do in professional matters, I can never pay her sufficient tribute.

From my mother also, I inherit my energy, and from my father, my happy disposition, and absolute refusal to be worried for long under any circumstances.

At the age of five years I was sent to school. Miss Alice Swett, one of my early teachers, alive today, would probably be able to tell you what sort of a pupil I was. I fought restraint or arbitrary rule and even though I was respectful

to my elders I often found my will tearing free and carrying me quite away. Those

years in the Grove street school at Melrose, when I was reaching into girlhood,

were a chronicle of romance and excitement, chiefly the latter. Through

those years as I strove to be an orderly little girl, was that unswerving

determination to do nothing, in preparatory, but

that which would help me become a singer. During

my years in the Grove street school at Melrose

I tried hard to hold myself in check, so

that I might go patiently through

the prosaic formative period,

to reach the glorious career of my

dreams later on. I

was full of temper and continual high

spirits which frequently sent me into

orgies of sing-



ing and dancing, acting, interpreting tumultuous emotions within, idealizing myself into glorious characters of which I read and imagined.

In one of these moods I wrote a play, "Rapunzel of the Golden Hair." I think I got the idea out of a suggestion in a fairy tale. I remember that I specified in the play that the heroine was to be a fair-haired damsel, quite in keeping with the romance I had been reading. I realized a terrific blow when I felt that I could not be this heroine, for the reason that my hair was most distinctly dark. I do not remember whether or not I altered my heroine. I was passionately fond of animals, particularly cats and (Continued on page 90)





# Cohan and the Movies

*"When will people realize that Screen and Stage are entirely distinct professions?" asks George M., in his first picture interview.*

By Julian Johnson

**I**F George M. Cohan were a German we could call the Motion Picture his Paris; he got no farther than the suburbs, though nothing had ever stopped him before.

At The Lambs Club, in one of the late days of autumn, I said to Edwin Wallace Dunn: "I should like to talk to Mr. Cohan about pictures." He answered: "Mr. Cohan will talk readily enough—about anything except pictures."

Mr. Dunn has long been Mr. Cohan's voice in the wilderness of Manhattan. I mention him not as a press-agent, but as a suppress agent. The psalmist of Broadway has long ceased having thrills at finding his name in the papers. Though a most accessible and agreeable man, you'll agree that he can't be on tap for reporters all the time—while incidentally writing plays, composing music, penning ballads, rehearsing stars, mingling in national issues and attending to his share in the direction of a great theatrical enterprise. His need is a man who knows what he wouldn't say on any given subject. He has him in Dunn.

Our debate ran back and forth and up and down, and finally we separated on this basis: Dunn said that on any discussion of picture subjects his friend and patron was an immovable body, while I said that the demands of the readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE constitute an irresistible force.

The next morning Dunn called me on the telephone before I was out of bed: "Come down to the office about noon. Mr. Cohan is arriving from New Haven at 12. He has been working forty-eight continuous hours on Ditrichstein's new play. I'm not promising anything, unless you find him too weak to resist."

At 12:24 the author-actor-producer-composer dashed into Dunn's room in the Cohan & Harris suite on Forty-Second street. Then there were three of us there.

He looked very tired indeed. There were weary lines in his face, the stoop of his shoulders was accentuated, and the droop of the right side of his lower lip, only a quaint mannerism on the stage, seemed to speak the burden of bone-head actors, wooden-head dramatists and iron-head audiences. It was rather cool, outside; he wore a black overcoat, and—of all unseasonable gear—a straw hat. There were deep restful chairs variously disposed. He scorned them all and half leaned, half sat against Dunn's desk, sweeping up a handful of box-office reports, over which his eyes ran restlessly.

When he dropped these, and rose, I rose. We needed no introduction, fortunately. I stated my interviewing business.

Perhaps there are gentlemen in Washington who think they invented something when, in the late war, they put the newspapers on their honor, rather than in the irons of silence. Cohan has been doing that to American reporters for ten years. He smiled and said to me:

"All right! It's up to you! You know more about those things than I do. Write what you think I ought to say and I'll stand for it—every word!"

Then he passed into the office of his friend as well as partner, Sam Harris.

"Well," murmured Dunn, "what do you think now?"

"I think," said I, "that he can't stay in Harris' office forever. I'm going to wait till he comes out."

He must have found good news from his fifteen or twenty



The most versatile theatrical genius in the world. If he ever finds an adequate expression on the screen it will add a new chapter to picture history.





At the age of ten, George Michael Cohan was a professional violinist.

shows in that office, for he looked brighter, happier, rested, when he emerged. And he talked. For the first time, I think, for publication, about motion pictures.

He said:

"A man likes what he succeeds in, doesn't he? My life is the theatre; my successes have been of the theatre; I can't find my personal inspiration outside the theatre. So far, I think they expect the pretty boys in the movies—and no one has yet accused me of being a handsome leading man.

"I believe in motion pictures. I believe they have come to stay, and will go on and on, improving, changing, enlisting fine minds.

"The trouble with legitimate actors is that they think pictures a cheap little trade with no essentials to learn. My experiences have given me a profound respect for the camera. I believe it takes years to master it.

"I believe this, too: that the moving picture actor has very little to give the theatre; and by the same token, that the theatre has very little to give the movies. Why will they confound two crafts that are so different? A Wall street financial reporter and a London dramatist are both in the word business—but what would happen if they exchanged jobs?

"'Broadway Jones' is my favorite Cohan picture. For one reason, because it is the only one of my pictures I have ever seen.

"I do like to work on location, and if everything was location work the theatre might lose me. What I can't stand is studio work—not so much the lights as the confinement and the strain of long hours. The closeness, the heat, the maddening repetitions of the same scene, the continual pouring-out of emotion without having any of it come back to you from the audience. There is no toil in the theatre to equal it.

"I didn't have to get 'broken to the sidewalk.' My first scene was Forty-second and Broadway on a sunny noon, with half the world looking on."

The author of "Over There" plans to do no more photoplay work at present.

The man who wrote the only contemporary American war-song that doesn't have to be sung in falsetto has had, in all probability, the most amazingly full and varied theatrical career ever recorded. Perhaps never again will there be an individual who will do so many things in such a short space of time.

Cohan was forty years old July 4th last. He was born in Providence, R. I., and lest there be any confusion as to the racial derivative of that name "Cohan," let us say that his father was Jerry John Cohan, who married Helen Frances Costigan. If the escutcheon is still befogged, we will run up a green flag with a harp on it.

According to my best information he stepped on the stage for the first time in Haverstraw, N. Y., at the age of nine. The play was "Daniel Boone." In 1890 he played "Peck's Bad Boy." Later, in vaudeville, came "The Four Cohans"—father, mother, George and sister Josephine. This was the beginning of national celebrity for George Cohan, his first burst of mile-a-minute speed, the inaugural of his great talents into as varied and astounding an amusement career as ever fell to the lot of a dozen men put together. A farceur, an individual eccentric dancer, a composer, a writer of lyrics, a manager and promoter of theatrical enterprises, a dominant figure in national entertainment affairs, and a national figure become international—George Cohan was all this long before he reached his mid-thirties.

His best-known pieces include "Little Johnny Jones," "George Washington, Jr.," "The Wise Guy," "The Governor's Son," "Running for Office," "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," "Fifty Miles from Boston," "The Man Who Owns Broadway," "The Yankee Prince," "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Little Millionaire," "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and "Hit-the-Trail Holiday."

George M. Cohan in his own photoplay, "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Below, Mr. Cohan and Hugh Ford, director-general of Famous Players.







Campbell Studios

## For Future Reference

*If your grandson wants to know where "Oh, Boy!" started, consult the Davies family tree*

**I**T was an August evening in the year 1904. Little Algernon climbed on his grandfather's knee with a question on his lips.

"Tell me, Grandpa," he lisped, "why did they say 'Oh, Boy!' when you were young?"

The white-haired old man mused into the past. "Ah," he said finally. "It was one night at The Follies, in New York. The opening night. The audience was waiting to see which one of the bewildering bevy of beauties would be the star of the evening. Then—it seems but last night—a girl danced on the stage. Golden-haired,

gray-eyed, and—a man next to me looked at her, and sighed, and said, 'Oh, Boy!' Soon the audience was an exclaiming, enthusiastic mob, all echoing that 'Oh, Boy!' And I saw her again, the girl. They wrote a musical comedy, and called it 'Oh, Boy!' and she was the heroine. It was Marion Davies, my grandson, and they are still saying 'Oh, Boy!'"

It's true. Marion Davies was the "Oh, Boy!" girl. She danced her way from the chorus of the Follies into the title role of "The Century Girl." She followed her success in this with "Miss 1917." Later she carried a role in "Words and Music." And then—"Oh, Boy!" Miss Davies lent this popular musical comedy such exceptional support that she straightway became a definite musical comedy discovery, a popular Broadway beauty, and—a screen possibility.

Now, Marion, a New York girl, born and bred in Manhattan, bored by Broadway and familiar with Fifth Avenue, Marion had always longed for Something Different. The call of the gypsy-trail, and the calm life of the country, and all that sort of thing. She didn't know about the country-girls who wanted to see New York—and die. But she didn't feel that she could desert Broadway and a promising career for the life of a feminine D'Artagnan, exactly; still, she could and did turn to the screen. Marion enjoyed any picture that told a story of Adventure, with a large A. And when she had a chance to play in pictures herself, she jumped at it. Her first photoplay was "Run-away Romany."

Her success in this picture led to a contract with Select for a series of six features. The first, "Cecilia of the Pink Roses;" then "The Burden of Proof," already released. She is working now on a picturization of Edna May's musical comedy success of many seasons back, "The Belle of New York."

Marion says she's been going to pictures, so long, and studying all kinds of audiences, from those of the Rialto in New York to the little tunnels of the Chicago loop, that she knows just about what the public wants. "And," she adds, "pictures appeal to me, and I intend to stay in them just as long as the public wants me."

Marion comes from a family long active in the theatres. She is a sister of Reine Davies, wife of George Lederer, the producer.



Campbell Studios

Marion Davies, now of the films, in one season danced from the ranks of the "Follies" into the title role of "The Century Girl."





The white horse shown in the picture above was the means of transporting a cameraman to the mountain tops. At left is how the camera saw twilight over a mountain lake in the Cascade range.



The Great Dane dog accompanying the picture-taking expedition made friends with a wolf that thereafter followed them for days. The wolf is at the right of the tree.

## Wild Game Shot by the Camera

*New glimpses in some of  
the world's oldest places.*

Photos by courtesy  
Educational Films Corp.





Robert Bruce and his Great Dane finding out what the eagles see in the Great Northwest. Below in circle, a view of the Teton Mountains.

SHORTLY before Christmas Robert C. Bruce—and his dog—breezed into New York with some new “scenic game” bagged by their motion picture camera. They also brought with them a tale of a thrilling experience on the Cascade Mountains when a blizzard buried them on a slope of the Glacial Peak for over a week. The entire party owe their escape from freezing to death to a kindly thaw. The new series of Bruce pictures comprise picturesque views of the Yellowstone Park and Jackson’s Hole regions in the Rockies, as well as views in California, Oregon and Washington.







Soon he had her fastened securely in a big chair in her prison. "Now we'll see who's head of his family," he said, trying to bluster but Charlotte could not keep from grinning as he turned his back.



# The Indestructible Wife

Otherwise called Charlotte—a sweet-scented cyclone who turned her husband into a cave man

By Jerome Shorey

IT took about ten seconds for the news that Charlotte was coming home, to penetrate to every corner of the parental abode. Even news from Charlotte seemed to possess some strange dynamic quality of its own, that made it travel without visible means of communication. For the three weeks since she married Jimmy Ordway, the place had been a haven of rest. Now she was coming back. It wasn't that they didn't all love Charlotte, and everyone from the stable-boy to Father Field himself would have fought to the finish anyone who dared utter the least word against her. But likewise, every one of those same persons would have been entirely willing to admit that Charlotte was, to put it mildly, wearing. Even in the midst of all the preparations for the wedding, there was a ceaseless round of golf, riding, tennis, swimming, boating—a veritable field meet every day. And now, just when everyone was getting nicely rested up and normal, she was coming back.

Mrs. Field sighed. Her husband swore softly. The butler groaned. The grooms kicked savagely at the straw on the stable floors. And in the little living quarters above the garage the head chauffeur unburdened himself to his wife and baby:

"What's the idea, I'd like to know? Charlotte marries this Ordway guy, and we've got every right to suppose that's the last of her, except for a visit now and then, and that wouldn't be so bad. Kinda nice to have things livened up again from time to time. But here's the honeymoon barely over, and back they come. Haven't they got a home? It isn't right. It isn't fair to us."

But Charlotte had decided to come, and everybody knew that was the last word. She had never yet failed to do exactly as she desired, and there was no reason to believe this would be an exception. So she came, catapulting herself into the bosom of her family accompanied by tons of baggage, a kennel of wolf-hounds she had picked up in her travels, a lot of new sporting paraphernalia, and last—and seemingly least—a very limp and tired husband.

She was the same Charlotte—a splendidly robust creature, radiant with life, tingling to her finger-tips with vitality, and yet, remarkable in so athletic a person, as pretty and dainty as the most doll-like of society's pest. They were waiting for her in the living room. To welcome Charlotte out of doors was to take chances with one's life.

"Hello, Mother," she called from the doorway, and made a flying leap into the maternal arms. "I've got such a lot to talk to you about. We'll stroll over to Edgewood tomorrow"—Edgewood was twenty miles across country—"and have a real chat. Hello, Pop—why father! Shame on you! Soft shirt and carpet slippers! You'll be getting flabby again. I'll bet you've been drinking ale, and ten to one you've had a touch of the gout. Well, we'll soon fix that. And look what you've done to John."—John was the chauffeur—"He's away over weight. Another pound, John, and I wouldn't ride behind you. I don't suppose you've had the car out twice since I went away. I noticed that there is a squeak somewhere in the rear springs. Please fix it right away—you stuffed capon," and she gave him a friendly slap on the back that shot him out of the room.

"And now what's the programme for the day—I've got to be entertained. Remember, I'm a guest," she demanded.

Silence was the only reply. Quite a party had gathered to welcome Charlotte home. There was Peter Brooks, who had once aspired to the position of suitor for Charlotte's hand, but found the race too strenuous, and had abandoned it to the more determined Jimmy Ordway. There was Peter's sister, Anne, herself something of an athletic girl, but not for a minute in the same class as Charlotte. There was Schuyler Horne, a somewhat lackadaisical society youth, who had about as much use for strenuous exercise as a goldfish has for a porterhouse

steak. And there was Julia Collins, Jim Ordway's cousin, as pretty a bit of fluffy femininity as you could wish to encounter, with a pair of eyes so big and round and innocent that you either trusted her implicitly or suspected her instinctively, depending upon your knowledge of the species.

The members of the little house party looked from one to another in apprehension, and made no suggestion of how Charlotte was to be entertained. As for Jim, who was only her husband, he sank back wearily into a big chair, closed his eyes, and obviously was planted for the day.

"Slackers!" Charlotte hurled at them. "I see I've just got to wake you all up again. Anne, get on your riding things. You too, Julia."

"I can't ride a horse," Julia protested plaintively.

"Never mind, dear heart, you'll soon learn," Charlotte replied. "Patmore," she called to the butler, "phone over to the stables and have two live horses and a tame one ready in fifteen minutes. After lunch we'll have a round of golf, and at four o'clock I challenge everyone to a swimming race. That'll do for a starter," and she was upstairs in three jumps, it seemed to the others.

The men, left to themselves, gathered around Jim and commiserated with him. He only groaned.

"Have a drink," his father-in-law suggested helpfully.

"I've had thousands," Jim replied dolefully. "It doesn't do any good. I'm all in, and Charlotte despises a weakling. I can't let her see me falter. Boys, you must help me. It's too big a job for one man."

"Why not take her on in relays," Peter Brooks suggested. "Maybe we could wear her out that way. If we could just make her give up, once, it might do the work."

"Great idea," the father of the young Amazon commented. "We'll walk with her, ride, swim, dance, climb, golf, polo—everything. We'll start at eight in the morning and keep her at it all day. Horne, you take Tuesdays and Thursdays; Peter, Wednesdays and Fridays; I'm a pretty old bird for the game,

but as her father I feel a certain responsibility, and I'll undertake Mondays and Saturdays. And Jim, you're her husband after all, and although you must be all in after the strenuous honeymoon, you must pull yourself together for the sake of appearances, and look after Sundays yourself. Perhaps you could persuade her to go to church."

"It might work," Jim said, pessimistically, "but I doubt it. I believe Charlotte has a dynamo concealed about her some place, and we'll never conquer her until we cut the connection."

There was a ring at the doorbell, and in a moment the butler came in.

There's a person at the door wants to use the telephone," he said.

"Let him use it," said Mr. Field.

A young giant, half nude in running togs, was ushered in. He was limping.

"Why, hello, Frank Brandy," Jim called from the recesses of his chair.

"Hello, Jim. This is lucky," the athlete responded. "I didn't know you lived here. I'm in training over at the health farm for the Olympic games. I sprained my ankle down the road, and wanted to phone over for a machine to come and get me."

"Never mind phoning. Sit down," said Jim. "Brandy is an old college friend of mine," he explained, and introduced him to the others.

The same thought came to all of them in a flash, and four pairs of eyes focussed with intense interest upon the magnificent figure of the athlete.

"Brandy," Jim began, "you're an angel from heaven, sent in answer to our prayers."

## The Indestructible Wife

NARRATED by permission from the Select Pictures production of the same name, based upon the play by Frederick and Fanny Hatton, "Losing Eloise," and staged with this cast:

Charlotte Ordway.....Alice Brady  
Her Mother.....Sue Balfour  
Brandy.....Roy Adams  
Butler.....Thomas Donnelly  
Peter Brooks.....W. A. Williams  
Schuyler Horne.....Percy Marmont  
Charlotte's Father.....George Backus  
Julia.....Leonore Hughes  
Jim.....Saxon Kling  
Anne Brooks.....Anne Cornwall



Then he told the new arrival of the difficulties they were facing, and officially appointed Brandy the tamer of his wife.

"I haven't much time to fool around with women," Brandy objected. "I'm in training, and women tire too easily."

The others laughed raucously, and told him not to worry, as his training would not be interrupted, but rather intensified by the job that was facing him. They took turns massaging the sprained ankle, as solicitous over Brandy's condition as if he were a Derby favorite upon whom they had all wagered their last dollars. He was feeling fit again by the time Charlotte returned from her ride, accompanied by the breathless Anne and the much bedraggled Julia.

Charlotte stared at the statuesque stranger with undisguised admiration. And when she was told that he was a friend of Jim's and had been invited to join the house party, her glee was unbounded. In a breath she elicited the information that he could swim, ride, golf, play tennis, dance—do everything she wanted to do, and for which she had been unable to find a tireless partner.

"You splendid Hercules!" she exclaimed. "How wonderful to find a man who wants to be on the go!"

Before the afternoon was over, Brandy learned that what the men had told him was true. To be the athletic partner of Charlotte Field Ordway would not interrupt his training for the Olympic games. He beat her at golf by one hole, while the others had scores running well above a hundred. She beat him by an equally narrow margin in a race ten times around the swimming pool. And at tennis she declared that she lost only because she was hampered by her skirts, and said that the next day she would play him in men's togs and beat him.

The others were delighted. Jim returned to his rest, and Julia established herself as sympathizer. Anne tucked herself away some place with Schuyler Horne. Peter and Mr. Field talked business and smoked innumerable cigars. Mrs. Field busied herself with the details of making everyone comfortable, and everybody was happy. And it was

Brandy who still had energy for a game of billiards with Charlotte before dinner, and after dinner was ready to dance, when the other men sidled away and wouldn't even exert themselves so much as to wind the phonograph. But as the sound of the machine floated out through the open window to the veranda where Jim was reclining in the divan swing, the disencumbered husband expressed just the slightest doubt as to whether or not they hadn't played Brandy a little too strong.

"I only want Charlotte to get tired out," he said. "I don't want her to get tired of me."

"Cheer up," Schuyler reassured him. "She'll get tired of Brandy when she gets good and tired of her strenuous life."

And innocent little Julia, perched on the edge of the swing, whispered cousinly baby talk into the unhappy husband's ear.

That first day was a fair sample of every day of the following two weeks. Charlotte and Brandy set the pace and were constantly together. The others made a perfunctory show of trying to keep up and join in the diversions, but soon they abandoned even this attempt and settled down to enjoying themselves in their own way. Jim still declared that he had not yet recovered his breath from the breathless honey-

"Then you'll divorce Jim?" said little Julia, hopefully.





moon trip, while Anne and Schuyler Horne seemed entirely satisfied to be left to themselves, and Julia ministered tenderly to her weary cousin's wants. She was thus engaged one afternoon when Brandy, leaving the house for a game of tennis with Charlotte, his soft shoes making no sound on the stairs, glanced into the living room, took in the scene with a grin, and passed on unseen.

It was innocent enough, or compromising enough, whichever way you looked at it. Jim was lying on a couch, indolently puffing away at a cigarette. Julia was sitting beside him, running her fingers through his hair and chattering her favorite language:

"Poor Jim! Judy can only sit at his foot-ses and try to make him happy. Mean old Lottie, to keep a nasty punching bag where a nice girl has a dressing table."

Jim was just sufficiently sorry for himself to make no protest.

After a furious bout at the net, Brandy led Julia away to a bench for a breathing spell. He sat very close to her and she moved away. He edged closer again and slipped one arm about her shoulders. Charlotte jerked away and looked at him in amazement.

"Don't you dare start making love to me! Such impertinence!" she snapped.

"You shouldn't have stirred me up," he replied. "You're taking chances."

Julia stared at him again and laughed outright.

"As an athlete," she observed, "you're great, but as a Don Juan you're a big prune."

For reply Brandy picked her up by the waist and held her at arm's length.

"Now what can you do?" he laughed.

"This," Charlotte replied, and kicked him vigorously.

He dropped her and rubbed his shin ruefully. "You don't play fair," he complained.

"And besides, the whole place is buzzing with gossip about you and me, and about Jim and Julia."

"Julia!" Charlotte sneered. "The idea! Jim wouldn't look at her. And besides, they are cousins, and grew up together."

"All right," Brandy replied cynically. "Come and take a look at the cousins."

Brandy led the way to the house, and with his finger to his lips motioned Charlotte to peek through the portieres of the living room. Julia was still seated beside the weary Jim, and he was blowing "smoke kisses" to her. Little by little she leaned nearer and nearer to catch the smoke until their lips almost touched. From where Charlotte was standing it was impossible to tell whether they did or not. Jim's efforts to prevent this bit of baby vampire business were somewhat sluggish, to say the least. Julia was so restful. Charlotte had seen enough. Followed by Brandy she stepped into the room. Jim was embarrassed but little Julia clung to his hand.

"Well, Brandy, here seems to be your chance," Charlotte said, bitterly. "Tell Jim what you told me a minute ago."

Brandy didn't care to be brought into the limelight so suddenly, but he bluffed it through.

"Well, it's like this," he said. "I'm crazy about Charlotte, and you seem to be about Julia. Why can't we fix it up?"

"Slackers," said Charlotte. "I see I've got to wake you all up again!"



Jim sprang at Brandy, but Charlotte interposed.

"It's easy to see that Julia fascinates you," she said. "Brandy is merely proposing to take me off your hands in a perfectly legal way."

"Then you'll divorce Jim?" said little Julia, hopefully.

"No, she won't divorce me," Jim shouted. "Go to your room. You've started enough trouble already. And you get out of my house!" he shouted at Brandy.

The commotion awakened the somnolent household and the others came running in to learn the cause of the rumpus.

"I'm on the market," Charlotte announced. "Jim is tired of me. Anybody want to take a chance?"

Nobody knew just what it meant. It might be one of Charlotte's jokes, it might be a little quarrel, and it might be serious. But when Charlotte put it that way, there was nothing for the men to do but be gallant.

"You know I'm always at your service, Charlotte," Peter declared.

Schuyler Horne was about to make a similar avowal, but Anne jerked him back.

"I guess you know how I feel," Brandy said stubbornly, and advanced toward her as if to assert his prior claim.

(Continued on page 106)



# Where Do We Ride from Here?



Reproduced by courtesy of Collier's Weekly from a copyright painting by Frederick Remington.

THAT noble animal, the horse, is not an invention of the films. The camera discovered, but did not create him. This statement is necessary to dispel a belief prevalent in cities of over 25,000 population, that "there ain't no such animal." It is well known to archæologists that previous to the present, or gasoline age, and even as late as the steam age, the horse was known to exist, though lacking in most of the qualities he soon came to possess under development by producers of Western pictures. In fact, the horse was in a bad way until the first cowboy picture stars came to his rescue, dragged him out of obscurity, made him an institution, created a new world of romance, and put the

movies on four feet.

What course picture history would have taken if some one had not discovered the horse, one can only guess. Without their equine features, the early dramas would have been much worse than "Hamlet" without Hamlet, ham and eggs without ham or eggs, New York without Broadway, the Republican party without Roosevelt, Boswell without Johnson, or an aquarium without fish.

It began in 1907 or 1908. When you are dealing with ancient history, what is a year more or less between friends? Absolute accuracy is impossible. The records are destroyed, if they were ever kept, and the films themselves have disappeared. Broncho Billy Anderson (real name Max Aronson) places the year of his first Western picture as 1908, and says he was the first to engage in this art, operating in the interests of Selig somewhere near Denver. But it was in June

1907, according to other authorities, that Selig released a strip of celluloid, 700 feet long, entitled "Western Justice," portraying a chase in the mountains, with cowboys as avengers. And even here Billy's claim to the discovery of the horse is placed in question by the fact that this same month Kalem divulged a creation in 880 feet, called "The Pony Express Rider," which told a thrilling tale of the plains. And still further back, in April of the same year, Edison prismaticized the life of Daniel Boone, with much Indian fighting, but this was history, fairly accurate, and does not count as pure drama.

Yet these were mere nebulous beginnings. The Western picture in all its glory did not come to a full blooming until George K. Spoor of Essanay, scenting possibilities in the horse and Broncho Billy placed in juxtaposition, engaged them both and began turning out a regular series of these productions in one reel and less. Curiously enough, the discovery so dwarfed the discoverer, that it was not until Nov. 11, 1911, that there is any record of the Lochinvar of the lens being actually starred. And the beginnings of stardom were of a

timorous nature, the advertising looking something like this:

## THE GIRL BACK EAST

WITH G. M. ANDERSON

Soon the new country of romance, thus discovered and created, became the happy hunting ground of all the producers. In the spring of 1909, the releases for one month, ranging from 557 to 1000 feet dramas, contained these thrillers: "The Indian Trailer," Essanay; "In the Bad Lands," Selig; "The Cowboy's Sweetheart," Centaur; "Why the Mail Was Late," Lubin; "The Gold Prospectors," Pathe; "Children of the Plains," Vitagraph; "On the Western Frontier," Edison. What Kalem was doing that month is a mystery. The conservative claims set forth for these creations in the advertising might be worthy the consideration of the press agent of today. Thus did the Centaur company megaphone its offering: "The picturesque side of cowboy life in the field is shown, and there are many exciting pursuits, contests, and adventures both on horseback and afoot."

So much for ancient history. The type has persisted and developed. Today's heirs to all the virtues of the line are the William S. Hart, Roy Stewart and occasional Douglas Fairbanks classics of saddle and gun. The poor relations are the Bill Duncan serials and certain Universal rough-and-stumbles.

There has been no break in the family tree. The popularity of the "Westerns" has never waned. Today the cowboy pictures are fewer in number than they were ten years ago, and by that same token much fewer in proportion to the total output, but they continue to hold their place, if not at the top, at least quite close thereto. And why?

Simply because the one domain which the camera has made distinctively its own, is that of the plains. Here the moving picture has created its own empire of



romance. It is not a real country. It bears about the same relation to the actual West that a Sherlock Holmes story does to an ordinary detective's existence. The camera found the West a somewhat boisterous and formless region, and showed it how to behave. If it can be said to have a prototype, it is to be found in "Diamond Dick" rather than in Owen Wister, in the dime novel rather than in the stories by Alfred Henry Lewis and Henry Herbert Knibbs. With this difference—that what was crude and merely bloody in the shockers that were the joy of our childhood hours behind the barn, in the graphic story told by the lens became picturesque and invested with a certain human dignity and certain human qualities that are inevitable where actual persons are substituted for the ridiculous super-men of the printed page.

It would be an exaggeration to say that Western romance now dominates the screen. It would be equally an exaggeration to say they are on the wane. In the Paramount organization the opinion is that the war has provided a greater and more vital field for outdoor drama for the present, and that



The West has been the photoplay's one realm of romance—will America's grand return to the sea provide another?

By Randolph Bartlett



when peace has been declared the Westerns will come back into their own. In Vitagraph, with western serials and Wolfville stories being turned out from week to week, the opinion is that the demand is as great as it ever was. The Metro report, on the other hand, is that the public wants Western scenes but is tired of cowboys and the "Eat-'em-up-Jack" type of story. All the West means to Metro is outdoor scenery. So it goes. But the belief, prevalent in many quarters, that Westerns are doomed, is no new belief. In December, 1910, a letter appeared in a trade paper from an anonymous critic, who observed that two years before, he had incurred obloquy by referring to "Indian and cowboy pictures made in the peaceful wilds of New Jersey," and added:

"As Indian life neither today nor yesterday is or was what Longfellow would have us believe it to be, and as cowboy life is not, can not, and never will be at all romantic or picturesque, I again submit there are far, far too many of these pictures."

The objection answers itself. The public does not want realism, particularly that portion of the public which is the mainstay of the screen. It gets realism with the morning alarm clock, the pancakes and coffee, the crowded street cars and the high cost of living. It wants to be aided in forgetting this world and all that therein is. It wants to be told there is such a thing as heroism triumphant and villainy overcome. Just as Lord Dunsany established himself as one of the greatest of dramatic commentators on life by placing his scenes in mythical countries of his own creation so the photoplay has reflected the desires of its devotees by building an entire world of romance in the cattle country.

The question now arises, how long shall the West remain the sole empire of romance which pictures have made distinctively their own? Where do we ride from here? All other forms of human expression have their cycles. All arts have their waves. If the flow of Western photoplays ever ebbs, what will its successor be?

The novel follows fashions almost as rigidly as do clothes. When Anthony Hope Hawkins wrote "The Prisoner of Zenda" he started something, and when George Barr McCutcheon wrote "Graustark" he booted the snowball along quite considerably. Every pen-pusher from Chicago to Canton began writing stories concerning mythical kingdoms. Today you couldn't sell "Graustark" to the Saturday Evening Post.

Previous to that there was the flood of historical novels, represented at their best by Stanley J. Weyman. Even Conan Doyle gave Sherlock a week off and took a crack at the game in probably his best work, "The White Company" and "Micah

Clarke," now about forgotten because of the overwhelming popularity of his superhuman detective.

Nowhere does the tendency to follow styles appear more clearly marked than on the stage. Here one swallow assures a summer. Paul Armstrong, I believe it was, discovered the criminal, and with Wilson Mizner started a series of crook plays with "Alias Jimmy Valentine," unless the style could be said to have been set by Edward Sheldon's "Salvation Nell." Anyhow, crook plays had the call, and they ran their little race. Scarborough discovered vice, and for one season it was unsafe to go to the theatre without a gas mask. Margaret Mayo discovered the twin bed, and there followed a series of

almost nearly risqué comedies, to which the Hattons have been active contributors. And when the United States government discovered the German spy—good night nurse! This year the play on Broadway that does not support at least one guaranteed, personally conducted spy, hides its lights like a chorus girl caught wearing cotton hosiery.

There has been little evidence of corresponding cycles in moving pictures. Perhaps there have been recurrent waves, but the scope of the photoplay is so encyclopedic

that in the great volume of productions these have not been prominent. The society melodrama, for example, we have always with us, but it is impossible to point to any certain season in which these were more prevalent than at any other time. So with the business drama, the crook story and the pastoral comedy. Only the stream of Westerns persists year after year, and what star has not, at one time or another, launched his shallop on that swift current? Douglas Fairbanks started his career with one of them, "The Lamb," and has returned to them frequently. Harold Lockwood, William Russell, Wallace Reid, Thomas Meighan, Robert Warwick, Henry Walthall—they have all had their fling. And what actress has not, at one time in her career, appeared as a dance hall girl? Even Geraldine Farrar fell for one of these this year, and if Mary Garden had stayed with the game a little longer, she undoubtedly would have been seen as a Faro Nell.

But still the question, where do we ride from here? Are Abana and Pharpah dry?

(Continued on page 109)





# Grand Crossing Impressions



Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their fittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

**T**HE First Time  
I Saw Bill Hart,  
Off the Screen,  
I  
Had that  
Kind of  
Let-down Feeling—  
You Know—  
The Way we All Felt  
The Morning  
After November 11.  
You See, I was Used to him  
In those Western Togs—  
Sombrero,  
Chaps,  
And Red, Red Shirt,  
With a Gun in Each Hand.  
And when I Saw him—  
He was Bill Hart, all Right—but  
In Plain Clothes,  
And Peaceful;  
He Wore  
Collars and Cuffs,  
And Used Good Grammar.  
It was Like Discovering  
Every-day Words like  
"Is" and "And"  
In a Poem by Service.  
"We're Going  
To Take Some Scenes here,  
Tomorrow,"  
He Said, after a while:

"Wanta Comealong?"  
"You Bet," I Told him.  
Well, the Next Day  
Everything was All Right.  
There he was  
In his Western Outfit,  
And Looking like himself.  
They were Going  
To Sneak the Scenes, so  
Everybody in Chicago  
Wouldn't be Hanging Around.  
There was  
E. H. Allen, Mr. Hart's Manager—and  
Lambert Hillyer,  
Hart's Director—  
Who didn't Really  
See Why  
I Had to Come along—  
And Joe August,  
The Kid who Turns the Crank  
For all Bill's Pictures; and  
According to Bill,

The Best in the Business.  
But  
If Bill Hart  
Wanted to Sneak  
Any Scenes,  
He'd Better have Gone  
Someplace  
Where they don't Have Picture-Shows;

Not  
Chicago, where  
Bill Hart's Sombrero  
Is as Familiar  
As that Crayon of Grandpa  
Over the Parlor Mantelpiece.  
We Rode Along  
Sheridan Road.  
Hunting  
A Location.  
And Passed Lincoln Park.  
And the Lagoon.  
And there was a Boat  
Anchored there.  
And the Name on it was,  
"Hello Bill."  
It wouldn't have Taken so Long  
For the Scenes, if  
The Kids hadn't  
Clogged the Camera.  
Pretty Soon  
The People Began  
To Stop, and Point,  
And the Girls would All Giggle.  
Somebody Wanted to Know  
If I was "his Daughter, or  
Who I Was."  
Well, that Started It.  
Bill Thought  
I Ought to Have  
Some Stick Candy, and  
A Doll.  
We had our Picture Taken  
Over in Grant Park.  
You Know, Folks,  
I Had mine Taken  
Once Before, with  
Wallie, and Tom Meighan.  
And at the Time  
I Said Never Again—  
And Meant it, too.  
But Bill  
Looked so Funny  
With that Doll.  
I thought it'd be a Shame  
Not to Let You  
See him, too.  
I Never  
Take a Good Picture, anyway.  
But  
I Fooled Bill;  
I Ate the Candy.  
He Really Wanted it  
Himself.



We had our picture taken—



A head-line we would like to see: "Charles Spencer Chaplin; all rights reserved, including translation into the Scandinavian." Speaking of the universality of Chaplin's appeal—that hat, that cane, those shoes have been translated into every language; and now the Chinese. This Oriental caricature of the comedian is contributed by Chai Hong, styled "the Chinese Chaplin" by the L-Ko comedy company for which he performs. We concede the title, refusing to commit Mr. Hong to the category of imitators which includes Billie West, et al.

By the way, where is Billie?

BIBLIOTEKS  
5 GATAN 5



ANDRA  
vecken

## Douglas Fairbanks



### Kärlekens Vedermödor

Triangle-komedi i 4 akter.

2 föreställningar dagligen kl. 7-9, 9-11 e. m. Förelöp mellan kl. 12-4 e. m.  
Ord. priser från kl. 4 e. m. I bindet av tilltållningarna. Rika ord.  
Allm. Tel. 9932. 15 mass arkiter under ledning av Rudolf Sahberg.  
Barn åga ej tillträde.

Doug's publicity man sent the above with the proud caption, "And this is what they say about the one and only Doug in Scandinavia." No, neither can we; but it is doubtless an ingeniously worded inducement to Stockholm picture-goers to come on in and see the best-known athlete. The portrait is a virile futuristic conception of Doug — or mebbe that's art, in Scandinavia. The clipping is an advertisement from the Svenska Dagbladet, of Stockholm, Sweden, reprinted in the Motion Picture World.

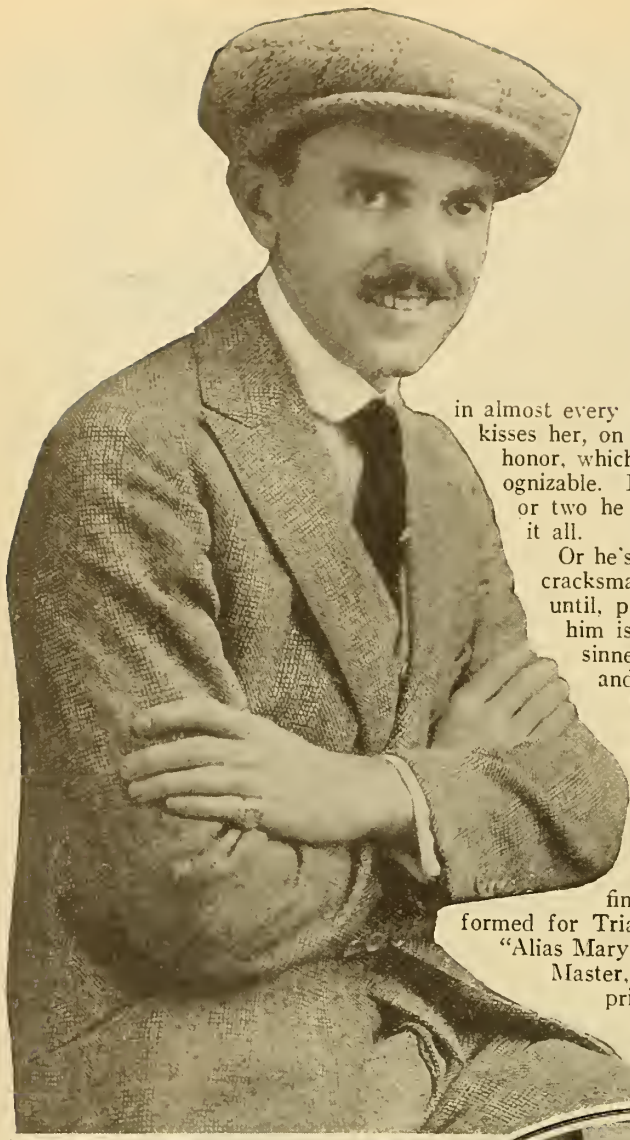


At right—Scene from "A Perfect Thirty-Six." The coincidence that the camera man who, while shooting this dry-goods store set, got in line with a clothing dummy, has nothing to do with the success of the picture; it's Mabel Normand who plays the title role. Rod La Roque is the assiduous young-prince-charming-in-silks who is going to startle Mabel from her calm — not by proposing to her, but by letting her in on the joke.



# Br-r-r-r-r-r! The Villain!

But you spell it with "u," for this is the annal of a dark light heavy



in almost every good society drama. He wants The Girl, but she shudders when he kisses her, on the arm. He has a scrap with the husky hero, over the heroine's honor, which is at stake, in which he is so badly bruised as to be totally unrecognizable. In the excitement of the final clutch, he is forgotten. But in a week or two he turns up again, in another picture, apparently none the worse for it all.

Or he's a lounge lizard; or a careless cad; or a he-vamp. He's the cringing cracksman who really robbed the safe, but lets the blame fall on The Boy, until, pursued by visions, he confesses and expatiates—the last we see of him is in a closeup, through the bars. Sometimes he is a poor innocent sinner, who never had a chance; who nobly suffers for another's crime, and dies, usually, in the last reel.

Not a happy life. You might almost pity him. But Eugene Burr, the particular dark-complexioned light heavy of whom we are speaking, is representative of his craft; and we know he gets paid for having a mean disposition.

Burr made his film debut with *Lasky*, in the early days of that famous troupe. He supported such illustrious lady-stars as Laura Hope Crews, Geraldine Farrar, Charlotte Walker, and Fannie Ward. He went to Universal, for a serial. Then he free-lanced for a while, finally landing at Culver City, where for the past year, he has performed for Triangle. A list of his pictures there include: "The Painted Lily," "Alias Mary Brown," "The Atom," "Daughter Angele," "The Tender-foot School-Master," and "Irish Eyes." In "Old Hartwell's Cub," the filmization of a prize-winning scenario in the Triang'e-PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE contest, Burr was a city-feller who coaxed the unsuspecting country-girl from home. He does this in every other picture.

He was working with the Alma Rubens company in the role of *Oliver Sloane*, in Cosmo Hamilton's story, "Marriage," when Miss Rubens was seized with appendicitis. During the illness of the star, Burr is doing *Jerry Henderson*, in Charles Neville Buck's "The Bear Cat."

Burr was on the stage at the age of eight. At fifteen he put on burnt cork and beat a tambourine as end "man" in Harry Ward's minstrels. "I doubled in the band," says Burr, "by twirling a baton in front of the parade, at 'eleven o'clock rain or shine.'" Now he likes pictures so well he intends to stay with them, as a subtle villain, until they get so high-brow, that the fans no longer relish the eternal encounter between virtue and villainy. "But that time," concluded Burr, "is a long way off."



Our villain is foiled (or felled) again. Bill Desmond, Ethel Fleming, and Eugene Burr in "The Pretender" (Triangle).

IT'S a shame. Something ought to be done about it right away.

Reams have been written about the simp ingenue; the virile hero; the tragic heroine; kid-stars; comedians. Why, I ask you, has the light heavy been neglected? He is indispensable. We couldn't have moving pictures without him. And yet nobody ever knows he is there.

You have seen him as a beautiful bounder—

## The Original Alibi Kid

THE action has started, and the saffron-painted star is slowly entering her palatial library. The director is speaking, meanwhile crouching just back of the cameras. The head camera man as he grinds glances nervously up at the top of the scene, where the electricians are centering their spotlights on the yellow-hued star. Then his gaze, still worried, swings back to the director—and back with a jerk of the head to the players, now reaching the climax of their scene. He is thinking up his alibi. Three days later in the studio

projection room the director yells, "My God, what is the matter with that scene?" For the young and beautiful actress looks like a leopard. Her neck and shoulders resemble a map of the Thousand Islands. Someone is to blame. The scene must be retaken. Where is that camera man? He comes up to the group and is actually smiling. He is almost gleeful. "Miss Star," he says genially, "I was afraid of this all the time we were shooting that scene. Your freckles were only thinly covered by your make-up and they photographed right through it."



# A New China Doll

Who opens and shuts its eyes and says  
a lot more than "Mamma" and "Papa"

By  
Delight Evans

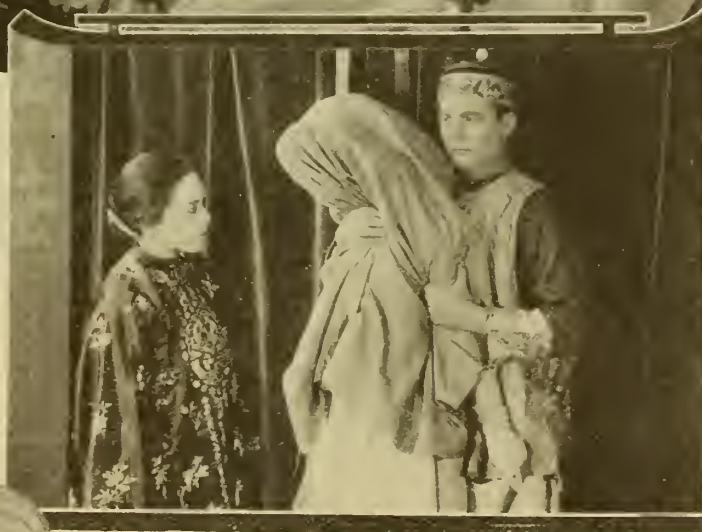
CHINA always has been misunderstood. Most of us have a vague idea of the Flowery Kingdom—a sort of chop suey of weird music on cymbals, gorgeous-coated conjurers in vaudeville, long finger-nails, and Thomas Burke. We are apt to forget that China, while picturesque, has sprung some of the biggest practical surprises in history. China, for instance, discovered printing and concocted puzzles. If it weren't for China we might never have thought of tea. Still, it remained for Lady Tsen Mei—silent T, if you please—to establish China, once and for all, as the place where china comes from—particularly china dolls.

Tsen Mei herself, a black-banged doll from Canton, is China's most charming surprise and ingenious puzzle. A China doll with a Made-in-America tag. Daughter of a Chinese mandarin, she is college-bred, a professor of medicine, a musician, and a mimic. And now, a movie star. You have to hand it to China.

Tsen Mei might just as well have been a native of Chicago, for early in life she adopted the Windy City's slogan. "I Will!" America furnished the fillip that brought this China doll to life. Born in Canton, Tsen Mei might never have escaped the traditional lethargy of her race, had not her father, when she was twelve, been sent to America on a diplomatic mission. Tsen Mei accompanied him. In Washington, she lived the life of an American girl. She studied with an American tutor. Unconsciously she compared the life of the American girl and the mandarin's daughter. She brought the western ideas back with her to Canton. Soon she found the old life in-



Lumiere



Above—a speaking likeness of Lady Tsen Mei, a black-banged China doll from Canton, with a Made-in-America tag. At left, a scene from her first picture, called "For the Freedom of the East." Below: in the costume of a mandarin's daughter. Lady Tsen Mei is a professor of medicine, a musician, a mimic, and now a movie star. You have to hand it to China.



Lumiere

tolerable. She decided that she would be American just so far as she dared. You may be wondering how in Canton a high-caste Chinese girl could so far over-ride the conventions of her caste as to have a few ideas of her own. And imagine the mandarin's consternation when his daughter announced her intentions of getting out and earning her own living. But the mandarin had had to cope with her rebellious spirit since babyhood. He wasted no words; simply let her have her own way.

First, Tsen Mei forced him to teach her all he knew of medicine, learned at an American college. By the time she had attained her majority, she had become a full-fledged physician. This was unheard of in China, but Tsen Mei had become so accustomed to doing the unusual thing that she was quite undismayed, and answered all protests with a simple announcement that she was sailing at once for America, to complete her education.

Influence was brought to bear and Lady Tsen Mei arrived in New York under the protection of distinguished countrymen who arranged for her to enter Columbia University. There the China doll buckled down to hard work, and obtained her A. B. She went to the University of Pittsburgh and won her M. A. degree!

But instead of practicing medicine, Tsen Mei again became restless and made up her mind to go on the stage. Just like that—"I believe I'll go on the stage," she remarked carelessly one day. And no sooner said than put into execution. She took up music again; studied just as faithfully at scales as she had at skeletons, and was finally pronounced by her teachers to be ready for a professional appearance. And so Lady Tsen Mei sang.

(Continued on page 103)





Followed a summer of romance and courtship—and a little painting.

# T O T O N

*Wherein a beloved wildcat of the Latin Quartier loses  
a great sorrow and wins a husband and father.*

By Leigh Metcalfe

**H**AD David Lane not married Yvonne, then there would be no story to tell. But so long as the prettiest and most chic maids from the south of France persist in meeting good-looking young American artists—then there will be stories—or we burst.

Just as though David Lane wouldn't have married Yvonne! Even the ghost of the thought is absurd, once you know of Yvonne—and David's love for her.

It was shortly after the young American had established himself in the Latin Quartier to find out what the old world knew of art that his genius hadn't taught him (rather, what it had hidden from him), that he met the French girl. She was a flower-girl, and although David was attracted by the blossoms, their attractiveness wilted the instant he observed to whom he was to pay the money.

One glance led to another and first thing the folks about the Quartier knew, the young American had the girl posing for

him—an honor long desired by many of the artists, but never realized. Yvonne guided David to the open country and showed his artist soul the unpainted pictures of rural France. And followed a summer of romance and courtship—and a little painting. Friendship led into love, and love into marriage.

Now it seems that every time a story is spun about two young persons who get married, or who are determined to get married, the inevitable ogre is introduced in the form, usually, of that imp—Parental Opposition. This time the ogre took the form of David Lane's father, who couldn't understand, having lived thirty years since he had done the same thing, why a youth will make such a fool out of himself as to spoil his career by early marriage. After the honeymoon blossomed an idyll that would never end, so long as the kaiser's gang kept out of France.

Then came a cable from the United States, telling David to return home immediately as his mother was seriously ill.



Yvonne was filled with a vague uneasiness at his leaving David nearly missed the train bound for the channel in giving her the assurance of his speedy return.

When David told his father of his marriage he waited expectantly for the great outburst that did not come. The father, though greatly angered, swallowed his wrath and only said: "I don't think we had better tell your mother. In her condition . . . might prove unfortunate."

Meanwhile, nervously, David was attempting to tell about his wife. "I met her when I first went over. A dark-eyed native from the south of France. Vivacious and intellectual. You should hear her amazing attitudes on art."

But hardly had he finished his awkward plea for justification when the father had walked heavily out of the room. He had already decided that the marriage would not be sanctioned. He would see his attorneys. He would treat the French girl as she doubtless deserved.

"A silly infatuation," he told the lawyer that afternoon. "The boy will soon forget. Notify your Paris representatives at once." Which was done, as Yvonne soon learned.

While David was in America waiting the recovery of his mother, eager to return to Yvonne, she received a call from strange attorneys in Paris. With her went Pierre—of the underworld—a rough-cast apache whose one good energy was a love for Yvonne—a love that had begun almost before that of David's. For a long time Pierre had yearned for Yvonne from a distance but with David's departure he became more arrogant and insistant. Yvonne treated his attentions with cold disdain, but did not overlook the fact that he was the one person, outside of David, who would do much for her, if the need came.

Pierre had repeatedly attempted to decry the faithfulness of David, long before he had left even and now that he was gone seemed to await avidly for the time when the girl would find that he was unfaithful.

Thus it happened that when she was summoned to appear before the lawyers, Pierre, who feared they would not give her a square deal, went along. Yvonne was met by an icy representative of the law who informed her that David Lane's parents had ordered them to ask her to withdraw her claim on David. "Unless you do this your husband will be disowned," she was told.

At first the girl was inclined to fight, but when the attorney added that David sanctioned his parents' attitude, then she broke down—while Pierre glared slyly at the legal iceberg before them.

There was a brief moment of disbelief. But the imperturbable eyes of the attorney, as Yvonne stared hopefully at him, did not seem to be lying. She turned to go and the attorney called after her.

"Then you relinquish your claim to your husband?"

But her interrogator might have been a puny archaeologist, shouting questions at the Sphinx for all the answer he received. The attorney was quite out of Yvonne's mind, too trivial to consider. The situation was growing more impossible each moment, she assured herself, passing out of the building. Then she told Pierre, who was secretly enjoying the realization that the American had proven fickle. The child would arrive shortly, and then

Pierre, overwhelmed by the news, now melted into honest concern. Yvonne became hysterical and pleaded with Pierre as her only friend, to stay by her. Later she crouched in a dark corner of the studio, staring dully at the familiar things about her. David's old pipe, a Yankee corn cob, lay cold and dead on a baseboard of an abandoned easel. Yvonne shivered. She must be leaving, now that David was through with her—them.

Yvonne did not survive the grotesque motherhood, but left a girl-image who was to find it exceedingly difficult to preserve her beautiful inheritance in the environment of Pierre and his peo-

ple. But Pierre made good his promise—technically, at least. He took charge of the infant, and after the poignancy of Yvonne's death had passed, was able to think in professional numbers, and to plan for the girl's "career."

As time passed the wily apache learned all that he had suspected, regarding the real condition of the desertion by David. When Yvonne was alive he did not admit his suspicion that David was not to blame. And now that she was dead, he intended to find out. Finding out, he kept the secret from her.

His mother now on the road to health after a seeming unending illness, David boarded ship for England. His father, still silent as to the course he had quietly taken on the marriage, bade him goodbye, feeling in his monstrous ignorance that the youth was well-rid of a non-essential to his career and happiness.

Arriving in Paris, David hurried to the Latin quarter only to be met by a darkened studio, and, later, Pierre. He grabbed the apache by the arm and demanded to know where Yvonne was.

The pickpocket leered at him slyly. "Dead," he said, crudely. "Did you expect her to be well and happy after you had thrown her aside?"

Yvonne was filled with vague uneasiness at his going and David nearly missed his train, giving her the assurance of his speedy return.

David's fingers clutched the Frenchman's throat and he muttered with a shriek in his voice: "Dead? What killed her?"





picturesque and whimsical part of the Paris underworld. Under the coaching arm of Pierre, she learned the many secrets of apache existence. From babyhood up she had been dressed in the garb of the masculine sex. And there were none to even suspicion that under the smutty, ragged man-clothes shimmered the fair white skin of a girl as beautiful and as classic as her mother.

And when she had reached the age of seventeen she met Kent Carew, a young American art student, adopted son of David Lane, a student in his father's old studio. And as is the way in this diminutive old world of ours, he stumbled, first thing, over Toton, daughter of his father. He had hired her as his guide and upon reaching for a coin to pay her with, a small American flag dropped out of his pocket. The girl was instantly aroused. "Bah!" she sneered. "Keep your money. It would bring a curse!"

Kent was smilingly puzzled. Thus did Toton champion the distrust for Americans which Pierre had craftily imbued within her through her childhood. For he feared that some day one of them would come and lure her away from him. So he taught her to always treat the American artists with suspicion.

Kent tried to make the girl explain her reason for the strange action, but she tossed a burned-out cigarette to the pavement and walked off. Kent threw the coin

Yvonne did not survive the grotesque motherhood, but left—in Pierre's care—a daughter.



"Fool!" whispered Pierre, now released and rubbing his throat. And he told him of the coming of the daughter. Then indeed was David overcome by supreme sorrow, anger.

"Where is my daughter?" he demanded.

Now Pierre was suddenly silent. He did not intend giving up the little girl, inasmuch as he had already made extravagant plans for her future. She was to become the greatest pickpocket in the underworld. So he shook his head. "She is dead also!"

Then the pickpocket slunk away, suggesting that he call on his father's Paris attorneys.

Information was what David wanted, demanded—demanded to know why this had been kept from him; and if his father had been meddling. A jabbering, excited lawyer, trying to smother the rising fire within the American's heart, said: "Your father thought you'd soon forget."

Soon forget! . . . The utter imbeciles. . . . His father must have been mad to cut them apart as he had. And to think that Yvonne had died, thinking him indifferent. After lingering over a weed-covered grave, David locked some memories in his heart, and vowing to never marry again, returned listlessly to America.

Oblivious to the lure of any finer way of living, placid and unquestioning, the child of Yvonne and David Lane became a

at her feet. And later, when he saw her opening the pocket-book of an innocent bystander at a news stall, he grabbed her arm.

"You're just a thief," he admonished frankly. "But I am going to make a man of you!" Then, leading the girl toward his studio entrance, he went on. "I am going to need someone to clean up my place and be generally useful. It may not be very nice work but it is better than picking pockets."

Toton went with Kent, not because she was impressed by the opportunity to be honest, but out of curiosity.

Once the two had become really acquainted however, Toton grew to like him and Kent to like her; though, naturally enough, he was bewildered by the dawn of his affection for her. As time passed she cared less and less for the crudity of apache existence and more and more for the finer, cleaner life of this American. Perhaps it was the haunting ghost-presence of her mother that made Toton so at ease about the studio; at any rate she soon came to forget that she was bound to Pierre and his ways of iniquity. The real nature of the girl fused to the surface under the gentle, unconscious encouragement of the good-blooded American. As the months passed a splendid friendship sprang up between them. During his long stretches of work on his canvases, Kent found great amusement and diversion in the chattering of Toton, who



lounge about on pieces of furniture never intended to be sat upon, puffing gracefully, femininely, on cigarettes and speaking of the quartier characters as though each of them owed her money. There was a marked artistic appreciation alive within the Toton's head, Kent noted, that was distinctly not alien in its qualities. He could imagine the frail, sensitive fingers tracing marvelous lines and touching bewitching shadows onto d e a d canvases. Yet, paradoxically, Toton was not inclined to take



Toton

**N**ARRATED, with permission, from the photoplay of the same name, written by Catharine Carr, directed by Frank Borzage, and produced by Triangle with this cast:  
 Toton ..... Olive Thomas  
 Lane ..... Norman Kerry  
 Carew ..... Jack Perrin  
 Pierre ..... Francis McDonald

art seriously. And as time passed she thought less and less of Pierre. One day she wandered back into her old haunts and found Pierre and his gang, lounging about in a low cellar. Although she had deluded herself into believing that this visit was a mere casual one, yet she knew that she was half-minded to make it one of great moment: denouncement of her whole past life. She had tasted deeply of respectability, honesty, and now she wanted none of that which was not. Pierre grabbed her by the shoulder and whirled her around.

"Where have you been?" he demanded. Toton was defiant. "Why do you ask?" she smiled, bantering.

Pierre's face darkened. He sensed the truth. "The damned American, eh?"

"Perhaps, *cheri*," she retorted. "A fine fellow, for sure." She thought quickly and then decided. "I just came back to tell you that I'm through with this life, Pierre."

Toton looked slowly about her and although the place and the faces were all familiar, she did not feel a spark of regret over giving them up. "I—I have decided that I won't steal any more," she said slowly, earnestly.

The pickpocket leered at her angrily. "Don't tell me why," he said excitedly. "It's that artist. As though I had never said a word to you about their perfidy. As though I had never warned you that the artists who come here are as deadly as poison!"

Toton smiled blandly at him, as he held his head close to her face, shadowed under the piquant cap that hid glorious bobbed hair. His maledictions had no effect on her. She turned and would have gone, but Pierre called to her and she waited for him just outside. He wished to try and hold her—Toton, the super-pickpocket, the midas-fingered of all the apaches.

She now looked at Pierre with repugnance where used to hover amused toleration, lyric acceptance of the looseness of his ilk.

"Listen to me," he muttered. And then he told his story of Toton's genesis. It was not a pretty story as he told it—neither pretty nor true. That she was astounded goes without saying. And all the venom Pierre had engendered against David Lane for having stolen his heart's desire went into painting this story a fearful malediction against the American artists. For

Pierre was making a last stand in his fight to retain the girl in his gang.

Pierre told of his love affair with Yvonne, justifying it and painting the American, whom he did not name, as the intruder who had turned the girl's head from real affection. Then of the marriage, the departure for America, the amazing desertion and finally, the birth of Toton and the death of her mother.

After a long silence, Toton addressed Pierre. "Do you think, Pierre—that, had my father known me, he would have loved me?"

Pierre, his tongue now well oiled for deceit, spoke fiercely. "Had he known you? He *did* know you! But can you say he loved you when he returned to France and looked right into your baby face as you lay in your cradle, and then walked out and went back to America, knowing that by leaving you here in my care you would necessarily be subjected to the greatest of hardships? That was his love!"

Toton was aghast. This turned her mock-hatred into something nearer the real. Yet, as she walked slowly out—still determined to go—she fought off any tendency to put David in the class with her father.

In the early summer of 1914, David Lane returned to France. He had come to paint his greatest masterpiece in the quiet and seclusion of a chateau. Moreover, astounding his colleagues in art, he was to work without a model. "From memory," he said tersely, and a little sadly. And his friends waited for the completion of this masterpiece. Not even the rumblings of the generating European war could detract him from his obsession. For, as he worked, Imperial Germany was spinning the hemp that was four years later to hang itself.

Kent was overjoyed to see his father, of course, and took Toton along with him to the country place. Toton was not particularly eager to go, for she veered away from Americans, other than Kent. And with David Lane were a group of his countrymen, all artists. Deep in Toton's heart burned a vague desire to harm these men in some way, in the hopes that it would relieve her accumulating hatred against the clan of her

(Continued on page 108)

Toton looked at the familiar faces below, yet she did not feel a spark of regret over giving them all up.





# What Would You Say? *A Grouchologue by Douglas MacLean*



1— If after working sixteen hours at a stretch you received a call for 5:30 a. m. the next morning



4— And after waiting five hours for the director to appear, he dismissed the company because the light was bad.



2— And you deserted the downy couch at 4:30 a. m. so as to be at the studio on time



5— Then upon arriving home and settling yourself very comfortably you received a call to come to the studio that night to work under the lights



3— And when you arrived found nobody there but the night watchman



6— And when you got there the electrician said, "no work tonight. Lightless night!!"

*Then would you still want to be a screen player?*



# Me

By Nell Shipman

**A**LL my life I have wanted to write a press story about myself containing all the personal pronouns I could possibly squeeze into it. It has ever been my determination to type the little I's and the big I's until the printers ran out of 'em. Modesty has kept me from accomplishing my desire, until now—when I have been asked to write an autobiography. I assure you that I do not intend to neglect this opportunity. Out with you little I's and big I's! For once I can type all the I's of Me!

I haven't a hope that the I's will be printed. A manager, a press agent, an editor, a proof reader, a blue pencil, and a pair of shears will see to that but, in the meanwhile, I shall enjoy I.

## Memories

In an autobiography, one must always begin with one's memories. My earliest recollection of I is of hiding behind a trunk in an attick and planning my own funeral with all the details of white flowers, black-plumed hearse, and mourning relatives. Said relatives having denied me the bliss of climbing on the roof or eating green apples I, in revenge, had up and died! Then, I realized that I would not be in personal attendance at my own funeral and the heaped ashes and grief of the cruel relatives would be wasted upon cold clay—so I decided to live. I have been glad of it ever since.

My second memory is of a dusty, sun-flecked road in an Indian village, 'way up the Alaskan coast where my father grew a salmon cannery. There was a dog fight—a mere matter of some dozen or so large, ferocious, fish-fed, he-dog Huskies. Into the snapping, snarling mess of dog walked—I. When my family approached to collect a few souvenirs they found me sitting in the center of the meeting, my arms encircling two of the Huskies while I delivered a pacifist sermon upon the evils of warfare.

From these two remembrances I attribute two clauses in my contract with myself; viz.: an ability to work myself up into an emotion, and sob large, juicy tears in 60 seconds (record studio time) and a profound love for canines, be they pets or performers.

"My dream," says Nell Shipman, "is that someday I may go up into Canada . . . and make big human outdoor pictures." Above and below: Miss Shipman in two "outdoor" characterizations.

*There are Eyes of Blue;  
There are Brown Eyes, too—  
Yet the I's I see  
Are the I's of Me!*

I was born in Victoria, B. C. (that stands for British Columbia, not a date in Ancient History) My people are English and were Pioneers. They came to Victoria late in the '80's, armed with tents, cook stoves, spinning wheels, bowie knives and six-shooters, determined to wrest a living from the Redman at all hazards. Of course, the only Redman they saw was a tenderfoot who had got sun-burned, and the cook stoves and tents had to be exchanged for a steam-heated apartment, but Dad made the spinning wheel into a bicycle, and the hardware looked nice on the walls of the den, so that was all right.

Then came I—October (dash dash). When I was thirteen I got the Bug—the Stage Bug. My mother, a sensible woman, forgot the Family Tree, locked up the Crested Plate, and said, "Go to it." I went. To a dramatic school, where I pursued the Bug for six months at the end of which time I caught him by the tail as he whisked through Seattle in the shape of a show which had lost its Leading Lady. No—I was not dashed to fame in the lost one's place, but the ingenue was promoted and I got the ingenue job. Also \$20.00 a week and Experience. The show was called "At Yale," and Paul Gilmore was the star. I tackled vaudeville later on, playing a minor song and dance part in a musical act. Then I joined a musical comedy company. I got my first real experience with a "Rep" show which played three night and week stands through the great North West. "Them was the days!" I was fifteen years old but so tall that I out-grew the soubrette parts and played all the leads. In one week I have been "Camille," "Sappho," "Zaza," "Young Mrs. Warrington" and "La Belle Marie." I would study one character, rehearse another, and play the third. When I was sixteen I went to Alaska at the head of a company of my own. (There should be a sub-title inserted here to read, "Sixteen—and a Star!") Returning to the States I was starred in a play written for me, called, "The Girl from Alaska." Finally I was given "Necia" in Rex Beach's play, "The Barrier." My first part in pictures was "The Woman" in "God's Country and the Woman," a part very similar to "Necia."

In the lapse of time between stage and screen, I learned to write scenarios. My first one got a prize. The following dozen did not. I wrote the first picture to be produced in Australia and spent a month in the New York Public Library, getting "atmosphere." "Under the Crescent," which appeared as a book, a serial, and a song, took two months' study. During this







In the movies, according to Miss Shipman, the director, instead of "Can you act?" asks, "Can you look it?" This camera-study of "Me" leaves no doubt as to the verdict.

"literary" period I became interested in "Feminism," "Socialism," and other "Isms." I wrote constantly. short stories, sketches, articles, poems, scenarios, and so forth. I wore tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses and lived in a studio but, praise be, I did not "bob" my hair.

#### Remarks

When the chance for pictures came I learned the importance of "type." The director quite casually asked me, after everything else had been signed, sealed, and delivered: "Can you act?" In pictures they put the cart before the horse. Instead of, "Can you act it?" they say, "Do you look it?"

I've played for Vitagraph, Fox, and Lasky. Once I went to the West Indies to write a book. Another time I went down to Havana and wrote a scenario.

And now: My Dream. It's a very real one to me. It is that some day I may go up into Canada, to the waterways of the Hudson Bay territory, to the great plains of the Middle West, and to the mountains and forests of the coasts, and make big human outdoor pictures.

I love Havana. It did not seem a far cry from the lovely Spanish-American city to my own adopted home of Los Angeles and only a step from there back into pictures. I made six features in as many months, my favorite of them being another story of the Canadian Wilds: "Baree, Son of Kazan." And now I have my own company—it's the Shipman-Curwood Producing Company, and we are making picturizations of James Oliver Curwood's stories. I have never met Mr. Curwood, except by correspondence.

## The Terrible Consequences

By Justin Fair

I'M never going to take my wife to movies any more,  
The consequences of the habit really I deplore;  
I used to go quite frequently, most ev'ry other night;  
But patronizing cinemas has caused this sorry plight:

My life is ruled by standards of the moving picture screen—  
The moods my Missus cultivates depict a movie queen;  
She wears her hair like Pickford, and she has a Bara stare;  
She dresses some like Barriscale, and has Mae Murray's air;

She smiles like Alice Brady, and affects Pearl White's *blase*;  
She has the Castle walk down pat, and mimics Minter's way;  
When scornful, she delights to hand me Dalton's wide-eyed  
look,  
My house is like a studio, my life reads like a book.

When she is vexed at trifles, as Petrova she appears,  
And when, egad!—she's jealous, she pulls Virgie Pearson  
tears;  
Her heart and soul, I fear, are most emotionally wrung.  
For frequently she favors me with Clara Kimball Young!

#### ENVOI:

But in retaliation I have planned a vengeance neat.  
I'm going to copy Sennett and hurl custard at my Sweet;  
I'm going to muss up scenery till my career is nipped.  
And life around my hut ain't like a moving picture script!





Gentle

# Who Made America Musical?—

For the answer, read the opening paragraph of the argument below

By Hugo Riesenfeld

(EDITOR'S NOTE: — Mr. Riesenfeld, whose portrait appears above, is the exceptionally brilliant director of the finest photoplay orchestra in the world: the band of sixty men in the Rialto Theatre, New York City. His interpretations have become a standard attraction to visiting music-lovers from both Americas, and from Europe as well. The prime mover in the Rialto's music, however, is manager Samuel Rothapel, who organized this great orchestra, and directs it himself at not-infrequent intervals.)

and I have not thought it worth while to debate for a moment whether America is or is not musical. There is no doubt about it. For ten years, unconsciously, they have been hearing Verdi, Bizet, Tosti, Sullivan, Nevin, Puccini, Ofienbach—every man, Italian, French, English or American—who has written music worth while. And, just as unconsciously, the American people are demanding music of that standard today in every situation that requires melody.

The majority of these educators of a great people have been humble young women not even proficient as solo performers. Individually, they can hardly hope to get their names into the local papers unless they marry or die; collectively, their influence is greater, their teaching far more enduring, than the influence or teaching of the greatest conductor, the most celebrated composer, the most sensational virtuoso, who ever came to American shores. With their violins, their pianos or their pipe organs, they have put enough *real music* before the American people to create a national appetite for real music as well as our beloved domestic product of rhymed discords, "jazz." This, you might say, is primary education.

In every large city, in the last few years, the finer motion picture houses have established orchestras; orchestras frequently close to genuine symphonic structure, and very creditably conducted, with their numbers interspersed with high-class singing.

This, you might say again, is college education.

And what a college education! What the brave but isolated concert orchestras of the country have been trying to do for America for years, the photoplay orchestras, playing every night and every afternoon to great popular-priced audiences, seem destined to bring about: namely, an understanding not only of real music, but of real music in its very finest form.

THE motion picture theatres and the talking-machines.

I do not hesitate a moment in giving the photoplay houses first place. While the talking machine got the start on them, a talking machine might be described as something every family buys and promptly forgets. We are all crazy for records—until we get them, and then the dust collects on the mahogany box, or it is put in the attic, or is played only occasionally, when the household "has company."

On the other hand, the picture playhouse is not put aside except in a time of influenza epidemic, and night after night, week after week, year after year, that steady, unconscious drive at our better artistic senses goes on.

I put a question as the title of these reflections,





When her aunt didn't believe in her talent for impersonation she donned widow's weeds, a veil, a cracked voice—and fooled the household. Then she was helped in her quest of a manager. And did the manager give her a job? He did not.

# One's Blue and One's Brown

*The camera, in photographing Colleen Moore's eyes, had lied. But, though lying, it really spoke the truth*

By  
Arabella  
Boone

**Y**OU never can tell about a moving picture camera. You've heard how it can make a famous stage beauty lose her self-possession and pile on twenty years. Then photograph a very ordinary-looking flapper to look like a million dollars. The camera lies . . . and lies.

However, this is a pleasant story—the story of a little girl to whom the camera was not cruel, but kind. Kathleen Emerson came from Port Huron (Michigan). Those of you who know Port Huron will not wonder why Kathleen came from there. Port Huron boasted a screen or two; and Kathleen used to spend all the time she could steal from school in a picture show, watching wide-eyed the animated anthology of events and emotions. This alliteration did not, however, confuse Kathleen as it might confuse you and me—Kathleen made up her mind right at the start—she would be a movie star!

With Kathleen, her ambition was as good as realized. She visited her aunt and uncle in Chicago. Scrummaging one day among old trunks in the attic, she found an old black gown and widow's veil. She dressed herself up and rang at the front door. In a cracked voice she told the maid she was a poor old woman who had lost her husband and her son and needed work. She succeeded in gaining admittance, and told her story all over again to her aunt, coaxing large salt drops to that good lady's eyes. Then Kathleen, dramatically revealing herself, confessed her predilection for pursuing this sort of thing as a profession; and when her aunt proved genuinely sympathetic, visioned herself on the screen in character parts, in 1909.

Kathleen and her aunt visited a certain producer. He regarded Kathleen kindly. "You would be an excellent screen subject," he remarked; "except—" pausing—"for your eyes. One's blue, and one's brown. The camera would take the brown one dark; blue photographs light. It wouldn't do, you see."

Kathleen, as she listened, saw all her beautiful dreams crumbling to dust and herself journeying back to Port Huron. "Let's—let's go," she said to her aunt.

But it wasn't very long before resilient youth asserted itself. Kathleen decided to try again. The next time they let her have some tests made. And—the camera caught Kathleen's brown eye and Kathleen's blue

eye and registered them the same—both dark, sparkling, and beautiful. The camera, captivated, had lied; but, in lying had really told the truth about Kathleen.

She served a brief apprenticeship at Essanay Extras. She used to practice crying, going back and forth from the Argyle Street studios.

Then—D. W. Griffith came to Chicago. Kathleen met him;—confided to him her stellar ambitions.

D. W. gave her a contract to play in his Fine Arts-Triangle productions.

Kathleen came west; became Colleen Moore; played in "The Bad Boy," with Bobby Harron; and in "Hands Up!" with Wilfred Lucas.

Then came the pause in Colleen's career. Griffith went abroad. Kathleen continued to draw her salary. For six months. But there was nothing for her to do. She became restless;—dissatisfied. She wanted to work.

So when Colonel Selig, wondering where he could find a girl to typify the heroines of James Whitcomb Riley, came across Colleen, he asked her to sign a contract with him. Colleen Kathleen jumped at the chance and right into popularity as the heroine of "A Hoosier Romance." Next she will be "Little Orphant Annie."

Colleen is seventeen. She is convent-bred; has boundless ambition, burnished-brown hair, and considerable talent for sculpture and painting. It is still rather inexplicable to her family that she can so ably counterfeit the emotions of a girl in love, grief, or adversity. For Kathleen herself has led an almost sequestered life, and seems to build her characterizations rather on intuition than observation or experience. She isn't a bit conceited about it—except that she's always known she could act if given a chance.

She lives in Hollywood with her mother and grandmother, and right now, between pictures, she is enjoying with the two of them a motor trip through Southern California.

Inasmuch as Colleen-Kathleen is much like any other normal little girl, occupied principally with just being herself, there's not much else to say—except that if there's any superstition concerning different colored eyes, it's that the person possessing them is sure, just sure to succeed.





# What We Eat!

Through the educational motion picture we are learning more and more about foodstuffs



By E. O. Blackburn



**I**N 1870, during the Franco-Prussian war, Napoleon III offered a great prize to anyone who would produce a substitute for butter, which commodity was alarmingly scarce.

Meges Mouries, a great French chemist of that period, experimented with caul fat (taken from beef) and discovered the presence of butterfat. With this he mixed vegetable oils and milk and eventually produced the first oleomargarine.

What, you are dying to ask, has all this to do with motion pictures?

A great deal—today. People are being told all there is to be known about oleomargarine—by motion pictures. They are being instructed in its utter cleanliness and food values so that they who must economize may buy butter equivalents without feeling that they are cheating their stomach or endangering their health.

It is propaganda—there goes that word again—propaganda of the finest sort. Progressive men of the food-producing industry and progressive men of the educational and industrial film industry are joining hands and ingenuity toward showing the consumer what it is he is eating.

This is but one more of the great whitecaps on the wave of educational film progress. That people are interested in knowing what they are eating was realized as early as those quaint days when your favorite vaudeville house preambled their bill with a hundred foot flickerfilm showing salmon-fishing off the New England coast.

Today, the source of food forms a great field of educational motion picture material. The producers of foodstuffs, proud of the quality of their food, are eager to show the people what they are offering. They are coming to know that the impressive way to prove to the public that their article is meritorious is to show him. They also realize that the blasé movie-goer is trained to expect an intelligent production—and this realization is helping to boost the high grade of industrials.

Many of the great food-producing industries are adopting this form of education.

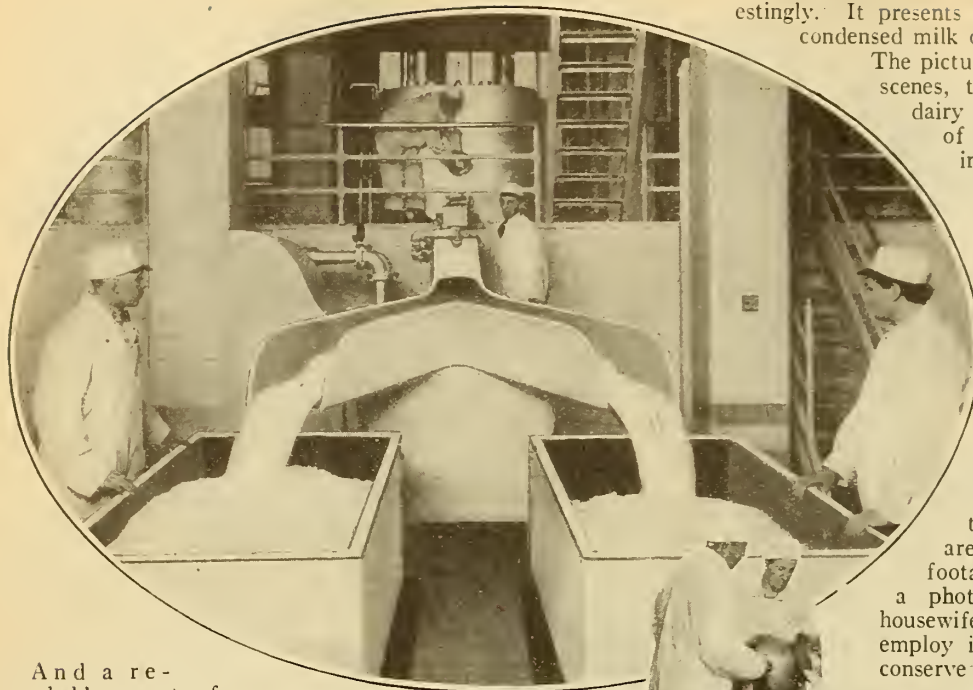


Above—Mixing the oils and milk in the oleomargarine process. Notice the appearance of utter cleanliness throughout the immense network of machinery.

Photos of the Armour oleomargarine plant taken by Rothacker Film Mfg. Co.

“Merry-go-rounds” wherein the composition of milk and oils is relieved of its excess moisture and where the salt is added.





And a remarkable part of this new school of industrial films is that exhibitors are coming to realize that they are rich in human interest and therefore that their patrons will be glad to see them.

Speaking of human interest, consider, for instance, the oleomargarine film mentioned at the beginning of this story. The entire length of this picture is greatly fascinating. Opening with Napoleon's demand for a substitute for butter, it shows a true-to-history insight into the laboratories where chemists experimented, and finally shows the triumph of Mege's Mouture. Out of this interesting background fades in the mammoth oleomargarine industry of today.

The picture shows in every detail the manufacture of it. It plays importantly on all features of food values and cleanliness. It hammers into the observer's mind at every foot, the utter wholesomeness of the materials used as well as the sanitary manner of combining them.

This picture employs thirty-five titles and thirty-seven scenes. It is truly an educational feature worthy of a place on the program of the most pretentious theatre.

It tells its story completely and inter-

estingly. It presents a visualization of the production of condensed milk omitting not a single detail. The picture opens with some beautiful pastoral scenes, thence to the modern and sanitary dairy barns, the milking processes and care of the cows. These scenes are followed in continuity with delivery to the condenser, the treatment of the milk there before and after condensing. Then, by means of a cleverly constructed title, the picture breaks to the can-making industry and shows how much machinery and very little manual labor produces 125,000 cans in a single day.

From the can factory the picture cuts back to the condenser where the filling, sealing and packing is shown. Following this the filled cans are followed by the camera back to the laboratory where tests for uniformity and food value are made. Shipping scenes in short footage preceded a kitchen scene where a photographic demonstration shows the housewife, who appreciates sanitation, how to employ it in cooking and at the same time conserve sugar.

We could mention any number of organizations that are producing, or having produced, films that will show the people what they are eating.

Essays not so long since completed half a dozen reels of pictures showing proper cooking and the wise selection of materials. Wilson & Company, H. J. Heinz, Postum Cereal, and many other great food-producers are preparing and circulating reels of film.

Progressive producers of industrial films realize that the field for showing of these films is expanding daily; that whereas in years gone by their films would lay in dust on shelves until,

through some call from the curious, it would be projected in some semi-technical conference. They are realizing that the schools, colleges, churches and clubs are all coming to install motion-picture-showing equipment and that they are doing so for the purpose of spreading enlightenment on any number of topics.

The average person of today is really interested in knowing more about what he uses, wears and eats—particularly what he puts into his precious stomach. He wants it shown to him—clearly and comprehensively. Yet he wants it briefly. This is what the educational-industrial is doing and will do on a greater scale.

### Ask This Department

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theatres.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures. (Send stamped envelope).

Address: Educational Department  
Photoplay Magazine, Chicago

## How Some Wild West Stories Are Committed

**SCENARIO ED.** "Now it's a story for Bill Bart, our sweet-rough cow-puncher."  
**Stenog.** "I was to the Dreamland last night, and I saw—"

**Scenario Ed.** "The last time, we had Bill marry the girl, and we got so many letters about his sacrificing his Art for the story, that this time we'd better have him go away off into the desert and die."

**Stenog.** "All right. I saw—"

**Scenario Ed.** "And then the fans all pity him and say—"

**Stenog. (continuing):** "And he's an outlaw and the posse are after him and they track him down to a little village called 'Death's Gulch' and the daughter of the poor dying prospector comes across him and she's sweet and pure so she says I'll save you and she hides him and the posse comes and surrounds the house and the father is dying and they gotta hava doctor and so Bill he says I'll go out and get one and he sneaks out the back way and crawls under the house and gets to his horse

and the posse sees him and shoots after him but they can't reach him and so they say We'll wait here till he comes back so they get Bill but he shoots himself instead and crawls away into the desert and the girl marries an old school-mate from Back East whose father had finally located her father to give him a legacy after years and years and sent his son out west to reform and find the girl—"

**Scenario Ed.** "Great! We'll use it. Got an original twist to it—you know? We'll call the hero, 'Cactus McCree—'"

**Stenog.** "But—"

**Scenario Ed.** "And the girl is 'Little Margy, the heroine of half the Valley.' And we'll work in a bad man somewhere—he's in love with her, see, and—"

**Stenog.** "Let me in, will you? I say, I saw all that I was telling you down to the Dreamland last night in a picture."

**Scenario Ed.** "S'all right. Take this now—'Scene 1—Iris in on a stretch of desert, with our hero stumbling, half-dead, over the cacti—'"  
(Fade-out)



# What *the* Neighbors Know

about Gwendolyn Holubar's mother, whom the press-agents call Dorothy Phillips

**F**OR a real summary of people don't look at their press-notices or on their tombstones. The people who meet them in the routine process of their daily lives, when they aren't made up or acting up, can give you the real facts about them.

For instance, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Holubar, who live in Hollywood. Mr. Holubar is a Universal director and actor whom you know pretty well. Mrs. Holubar is an actress whom you know even better, as Dorothy Phillips.

One of the most prominent neighborhood acquaintances, to begin with, is Gwendolyn. With an emotional actress for a mother Gwendolyn should, as a matter of heredity, be a shy, sensitive, nervous creature considerably given to moonbeams and dreaming. As a matter of fact, Gwendolyn is as much of a rough-neck and tomboy as any iceman's child, and her mother says she dreams very little because she's too tired to do anything at sleeptime but pound her ear right into complete unconsciousness. Gwendolyn is encouraged by her mother in the fine and psychologic arts of roller-skating, baseball and go-carting, but as far as being a child prodigy in other lines is concerned she hasn't even commenced to begin. Wouldn't the world be a lot better off, one wonders, with *all* the piece-speaking wonders out playing baseball with their mammas?

And the neighbors also know: Miss Phillips made her stage debut in 1909, and has played in "Mary Jane's Pa," "Everywoman," and other theatrical productions. She made her film debut in 1911, in "The Rosary," a one-reel Essanay subject, playing opposite Francis X. Bushman, then, also, making his film beginning. Her first Universal was "The Man Who Lost and Won."



Mrs. Holubar, training her daughter for eventual service in the Motor Transport Corps. Incidentally, Gwendolyn is encouraged by her mother in fine arts like roller skating and baseball, but not in such rough pastimes as speaking pieces.



# The Art of John Barrymore

Also, something about the life and personality of the most distinguished young American actor.

By  
Julian  
Johnson



THIS main title herewith makes its debut in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

To draw up the old typewriter and flatly announce that you will write about "the art" of somebody is one hundred percent dangerous, or downright silly.

It sounds like the verbal fudge of the girl reporter who has been let onto the back of the stage for the first time, and suffers a mental breakdown accordingly.

Here is a commonplace, untemperamental young American who towers above every other actor of the day in his ability to present a genuine young man—of any one of our current civilizations from Iowan to Bolshevik—in a manner absolutely true to life, whether that life is a chromo of comedy or a grim gray vestment of tragedy and fate.

People who are always finding reasons for things will tell you that John Barrymore is to the manor born, the ultimate flower on the bush of a great theatrical family. This means something, but nothing in particular. Maurice Barrymore was a brilliant and versatile actor a generation ago, but the law of inheritance—half-brother to the law of compensation and the law of averages—is rather against his son's manifestation of positive genius. Great men seldom have great sons. In the whole history of our stage I can recall but one other example so singular and pronounced: Junius Brutus Booth, and his son Edwin.

Barrymore *filis* appeared as Max in "Magda," and starred in "Toddles," and attracted general attention in that very successful play of American pep, "The Fortune Hunter." But it was in "The Affairs of Anatol," a rather disconnected string of episodes by one of our late enemies—Dr. Arthur Schnitzler, of Vienna—that he struck the Barrymore streak of keen, quiet, perfect perception. Anatol is a whimsical gallant of our period, rather true to the general modern mould in that his amorous performances never matched his intentions—a grand lover in theory and a poor fish in practice. There was nothing startling in the play made from Anatol's eternally uncompleted romances, but from the stage loomed—as clearly as though an artist had drawn a line of Chinese-white about him against a dark background—a thoroughly identifiable human being.

For a good many days I was sorry I went to see Galsworthy's "Justice," that ringing protest against the cold steel wheels of the law. I felt like a man who has seen a horrible accident—and for weeks thereafter tries to mislay his memory. Everywhere I beheld poor Falder, the clerk who was not a had man but only one of the world's little fellows, trying to be a big fellow. Falder's gray, pinched face; the hopeless look in his eyes; his cheap little love, kindled by a star and burning like a cigar-butt; his bad-to-worse imprison-

In "Justice"—Falder's gray, pinched face; the hopeless look in his eyes; his cheap love—here was a slice of life's tough meat, served raw.





Above, John Barrymore in "The Man from Mexico." At the left on opposite page, a scene from "On the Quiet," in which he made his re-appearance on the screen.

John Barrymore in "Redemption," thus re-titled from Tolstoi's "Living Corpse."



ment, and the only happy ending possible—his suicide—here was a slice of life's tough meat, served raw.

Yet Falder, and Anatol, were both . . . Barrymore.

When DuMaurier's "Peter Ibbetson" came to the lamps of the theatre John was elected to this romantic, vivid, old-world role. Here lay the glamour of a splendid character, the unlit red fires of an unfired manhood. Barrymore was electric in his virile, dominant revelation of this vital individual.

Last fall Arthur Hopkins, a New York play producer whose general dramatic vision is as broad as his motion picture opinions are restricted and petty, determined to stage Tolstoi's "Living Corpse." Not under that ghastly title, but with the more optimistic name, "Redemption." He demanded of the Barrymore who so fully appreciated the varnished phallicisms of Schnitzler, understood the deep English heart of Galsworthy, and throbbed with the real romance of DuMaurier a fourth test of versatility: an x-ray portrait of a Russian of Russians. He got it. The weird hero of "Redemption" is an aristocrat of indigo blood, unhappy at home, finding a brilliant though superficial happiness in a gypsy camp, sinking lower and lower in his bog of soul-sterility, plunging to forgetfulness in eventual physical degradation, and finally redeeming himself by giving his almost-forgotten wife legal release and rehabilitation—according to the code of the ancient regime—by his own death. The play is not an especially good one and never will be a popular entertainment, but John Barrymore's performance in it has been hailed as the finest artistic triumph of the year.

This is the man who, wearing the first laurel of genuine fame for his great performance in "Justice," proclaimed to his crowd of star interviewers that the screen had taught him many of his most valuable lessons; that to be a screen actor was an artist's privilege, not an actor's monetary sideline, and that he did not propose to abandon the photoplay whatever the demands of the speaking stage.

All ye little fish who get a Broadway job on a camera rep—and then turn a glassy eye on the glass house that made you—please write!

The photoplays of this celebrated, serious actor have reflected his whimsical humor and his almost inspired facility in getting the true spirit of comedy into celluloid pantomime. His first was "An American Citizen," and the rest of his list includes "The Man From Mexico," "The Dictator," "Are You a Mason," "Nearly a King," "The Lost Bridegroom," "The Red Widow," and "On the Quiet." He is now doing "Here Comes the Bride." Some day he is going to get a lifelike combination of the emotional Grand Alliance—humor, pathos, and power—and stun the profession.

I can best describe the real John Barrymore by saying that he is the most commonplace son of fortune who ever lived. He has never known anything but an atmosphere of distinction, archducal society in

(Continued on page 107)

White





**T**HERE seem to be express trains running nowadays between Cameraville and Stagetown. Residents of these well-known and more or less artistic burgs are flying back and forth—some for long visits, some for brief calls. Alice Brady, who left Cameraville a good many weeks ago, seems to be in Stagetown for the winter, and maybe longer than that. Here are studies of her in two phases of her new play of the theatre, "Forever After," which is a genuine Broadway success. Her leading man is Conrad Nagel.

Photos by White



# My Experience in An Academy of Motion Picture Art

*Out of which, for two dollars, the writer received two dollars in fun — and nothing else.*

By Elizabeth Peltret

**B**ETWEEN Mr. L. Ormsby and myself there should be no hard feelings. He gave me \$2.00 worth of fun, and I gave him \$2.00 in cash. Also, we exchanged about an even amount of original fiction. Not only that, but I am going to compliment him. He is a good teacher.

Launcelot Ormsby is "director general" of "The National Academy of Photo-Play Arts" which he also calls "The Standard Institution of Screen Education in America" and "The Cinema Experts."

All of these impressive titles are camouflage. He is the whole academy, and he is no expert.

Of course, he says in his advertisements that he has had "years of experience in motion picture work—acting, directing and teaching" and that he will give his students practical help by introducing them to casting directors when they have finished their course, which, by the way, they must pay \$60.00 for in advance.

This sounds as though he might be an expert and this is the truth, as far as it goes.

He has been an actor—in stock on the stage—and he can give his pupils letters of introduction to "casting directors."

The only trouble is that I have not been able to find one single director—casting or otherwise—in Los Angeles has ever heard of him, so that the letters would merely serve to create a deep prejudice against the pupils.

So far as Mr. Launcelot Ormsby is concerned, this is, no doubt, a mere detail. He does not give class lessons so that his pupils do not talk with each other and anyway, it is improbable that anybody has, as yet, been graduated.

As for his directorial experience, the companies he claims to have worked with have been out of existence so long that his references cannot be verified.

However, I am a head of my story.

I was first attracted to Mr. L. Ormsby by the subtle suggestion of gold and fame which pervaded his advertisement.

Such statements as "—profitable engagements presented by Southern California where over 80 per cent of the producing companies of the United States are located" and "If you possess histrionic talent—either latent or apparent—we can help you develop that talent and make it a valuable asset" and "Our system of instruction is heartily recommended by many of the most successful men and women of the Cinema World—and is the only course of instruction endorsed by leading 'Professional Magazines'" proved decidedly alluring, so I went to see him at the "academy," suite 316 Exchange Building, Los Angeles.

I did not, however, go as a representative of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. On the contrary, I took an entirely fictitious name and went as a prospective pupil. I did this because PHOTOPLAY had not endorsed him and I was afraid his feelings might have been hurt.

He has an impressive looking office, has Mr. L. Ormsby. In one corner of the room hangs a frame containing several short pieces of film—so short that they could hardly be run through a projecting machine unless spliced together. On the top of his desk is a megaphone. When I entered, he was sitting gracefully at the desk, his right hand toying with a pencil and his left cupped easily under his chin: he might have just become aware of the signal which in the theater means "Curtain."

I registered bashfulness.

"I want to inquire," I said, "about your course in motion picture acting."

He smiled sweetly.

"Yes," he said, "wont you sit down?"

I sat. He became very serious.

Impressively, he asked me about previous experience. Amateur dramatics? High school? (An approving nod.) "Ah!"

I registered great delight that he should approve of my experience. He became instantly grave again.

He explained that he could not undertake to accept me as a pupil until after my first lesson.

(This was my cue to look anxious and at the same time greatly impressed. I don't want to throw bouquets at myself, but I'll admit that I succeeded in this nobly. I always did think that I could act.)

He added that everything depended on my talent — everything. I looked happy again. The initial lesson cost two dollars.

"The course is regularly a hundred," he explained, "but we have a very special rate on for this week only. If you deposit the two dollars for your initial lesson now it will hold the rate for you.

"Another thing—(if possible, he became even more impressive than before)—I wouldn't want you to say anything about this; but I am putting on a picture myself and if you start right away, I will be able to get you into it! Think of that! An actual screen appearance right away; and I will positively take no more pupils for less than a hundred. What an advantage for you!"

I handed him the two dollars quickly. He conveyed the impression that he was doing me a great favor in accepting it! Certainly, he is something of an artist in his line—though moving picture acting is not his line.

As to the picture he is going to put on; he plans on having



"I handed him the two dollars and he conveyed the impression that he was doing me a great favor in accepting it."



it two reels in length, he will direct it himself; and practically everybody in it will have paid a good round sum for the privilege of seeing themselves on the screen, which is about all they will get for their money. It is improbable that anyone else will see them.

However, to return to my first lesson, I agreed to give him \$60.00 if he should find that I was capable of making a success before the camera. I explained that I couldn't afford to work with so much, but that I felt I was investing, not spending it. He agreed.

"One of my pupils is now earning \$90.00 a week," he said. "She was in here the other day thanking me for the help I was able to give her."

I registered envy. This was easy; who does not admire flawless fiction?

With L. Ormsby leading, we crossed a hallway to a room which was empty save for a dressing table and two chairs.

In turn I "registered" anger, disappointment, fear, hope and surprise, all in the conventional manner. I may say that I have watched a great many notable directors at work, but never have I seen aught like that. His "method" may be found in any book on elocution. It is all right; as far as it goes, but it wouldn't go in a picture.

"How would you express love?" he said, adding, "Let me have your own idea!"

I stood awkwardly in the center of the room and thought with obvious intentness.

"Wouldn't you put your hands over your heart and sigh?" I asked doubtfully.

"If that is your own idea," he remarked, beaming on me. "it is really remarkable for a first lesson! Yes, you would put your hands over your heart and sigh! Try it now; ah, you were right in thinking that you could act!"

"Of course," I said, registering inquiry. "I would stand more chance of earning a really big salary if I were pretty?"

He made a deprecatory gesture and then registered encouragement.

"Make-up, you know," he suggested. "Make-up changes one's appearance a great deal; and then beauty isn't everything. You would hardly call W. S. Hart beautiful, would you?"

I wouldn't. The comparison was apt, though my style of beauty is not quite so manly as is Mr. Hart's.

Needless to say, his system is not "heartily recommended by many of the most successful men and women of the cinema world," none of whom, as I said before, have ever heard of him; nor is it "endorsed by leading professional magazines." Also, there are about fifty people after every film job.

He admitted these things in an interesting conversation we had later, but said that as most of his pupils are very sincere, he feels sure that a "way will be opened up for them" to succeed; by which it may be seen that the schools of motion picture acting may be right and that "Heaven will protect the working girl."



## The Great "Movie Jag!"

**QUESTION:** "If one hundred out of every hundred citizens in your town are accustomed to spending an hour each day in a motion picture theatre; and it is due to the "flu" epidemic, the theatres were all closed tighter than the pearly gates to the ex-kaiser—then what, at the end of the cinema famine, would be the condition of your starving citizens?"

It is unnecessary to print the answer, providing that the movies were closed in your town. But for the benefit of the people in those places not overrun by the Invisible Monsters, we'll explain that almost the entire country went on a rollicking, cheering, film-eating mardi gras of movie-going—an orgie guaranteed not to shock a church mouse or to provide a dark brown taste the morning after. Aside from a touch of the blind staggers, the country was not harmed by its "movie jag."

In Chicago, where we write, the armistice day celebration was a quiet Sunday in an Indiana hamlet compared to the wild processions up and down the rialtos the first night the movies were re-opened. Pompous members of the Fan Fraternity, never before known to spend more than twenty cents and one hour per day on the movies, leased boxes and balconies and brought their dinner with them, toward the end of satisfying the accumulated hunger for their daily feast in the thrill-and-romance palaces.

The accompanying picture is a facsimile of a scene along Chicago's Madison street the first evening of the re-opening. Aside from the name of the vampire on the display sheet, it is true to life.

Thus the dismal past was reopened to us again. And we again know how it felt a decade ago to stagger along through a flickerless existence.

How did we ever do without 'em—the movies?



# The GOLDEN BIRD

There are miracles nowadays, but we haven't eyes to see them; have you ever thought of a nice old Plymouth Rock hen as a bird of gold?

By Frances Denton

NANCY CRADDOCK was not so much concerned over her grandfather Craddock's failure in business as one might suppose. She realized, of course, that to the aristocratic, scholarly old gentleman the loss of fortune was a great calamity, a bitter confession that he had grown too old to grasp and take advantage of the changing business conditions of the times. It would go hard with him to give up his beautiful home in Washington, and the many luxuries of life to which he was accustomed, but that didn't mean actual poverty; there was always Uncle Cradd's farm in Maryland, of which Nancy was part owner. They could go there and live honorably, if simply. As for giving up her social life at the Capital, her teas, dinners and dances with the attendant perquisites of fat senators and lean congressmen, mustached foreign diplomats and "draft-exempt" government attaches, the prospect didn't worry Nancy whatsoever.

In fact, the muddle in grandfather's business affairs would seem almost opportune. For *now* she would have a chance to do something really worth while for her country; something bigger and more fundamental than knitting socks or rolling bandages, admirable as were those occupations. "Food Will Win the War!" Very well; why not "Eggs Will Win the War?" Where else could there be found so much concentrated nourishment as in an egg?—not to mention custards, omelets, et al. Nancy burned to become a producer; here was her chance.

It did not take much oratory to convince grandfather. So a few days later, Nancy, accompanied by six Leghorn hens and a rooster of sorts, turned her back upon her Washington social triumphs and her face toward the Maryland valley where lay her uncle's farm.

Jogging along in her grandfather's old-fashioned, double-seated carryall, the soft spring breezes playing hide-and-peek with her curls, Nancy gave herself up to reflection and pleasant anticipation. The anticipation brought her dreams of herself as mistress of a fabulously productive poultry farm. She saw herself personally supervising the shipping of case after case of snow-white eggs. She could see tier after tier of them on the docks, waiting to be loaded on ocean transports to gladden the breakfasts of the boys overseas. She decided that she would stamp each pearly oval with her monogram; it would be a distinguishing feature and—

There was a loud squawk from the rear of the carryall and one of the chicken crates careened tip-sideways. Grandfather's negro coachman, old Uncle Jeff, brought his horses to a standstill, and grumbling, climbed rheumatically down to fasten more securely the wobbling crate which held the perishable foundation of Nancy's castles in the air.

When Nancy turned from anticipation to reflection, a small disturbed frown etched itself upon her forehead. There was Matthew Berry. Just the night before he had asked her to marry him. There was nothing remarkable about that: he had asked the same boon of her exactly forty-eight times before. There must be luck in odd numbers for this time, quite unexpectedly to herself as well as to him, she had answered that when he came clad in khaki to put the question to her, her answer would be the

one he so desired. She wondered, now, why Matthew had not seemed more elated at her provisional surrender. Matthew had never told her that he had twice been rejected by the examining board; and he was wondering if there wasn't a man's job for him, somewhere. If not, it seemed that he must say good-bye to his hope of one day winning Nancy.

Fate is a capricious lady and she usually has something up her sleeve that we little sus-

Fired by Nancy's enthusiasm, Baldwin agreed to work with her to make the place a twentieth-century marvel, and things seemed shaping in a way to really accomplish Nancy's desire.







"Thank you so much," said Nancy, when the crates had been securely fastened. "I was afraid they'd get away, and I don't know what I should have done."

pect. Evan Adam Baldwin, newly appointed Commissioner of Agriculture for the Harpeth Valley district, as he jogged along on a road leading from Washington, which would presently intersect the one Grandfather Craddock had taken, never dreamed that fate was lying in wait for him and had baited her trap with six Leghorn hens and a rooster. Evan Adam was a "gentleman farmer" and interested himself in agriculture chiefly for the benefit of his less prosperous neighbors. He had left Washington immediately upon receipt of his commission, to study conditions for three months as an ordinary hired man—a stipulation which he had made upon accepting his appointment. He wasn't to be Evan Adam Baldwin, but just plain Jim Baldwin, an ordinary overalled helper. This incognito would give him an opportunity to get at the heart of things: to find out what Harpeth Valley needed for its reclamation. It had once been one of the most productive sections of Maryland.

Evan Adam, being an expert in potashes and nitrogens, was pleasantly engaged in squinting at a bit of Harpeth Valley while he pinched it reflectively between his thumb and finger. It wouldn't take him long to find out what that soil needed.

From the thicket beside the road came suddenly a cackling uproar, and through it burst a snow white rooster, six pretty hens following his lead. Down the road they went, shrilling challenges in Leghorn language. "Some chap's losing his blooded prize winners," ejaculated Evan as he dropped his reins.

It wasn't hard to head the escaping fowls into the brush again, and while he kept them busy with some samples of prize seed corn which he had in his pocket, he scanned the road ahead of him for signs of ownership. Ah, a pretty girl, breathless from running, came in view. More than pretty, she acknowledged as she drew nearer. Her face was familiar and Evan at once recognized Nancy whom he had had pointed

out to him at the theatre, a few evenings before. What on earth was a society butterfly doing on a country road chasing chickens?

"Oh, I'm so glad you've caught them," cried Nancy. "I was afraid they'd get away. I don't know what I should have done."

"You have some choice White Leghorns," with a courteous removal of his broad brimmed straw hat. "Were you trying to drive them somewhere?"

"No, indeed;" with vexation. "The crates that held them fell from the back of the carryall and broke open.

Jeff didn't tie them on well. Here he comes."

Evan descried an old dark-ey limping painfully toward them, burdened with two chicken crates.

"Don't let him come nearer; he'll frighten them," said Evan. "I'll take the crates and you coax your pets into them with the corn while I 'shoo.'" So saying, the culprits were gently urged back to prison.

"Thank you so much," said Nancy, when the crates had been securely fastened, once more. She stood up in the carriage and opened her purse. "Please take this for your trouble—"

The rest of the word remained unuttered, for she had taken her first good look at Baldwin's face, not his clothes.

But Baldwin, who had had time to remember the part he had taken, quietly took the proffered bill with a "Thank you."

If Nancy had not been so confused she would have noticed that as he walked away he was smoothing out the bill with special care, and she might possibly have seen him fold it into a little square and put it in the back of his watch, next to his mother's picture for safe keeping.

The destination of the travelers proved to be the

same. When Nancy found that Baldwin was the name of the new hired man that her uncle had engaged and that her adventure on the road had introduced her to him, she was both disappointed and relieved. Disappointed, because she had hoped that he was of her own station in life, and relieved that, as re wasn't, she hadn't committed a sin in offering him money.

Next morning, Nancy rose at dawn. Standing in the doorway of her uncle's kitchen while old Becky cooked her breakfast, she sniffed rapturously at the sweet spring air, and observed, far down in a field, a man already at work. A clean straight line of upturned earth followed in the wake of his plow; the new hired man was evidently no amateur. As Nancy stirred her second cup of coffee, golden with cream, she called to mind his unusually fine profile and his handsome mouth. It was too bad that he was only a farm hand. Perhaps her coming might be of benefit to him. She was fired by a new and most agreeable enthusiasm. She would read to this young man, arouse his ambition, inspire him with the will to rise. She wondered, for a minute, why he was



not wearing khaki—but perhaps it was just as well. He would be of more service helping her feed the world's armies.

There was an impatient chug chug outside. Nancy rose and went to the door. Matthew Berry had found Washington lonely, bereft of her presence, already. As he climbed out of his car Nancy greeted him, with, "I'm so glad you've come! You can build chicken coops for me. We must begin work right away."

Then followed for Matthew a season of hard, but unproductive labor, just back of the barn. The hammer landed more often on his thumb than on a nail head, and when one *was* hit it developed a surprising unwillingness to perform its function of holding lath together. By noon, two chicken coops that would not stand up without being propped, were the sole achievement of Matthew's toil. He had ruined his collar, torn his shirt, skinned his knuckles and was bathed in perspiration, while Nancy stood by, impatiently directing and palpably annoyed; not in the least did she appreciate his efforts.

"You folks are working too hard for beginners," called a pleasant voice. "Better have a glass of lemonade and get acquainted."

The voice came from a motherly-looking woman who was approaching, accompanied by a pretty young girl bearing aloft a huge pitcher of lemonade. "I'm Aunt Mary Beasley, from across the road," went on the comfortable looking woman, addressing Nancy, "and your uncle said to come over and introduce myself." The pretty girl, after acknowledging the introduction to Nancy, turned her attention immediately to Matthew, whom she evidently regarded as a person of some distinction.

Matthew was perishing with thirst and just in the mood to be commiserated and ministered to, which Polly Beasley was more than willing to do. She exclaimed over his skinned knuckles, admired his attempts at carpentry, and gave the impression that she knew he was not accustomed to such labor. Matthew thought he had never seen a more winsome miss. Her unsophistication and particularly her timid appreciation of himself he found charming.

Nancy was deep in her plans for making the farm a food headquarters, which Aunt Mary found most interesting. When Baldwin came up at noon and glanced with amusement at Matthew's efforts, no one noticed him except Nancy, whose face flushed a little. "Never mind," he whispered. "I'll fix them up for you after while." A pleasant sense of dependance upon someone who would never fail her, came to Nancy. She concluded that Baldwin was better looking than Matthew, even in his blue overalls. But of course Matthew came from an old and wellknown family, and she was engaged to him—provisionally.

Nancy passed a most idyllic summer. Baldwin, the new hired man, proved a most pleasant comrade—one who never presumed and who was always ready to help. Also Nancy discovered that he possessed an unusually good mind and was most amenable to teaching. He liked to have her read to him and Nancy spent the lamp-lit hours obliging him. She did not dream that it was the sound of her voice that he wanted to hear, and to see the lamp light playing over her face, nor that when he was so occupied he did not hear a word that she was saying.

It did not take Evan long to find out the true state of Grandfather Craddock's finances; and he accordingly used his influence at headquarters, with the result that Nancy was surprised by an offer from the government for her farm. The place was wanted, stated the official communication, as an experimental station.

Evan was thunderstruck when Nancy refused the offer. Eight hundred dollars an acre! It would put Grandfather Craddock on his feet again. But Nancy was obdurate.

"I'm going to make my old home the show place of Maryland," she cried. "With Baldwin to help me I can do it. Look at my chickens!"

She made a sweeping gesture toward the barn where many little fluffy balls trailed after their respective Leghorn mammas. "Who ever knew white Leghorn hens to set twice in a season, but mine? I won't sell the farm."

Fired by her enthusiasm, Baldwin agreed to work with her

to make the place a twentieth-century marvel. Things seemed shaping in a way to really accomplish Nancy's desire, when the revelation came. By a chance remark one day she revealed to Baldwin that she was engaged to marry Matthew Berry.

To Evan the very sun in the sky seemed dimmed. The stretches of fields, golden with harvest, the model poultry yards and buildings which he had designed and which shone fair with white paint in the sunlight, the soft green turf dotted with rosy-combed blooded chickens—all that had seemed so much worth while and good to him, had lost their appeal. His enthusiasm became a thing without life or savor. Without Nancy, what had he to work for? After many sleepless nights, Evan, realizing that in his present frame of mind he could be of no aid to Nancy in developing the farm, took his leave. But he could not bring himself to go without explanation; and so, in a little note which he left in the nest of a pet brooding hen, where she would be sure to find it, he told her what he dared not trust himself to say: that he loved her too devotedly to be of assistance to her, as matters were; and so preferred to leave her.

Nancy's days grew very lonely after Baldwin was gone, in spite of the work that had formerly absorbed her time. Somehow, it didn't seem so worth while without him. She began to have doubts of her ability to become an internationally known producer, after all. If Baldwin had only stayed—

Many times she caught herself when the wish had been uttered thus far, and choked down the lump that was in her throat. If he had only stayed and made something of himself better than a mere helper; if—if he had only told her that he loved her instead of running away—but regrets didn't help any, and Nancy didn't intend to spoil her life because her hired man hadn't had spunk enough to speak for himself. Not she!

So when Matthew Berry came driving up resplendent in a new uniform which showed that he had at last found a "man's job, somewhere," and demanded that she set an early date for their wedding, she consented. She had known Matthew long and well, and he had surely been faithful; he deserved his reward.

Matthew, driving toward town the next morning, could not help but contrast the meek, listless Nancy who had promised to marry him, with the girl of fire and spirit that had kept him at her beck and call so long. Some vital essence seemed to have gone out of her. He was the happiest man in the world, he assured himself, and yet—

Down the road he caught the flutter of a gingham dress. A pretty miss in a rose-crowned hat was walking ahead of him. Matthew increased his speed as he recognized Polly Beasley. His depression suddenly left him; here was a young lady who estimated him at his true worth. Matthew invited her to ride with him and she accepted, with a shy smile.

The way to town was all too short, Matthew couldn't remember when he had spent so delightful a morning.

"The new Agricultural Commissioner for Harpeth Valley is going to speak tonight," said Aunt Mary Beasley, to Nancy, over her knitting. "I expect we'll learn a lot of new wrinkles from him. Was you thinking of going, my dear?"

Nancy had not thought of going. She was rather scornful of what any agricultural commissioner could teach her. But Matthew, who has just arrived, offered to take her and Polly

Beasley to the meeting, via automobile; and seeing the joyous anticipation in Polly's eyes at the thought of the ride, good-naturedly consented. Uncle Cradd would go in the old family coach.

They arrived late for the opening of the meeting, Matthew having had two punctures on the way; and in the confusion of their being seated, Nancy did not observe the speaker until the sound of his voice almost lifted her from her seat. It wasn't possible—but it was! Evan Adam Baldwin, Commissioner of Agriculture for Harpeth Valley, was none other than her ex-hired-man.

Wave after wave of confusion engulfed her. She grew red and then redder. This was the man to whom she had read instructive literature, whom she had endeavored to help rise above his station! When she caught a smile, intended for her alone, it was too much. She slipped from the room and ran blindly until something big and black loomed up

## The Golden Bird

**N**ARRATED, by permission, from the story of Maria Thompson Davies as scenarioized by Adrian Gil-Spear, directed by John S. Robertson and produced by Paramount with this cast:  
*Nancy Craddock*.....Marguerite Clark  
*Major Adam Baldwin*...Eugene O'Brien  
*Matthew Berry*.....Alfred Hickman  
*Col. Wm. Craddock*...Forrest Robinson  
*Major John Craddock*.....Hal Reid  
*Polly Beasley*.....Frances Kaye  
*Bud*.....John Tansey  
*Silas Beasley*.....J. M. Mason  
*Rastus*.....J. J. Williams



Eight hundred dollars an acre!  
It would put Grandfather  
Craddock on his feet again.  
But Nancy was obdurate.



one of Nancy's little hands and held it tight. She did not pull her hand away.

The coach joggèd on. Presently an automobile horn honked and a car sped by them.

"That's Matthew and Polly," whispered Nancy. "I suppose when they couldn't find me they concluded I'd gone with Uncle Cradd."

For a while there was no sound save the plop, plop of horses' feet and the creaking of the old coach as it labored along. Then, from far ahead, came a faint crash; a minute's silence, and then a faint halloo for help.

"There's been an accident," gasped Nancy. "That's Matthew's voice."

Oh, Uncle Cradd; hurry, hurry!"

She beat with her hands on the roof of the coach. "Hurry; hurry!"

Uncle Cradd urged his horses to a gallop, and the old coach creaked along at a speed which threatened it with imminent collapse. But Nancy kept wildly urging her uncle to greater speed. The calls for help had become louder, and then abruptly ceased.

They reached the unprotected bridge that crossed the river near the farm. At the water's edge lay the wreck of an automobile, its lights still glowing. By the side of the stream stood Matthew Berry clasping to him the limp wet figure of Polly. Like a crazed man he implored her to speak to him and between words pressed kisses on her cold lips.

Uncle Cradd jumped to the ground and went to his

before her. It was Uncle Cradd's coach. With a sob of relief Nancy slipped inside.

After a while some one came softly speaking her name. "I'm here," answered Nancy brokenly, as the coach door opened and Evan peered in. "I want to explain, little girl," he whispered. "I don't want you to think me quite a cad."

Sitting beside her in the darkness he told her how he had come to Harpeth Valley unknown so as to get close in touch with conditions, and how he had not revealed his identity to her because it had been his desire to win her, just as a farmhand; and when he learned of her engagement to Berry, he, Evan, had realized that in honor he must go without telling her who he was.

There was a creaking noise, the sound of a voice outside, and the coach began to move.

"Uncle Cradd is driving," breathed Nancy.

Evan knew that he should announce his presence and take his leave, but something held him. Instead, he gently took

assistance. Evan and Nancy started to follow.

"We went into the river," gasped Matthew. "Is she dead? Have I killed her?"

But Polly was even then regaining consciousness. Her eyelids flickered open, and closed again.

"She's alive!" cried Matthew. "Polly—speak to me."

The two above on the bridge who had mutually grasped the import of this strange scene, turned to each other. A happy smile bloomed on Nancy's face.

"They're safe," she breathed; "and they're—Oh, Evan!"

There was no more for her voice smothered out against his shoulder and his arms held her too tightly for further sound.

There was a double wedding at the farm just three days later—as soon as Polly was able to stand and answer "I will." One could not have told which bride was the prettier or wore the most joyous face; and as for the two new husbands, there was nothing to choose between the complete satisfaction that each one evidenced with his lot.

## A Tale of Sacrifice

LIST to my Tale  
Of Sacrifice  
For Sylvester Simplex.  
I will tell you  
All that I have done  
For Sylvester.  
I have  
Leaped Chasms,  
Swum Rapids,  
Killed Men,  
Jumped off  
Of Burning Buildings,  
Fought till I Fell.  
For Sylvester, I have

Been Tied  
To the Railroad Track  
In the Path  
Of the Oncoming Train.  
I have  
Scaled the Highest Buildings;  
Clung to a Rope  
Across a Canyon  
Until the Rope was Cut.  
I have  
Driven an Automobile  
Over the Highest Cliff in the Country;  
I have  
Ridden Far into the Hills

With the Sheriff's Posse at my Heels.  
I have  
Saved his Sweetheart  
From Worse than Death.  
I have  
Fallen from my Horse,  
And Broken my Leg—  
For Sylvester.  
But  
Sylvester  
Got the Flowers,  
And all the Fan Letters.  
You See, I am Only  
Sylvester Simplex's Double.



# A Celebrated Case

Presenting Anna, the prima-donna, in her first screen solo.

FROM the village smithy to the Metropolitan Opera House! Once she sold newspapers and drove the town hack. Now she accepts concert engagements whenever she feels like it, and won't look at a paper because she is tired of reading all the nice things they say about her.

Anna Case, a little over a decade ago, was a hopeful little girl who sang as she went back and forth to school in the little country town of Clinton, New Jersey, where her father, Peter Van Ness Case, was the village blacksmith. Anna used to have to do the chores, after school. No matter how distasteful her task, she dreamed of the day when she could pour forth the golden flood of her voice before entranced audiences. No matter how sordid her surroundings, she kept right on singing—even though her father called it nonsense, and refused to encourage her in any way.

Anna was determined to take lessons. The one vocal teacher in Clinton con-

In her first photoplay, "The Hidden Truth," Miss Case plays a western girl who rises above her environment. In respect to achievement the plot parallels her own story.



Having triumphed in the Metropolitan, Anna Case will lend her force and very good looks to optic opera. She is a prima-donna with a sense of humor.

sented to teach her what little he knew. The lessons were twenty-five cents a piece. Anna earned a little, and with the aid of a kind-hearted grocer and his wife, borrowed a little more. Subsequently she gave a concert. Everybody in Clinton was there. Anna was her own press-agent, her own ticket seller and taker, her own accompanist and entertainer. The proceeds from the concert enabled her to repay the numerous quarters she had borrowed for lessons, and a little was left over, for pin money. She saved enough to come to New York.

Here she studied singing and repertoire with Augusta O. Renard. She worked all the time. She never gave up, no matter what keen disappointments she had to suffer, or how many rebuffs she met. And success slowly began to come her way.

Geraldine Farrar may claim the actual "discovery" of the new singer. The occasion was a tea at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia, where Miss Case had been invited to sing. Miss Farrar, and Andreas Dippel, of the Metropolitan Opera House, chanced to be there. They heard her sing, and agreed as to her gifts. And the next day Miss Case received a letter from Dippel, asking her if she would like to join the Metropolitan singers! Anna, reading it, read the story of her own achievements. The sordid struggles in Clinton; the effort to rise above her surroundings; unceasing study; eternal optimism; and all the time, hard work—and the reward, an engagement with the Metropolitan!

In 1909 she made her debut—as



the Dutch Boy in "Werther." She was a member of the Metropolitan for seven years. In 1913, she created the roles of *Feodor* in the American production of "Boris Godonov," and *Sophia* in "Der Rosenkavalier." She has sung *Mimi* in "La Boheme," *Lucia* in "Tales of Hoffman," *Papagena* in "The Magic Flute." Her concert and festival appearances have added to her fame. Her phonograph records have brought her royalties and additional recognition. And now Anna Case will realize the fullest and most truthful expression of her art. Having triumphed in the Metropolitan, she will lend her force and very good looks to optic opera.

She has made a picture called "The Hidden Truth" under Julius Steger's direction, for International. In it she plays a girl born and raised in the rough environment of the frontier, who finds herself in the east after a peculiar and dramatic succession of circumstances. The film-story shows the transformation, by her own pluck and intelligence, of a dance-hall singer into a popular metropolitan prima-donna. It parallels, in respect to achievement, Anna Case's own story.

Hampered by such impedimenta to prima-donnadom as a sense of humor, a staunch Americanism, and a polite but firm refusal to let her success turn her head, Anna Case has turned



Miss Case, in a later scene from her initial film drama, as a popular prima-donna. She is supported by Charles Richman, well known on stage and screen.

to the photoplay as another world to conquer. She says it offers a splendid opportunity for self-criticism, "and," she adds, "my one appearance has been valuable to me already. I think seeing oneself on the screen takes away that feeling of self-glorification which all of us are subject to."

She had an awfully good time making her first picture. "I wasn't a bit self-conscious," she reports, "although a little diffident at first, perhaps, before that cold camera eye. But Mr. Steger was delightful—he did his tactful best to allay my fears, and succeeded pretty well, I think, for he said afterwards that I 'took to it' with as much ease as any beginner he had ever seen.

"Besides," Miss Case went on, "our whole company worked in harmony, and that made things all the easier for me. I've been interested in motion pictures for a long time, and had often wondered how I would look on the screen.

"Well—" she laughed—"now I know. And that first glimpse of myself in the projection room, served to convince me that, as a movie actress, I was a good singer. I've an awful lot to learn!"

Anna Case is a truly American product. She never studied abroad, but derived all her efforts and inspiration from America. Miss Case is a familiar figure on Fifth Avenue on pleasant afternoons, with her huge Russian wolf-hound "Boris."

## To Make a Perfect Villain:—

By Randolph Bartlett

I HAVE a little baby and I spank him every day,  
I spank him frequently and most emphatically;  
I spank him when he's sleepy and I spank him when he's gay—  
Of course you think I'm acting quite erratically.

But I love my little baby and I've chosen his career,  
So I do the things that, later, folks will do to him.  
If he's used to it in childhood I need never have a fear  
That the things they spring in manhood will be new to him.

For I just adore the movies and I want my boy to be  
The greatest star in all the constellations.  
So the reason why I spank him hard and often is, you see,  
I'm starting early with his education.

So I spank my little baby when he's bad and when he's good,  
I spank him when we dine and when we go to play.  
I spank him when I shouldn't and I spank him when I should,  
Just to make a perfect villain for the photoplay.

I wouldn't have him be a mushy, slushy hero man,  
So good he's like a manicured doxology;  
I wouldn't have him be a messy old comedian,  
With custard-pie-encrusted physiology.

He shall be a husky villain, a two-fisted fighting male,  
Who goes against appalling odds courageously;  
Who steals the pretty heroine and puts her up for sale,  
And in the end is treated most outrageously.

But the villain always has to take a lot of beatings, so  
I'm teaching my dear baby to get used to it.  
It annoys him just at present, but in later years I know  
He'll be master of the art of getting bruised a bit.



# C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

*The Fourth Cycle.* There have been three distinct periods of motion picture history. There is every indication that the third has closed, and that we are in the first phases of the fourth cycle.

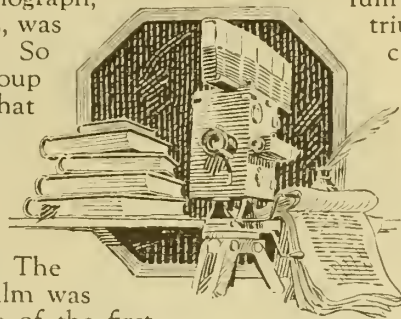
Period number one was solely the age of the pioneers. It will surprise many people to learn that the age of the pioneers was the only epoch of great fortunes won by manufacturers; there were no million-dollar salaries in those days. Judging by present salaries, there were hardly any salaries at all. Nor were there great productions and expensive publicity. Pictures were made for almost nothing, cheaply distributed, seldom advertised, and sold to the ultimate consumer for uncounted millions of nickels and dimes. Selig of Chicago became a millionaire. So did Spoor of Essanay. So did two or three men in the almost-forgotten Kalem. Thanhouser flourished. Edison rose. Lubin came into prosperous being. Biograph, the Athens of the picture ancients, was the leader in art and popularity. So rich and powerful did this first group of film makers find themselves that presently they faced opposition by a group of indigent but ambitious upstarts on both coasts, and met it by putting the established houses in the exclusive, dominant league of the General Film Corporation. The aristocratic tyranny of General Film was at once the climax and decadence of the first empire. Without, the insurgents and ambitious but unknown new interests battled before the doors of power; within, the pioneer plutocracy deemed itself secure—and smiled.

The first line passed as thrones have fallen and countries have declined—because their occupants or their peoples have ceased to move forward with the eternal, inevitable progress of the world. In those early picture councils the photoplay was never considered other than a trifling amusement. Anything more than two reels in length was a hazardous experiment. Actors and directors were worth wages, but never salaries. Scenery was mainly a makeshift. The cost of stories was so low that it could have been entered on the postage-stamp account.

Vitagraph was perhaps the first organization to appreciate the value of really big stories for big pictures, with big exploitation. The Vitagraph theatre in New York—since returned to its original name and original dramatic purpose, as *The Criterion*—was the forerunner of the fine photoplay houses that distinguish every American city today. Soon "*Quo Vadis*" and "*Cabiria*" fanned the flame of intelligent attention. Meanwhile Griffith was working in the

West. Tom Ince was arriving. Keystone, with beginnings by the late Fred Mace, was being added to the vocabulary of humor. In an extremely short time the original citadel of exclusiveness found itself not only excelled in arms, but suffering a fatal loss of loyalty on the part of its subject-patrons. The once despised independents had overrun the celluloid world.

New organizations came up so rapidly that it was almost impossible to keep track of them. Reliance, Majestic, Kay-Bee, World, became recognized names. A quiet but persistently high-class organization known as Famous Players came into being. The dominant days of the Mutual Film Corporation and the production of "*The Birth of a Nation*" closed the second period of film history. The supreme achievement of what we may call the dynasty of the liberators was the forcing of world-wide recognition that the motion picture is not a hoodlum toy, but a colossal scientific triumph of human expression, capable of almost unlimited power for good or evil.



The third period was the film's wild golden age—the age of limitless expense in production, of stupendous stellar salaries, of Rockefellerian combinations, an age of visionaries, brag and boast, an age in which every picture exponent talked more of film as America's fifth industry than of film as America's one art.

The period's most imperial edifice, without any doubt at all, was the Triangle Film Corporation, the most auspicious beginning in the whole history of artistic endeavor. Never were such high hopes built on such gorgeous, learned, and apparently sound presumptions. Its fate was that of the Spanish Armada—blown apart by the first winds of inward dissent, its rich galleons of imagination, drama and humor drifted to every wind, and, as a fleet endeavor, were soon no more. "*Intolerance*," not a Triangle picture, but the emanation of Triangle's finest mind, thoroughly symbolizes, in its glittering, ineffective chaos, the total effort of that grand company.

Of the monarchs of combine in the third era Zukor, creator and master of the united dependencies of Paramount and Artcraft, alone passes into the fourth epoch with realms fairly intact.

Meanwhile certain houses of the first dynasty have utterly disappeared. For instance, Kalem, Biograph, Lubin, Edison. Such men as Spoor and Selig seem to have retired for good. There are new monarchies that the picture shepherd



kings never heard of—Goldwyn and Metro, for particular examples.

What of today—and tomorrow?

We can arrive at a more accurate conclusion by elimination than by mere flatulent prophecy.

The photoplay has passed through the baby stage of healthy, robust inconsequentiality.

It has passed through its romping childhood of lengthening limbs, neighborhood petting, boisterous behaviour and abnormal appetite.

It has passed through the arrogant, swelled-headed mistakes of a pampered, well-favoured early manhood.

It has arrived at its years of accountability chastened by experience, learned in the post-graduate school of failure, yet rendered permanently calm and confident by great and unmis-takable successes.

Its masters realize, now, that boastful advertising, staggering salaries and enormous combinations are not the secret of successful photoplay production.

There remains to them only this very obvious conclusion: good stories, humanly acted, intelligently directed and normally mounted, are the one, only and common-sense recipe for silversheet triumph.

Not all of them, nor half of them, will react to this sensible finding.

But some of them will, and they will be the survivors and the ultimate glorifiers of the photoplay.

We are glad that we live in the fourth cycle.

Heretofore the motion picture has triumphed as a toy, as a universal mania, as a Croesus, as the mightiest and maddest entertainment power in history.

Now it must, in the arithmetic of chance, according to the eternal logic of progress, triumph as the most human of the arts.

As the Alexander of the emotions it has conquered on every other field.

This is the only one left.



*One Never Knows.* It happened at a Monday meeting of the Producers' and Distributors' Committee, New York City. Time,

the middle of the general influenza cessation.

Dick Rowland, president of Metro, came in, trouble over-spreading his countenance.

"Why so worried, Richard?" asked another president.

"Philadelphia remitted \$700 without memorandum this morning, and I'm wondering whether it was for rental collections, or whether they've sold the whole exchange!"



*A Public Servant.* Educational films are well established, the film in politics is more than an experiment, and the public-ity film is an old thing. Illinois, however, has turned the film into an impartial public servant,

and with it has just won a great triumph for state-wide good roads.

Illinois roads have been as much cursed, since the general advent of motors, as good old Middle West black mud has been from time immemorial by the hauling farmers.

Consequently, when the recent \$60,000,000 bond issue for negotiable highways was put up to the people, the Illinois Highway Improvement Association, as its most unique argument, gave general release to a propaganda film. This bore the meaningful title: "Through Illinois over Unchanged Roads in a World of Change." The demand for the picture was so general that ten prints were kept in constant circulation, some of them playing two or three houses a day. It did the business. The bond issue was a triumph, and the Highway Association gives a large part of the credit to the motion picture.



*The Hopeless Serial.* Don't chide the hopeless serial too seriously for its elemental buffooneries of mechanical villainy and astounding virtue.

Ask yourself: what else can it do?

It is almost impossible—except in China, where they say it has been done for some thirty centuries—to string a serious, high-class play through a series of evenings. Miss one night, and you have broken the thread. The finer your intelligence, the more it balks at suspended interest and programmed attention. A woman with a good novel reads it when she wishes and finds it convenient, not at certain regular hours. So with a serial story. A man with a novel usually makes a night of it, or a long afternoon.

The serial, therefore, is reduced to the loud and club-like appeal of some monstrous happening in every instalment. Those who keep up with such things are calm in the knowledge that a good murder missed on Tuesday will be succeeded by a better one on Friday, with punches enough in the last chapter to atone for four or five consecutive outs.

The fundamental ail of the serial rests in the fundamental human unwillingness to be regulated. It is so disconcerting to calmly plan tomorrow evening's emotions. It is unnatural.



*Some Place to Go.* Have you stopped to think that the photoplay paved the way for prohibition?

The saloon, before the days of the motion picture theatre, was the poor man's club, his meeting-place, the only evening's respite and recreation he could afford.

When the film play came along it removed him from the brass rail and the mahogany bar—and did more: it reunited him with his family.

The photoplay gave him some place to go.



# The GOLDEN BIRD

*There are miracles nowadays, but we haven't eyes to see them; have you ever thought of a nice old Plymouth Rock hen as a bird of gold?*

By Frances Denton

NANCY CRADDOCK was not so much concerned over her grandfather Craddock's failure in business as one might suppose. She realized, of course, that to the aristocratic, scholarly old gentleman the loss of fortune was a great calamity, a bitter confession that he had grown too old to grasp and take advantage of the changing business conditions of the times. It would go hard with him to give up his beautiful home in Washington, and the many luxuries of life to which he was accustomed, but that didn't mean actual poverty; there was always Uncle Cradd's farm in Maryland, of which Nancy was part owner. They could go there and live honorably, if simply. As for giving up her social life at the Capital, her teas, dinners and dances with the attendant perquisites of fat senators and lean congressmen, mustached foreign diplomats and "draft-exempt" government attaches, the prospect didn't worry Nancy whatsoever.

In fact, the muddle in grandfather's business affairs would seem almost opportune. For *now* she would have a chance to do something really worth while for her country; something bigger and more fundamental than knitting socks or rolling bandages, admirable as were those occupations. "Food Will Win the War!" Very well; why not "Eggs Will Win the War?" Where else could there be found so much concentrated nourishment as in an egg?—not to mention custards, omelets, et al. Nancy burned to become a producer; here was her chance.

It did not take much oratory to convince grandfather. So a few days later, Nancy, accompanied by six Leghorn hens and a rooster of sorts, turned her back upon her Washington social triumphs and her face toward the Maryland valley where lay her uncle's farm.

Jogging along in her grandfather's old-fashioned, double-seated carryall, the soft spring breezes playing hide-and-peek with her curls. Nancy gave herself up to reflection and pleasant anticipation. The anticipation brought her dreams of herself as mistress of a fabulously productive poultry farm. She saw herself personally supervising the shipping of case after case of snow-white eggs. She could see tier after tier of them on the docks, waiting to be loaded on ocean transports to gladden the breakfasts of the boys overseas. She decided that she would stamp each pearly oval with her monogram; it would be a distinguishing feature and—

There was a loud squawk from the rear of the carryall and one of the chicken crates careened tip-sily sideways. Grandfather's negro coachman, old Uncle Jeff, brought his horses to a standstill, and grumbling, climbed rheumatically down to fasten more securely the wobbling crate which held the perishable foundation of Nancy's castles in the air.

When Nancy turned from anticipation to reflection, a small disturbed frown etched itself upon her forehead. There was Matthew Berry. Just the night before he had asked her to marry him. There was nothing remarkable about that; he had asked the same boon of her exactly forty-eight times before. There must be luck in odd numbers for this time. Quite unexpectedly to herself as well as to him, she had answered that when he came clad in khaki to put the question to her, her answer would be the

one he so desired. She wondered, now, why Matthew had not seemed more elated at her provisional surrender. Matthew had never told her that he had twice been rejected by the examining board; and he was wondering if there wasn't a man's job for him, somewhere. If not, it seemed that he must say good-bye to his hope of one day winning Nancy.

Fate is a capricious lady and she usually has something up her sleeve that we little sus-

Fired by Nancy's enthusiasm, Baldwin agreed to work with her to make the place a twentieth-century marvel, and things seemed shaping in a way to really accomplish Nancy's desire.







Prone to overact in the hands of any director who is afraid of her, Nazimova has evidently been driven with a hard bit by Capellani, in "An Eye for An Eye."



In Lois Weber's "Borrowed Clothes," the pensive *figurante* is Mrs. Chaplin.



"Kiss or Kill" is a determined effort to make Priscilla Dean a star.

But as we were saying, Lillian Gish—a new, astounding Lillian Gish—is the greatest thing in the picture. Heretofore this half of the Gish juvenility has been all to the Little Eva; an old-fashioned bit of sampler embroidery. Behold now, without any particular change of make-up, a roguish-eyed, luscious-lipped, lithe-limbed damsel of vintage adolescence. Behold her tearing about the house like a female Fairbanks, vaulting a counter, and at length turning a most beautiful cart-wheel! Sakes alive! You'd as lief think of the Kaiser becoming a resident of Indianapolis. I know what your first thought is: if you haven't seen the picture you'll say she's imitating Dorothy. *But she isn't.* Dorothy's whimsical, galvanic little mannerisms are a thing apart from this amazing and unexpected smash of sex and personality.

The story is about a little French-American family, an altogether superior slacker, and the great war. It is punctuated by the big and daring simplicities which are so characteristically Griffith's. The episode of the haughty Edward Livingston (Harron) in the shell-hole with the dying negro soldier is a moment of stark and bare humanity which I doubt that any other director would attempt. Likewise, who of our contemporary sunpainters except Mr Griffith would conceive the humor in an American girl's outraged discovery of a French *poilu's* ignorance of his own master-poet, the late Rostand? The sub-titles are, not infrequently, short masterpieces of satire. When the *poilu* comes to die—remembering his own thick-headedness when the ardent *Americaine* read "Chanticleer" to him—he murmurs: "It is better so . . . to me . . . a chicken is only a chicken." That line is the very essence of "Chanticleer!"

There are remarkable scenes of the real Marne, and veritable French villages, which give the photoplay, as a whole, a combined atmosphere of poetry and drama and painting.

#### AN EYE FOR AN EYE—Metro

There are five requisites for the successful screen actress, of which the average film-dame possesses only one: good looks. The other four are common sense, dramatic ability, a good story and a good director. You could by no standard call Nazimova beautiful, but she is a type, and she screens well. Her dramatic force and magnetism are little less than astounding. She has common sense. And when she came to "An Eye for an Eye" she got a good story, and—in M. Capellani—a good director. The five conditions were fulfilled. Originally, the tale was Henri Kistemaecker's "L'Occident." When she made the scenario, June Mathis eschewed nearly all the traditional temptations; she had her persons perform pretty much as in life. Nazimova plays Hassouna, an Arab girl who saves the life of Captain de Cadiere, of the French navy, when that officer is trapped by outlaw Bedouins in the desert off Algiers. Captain de Cadiere's adventure in the burning sands is matched by a colder, more anguishing disaster at home: his wife's infidelity. Meanwhile Hassouna, sold into slavery by her irate tribal masters, has become the chattel of Rambert, proprietor of a cheap French circus, and is rescued from him by the angry Cadiere. The rest of the tale concerns Hassouna's struggle with her growing love for him and her Arab duty to kill one who had subjugated her tribe—and caused the death of her family. Merely telling this leaves no more suspense than a sunset, but Miss Mathis has contrived to make you guess a whole bouquet of endings till the right one comes. Mme. Nazimova doffs most of her clothing, at a cost of exhibiting some wiry muscularity, yet she not only gets outside her raiment, but inside the very nature of the Arab girl. Prone to overact in the hands of any director who is afraid of her, the Russian woman has evidently been driven with a hard bit by Capellani, and, while still fiery, is nevertheless real. Metro has realized the value of a cast as well as a star, and provides fine actors like Donald Gallaher, Hardec Kirkland and Geoffry Stein. Charles Bryant, as Cadiere, is much better than in any screening of his I have ever seen. The psychology of the thing is at fault in Hassouna's final acceptance of Western civilization . . . but then . . .

#### SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY—Blackton

I am perfectly unexcited when I say that "Safe for Democracy" is one of the best propaganda pictures ever turned out anywhere, for any cause. The usual mistake of the propagandists is that they think everyone as interested as themselves, and accordingly pound the subject-matter every moment, to the complete exclusion of all the humanities. As far as this



picture is concerned it matters not that the war's over; here are some real folks, and folks, as you know very well, are the only permanent interest anywhere. The reason of "Safe for Democracy" is the late "work or fight" order, and it was the delightful notion of author Tony Kelly to show the workings of his mandate on a high bum and a low one. The low one is our largest interest. Played by Mitchell Lewis he is blasphemously frank, eternally happy, startlingly philosophic. This lumbering giant and his captiousry are funny, but his miniature pal, played by Gus Alexander, is a burlesque riot. Eugene Strong disports more in the fashion of the conventional slacker, as the pampered rich man's son. A bit of melodrama has been worked in, and is the only ordinary thing in the piece—which, in fact, is so extraordinary that the absence of a dominating love theme is not even missed. The master is never afraid to chuck all rules. Thus, Kelly ignores the generalization that too many titles spoil the film broth; "Safe for Democracy" is an unstoried story simply tied together in a glittering string of the commonest words in the language. J. Stuart Blackton has, it seems to me, done the best direction of his life in this piece. Ruby de Remer is the delightful decoration breaking up the propaganda page.

THE SQUAW MAN—Artcraft

The foundation of so enduring a thing as Royle's old play must be fact. The "squaw man" was a very real plains problem in the years of the cowboy's ascendancy; he is an eternal problem where the male advance guards of civilization are thrown in contact with none but aboriginal women. In the very interesting original production William Faversham played Jim Wynnegate, the English man who, partly out of pity, and partly out of sexual starvation, contracts his mesalliance with the Indian girl. If I am not mistaken William S. Hart was bad man Cash Hawkins, and—was Julie Opp the statuesque Diana? In one member of its cast the film actually improves the stage original, for Ann Little, as the Indian girl Naturich, makes a superb, dominant and never-equalled figure of her. But then as a whole this photoplay is an altogether superior fabric, and is worthy the art of the motion picture—a thing which cannot be said of ninety percent of the motion picture's stories. Any carper who can look upon these reels and then prate of the unintelligent, unprogressive silversheet is a liar, and the truth is not in him. Elliott Dexter is a true-to-life, human and impressive Wynnegate; Katherine McDonald a cold but none the less thrilling Diana; Jack Holt a fine Cash Hawkins, and the rest of the muster roll flashes a splendor of fine actors' names that includes Theodore Roberts, Thurston Hall, Herbert Standing, Tully Marshall, Edwin Stevens, Guy Oliver and Mone Blue. As a production—intelligent, finely disposed as to locations, correct as to customs and interiors, deliberate and logical as to development of story—this marks Cecil DeMille at his best. Congratulations, Mr. DeMille! The same director made this story in the pictures long ago—some two or three years—with Faversham, but compared to this great revival that version was quite crude and negligible.

THE HELL CAT—Goldwyn

The only thing the matter with this Geraldine Farrar entertainment is the story. Willard Mack wrote it, and it was produced—mainly—three thousand miles from Mr. Mack. It is the most trite, uninspired mere picture plot imaginable. Often things happen to an author's works after they leave his hands, but discounting all accidents and disagreements, it does seem to me that as a perfect embodiment of a pot-boiler, minus real sympathy, devoid of appealing characterizations, with not a particle of subtlety or suspense, "The Hell Cat" is it. In production the concern outdid their competitors, even the best of them; eschewing the much-tramped deserts of San Bernardino County and elsewhere in California, they shot their locations in the high air and among the distinctive buttes and vast steppes of Wyoming. Miss Farrar disports as the daughter of a Spanish mother and an Irish father—she is the daughter of a sheep man. The sheep-cattle feud is the axis of conflict, and Jim Dike, a murderous cattle baron, is the very heavy. But if you expect people to sit through four ensuing reels why diagram, in kindergarten pantomime early in reel one, that heroine hates villain to the uttermost; that villain is determined to get her; that she loves sheriff; and that villain will inevitably commit a murder or something really serious? Puzzle: who is going to get her? We have here no play upon human emotions, no development of character from



In "The Hell Cat" Miss Farrar is indeed a spitting, kicking, tearing hell cat, but in detail her performance is quite unimpressive, because she has nothing sincere to do.



In "The Man of Bronze," the stalwart Lewis Stone finds a role much to his calibre.



"String Beans," with Charles Ray, in its main intent is a corking story.





Shirley Mason and Earnest Truex in "Goodbye Bill," the newest Loos-Emerson product.



In "False Faces," as the Lone Wolf, Henry Walthall is better than Lytell would have been, for a story of the present nature.



"The Hope Chest" features Dorothy Gish.

incident whatever. We have only hero, heroine and bad man, cavorting as usual, to the usual finish. Miss Farrar is indeed a spitting, kicking, tearing hell-cat, but in detail her performance is quite unimpressive, because she has nothing sincere to do. Tom Santschi, one of the very greatest of the screen's bad men, is sunk and lost in a part worse than his fictitious character. Milton Sills, as the Sheriff, is the old-fashioned bullying and saintly picture lover—from whom, oh lords of the lens, is there to be no delivery?

#### A PERFECT LADY—Goldwyn

As a burlesque actress stranded in a small town of inch-wide opinions, and determined to make a go of it, and a respectable, living, Rose Stahl once won a considerable measure of theatrical success in a play of this name. Transferred to the screen it becomes an effective property of Miss Madge Kennedy in her campaign for popularity; with this exception—Miss Kennedy is younger and much prettier than the talented Miss Stahl, and is therefore less able to drive home the burlesque punch that nailed down the arguments when Stahl spoke them. Stahl's was really the conquest—or so it seemed—of the burlesque, bluff personality; Miss Kennedy's is the triumph of a pretty woman who, one feels, must be innately genteel.

#### FALSE FACES—Ince-Paramount

Here is a continuation of the career of "The Lone Wolf," Louis Joseph Vance's story whose first—and, we might say, only inspired—part was done into a photoplay a year and a half ago by Herbert Brenon. "False Faces" runs more to the wild, rapid and characterless incidents of mechanical melodrama; whereas "The Lone Wolf" was the gripping, human story of a forlorn little boy who grew into manhood with a great and not wholly unjust hate. In the second tale we have wholly to do with the fights of the matured Wolf with ring after ring, combination after combination, of German spies and military or naval agents. As a melodrama of incident rather than character it is technically good. Thomas H. Ince has supplied an abundant and well-ordered production. Henry Walthall is the Wolf instead of Bert Lytell, Brenon's defiant outlaw, and, for a story of the present nature, is probably better than Lytell would have been. Mary Anderson is a vivid and appealing child in an opposite assignment, and the roster of performers includes such strong masculine meat as Lon Chaney, Thornton Edwards and William Bowman.

#### THE MAN OF BRONZE—World

The stalwart Lewis S. Stone finds in this conventional Western story a role much to his calibre, and the piece also returns one of the standard villains of a few years ago—Harry von Meter, who had almost dropped out of sight. The argument concerns a little girl who would an artist be, and in endeavoring so to do, gets almost swamped in the sea of false-Bohemian superficiality. Marguerite Clayton plays the girl. As we remarked, the story is conventional—the height of conventionality, and, to an extent, fictional unreality. Nevertheless, good direction, care in settings and equipment, and better-than-usual characterizations, make it an appealing diversion.

#### THE LIBERATOR—Raver

Maciste, the giant of "Cabiria," can't be as dead as reported, for here he is in an Italian twelve-reeler. A thing like "Cabiria" brands its participants forever with its own personality, so, to the end of the reel of life, the portentous Ernesto Pagano will probably be called by the name D'Annuncio gave him. "The Liberator" is much, much too long. It is a melodrama in the European movie manner, which, if you observe thoughtfully, you'll find strikingly like our motion picture shows of a decade ago. We have plot, conspiracy, hateful event and revenge, wrought out to a happy conclusion mainly by the ox Ernesto and his cheerful smile. Two things could be done with this photoplay: it could be made into a trilogy of melodramas, or the best incidents could be compressed into a single picture of not more than five reels.

#### BRANDING BROADWAY—Hart-Artcraft

This story starts well and finishes badly, simply because it slips off the track of all human probability. I know of nothing in recent screen lore more realistic than the wrath of the isolated cowboy who, when he rides into an Arizona town for a drink—discovers that the state has teetotaled itself in the interval between his plunges into civilization; and now all he

(Continued on page 99)





These informal photographs were taken on June's mid-November honeymoon, at the Badgely home in Ottawa, Canada. Above, a scene that would fit into any screen romance—except that the star's thoughts are far, far away from the cinema. And below—the Lieutenant's lady fair, measuring him for a pair of hero's hose.

## A June Bride in Mid- November

JUNE ELVIDGE, the World Film siren, became the bride of Lieut. Frank Badgely, of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, on the afternoon of November 19, at the Hotel Plaza in New York. They met at the Sixty Club, that *ne plus ultra* of exclusive artistic organizations—where stage stars and film stars and stars of the pen and palette (with sometimes a banker or two)—congregate occasionally for a turn at the tickle-toe or the latest terpsichorean tangle. It was here that Billie Burke—who had sprained her ankle in the dance, met a sympathetic stranger, who was afterwards identified as Florenz Ziegfeld, her husband-to-be. The Sixty Club, also, fostered the romance of Elsie Ferguson and her millionaire husband, Thomas B. Clarke, Jr. Four weeks after June Elvidge met Lieut. Badgely here they were married. Lieut. Badgely is one of the original 33,000 who comprised the first Canadian E. F. In December, 1916, he was shell-shocked and gassed. He wears the Military Cross, won at the battle of Courcellette. He was invalided to this country and took charge of the photographic section of the British Bureau of Information. Mrs. Badgely hasn't allowed the little band of gold to stop her regular trips to Fort Lee.





# Chaplin's New Contract



Charles Chaplin and Mildred Harris, from a photograph made six days before their late October wedding. At this time the comedian was having an outing on Catalina Island after finishing "Shoulder Arms."

**M**ILDRED HARRIS, today, is the most fortunate young woman in the world. At least several million fannettes think so.

Charles Chaplin is the world's premier buffoon. But his portraits, without the mustache, have caused no end of feminine heart fluttering. So when the rumor of his marriage to Mildred Harris was confirmed, half the feminine population of this and other countries vowed that their hearts were broken—and immediately went out to see Mildred Harris, now Mrs. Charles Chaplin, in her latest picture.

To say nothing of the Harris devotees, whose hopes were smashed at the announcements of the Chaplin nuptials, and who bitterly resolved never to laugh at Chaplin again.

Mildred Harris is only eighteen years old. She grew up with the movies. She is the first real product of the studios, the first child actress to grow up to play big dramatic roles. What is more fitting than that she should become the bride of the greatest personality the screen has produced?

She likes ice-cream and Chaplin extra special fruit cocktails—(you make them with pineapple and watermelon and a berry or two)—and Worcestershire sauce flavored with a little steak; all of which, a psychologist might say, goes to show that she is very girlish—like ice cream—very naive, and sometimes poses a little in a very natural and entirely pretty way, like a fruit cocktail, and likes to be startling, like Worcestershire sauce.

Once when Charles Chaplin announced that he was going to make seven more pictures and then leave the screen, she is said to have remarked, thoughtfully, "Then you'll be on the screen for seven more years, won't you, Mr. Chaplin?"

Mildred has been in pictures for about six years, starting in when she was eleven. Her first picture was made with the Western Vitagraph and was called "How States are Made."

"I was chased by Indians," she said, "and, I think, rescued

from a burning block house. For this, I was given ten dollars a day when I worked."

She made two pictures for Vitagraph and then joined Thomas Ince at "Inceville" in the Santa Monica canyon. Here her salary was \$25.00 a week and all her days were taken up with Indian fights and rides down bumpy roads in "prairie schooners." Afterwards, she was featured in a series of child pictures. Before starting in moving picture work, she went to a dramatic school for two years. She had wanted to go on the stage since she was three years old. Now, at eighteen, and a star, she is still stage struck. This does not mean that she is uninterested in her work. On the contrary, she has expended



Stage

The future Mrs. Chaplin in her first picture engagement, with 101 Bison. She was twelve years old at the time. But all of this was many, many years ago—to be exact, five.





He has signed up with a woman, the agreement is for life, and he will go in for domestic drama

By  
Elizabeth Peltret

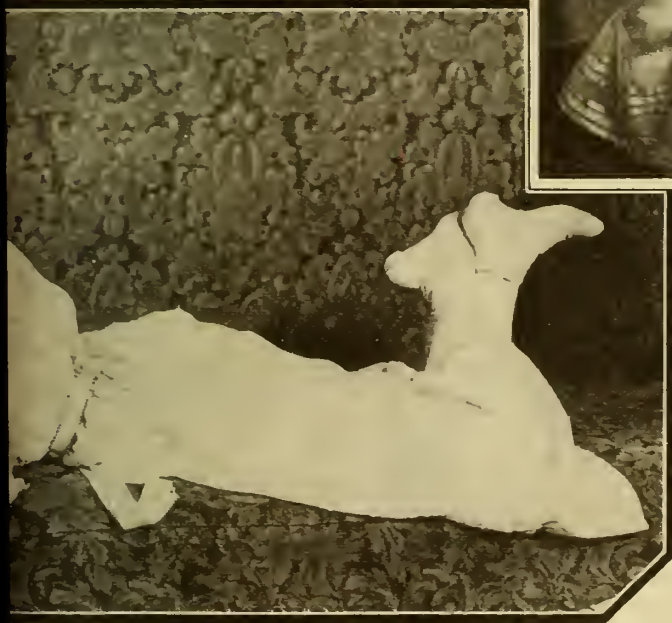
too much effort in reaching her present place in the film firmament to give it up lightly. But, naturally, she feels "the lure of the far away." She has spent practically all her life in the studios around Los Angeles.

"I'd like to see the curtain go slowly up when there is a crowd of people out front and you don't know whether the play is good or bad," she said, "I'd like to hear applause and, most of all, I'd like to see New York; the greatest regret of my life is that I've never seen New York."

Once, when she was with Majestic-Reliance, Douglas Fairbanks volunteered to take her to New York as a member of his company. It was the happiest moment of her life. She went home, packed up,



Mrs. Chaplin and her mother. She is, as you see, a rather luxurious child, and cultivates the feminine arts of lingerie or lounging most enthusiastically.



and then went back to tell Frank Woods, the studio manager. "Don't you know that you can't leave this studio without Mr. Griffith's permission?" he said, sternly. Mr. Griffith was in the East, somewhere. When they finally located him, he said that she could not go until she had made one more picture—"The Bad Boy"—with Robert Harron. The result was that she never did go; ("That was the greatest disappointment of my life!") Her eyes fill with tears when she mentions it now.

She speaks very quietly. Perhaps the most noticeable thing about her is her perfect poise. She was sitting in a chair of some dark wood the high curved back of which formed a sort of oval frame for her face. She is very lovely—but everyone knows that. Her eyes and hair are brown; her hair has golden glints in it; and her skin is very soft and fair.

From "Inceville" she went to D. W. Griffith's studio where she did little else but rehearse under Griffith and appear briefly in "Intolerance."

Some of the pictures in which she appeared were "Old Folks at Home," with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and "Enoch Arden." She is now with Lois Weber. Her later pictures are "The Price of a Good Time," "The Doctor and the Woman," "The Man Who Dared God," "For Husbands Only," and "The Forbidden Box" and "Borrowed Clothes."

She became the bride of Chaplin when she was not quite eighteen. (She was born in Cheyenne, Wyo., on Thanksgiving Day, 1901.) She married Chaplin on October 23. They endeavored to keep the marriage a secret by continuing their work as usual—Mildred reported the next day to the Universal studios, and Chaplin to his own Hollywood plant, where he makes comedies for First National. To reporters they denied it emphatically. Mildred is quoted as saying, "I'm not married. I don't want to be married for quite awhile. And anyway, I won't marry until I've seen New York."

But she changed her mind.



A year after her Bison days she joined Kay Bee, and played various child and little girl parts. This photograph was taken about the time she first attracted Mr. Griffith's attention.

Witzel

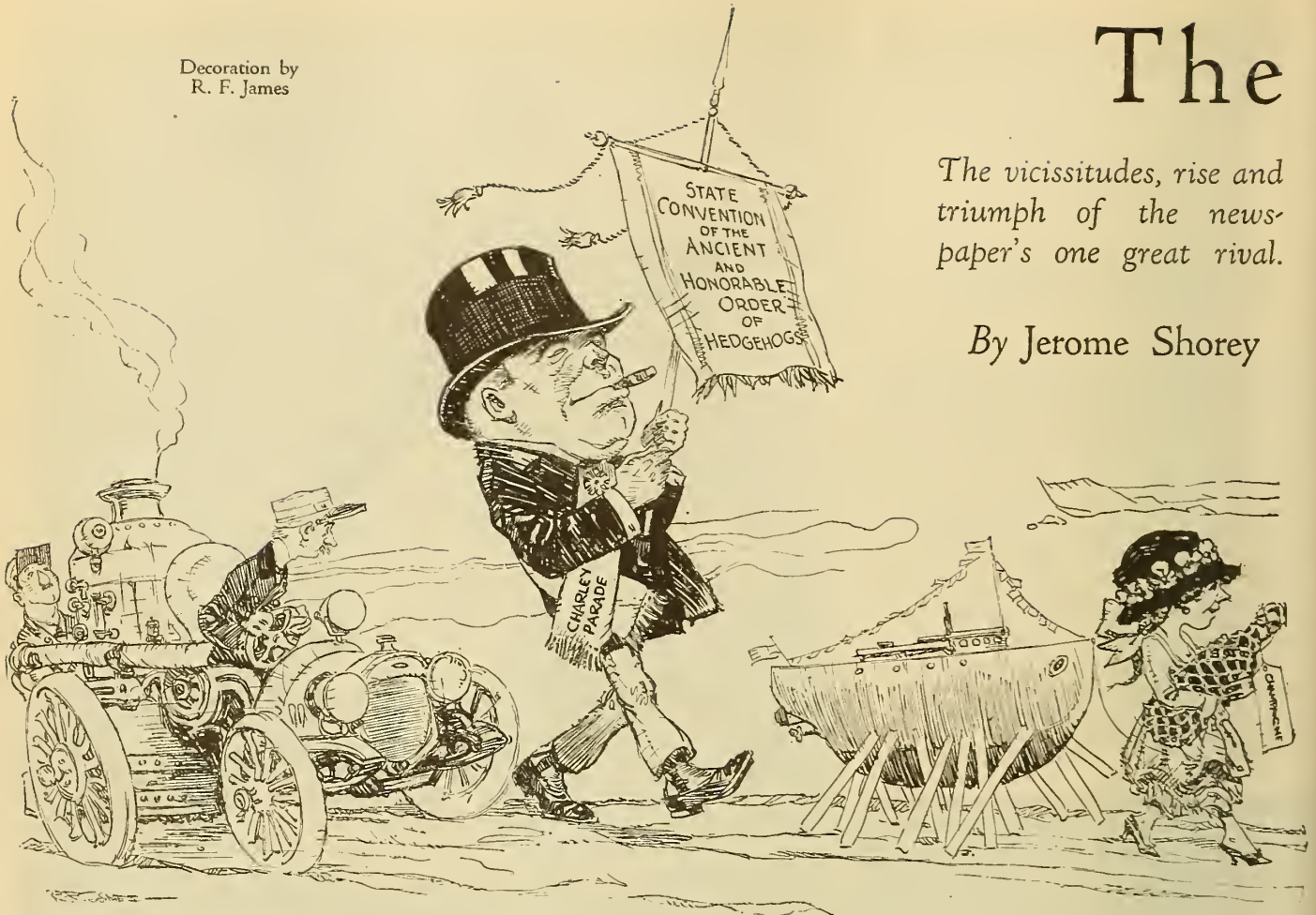


Decoration by  
R. F. James

# The

*The vicissitudes, rise and triumph of the newspaper's one great rival.*

By Jerome Shorey



**I**N the Year One B. B.—that is to say, Before the Birth of a Nation, from which all devout fans reckon the passing of the years—in the Year One B. B., the screen had a daily newspaper. That was four years ago.

I set this statement out in a paragraph by itself with the mingled feelings of a Columbus announcing a perfectly new discovery, and those of a would-be Columbus who has a suspicion that he is quite likely to be informed that his new continent is not merely no discovery at all, but that it is thickly settled and divided into building lots. But when, in delving into the records of the news weeklies, this bit of ancient history was divulged, the information came as something of a shock. Being not entirely unfamiliar with the various activities of the dispensers of celluloid, I am convinced that the fact, while it may be a matter of perturbed memory to a few hundred exchange men and theatre owners, never made much impression upon the people for whom that optical newspaper was published.

That enterprise established by Pathe in 1914 as a means of meeting new competition which its weekly news pictorial had encountered, was abandoned within a few months because of the same thing that has affected every human activity in these last four years—the war.

Today there is no celluloid daily. The animated journals are published twice a week, and there is an announcement of one which is to appear three times in the seven days. But within certain necessarily restricted territory, there are “extras,” flashing to surprised audiences the records of events that the newsboys are even then shouting in the streets outside. Here we have in a nutshell the entire situation as regards the comparison between the newspaper and the screenpaper. The fact is this:

## **T**HE News Reel has its D'Artagnans.

The editor of Universal's service told three cameramen to go to the scene of the terrific munitions explosion at South Amboy, N. J., and “get the stuff or don't come back.”

They were stopped at a bridge a mile away, past which only relief workers could go. Two of the photographers gave up. The third went back up the road, crawled unobserved into a Red Cross ambulance, covered himself and his machinery with blankets, rode across the bridge, made his “set up” in an iron hail of flying shrapnel, and was the only man to get a close-up of the disaster.

So far as seventy-five percent of the country is concerned, the camera will always be at least three jumps behind the linotype machine in the mere matter of time, until some Edison invents a means of sending pictures by telegraph. In the other twenty-five percent of the country the newspaper has to hump itself to get an even break. And this is because of the screen extra. Thus:

One day an automobile loaded with Universal players and equipment was threading its way through the debris on Seventh Avenue, New York, under which a new subway was being constructed. Suddenly, half a block ahead, the entire surface of the street disappeared. This would have been of little concern, except that two crowded street cars dropped thirty feet into the excavation, and there was considerable loss of life. The cameraman had his machine set up and was grinding away within thirty seconds. Within an hour the evening papers had extras on the street, but before the audiences in the Strand and Rialto had left the matinee performances, the picture of the disaster was flashed before them. Obviously, it would be impossible for theatres outside the New York zone to get this extra edition of the Universal Animated Weekly for several days, while the newspapers would have the story the same day.

Now there is no particular object in issuing a daily newspaper unless it records the events of the preceding or current twenty-four hours. Therefore, since it is physically impossible to send pictures by telegraph, the news reel must always be a day or two, or more, later than the event itself. The public looks to the screen newspaper, not for original information of the event itself, but for the graphic details which reveal the entire



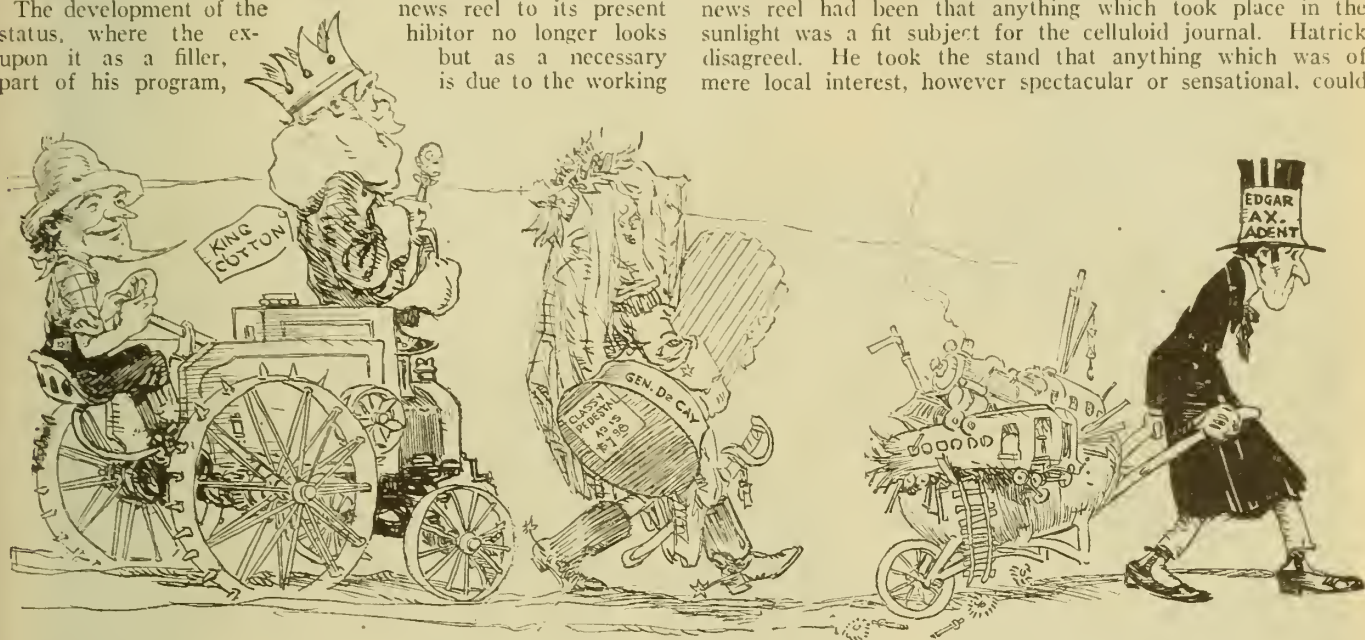
# Romance of the News Reel

significance, or picturesque qualities of the event. The picture of a regiment of American soldiers marching into battle in France loses nothing of its interest to the audience through the fact that this battle was won weeks before, but actually gains interest through the fact that the audience now knows that the soldiers won the battle, that many of these splendid men, swinging along the road, gave their lives that the battle might be won, that that magnificent fellow who is singing as he strides on, is perhaps one of those who were decorated with the Croix du Guerre, for gallantry in that battle.

The development of the status, where the exhibitioner no longer looks upon it as a filler, but as a necessary part of his program, is due to the working news reel to its present

it "lasted quick." A few months later Universal issued the Animated Weekly, which has continued without interruption ever since. Gaumont came in in 1912, and has been handicapped principally by the absence of consistent distributing machinery. January 2, 1913, the Mutual Weekly was born. The following year Hearst discovered the movies, and in 1914 joined with William Selig in issuing the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial.

The work of entertaining the public through the Hearst-Selig News Pictorial was turned over to a clever newspaper man, E. B. Hatrick. Until then, the general theory of the news reel had been that anything which took place in the sunlight was a fit subject for the celluloid journal. Hatrick disagreed. He took the stand that anything which was of mere local interest, however spectacular or sensational, could



out of this principle—that interest in the picture of an incident is in direct ratio to the impression the incident made originally upon the mind of the public, and not until the event has lost its significance in the public mind will the screen representation cease to interest the spectator.

Charles Pathe, who started pretty much everything in the picture business, commercially speaking, was the first celluloid newspaper publisher. In 1907 he issued the Pathe Journal in Paris. One year later the idea was reproduced by the American branch of Pathe in the Pathe Weekly, the date, to be precise, being August 1. Through various evolutions and combinations this feature of picture production has developed, until with the first week of 1919, the race has narrowed down to three entrants. The Pathe Weekly remains, name and ownership intact. The Gaumont weekly, established in this country in 1912, having passed through various vicissitudes, remains also. All the other news reels have been accumulated by the Hearst organization, at a cost of about \$1,000,000, and will be consolidated into the International Film Service. This embraces the two Universal weeklies (the Animated Weekly and Current Events), the Screen Telegram issued by Mutual, and the Hearst International, which has been dodging about from firm to firm for years. The combined concern will issue three releases a week.

In the ten years that the news pictures have been circulated in America, there are few concerns which have not been attracted at one time or another, by its possibilities. It was Vitagraph, in 1911, that first challenged Pathe's monopoly of the field with a monthly release of Current Events. In the parlance of the boulevards,

not entertain spectators not interested in the fact itself. The unveiling of a monument to a politician who had donated a park to Squaw Corners, the parade of the Iowa State Convention of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Hedgehogs, the destruction by fire of the grain elevator at Prairieville, appealed to him not at all. He decided upon a policy of interpretation of news, and to this policy the news reel of today owes much of its interest.

For example, Congress was considering the literacy test as an amendment to the immigration bill. The newspapers were

full of it. This gave the matter the necessary advertising to make it a public issue. But how are you going to show a picture of the literacy test? Hatrick sent a cameraman to Ellis Island, and photographed hundreds of immigrants, their eyes hungry for freedom. These were they who would be barred from the privileges of American democracy, if the literacy test were adopted. He sent a cameraman to Washington and photographed congressmen prominent in the discussion. These were they who would bar the victims of European poverty and persecution, from America; these others were they who took the view that there was welcome here for rich and poor, for toiler as well as for savant. It was not propaganda, except as the fact spoke for themselves. It entertained.

Confronted for the first time by competition that carried the news films into a new phase of development—for the Universal service, while vigorous and popular had followed the established lines—Pathe countered with a daring move, and established the Pathe Daily News Service. This was in the spring of 1914. What made this service possible was a special (Continued on page 94)

**F**REQUENTLY promoters of big sporting events such as automobile races, world-series baseball games and the like, sell the picture rights in their entirety, and try to keep news reel photographers out.

For such contingencies one editor has invented a concealed compressed-air camera.

It is pumped up like an automobile tire and is carried under the operator's arm in an innocent-looking package. The holder touches a button, releases the air, and the camera runs itself, the cameraman meanwhile looking on with the arch expression of the cat who has just eaten the canary.





*Painted by a PHOTOPLAY staff artist.*

ONE of the greatest moments of motion picture history was reserved for that chill November night in which the German envoys crossed the abyss of No Man's Land into the French lines in quest of peace. We are told that the officers of the contingent were "typical Prussian aristocrats, lean and aquiline, their slender boots of remarkable leather, their uniforms elegant." They came riding in powerful motor-cars bearing the black eagle of the Empire on their doors. And doubtless these Germans were never more surprised than when, alighting, they suddenly faced the blinding light of several studio arcs, and heard the sibilant purr of the official picture cameras of the allied governments.



# Better Photoplay League *and the Industry*

If you want better, cleaner pictures in your town, start a branch League at once. Don't merely complain—Act!

*Selection rather than censorship  
—exhibitors and manufacturers  
are our friends — co-operate!*

Write today to James R. Quirk, President, 350 North Clark St., Chicago, for information.

**T**HERE could be no better time than the present in which to discuss the attitude of the Better Photoplay League of America toward the motion picture industry as a whole; and the attitude of members and local organizations toward the individual showmen.

Actual, participatory interest in the League and its work has become nation-wide. In towns from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lake states to the Gulf, intelligent men and women are enlisting in the first organized movement for *clean* pictures and *better* pictures.

With the accession of the influential and thinking people in scores of communities, many questions of procedure have arisen, none more vital than this: what is the Better Photoplay League's relation to the actual and regular business of presenting motion pictures? How shall we improve and uplift without seeming to be mere impractical, meddling theorists? What does our local exhibitor think of this big new idea?

In the first place, the officers of the League have noticed that through its urge and enthusiasm a great many intelligent people—the conservative class of the average American community—have come to take a serious, constructive interest in a new art which heretofore they regarded only as entertainment for their children, or at best an odd-hour diversion for themselves.

It is to this sane, progressive and constantly increasing rank of the new membership that this page is especially addressed.

In the first place, do not consider your local exhibitor a brainless mountebank to be "regulated." He does not throw on films haphazard.

There are not very many of the old "store show" half-wits left in the trade. The presentation of motion pictures has become a business, and your exhibitor, like your grocer or your hardware man, is down on the corner *to sell you what you wish to buy*. If he puts on films that have a moral smudge in them he does not put them on for his own sly enjoyment. He puts them on because some member of your household, or your friends, or employees, or acquaintances, hurries to his box-office to give him money that they may see them.

You can't legislate or regulate or propagandize a thing out of existence until the people want it put out of existence. Superficially, we might say that Congress and President Wilson have pronounced sentence of death on the saloon—but they haven't, really. Neither can it be accounted a victory of the professional prohibitionist. The American People did that, and these gentlemen in Washington were only their spokesmen and executors.

Regard the local exhibitor as your friend, and the friend of the League. See that clean pictures in your community have

an overwhelming patronage. Acquaint yourself, by knowing your friend the exhibitor, with just what is going on in the motion picture world—his end of the motion picture world. Never let the term "censor" be confounded with your organization. We don't wish to be censors. We wish to be constructive upbuilders of the picture best. Now, not all exhibitors may be open-minded or progressive, but we are optimistic enough to believe that every community has at least one—probably more, but anyway, one—sane, progressive film showman who will welcome Better Photoplay League as an actual co-operator. Make the showing of fine, decent pictures at this house, or these houses, such a steady and successful enterprise that the other fellows, the non-progressives, will be financially compelled to throw their silver-sheet dirt farther than civilization has thrown the most conspicuous Hohenzollern.

Here's something else to remember: as filth breeds physical disease, so ignorance and low mentality breed artistic uncleanness and suggestion. The cleanest pictures in America today are the output of the intelligent manufacturers. There are exceptions, of course, but as education and moral sanity go hand in hand, so do intelligence, high-class effort and healthy picture stories in filmland.

Which brings us to The League and The Industry. The Better Photoplay League and the better manufacturers are in accord, and will work hand in hand. We are not seeking any manufacturing "alliances." Our position on that side of the industry is somewhat analogous to America's and the greater questions of peace. In that we have no business ends to gain. The moment Better Photoplay League bends the knee to a manufacturer's promises, or flattery, or whatever, that moment it becomes a house organ, a trade affiliation. The manufacturer is the friend of all of us, and we are his friends, both parties working toward a common end. Do not forget that, for the spirit of impartial co-operation is the one thing that will keep the League going ahead at its present marvelous speed, and any other spirit will put on brakes that will stop the whole machine. We are constructively and co-operatively for every manufacturer whose pictures show that he desires cleanliness, reasonableness and artistic reality in his stories. There are a very few others—one in particular—who persist in putridity. Their days are as certainly numbered as the days of the saloon, and right in the van of their implacable foes comes Better Photoplay League—horse, foot and machine guns.

The Los Angeles Leaguers—Mrs. Janette Wright, Chairman—have adopted as their motto (*Concluded on page 94*)

## *Advisory Patrons of Better Photoplay League of America*

Cardinal Gibbons, Head of Catholic Church in America, Baltimore, Md.  
Samuel Gompers, Pres. American Federation of Labor, Washington, D. C.  
Mrs. George Thacher Guernsey, Pres. Gen. Daughters American Revolution, Washington, D. C.  
Daniel Carter Beard, National Scout Commissioner, Boy Scouts of America, Flushing, L. I.  
John Barrett, Dir. Gen. Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C.  
Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, Pres. International Council of Women, Haddoo House, Scotland.  
Charles S. Barrett, Pres. Farmers' Educational and Co-operative Union, Union City, Georgia.  
Mrs. Phillip North Moore, Pres. National Council of Women, Member National Council of Defense, Washington, D. C.  
Samuel A. Dickie, Pres. Assn. of Methodist College Presidents, Albion, Michigan.  
Carrie Chapman Catt, Pres. National Suffrage Assn., Member National Council of Defense, New York City.  
Mrs. Helen Collins, President Pan Hellenic Union, Chi Omega Fraternity, Lexington, Kentucky.  
Mrs. Nathaniel E. Harris, Pres. National Council of Jewish Women, Bradford, Pa.  
Mrs. Harriet H. Barry, Chairman, Better Film Com., National Federation College Women, Montrovia, Cal.  
Mrs. A. J. Ochsner, Pres. National Federation of Musical Clubs, Chicago, Ill.  
Thomas Arkle Clark, Dean of Men, University of Ill., Urbana, Ill.  
John H. Phillips, Pres. Southern Educational Council, Birmingham, Ala.  
Mary Garrett Hay, Chairman Woman Suffrage Party, New York City.  
P. H. Callahan, War Activity Committee Knights of Columbus, Louisville, Ky.  
David Starr Jordan, President Emeritus Leland Stanford University, Palo Alto, California.  
Mary E. Woolley, Mount Holyoke College, S. Hadley, Mass.  
Mrs. Flora Warren Seymour, Representative National Association Women Lawyers and Corresponding Secretary National Federation College Women, Chicago, Ill.  
Charles Sumner Burch, Suffragan Bishop, New York City.  
Mary Roberts Rinehart, Novelist, New York.  
Sophie Irene Loeb, Editor and Publicist, New York World, New York City.  
Mrs. Mabel Potter Daggett, Author "Women Wanted," New York City.  
James Egbert, Professor Columbia University, New York City.  
Mrs. Booker T. Washington, President National Federation of Colored Women, Tuskegee, Ala.  
Mrs. Frederic Schöff, President National Congress of Mothers and Parent Teachers Association, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Mrs. Martha E. Tingey, President Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Society, Salt Lake City, Utah.  
Edwin Hebden, Director Bureau of Statistics and Research, Dept. of Education, Baltimore, Md.



# Peace and the Scenario Market

"Forget the war!" is advice of man who passes upon more picture stories than any other individual in the world.

By Robert Emmet MacAlarney

(Scenario Editor of the Artcraft-Paramount Corporation)

"THE war is over, NOW what about the screen?"

This question is being hurled at every scenario desk. Writers who think—and think rightly, too—that war conditions have affected the choice of plays, wish to be told anew how to market their wares.

Only the cocksure will define exactly the film story sure to be accepted during the next year. But that there will be, at least, a partial return to the things which gripped before the Kaiser spoiled life for most of us is fairly certain.

There must be reckoned with, however, one inevitable factor. Any publisher of books, or Broadway manager, can tell you that, the moment hostilities seemed likely to cease, the depiction of life *during* war began to slacken. Automatically the writer mind shifted gears, and strove to portray life *after* war and affected by war. Henceforth we shall have hundreds of screen plots revealing the soldier who returns home to wrestle with his own altered self, plus altered environment. But the average screen playwright, if he can, may well forget the war for a time.

Make no mistake—there will be produced many excellent plays showing war's reflex. But for the ordinary writer, without a name that carries distinction, or a following which gilds what he writes, the non-war story stands a better chance of acceptance.

Screen styles will change in a twelve-month, like the cuffs on an overcoat sleeve. But for the time being it is likely that the public will welcome the pre-war type of film drama.

There has grown up of late an interest in a certain form of comedy drama, borrowed mostly from magazine stories told cleverly. While this sort of play will always have some appeal, the over-artificialized screen drama will probably lose caste.

Remembering, then, that selling screen stories is based entirely on a demand transmitted from motion picture theatre patron to exhibitor, and thence to producer—what is the best way to proceed?

There is no prescription for film writing. There may have been, in the early and more crude days of the craft. But nowadays all an intelligent scenario desk asks is to have a story told in the vein the author fancies most. Unless your play is prepared sloppily, and with outrageous illiteracy, it is read with a care which very often it does not deserve.

One of the first things a writer should do when he has devised a screen plot is to ask himself, "For what star is this suitable?" This does not necessarily indicate keenness: it is simply common sense. Whether or not the star system will continue to sway the screen, the fact remains that a play is usually bought for a particular person. If you have a star in mind, you are more definite when you write; and, if your play is written properly and proves to be unsuited to one star, there should come to you immediately a second choice. When offering a play, you should always be able to say, "I think this can be used for Miss Blank."

The Famous Players-Lasky Company believes that the best way to submit a story is in progressive synopsis form. This may run from one to ten thousand words. Not to establish a precedent, but merely for the sake of entering it on the records, let it be remarked that the best synopses we have inspected have varied between five and six thousand words.

Dialogue, except when used to point up highlights, is treacherous stuff. Quotation marks deceive as to dramatic quality. Furthermore, much dramatic dialogue cannot be interpreted in screen terms anyhow.

Leaning upon a style of expression is a mistake; so is achieving a stilted or "flip" synopsis. Hardly ever is a desk cajoled into buying a play which has been "put across" by sheer wording.

Unless a writer has had actual studio experience, it is a good plan to practically forget the camera, oddly enough, when writing. Later, at the time of purchase, a producing company will probably demand a supplementary working synopsis. Into this you can put all of your "shot to shot" material.

The ideal screen play does not depend upon locale. It is vital enough to be played without depreciation of values either at Palm Beach or in the Klondike. Once in a great while a play is bought solely because of locale appeal. But we are not discussing the exceptional type of play.

Certain standard objections continue to prevail. Costume plays, plays hinging upon medical operations, amnesia, kidnappings—all of these are below par.

At least fifty percent of beginner authors think they must offer "continuity." By "con-

tinuity," of course, we mean the thing actually displayed on the screen—scenes, plus sub and spoken titles. Rarely does continuity help sell a screen play, and reading a story in that form is the most difficult

way of grasping it. Often two or three perusals are necessary. Besides continuity writing is usually a matter of cooperation between scenario writer, director, and star, the whole slanted by the method of a particular studio.

Stories inherently episodic, or requiring double exposure, are not desired. Elaborate sets and difficult exteriors likewise help prevent a sale. It is usually wrong to submit an inverted synopsis. Let your story be told in straightaway fashion so that the scenario desk will not have to untangle it. Now and then, when a play depends upon tricking an audience, you can afford to trick as well the man who first sees your manuscript—in fact you must do so—but opportunities for selling trick plays are not many.

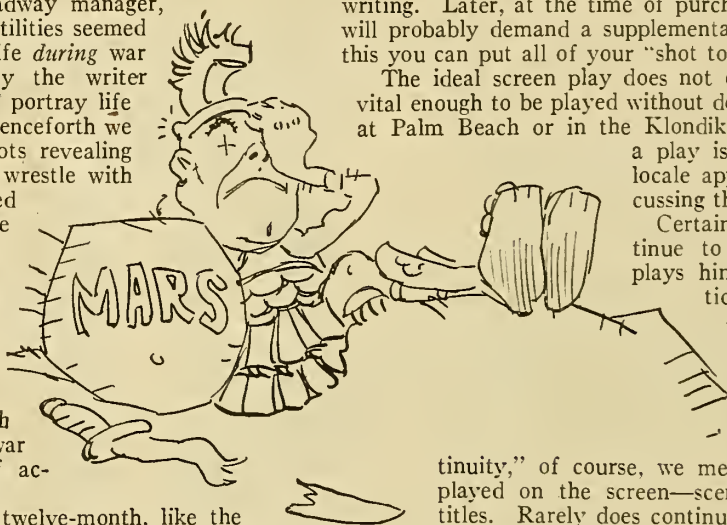
The mere fact that you offer something which has occurred in real life has nothing at all to do with promoting acceptance. It means naught to the screen. It might mean something in a book.

Do not confuse the terms "dramatic" and "narrative." Certain phases of a dramatic story which appeal in narrative form evaporate in film. Many tempting shadings and characterizations are rejected because they would seem absurd on the screen.

It is well to avoid stories in which clergymen are the chief exponents. Dodge also capital and labor, business deals of sorts, and politics. They are not popular on scenario desks for good and sufficient reasons.

Few writers seem to really read the periodicals of the profession they hope to succeed in. Be sure to read screen magazines, paying as much attention to the advertising as to the news. There is no excuse for not knowing who is who in filmdom.

When you visit a picture theatre study what is ineffective as carefully as what is successfully done. Afterward do not rush home and put on paper (Continued on page 104)







The cuticle at the base of your nails is all that protects the sensitive nail root. Read why cutting makes the cuticle rough, uneven

Start today to have exquisite nails without cutting. See what a difference one Cutex manicure makes



For clean, white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails



If you want a brilliant, lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then Cutex Cake Polish

# The delicate nail root is only 1/12 inch below the cuticle

## Don't cut the cuticle

DO you realize that the only thing that protects the delicate nail root is one-twelfth inch of cuticle? That is why you should not cut it.



Alice Joyce says: "Cutex made my manicure the work of a moment instead of the irksome duty it was"

When the cuticle is cut, these tender cut surfaces grow more quickly than the uncut parts. They form a ragged-looking edge which ruins the appearance of your hand. Long ago an expert solved the problem of a harmless cuticle remover, by perfecting Cutex.

Cutex loosens the dry, dead skin which has grown up onto your nail. Quickly and safely it removes surplus cuticle and leaves a smooth, even, thin line at the base of your nail.

## The right way to manicure

In the Cutex package you will find an

orange stick and some absorbent cotton. After wrapping cotton around the end of the stick, dip it into the bottle and work it around the base of your nails, gently pressing back the cuticle. Then carefully rinse the fingers in clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

Finish with Cutex Nail White and Cutex Nail Polish. To keep your nails looking well-groomed, use Cutex regularly.

Secure Cutex in any drug or department store. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c, 65c and \$1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

A complete manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon today with 21c and we will send you the complete Cutex Manicure Set shown at the right. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 702, 114 W. 17th Street, New York City.

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MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 21c TODAY

This Midget Manicure Set will give you at least six of the most successful manicures you have ever had. Send 21c for it today



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# Why-Do-They Do-It



Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**T**HIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

## When in Doubt, Say, "My Gawd!"

**I** THINK Director Perret should study lip reading a little closer. In "Lafayette, We Come," a picture I enjoyed very much, the hero goes blind. Miss Cassinelli, playing the role of a nurse, enters the room, and he senses her presence. Then follows the title—"Therese, is it you?" But—as plain as daylight—his lips say "My G-a-w-d!"

J. BOSH, Cleveland.

## A Gay Old Dog

**C**AN anyone tell me how long is the average life of the average dog? In "The Great White Way" a big collie is shown finding a baby lying in a basket in an old tree. At that time the dog wasn't any puppy, yet when we see the baby later—at the age of fourteen years—the same dog jumps around as lively and brisk as ever.

MRS. W. E. DOWSER, Long Beach, Calif.

## Enterprising Journalism

**I**N "The Safety Curtain" after the theatre burns, Norma Talmadge is taken to her leading-man's apartment. Shortly after he picks up a paper and reads an account of the fire with a list of names of persons injured or missing. How did it happen the newspaper was published so soon—even in the apartment before they arrived.

VICTORIA MARTELL,  
Hanford, Cal.

## Strong Trade Winds

**I**N "The Savage Woman" with Clara Kimball Young, I distinctly saw one of the supposedly massive stone columns of the ruined temple waver back and forth in the light tropical breeze.

CHARLES C. DICKINSON, University of Virginia.

## Thorns and Roses

**I**N the first episode of Vitagraph's "The Iron Test," the great climax at the end seems absurdly improbable to me. Antonio Moreno, whose shirt has been secretly impregnated with an inflammable liquid, jumps through the ring of fire in the circus stunt and catches fire. Two objections: First, if the liquid had been gasoline it would have evaporated long before he even donned the shirt; and, second, if it were oil, then the trifling amount that the villain very obviously put on could not have caught fire in that half-instant that he came in contact with the fire. However, "The Iron Test" starts off with a bang of interest—so—

E. L. DORSEY, Lake Forest, Ill.

## Go to the Head of the Class

**I**N "The One Woman" the word sacrament was spelled "sacriment."

H. F., Chicago, Ill.

## A Candle Power Moon

**I**N "Private Peat," a lone candle can be seen burning on the table in the girl's room and yet plenty of light comes in from the side of the room. When she puts the candle flame out the same light still comes in only in the form of moonlight. Well, it must be true, they do it in the movies.

F. HUBERT MCCANN, Chicago, Ill.

## And Again:

**I**N the late Mr. Lockwood's "Pals First" he returns to his home at night with his friend. The old colored servant comes out to the gate with a lantern. Lockwood tells him to go up to his room and light the lamp. You see him light the oil lamp in the room. Mr. Lockwood and his friend then come up to dress for dinner. Upon going out they do not blow out the lamp but press an electric button in the wall.

THOMAS NELSON SHAW, New York.

## Mebbe He Was Bald

**I**N "The Thing We Love" the manager of the Tremont Steel Works calls upon the owner, Kathlyn Williams, and is received by her in the library of her home. Is it because the interview is a stormy one that the gentleman wears his hat throughout the act?

J. HILLS, Beverly Farms, Mass.

## Western Marksmanship

**W**H Y is it that in so many "Movies" depicting early western life in which more or less gun-play is much

in evidence, no one seems to get hit or badly hurt? For instance, take the scene in "Hell Bent" where the sheriff's posse attacks the rendezvous of "Beau" and

his gang of outlaws. Every man on both sides fires about a dozen or more rounds and only one outlaw receives a wound and a slight one at that, so slight, in fact, that he and his companions escape through a window and mount their horses in a clean get-away.

Several other western pictures have shown a group of mounted officers or cow-boys in hot pursuit of a band of outlaws, also mounted, and the pursuers—rifles heavenward—firing bullets headed for the next county ahead. Laying down a sort of a barrage, so to speak.

JNO. H. HIFLER, Duke Center, Pa.

## Wasteful Mary

**I**N "Johanna Enlists" Mary Pickford left her hat in the court martial tent. It was such a beautiful hat, with flowers and all.

A THIRTEEN YEAR OLD READER, Waltham, Mass.







## Soft woolly sweaters, caps, scarfs, sport stockings *Launder them so they won't thicken or shrink*

**T**ODAY you can cleanse woolens yourself without hurting them. From Dad's sport stockings to Baby's little shirt, you can trust every single woolen you have unhesitatingly to the delicate Lux suds.

When you twist woolens or rub them with soap, they become stiff, matted and shrunken.

But with Lux there is no rubbing. Only sousing in the rich, pure lather, gently pressing the suds through the soiled parts.

Whisk Lux into a rich lather in very hot water—two tablespoonfuls to the gallon. For

colored woolens, add cold water to make the suds lukewarm. Swish your woolens about in the suds. Wash quickly, pressing the suds through the woolens, but do not rub.

Rinse three times in lukewarm water. Dissolve a little Lux in the last rinsing to leave your woolens soft and woolly. Never wring woolens. Squeeze the water out, and spread on a towel to dry in the shade.

Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux.

Lever Bros. Co.—Cambridge, Mass.

# LUX

*Lux won't injure anything pure water alone won't injure*

*Even in hard water Lux makes wonderful suds*



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# Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK

ON November 30th, at New Rochelle, N. Y., Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks won an interlocutory decree of divorce from her husband. There was a co-respondent, referred to in the testimony as "an unknown woman." While it is always unpleasant to record the domestic unhappiness of people we like, it is a relief, in this instance, to reach the quiet finale of a drama of discord which for months threatened to explode, a high-explosive shell of scandal, over the whole motion picture terrain. Many sensational and no doubt many untrue things have been whispered by ever-ready busybodies about Mr. Fairbanks' family affairs, and no good could have come to anyone by loud re-cremations in public places. Mrs. Fairbanks retains the custody of their boy, Douglas, Jr., who is now eight years of age.

JACK PICKFORD has been mustered out of the navy and will produce his own pictures, to be released by The First National Exhibitors' Circuit. The deal is said to have been engineered by his mother.

MARSHALL NEILAN is concluding his direction of Mary Pickford, at the Sunset Studios in Los Angeles, in the first of her personally-produced photoplays, "Daddy Longlegs." Neilan was the center of a scheme, last summer, at once ambitious and romantic. We're so far away from it now that there seems no harm in telling it. Briefly, he proposed to revive the most famous brand of the screen: Biograph. He and Allan Dwan were to work together, though Neilan was head of the scheme. They were to use the Biograph studios in New York and Los Angeles, as stories, market conditions and seasons indicated, and upon their choicest productions were again to reveal the great name that stood for the first great pictures. For one reason and another, these negotiations were not carried through. Neilan went with Garson, and to read Garson's advertisements you'd believe Marshall just the hired boy, instead of being a partner.

BLUEBIRD is dead! Don't think, my dears, that this means the end of happiness, according to the Maeterlinck-



Photo reprint from *Luman Sket*

Herbert Brenon, with his army camera man, photographed for Photoplay Magazine a few weeks ago on the Thames Embankment while completing the second version of his official British propaganda picture—the first negative having been destroyed by fire.

Tourneur legend; the facts are these: Universal is discontinuing its well-known brand, and will hereafter confine its productive activities to the manufacture of "Special Attractions." "Bluebird" was one of the best-chosen names ever given a line of photoplays. It was the result of a contest, and was sent in by a woman of no literary or professional affiliations. "Bluebird," in brief, was the simon-pure inspiration of a simon-pure "fan."

UNBELIEVABLE—that Julian Eltinge, in "The Fascinating Widower," will be his manly self without once resorting to corsets and long wig. However, that's what is definitely promised.

A VERY trustworthy lady I know went to a party a short time ago at which Lila Lee was one of the guests. Said trustworthy lady is now whispering a dreadful thing about the Zukor jewel: "She's getting fat!" Let us hope that Lila's first after-recess scenario required a lot of acrobatics.

BELLE BENNETT'S enlistment with the Alcazar stock company of San Francisco, as leading woman, only recalls that foundry of talent's many contributions to stage and screen. Here, years ago, Bessie Barriscale was a wonderful child ingenue. Here she met and married Howard Hickman. Herschell  
(Continued on page 84)



He Waited Eighty Years for This

Like son, like father, is the way the new proverb goes. Charlie Murray's father, thirty years beyond the half-century mark, pays a first studio visit to his son. His particular vamp is Alice Lake.



# Pompeian Beauty Powder

Adds a pearly clearness  
Stays on unusually long



## Yes, Beauty Instantly

MAID—"The Lieutenant is leaving tonight  
and says he has but a few minutes."

MY LADY—"I will be down in an instant!"

Instant beauty is indeed at her finger tips. A pale or sallow complexion or signs of worry or age do not worry her because she has her "Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream. She works this softening vanishing cream well into the skin, so that the powder will not stick in spots. Now her Pompeian

BEAUTY Powder, with its pearly touch and captivating perfume. Then a bit of Pompeian BLOOM on the cheeks. My Lady knows that this touch of color in the cheeks not only adds the bloom of youthful beauty, but also makes her eyes seem darker and more lustrous. Presto! What a change in a few moments.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, Pompeian DAY Cream or Pompeian BLOOM may be used separately or together. Sold by your druggist at 50c for each article. Guaranteed by the makers of the well-known Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream and Pompeian HAIR Massage.

### Special Half-Box Offer

(Positively only one to a family)

To one person only in a family we will send a box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (containing exactly one-half regular 50c package) and samples of DAY Cream and BLOOM for only two dimes.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 2131 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.



POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio  
Gentlemen:—

Enclosed find two dimes, for which send me your special powder offer. No member of my family has accepted this offer.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....  
State.....  
Flesh shade sent unless white or brunette requested.





Mae Marsh, at twelve years of age. And this wasn't so very long, either, before she began Biographing in the distinguished company which included half of today's pillars of the motion picture industry.

Mayall came from the Alcazar. Robert Brunton was once a scenic artist there. Here the sprightly young Bert Lytell cavorted as leading man, while his wife, Evelyn Vaughn, was leading lady. Melbourne MacDowell was once an actor there. So was William Desmond. In fact, almost half the Coast Defenders who have won stage fame served an apprenticeship on the Alcazar boards.

**S**PEAKING of the stage in the Bay Cities—Adda Gleason, another ex-Alcazarite, announces that she is definitely returning to nights and two matinees. She makes her new beginning as leading woman of the Liberty theatre, in Oakland.

**D**OES destiny chastise actors who deny their nuptials to honest and well-intentioned reporters? Seems so in Earle Williams' case. For weeks Mr. Williams said positively that he *had not* married Florine Walz of Philadelphia. But he had, just the same. And now one Roma Raymond, a writer, has sued Mr. Williams

for \$160,000, alleging breach of promise. The reporters had to take one of Mr. Williams' little jokes. Why couldn't Miss Raymond?

**T**HE peace trek to Europe seems to have started. First announcers of passport plans are Maemurray Leonard, and D. Fairbanks. The world's most romantic acrobat says that he is going to take a company of actors and his personal Carl Rosner, Mr. Zeidman, to Southern France. Robert Leonard avers that his wife has a London contract with a salary as big as Roscoe Arbuckle. Mr. Leonard will be her director, of course.

**M**ABEL NORMAND passed through Chicago a few weeks ago, enroute to her first field of glory, California. I recalled two other transits of Chicago by la Normand. The first seems centuries ago, yet it is only a few years. Then the poor and unknown little Biograph girl, bubbling with enthusiasm, travelled unnoticed, unheard-of, to the stages on which she was to become the greatest of

Keystone comedienne. With fame that she scarcely realized she came back—presently. Reporters clustered about her almost-private car. Waxen from a recent illness, shrouded like a doll in a wonderful gown, her hands glittering with jewels, she saw them for a few moments, enroute to New York and a fabulous stellar salary. Now she's going to do "Sis Hopkins" on the Goldwyn-Triangle lot. It has been done, once, by Rose Melville, but let us hope the revised version brings back to us the long-gone inimitable Normand of old.

**C**ARL LAEMMLE reminds me of a mother hen who's always hatching out ducks that swim away. He gave artistic hatching to Mary MacLaren, and oh, the woe that ensued! Last summer it seemed as though Carmel Myers was about to pack her U-city fame in a suitcase, too. Lately, little Mildred Chaplin, who once answered to the name of Harris, has been getting there right royally under the Jewel insignia. Now there are fears that she, too, will do some contract jumping. Of course Universal was only too eager to strip that name "Chaplin" on all its accessible "Borrowed Clothes" printing, yet . . .

**F**RED STONE proposes a punishment for the late Kaiser which is almost too terrible. Stone says: "Lock him up in an automat restaurant without a nickel."

**C**RANE WILBUR is now Papa Wilbur. For his wife, on November 13th, presented him a son.

**W**ILLIAM SHEA is dead. He was a veteran of picture veterans, for he began to act before the camera thirteen years ago, with the Vitagraph company. He died at his home in Brooklyn.

**C**HARLEY CHAPLIN is a musician. Recently a maker of saxophones, having an eye to the main chance, sent the comedian a most ornate moan-box, (Continued on page 95)



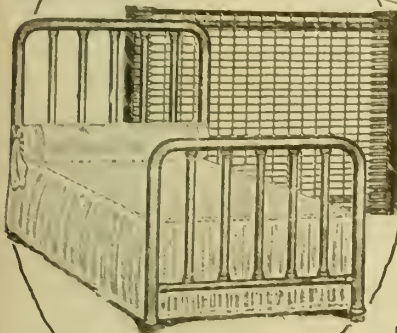
Anthony Paul ("Tony") Kelly, remarkably productive and efficient young scenario writer and dramatist, who, it is said, refused a fee of five thousand dollars offered him to make a photoplay of "Daddy Longlegs" for Mary Pickford, because it would have interfered with his duties as a U. S. sailor.



**Full-Size 3-Unit Complete (Bed and Spring) Steel Bed**

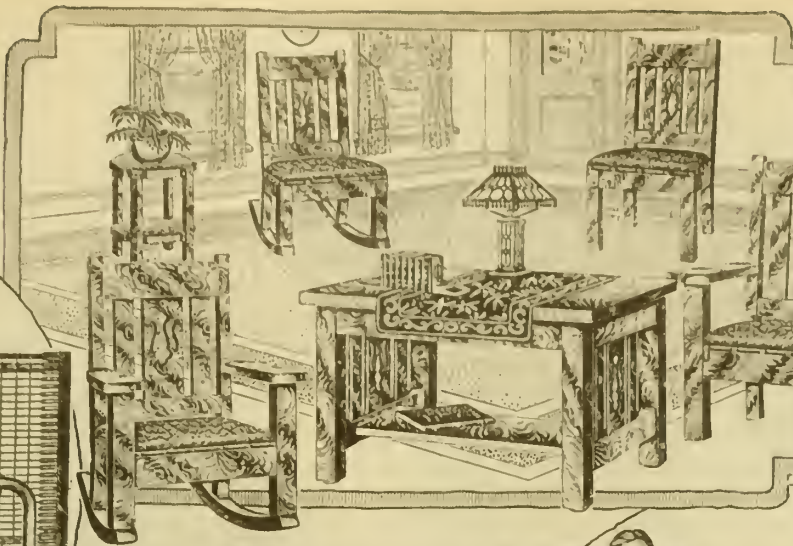
Three-unit construction. Gives utmost rigidity and perfect alignment. Oval side tubes, stronger than round. Spring has 6-in. rise and 1 1/2 in. band edge. Steel surface, highly polished. Handsomely finished in Vernis Martin (gold bronze). Head 49 in. high, foot 32 in. Full size bed, 4 ft. 6 in. wide. Lighter than iron. Easy, strong spring. 11-16 in. continuous pillars. Bottom tube and fillers 1/2 in. Shpg. weight 75 lbs. Shipped from Chicago warehouse.

Order by No. 155AMA3. Price \$14.78. Send only \$1.00. Balance \$1.50 per mo.



strong. Most comfortable, lasting and beautiful. Large arm chair and large rocker stand 38 in. high over all, and 25 1/2 in. wide, seats 19 1/2 x 18 in. Arms of quarter-sawed oak. Smaller rocker and chair have seats 17 x 16 in. Table 21 x 36 in. Tabourette 17 in. high, has octagon shaped top 12 in. wide. Book ends just right size to easily support large books. Each piece full size. Set will furnish sitting room, parlor or library. Without question the greatest furniture offer made. Shipped from our Chicago warehouse or factory in western New York state. Shipping weight, carefully crated, about 200 lbs.

Order by No. 110AMA9. Price \$24.65. Only \$1.00 now. Balance \$2.50 a month. If not satisfactory after 30 days' trial return the set and we refund your \$1.00 and pay freight both ways.



**7-Piece Set**

World's Greatest Furniture Offer. Artistically made 7-piece Mission Set of seasoned solid oak—rich brown mission finish—smoothly waxed. 2 large Rockers, 1 with arms; 2 large chairs, 1 with arms; table, tabourette and book ends. Ornamented with rich cut out design. Seats upholstered in imitation Spanish brown leather well padded and

**IMPORTANT**

**Note**—This great set comes with chairs ready to put into your room and sectional table which you set up in minutes. Don't compare this with the so-called "knock-down" sets which come in 65 or 70 pieces to put together. No carpenter work for you to do on this Hartman set—no chance of getting shaky furniture because this set has the solid glue-block construction. See if anyone else will guarantee to send you such a set as this at anywhere near our price. We will not sell "knock-down" furniture and ask you to do a lot of work on it. Get this set that's complete—ready to use—solid, reliable.



**Royal Easy Chair**

Press the button on the right arm and back automatically adjust itself in position that best suits you. Foot rest is out of sight when not in use and in foot rest is hidden basket for newspapers, magazines, etc. Upholstered in imitation Spanish brown leather; 8 springs in seat, 1 frame 23 in. high; 23 1/2 in. wide; 26 1/2 in. deep (outside measurements). Seat is 20 1/2 x 20 1/2 in. Length reclining 43 1/2 in.; with foot rest extended 61 1/2 in. Golden oak finish. Shipped from Chicago warehouse. Shpg. wt. 95 lbs.

Order by No. 83-AMAS. Price \$19.95. \$1.00 now. Bal. \$2 monthly.

**THESE GREAT BARGAINS**

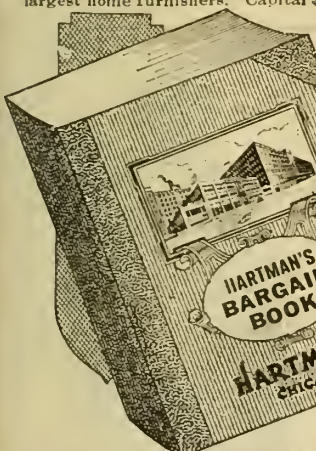
**ONLY \$1.00 BRINGS YOUR CHOICE**

Order any of these five remarkable bargains and send only \$1. (\$1 on each if you order more than one). Then use it 30 days in your home—examine it, test it, make comparisons—if it isn't what you want and an amazing bargain, ship it back and we will refund your money and pay freight both ways. That's the Hartman way of letting you see and prove the quality of the goods we send before you agree or decide to purchase. Then, if you keep the merchandise, pay for it on our easy terms—a small payment monthly—so small you will hardly feel the cost. Order right from this ad—today. Or, if you don't see what you want, get our big Bargain Catalog (see description below). The Hartman Credit Plan is the economical, sensible way to buy. First know what you are getting by actual 30 days' trial—then pay a little

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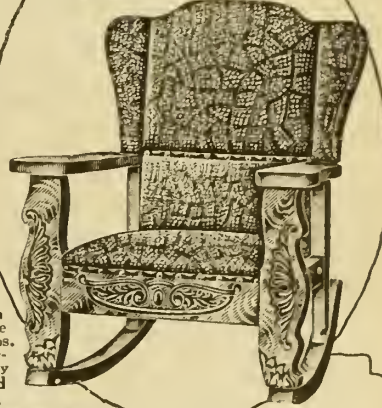
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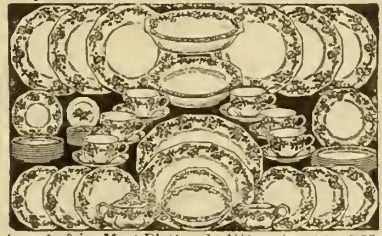


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Marguerite Marsh  
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"Treat 'em Rough," says Marguerite, "I'm right behind you." And that's probably the best place for Margy just at this point



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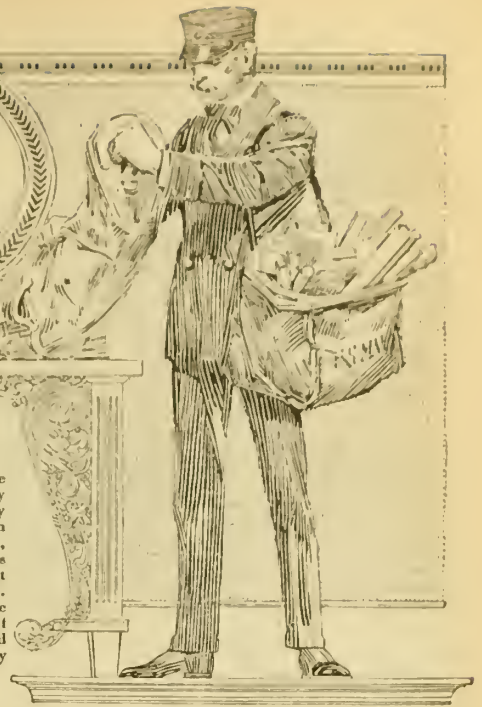
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# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

MAGGIE, NORFOLK.—I am a sympathist; I feel very sorry for you. I wouldn't make fun of you; I wouldn't make fun of any lady with a perfectly good husband. Still, can't you find something more—er, poignant to emote about? We have plenty of real troubles on hand and will gladly share them with you. Yes, Mildred Harris is Mrs. Charlie Chaplin. They were married in October and tried to keep it a secret but it leaked out. I don't know, I'm sure, what's become of the Bushman Club. 'Twas sweet of you to make a pilgrimage to the house Francis X. was born in and it may be true that you'd rather see it than George Washington's birth-place. But sh—don't talk so loud. Some of the anti-Bushman crowd might hear you. Bushman-Bayne are now with Vitagraph.

MARTHA M., COLUMBIA, S. C.—Yes, we are very smart. You should see us in our new pin-checked suit with our hair brushed straight back. Three guesses and a clever answer every month to the little girl who tells us why I wear my hair straight back. Anita Stewart, Lois Weber studios, Hollywood; Marguerite Clark, Famous Players; Norma Talmadge, Select; Mary Pickford, Pickford studios, Hollywood. It is true that Harold Lockwood is dead. I hear there is a greater demand than ever for his pictures. He was working on "The Yellow Dove" when he was stricken.

PETTY, INDIANAPOLIS.—Have you never felt the inner longing for bigger, better things; the striving toward a higher life—the desire of the moth for the fur coat? Would that I were an Emerson or somebody, to answer your intricate Q's. Only a humble Answer Man I, forlorn I live, forgotten I'll die. Heigh-ho. Theda Bara isn't dead.

URANUS, URBANA.—"I know not if I am as other men," but I do like a Mack Sennett comedy with the big picture of the evening. Mack did not, it is true, invent the bathing-girl, but he made her popular on the screen. I suggest that we concoct a round-robin to show our appreciation; what say you, Uranus?

MYRTLE AND EDYTH.—Neat, but not gaudy. Margarita Fischer is real cute and Jack Mower is handsome and we like to see

them play together and why don't they get married? Well, you see, Harry Pollard might object. Who's Harry? Harry's Margarita's husband. Dear children—that was supposed to be funny. Fatty as "The Cook" took ice-cream out of the coffee urn, and later his hat and coat. I laughed. I am a very appreciative audience. When I'm at a comedy I always like to punch somebody to show my appreciation. As a result my friends shun me and I go to picture-shows alone.

BASH, KNOXVILLE.—You say you have read and studied and looked up at the stars, and now you have nothing else to live for. Listen: can you make a limerick and do you appreciate baking-powder biscuits? Have you seen Charlie Chaplin's latest picture and are you sure you search carefully every month through this department for something you cannot understand? Answer these questions and then I'll give you my advice on how to end it all. I'll expect to hear from you in a week or two.

DORIS KENYON ADMIRER, N. Y.—Your favorite is very pretty and she has her own company now, working at the Wharton studios, I believe. Write to her. Frank Mills is her leading man in her latest production, "Twilight." You like our art section. In fact, we modestly repeat all that you say about PHOTOPLAY: "The front and back of the Mag. afford me most satisfaction." We agree that the art section alone is worth the price of admission. No, you can't have that picture when it has been used; the Answer Man has already put in a bid for it.

MARY, N. Y.—Herb Rawlinson couldn't act without that cap of his, I'm convinced. It is very becoming to him. He was born in England; seen recently in Blackton's "Common Cause;" married to Roberta Arnold, of the noisy stage. So, you like historical plays best—meaning those about the war, I suppose; we don't have many costume plays now. You're in earnest, aren't you, thirteen-year-old? The best of luck to you.

ROSE G., ATLANTA.—The moving picture is moving upward and onward; I'm sure of it. Why, we haven't seen one picture in the past week in which the sub-titles, "The Following Day," "That Night," "A Week Later,"

were used. You want us to persuade 'Gene O'Brien to play with Norma in "Enoch Arden." Certainly; anything you say. Born in Brooklyn; real name. *Roses and thorns.*

S. V., PORTSMOUTH, O.—The lady of "Liberty" was Miss Marie Walcamp, a blonde bland vikingess of the serial screen, whose strenuous activities have saved more than one serial from utter impossibility. You may write to her at Universal City.

KITTY, TACOMA.—You're as faithful as Mrs. Micawber. (Literary reference.) No, we cannot tell you, Kitty, what becomes of the letters after Mary reads them; nor if she reads them, ever. And we believe Marguerite Clark gives her clothes to children but don't write and ask her for one of her costumes on the strength of that. Write to them for photographs; I think you'll get them.

E. P., CLEVELAND.—Our advice is—the same as Puck gave to those about to commit matrimony. Don't. You don't need to tell us you are very young and interested in a movie career if you answered an ad and are contemplating paying fifteen dollars for a course in Advanced Motion Picture Acting. It may be an advanced course but you'd never advance if you took it. (See Elizabeth Peltret's story in this issue.) Sure you want to be a movie actress; so does our brunette stenog. But we won't let her. Whenever one of these fillum actors comes up to PHOTOPLAY we tie her to her Underwood so she won't disgrace us by asking the actor-guy for his autographed photograph, right out. I never could understand women.

E. FORDE, SEATTLE.—You added an "e" to your name to take away the tin sound? Very thoughtful of you, Eddie. But we probably wouldn't have heard it anyway. But Eddie—I like Boston. Always have. I defy anyone to discover a reason why I should not like Boston. It happens that a Bostonian whom I know and like wears tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses which do not become her—but I have never blamed Boston for that. I have never inquired into the manufacture of stars. It keeps me busy keeping track of those that are unmade. Very good; yes.



# Questions and Answers

(Continued)

G. L., MOLINE, ILL.—You say you made a darn-fool of yourself by standing when they played "America" in the final scenes of "To Hell with the Kaiser." Oh, I don't know; you were conferring a great favor on those behind you, who were at least spared the allegorical scenes of Bill roasting in hell. And you've been reading us for years and have only one complaint to register: you never see anything about John Bowers, and wish that the Answer Man would do something about it—or whoever edits the Mag. Great Griffith—"whoever!" All I can do is scurry into the editor's office when he's out to lunch and leave a notation on John Bowers. Lottie Pickford appears occasionally for Paramount.

VIOLET, ST. LOUIS.—So you are Miss G—, also called Violet by her friends. Hail, hail, the gang's all here. And since you aver that, unless I put you in the Colyum and hand you a sweet or sour, a little dab or knock, life would prove no longer worthwhile, why, welcome, Violet—as welcome as your namesakes in the spring. Isn't that sweet? Edward Earle? Vitagraph, Brooklyn.

PHOEBE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Come right in, Phoebe. I'm harmless. No one is afraid of me—not even the office-boy. Here's a chair, and have you seen the latest issue of the Magazine? Lyons-Moran are with Universal. Clever comedians, I think. Yes. Now that I have answered these real nice and pretty, don't forget the fudge.

MARY OF ELMHURST.—The scenario writers are gradually coming down to earth again after their long sky-rocket. The great war kinda went to their heads. Through their urgent agencies we fans became intimately acquainted with the Kaiser, the Crown Prince and all his staff, most of the U. S. Secret Service, and hell. Peculiarly fascinating, that screen hell. I don't know how many times we saw Bill consigned there, with the poor old devil refusing to own him. William Hohenzollern, dead to the world: R. S. V. P.

SHIRLEY MASON, BLOOMFIELD, IND.—You have a desire to become a movie actress yourself some day? Someday—who knows? Regret to inform you that you can't be a relative of the screen star as her real name isn't Mason, but Flugrath. Thanks for your good wishes; same to you.

ED. F., IND.—Theory is only the preparation for practice. Bill Hart? Write to him care Hart studios in L. A. There's a Grand Crossing of Bill in this issue. Sure I know him; great guy. Eddie Polo really does those stunts; he's at Universal City. All of 'em. Theda Bara is twenty-eight. Francis Ford in "Berlin via America."

KENNETH HARLAN, SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.—We have been swamped with letters asking about you. We quote from yours: "It certainly makes me glad to see that my friends remember me and I certainly hope they will continue to do so, and then if it is God's wish that I shall come back, after my duty has been done, I shall be only too glad to fill their request. In the meantime tell them to keep on writing and I will endeavor to answer as best I can. There is one request I cannot grant however, and that is to bring back a piece of the Kaiser to each one that asks me—there wouldn't be enough to go round—but I will do my best—you may bank on the 143rd. Sincerely, Kenneth D. Harlan, Headquarters Co., 143rd. F. A., A. E. F., France." You'll have enough letters to answer when you get back, old man; and in the light of recent events, you'll be back soon. Good luck.

AURORA BOREALIS, SYDNEY.—A thought, like a sword, should never be allowed to rust. Your questions were all right. You have heard by this time of Harold Lockwood's death. Fanny Ward's first husband was Lewis, the South African diamond king; she has one daughter. Gail Kane in "The Daredevil," last. Charlie Chaplin is married, to little Mildred Harris. Hazel Dawn on the stage now. You'll hear from Wallie. Last letter I had from him he said he had almost had sunstroke that morning while out picking oranges in the back yard.

H. F. S., PORTLAND, ORE.—Every morn they ask me questions—So Olga Petrova is your favorite screeness. She is no longer with us, Olga isn't; she's back on the stage, in something they call "The Eighth Sin." We have been surfeited with sins—remember the "Seven Deadly Sins," and the "Eternal Sin," and the "Unpardonable Sin"—so if there is an eighth be sure the producers will find it out.

## THE EXTRA

By Will Herford

The reason why the "extra's" here  
To any one of sense is clear;  
It's only through the atmosphere  
That one may see the stars!

AILSA DUNN, FRISCO.—That's a pretty name, Ailsa. I like that. A woman I know was immersed in war-work and self-sacrifice for the cause. I met her one day and asked her to lunch, but she said, "I have lunched" and held up her hand. Horrors—her finger nails, usually so brilliantly manicured, were quite absent. I told her she was really carrying things too far; but she relieved me by saying that she didn't eat them—just broke them, at the Automat. Thank heaven the necessity for such noble sacrifice is over. Richard Barthelmess with Paramount. Owen Moore isn't with any company at present. I imagine Jack Pickford will be back soon. Olive Thomas-Pickford is in New York now, where it is said she will go back to the Follies.

M. L., SALT LAKE CITY.—Sometimes the very thought of all you faithful Answer-Questions fans all over the country who read me so faithfully, who laugh so loyally at everything I say, who overlook my mistakes and who are, in short, so faithful—the thought fills up my heart, emotion overcomes me, and I choke. Welcome, child, and may you never regret joining the Colyum. Pauline Frederick, Goldwyn, Culver City. Other addresses given elsewhere. Lillian Gish is working in the new Griffith pictures. Her latest appearance is in "The Greatest Thing in Life."

ANNIE LAURIE, BERKELEY.—Why don't we ever answer any of those questions about yourself? We are so adorably interesting, too, are we? We wouldn't be, if we told you about ourself. Plural sometimes, and singular all the time. I won't give you the slightest hint as to what I look like; but I'll tell you what I wish I looked like—you know those arrow-collar men with the clefted chin and— That won't do? Well, then, consult the portrait at the head of the Colyum. "Silver Spurs" does sound Foxey, doesn't he? I'm answering his letter next. Read on and you'll find it.

MARION R., ROCHESTER.—You're too late—I just had a birthday. It won't do any good to ask me how old I was because I'll tell you that I'm just a year younger than I was last year. My hair is faintly grey at the temples—you think. He has. Never mind; Tom Meighan is Norma's new leading man. I refuse to print any more Ford aliases. Come again.

EVELYN, NEW ZEALAND.—We have heard from you before. Sure of it. We're a jolly sort, and we are young and good-looking like you. Send us your stamps and we'll paper our office with them. And you would like our position if you simply love getting letters; we get quite a few. I like you New Zealanders and Australians. If you ever come over here for a holiday be sure to stop in and see us. Doris Lee with Charles Ray. Sure I'd like you and your boy. Marguerite Clark is thirty-one; Mary Miles Minter sixteen. I can swim; and dance; and play hand-ball. George Walsh, Fox, Hollywood.

ANSWER MAN ADMIRER.—I have always wanted an admirer. That is, somebody who'd come right out and say, "I want my non-de-plume to be, 'Answer Man Admirer,' because I like the Column—" something sweet like that. Frankly admiring and all. Thanks for saving our day. Oh gosh, we don't look like Fatty Arbuckle. Fatty had to keep off the streets during the flu epidemic; there was a ruling against crowds. Not that we don't like Fatty y'understand but we wouldn't want to look like him exactly. We have had those answers in repeatedly; would suggest you look them up in the back issues of the Magazine. Dorothy Stone, daughter of Fred, isn't in pictures. Mary Pickford is with First National now; that is, she releases through them. She isn't going abroad. Mildred is the youngest Marsh; Mae next, then Marguerite. Thanks.

DOTTY, JOHNSTOWN.—Most of our correspondents are a *la femme*. It's all right with me, except that I would like to see a letter in good virile masculine handwriting occasionally. Besides, baby-blue and pale-pink stationery is apt to be rather wearing on the eyes, after several years of it. Jack Pickford is married to Olive Thomas; John Bowers to Rita Heller, a non-professional. I wish you would read the department carefully and ask me something that hasn't been asked so many times before.

MURLE M., PITTSBURGH.—It must be dreadful to get so cynical that time is simply the tick of the clock and a good photoplay is just another movie. Kenneth Harlan was born in New York City in 1895. George Chesbro with Ruth Roland in "Hands Up." You're no bother; write again soon.

LORETTA, MAMARONECK, N. Y.—The only sin is stupidity. Oh yes, all of us think so; but how few of us admit it. It is not true that Pearl White was run over by an automobile and is now dead. She's too busy at present working on her new serial, "The Lightning Raider," which, Pathe promises, presents Pearl at her best. She's always at her best. Irene Castle is in England now.

IGNATZ, SOMEWHERE IN INDIANA.—Walk right in. No-no, Muriel Ostriche isn't Madge Evans' mother. Ann Pennington does not have a singing role in Ziegfeld's Follies. Why should Ann wish to sing? Eugene O'Brien is co-starring with Catherine Calvert in Paramount's Salvation Army picture. Blanche Sweet is in Hollywood. Jack Holt plays opposite the Paramount stars.—Enid Bennett, Clara K. Young, and for Lasky. I am undaunted; ask me some more.

(Continued on page 110)





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# The Story of My Life—Geraldine Farrar

(Continued from page 26)

dogs. Perhaps a great deal of this affection for them lay in my ability to see in them fine "dramatic" material. For, as I grew out of babyhood, I came more and more to spend my idle time in pretending I and the dogs and cats were actors and actresses. My mother humored me in this pretense, and at my requisition provided me with the following "stock company": a guinea pig, a chameleon, two alligators, a bullfinch and a robin.

I dramatized every toy and animal I had and every situation I stumbled into. My imagination took some wild liberties with most prosaic material.

In my make-believe opera-performances, mother always helped me with the scenery and costumes, and sometimes with the plot, although I generally insisted upon singing the prima donna roles, mother singing all the others. When I had been unruly about something and felt especially penitent, I insisted that mother sing the prima donna role, which she always graciously accepted to do in recognition of my humbled state of mind.

My father also had a beautiful baritone, and if we coaxed him especially hard, he would sometimes consent to join our play on Sunday. My father thought that nothing my mother could do would be wrong, and although, in later years, he could not always understand her motives, he always fol-



Miss Farrar's father, one-time professional baseball player and a musician of undeveloped talent.

lowed blindly wherever she led. On'y recently I asked him why it was that he never cultivated his voice, for I tell him jokingly, he might have become a worthy rival of Amato's. "Oh," he answered, "I never thought that an able-bodied man ought to go in for that sort of thing for a living. Baseball was more to my liking, and singing in choir Sunday was sufficient exercise for my vocal chords."

The stage has always been, and still is, quite as real to me as life off the stage.

(Continued on page 92)

She was never afraid of animals but used them as characters in many of her childhood "stage productions." Below, on the back of a makebelieve dog, taken at Atlantic City.



On a girlish lark one day, Geraldine had her hair "blondined." The picture below was taken during the six months she remained a blonde.







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## The Story of My Life

(Continued from page 90)

and one kind critic said of me: "therein lies the secret of her power over her audiences."

In fact, recently in the movies I was so carried away with my portrayal in "The Hell Cat" that I emerged from one of the violent scenes with my face badly lacerated, and if it hadn't been for the prompt and skillful surgical administrations of my husband, Mr. Tellegen (the nearest doctor was fifty miles away) I might have become permanently disqualified for acting before the camera.

Although my father has always been most severe in his criticism of any lack of perfection in my voice or acting, and told me what he thought frankly to my face, his anger descended with vehemence upon all those who dared to criticize me or others unjustly.

One time at the opera—the double bill of "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" was being presented, Caruso, Amato and myself, being in the former—my father came in late and stood in the back of the Metropolitan auditorium among a heterogeneous crowd of evil-smelling standees, vociferous and derisive of all that transpired on the stage.

Caruso was the first one to come out.

"Oh," one of them remarked in a contemptuous tone of voice, "there is one sign of the great stupidity of the organization of the Metropolitan. Why should they select him for the role—he's fat and ugly, and his voice greatly deteriorated—Bah!"

My father shifted to the other foot and glared at the speaker. Then Amato came forward.

"That man!" exclaimed another, "why he has no more voice than a crow. How wonderful So-and-So would have been in his part."

Father shifted to the other foot. His glare became more intense. Then I came out.

"And there," remarked another of the baleful group, "is the height of all stupidity. How she ever got into the Metropolitan is a mystery. Now if Madame So-and-So (mentioning an unknown singer) were only singing in this role, we would hear someone."

My father silently wheeled about, took two of the mourners by their necks and propelled them bodily out into the outer lobby.

"Now, see here," he commanded, "if I hear another disparaging word about any of the singers on the stage, I'll give you your deserts! If the performers do not please you, stay away; but once you are in, keep quiet and let the rest of us folks enjoy what we have paid to hear and see!"

The men were so frightened they went back and never opened their mouths until the very end, and then they sneaked quietly away, keeping a vigilant eye upon my father to see that he did not follow.

I always had the utmost faith in a certain power of magnetism; it seemed as though from my youngest days, I felt that I could influence others, and often I experimented just to see what effects I could produce.

At an early age, one cannot be actually conscious perhaps of one's magnetic powers, but I do well remember that I had always a certain feeling of security in directing the affairs of my playmates. I was their leader by reason of security of physical and mental force, and could obtain results from the most timid and obstinate in games, studies or school entertainments by just that spirit of cooperation, and by instilling confidence into the less vital little beings than myself.

I have held in my hand a wounded sparrow whose fright was pitiful to see, and so calmed it that in ten days it would perch on my finger, well and happy.

I have mounted a "bad" horse and with never a switch won his confidence and lamb-

like behavior. Any dog or cat would come to me—and even a chameleon, attached to my dress by a slender chain, would bask on my shoulder.

Perhaps I was more aware of that elusive magnetism with children. When small feet were restless at school and hours dragged, it was I who sat at the piano and played patriotic songs, or recited, or led the class in pretty gymnastics, and made the hours seem less tedious.

My mother tells me that I did not do things as other children—that I always found a different way, and she discovered very early in my career that when left alone, I would immediately put into practice as many of my ideas that I could crowd into the space of time I had for my own freedom. One day when I was just seven, I decided to surprise my mother with a photograph of myself taken on my birthday. So putting on my hat and coat, I slipped out of the door, and hastened to the only photographer of which Melrose boasted. I told him my mission and he was perfectly willing to help me effect my surprise.

"Smile and look at the camera, please," he said, treating me with all the politeness due a regular customer, to my great delight.

"Oh, no," I answered. "I don't think I'll look at the camera, if you don't mind. Everybody does that. I want something different," and casting down my eyes in what I thought was a very coquettish manner, I said, "You may take me now, please."

At another time my experimental propensities led me to results of a more disappointing quality. It was while I was studying in Paris, and mother's headache had kept her to her room all day. I was told not to go out alone under any circumstances, and it seemed as though the day was going to be dull and uneventful, when late in the afternoon two of the girls in my singing class called to ask whether I would not accompany them to the hair-dresser's.

My mother agreed to this apparently innocent errand and we sallied forth, full of gay spirits and student chatter. When we arrived at the hairdresser's I suddenly wondered how I would look if my hair were golden. The natural color of my lock always having been black, I envied fair-haired people. Before the others knew what I was about, I seated myself in one of the chairs and demanded that M'sieu peroxide my hair. The girls coaxed and threatened, but I was adamant. I would not budge until the hairdresser did as he was bid. So in an hour's time I emerged from the shop a blonde. I must confess, though, the effect was disappointing, and although I quaked within, I would not admit to anyone that I was not highly delighted with the result.

So putting on a truly triumphant manner, I went to my mother's room and said:

"Mamma dear, the loveliest thing has happened to me—don't you think I look ever so much more beautiful with golden hair?" I will not describe what followed. It is sufficient to relate that within six months my tresses were their natural color, or as nearly so as the effects of the chemicals would permit in that short time.

When I was about ten years old the brother of a girl friend of mine returned from his studies in England. All of the girls were impressed by his grandiloquent manner, and even I, who had never greatly noticed the masculine sex, was interested, until I discovered that he was utterly lacking in musical appreciation. He seemed to fancy my companionship but because I could not charm him through music, I decided I didn't like him. Then, one day he was drowned while skating and—Jo! instantly I was a widow—in imagination! With all the actress' technique I could muster I played



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## The Story of My Life

(Continued)

my tragic role. I dressed in black, went to school eloquently sorrowful, bewildered the school-mates and my parents as well and when the frenzy of mourning had passed, felt myself greatly benefitted, in a dramatic way. The pretense lasted six weeks, and then the mood went at once, as it had come. Strange—was it not?—that this unfortunate youth who had meant absolutely nothing to me, had thrown me into such a fit of sorrow? Not so strange though, when you understand the part the dramatic element played in my makeup.

When I had left grammar school, I faced the term in high school with great unhappiness. I wished to apply all my time now to the study of music, to abandon general schooling. My love for mythology, history and literature somewhat alleviated my hatred for the high school. I detested mathematics.

At the age of twelve years I was selected to play the role of Jenny Lind, the great singer, in the annual pageant of famous women, conducted in conjunction with the annual May Carnival in Melrose. I was instructed to sing "Home, Sweet Home," but with temperamental disregard for the instructions of the committee, I decided to sing an aria in Italian first. For I decided that the prima donna of my dreams would certainly be more typical in some foreign tongue. Although I didn't know a word of Italian, I surreptitiously studied an aria from "Faust." It was Seibel's "Flower Song," the great mezzo Scalchi used to sing. Imagine my pleasure at being overwhelmed with applause at my aria. The citizens of Melrose, indifferent to my Italian, screamed their approbation and I was recalled again and again, to finish with "Home, Sweet Home."

I was living in the clouds after that appearance. I believed my career had actually begun! And I had worn my first low neck gown!

Out of this event came an incident that amounts to a turning point in my career. One of my audience was a pupil of Mrs. J. H. Long, then the best-known singing teacher in Boston. This friend insisted that I accompany her to Boston and sing for the famous music-mistress. Although my father doubted the wisdom of the visit, my mother and I overruled him. Mrs. Long was delightful to me and accepted me as a pupil immediately. To this teacher I owe thanks for my proper guidance in my early musical years.

During my lessons in Boston I sang in the Congregational Church in Melrose. Of my popularity in this choir, I refer to my mother's scrap-book in which is pasted my first press notice. It is from the "Melrose Journal," dated May 21, 1895:

Miss Geraldine Farrar, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Farrar, has a voice of great power and richness. Many who heard her for the first time, at the Vesper Service last Sunday afternoon, were greatly surprised. She is only thirteen years of age, but has a future of great promise, and it is believed that Melrose will some day be proud of her attainment in the world of music.

I often wonder, reading that over, what the newspaper prophet thinks of his ability to judge embryo talent. Not that I was surprised by his prophecy. For I honestly believed in the inevitability of my success.

Through the prestige of my instructor and my Boston friends, I drifted—nay, soared—into the realms of true musical art and after I had sat through a winter season of the Castle Square Opera Company in Boston and later the Maurice Grau Grand Opera Company I indeed had definitized my musical



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## The Story of My Life

(Continued)

ambitions. I heard Calvé sing "Carmen" and nothing had ever impressed me as this rendition.

When we arrived abroad, mother with a true intuition, which both of us in after years marvelled at, knew exactly what to do. She did not make the mistake that many operatic aspirants make of joining the American colonies in the various European capitals. For the most part these colonies are made up of students who, although really in earnest and striving to the best of their ability to find a foothold on the first rung of the ladder of success, waste a great deal of time in achieving and carrying out a certain so-called Bohemian atmosphere.

They spend too much of their time in talk at the rooms, and they fritter away their energies. My mother always knew her own mind and the best thing for me. Her chief aim was to procure for me a thorough musical education. My mother's first move was to get the very best teacher to be had, and the next that I should have plenty of time and freedom from practical matters to devote entirely to my studies.

(Next month Miss Farrar will tell PHOTOPLAY'S readers, in her own words, of her first days in Paris and of the glamour and intoxication the artistic capital of the world held for her young New England mind.)

## The Romance of the News Reel

(Concluded from page 75)

nonflammable film—"nonflam" they call it for short—made by Pathe in France, which can be sent through the mails. Every day, from the factory in Jersey City, two hundred to three hundred foot strips of the best material received, were sent by mail to all parts of the country. It was expensive, because the film cost more and the machinery was intricate. What might have happened can never be known. With the outbreak of war it was impossible to import the film, and Pathe went back to two releases a week.

The arrangement with Selig lasted a year, and for a few months of 1915 Hearst and Vitagraph issued a News Weekly. This was unsatisfactory, and in March, 1916, the Hearst International News Service was established. In the fall of the same year, Universal doubled its news output by producing a second weekly release, Current Events, in addition to the Animated Weekly. Then, in January, 1917, came the Hearst-Pathe combination, which terminated last month, the two years' contract having expired.

Meanwhile the Mutual Weekly, struggling along at a loss, was about to be thrown into the discard, when early in 1918 a publicity man with a nimble Irish mind, Terry Ramsaye, hit upon an idea which carried the Hatrick theory of the news reel a step further. The name adopted was The Screen Telegram. The Ramsaye principle also was to entertain, and he doubted gravely that news was entertaining, for the most part. The test of the suitability of a subject for the Screen Telegram was threefold—was it unique—was it timely, was it beautiful? For example:

Many cities had instituted the noonday "Minute of Prayer for the Allies." A cameraman was sent to a small town in Illinois, a typical little American community. He photographed the people as they suddenly halted all activities, on the street, in their

homes, in the shops, when the moment of prayer arrived. He reproduced a modern version of Millet's painting, "The Angelus." He recorded the quiet solemnity of the occasion. It was not news, but it was unique, timely, and beautiful. The Screen Telegram succeeded sufficiently so that when Hearst decided to form his combination he bought it.

The dissolution of the Hearst-Pathe partnership brought out a caustic exchange of explanations. The Hearst announcement, disregarding the fact that there was a Pathe Weekly six years before he entered the field, stated that "After December 24, 1918, the name of Pathe will be eliminated from this famous reel, and it will assume its original name of the Hearst International News." To this Pathe replied, "Pathe News has been famous since its inception, ten years ago, and the best evidence of its fame is the fact that during the last two years it has survived with flying colors the criticisms and censure directed against it as a result of the popular misconception of the reason for the joiinder of the name of Hearst with that of Pathe."

So much for the history of the screen-paper, its evolution, and the means by which it is produced. As for its status in the esteem of the public, ask of the theatre owners, who dare not leave it off their programs. But you, who are of that public, do not need to ask. You know, today as never before, what the news reel has meant in these years of war. You who have husbands, brothers and sons in France, know what it has meant to you to glimpse something of the conflict, to realize the awful devastation in France and Belgium.

And finally, the power of this vast agency for the dissemination of fact has been recognized in the highest circles. In Red Cross drives, in Liberty Loan Campaigns, it has proved its force, until it is placed hardly second in influence to the newspaper itself.

## Better Photoplay League and the Industry

(Concluded from page 77)

"Selection rather than Censorship." This is the logical solution of the problem, as we have endeavored to indicate in the foregoing paragraphs.

Among the many national organizations that are associated with the League in its effort to put before the public clean, wholesome, instructive pictures is the Women's Committee of the American Defense Society, whose executive in this regard is its acting secretary, Miss LaVergne Edmond. This committee has recently confined its efforts in the Better Film line to the selection and presentation of patriotic films, and with this motive in mind has not only succeeded in introducing in over one thousand American cities a "Better Film Night," thus furthering general patriotic education, but has secured funds to finance one of the greatest

patriotic movements in the record of the past year.

The great "Victory Month" just closed has been a month of interlude, of reconstruction, reorganization, rebeginning, the world over. From now on The Better Photoplay League of America must take its share in the burdens of peace, and the multitudinous new problems, in amusement and education, which peace will bring.

Next month these pages will record further great strides in organization, and not only in organization, but in practical accomplishment. If you are not already in the bandwagon of selective progress, climb in now, for its motor—Better Photoplay League—is gaining in revolutions every moment.



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Gentlemen:  
I take great pleasure in telling you how highly I regard the excellent Hermo preparations. After a strenuous day before the camera, in the studio, or out of location, your Hermo Almond Cream, and Hermo Face Powder especially, are delightfully refreshing. I am recommending Hermo preparations to my friends.  
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VIRGINIA VALLI

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This famous photoplay star, Virginia Valli, voices the universal opinion of the stars of the screen and stage, as well as society women everywhere, when she speaks in her letter, to us of "the excellence of the Hermo preparations. In order that we may induce YOU to try the entire line, and especially our three famous leaders:

**HERMO ALMOND CREAM**, unequalled for cleansing, refreshing, an excellent Skin Food;

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## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 84)

and solicited a testimonial. Mr. Chaplin—who is not a tooter, but a fiddler—replied: "If you happen to have a spare Stradivarius knocking about send it out. I promise to have my photograph taken with it, and will give you a letter saying that I can recommend it highly."



Lady Sybil Grant, the daughter of Lord Roseberry, turns camerawoman in a London street, for the Red Cross. Only over there they call her a "bioscope operator."

**W**ONDER what Herbert Brenon intends doing? PHOTOPLAY has a letter from him at Lille, dated November 4th—just a week before the signing of the armistice. His remade government picture in England is completed, and it seems likely that he will again be an active directoral factor in America.

**M**AE MARSH'S Goldwyn contract expires in March. Nothing has been said, on either side, about its renewal. Or to the contrary, for that matter.

**N**OVEMBER was a busy month for Henry Walthall. In it he was divorced, married, and started his biggest film contract to date. Having secured a divorce in Chicago, Mr. Walthall was married the following day to Miss Mary Charleson, the film actress, in Crown Point, Ind., and forthwith all the busy-body lawyers who had nothing else to chatter about began wondering aloud whether his nuptials were legal. Mr. Walthall left almost immediately for California, accompanied by his bride. He is under contract with the National Film Corporation to make eight films in 1919. "The Long Lane Turning," by Amelie Rives, is to be one of his first stories.

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# Who told Chas. Ray to act this way?



CHARLES RAY

Ince-Paramount star, says:

"The most vital need of the motion picture profession is original scenarios. I believe the Palmer Plan of instruction to be the best direct means of gaining the knowledge necessary to successful scenario construction, and I heartily recommend it to young writers. The more I think of it, the better I like it, and I think it is just the system that is needed at present."



VERNON HOAGLAND

Scenario writer of Los Angeles, says:

"After thoroughly digesting the Palmer Plan I wrote a five-reel drama and submitted it to one of the largest producing companies. It was chosen from a stack of scripts and immediately recommended for production. I don't know how to say enough for your Plan. There is nothing like it. There has never been anything like it. It paves the way to success for the unknown photoplay writer."

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## "Author! Author!"

How few of us—as we sit there intent upon a five-reel "thriller"—give even a flicker of thought to the author! Yet, in many respects, he (or she) is the most important person in the photoplay.

More and more—producers, stars and directors have come to regard the author as the most vital necessity in motion pictures. For without a constant flow of new photoplay material this gigantic industry would soon totter and fall.

The contention that the story is of far greater importance than the star has been proved so conclusively that the opportunity for trained photoplay writers is greater today than ever before. There is no question about it!

## Today - the story is the thing

But—make no mistake: there is a world of difference between the usual story and the motion-picture "story." Literary talent or genius is NOT required. All that you need—all that the producers want—are IDEAS expressed in the action-language of the screen.

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The Palmer Plan is not a mere book nor a "school," nor a tedious correspondence course. It is a concise, clean-cut plan prepared by a man who has written and sold hundreds of successful photoplays. For Frederick Palmer is one of the most prolific screen authors in America—the man who in nine months wrote fifty-two scenarios for "Universal."

In language so clear and simple that anyone can understand—he brings the studio home to you—reveals the story-structure around which ALL successful photoplays are built—lays bare the "little tricks of the trade"—shows you where to find plot material and how to recognize it—shows you what the producers want and do not want—tells you the things you must know to put your stories over.

If you want to know about the famine in photoplays—and the fabulous prices producers are willing to pay for the right material; if you want to know how to win name and fame and the money-rewards that came with success in this fascinating field—the least you can do is to send today for our new illustrated booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Send for your copy at once—it's free! Don't delay—write today! Mail the coupon NOW!

## Plays and Players

(Continued)

I'M glad to see a certain beautiful lady of the shadows again so vitally active in the domestic sort of photoplay that she does so much better than anyone else. Ever since her director-husband's sudden death, last winter, they've been saying that her broken heart was buried with him. Lately, though, she has had at least the surcease of intense and continued activity. Her sorrow still smoulders in her eyes—when you find them looking out at you from the screen—but she is lovelier than ever, and her art is surer. Keep on, brave, beautiful lady!

FRANCIS X. and Beverly Bayne Bushman are, at this writing, alleged to be near the conclusion of a one-year contract with the Vitagraph company, at a salary of \$3000 per week, for the services of both.

THE continual rumor of domestic misery in the Willard Mack-Pauline Frederick family caused Mr. Mack, last month, to give a remarkable letter to the newspapers in which he said that his besetting sin was not a wandering heart but a wandering thirst, and that Miss Frederick had but recently rescued him, not from a love affair, but from a protracted spree. He likened himself to the weakest member in a flock, continually followed by the relentless wolf of gossip. Mr. Mack can best be described as an accented genius, in work and personal habits. Much of his writing and acting has been extraordinary; much even less than ordinary. His marriages have taken on the odd colors of his own existence. Divorcing his wife, an actress, he married Marjorie Rambeau and introduced her to Broadway, along which she has become great. The Rambeau-Mack break-up was no surprise to midtown New York, though it seemed indeed a tragedy to her—a tragedy upon which broad farce cast its light when it developed that a "nobleman" for whom Miss Rambeau had stood sponsor turned out to be a discharged cook. Let us hasten to add that there was no note of romance here; only a sincere and influential woman's attempt to help a man she thought worthy.

MISS RAMBEAU'S film appearances, in certain wretchedly put on Mutuals, were an even greater injustice to her than to her audiences. She is starting out again, under new auspices. Let us hope that a press agent is not considered her chief necessity.

IN a welter of November marriages I believe picture followers will be more than ordinarily interested to hear that that admirable villainess, Maud George, has become the wife of Arthur Ford, business manager for Lois Weber. Jack Gilbert—Ince-Triangle-Paramount—married Olivia Burwell, a non-professional. Hal Cooley, Enid Bennett's leading man, married Miss Elizabeth Bates, of Atlanta. Do you recall that startling full-page picture of Jose Ruben and Mary Nash, in last month's PHOTOPLAY—the branding scene of "I. O. U.?" Even before that reached your eyes, Miss Nash was Mrs. Ruben.



## Plays and Players

(Continued)



We're rather safe in promising that this pilot will not make a specialty of tours in "no man's land." We think the world would suffer a great loss if she did. She hereby proves herself an amphibian, adaptable to the gay life in air or water — in which latter element you know her as Phyllis Haver, a Sennett decoration.

**W**HAT should the law of fair play, at least, allow a clever press agent who puts over a bad picture? Recently such a press agent put over such a film. It was a very bad film, but it became a financial success, and exploitation and manipulation was no small part of the triumph. Now the maker, a late arrival among celluloid manufacturers, claims all the credit, and talks of an embezzlement indictment. I confess my sympathies are with the P. A.

**T**HE announcement of Priscilla Dean's engagement to Capt. Edward Rickenbacker, American ace of aces, is a fine example of cheap commercial exploitation of private affairs. Rickenbacker denied it by cable—and then Miss Dean denied it.

**M**AURICE COSTELLO, long considered finally retired, is back at Vitagraph, acting opposite Alice Joyce. Another come-back is Edna Mayo, star of a new company, in a play called "Hearts of Love."

**R**UTH ROLAND is endeavoring to become Ruth Roland. That is to say, she is endeavoring to say a legal goo'-bye to her husband, Lionel Kent. She alleges cruelty.

**W**ILLIAM DESMOND has started out bravely to make twenty-seven pictures in two years, under Jesse Hampton's auspices. This sounds like production on a war basis, and has never yet been done to anybody's artistic satisfaction. Mary Anderson is his leading woman; R. William Neill, his director.

**T**HIS month Famous Players will commence issuing the new comedies of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. As the Drews go about the country in their present stage play, "Keep Her Smiling," they will take with them a complete motion picture equipment, and will do stories according to location.

**W**E may anticipate fine results from the union of director Lois Weber and actress Anita Stewart. It's one of the most interesting and hopeful business combinations of the year. Miss Stewart is on the coast now, and Miss Weber is not only director of her first story there, but author and continuity writer as well.

**I**NFLUENZA wound up the affairs of two hundred theatres in Illinois. The lay-off meant a survival of the fittest, quite naturally.



## The Faces of Fair Women

At all social affairs, the faces of fair women form the chief attraction. Thousands of society women appreciate that when the lights are brightly shining their complexions must be faultlessly fair and fresh. They have learned to enhance and preserve their complexion by the daily use of

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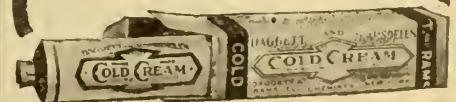
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## Plays and Players

(Concluded)

**W**ONDER what Olive Thomas will do, now that Triangle seems to be history? At this writing she is resting in New York, but the welcome mat is said to be out at the New Amsterdam theatre—the home of "The Follies"—and at the office door of Select.

**I**S this the day of the individual production as against the programme, the great owning company, and everything else of kindred nature? There are strong indications that it is. Chaplin was the big success who led the way where others had failed. Kerrigan seems to be going along. Mary Pickford is her own mistress at last. Walthall is, to all intents, a solo. So is Anita Stewart. Frank Keenan is preparing to produce independently. Ralph Ince—as a director—has just started to do so—and Fannie Ward is said to be on the independent horizon.

**I**NFLUENZA'S last reaping in Los Angeles took Anna Harron, Bobbie Harron's nineteen-year-old sister; and Wayland Trask, the big husky of Mack Sennett's comedies.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING her auspicious beginning as an independent producer, last month was rather distressing for the celebrated little Pickford. In the first place, her sister Lottie's near-fatal illness distracted the family, and caused all its members save Jack to rush frantically back and forth across the continent. Then, before Lottie was fully convalescent, came the suit of one Cora Wilkening, an agent, in New York. Mrs. Wilkening alleged that she was the broker whereby Mary had received a contract giving her \$1,080,000 in the last two years, and that for this she had received no remuneration. The court awarded Mrs. Wilkening ten percent and costs—or, \$108,338.07.

**T**HE nurses at St. Vincent's Hospital, Los Angeles, are telling a delightful story about the supposed "last hours" of Lottie Pickford. A clergyman of her faith had been called to give her the ultimate consolation, and, having done so, said in consoling voice: "Now, whatever comes, you are ready." "Ready for what?" cried the sick girl, in a startlingly strong voice. The clergyman arose, and tried to calm her. But she wouldn't calm. Instead, she rose on her elbow, shouting: "Nurse! Nurse! Take this man out of here—he's trying to scare me to death!" And as the well-meaning father backed to the door she cried after him: "I won't die, I tell you! I have my baby to live for! Get out, now—get out!" He got—and her recovery began from that angry and determined hour.

**H**E is a bold vampire who dares joke about his affectionate past. Passing a Hollywood theatre where "Borrowed Clothes" was playing, Lew Cody observed the billing: "Mrs. Charlie Chap'in and Lew Cody!" "Wrong," observed Lew. "If they insist on collecting on married celebrity that sign should read 'Mrs. Charlie Chaplin and Mr. Dorothy Dalton.'"

**M**ORE than three thousand wads of gum were removed from beneath the seats of a single Chicago motion picture theatre, after the city health department had selected this playhouse as their experimenting ground in a search for forgotten and abandoned cuds. Now we know who pays for Wrigley's b'ock-long electric sign on Times Square, New York—the greatest and most expensive electric sign in the world.

**D**O the Los Angeles courts have time to try anything except picture squabbles and actorial love-stories that missed fire? Add civil actions James Young's suit for \$15,000 against C. R. McCauley, the New York cartoonist and film promoter. Cause of war, a propaganda picture Mr. Young alleges he was engaged to direct.

**N**ORMA TALMADGE has signed with the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. First National, having signed Mary Pickford and Jack Pickford, wound up a big month in its history by securing the services of Miss Talmadge, until recently a drawing-card on the Select program. Charles Chaplin was the first First National star; Anita Stewart, the second.

**T**HE motion picture rights to a production will hereafter be included in the contract with the producers for the play, unless the playwright specifically reserves the photoplay rights. Judge Mayer, of the United States District Court, recently handed down this decision in an action brought by J. Hartley Manners, author of "Peg o' My Heart," against Oliver Morosco, who produced the play, involving the period of time the producer was to present the play on the stage, and also the moving pictures rights to the production. Although in this particular case of "Peg," the play was a success, it might happen that the production would be a failure, and the author would thus have an unfair advantage over the producer, who, having lost money in putting on the play, would be denied the chances of making it up on the film rights.

**J**EWEL CARMEN won the first round in her suit against William Fox, when she was granted temporary injunction, restraining Fox from circulating statements in the film industry to the effect that the Fox companies have exclusive rights to her services, or otherwise interfering with her efforts to earn a livelihood in her profession. Nathan Burkan, counsel for the star, asserted that the Fox corporation had threatened to have his client blacklisted unless she carried out the terms of her contract with those companies, although, contended Mr. Burkan, that contract is not binding inasmuch as Miss Carmen was a minor when she entered into it with Fox. Fox instigated the suit when Miss Carmen attempted to sign a contract with the Frank A. Keeney Pictures Corporation at a larger salary, although her Fox contract had not yet expired.

**"Hello, Chief:**

"Haven't found the firebug yet, have you? You will know who he is only when I am dead and the fires stop. I don't suppose you even realize that the firebug talks to you almost every day about catching the firebug? That's me. They never caught me in Chicago or anywhere else, so you might as well quit looking for me and take your medicine."



# "The Firebug"

That was the warning which came to the fire chief, unsigned—and then, the very next day, a woman was found nearly dead in a burning building.

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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 70)

can get is soda and ice-cream. This is making your Westerns up-to-date; it's progressive, and the right spirit. So far, so good. Also to the good is that committee of outraged citizens who hog-tie the old-timer, and heave him into the baggage car of an outgoing express. But now we'd like to ask how Robert Sands (Hart) arrived in New York with all his rancho baggage—which he has, handy enough, when the time comes? Also very much to the "rich magnate's home" is the dwelling of old man Harrington, and the caperings of his spoiled and abusive son, whom Sands is hired to tame, and of whom he everlastingly says, "I'm his nurse." Notwithstanding New York's serious depletion of policemen by the army's demands, I hardly think such a flagrant piece of house-breaking and kidnapping as Sands effects could be gotten away with unless the cops were at a general riot call down town. The introduction of Andrew Robson to Ince's company is an excellent consummation, and the introduction of Seena Owen as Bill Hart's newest picture sweetie is a lot better than that. If you don't like this for its improbabilities I think you will like it for its humor—as viz, Mr. Hart's stuffing himself with six orders of wheatcakes while trying to get up spunk to propose to the little hash queen. Real New York locations in this one. Real Chicago is coming up.

### WOMEN'S WEAPONS—Paramount

Here Ethel Clayton, who can look more and act more like a real and lovely wife than any woman in pictures, returns to the domestic drama in which she became notable under the direction of her husband, the late Joseph Kaufman. It is a triangle, of course, with the superficially selfish husband enamored of a soul-mate who digs her own pit of destruction when cordially invited to participate in real domestic life by the real wife. As a story it is not great, but interesting, and is made supremely real by the supremely real woman who is starred in it. Elliott Dexter is the husband, and Vera Doria the charmer. But comparing Vera to the lovely Ethel, we wonder if the play-husband was crazy. The production is entirely efficient.

### HITTING THE TRAIL—World

As long as stories are told in type or shadows I suppose there will be some who demand simon-pure bunk, and life as it ain't. If you approach "Hitting the Trail" with that viewpoint you are going to see a screen story that lives up honestly to all its promises. We have with us the honest poor working girl and the unfortunate poor working girl; the leering employer; the East Side hick hero; the ultimate vengeance of the outraged, and the final consummation of hero and shero bliss. In all, the substance of an old-fashioned Kremer melodrama—if the minds of any of you ancients run back to these delectable pieces, as mine does. The thing is done better than usual. The cast is good, and the fiction flows right along. Evelyn Greeley is the "straight" little Miss, and Muriel Ostriche the outraged ultimate murderess. Carlyle Blackwell is the hard-hitting hero, and Joseph Smiley, that resourceful Lubin veteran, the wicked employer who finally gets justice at the end of a pair of scissors.

### DEUCE DUNCAN—Triangle

During Triangle's last constructive days Bill Desmond ran Roy Stewart hard for first place as the corporation's favorite Western actor; and, indeed, he does well in these parts, though in my opinion he could not



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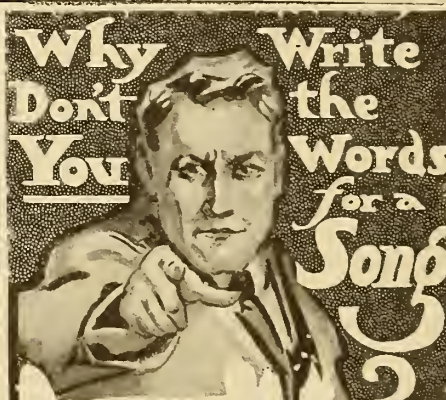
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**The Shadow Stage**

(Continued)

in a hundred years really rival Stewart in Western stories of equal type, while, upon his part, he would illuminate many a yarn in which Roy would not shine at all. This story is a more or less conventional one of cattle rustling, and is more notable for its handling, and its breezy presentation, than for its material. Luella Maxim's face is another portrait in the now-long gallery of Triangle's Western leading women. Mr. Desmond is his usual virile self.

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR—Metro

Here's Hafe Hamilton, making his debut as a Metro star. The Metro organization played the game of safety first, and shot Hamilton in a character whose popularity was tried and sound—namely, the breezy, rather conscienceless and rather good-hearted financier of the Wallingford type. In this piece, however, Johnny Gamble (Hamilton) is more sinned against than sinning, for his machinations all spring from an instant of self-protection after he discovers that his business associate and supposed friend has conspired to effect his "ruin." All told, a somewhat complicated but nevertheless rapidly-running monetary adventure, with a lively and likeable hero, a good production, and some excellent racing scenes. Lucile Lee Stewart is Mr. Hamilton's leading woman. Ralph Ince directed.

KISS OR KILL—Universal

Or, a determined effort to make Priscilla Dean a star. There's no denying a youthful and feminine appeal in the possession of this young woman, manifest even through a lot of conventionally melodramatic incidents, in which a young man takes up thievery as a means of paying his board bill, and works out his strange situation to the deliverance of a young girl in the toils of a mess of will-stealers. Miss Dean is a piquant disturber of a man's peace of mind, indeed. Her young saviour is played by an established Universal favorite, Mr. Rawlinson. The most dramatic thing about Mr. Rawlinson was his back-buckled overcoat—in itself reward enough for a young man who had to fall into crooked ways to keep step with the room rent.

STRING BEANS—Ince-Paramount

In its main intent, this is a corking story. It is of a piece with a lot of things Charlie Ray has done, in plays of the soil, and in the naturalness of everything save its melodramatic—and a bit forced—finish is perfectly logical, perfectly lifelike. Toby Watkins is a misfit on a farm, where his uncle's desire is to see him weeding the crops rather than writing poetry. But Toby is a militant bard, and, beating up the sour old bird, tramps 'cross country to Sawbert, where Zachary Bartrum conducts the Sawbert Weekly Clarion. As a subscription hustler at six a week he meets, and loves, the Mayor's daughter. He beholds also the incursion of one Kendall Reeves, an ardent promoter who proposes to bring a vast gush of prosperity to the village by establishing a string bean cannery there. Toby's usefulness on the paper grows, and, while one day clamping the "patent insides" into a back page form, he notices a story and cut of a fraudulent promoter named Morgan—Kendall Reeves! It seems to me that from this point on the author might have worked out a fast comedy finish instead of the routine excitement plan. However—Ray is delightful, Jane Novak is good, so are most of the rest, and the production is excellent.

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# The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

## LITTLE WOMEN—Brady

A generation ago no young person's library was complete without a set of Louisa M. Alcott's books. They were read not only by girls, but by young men, and it is safe to say that the young men were none the less virile for having perused these simple, charming, semi-humorous tales of an old-fashioned but highly human existence. "Little Women" was perhaps Miss Alcott's finest expression, and it is fortunate that it received so careful and reverential a production. In our day of slap-bang sophistication the bold Jo does not seem so very bold, and Beth altogether too white for life. But there is a story here, and it has been carefully brought out for its very fullest value—even no doubt to the extent of prejudicing some old-timers who would like to see their screen Alcotting with even the commas unchanged. Though we do many period episodes in our screen plays, but few of them are properly costumed. Here is an example of the way things ought to be done. Perhaps the best work in the picture is done by Dorothy Bernard as Jo, but Conrad Nagle, as the boy Laurie, is right behind her. Henry Hull, Kate Lester, Julia Hurley, Isabel Lamon, Lillian Hall and Florence Finn are delightful members of the cast. Harley Knoles directed.

## THE LURE OF THE CIRCUS—Universal

When is a circus not a circus but an oil-well conspiracy? When it's in a Universal serial. It does seem a pity serial writers will not stick to their subjects, but must, perforce, chase the hackneyed hokum of utter and uncreditable sensation. The best part of the circus stuff, as I saw it, was a wonderful camera shot apparently made from the whistle-trees of a run-away chariot, looking up at the flying tent roof, and past the agonized face of the horrified woman driver. This was really sensational shooting, and a brand-new idea. Eddie Polo is the star, and apparently, if one may judge from a brace of episodes, he will have naught but villain-whamming in the customary places to occupy his time.

### IN BRIEF

"The Birth of a Race" (A whole lot of people) A fine example of how not to make a photoplay, which should prove a lasting warning to amateur investors in the movies. Scores of individuals, who probably thought they were buying seats right on the board of trade of the lightning industry of the twentieth century, were the purchasers of this concern's stock. The original intention was to make a picture glorifying the advancing freedom and enlightenment of the negro race. This notion didn't last long, and was abandoned—a picture now had to be made, mind you, for there are such things as very remorseless "blue sky" laws in this country!

## From the Audience

The Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,

My Dear Sir:—

In regard to the letter signed by one S. M. DeHuff, St. Louis, in the December issue of PHOTOPLAY—page 99—I wish to make this emphatic answer.

William S. Hart has absolutely no connection with the company that has renamed the old Hart films which resulted in the deception referred to in the published letter.

To the contrary Mr. Hart has done everything possible to stop this deception. He first protested against the W. H. Productions Co. and then he retained lawyers to take such proceedings as they deemed necessary

—in favor of a general scramble through all history, to an illustrative end that purports to be a glorification of democracy—or, as the programme artlessly states without punctuation, "The story of a great peace in two parts." The result is tedious, confounding, expensive utter chaos, containing, however, a variety of nice setting, good acting and clear photography.

"Vanity Pool" (Universal) Mary MacLaren, in an interesting and well-developed story. About her is a remarkable cast, including Thomas Holding, Franklyn Farnum, Anna Nilsson, Marin Sais and Willis Marks.

"The Silent Rider" (Triangle) Roy Stewart, in a high-speed Western directed by Cliff Smith.

"Too Many Millions" (Paramount) A frothy and ordinary farce lifted to life by the Lasky studio and its great stock company. Star, Wallace Reid.

"The Iron Test" (Vitagraph) Here is the beginning of another circus serial, featuring Antonio Moreno and Carol Holloway. They're sticking to the big-top story here, and the suspensive hang-over at the end of the first instalment is such that the real serial fan is likely to stop breathing and die waiting for instalment two. A fine beginning.

"Miss Ambition" (Vitagraph) Corinne Griffith's beauty alone makes this stilted and timeworn old theme endurable.

"The Way of a Man with a Maid" (Paramount) Or, the adventures of at least one of The Hall-Room Boys. Bryant Washburn is the stellar personage, and the philosophy is much like that of Skinner, of dress-suit fame.

"A Romance of the Air" (State Rights) One of the unfortunate things in a hero's life, which not every hero realizes, is that a successful moving picture appearance requires as much care and intelligent preparation as successful soldiering. The distinguished Lieut. Hall, an aviator, is shot down utterly out of control in this—presumably his first—picture play. It will not add to history.

"The Master Mystery" (Rolle) A picture record, in serial form, of Harry Houdini's successful defiance of all bars, locks and other human confines. Story by Arthur B. Reeve. Ruth Stonehouse reappears in it.

"The Narrow Path" (Pathe) An adaption of an A. H. Woods drama, featuring Fannie Ward. Miss Ward is as attractive as ever. Is this the final Ward-Pathe picture?

"All the World to Nothing" (Pathe) A poor main title, to begin with, and such bad continuity that it seems to me the story does not get across at all, despite the well-expounded virility of William Russell.

"Three Men and a Girl" (Paramount) Marguerite Clark, in a charming and well directed though not particularly impressive or original tale. A version of "The Three Bears."

to stop its continuance. The lawyers had a conference with the representatives of the above company toward that end.

Proceedings have already been taken in an effort to stop the further exploitation of the old pictures under new titles.

Wm. S. Hart Productions, Inc., release exclusively through the Arcraft organization, and any films not having this trademark are re-issues of pictures two years or more older.

I sincerely hope this answer relieves Mr. DeHuff's mind as to Mr. Hart's connections.

Very respectfully yours,  
E. H. ALLEN,  
Business Manager.  
William S. Hart Productions, Inc.



## A Great Discovery

Gray haired women need not be handicapped by their whitening locks, either in business or socially. The natural color can be restored in from 4 to 8 days with a clear, colorless liquid applied by combing through the hair.

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Mark on it the natural color of your hair—is it black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown? Better still, enclose a lock in your letter.

We will send a trial bottle and special comb by return mail. You can buy the full sized bottle at your druggist's, or direct from us if you prefer.

Remember, when the first gray streaks appear is the time to begin with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and mail the coupon for the free trial bottle today.

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Established 50 Years

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black  dark brown  medium brown  light brown

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....State.....



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but—



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## An Imaginary Interview

The Whole Fan Family

"I HAVE in Mind,"  
I Said the Editor,  
"The Greatest Personality  
In the Picture Business.  
And what's More,"  
He Impressed,  
"He's Never Been Interviewed."  
We Looked at him  
Reprovingly.  
(In this Business,  
A Reporter May Look at an Editor  
Like that.  
Don't Ask Us Why.)  
"If you Refer to Chaplin."  
I Said, "Then you Must Be Joking:  
Charlie has been Interviewed Repeatedly."  
"I Get You," Boomed the Editor,  
"But the Personality  
I Refer To  
Is the Movie Fan.  
Tell Me—  
Where Would  
The Actor Shine  
If it weren't for the Fan?  
Without the Fan,  
You,  
And I,  
And Chaplin,  
Might Be Porch-Climbers.  
Go Talk with him.  
If he isn't  
At his Favorite Theatre,  
You'll Find him  
At Home,  
Reciting the Week's Program  
To the Rest of the Family."

The Editor was Right.  
Entering the Fan Residence,  
We Found Mr. Fan  
In the Parlor,  
On a Swaying Step-Ladder,  
Tacking Up  
The Latest Picture  
Of Lila Lee.  
"Mighty Sweet Little Girl,"  
He Sifted his Words  
Through a Mouthful of Tacks.  
"The Kids like her."

He Descended  
With Outstretched Hand  
To Greet Me, putting his Foot  
With Fine Disdain  
Through a Colored Portrait  
Of Cleo Clux, the World's  
Greatest Vampire.  
"———," he Remarkd,  
"Everywhere I Go,  
I Step on this Lady's Face.  
The Family's  
Watching Cleo Tonight,  
Down at the De Luxe.  
Not for Me!—  
Or any Other  
Real Married Man.  
They Say  
I'm Old Fashioned;  
Mebbe So; but I  
Can Laugh  
Any Time I Think  
Of John Bunny."  
"John Bunny's Dead,"  
We Reminded him.  
"Yes—and so are Some Others  
Not Yet Buried—  
Not Mentioning  
Any Names."  
"May we  
Quote you on that?"  
"It doesn't Matter.  
I Wonder if you could Tell Me."  
He Asked with an Increase of Interest,  
"What Happened  
In Episode Number 36  
Of 'The Diamond in the Eye?'"

I Used to Keep Up with it,  
A Couple of Years Ago.  
But Somehow,  
It Got Away from Me.  
And  
I Never did Find Out  
How the Durn Thing Ended.  
Did they Ever Find  
The Diamond?  
Who Is the Man  
In the Black Mask?  
And did the Heroine  
Ever Regain her Eyesight?  
Why—"

"Just a Minute.  
Do you Think  
The Industry  
Is Still in its Infancy?"  
"It Doesn't Matter.  
What I Want to Know Is—"  
"Listen: what's Wrong  
With the Movies? What,  
Just What  
Do you Think of them?"  
Mr. Fan  
Scratched his Chin Dubiously.  
"Well," he Hesitated.  
"I Like them, and then Again,  
I Don't Like them.  
Sometimes I Go  
And See a Picture  
I Think is Fine; and then Again,  
I See One  
That isn't so Fine.  
I don't Let Geraldine  
Go to See  
June Jasmine any More."

"What?" we Interrogated.  
"The Pollyanna Girl  
Of the Screen?  
What Fault  
Could one Find with her?"  
"That's it," said Mr. Fan.  
"June Jasmine  
Is Just the Sweetest little  
Girl you Ever Saw.  
Too Darned Sweet.  
And Geraldine—  
Who Used to Wheedle Me  
Into Giving her  
Extra Allowance; and  
Making Things Lively  
By Refusing  
To Help Ma with the House-work—  
She's  
A Little Angel in the Home, she is,  
Since she's Been going to see  
June Jasmine. She  
Has that Same Strained Smile  
On her Face All the Time.  
Helps Johnny with his Home-work,  
And Calls me Daddums.  
What the Movies have done to Geraldine!  
Johnny Shook Hands  
With Bill Hart, Once.  
He  
Wants to be Just Like Bill  
When he Grows Up.  
The Baby  
Is Going to Like  
Charlie Chaplin.  
I've Got  
To Have Some Excuse  
For Going to See Charlie.  
Here's  
The Family.  
Don't Go.  
What?  
Do I Think  
They Have a Great Future?  
Sure.  
Educational—?  
I Don't Know.  
But Gosh—  
I Do Like Chaplin!"



## A Chinese Doll

(Concluded from page 41)

Vaudeville, always sleuthing for sensations, heard this Chinese nightingale, stoved a contract at her, on which she affixed curious Chinese characters, and—Tsen Mei was a "big-time" vaudeville star. Her act included songs and imitations, of birds and animals. Which reminds us of the occasion on which she gave her most faithful imitation.

It was in Washington, before the murder of the women and children on the Lusitania rent the mask of the Prussian menace. Tsen Mei was headlining at Keith's. She was concluding her offering with a number introducing her imitations of birds and animals. She then announced that she would give a vocal imitation of any bird or animal suggested by the audience.

In a box was a party from the German embassy—Von Bernstorff, with his aides. One of the aides leaned forward and said, "Make a noise like me."

Lady Tsen Mei had and has an antipathy for the German royalists. It was that imperial Prussian, the ex-Kaiser, who referred to China as "The Yellow Peril."

While the crowded house waited in silence, Tsen Mei took a step towards the box and, holding the gaze of the aide, said slowly, "I said birds and animals. You are decidedly not a bird. You ask for the sound of your cry. It is also your master's voice. Listen."

And she gave, with flawless feeling and indubitable accuracy, the grunt and terrified squeal of—a pig.

It was one day when Lady Tsen Mei was becoming dissatisfied with herself for having made so little of her public life, that a motion picture director met her. "Would you," he said, "care to become a movie star?" "Why yes," said the China doll.

Again, no sooner said than done. From her first test under the lights Tsen Mei made good. Under Ira Lowry's direction, for the Betzwood Film Company, she is playing the leading role in a feature-drama called "For the Freedom of the East." She is the first Chinese star on the screen.

The China doll serves tea every afternoon on the set. In the studio. So are the traditions of the Far East preserved by this little Oriental with a Yankee flavor.

### My Trouble

IT'S Not the Gun in the Drawer  
That Bothers Me—  
It's that Letter, on the Floor.  
The Heroine  
Stands in the Centre  
Of the Period Settin' Room,  
And Reads It,  
And Bites her Lip,  
And Heaves a Bit—  
Then Throws it on the Floor.  
I Wonder who Picks it Up,  
That Letter on the Floor?  
Let's Hope  
It's the Husband—it has Happened—  
Who Learns from it  
All that he Needs to Know  
To Pull Out  
That Handy Old  
Gun in the Drawer—  
You Can't Get Away from It.  
The Home is Broken Up—  
So's the Villain—  
And the Little-Angel  
Is Sent to Visit Grandma  
Until it all Blows Over.  
There's a Court-room Scene,  
And all the Rest of It.  
I Don't Know What they'd Do  
Without the Trouble  
Caused by  
That Compromising Billet-doux  
That was Left on the Floor.

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A. S. HINDS 228 West Street Portland, Maine



Peace and the Scenario Market

(Continued from Page 78)

a fancied inspiration. A good motion picture plot ought never be put on paper until it has been mentally digested for at least a fortnight. You can acid-test any screen idea by facing a looking-glass, staring at yourself as you boil plot and characterization into five minutes of concentrated talk. If your looking-glass and your watch's minute hand do not defeat you, you may have something actually worth while developing.

Only a moderate degree of "psychology" can be employed. Pictures are improving, but, unless some alchemist of the screen arrives, it is not likely that the Henry James thing will ever be done in forty-five hundred feet of celluloid.

The matter of reels need not concern you. It is true that we talk of a five reel drama, but the author need not be conscious of the approximate ending of one reel and the beginning of another. On the screen you play for no curtains. But you must play for progressive grip of story. It is well to remember that more than fifty percent of your audience will enter the theatre after your play has started running. Really, it is unnecessary to know anything about footage, close-ups, or titles—although one is all the better fitted to write if he does know about them.

The reason that a novel or a produced play is bought in preference to an original screen drama lies frequently in the fact that, in the latter, the total value is *in* the lines. There is nothing *between* them. In the case of the successful book or play, there has been so much mental digestion on the part of the author that only a small part of what he had in mind is put into words. When filmed, however, the motion picture producer draws on the "between the lines" equation, and often gets the most effective parts of his picture from it.

What counts most in all screen stories—just as it does in the average play or novel—is heart interest. The audience wants to know whether the hero and the heroine get each other in the end. They are interested in the necessary conflict because they are wondering how the story will turn out. Audiences want a happy ending. Why not give it to them? "The Birth of a Nation" would not have been the great picture it was if a simple love story had not run persistently throughout.

Do not think that motion picture companies are too deeply prejudiced in favor of established writers of fiction and legitimate drama. The only reason that all good fiction and stage plays are eagerly snapped up is because they are vastly better worked out, as a rule, than the original screen story.

Do not forget that writing screen stories is not easy. There are many writers of screen originals who are making good incomes today, but they do it by dint of the hardest form of work. You cannot gloss over the weak spots in a screen narrative by the use of words—as sometimes you can do in fiction. You cannot count upon a weak plot being pulled across a reef by means of effective dialogue—as is the case in some successful plays on the spoken stage. What you have instead of the human voice is a handful of words surrounded by quotation marks, which but faintly approximates vocalization.

Finally, the field of screen writing is a big one. It is going to be bigger. Any man or woman who can create plot action and characterization is foolish not to try his luck at writing screen dramas. But the majority will fail until they realize that the screen must be taken seriously. Too many authors have a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude toward the screen. They may not realize it, but they have. They do NOT take the screen seriously.

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# Giving the Exhibitor a Lift

A few novel schemes for boosting patronage

By Leigh Metcalfe

If you're a movie-goer, then don't read this. It is written to interest the exhibitor. The following paragraphs are designed to help him boost his theatre attendance. The idea came from reading the average lot of "exhibitor's hints" perused in the "press sheets" sent along to the theatre men. Exhibitors may try these if they dare. We waive all responsibilities for damage suits, libel difficulties, theatre-bombing, etc.

**RAILROAD MELODRAMA** There are few types of pictures easier to boost than the railroad thriller. A method of advertising such a feature in your neighborhood comes to mind almost immediately. You could arrange with your nearest railroad to borrow or rent a giant locomotive. You should have no trouble in having it moved down the street to the front of your theater. Then have the fireman steam up and blow the whistle every few minutes just prior to each performance. It is certain to attract attention. We believe this idea to be absolutely new. An engine can be secured from any friendly railroad for as low as \$200 a day, firemen wages extra.

**ORPHAN DRAMA** So many of screendom's stars appear in the well known orphan drama. When you book such a picture, gather in as many orphans of the town as you can. Then announce, either in the paper, or by a slide on the screen, that to every woman attending a certain showing of your orphan photoplay, the management will give, absolutely free, one orphan. You might even announce that to every woman with at least two sets of twins in her home, will be given a fresh set but that no more than one set will be given to the members of one home. Such a plan, well advertised before hand, should bring tremendous business. And it would be a splendid way of solving the problem of finding homes for asylum waifs.

**VAMPIRE PICTURES** Every community has its vampires. Every community has its vampire victims. And when you book a vampire picture there is no reason why you cannot use these neighborhood characters as capital. For instance you could arrange with a husband who has been vamped (and who can fully prove that such is so) to appear in your theatre between performances, relating the story of his downfall. Such a vampire victim should not be difficult to obtain. You might look over the divorce court records of your county. Every first class circuit court has on file any number of vampire divorce suits of the better grade. And the husband should be glad to gain the publicity. Besides that, if he is a regulation,

alimony-paying ex-husband, he will be overjoyed at earning the additional ten dollars (or whatever wages you offer).

The plan of one exhibitor comes to mind. Upon booking a Thara Beda picture, he announced on the screen that all vampires who could prove indisputably that they had wrecked at least three homes would be admitted free to the showing of that particular picture. The exhibitor who conceived this unusual idea did not try it out as he realized that his neighborhood was over-run with newlyweds.

**WESTERN PICTURES** I have in mind a powerful method of boosting your showing of a western picture. "This is shot," as Harry Lauder says: Equip a large, heroic type of fellow with two six-shooters and a mustang. Dress him in cow-puncher's garb. Instruct him to gallop wildly down the neighborhood streets after midnight the night before the showing, firing his guns off at brief intervals. Then, when the neighbors are aroused (as they doubtless will be) and poke their heads out of the window, wondering what in thunder is the matter, have this rider sing out that each bullet he is firing bears a tag and have him strongly urge that each of the residents hustle out early the following morning and gather up the bullets from where they fall, as each bullet, properly accompanied by the tag, will admit one to the showing of the western picture. There is no other plan so effective for arousing the populace. And it is a method thoroughly relevant to the occasion. The minute the residents, startled from their beds, glimpse your man on the mustang, firing his revolvers, they say: "Wild west stuff or I'm a chinaman!" Hence, they will be (or should be) receptive to your man's announcement and immediately interested.

**SLAP STICK COMEDY** In view of the fact that so many good slap stick comedies feature pies of the genus custard, it might be profitable, certainly unique, upon booking one, to contract with your caterer for, say, a thousand or so custard pies. Hire a group of boys (preferably baseball players) and station them on the various neighborhood corners near your theatre. Instruct them to hurl their pies at pedestrians. (Note: By striking the pedestrians squarely in the face a greater measure of attention will be gained.) Have these boys advise the people so attracted, that a regular pie-throwing comedy will be shown at your theatre on the date arranged. The people so addressed should promptly enter into the spirit of the thing, and will doubtless remark about it to their friends, thus adding to the publicity on your picture.

## ENCOURAGEMENT

By Arabella Boone

**CHEER** up—you Screen Ambitious! If you grow warped and ancient Without having once appeared Before a camera— Don't cry!

For ten years I haunted every studio In the country And never once got within sound

Of the camera. Then I died. . . .

Behold! Last week A band of photoplayers Visited our cemetery, Using my tombstone as a background For some movie-widow's mourning.

## Don't Be a Sickly Failure!



**STRONGFORT**  
The Perfect Man

Are you dragging yourself about from day to day, always tired and dispirited; suffering from backache, indigestion, constipation; your biliousness showing in your face, your lack of energy in your eyes, your good-for-nothing physical condition in the hang-dog air with which you meet your fellowmen? Have you about given up hope—and has your wife given up all hope—that you will ever get ahead and amount to anything in the world?

### Pull Yourself Together!

Brace up! There's a way out! You can be a man again. You can be full of life and energy and good health; you can trample under foot the sickly troubles that are pulling you down; you can change the watery fluid in your veins to sparkling red blood, that will nourish mind and body, overcome all your ills, and put you at the top of the heap.

No matter what brought you to your present condition; no matter how low you have sunk, you can be RE-BUILT into a man, with health and strength and mental and physical vigor and efficiency.

### It's Never Too Late

Strongfortism doesn't know the meaning of the words "too late." No matter what your age or condition; no matter how long you have been mired in the slough of despondency or struggling under the handicap of physical irregularities, Strongfortism can make a new man of you. Strongfortism can improve every part of your system; strengthen your heart, lungs, liver, stomach; clear your brain; steady your nerves, rid you of that eternal languid, tired feeling, and start you on the path to success.

### I Can Re-Crete You

I KNOW that I can make you over, can improve you 100 per cent, because I have helped and am helping thousands of other men—some of them pretty far gone, too, before they took up Strongfortism. I have no pills, powders or patent medicine dope to offer you; no drugs of any kind. EXPERIENCE instead; the solid experience of a lifetime with myself and my pupils; the experience and study that have enabled me to dig out and apply to you the secret laws on which human health and happiness and vitality depend.

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# The Indestructible Wife

(Concluded from page 35)

She stopped him and said, with the air of a judge delivering final sentence:

"All right. I'm going to try another husband. I can't make up my mind just this minute which of you to take. I'll announce my decision tonight."

With that she left them, and the party scattered to gossip and speculate, leaving Jim to brood alone. He was still there when Schuyler Home came hunting him a little later, with a suggestion.

"Of course Charlotte doesn't mean a word of what she said," was Schuyler's comforting assurance, "but she's going to make you as miserable as she knows how. Now why don't you beat her to it. Tame her. Do like the fellow in the play, 'The Taming of the Shrew.' Be a cave man. Drag her off by herself some place. Treat 'em rough—that's the way to get along with women."

"Treat her rough?" groaned Jim. "What do you suppose she'd be doing?"

"Nonsense," Schuyler exclaimed impatiently. "You can handle her. You used to be husky enough before she got you buffaloed. Brace up."

"There may be something in what you say," Jim mused. "I've a notion to try."

"Now you're talking. Why don't you kidnap her?"

"By George, I will. I'll take her down to the boathouse on the lake, and scare the life half out of her."

Anne, unwilling in such critical times to let Schuyler get very far out of her sight, and half suspecting him of leaning toward Charlotte, was eavesdropping. She was also a little perturbed lest Charlotte, in her annoyance at Jim, should select her own chosen swain as a means of punishing the offending husband, for it is one of the characteristics of a woman in love that she cannot understand why all other women are not in love with this same man. She pondered the situation a while, and then decided to make all the capital out of it that she could, to gain her own ends. So to Charlotte's room she went, and found that strenuous person hardly less gloomy than Jim had been.

"See here, Charlotte, I've got a tip for you, and I'll tell you what it is only if you promise to keep your hands off Schuyler."

"Oh bother Schuyler!" Charlotte said, snappishly. "What's the tip?"

"Well then, Jim is going to kidnap you, and drag you off to the boathouse, and treat you rough. You're to be tamed like the shrew in the play."

"Oh, I am, am I? That'll be nice," said Charlotte clenched her strong little fists. But as she thought it over, the idea didn't seem to be so displeasing after all.

"If I'm going to be kidnapped I want it done right," she said at last. "I'll give him every opportunity."

Thus it happened that evening when Jim was prowling around the outside of the house like a burglar, with a heavy rope handy to bind his strenuous wife, she strolled nonchalantly out of the house to meet the adventure. She heard his stealthy footsteps and with a little elated feeling about her heart, felt the rope settle about her arms, as, without a word, her husband captured her, and dragged her to his waiting roadster. She resisted just enough to disarm suspicion, and tried to glare as she demanded what he meant by it, but she was glad it was dark, and that the glare did not have to stand the test of a bright light. She felt it was not convincing. The boathouse was only a short distance away, and Jim soon had her fastened securely in a big chair in her prison.

"Now we'll see who's head of this family," Jim said, trying to bluster, but Charlotte could not help grinning when his back was turned, as he hunted things to eat and

drink, that he had stored away for the purpose. But she played up to him, and snapped back shrewishly.

"Just for that you don't get any dinner," Jim retorted at last, and while he felt as mean as if he were caught stealing sheep, he played his role of bully, and ate and drank tantalizingly, before his helpless wife.

"Now I'm going to leave you here to think things over," he said after he had finished. "Here's the proposition—you'll stay right where you are until you stop all this foolishness about taking a new husband, and being jealous of that idiot Julia, and making life a general three-ringed circus. Just think it over." Jim smothered a desire to put his arms around his wife and ask to be forgiven. He left the boathouse, giving the door an entirely unnecessary slam.

"He is a real man," Charlotte said to herself over and over when he had gone.

Anne, who had been on the watch, soon came to the rescue. No sooner had Jim left than she slipped in, untied the knots, and said:

"Come on. Let's beat him to the bouse and give him a shock."

"No," Charlotte replied firmly. "I like the game. Just leave the rope loose so I can get out if I like. I'm beginning to fall in love with Jim all over again."

They heard footsteps.

"Heavens, I didn't think he'd come back so soon," Charlotte exclaimed. "Go into that side room," and Anne disappeared.

It was not Jim after all, but Brandy. Missing Charlotte from the bouse, he had started searching the grounds and, seeing Jim come from the boathouse, made a sbrewd guess at what had happened.

"Oh, it's only you," Charlotte said, her disappointment quite manifest to anyone less dulwitted than the athlete.

"Wha'd'ye mean, only me?" he demanded, as he leaned familiarly over the arm of her chair. "From the looks of tings you ought to be glad to see me."

"Well I'm not," Charlotte snapped.

"Anyhow I've got you where you can't kick me in the shins," Brandy observed, surly, "and I guess here's where I get a kiss."

"Well, you guess wrong," said Charlotte, and with a quick movement of her lithe body flung off the rope, and gave him a blow that sent him off his balance.

Taken by surprise at the fury of her attack, the muscular youth had no time to recover himself before she was at him again.

"Kamerad!" he called, half laughing, but she never gave him a chance to get steady. With a final shove she sent him reeling down the steps leading from the deck of the houseboat, and he never stopped until a splash told of his arrival at his destination.

He didn't come back for more. He crawled out of the lake and was making for the house, determined to escape immediately from the bewildering adventure, when Jim and Schuyler saw him.

"Good heavens, what's happened!" Jim exclaimed, and set out for the boathouse on a run. He found Charlotte and Anne rocking with laughter.

"D-d-d-did you see B-b-b-b-randy?" Charlotte stammered.

"Yes. What does it mean?"

"Just this darling," said Charlotte, putting her arms around his neck. "That your little shrew is tamed, and nothing else makes any difference. And now, please can't I have something to eat?"

And Jimmy, hardly knowing whether he had really established himself as head of the house, or whether she was poking fun at him, and not giving a darn either way, said she could.



# The Art of John Barrymore

(Concluded from page 55)

dramatic circles, life at its fullest complex from the Ringstrasse to Market street, and the worship of that golden circle we call society—yet he is one of few famous, unfamous or infamous members of his profession who would never be taken for an actor on Fifth avenue, in Clay Center or at Buffalo Bill's ranch.

Mr. Barrymore and I became friends in 1912. We lived on the same hillside in Los Angeles. I was then, as now, an inconspicuous servant of the linotype rather than a social triumph, so I had abundant opportunity to remark and marvel at his plainness of life, his utter absence of affectation, and his simple good comradeship, anywhere and with anybody.

Mr. Barrymore's sense of drama attaches to his person as well as his spirit. I have seen him come into his dressing-room a scant ten minutes before his cue, in the complete deshabelle of a man who has spent a very idle afternoon in the country. Add to the hindrance of time a broken shoe-lace, misplaced laundry and no time to shave. An improvisation of a single lacing, a make-up slapped on with both hands, a shirt resurrected from the laundry bag, a half-pint of water to give that remarkable dark hair its patent-leather finish, a jump into a pair of trousers, a shrug into a coat—and there emerged, from a chrysalis of unpressed clothes, a Brummel so exquisite that he would have been the despair of any tailor's model who ever paraded.

The "Barrymore bend"—a sudden inward collapse at the second lowest button of the waistcoat—may be regarded as John's permanent contribution to our young civilization's lean and interesting appearance.

I don't know how old John Barrymore is because, like Frances White, I am not good at arithmetic. I do know, however, that he was born in 1882.

When I knew John in Los Angeles he and his wife, Katherine Harris, appeared to be the essential ingredients of a very happy home. Now the law has pronounced them strangers, and John has a bachelor apartment in Greenwich Village. But I'll bet John is sorry, sometimes, for he seemed to be very much in love with Katherine; and I'll bet Katherine is sorry whenever she permits herself to realize that she lost one of the greatest guys in the world.

## "Lost Battalion" Survivor Writes Photoplay Editor

REMEMBER the reproduction published last month of a page out of PHOTOPLAY picked up in No-Man's Land? Well, the soldier who found that has written again to the Editor, describing six thrilling nights and days without a bite to eat on a wooded hill of the Argonne Forest, fighting the Hun.

This officer, Lieut. Maurice S. Revnes, was a member of the now famous "Lost Battalion," whose men so heroically and unflinchingly fought off surrender though they faced death on all sides.

"Those six days shall stand out as the most tragic of the war," writes this survivor, from a base hospital. "The memory of it will never erase itself from my thoughts—and above all the bravery of those lads. They refused to give in—they fought despite their wounds. All my officers were killed the first day and the second day a trench mortar shell hit my left foot."



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father. And when, one day she overheard the group of them discussing the impending invasion of the huns, wondering over the safety of their properties in case of a German raid, she knelt deep into the heavy plush of a great chair and listened. They announced their plan to bring all their valuable paintings to Lane's chateau, believing that the Hun would respect the neutrality of the American's estate.

After the paintings had arrived, Toton scurried to Paris and told Pierre and his crew. Pierre's eyes lighted with a fierce joy that was two-fold in its instigation: first, because of the chance to thief from the Americans; and second, because there were indications of the return of Toton to the clan.

At nightfall the apaches crept to the estate, lead by Toton. Once inside, the location of the paintings was easy and they took them all, including the now completed masterpiece of David Lane. Lane, aroused by the noise of the intruders, came into the room on the lower floor and faced Pierre. Each recognized the other instantly; and to Pierre's mind the rather fading past flooded back in a brilliant, incensing reality. He lunged at the artists and there, on the floor, the two of them struggled. To the aid of Pierre came the wildcat Toton and when Pierre had finally overcome the artists and had kicked and beaten him unmercifully, then he began to banter.

"I lied to you those years ago," he finished, as Toton crept away with some of the paintings. "Your daughter did not die. On the contrary, she lived to be the most celebrated pickpocket in Paris."

The elderly artist, on the floor, gasped. "Where is she, then?" he demanded to know. But Pierre only gave him another kick and then swept out through the window after his band of thieves. In a hut on a distant hill the band waited for daylight.

\* \* \*

Advancing into France in that never-to-be-forgotten August of 1914, the army of the Hun spread out over a great area, in pillaging and vandalisms. One wing veered toward the country in which lay Lane's chateau, and the hut where the apaches waited for daylight.

The House of Krupp had produced a new heavy gun and to test its range, the gunners aimed it on the abandoned hut in the distance. Their aim was all too true.

What prevented Toton and Pierre from being instantly killed can only be laid to the concession of chance. When Toton opened her eyes she saw Pierre lying, inert, under some debris a few feet away. Pierre had raised his face and was staring at Lane's portrait that lay uncovered near his head. His eyes, pain-dinged, opened wide with growing wonder as he stared at the face on the canvass, seen through the floating dust of the debris. He lifted one hand to his forehead

# Toton

Concluded from page 45

"Yvonne!" came a whisper on the apache's slow breath.

Toton, ten feet away, now standing weakly, was drinking in the fantastic tableau. Pierre, feeling the fingers of Death closing about his arm, hastened to divulge the great secret he held from Toton, the girl-boy he had raised in a great lie. His eyes searched the swirling atmosphere for her figure and finding it, he beckoned. She came on swift feet.

"Listen," he whispered. He raised his hand and pointed to the divinely exquisite face of Yvonne, the old lover, conjured by the heart and genius of Lane who had never forgotten. Moreover, the figure was that of a madonna—from the depth of the great eyes to the grace of the enfolding arms.

Then hysterically—racing Death—the apache poured out the real story he had concealed through the years. Before this madonna that seemed to live and to prompt his conscience, he told the real love of Lane and Yvonne. Of his call home and of the base intrusion of Lane's father. How the parents had stepped into their idyll and broken its spell and how Yvonne had died from a broken heart. Lastly, how Lane had gone back to America, sorrowing, outraged. And how he—Pierre—had raised Toton as a boy and under a lie.

Toton stared at the canvass of her mother. "But—but—who painted this?" she demanded.

"David Lane." Toton gasped. "Your father!" Pierre finished.

For a long time after the apache had breathed his last, the girl sat in the growing daylight. Over three hills she saw the red-tiled roof of David Lane's chateau. She arose and very deliberately gathered up the scattered canvasses and, holding that of her mother tenderly to her heart, trod over the three hills to the home of David Lane.

In the chateau, she threw herself into Kent's arms. Then, praying for the ability to word her emotions, she went over to Lane and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Father!" Lane looked at the tear-streaked face of the grimy Toton and stared deep into her eyes. Then he crushed her to him.

\* \* \*

That week the three of them sailed for America. Toton looked forward to this trip with the keenest of pleasure. The name America was no longer one to be dreaded.

And three years later, while Uncle Sam was getting into condition to finish off the Germans, on the docks at New York stood two young people. One of them was a man in the uniform of the American army, and his name was Kent Carew. And the other, enfolded in his arms, was a young woman in the attire of a Red Cross nurse. And her name was Toton. So, back to the cradle of their sorrows and joys sped the two lovers—soldier of democracy and angel of mercy.

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He (deaf to the point of using an ear trumpet and flirting dangerously near the 60 mark)—Then you will become a famous picture star?

She—Yes; doesn't it seem wonderful?

We—We will say it is wonderful since there ain't no sich an animal now as the Biograph Company.—(N. Y. Telegraph.)



## Where Do We Ride from Here?

(Concluded from page 37)

Must we sit and weep like that magnificent fool, Alexander, because there is no other world to conquer or create?

How about the sea? America is just waking up as a maritime nation. The building of ships for purposes of war has given this country a vast fleet which, now that peace comes, must be employed as a merchant marine. The American flag will be found on all the seven seas. And the sea is the very soul of romance. Already it has given the screen many of its finest creations, beginning with the Annette Kellermann premier, "Neptune's Daughter," and coming down through "The Sea Wolf" to "Shark Monroe." Its beauties have been revealed in "A Daughter of the Gods" and its rugged power in "The Deemster" and "The Manxman." True, some of the romance of the sea died with the passing of the sailing ship, and yet whatever power it be that drives the vessel through the storm, the storm remains impressive and awful. Yet here there is the limitation of space—ironically enough.

Assuredly this is a great field. The sea can be kind and comforting, can soothe the wounded spirit and bring calm to the troubled soul. The sea can be terrible and relentless, and can sweep into nothingness the greatest ogre, and dwarf the most colossal ego. Even more than the plains it is the dwelling place of men who tremble not as they look death in the face with steady and level brows. Is this the next empire of the film?

Only the future can tell. And for that future, perhaps no plea better expresses the hopes of those who have faith in the camera and its masters, than that of the idealist, Vachell Lindsay:

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## THE WESTERN DRAMA

By Anna Hamilton Wood

*It isn't the lurid, thrilling plot  
Or the action which draws us so;  
It isn't the splendid type of men  
Or the life which we do not know;  
It isn't the simple human tale  
Of the love of a maid for a man;  
It's because we see a bit of the earth  
Unchanged since the world began!*

*It isn't the story we carry home  
But the breath of the great out-doors.  
For love and adventure are nothing new.  
(They lived with my youth—and yours.)  
But the West! The West! To us back here  
In the crowded marts of trade  
It is trumpet voiced to the hearts denied  
The joys of a world, God-made!*



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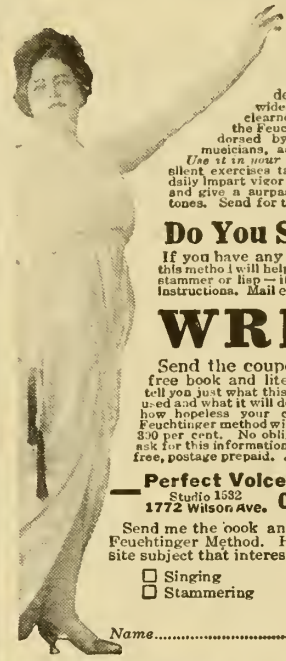
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**Questions and Answers**

(Continued from page 88)

**E. C., SHERIDAN, IND.**—The long-awaited Montagu Love story appeared in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY. Did you like it? Harold Lloyd is very much alive. Yes. Thanks for all the things you said.

**ALMA, MOLINE, KANSAS.**—That is not a picture of Charles Chaplin, although it looks something like him. You ask too many questions. Some of them are answered elsewhere. Jack Pickford is twenty-three. You want Wallace Reid to play opposite Mary Pickford. Earle Rodney with Enid Bennett. What do you want to know about Constance Talmadge?

**MARGUERITE, POTSDAM, N. Y.**—I don't care; I won't wear a neck-tie to match my soul whatever happens. Theda Bara, Fox; Dorothy Dalton, Thomas H. Ince, Culver City. Virginia Valli isn't playing now. She was a leading woman for Essanay, with Taylor Holmes and Bryant Washburn. Norma Talmadge, Select.

**L. M. C., SAN JOSE.**—Madge Kennedy, I believe, will send you her personally autographed photograph. Yes, I have met the lady; she is delightful, and quite unaffected. She's married to Harold Bolster. Write to her care Goldwyn Film studios, Culver City, California. I saw Miss Kennedy in "A Perfect Lady;" she's very nice in it. Her new picture is "Primrose." John Bowers, formerly of World, plays with her in this.

**JUST MARGARET.**—You're wrong about us, Margaret. I think you must want our job. I don't know Marguerite well enough to answer that question; but I suppose she is "awfully jolly," since you're so keen about it, you know. She's four feet, ten, and weighs ninety pounds. Jules Raucourt played opposite her in "Prunella." Mary Pickford is twenty-six. Lillian Gish is twenty-three and Dorothy, twenty-one. Dorothy is a blonde but she wears a short black wig in all her new pictures. Dick—I love the way you call your favorites by their first names—is twenty-four. I suppose he likes to play opposite Miss Clark. Barthelme with Dorothy Gish in "The Hope Chest," her new Paramount. Anita Loos isn't an actress; she's an author. I think she would be corking on the screen. She and John Emerson have a company and make comedies for Paramount. Their new ones are "Good-bye Bill" and "When the Boys Come Home."

**BOB BARA, DETROIT.**—The Dolly Sisters are married; one to Harry Fox, the actor; the other to Jean Swartz, the song-writer. Their names are Yansi and Roszika. Louise Fazenda isn't married. She's great, I think. Write to her at the Sennett studios. Nazimova, Metro; Bessie Love, Vitagraph; Hayakawa, Haworth; Ethel Clayton, Lasky; Mildred Harris, Universal. Others elsewhere.

**MICKEY.**—Yours was snappy. If you'll notice, the non-temperamental star whom the "extras" and the stage-hands follow about in genuine admiration, is the same star whom the crowds follow into the theatres. That first question, Mickey, is the one question I never could answer. I can't account for it. Edith Johnson, your real sweetheart, was born in Rochester in 1805. I don't think she was ever on the stage. In her screen career she was with Lubin, Universal, and Vitagraph. Did you see her in the Vitagraph serial with William Duncan. "A Fight for Millions"? She's five feet, four inches perpendicularly and she tips the scales at 135. Her home address is 162 Hudson Ave., Hollywood; write to her there. What are you going to give me?

**THOMAS MEIGHAN FAN, WEBSTER GROVES, Mo.**—If I ever need an assistant I'll wire for you. You wish to go on record as saying that Tom Meighan is not only adorable, he's handsome. Yes, I know Tom, and I wouldn't call him adorable, but he is a nice guy. Elsie Albert? She's not playing any more. You remember her in "Lorna Doone"? I saw her, long ago, in "Snow White," I think—at any rate it was some fairy tale. Vola Vale isn't playing just at present but she'll be back soon. Marguerite Clark's new ones are "Three Men and a Girl" and "The Golden Bird." Write again.

**ANSWER MAN ADMIRER, CHARLOTTE, N. C.**—I have another admirer; thank you, thank you. It does my old heart good to feel that I am being appreciated and will not die unsung. And then you ask me if Jack Holt is married. Too much competition. Madge Evans is with World at Fort Lee; Virginia Lee Corbin is with Fox, Los Angeles. If I ever come to Charlotte I know I will like it. Jack Holt is a Paramount leading man. Last Marguerite Clark interview in January, 1918, and a Grand Crossing Impression in July, 1918. Others answered elsewhere.

**W. H. HOUSTON, PHILA.**—Here's all we can tell you about Madge Evans: she was born in New York City in 1909. She was a child actress with many well-known productions both in this country and in England, before going on the screen. Her screen career has been in "Zaza" and "The Seven Sisters" for Famous Players; for World, "Husband and Wife," "The Little Burglar," "The Little Duchess," "The Volunteer," and many others. In some pictures she is starred and featured in others.

**OH JOHNNY OH.**—Hello. You write like we used to write when we were your age. Oh, yes, we can remember "the days of real sport," according to cartoonist Briggs. Yes, and if there had been movies when I was a boy, I bet I'd be writing to Mary Miles Minter too. Address her care American, Santa Barbara. Eugene O'Brien is with Paramount. Eltinge is back on the stage, in vaudeville.

**IRISH.**—Enid Bennett is Mrs. Fred Niblo; she makes pictures for Paramount-Thomas H. Ince. Constance Talmadge is nineteen. No, she isn't. Jack Pickford has signed a contract with First National; he was mustered out of the Navy the last of November. I don't believe you're Irish at all.

**POLLY OF RAINBOW VALLEY.**—You sound like a Zane Grey heroine. Funny you didn't recognize Mary Roberts Rinchart's "K" in its screen form, "The Doctor and the Woman." Mildred Harris, Albert Roscoe, and the late True Boardman as "K" were the principal performers. I have no record of a Miss Audrey Jones, who has, you say, made a tremendous hit in pictures. Miss Jones please write. You hope I am well and happy. I hope you are the same.

**PATTY LOU, SCRANTON.**—What neat names you're giving us this month, girls. Virginia Pearson is no longer with Fox. I think she's having her own company. Sheldon Lewis of the serials is her husband. I agree with you; of course I agree with you. Come again.

**EDNA, LAWNSDALE.**—You say, "Please convey this bad news to Earle Foxe fans through the medium of your department. The lights of the studio affected his eye-sight and he went back on the stage and Mabel Normand's 'Peck's Bad Girl' was the last picture he will ever make." Thank you, Edna.



## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

**PHYLLIS AND ELIZABETH.**—Even if you two did call me a second Scrooge, I liked your letter. You say you run down to the drug store and look for your answers in the Magazine and read them and then add a nickel and buy a Thrift Stamp. Do you really buy the Thrift Stamp? Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck, her manager; Connie isn't married. No. I'm sure I've no idea whether Eugene O'Brien is contemplating matrimony. You might write to him. Alice Mary Moore has never appeared in pictures. Don't know about the last "Bab" story. Nigel Barrie, who played *Carter Brooks*, is in the Royal Air Force and they can't finish the series until he comes back. Don't forget to write again.

**L. B., BLACKWELL, OKLA.**—I get a good many letters from Oklahoma. Ann Little, Lasky, Hollywood; Antonio Moreno, western Vitagraph; Charlie Chaplin gets one million dollars a year. Eddie Polo's latest serial, "The Lure of the Circus," has been released. Polo isn't in France. He's at Universal City, in California.

**MARY JANE, KANKAKEE.**—Very sorry, Mary Jane, but we do not send out photographs of the players. Write to them, however, and they will answer you. Bill Hart, Hart studios, Hollywood; Charlie Chaplin, Chaplin studios. Others given elsewhere in this issue. Hart's latest is "Branding Broadway." Scena Owen plays with him in this. Roscoe Arbuckle is making comedies for the Paramount program.

**SWEET MEMORIES.**—We quote from your poem (first stanza): "Long years ago, how many I don't know, I got lonesome one night for a movie show, we had a number of them in our quiet town, so I looked up the best that could be found." And the last verse is all right: "Now Bill Hart looks good to us on the screen, he plays nice parts but he may be mean. He'll save a woman and risk his life, and he may go home and beat his wife," except that Willum is not and never has been married.

**ELECTA, ROCHESTER.**—Only too glad. Geraldine Farrar, Metropolitan Opera House, New York; Lillian Gish, Griffith studios, Hollywood, Cal.; Madge Kennedy, Pauline Frederick, Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.; Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett, Thomas H. Ince studios, Culver City, Cal.; Wallace Reid, Lasky. You're quite welcome, nine-year-old.

**E. F. B., LONESOME SOLDIER BOY, CAMP TRAVIS, TEXAS.**—June Caprice isn't playing at present but she was with Fox last and a letter to her care that company will be forwarded. I'm sure she'll write to you. PHOTOPLAY cannot send you pictures, but write to your favorites and you will hear from them. Mabel Normand, Goldwyn studios, Culver City, Cal.; Jackie Saunders, Balboa, Long Beach, Cal.; Mary Miles Minter, American, Santa Barbara. Are you sure that's the correct title? We have no record of that picture.

**MONA, BOOKLYN.**—My surprise at your sea-green letter may be compared only to my amazement when I first discovered, via Webster, that the word "encyclopedia" is spelled as it's pronounced. If I kept track of the various—and varying hues in actress's hair, Mona, I wouldn't have much time to answer your questions. All I know is, that when I last saw the lady, it was a reddish gold. Your others require research; if you'll be patient I'll look them up for you. *Tout à vous.*

**E. B., PITTSBURGH.**—I don't want to lose my temper, but I would suggest that you look through these Colyums from time to time to ascertain whether or not Mary Pickford is married and if she has any children. Marguerite Clark is thirty-one and she is, in private life, the wife of Lieut. H. Palmerson Williams. Reddish gold.

**MARY F., MASS.**—If you don't mind we'd rather not print your alias. I don't know any publishers personally or I'd be writing books myself. James Kirkwood played with Little Mary in "The Eagle's Mate." He's directing now. I don't know of any Portuguese actors on the screen. You want Pearl White's portrait on the cover.

**YOUNGER, OKLAHOMA CITY.**—How old is Fanny? Miss Ward is forty-three. She's with Pathe. One daughter, who is married and lives in England. I liked Miss Ward best in "The Cheat" and "The Yellow Ticket." She's a fine little actress. Harold Lockwood is survived by a wife and one son. May Allison isn't married. Baby Marie Osborne is seven. Douglas Fairbanks is divorced from Beth Sully Fairbanks. Mrs. Fairbanks was awarded the custody of Douglas, Jr. Antonio Moreno is playing now in "The Iron Test," a Vitagraph serial. Long "i." Theda always plays a vampire; why, I don't know.

**C. B., FARGO, N. D.**—I don't often get such pleasant letters as yours, my dear. Thank you for it. In the light of recent events perhaps you won't be going to France. Let me know. Here's that address, but don't tell a soul: 22 West 72 St., N. Y. PHOTOPLAY will have a story or a picture about him very soon; watch out for it.

**M. E. H., PRESTON, ONTARIO.**—You just write Bebe Daniels and she'll send you a picture of herself, and if you're lucky she'll write you a letter, too. Bebe is one of my favorite film-follies. And she's a mighty sweet kid and likes to hear from her friends. Yes, I believe that comedian quit; he found the competition too keen. You mean Eric Campbell, don't you—the big fellow who played with Chaplin? He was killed in a motor accident. The Dolly Sisters who appeared in the musical comedy, "Oh, Look!" in Chicago last season, and the "Million Dollar Dollies" are one and the same. Their names are Yansci and Roszika but don't ask me who is who. Perfectly all right; thanks.

**BESSIE J. B., WHITE WRIGHT, TEXAS.**—I should have been delighted to answer by return mail, Bessie, but you neglected to enclose a stamp, so your letter had to await its turn. Florence La Badie died of injuries from an automobile accident. She was not married. Metro may be able to supply you with photographs of Harold Lockwood.

**S. N., ST. LOUIS.**—Florence Lawrence is no longer in pictures; she's been absent for a long time now. Yes, I miss her too. In real life she is Mrs. Harry Solter. Harold Lockwood was on the stage before he went into pictures. He was with the old Ince Kay-Bee company; with Famous Players, where he won his first recognition with Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country" and "Hearts Adrift" and played with Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower."

**KATHLEEN O'NEIL, BUFFALO.**—Eugene O'Brien isn't dead. Charles Ray is twenty-eight; he's with Thomas H. Ince, at Culver City, California. J. Warren Kerrigan is thirty, and he's working at the Jesse Hampton studios in Los Angeles. You want a story about Kerrigan.

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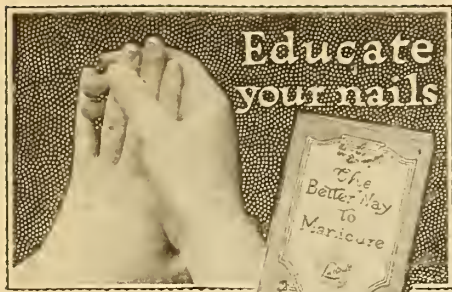
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## Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

**PATSY-PATTI.**—The posters are so funny sometimes. Two more that amused me mightily were "The Deemster," featuring "Hal Caine," and "Ethel Baremore in 'The Lifted Veil.'" June Elvidge is very brunette. She's still with World. No. They are separated.

**SILVER SPURS.**—That little argument we had—I've forgiven you for winning it. When I'm in the wrong I always admit it. And it keeps me pretty busy. Norma and Constance Talmadge with Select. Wallie Reid isn't playing with Gerry Farrar at present because she's with Goldwyn and he's still with Lasky. I should say the favorite oath for a fanette would be "oh my stars." Yes-yes?

**NICK, PHILADELPHIA.**—I didn't see that serial and so can't tell you who the mystery was. It's all a mystery to me. The serial is the hash of the fillum business. Can give you the cast if you want that. What?

**FLO, CHICAGO.**—Indeed, Flo, it is most awfully good of you to be so considerate of my feelings. I hand out answers in much the same manner as the successful office-seeker hands out political plums. To those of you who help me by clever letters. I give good answers and an epigram. Sour queries bring sarcastic replies. For you, a metaphor. Carmel Myers, Ruth Clifford, and Harry Carey, Universal City; Bryant Washburn, Lasky; John Bowers, Goldwyn, Culver City; Bill Desmond, Jesse Hampton, L. A. I don't think anything of the kind.

**MARY W., WASHINGTON, D. C.**—Allen Edwards played *Boone Pendleton* opposite Violet Mersereau in "The Girl by the Roadside." That's his real name, I believe. Of course anybody named Allen Edwards couldn't help being an actor. It was the only thing to do.

**ELIZABETH EASTMAN, ST. CLOUD, MINN.**—Little Mary Jane Irving was *Mary Jane* in "The White Lie" with Bessie Barriscale. She has played with Sessue Hayakawa. Clever kid, isn't she?

**LUCILLE SMITH.**—The circulation department will send a sample copy to Marie Louise Dawson if you will be kind enough to send them Marie Louise's address.

**T. D., LOGAN, UTAH.**—I call it the Sinema. Which reminds me of some of the posters in front of the Chicago loop tunnels which show moving pictures. One was "Virginia Pearson, the Liar." Another, "Margery Wilson, Without Honor." And both such nice girls, too. Ann Pennington isn't married. No. Eugene O'Brien is with Paramount; he plays with Elsie Ferguson in "Under the Greenwood Tree." Oh, yes. Mabel Normand's forte is comedy. Norman Kerry with Constance Talmadge. Mrs. Bryant Washburn was Mabel Forrest. More later.

**MIXED-UP, BUCYRUS, O.**—I should say you are. Don't kid us; or if you do, be careful. A good many have tried it, but few of them get away with it. Allee samee true that Mary has no children.

**CHARLES C. H., YOUNGSTOWN.**—A young friend of mine, a clerk in a book store, was asked by an aggressive woman where she could find a book on how to mix drinks. This y. f. o. n. directed her to the section of "Books of a Stimulating Nature." I can't give you a list of all the film companies but our studio directory elsewhere in these Columns, will give you a pretty good idea.

**PERCIVAL.**—Dash-it-all, I don't know what to tell you. There are many little gifts that might prove acceptable; it really depends on the size of your bank-roll and whether the lady in question is a vamp, a high-brow heroine, or an ingenue. Please let us know of your momentous decision. Also what the lady says.

**M. C., PHILADELPHIA.**—Julia Swayne Gordon is still with Vitagraph. She is not related to Anita Stewart, although they have often played together as mother and daughter. The Betzwood Film Company is the only producing concern in your city; Louis Bennisson, Lady Tsen Mei, and Katherine MacDonald, formerly of Paramount, are the stars. Others answered elsewhere.

**GRACIELA, HAVANA, CUBA.**—We have already begun our Spanish lessons but we don't know what you mean when you call us "emantador." Is that right? But Graciela—please believe us; we are not solemn or venerable. We have, however, a twinkle in our eye. Music—ah! You have struck another harmonious chord. One of my favorite memories is an evening in June, long ago; a lady in white at the piano. The light from a shaded lamp garnished her hair; her white fingers caressed the white keys—sometimes the black; the music was a very beautiful, very difficult, very impromptu of Chopin. And somewhere, out in the night, a dog howled. . . . Never will I forget it; never. She sang, too, that girl did. Don't forget that card, Graciela; and next time I'll tell you what your handwriting says to me.

**DIANA ST. CLAIR—FROM NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.**—When I received your scented note on the gilt-edged paper, and read it, and the signature—Diana St. Clair—I thought you were come at last—my inspiration. Then—your address. Will you please move to Castle-on-the-Hudson? Thank you. Wallie Reid—you like him? Of course. Well, he's at Lasky's, in Hollywood.

**VIOLET, OAKLAND.**—Next to baby-blue stationery we perfectly love violet-bordered, with a scent to correspond. And you like Crane Wilbur? Certainly. The last we heard of Crane he was in stock. Yes, it's true. Norma Talmadge was born in Brooklyn. Bobby Harron, Griffith, L. A. June Caprice isn't with any company at present. No. Good heavens no! Perhaps, Fannie Ward's latest is "The Narrow Path." (We have just discovered that the envelope is lined in lavender.)

**BILL FARNUM FAN, CHICAGO.**—He's married; he's forty-two. I saw him last in "The Rainbow Trail;" liked it very much. Jack Mulhall is with Lasky; he is married. Carol Holloway? She was recently divorced; story about her coming. That's perfectly all right of you; and don't you think it was rawther decent of us?

**O. K., QUEBEC.**—You don't want to take up too much of our time and you do like the movies? That's dear of you. It is true. Why, er—yes, we enjoyed the "peace" celebration very much. That is, we believe so.

**JEAN.**—Hello yourself. I am not acquainted with Dorothy Phillips the dancer. Is she in vod-vil? Norma Talmadge is quite decidedly most adorable. Jane Cowl isn't in pictures now. She made one for Goldwyn called "The Spreading Dawn." Miss Cowl is in "The Crowded Hour" in New York.





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Solid gold mounting, with wide flat band. Almost a carat, guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem. Price \$12.50, only \$3.50 on arrival. Balance \$3 per month.



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## Mail This Coupon

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druggists alone may use this nurse-face symbol of purity, which identifies for you, not only the San-Tox drug store, but the many splendid San-Tox Preparations. There is a wide, wide range of these San-Tox Preparations, all of perfect purity, and each for some definite need of toilet or hygiene.

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DePree Chicago

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*But now—the Camera tells them  
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**W**ATERLOO and the sunken road—where the peasant boy's falsehood cost Napoleon his empire—hark back to Hugo's pen. But the moral has been learned and the lesson applied in this world war.

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# Blackheads are a confession

**B**LACKHEADS are a confession that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin.

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*If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 502 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*

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# PHOTOPLAY

*March*  
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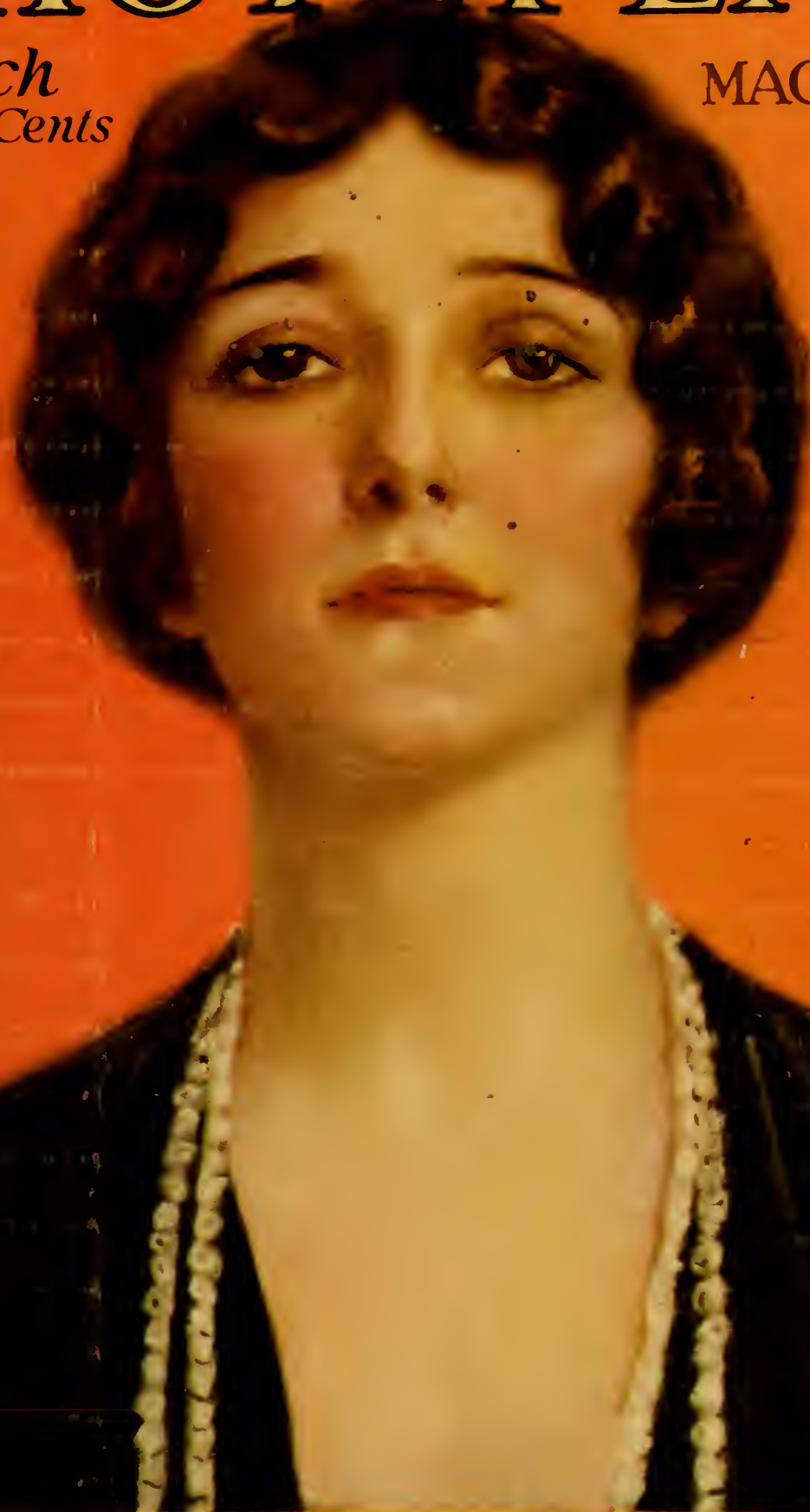
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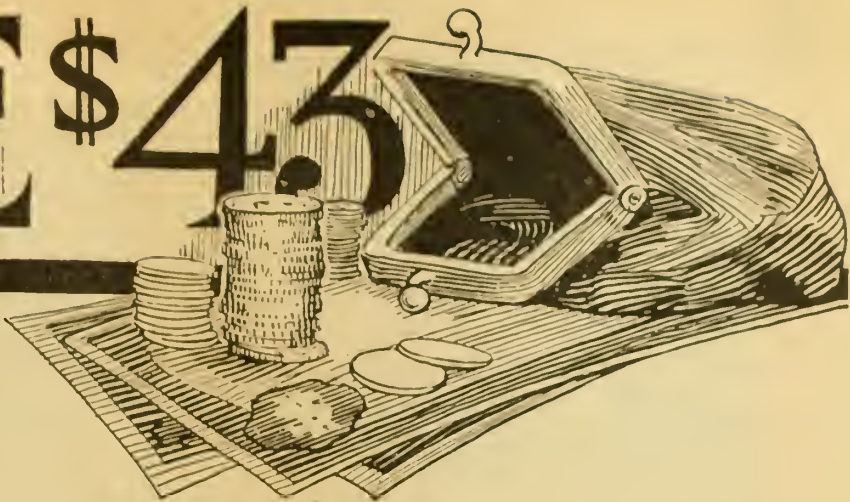




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makes bathroom floors,  
walls and fixtures  
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Cheaper than Soap  
works better with  
half the rubs.



# SAVE \$43



## No need now to pay \$100 for a New Oliver typewriter, latest model

This offer—as you'll agree—is unparalleled in the history of typewriters! A genuine Oliver No. 9 for \$57. The identical model formerly priced at \$100. With not the slightest change in construction or materials. All this is possible because of our new way of selling, a method learned during the war. And which we now continue.

Read the details of our amazing offer—then be your own salesman and save \$43.

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Our plan is extremely simple. The coupon below brings an Oliver to you for five days' free trial. Without your paying in advance. Try it as if it were your own. Compare it. Note its superiorities.

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That is all there is to the simplified Oliver way of selling.

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Remember you obtain a brand new Oliver, latest model. Not second-hand, not rebuilt. If any typewriter is worth \$100 it is this handsome, speedy Oliver, with all its improvements.

Over 700,000 have been sold. It is used by leading concerns, a few of which are shown below. And it is the favorite among merchants, professional men and individuals.

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Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$57 at the rate of \$3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

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### Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Here are their latest productions listed alphabetically, released up to January 31st. Save the list! And see the pictures!

#### Paramount

John Barrymore *in* "HERE COMES THE BRIDE"  
 Enid Bennett *in* "FUSS AND FEATHERS"  
 Billie Burke *in* "THE MAKE-BELIEVE WIFE"  
 Lina Cavalieri *in* "A WOMAN OF IMPULSE"  
 Marguerite Clark *in* "LITTLE MISS HOOVER"  
 Ethel Clayton *in* "THE MYSTERY GIRL"  
 Dorothy Dalton *in* "QUICKSAND"  
 Pauline Frederick *in* "OUT OF THE SHADOW"  
 Dorothy Gish *in* "THE HOPE CHEST"  
 Lilo Lee *in* "THE SECRET GARDEN"  
 Vivian Martin *in* "JANE GOES A-WOOING"  
 John Emerson-Anita Loos Production  
 Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex *in* "GOOD BYE BILL"  
 Charles Ray *in* "THE DUB"  
 Wallace Reid *in* "TOO MANY MILLIONS"  
 Bryant Washburn *in* "VENUS IN THE EAST"

#### Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within."  
 With a Special Star Cast  
 Private Harold Peat *in* "PRIVATE PETE"  
 Maurice Tourneur's Production  
 "SPORTING LIFE"  
 "Little Women"  
 (From Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)  
 A Win. A. Brady Production  
 "The False Faces"  
 with Henry B. Walthall  
 A Thomas H. Ince Production

#### Artcraft

Enrico Caruso *in* "MY COUSIN"  
 George M. Cohan *in* "HIT THE TRAIL HOLIDAY"  
 Cecl B. De Mille's Production  
 "DON'T CHANGE YOUR HUSBAND"  
 Douglas Fairbanks *in* "ARIZONA"  
 Elsie Ferguson *in* "HIS PARISIAN WIFE"  
 D. W. Griffith's Production  
 "THE ROMANCE OF HAPPY VALLEY"  
 William S. Hart *in* "BRANDING BROADWAY"  
 Mary Pickford *in* "JOHANNA ENLISTS!"  
 Fred Stone *in* "UNDER THE TOP"  
 Supervision of Thos. H. Ince

#### Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy  
 "CAMPING OUT"  
 Paramount-MackSennett Comedies  
 "CUPID'S DAY OFF"  
 "NEVER TOO OLD"  
 Paramount-Flagg Comedy  
 "IMPROPAGANDA"  
 Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew *in* "Paramount-Drew Comedies"  
 Paramount-Bray Pictograph  
 One each week  
 Paramount-Burton Holmes  
 Travel Pictures One each week

## "You wouldn't know the Old Town now!"

**T**IME cannot blur some recollections. If you've ever lived around a small town, your memory needs no photograph of what it looked like *then*. Seen the Old Town *lately*?

Or any other of ten thousand and more like it throughout America—any day or night in the week?

No, the "P. O." is no more the hub of all rural life. The 7:20 mail is no longer the big excitement out where they still breathe fresh air and own broad acres. Much more going on than the "Annual County Fair or the good old Church Social.

In these times, whenever "Jones, the Farmer" hankers after a couple of hours' laughs and thrills, he goes just where "Brown, the City Banker" goes. And he sees just as fine motion pictures as Mr. Manhattan can see at Broadway's toniest theatre.

*Just as fine, because just the same pictures!*

The famous productions distributed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

The pictures identified everywhere by the two names: *Paramount and Artcraft.*

And those better motion pictures, just naturally brought with them:

—Handsome Modern Theatres All Over the Country.

—Bigger Business for Local Merchants.

—Broader, Happier Life to Every Man, Woman and Child.

## Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount and Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them



**FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION**  
 ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY 1st Vice. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General  
 NEW YORK







REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE.

"The National Movie Publication"

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

James R. Quirk, *Publisher* — Julian Johnson, *Editor*

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VOL. XV

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No. 4

MARCH, 1919

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## Photoplay Magazine's Screen Supplement

**H**AVE you seen it? It was born January fifth, and the Educational Films Corporation was the doctor who stood at its auspicious nativity in scores of theatres all over the country.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE SCREEN SUPPLEMENT is the first news-reel of the motion picture itself.

It is also, purely and directly, a genuine supplement to this periodical.

It appears once a month.

It is a single reel, of varying subjects.

It goes one step farther than this publication or any other publication will ever be able to go, in that it brings you into the living, moving presence of its personalities, character-sketches and stories.

It shows you the stars in their homes. And it also shows you the stars on their stages, in work or play.

It goes behind the scenes and farther than that—it goes back to the offices of the managers, to the workshops of the writing men, to the departments of the designers and craftsmen, to the laboratories and the little arenas of invention where the ever-increasing problems of this great artistic science of ours are being worked out.

### Number One.

The opening is a panoramic view of the American studio at Santa Barbara, California—the studio from which Mary Miles Minter's pictures come, and Bill Russell's, and lots of others. Built in Franciscan architecture like the glorified dream of one of the old Mission fathers, this studio is one of the most beautiful edifices of dramatic construction and assemblage in the world.

The vision of buildings and grounds as a whole quickly centers down to views of actual studio scenes, with Mary Miles Minter's company at work. Many familiar faces appear in the pho-

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Entered as second-class matter Apr. 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



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## Photoplay Magazine's Screen Supplement

to play lens, including those of Miss Minter herself, James Kirkwood, Eugenia Forde and George Fisher.

Next, a transcontinental jump to the World studios at Fort Lee, and an intimate visit with Montagu Love as he arrives and prepares for work.

After this, the beholder visits Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in their charming home at Sea Gate, Long Island.

Then, an interlude of delightful play with that memorable trio of other Triangle days—Douglas Fairbanks, John Emerson and Anita Loos.

From then to a very momentary now—the new Mrs. Henry Walthall: the erstwhile Mary Charleson, with glimpses of her work in the army camps.

Follows a turn to sheer camera science, and a rapid-fire exhibition of the processes of trick photography.

A laughable animated cartoon by Wallace Carlson concludes this opening chapter.

### The Next One.

PHOTOPLAY SCREEN SUPPLEMENT NUMBER TWO opens with an aviator's view of the great Triangle-Goldwyn studios at Culver City.

Ben Turpin—he of that misfit pair of eyes—arriving for work, and his laughable preparations for farce a la Sennett.

Do you often wonder what became of Cleo Ridgeley, the famous Kalem adventuress and Lasky villainess? We've found her!—in her home, with two of the finest reasons in the world for hiding out—but see them!

Next, one camera actually turns back the clock of years, and takes two of the most famous stars in the world in their babyhood.

Thomas H. Ince is shown, in his magnificent private office—and again, hurrying onto a set to straighten out a bit of knotty direction in a new Charlie Ray drama.

Then comes an intimate study of Bessie Love, now a Vitagraph star. Paul Powell and Eddie Dillon figure in this.

Bill Hart rides along Broadway, working for the Fourth Liberty Loan—and, anon, Bill Hart at home in Hartville, with his splendid dogs.

How Helen Holmes, the railroad girl, made her "train stuff" at night is vividly visualized. And there is a regulation Helen Holmes thrill in this, too—an actual wreck, made especially for the Screen Supplement.

The conclusion is another of Carlson's animated drolleries.

The release date: February fifth.

### Get It!

It is, indeed, edited as PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE itself is edited. Its California representative is one of the finest cameramen in the business. It is assembled, manufactured and printed by the great Rothacker Film Manufacturing Company of Chicago, the foremost specialist in this line that the industry has produced.





# An Epoch-Making Dinner

## To Introduce This New-Type Pork and Beans

Some years ago the Van Camp scientific cooks gave an epoch-making dinner. It was given in the Van Camp laboratories—to experts and laymen—to introduce the ideal Pork and Beans.

Since then that dish has brought to millions an entirely new idea of baked beans.

## They Studied the Dish for Years

These culinary experts, college trained, studied this dish for years.

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They found that hard water made the skins tough. So they now free the water from minerals.

They found that ordinary ovens left

beans underbaked. Digestion was difficult. Yet the beans were crisped and broken by the heat.

So they bake Van Camp's in steam ovens—bake them for hours at 245 degrees. Digestion is made easy, yet the beans are not crisped, not broken.

And they create a sauce to bake with them—a sauce of wondrous zest. In perfecting this sauce they tested 856 recipes.

## Direct Our Chefs

Now these scientific cooks direct every step of the process. And they constantly watch the results. So all the delights which they developed are found in every dish of Van Camp's.

Now these ideal Pork and Beans are always at your call.

You can serve baked beans which are whole and mealy, instead of crisped and broken. You can have them easy to digest. And the finest tomato sauce ever created is baked into every atom.

Compare them with the old-style.

# VAN CAMP'S

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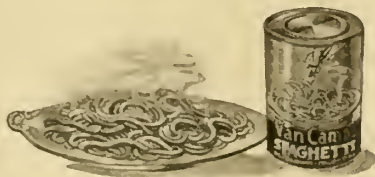
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Soups	Evaporated Milk	Spaghetti	Peanut Butter
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Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



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18 Kinds



Van Camp's  
Spaghetti



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Peanut Butter





# THE HAND OF BLACKTON

has fashioned another screen epic  
THE STORY OF THE HOUR

## The Common Cause

The picture with a Punch—a  
Laugh—a Thrill, and a Throb!

### —REVIEWERS SAY—

"The Common Cause" meets the world's demand for the HAPPY PICTURE. The trench, the dugout, Tommy, Poilu, and Sammy contributed their share to the world's laughter and all the world *will laugh* with them in Mr. Blackton's screen masterpiece.

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HUNTLY GORDON, PHILIP VAN LOAN, LOUIS DEAN, WILLIAM BAILEY, MLE. MARCEL—all in the foremost rank of screendom's favor and popularity.

AND—symbolizing the triumphant union of Democracy, a quintet of the most notable stars of the spoken drama—

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IRENE CASTLE,  
VIOLET HEMING and EFFIE SHANNON.

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J. HARTLEY MANNERS of "Peg o' My Heart" fame, and MAJOR IAN HAY BEITH, author of "The First Hundred Thousand," wrote the story.

ANTHONY P. KELLY, Author of "Three Faces East" wrote the scenario.

MANUEL KLEIN, the eminent composer, arranged the musical score.

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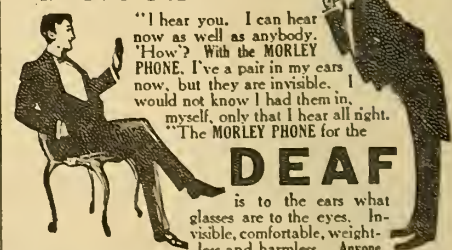
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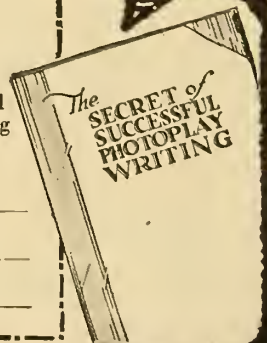
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St., Jersey City, N. J. (s); ROLIN FILM CO.,  
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# Watch Your Nerves

by PAUL von BOECKMANN

The greatest of all strains upon the human body is that caused by nerve tension. Instant death may result from great grief or a sudden fright. The strongest man may in a few months shrink to a skeleton through intense worry. Anger and excitement may cause an upheaval of the digestive and other organs. It is simple to understand, therefore, that lesser strains upon the nerves must slowly but surely undermine the vital forces, decrease our mental keenness and generally wreck the body and health.

In this simple truth lies the secret of health, strength and vitality. The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

It is in the nerves that Nerve Force is generated, that wonderful power which gives life and action to every cell of the human body. When the nervous system becomes fagged out, because of worry, overwork, abuse and other strains, the flow of Nerve Force becomes feeble, and we become feeble all over. When the flow is strong, we feel strong all over—mentally, physically and organically. This is an immutable law of Nature.

Few people realize the powerful influence the nerves have upon our well-being, and how they may torture the mind and body when they become deranged, super-sensitive and unmanageable. Few people realize they have nerves, and therefore heedlessly waste their precious Nerve Force, not knowing that they are actually wasting their "Life Force," and then they wonder why they lack "Pep," have aches, pains, cannot digest their food, and are not fit, mentally and physically.

Just think a moment what a powerful role your nerves play in your life. It is your nerves that govern the action of the heart, so that your blood will circulate. It is your nerves that govern your breathing, so that your blood will be purified. It is your nerves that promote the process of digestion, assimilation and elimination. Every organ and muscle, before it can act, must receive from the nerves a current of Nerve Force to give it life and power.

Your body and all its organs and parts may be compared to a complex mass of individual electric motors and lights, which are connected with wires from a central electric station, where the electric power is generated. When the electric force from the central station becomes weak, every motor will slow down and every light will become dim. Tinkering and pampering the motors and light will do no good in this case. It is in the central station, the nervous system, where the weakness lies.

I have devoted over thirty years to the study of physical and mental efficiency in man and woman. I have studied carefully the physical, mental and organic characteristics of over 100,000 persons in this time. As my experience grows, I am more than ever convinced that nearly every case of organic and physical weakness is primarily due to nerve exhaustion. Powerful and healthy looking men and women who did not show the least outward signs of weak nerves were found upon close mental and physical diagnosis to have exhausted nerves. Usually every organ was perfect and the muscles well developed, but there was not sufficient flow of

Nerve Force to give these organs and muscles tone and power. How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to show that any particular organ function is weak? It is "Nerves," in every case.

We are living in the age of nerve strain, the "mile a minute life." Every man, woman and child is over-taxing the nerves, thus wrecking that delicate system. Nerve strain cannot be entirely avoided, but it can be modified. Much can be done to temper the nerves against strain. Education along this line is imperatively necessary if we are not to become a race of neurasthenics (nerve exhaustion). I have written a 64 page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address, Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 90, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after reading the book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, plus the outlay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved, means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves, and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

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"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

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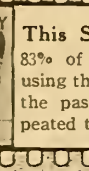
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Write today to The Andrew Jergens Co., 503 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Alfred Cheney Johnston

**M**ABEL NORMAND will soon give us a new conception of "Sis Hopkins." Mabel left Keystone slap-stick for Goldwyn drawing-room drama. Now the little dramatic yearn has died, leaving Mabel again content as a cut-up.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

*WE* hear that Irene Fenwick is to appear in William Faversham's stage production of "The Prince and the Pauper," in the dual juvenile role. You will remember Miss Fenwick in Famous Players and Metro pictures.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

*G*AIL KANE has her own company now, and "The Daredevil" and "The Kaiser's Bride" are two recent releases of the statuesque star. Miss Kane seems to have made a complete transition from stage to screen.





*JACK MULHALLY graduated with athletic honors from Columbia University, then went on the stage. He came to the screen via Biograph; he has acted, lately, for Universal and Paramount. He never studied law.*





*AN expert likeness of our best-known Younger Son, William Wallace Reid. He plays those sons of fortune with too many millions, who always, always get the Girl. Mrs. Reid is Dorothy Davenport. There's a William Wallace, Jr.*



*THAT enigmatic look in Evelyn Greeley's eyes is brought about by an indecision as to whether or not the heroine in her next World drama should wear a gown to match her soul. Miss Greeley, whose first name should be Hebe, is co-starring with Carlyle Blackwell.*





*THE most recent portrait of America's famed dancer-actress, Irene Castle, who is in mourning for her aviator-husband, Captain Vernon Castle. She left the studios to go to England, there to devote her terpsichorean talents to war-work.*







Walter Scott  
Shinn

*A*LICE JOYCE, at the present writing and engraving, is working on a picturization of Charles Klein's "The Lion and the Mouse." This should afford Vitagraph's fragile star her biggest dramatic opportunity since "Within the Law."



# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XV

MARCH, 1919

NO. 4



## On Sunday —

**T**HERE goes that miserable alarm-clock—let it go! It's Sunday morning, and you don't have to rise at seven! So—

Well, you've had your extra hour, or two. And now what are you going to do with the Day of Rest?

Whatever your choice, don't merely throw Sunday away. Meaningless, fruitless, frittered-out Sundays bear the curse of waste, and the past four years teach us that waste may be treachery to ourselves as well as to our nation.

For the Young Person we recommend, unqualifiedly, at least one of the services of the church as Sunday's prime requisite. There is more than orthodox devotion in a knowledge of that Book which is the foundation of all the religions of civilization. The Bible is the corner-stone of all education, and no man or woman of any creed or none can ever claim true culture in ignorance of its great records and precepts. This is not Billy Sunday evangelism; it is a statement of ice-cold fact. If the next generation of Americans is permitted to grow up Scripturally blind, Kultur will have replaced culture. We shall be a land of scientific barbarians.

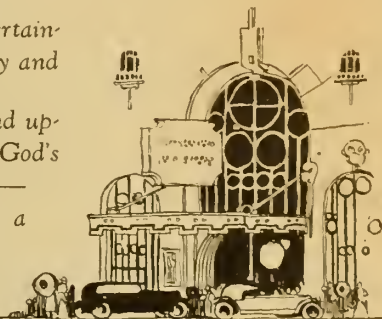
For the rest of the day, improve your body and air out your mind.

The great Teacher of Nazareth declared that the Sabbath was made for Man; not Man for the Sabbath. Intolerance has always reversed that saying. Intolerance would make Man's Sabbath a dungeon of worthless reflection or downright evil-thinking.

Conspicuous among the living Intolerants are those who inveigh against the Sunday outing and the Sunday picture show.

The man who would replace church services by screen entertainments and the man who would lock up all films between Saturday and Monday are both undesirable citizens

Start Sunday by earnest attendance upon an informing and uplifting religious service. Continue Sunday by getting out into God's great open air—winter or summer. Then serve your soul again—if you wish; or you will do well in giving your refreshed mind a panorama of other lives or other lands upon the screen.





# The Confessions of



*"A male vampire exists because all women want to be a man's last love, not his first. Women dislike amateurs. They don't care to be practiced on."*

According to what Lew Cody says, the "rag and bone" siren doesn't know nearly as much about men as the "chocolate-coated cave man" understands about women.

Mr. Cody's case it's an advantage. Also, there was orange pekoe tea and other things to sustain one during the ordeal of listening to the confessions of the original male vampire (screen species).

"First," I said, when the penitent had arranged himself as comfortably as possible, with a glowing cigarette between his fingers and a pagan grin on his lips, "why is a male vampire?"

"A male vampire exists because all women want to be a man's last love, not his first," began Mr. Cody. "A man may tell a woman he has never loved anyone in his life before he met her. She accepts it with a sweet smile because she thinks it's only a figure of speech and she doesn't believe him. If she discovers he has told the truth, it's generally 'curtains' for him. Women dislike amateurs. They don't care to be practiced on.

"Life began with a man and a woman in a garden. The game goes on, that's all. A male vampire is merely an expert in the great battle of wits between the sexes. He's the only man who isn't hopelessly out-classed before he starts.

"Incidentally, I've noticed it didn't take Eve long to get out of the garden when she found there was only one man there.

"The ideal male vampire would combine the American's punch, the Englishman's subtlety and the Frenchman's suavity."

(I happen to know that Lew Cody was born in America of French parents and that his right name is Cote with accents over the "o" and the "e.")

Now, there are marrying men and bachelors. The difficulty is to tell the difference after Life scrambles them about a bit. Lots of married men are



**A**LL women want to be a man's last love, not his first. And that, says Mr. Cody, is the secret of the male vampire.

We have come far since the day of "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." That lady is now considered a rank amateur. She has been followed by the baby vamp, the intellectual vamp and the person who slings slightly obese charms in your face with a freedom ridiculous or disgusting according to your sex and disposition.

Now—enter the male vampire. And, while, to quote once more from Mr. Kipling, "the female of the species is more deadly than the male," the deadliness of the masculine variety is not to be underrated. I know, for I have been mother confessor to the eminent authority on vampires—he and she vampires, vamping a la celluloid and au naturel—Mr. Lewis J. Cody, the originator of the male vampire upon the screen.

Mr. Cody insists that the male vampire, as portrayed by him in that delightfully subtle thing of Lois Weber's, "For Husbands Only," is a necessary evolution of the screen in its progress toward realism, a real human being who has landed in a hitherto sadly vacant spot somewhere between the saccharine hero of the thousand virtues and the dreadful hero of the seven deadly sins. He is a sort of chocolate-coated cave man, and after seeing Lew on his own vamping ground in screen versions from real life, a mere spectator is filled with gratitude for his creation.

Our confessional was a charming little luncheon table. The candles, one must admit, wore intimate, silken red shades. And the penitent had the advantage of being seen—at least in



In the topsy-turvy oval at upper left Lew Cody is demonstrating Mildred Harris is the vampee and the name of the picture is scene from "A Branded Soul," in which Mr. Cody "vamped"



# a Male Vampire

bachelors by instinct. Lots of bachelors become married men by training. The real male vampire is essentially a bachelor. His freedom is his most cherished possession. He desires wide fields in which to rove and he doesn't care to cheat. His heaven is anticipation. His hell is a woman he is tired of.

"The male vampire is necessarily frivolous—at heart. The moment a man becomes earnest he bores a woman to tears. You cannot harness most men. That is why marriage as an institution is too often a failure.

"There is only one really bad man—the man who desires innocence. That is why the male vampire is not bad—he is only a little humanly wicked. He doesn't really care to waste his time on inexperience. The battle of wits is more engrossing when played with a skilled opponent. The thrill is lost unless the foeman is worthy of one's steel."

He paused and flashed me that companionable little smile and between you and me I began to have a degree of sympathy for the wife in "For Husbands Only" who so nearly was vamped by him.

"Go on," I said. "Just how much does he know about women?"

"Do I have to do that?" he asked.

I nodded solemnly. "What is the ideal woman?"

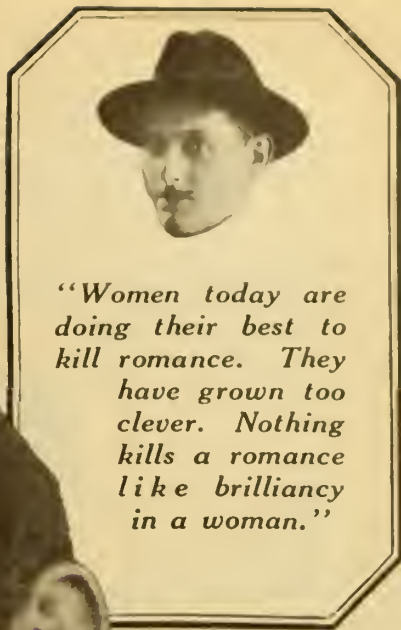
"The ideal woman is the one a man would never grow tired of. She hasn't been discovered as yet. But the most dangerous woman is the one who is clever enough not to let you know how clever she is. Like a masked battery, her fire is more deadly.

"Women today are doing their best to kill romance. They have grown too clever. Nothing kills a romance like brilliancy in a woman. She ceases to kneel gracefully. And yet, an intelligent man likes an intelligent woman. But the reason that so many intellectual men marry brainless dolls is because the clever woman flaunts her knowledge so brazenly. It doesn't make a great deal of difference what a woman says if it isn't humiliating to a man and she looks attractive while she says it.

"Daintiness is the one physical essential. If a woman has that she may be dark or light, tall or short, thin or fat and still be adorable.

"The two unforgivable sins for a woman in the eyes of the

As told to  
Adela Rogers  
St. Johns



*"Women today are doing their best to kill romance. They have grown too clever. Nothing kills a romance like brilliancy in a woman."*

A new portrait of Lewis J. Cody.



the masculine theory of vampiring. "Borrowed Clothes." Above is a opposite Gladys Brockwell.



optimistic pessimist we are calling a male vampire are affectation and superiority. Nagging is the one reason I know for justifiable homicide. The possessive case is such a feminine favorite and it ruins more charming women than anything else in the world. The silliest woman can handle the cleverest man if she only lets him think he's having his own way."

"Now," I demanded sternly, "what are the rules of this great game, the rules he has worked out through his experience?"

"There isn't a woman in the world who wouldn't be flattered if you made love to her. But that won't always gain your point. Hold her off a bit. Add the fillip of indifference to the spice of danger. Make her feel that you are a volcano beneath a crust of ice and the sheer perversity of her sex will make her try to break through to see what it's like underneath.

If she finds out too soon that

you are eager, she will play with you as a cat toys.

"Never roast a man she has cared for or still seems to admire. It disparages her taste and rouses her to the defense of what is or was her property. Rather praise him for the virtues he doesn't possess. Nothing will call her attention to his faults so quickly. On the same principle, never underestimate another beautiful woman to her. Admit her beauty, but suggest that she isn't your style.

"Never talk about yourself to a woman. It arouses in her the critical faculty at once. The law of supply and demand works in this game, as in all others. Give her what she hasn't. Find out where the other fellow fails. Never force the issue. Be aloof, courteous, cool. Above all, don't fall in love with her, or you're gone.

"Ah, women are like moods. They must be changed often to be attractive. Women forgive vices of the flesh more readily than sins of the disposition. They will forgive anything easier

than cowardice and sneer at the man who, wont defend her.

"Always remember this—that flattery is the most powerful weapon for either sex. That is where the average woman and the average man make their biggest mistake. Subtle, clever flattery, founded upon enough truth to make it acceptable, scores as nothing else can.

"For instance I told a woman the other night that she should always wear Oriental effects. 'If you did, you would be surpassingly beautiful,' I said. She shrugged it aside, but the next

time I saw her she was wearing jade earrings down to her knees and enough Chinese embroidery to start a temple of Buddha.

"And I learned about women from her," he quoted, with that superabundant joy of living, that warmth of color and delight in the actual world that makes him so forgivable in his screen "other men."

"Now, the benediction," I said, as the fervor of his "axioms" burned out.

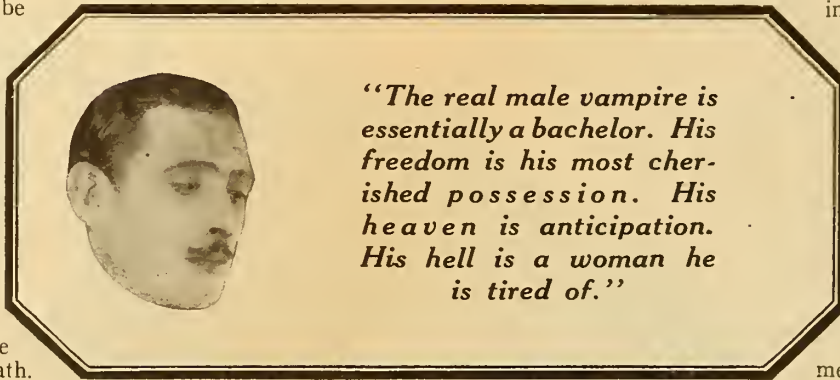
"Since you're a mother confessor—" he remarked suggestively.

"Absolution, if you never do it again!" I pronounced.

"But, dear lady, I must earn my living," he cried.

"Oh, yes," I said weakly, "I forgot. Sentence suspended." Well, what did you expect of a mere woman?

Resorting to facts, Mr. Cody made his first screen venture opposite Bessie Barriscale in "The Mating," an early Inceville production after a considerable stage career. Since that time he has played with many of our best feminine stars, including Mae Murray, Edith Storey, Gail Kane, Fannie Ward, Mildred Harris, Louise Lovely and others. His latest work, at this time not released, was in "Don't Change Your Husband," a C. B. deMille production, characterized as a companion piece to "Old Wives for New." This picture story is narrated and illustrated elsewhere in this issue.



*"The real male vampire is essentially a bachelor. His freedom is his most cherished possession. His heaven is anticipation. His hell is a woman he is tired of."*



The engraver's boy who delivered proofs of the above etching, suggested that we title it "Back to Nature," though how he knows is beyond us. As we look at the picture, the blanketed confines completely enfold May Allison, and, like Herbert Heyes, (leaning against the tree) we can only wonder. Yes—Miss Allison was taking scenes for "Her Inspiration" and didn't have time to run back to the studio to change costumes.



# Who's Married to Whom, etc., etc.

Ry R. L. Goldberg



I JUST FEEL LIKE SEEING A GOOD PICTURE

SO DO I



WELL, WELL

VERY FEW PEOPLE KNOW THAT ELSIE FERGUSON IS MRS. W.M. S. HART - BUT THEY'RE NOT LIVING TOGETHER



WHO'S THAT ON THE SCREEN? I NEVER SAW HER FACE BEFORE

THAT'S THE GIRL - THAT WAS ONCE ENGAGED TO ROBERT WARWICK



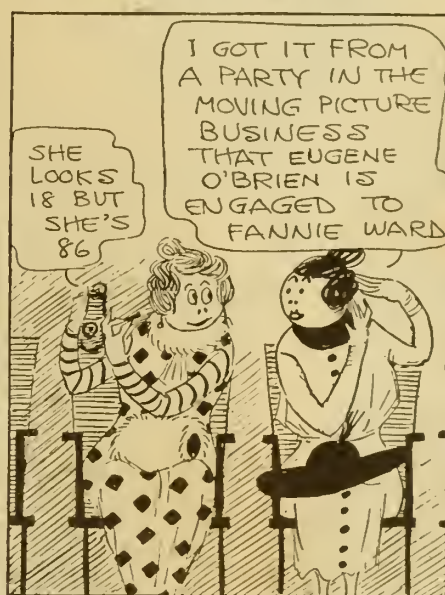
I NEVER KNEW UNTIL YESTERDAY THAT MARY PICKFORD WAS WILLIAM FARNUM'S FIRST WIFE

O, I KNEW THAT LONG AGO



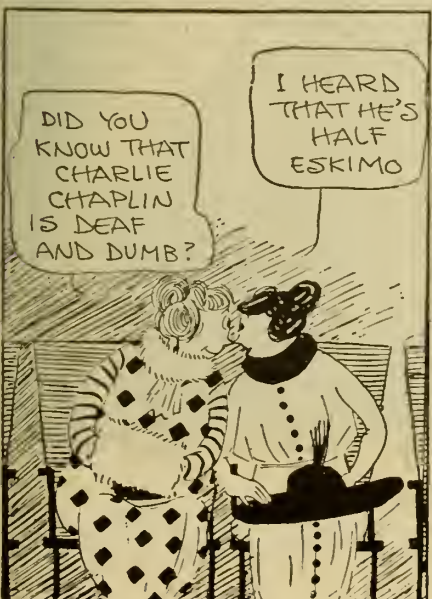
I HEARD THAT OLGA PETROVA AND THEDA BARA ARE HALF-SISTERS

SURE - AND GERALDINE FARRAR IS THEIR AUNT



SHE LOOKS 18 BUT SHE'S 86

I GOT IT FROM A PARTY IN THE MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS - THAT EUGENE O'BRIEN IS ENGAGED TO FANNIE WARD



DID YOU KNOW THAT CHARLIE CHAPLIN IS DEAF AND DUMB?

I HEARD THAT HE'S HALF ESKIMO



MR AND MRS SIDNEY DREW ARE NOT REALLY MARRIED - HE'S MARRIED TO NORMA TALMADGE AND SHE'S ENGAGED TO DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS - MY HUSBAND TELLS ME EVERYTHING

THEY SAY THAT CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG HAS TWELVE CHILDREN



GOOD AFTERNOON, LADIES - WHAT PICTURE DID YOU SEE?

SEARCH US





It is one of the paradoxes of life that to a great degree, the very men and women who bring the pictured romance to the world are themselves denied the emotions they portray. . . . The great lovers are few. . . . The romance of Lucien Muratore and Lina Cavalieri has endured, they have not permitted eight years of married life to keep them from being lovers.



# The Romance of Cavalieri and Muratore

*How Lina of the Porta Salaria became a distinguished artiste, the wife of a celebrated tenor, and a renowned motion picture actress.*

By Jerome Shorey

STRANGE, is it not, that while Romance is the very life of the theater, it is rarely indeed that actual romances find in the theater itself that happy climate wherein they can endure from year to year. It is one of the paradoxes of life that to a great degree the very men and women who bring the pictured romance to the world, are themselves denied the emotions they portray. Nor is it difficult to understand, for the emotions of the player, always keyed to such high pitch in his art, are too turbulent for permanence. Groping for the reality they counterfeit in their profession they either demand too much, or are willing to give too little in return. The great lovers are few. The enduring romance is the exception—the attachment that stands the test of years. But there are exceptions, the more notable because of their rarity.

Out near New London, Connecticut, there is a beautiful summer home, the grounds of which slope gently down under splendid old elms, to the shimmering Sound. Here, almost any summer's day, you can find a man and a woman engaged in some light frolic. They are Lucien Muratore and his beautiful wife, Lina Cavalieri, whose romance has endured, and for this reason: that they have not forgotten how to play. And just as they have not permitted their adult years to banish the joys of childhood, they have not permitted eight years of marriage to keep them from being lovers. In picturesque costumes from their operatic wardrobes they play at masquerades among the elms and beside the shore, and the chance spectator might well take it for a faery vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,  
That in the colors of the rainbow live,  
And play in the plighted clouds.

Eight years ago they met, Cavalieri and Muratore, at the Grand Opera in Paris, where a new opera by Giordano, "Siberia," was being produced. They met at rehearsal, they loved, they married. And that is all there is to tell. Happy indeed are the people whose annals are vacant. Muratore sings at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York—Cavalieri plays in pictures for Paramount. And between times they proceed with the real business of life, which is the pursuit of happiness. For they are both of the land of eternal youth

where—Rome, granddam of nations, from her seven hills defies the passing years, the passing centuries—Rome, an ancient city when Christ was born, yet to-day younger than the latest upstart town of the Middle West.

It was a long road, but seldom a dreary one, which Cavalieri traveled to reach this delectable destination. Glance at this picture of her earliest youth:

In the poorest part of the city of Rome, near the Porta Salaria, almost under the very shadow of the great Villa Borghese, in a few almost bare rooms, the family of a laborer. Nor even an unusual laborer—just a good, honest, hard-working toiler. And the family—six of them, lively, always more or less hungry.

Yet not unhappy—for after all, somehow one lives, and papa is kind, and mamma is beautiful, and in the soft twilight Lina, who is twelve, sings to the accompaniment of a cheap guitar. For this is Italy, where even the babes in their cradles are dramatic, and when sorrow comes one looks upon it always a little with the eye of the artist, so that even suffering becomes picturesque by being somewhat self-conscious.

To those who are not versed in the romance of art, it may seem a remarkable career, this of Lina

Cavalieri's, from the poor quarter of Rome to the luxury of an operatic and moving picture star. Yet it is not so remarkable after all. Did you ever hear of a great singer coming from a wealthy family? And besides, just as every soldier in the armies of Napoleon always carried the baton of a field marshal in his knapsack, so as not to be taken unawares by the great honor that he was sure would come to him eventually, so every Italian child is provided at birth with a blank contract for the Metropolitan Opera House. In Rome, where even the little children speak Italian fluently, Verdi and Donizetti are as popular as Irving Berlin and Jerome Kern are in New York, and as familiar to the whistling street boys.

If, with such a background, La Cavalieri had become a disciple of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, or had made a name for herself as a missionary to the heathen in the Malay Peninsula, it would have been remarkable. That she has succeeded on the stage and in the cinemas, after all, is not so astonishing after you have glanced at her beautiful face and have heard her sing. For while Cavalieri is not among the greatest



An informal picture of Muratore and Cavalieri, taken on the shore of their Sound home.

Photo by Charlotte Fairchild





Cavalieri and her husband in a scene from their as yet unreleased photoplay, "The Rose of Granada."

singers in the world, she has the sort of voice you like to hear. She herself takes her success as simply and unaffectionately as a child accepts a toy which, while it evokes real gratitude, is not entirely unexpected.

And she tells about it just as simply—that is if you can describe as simple a torrent of words in half a dozen languages, bubbling over each other, in a musical jargon as sprightly as a dewtime argument between a bluebird and a bobolink. In speech, Italian is her birthright, French her adoption, Russian her experience, and English her antipathy. She simply will not learn to speak English, and the world is the gainer in just so much music, for while it demands the service of an agile-eared interpreter for the average uni-lingual American to understand milady's flood of conversation, it is pleasant to hear whether you understand or not. And so the story was told:

Little Lina of the Ponta Salaria had reached thirteen, and her voice was beginning to round out into promises of something unusual. Yet they took it as a matter of course in the buzzing family, until one evening, as Lina was warbling to the twanging of the guitar, a very great man heard her. Very great indeed was the man to Lina and her parents—though if the fact must be set down truthfully, he was merely the conductor of the orchestra at a cheap music hall—something like the ten-twenty-third of American vaudeville, only that Italian audiences, even in these cheapest resorts, demand real music. Now every maestro is always on the lookout for a genius to discover, and the maestro of the little music hall, stopping in front of Lina's home, murmured, or perhaps exclaimed, "Dio mio, quel bella voce!" and Lina's fortune was made.

But not immediately. Hardly had the new friend begun to teach his protegee the first principles of singing, than her

father died, and the family was in despair. Hunger is not recommended by singing teachers as the best means of developing a young voice, but it was on hunger that Cavalieri trained in those darkest days of all her life. And just when it seemed that human endurance could continue no longer, the maestro found a place for her on the program of the ten-twenty-third house at three lire—about sixty cents—a performance. The beginning was all she needed. Soon a better theatre discovered the little song-bird of the Porta Salaria, and offered five lire—a dollar a day—as much as her father had ever earned. This was wealth. Within a very few months, Little Lina, still not sixteen, was one of the favorites at the Eden, one of the best music halls in Rome, and there she was paid a salary that set wagging the tongues of the gossips around the Salaria gate—one hundred lire a week—twenty dollars. This was fame.

There is little doubt that Cavalieri would have been a much greater singer if she had not been such a great beauty. The new sensation of the Eden was soon discovered by an impresario from Paris, not for her voice, which was still in the formative stage, but for her high visibility. To the child herself, for Lina was still little more than that, this magical world that opened to her, which meant ease and comfort, not only for herself but for that recently so hungry brood over by the Porta Salaria, was not a thing to be questioned. She had not taken her voice seriously.

She had not taken anything very seriously except hunger, and now there was no more hunger. There was no wise patron to tell her that in her throat was a delicate organ which by careful development and study could be made into a voice that would thrill the world. She could sing well enough for the music-halls, much better than most of her fellow artists, and that was sufficient.

But with Paris, and the sensational success at the Folies Bergere, not to mention the salary of \$2,000 a month, came the realization that beauty could carry her no farther, that if she was to rise still higher in the world of the theatre, she must be carried up by her voice. She studied intermittently, but was not greatly encouraged either by friends or teachers. She was one of those favored ones of whom her friends cannot understand why they are not satisfied with their tremendous successes and why they insist upon doing something else that seems so unnecessary. But the urge of ambition drove on, and

she persisted in her vocal studies. This is the most remarkable thing about the career of Lina Cavalieri—much more remarkable than that she should have risen from poverty and obscurity—that in the height of her triumph in the gayest city in the world, hailed as the greatest beauty in the world, the toast of Grand Dukes and millionaires, she kept her head, insisted that there was something greater in store for her, and went on with her singing.

It was not until she visited Russia and met the tenor Marconi, touring with Luisa Tetrizzini, that she received her first word of encouragement. He told her she could succeed in opera if she would really study under the proper sort of teacher. She then went into the business seriously. For nine months she worked, and after an unfortunate but luckily almost unnoticed debut in Lisbon, she made her real debut in Naples in "La Boheme." She was a success, only partly, perhaps, through her singing, for with her beauty one could allow other prima donna a considerable handicap and win handily. Her continental triumphs brought her to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where she was a sensation but not an operatic success. Curiously enough, while America is not a musical nation, yet in this one operatic institution the highest standards in the world prevail, and the truth must be admitted—Cavalieri's voice is not one of the greatest. But she made New York sit up and take notice, just the same.

It was inevitable that the moving pictures should claim such a beauty as this. Until she was added to the Paramount list of stars a year ago, she had not appeared in any pictures in America, but had been in numerous Italian productions. One of these, "The Rose of Granada," served as a joint starring vehicle for herself and her husband, and will be released later in this country by Paramount. (Continued on page 107)



# Private Blue!

Monte, the official portrayer of  
Young America in the Ranks



Among his privateering, Monte Blue posed with Mary Pickford in a propaganda film for the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, from which the above scene was taken.

HE might have stepped out of any news-weekly from over there. You know the scenes of the boys on the march—and the tall kid in khaki who grins and waves his hand at the camera? Bringing, before November 11, a rather poignant punch to an otherwise monotonous celluloid chronicle of current events. He was *your* boy, and it did you good to see him.

Monte Blue plays privates in film war fiction, and he looks the part. He used to be a bad man—at least he played all sorts of characters, and even villainized Douglas Fairbanks in "Wild and Woolly" and "The Man from Painted Post," a somewhat risky undertaking. But the war changed everything. Monte reformed. He decided to be a hero—it was much more pleasant and profitable. Mary Pickford made her well-known patriotic hurrah, "Johanna Enlists," and Blue was cast as *Private Vibbard*, who, if he didn't win *Johanna*, at least won the hearts of half the girls in the audience, who saw in him their own *Private Vibbard*, in camp or overseas. Monte has been playing soldiers ever since. DeMille gave him a part in "Till I Come Back to You." He was, you remember, the camp tonsorialist, barbing Bryant Washburn. His distressed and conscientious countenance, under his overseas cap, brought to many a realization of the manifold hardships of war.

Monte was chosen to play in Mary Pickford's propaganda pictures—her trailer for the Fourth Liberty Loan, and her appeal to Canada for the Fifth Victory Loan.

And to crown his career as a khaki-clad hero, they have given him the part of *Private Pettigrew* with Ethel Clayton in "Private Pettigrew's Girl." This, adapted from a Saturday Evening Post story, by Dana Burnet, should cinch Monte's success in the military for all time.

His Griffith training, it is safe to say, has something to do with his persistent assumption of realism in every part he plays. He was three years with D. W. and played everything from hundreds of bits in "Intolerance" to doubling for Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in certain scenes in "Macbeth." "Sir Herbert was rather an old man and

couldn't do the riding," said Blue, "so I doubled in those scenes. I had to make up, of course, exactly like the grand old actor, and this required the use of a putty nose. I'll never forget how, in one of the close-ups—the weather being warm—the putty melted and my nose fell off!"

Blue is a master of make-up, and excels in Indian roles. He was *Indian Joe* in Mary's "M'Liss"; *Happy* in "The Squaw Man." He plays a red-man, also, in Louise Glaum's "Goddess of Lost Lake." You have probably seen him in scores of roles without knowing it; for instance, the half wit in an old Fine Arts, "The Microscope Mystery"; *Pierre*, the bandit, in another Fine Arts, "Daphne and the Pirates," featuring Lillian Gish and Elliott Dexter. He was in "Betrayed," for Fox; and the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes," for National.

Monte wore a putty nose and pretty nearly everything when he doubled for Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in "Macbeth" (shown below).





# DON'T

*A story for wives whose husbands' eating onions, and burying*

By Frances Denton



he, Jim, had come home empty handed on his wedding anniversary.

Jim Porter was not really slow-witted, only careless. Watching his chance he reached forward and quietly slipped the box from the bishop's pocket; and before the reverend gentleman could rise to present his gift, Jim had forestalled him. With his best manner, though visibly harassed, he delivered to his wife the bishop's gift as his own.

The box contained a handsome jade and amber necklace. All Leila's resentment vanished and her face shone with a child's delight. Her husband had redeemed himself before her

**T**HE telephone at James Denby Porter's elbow rang for the third time. With an impatient grunt he reached across a pile of papers and took up the receiver.

"Hello! Wha' is it? Oh, 'lo, Honey . . . What's that? . . . Well, now I've taken the cigar out of my mouth." The "glue king" suited his actions to his words, adding a sprinkling of hot ashes to the disorder of his desk. "What do you want, Leila? I'm awfully busy . . . When, tonight? What for? I'm afraid I'll have to stay—What? Oh, that's so. Of course I'll be home early. No, I didn't forget it. That is, only for the minute. Thought of it all morning. Sure I'll be home. 'Bye, dear."

He hung up the receiver, grinned, and volunteered to a business caller:

"Narrow escape that. It seems I was married seven years ago today, according to the wife. Now—" settling himself in his chair and biting off the end of a fresh cigar, "let's get down to cases on this deal."

The glue king really meant to remember, but with the arrival of another caller he was submerged in a business deal vitally important to the glue interests of America. Six o'clock came. Seven, then eight, but the only evidence of an anniversary celebration on the part of James Denby was an unusually large heap of cigar stubs at his right hand, and a splitting headache.

At home, his pretty, dainty wife, despairing at last of his coming, had ordered dinner served. With smiles and forced gaiety she tried to conceal, before her guests, her hurt at her husband's apparent indifference. With understanding sympathy they responded. Especially Mr. Schuyler Van Sutphen, nephew of Leila's dear friend, Mrs. Hucknew. Van Sutphen was more than glad to lend his kind offices to the consoling of anything so exquisite as Leila.

Mr. Van Sutphen was an architect by courtesy, a globe trotter by circumstances, and a connoisseur in curves, both architectural and feminine, by natural bent. He was stirred by Leila to more than ordinary depths of aesthetic appreciation. She was like a rare, exotic flower—mentally he was comparing her to the Chinese lotus blossom—when her recreant husband, having ended his strenuous day, walked in.

Jim blinked at the bright lights and the signs of festivity. That's so, Leila had mentioned guests; too bad he had forgotten. He slumped into a chair and yawned. His clothes were rumpled, his hair disordered; and Leila, wounded by his forgetfulness, looked at him and then across the table to Van Sutphen, handsome, immaculate, entertaining, and flatteringly attentive to her every word. The contrast was too evident.

Why did the bishop, Leila's godfather, keep fumbling at his coat pocket, wondered Jim. Somnolent from his hard day, Jim was not trying to keep up with the conversation. The bishop half pulled a small case from his pocket and as something else claimed his attention, dropped it again. Jim sat up with a jerk. By George! he knew now. The box held a gift for Leila, and

"If I were king and you were my queen," said Sutphen, "Three things would I bring to you: the beauty of the world, the riches of the world, and the love of the world."

guests; she was not forgotten, after all.

Fortunately she was too occupied to note the look of astonishment on the face of the bishop, or that his mouth was opening to protest. Then the signaling which Jim was surreptitiously performing for his benefit caught the bishop's eye, and the reverend mouth closed with a little gulp as understanding dawned upon its owner.

But a tiny white card which had accompanied the gift had dropped to the floor unnoticed by all except Van Sutphen. As he left the dining room, he unostentatiously stooped and picked it up.

Jim, having done his full duty, dozed in a chair for the rest of the evening. The bishop and Mrs. Hucknew, finding each other congenial, Sutphen was privileged to exert all the charm that he was master of, for the beguilement of Leila. She did not encourage him—the glue king's wife was no light coquette, but it was impossible for her not to feel his attraction, nor to contrast his attentions with her husband's dozing indifference.

The very fact that she was so impelled roused in Leila a feeling of self-reproach. Jim was good and faithful—she had no right to weigh him in the balance. He had not forgotten their wedding day—her hand went to her throat and touched the jade and amber beads. The feel of them gave her a sense of security and peace.

Sutphen noticed her abstraction. He quietly pulled the bit of pasteboard from his pocket, saying: "I have something here





# CHANGE YOUR HUSBAND

chief offenses are spilling cigar ashes, themselves in the glue business.

which is evidently your property, Mrs. Porter. I chanced to pick it up from the floor as we left the dining room."

Leila read, wonderingly, "A gift from the Orient for my dear godchild on her seventh wedding anniversary"—and the bishop's name.

Leila's face was a study. The bishop had made no gift to her—and there was evidently none forthcoming. Jade and amber came from the East—she read Jim's deception and the bishop's good-natured conniving, in a flash. Jim hadn't remembered their wedding day, after all!

As Mrs. Hucknew took leave of her hostess, she whispered: "What Jim needs is a chance to miss you, Leila. He's grown too used to you. Come with me to the seashore tomorrow, and stay awhile. You'll have him on his knees to you in a week."

Leila did not answer. But after she had bidden her guests good-night and gone back to her room to find that Jim was already in bed and snoring, she decided. The very next day she gave the servants a month's leave of absence, and joined her friend, Mrs. Hucknew, leaving Jim to keep bachelor's hall.

Van Sutphen's studio was at his aunt's seashore home. There he deliberately laid court to Leila. To do him justice, Leila's beauty and her husband's apparent neglect had roused in Sutphen as deep a passion as he was capable of. He compared her to a rare jewel in a tarnished setting, and in a thousand delicate and subtle ways he paid her homage that could not fail to be sweet to her. Jim was plebeian. Sutphen was aristocrat.

Jim, frowsy and spilling ashes over his rotund waistcoat, meant the plain bread and butter of humdrum every day life. Van Sutphen's ardent voice and eyes whispered of romance, lands of perfume and sunshine, with him ever beside her to share earth's beauty.

Poor Leila! She knew she was drifting and tried hard to anchor herself by precept and principle. But ever Jim's chewed cigar, expanding waistline and unkempt hair appeared to her in mental photographs as contrasted with the neatness of Sutphen's cigarette holder, his immaculate flannels, his well kept hands.

A masquerade party was scheduled and in Sutphen's richly appointed studio Leila and he discussed costumes. Throwing over his shoulder a gorgeous mantle, he whispered:

"If I were king and you were my queen, three things would I bring to you: the beauty of the world, the riches of the world, the love of the world."

He was bending close to her. Leila's breath came quickly. She seemed to see the riches and the beauty of the world piled at her feet—and love—

Sutphen's arms were opening to embrace her. With a powerful effort Leila threw off the spell which was holding her, and with a little, inarticulate cry, escaped to the open air. A walk along the shore calmed her; the bracing wind blew the cobwebs from her brain, and she realized that she had had a narrow escape from something that would have tarnished her pride in herself forever.

She could have wept with relief at the sight of her husband waiting for her as she came up the gravel walk. She flung herself into his arms. Good old Jim!

She drew back as suddenly as she had volunteered. Strong cigars and onions! "Oh, Jim, how *could* you!" she cried.

"Why, what's the matter, honey?"

"You know I hate onions!" There were tears of vexation in her eyes.

Jim laughed loudly. "Dee-licious little green ones, Leila. I couldn't resist 'em. You shouldn't be so prejudiced. Think how healthful they are."

Trivial incidents have decided the affairs of nations. That Jim could greet her with kisses saturated with the detestable odor that she abhorred, seemed to Leila the last straw. Absence had endeared him to her—but his actual presence—Her feeling of guilt was swept away by a wave of rebellion. She thought of Sutphen's studio, the air heavy

Sutphen was hers for the asking, Leila realized. And she was tied to a man who wore clothes smeared with cigar ashes, laughed loudly, and with the odor of onions on his breath!





with incense, the rich hangings and soft shaded lights. Sutphen, himself, with his eyes like the sheen of a brown bird's wing, his long white fingers, his aristocratic figure. He was hers for the taking—and she was tied to a man who wore clothes smeared with cigar ashes, laughed loudly, and with the odor of onions on his breath!

The next evening Mrs. Hucknew's guests embarked on a sword-fishing party. Jim, while ordinarily oblivious to the figure he cut, did realize his deficiencies as a sailor and protested against the proposed outing. But he was overruled. So poor Jim spent the afternoon in nauseated agony, forced to witness Sutphen's ease and adroitness with hook and line, and his complete immunity to mal de mer. Also he began to sense dimly that all was not well. That fellow Sutphen—

If Jim had not been so ill he might have been even more discerning.

Then came the masquerade ball. Leila made an exquisite Juliet, and to Jim's disgust, she insisted that he go as Romeo. He cut a sorry figure as the world's best-loved lover. No Juliet would ever have leaned from her window at midnight to breathe vows of eternal devotion to Jim Porter in baggy tights, comical doublet, and bedraggled peacock's feather askew in his cap.

Sutphen went also as Romeo. He was as handsome as an Olympian god. His Romeo and Leila's Juliet were the sensation of the ball. After a while, Jim, disgusted with everything in general, went home and went to bed, leaving his wife to come with Mrs. Hucknew.

It was late when Leila Porter came into her husband's room. He had been asleep for hours. She stood for a moment, listening to his unconscious, heavy breathing. There was exaltation in her face, and too, the look of peace that comes with the ending of an inner conflict.

"Jim," she said. "Jim!"  
She shook him gently. "I want to tell you something."

With his best manner, though visibly harassed, he delivered to his wife the bishop's gift as his own.

"Eh, wha's that? Comin' to bed, Leila?"

"No; I'm through, Jim. I want to be free—I've made up my mind. I can't stand things as they are any longer. I—" Her voice trailed off into a recital of events, interspersed by little side prayers for freedom—and perhaps, forgiveness.

It struck her that her audience was unresponsive. "Jim!" she said sharply. There was no answer. James Denby Porter had gone to sleep again.

In the morning, though, she managed to make him understand. Dazedly he tried to protest. "But I've been good to you, Leila. I've given you everything I could. There's nothing in the world I wouldn't give you, dear."

"I want what money can't buy. I want sympathy, love, companionship, romance." She struck her hands together. "Oh, Jim; you don't even know what they are. I want to be happy while I'm young. I want to be free."

Jim straightened and dignity came into his voice. "I want you to be happy, Leila. I love you too well to stand in the way of your happiness. If you really want to get rid of me, I'll make it easy for you."

He looked so much the man as he spoke that Leila's heart pleaded for him; for a second she wavered; she was not quite sure.

"That chap Sutphen—" Leila stiffened. "Perhaps he is more your kind. He can't love you any more—but time will tell. I'll do just as you wish, Leila."

He was not even going to make an effort to keep her, thought Leila with swift, feminine, inconsistent resentment. Very well.

"I hope you'll always be very successful, Jim," she said as they bade each other a final good-bye.

"And I hope you'll always be—happy, Leila," he answered in a dull voice as he turned away.

It was five years later. The grey, cold light of morning as it crept into





the Van Sutphens' apartment, revealed first an Oriental luxury of cushions and hangings, rich furniture and handsome pictures on the walls. As the light grew stronger the luxury was revealed as past its pristine freshness—tarnished and a bit moth-eaten, as it were. The hangings were sun-streaked and faded, the pillows sagged dependently where they should have presented plump, inviting middles, the rugs were worn in spots and much of the furniture needed the ministrations of those skilled in the alchemy of varnishes and oils. A fretful voice called from a bedroom:

"Leila, get me some ice water, will you? Oh, my head!"

Leila—now Sutphen—crossed the room swiftly. "Here is some. Is your head very bad, Schuyler? Those dinners keep you so late."

Van Sutphen closed his eyes and groaned. Then he opened them and gazed with dissatisfaction at his wife.

"For Heaven's sake, haven't you anything to wear but that old blue kimona? I'm sick of seeing it."

Leila flushed. The kimona was old, it is true, one that she had had for years. But its soft silk was becoming to her and she was exquisite in it as always.

Van Sutphen's wife was still beautiful, but no longer with the beauty of the lotus flower, rather with the pale sweetness of valley lilies. The five years of her life with Sutphen had rather dulled the edge of romance and had revealed the thorny edges of the artistic temperament.

Sutphen, reading his paper over his morning coffee which Leila had brought to his bedside, scowled at the headlines. "James Denby Porter Wins in Race for Senatorship," he read. "Wires Choked with Congratulations from Friends."

"Some people are born lucky," he commented. "Misfortune dogs others. Leila, I've got to make a desperate effort to recoup. I *must* have some money. Won't you let me have your ring? I'll buy you one worth twice as much when I'm on my feet again."

Leila privately doubted this. But there was no denying things had been going against Schuyler. She would be glad to let him have the ring as an investment, if it would mend their fortunes. The ring held a wonderfully fine diamond—it had been a Christmas present from Jim.

When Sutphen, pale and distraught, had taken his way to his office, Leila dressed for the street, slowly, and with many little added touches known to women, to cover a shabby spot here or to bring a semblance of smartness to last year's mode. It had not taken her long to dress in the old days—as Jim Porter's wife her clothes had needed no painstaking camouflage. Something of this thought was reflected in her face as she picked up the paper and read the account of Jim's political triumph.

Leila took her way to a dress-making establishment to obtain material for a much-needed suit. Everything was beyond the reach of her purse. A handsome piece that was particularly becoming she examined with covetous eyes. The price was too high, of course, but— She smoothed down a fold of her



With a cry Leila rushed into the room and went straight to Jim. "He didn't kill you!" she cried. "Oh, Jim—oh, Jim!"

skirt. She was positively shabby. With a sudden resolve, she stepped to the telephone.

A few minutes later she hung up the receiver, her lips quivering. Van Sutphen had curtly refused to listen to her timid plea for the expensive material. As she turned to leave the zooth, a handsome blonde woman entered the one beside her. With her hand on the door, Leila stood transfixed, for she heard her husband's number called. She heard: "Is that you, Schuyler? This is Nanette. I've come down to buy the suit you promised me. Yes; brown is most becoming."

Leila waited to hear no more. She stepped back to the counter and with flushed cheeks, looked at the expensive goods again. When the blonde woman had emerged from the telephone booth and stood beside her Leila spoke up clearly: "I will take this piece, please," to the clerk. "It will make a beautiful suit. You may charge it to Schuyler Van Sutphen, my husband."

The woman named Nanette raised her head and Leila's glance crossed hers like a dagger thrust.

Outside, the cold air was grateful to her flushed cheeks, and presently she was aware that a handsome limousine had stopped at the curb and that its occupant was trying to attract her attention. She recognized her ex-husband, now Senator Porter. "Why, Jim, I'm glad to see you," she exclaimed.

"Not half as glad as I am to see you,"

as he stepped from the machine and held open the door. "Climb in and I'll take you home. How have you been?"

He surveyed her critically and with concern. "You look a little pale, Leila—I mean, Mrs. Van Sutphen."

Leila smiled up at him as she sank deep into the cushioned seat. "How nice this is! I'm all right, Jim; call me Leila, of course. And you— Oh, yes; let me congratulate you. I read about it in the morning paper. I'm awfully glad."

She looked at him attentively. From his neat derby to

(Continued on page 106).

### Don't Change Your Husband

**N**ARRATED, by permission, from the Artcraft picture of the same name, written by Jeanie Macpherson, and produced by Cecil de Mille, with the following cast:

- James Denby Porter.... Elliott Dexter
- Leila Porter, his Wife... Gloria Swanson
- Schuyler Van Sutphen..... Lew Cody
- Mrs. Huckney..... Sylvia Ashton
- The Bishop..... Theodore Roberts
- Nanette..... Julia Faye
- Butler..... Manes Neill



# Blame Broadway

For robbing the mid-west of  
— Barbara Castleton and

The first time Mabel Scott went to New York, they deported her—to play in stock company in the mid-west. In circle: An obligato by Miss Scott, from one of her screen plays.

"Cleopatra started it all," said Mabel Julienne Scott; "I saw the play, the stage bug bit me, and then—New York."

"IT was all the fault of Cleopatra," said Mabel Julienne Scott. She was curled up on a pile of rugs in her very new apartment in Manhattan, an apartment so new, in fact, that it was in that interesting stage known as "getting settled." The rugs were up, the curtains were down and the chairs were piled with draperies, pictures and bric-a-brac which you longed to see in place because they seemed to "belong" so nicely. All the chairs, that is except one which I, being "company," occupied grandly. Meanwhile Miss Scott sat on the rugs and talked about Cleopatra.

"Cleopatra started it all," she said again.

Cleopatra started so many things. Every now and then some earnest historian chalks up a new calamity that should be laid to her door. Her ability to start something was never fully appreciated, even by Antony. But in this case, she inadvertently did good instead of harm. For it was Cleopatra who brought Mabel Julienne Scott to New York and started her on her stage career.

At the tender age of seven, she (Mabel, not Cleopatra) was living in Minneapolis and interested in mud-pies, hop-sotch and all the other fascinating things that absorb young ladies of that age. Until a well meaning and academic aunt decided that Mabel should be entertained and at the same time instructed by seeing Shakespearian plays. And the one she selected as being most suitable to the infant mind was "Antony and Cleopatra."

As it happened, Mabel was entertained but not instructed. The plot meant nothing in her young life. She had none of the reactions of the Mid-Victorian lady who, on seeing Cleopatra lure Anthony to his doom, murmured: "How different from the home life of our own dear Queen!" But something in the eager, beauty-loving child's mind awoke to the intense and colorful drama that was spread out before her eyes. From that moment on Mabel wanted to go to New York, and on the stage.

"And right then and there I decided that I wanted to do nothing else in the world but make people cry and laugh in a theater. So when I went home, I told mother about it and acted out the scene with the asp to prove that I could. Mother was very kind and tactful and didn't laugh, but she told me I must grow up and go to school first. So I did both—in Minneapolis. And then—see if you can guess what I did next."

"You went to New York," said I, having read Laura Jean Libby, "all alone, with a little black bag and fifty cents tied up, in your handkerchief, to seek your fortune."

"In a blue gingham gown and a white straw hat," she finished gleefully. "Only you're wrong about the fifty cents. I had enough money, but I honestly didn't know a soul in the city and I hadn't the slightest idea where to go. But finally, without any advice, I stumbled into a theatrical agency, and what do you think was the first thing they did? They sent me right back to the Middle West in stock, after all my grand stand play about going to New York!"

"While I was out there, playing everything you do play in stock, I met Edgar Lewis who introduced me to Rex Beach. They were just beginning to get the cast for 'The Barrier' together and Mr. Beach said I was exactly the type he had always imagined as the heroine of his book. So out I started in my first film-play, 'The Barrier.' I hadn't any intention of giving up the stage at first, but I began to love the pictures so that I am in them now, probably 'for keeps.'"

If Miss Scott's screen experience has been comparatively slight, it has certainly been varied enough. She played the half-breed in "The Barrier," the minister's daughter in "The Sign Invisible," and the wife in "Ashes of Love." In "Reclaimed," she played mother and daughter.





# —and Cleopatra!

two promising products  
Mabel Julienne Scott.

"I'd always longed to see Broadway," said Barbara Castleton, "and it wasn't much of a jump from there to the stage."

"NEW YORK!" sighed Barbara Castleton. "How I wanted to see New York!"

It was at Delmonico's that I met her, for tea. She was one of the prettiest and best-gowned women in the famous restaurant. Her hair is a marvelous coppery red, her eyes large and brown,—and she wore a suit of the new shade of dull brick red. Her furs coquetted with a smart little hat. I knew she had appeared in a great many pictures, sometimes as a star, sometimes as leading woman, as in "The Silver King," which she had just finished, with William Faversham—and I expected her to be oldish—quite a picture veteran. She wasn't.

"You know," she went on, "before I ever came to New York I had read and dreamed of it. It seemed a city of marvels. I longed to see Broadway; Fifth Avenue. And I used to plan my first dinner in this very restaurant; I would come sweeping in wearing a gown with a train—a long train!" She sighed a little. The dream had been more glorious than the realization, perhaps. "The less one knows about anything," said Miss Castleton, "the more attractive it seems. Back in Little Rock, Arkansas, where I was born, and went to school, a trip to Gotham was my ambition and aim. I coaxed my people until they decided to send me for 'finishing' to a convent in New Rochelle, New York.

"At the convent we used to give amateur plays and charades. In these, for some reason or other, I was almost always given the leading character. That started my desire to go on the stage. That, and my occasional visits to Manhattan, where the only plays I saw were Shakespeare

"But—I couldn't 'go on the stage.' My family would not hear of it. They were all furiously against my taking up that sort of work—all except, strangely enough, my grandmother, who has always been my ablest defender in cases like that. She and I always have been very near and dear to each other, and she goes to see every one of my pictures. Often in making a scene I find myself wondering how grandmother will like it—and I'm sure that makes my work much better, for she is a very severe critic! I look forward to her comments, which are not always flattering. I can assure you!

"However, the rest of the family objected so strenuously that I gave in and went with them to Canada. We had lumber interests there—but I think their real object was to remove me from the scene of temptation. We stayed three years!"

The outbreak of the war gave the final impetus to Miss Castleton's career. Everyone in Canada was doing something or other; the war had worked serious havoc with the Castleton property, and it seemed the natural thing for Barbara to find some sort of work. So she returned to New York. There she "suped"—she was an extra in Grace Valentine's picture, "The Brand of Cowardice," and in one of Virginia Pearson's films. Then she was offered the leading role opposite H. B. Warner in "God's Man."

James Young chose Barbara Castleton to play the leading feminine role in Essanay's "On Trial." Then came "Parentage," under the direction of Hobart Herley, and "For the Freedom of the World," with E. K. Lincoln. "Sins of Ambition" followed; then "Empty Pockets," for Herbert Brenon. Brenon, by the way, was one of the first directors to recognize Miss Castleton's ability. She had learned that he was making a prologue to "A Daughter of the Gods." The star selected for the role did not appear, and Brenon, searching for a suitable substitute, found Miss Castleton, in a crowd of five hundred extras. A starring engagement with World followed. Then "The Silver King."

"As it happens," she said, "I never have acted on the stage. I once signed a contract to appear in 'It Pays to Advertise,' but illness prevented my carrying it out."

Behold, above, Miss Hebe Castleton, who came from Little Rock, Arkansas, as you may see her on Fifth Avenue—if you're in luck and Gotham. In circle—a miniature miserere by Miss Barbara at the age of five.







WHEN I was first assigned to write the story of Kay Bee, I didn't realize how difficult the task would be—nor that the chief difficulty would be to keep it within the prescribed bounds. Harking back to the early days of the film industry in Southern California is much like trying to recall one's childhood days, although scarcely more than a half decade has elapsed since the pioneers on the West Coast were objects of mingled pity and contempt.

Yet, as someone has said, five years in filmdom has been a century for achievement.

In the library of my home in Hollywood I have a collection of books containing the still photographs of every motion picture I directed, supervised or had any connection with since I came to California seven years ago. This collection, to me, is priceless. It was to these leather-bound photo albums I resorted to freshen my memory of the early days and from them I could write and write and write—but perhaps I attach too much importance to my own participation in the development of the old "movies" to a great international industry. Still, in turning over the pages of these interesting volumes, two things occur to me that somehow or other had not entered my mind before. One, that a list of the faces pictured therein would read like a directory of "Who's Who" on the stage and screen to-day. The other, that not a few of the photodramas we made in those days could run the gantlet of the critical screen experts of to-day and would be graded with the best of the current product.

However, that's a

# The Early Days

*Reminiscences of one of filmland's  
tive productions helped put the*

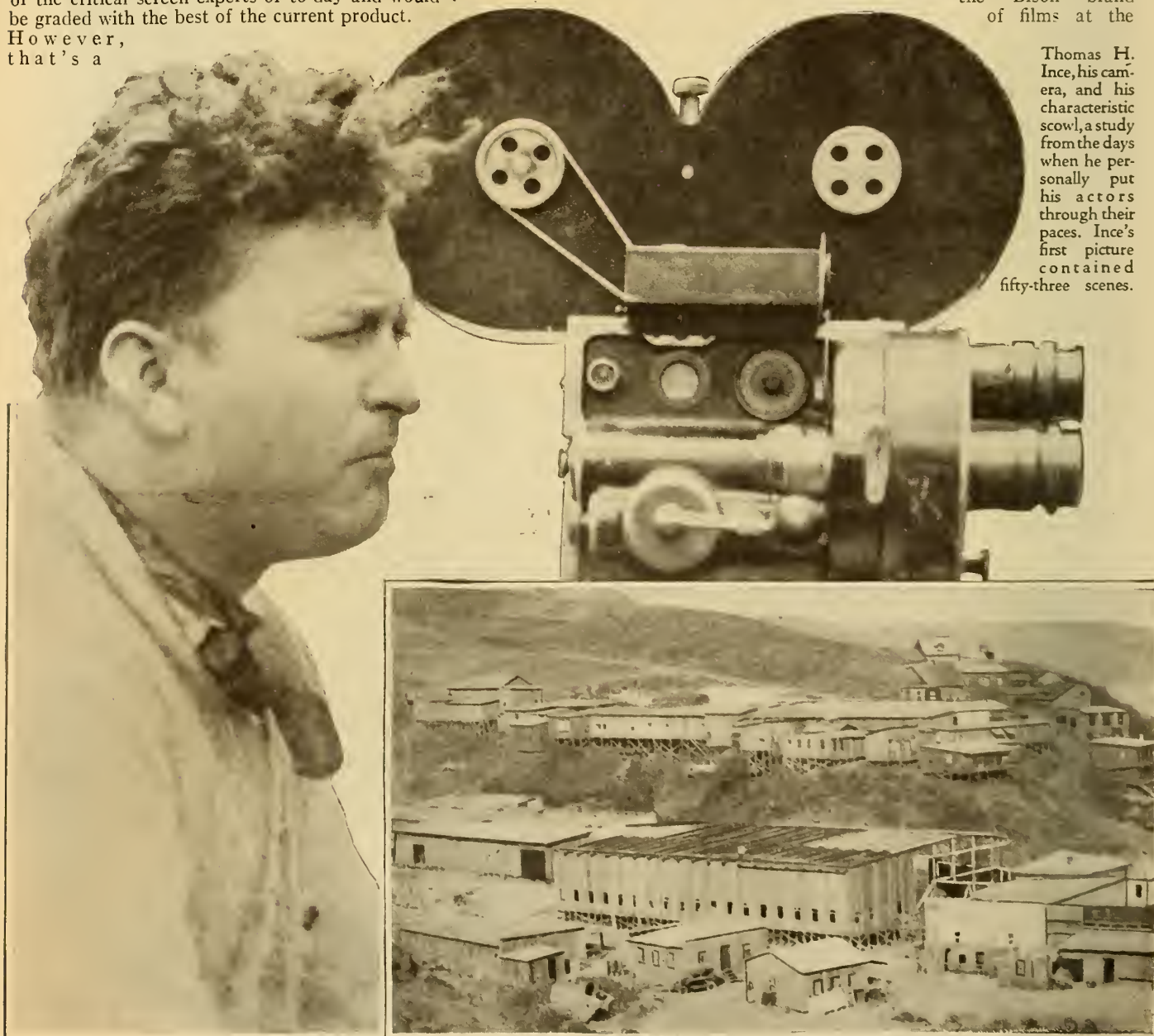
By Thomas

subject that can easily be made controversial, so we will shun it. The editor said he wanted me to write about persons, the players who came to our modest early studios from stage—or stable, as the case might have been.

As the early crop of fans will recall, I had made a number of pictures in the East, notably those with Mary Pickford, before coming West to join the New York Motion Picture Company, which I believe was the second or third in the field in California at the time. I had been offered the munificent salary of \$150 a week, and the journey was quite a financial undertaking, so much so in fact, that Mrs. Ince gave me a diamond ring to pawn in order to get the first month's rent for the house she had discovered in Hollywood.

The New York Motion Picture Company was then making the "Bison" brand of films at the

Thomas H. Ince, his camera, and his characteristic scowl, a study from the days when he personally put his actors through their paces. Ince's first picture contained fifty-three scenes.





# at Kay Bee

*real pioneers whose construc-  
photoplay where it is today.*

H. Ince

studio in Edendale which is now a part of Mack Sennett's studio. Fred J. Balshofer, now an independent producer, was both director and manager as well as a partner in the concern. The office was in the remains of a former grocery store which also provided the stage. The scenery, props, wardrobe and art department filled another room.

Of the members of that little company nearly every one has come up with the business. Our leading woman was Anna Little, now a Paramount star. Miss Little's activity was confined largely to Indian roles. Nearly every story had a young Indian squaw and Anna worked regularly. Each story likewise had a colonel or a sheriff, and J. Barney Sherry, whose work is known to film followers in every part of the world, was the colonel or the sheriff as the case might be. Prior to my arrival he was the Indian chieftain in the Western thrillers so that he had already attained more or less advancement. It was in the following Kay Bee days that he was again advanced to the role of the ingenue's father, usually a ruined banker, a role in which he excels. Mr. Sherry, I believe, was the first recruit to the screen from the legitimate stage. Like others who made the jump early in the game, he was a little ashamed of it. At any rate he did not use his right and also his stage name, which is J. Barney Sherry Reeves. Unlike others, Barney didn't return to the speaking stage.

Another member of the company was E. H. Allen, for many succeeding years my business manager. Mr. Allen at that time played cowboy roles and made himself generally useful. The important Indian parts were taken by George Gebhardt.

I had brought with me from New York as leading lady, Ethel Grandin, at the time one of the most popular of film heroines. My cameraman was Ray Smallwood who afterwards became Miss Grandin's husband. Had she remained in the business I believe

Below, a general view of Inceville, the picturesque old ranch in California. At left are the studio buildings, the stages, and the dressing-rooms. Right, the "village," a permanent set where Hart made his first westerns.



One of the first films made in the hills of Inceville was "Custer's Last Fight." In the foreground, Francis Ford as Custer, with arm extended.

that Ethel to-day would be among the highest paid stars, but apparently she preferred the quietude of simple married life.

At that time a single reel production—the standard length then—contained twenty or twenty-one scenes. My first picture contained fifty-three scenes, and it was freely predicted that I would be fired for wasting so much time and film. Around the studio I was generally designated as "one of those New York guys that know all about the picture business." My salutatory was a comedy which greeted the public as "The New Cook." I believe it was three days in the making. We were supposed to turn out two single reel dramas each week. Many of those early pictures have been done over and over since as five reel features.





From "The Coward," the Civil War drama which marked Frank Keenan's screen debut, and revealed Charley Ray as "Ince's Wonder-Boy." Gertrude Claire, as the mother; Margaret Gibson, as the girl.

Our removal to Santa Ynez Canyon on the ocean front, afterwards named Inceville, forms one of the most interesting chapters of the early days of the industry. George Gebhardt had discovered the place as a dandy Western location and we acquired the right to work in the Canyon. It was about that time that Lo, the poor Indian, became an integral part of motion pictures. I must not be considered unduly immodest if I claim most of the credit.

At about that time a circus came to the Coast to winter. It was a wild west show known as Miller Bros. 101 Ranch Circus. Up to then we had made up Mexicans to play the part of Indians. After some negotiating, I was authorized by the firm, with a great deal of trepidation, I fear, to engage the entire circus at a cost of \$2,000 a week. There were a half hundred Indians, 300 horses, buffaloes, etc. Every morning they left Venice, their winter quarters, and proceeded to the Canyon; worked all day, or whenever they were wanted, and then hiked back.

With the big expense of the wild west troupe, it became necessary to get more money for the pictures, so I conceived the idea of discarding the single reels and making 2,000 foot dramas. We never went back to the single reels and were the first to establish the double reel standard.

The first picture made with real Indians was "Across the Plains." Ethel Grandin was the girl and the boy was a young chap named Ray Myers. Afterward he went to Kalem and since has quit the pictures.

Harold Lockwood, whose sad death recently was such a shock to the film folks as well as the public, was engaged to play the leads then. The lead usually was a young lieutenant. Harold was a fine young fellow who had attracted some attention while at Selig's. He had no peer in that day as a juve-

nile. Later I loaned Harold to Famous Players to play opposite Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country." That advanced him farther in his profession. New prospects opened up for him and he did not come back to us.

The heavy dramatic parts of those early productions were inevitably entrusted to Francis Ford, without doubt one of the most finished of all the pioneer film performers. It was nothing for him to play an Indian hero in the morning and make up as Abraham Lincoln for the afternoon's work.

Our first plant at Inceville consisted of two dressing tents, one for the ladies and one for the gentlemen. Then we built a small platform upon which we staged our few interiors. My particular pride then was a real stone fireplace, the first ever shown on the screen. Throughout all the changes which came with the development of the studio into one of the chief factors of the film industry, I always saw to it that that old fireplace remained undisturbed. I regarded it as a sort of monument to pioneer realism.

Between Santa Monica and Inceville there lies on either side of the coast road, a Japanese fishing village, the inhabitants of which are Japanese and Russian fishermen and their families. This also was utilized for scenes. I remember one instance of the use of one of the houses as an old Southern home. Although the camera was so placed as to ignore the presence of various exotic impedimenta, one of the still pictures accompanying this article, prominently displays a Japanese sign surmounting an adjoining building. Another time we used this location for a Western street.

The early days in Santa Ynez Canyon were not momentous by any manner of means. One of the most exciting incidents of our early picture making there was a grass fire that nearly wiped out everything we had. The fire was caused by a smoke pot igniting the grass and everyone, actresses as well, turned to with water buckets, blankets and other apparatus to fight the flames. I can visualize Ethel Grandin made up as a bride attired in the once-fashionable crinoline, dashing madly about with her bridal veil wrapped about her neck, taking frequent swipes at the fire with a wet blanket.

Another exciting period was the near-battle which followed the legal fight over possession of our plant between the then organizing Universal Company and the New York Motion Picture Company. At one stage of the



Above, Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki in one of the early Domino pictures. At right, Ann Little, in a scene from "The Nemesis." The little girl is the future Mrs. Charles Chaplin (Mildred Harris).





proceedings bloodshed was only averted by the belligerent attitude of our troop of cowboys and Indians, all of whom were ready to do real fighting at a drop of the hat. However, this recital has to do with persons rather than business fights.

But this legal mixup brought about the birth of Kay Bee as a picture play brand. The courts awarded Universal the right to the title of "Bison 101," so there was born Kay Bee, taken from the initials of Messrs. Kessel and Bauman, principal owners of the New York Motion Picture Company. Early fans will also remember our Broncho and Domino pictures.

Another of my early standbys was Charles K. French, who came to us from the Pathe studio, and there was also Raymond West, now one of the industry's best directors, who was assistant cameraman of the original company when I came West.

When we had been in the Canyon about a year Miss Little left us and Louise Glaum was selected to play the Indian squaws. Like Miss Little, Miss Glaum soon won to stardom by her splendid acting ability and unique personality.

Another early acquisition was Charles Ray. He was just about twenty then and had had some experience in musical comedy. Like others he was driven to the pictures by a bad season on the stage. Fortunately for him, and also for me, Harold Lockwood had just left and I needed a juvenile to take his place. So Charlie got his name on the payroll opposite the figures \$25. (Salaries were not computed by the day, needless to state.) That was about six years ago, and Mr. Ray has literally worked his way to the top. He has played heavies, character parts and practically everything around the studio that came within the purview of the male player. But it was not until "The Coward" that he approached the dimensions of stardom. His work in that picture stamped him as a splendid performer.

Others who came to me in those days were Rhea Mitchell and William D. Taylor, both of whom had been playing in stock companies in San Francisco. Taylor later became a highly regarded director and is now with the British forces in France. Another of the early leads was Elizabeth Burbridge, nicknamed "Tommy," who has dropped out of sight in recent years. The list also includes Clara Williams, who came to us from Lubin; Winnie Baldwin, now a prominent figure in vaudeville; Jack O'Brien, also destined to become a prominent director, and Grace Cunard. The child parts were generally entrusted to Mildred Harris (now Mrs. Charlie Chaplin). Mildred was then about twelve years old, and she is perhaps the first of the child screen players to develop into a dramatic star.



The late Harold Lockwood, with Winnie Baldwin in "The Deserter." Cliff Smith, with the mustache, afterwards became Hart's director.



The first person of stage prominence to join us in the Canyon, I believe, was Bessie Barriscale, who had made her debut in "The Rose of the Rancho" for the then new Lasky company after a highly successful career on the stage. At that time no players were featured or starred. It was considered bad policy even to publish the cast. The producers feared even in that early period what eventually occurred, practical possession of the business by the stars, so far as the big end of the money was concerned. But the public was attracted to the picture shows in those days by personalities, so the development of the star system was really due to the public's insistence upon seeing the players it liked.

As I recall it Miss Barriscale and Sessue Hayakawa were among the first players we featured, although at that time Sessue's brilliant little wife Tsuru, whom he married shortly after they joined us, was the more prominent partner of the two. Miss Aoki had been brought to me by a Los Angeles newspaper-woman and I conceived the idea of making some Japanese photoplays.

Old-timers may remember this one with Bill Hart. It was a two-reeler and not even Mr. Ince remembers the name of it. At left—J. Barney Sherry, the white-haired Colonel, and Ethel Grandin, in the foreground.



Before we began, Miss Aoki one day brought Hayakawa into my office and introduced us with the remark that he was a very good Japanese actor who would also be a good picture actor. Tsuru was an excellent prophet.

My first picture with them was "The Wrath of the Gods" and it created a sensation. But Sessue wasn't particularly impressed with the cinema in that first vehicle because he had to wear a crepe beard. He certainly objected to that facial adornment but he had to submit. He never wore another, however.

William S. Hart I suppose may be classed as my greatest find. Bill and I had been old stage friends and we renewed acquaintance when he came to Los Angeles, playing a charac-





Above: "The Aryan" was one of Bill Hart's best good-bad-man roles. Bessie Love opposite—it was one of her first parts.

Below—Dustin Farnum and Louise Glaum in "The Iron Strain," an Ince-Triangle of 1915. Miss Glaum has since "reformed."



Below: Bessie Barriscale in an old Triangle "The Reward," with Stella Allen.

light effects were obtained without the use of an artificial light. (As a matter of fact I never used imitation sunlight until we moved to Culver City.) The direct rays of the sun and the use of mirrors were the only mediums used in the filming of "Peggy."

Although Dustin Farnum was a stage celebrity when he came to us to do "The Iron Strain," which by the way was my first release to Triangle, he had already acquired some fame on the screen as he had done "The Squaw Man" and "The Virginian" in the early Lasky days. But I have always considered his work in "The Iron Strain" as his greatest contribution to screen literature.

Mr. Warner also did splendid work in the two pictures in which he was starred, "The Raiders" and "The Beggar of Cawnpore." George Fawcett, one of the best character men on stage or screen, did his best work for me in "The Corner." Miss Dean made her film debut in "Matrimony" and Katherine Kaelred, the original stage "vampire," did "The Winged Idol" with House Peters supporting her. Dorothy Dalton was a recruit from the stage, who did her first screen work at Inceville but she did not attract attention until her performance opposite Hart in "The Disciple." Stardom came soon after.

The list would not be complete without the names of Dorothy Davenport, now Mrs. Wallace Reid; Webster Campbell, the late George Osborne, Robert McKim, one of our ablest villains, who has pursued Dorothy Dalton and other stars through countless feet of celluloid; Tom Chatterton, who is not playing now, but whose serial activities are well remembered; Shorty Hamilton, well known for his western portrayals, and Leo Maloney, all of whom had their first camera experience under my direction or supervision in the early days of the cinema.

ter part in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." At the close of the season he returned to the Coast and we did a few two-reelers with him. It wasn't long before we reached the conclusion that Screen was Hart's middle name. His first big hit was made in his first vehicle that went over two reels, "The Bargain." It established a new era in western film dramas. This was followed by "On the Night Stage," in which Robert Edeson was the ostensible star. These were of that interesting pre-Triangle era when our big productions were Mutual Master Pictures.

One of our chief woman players of that day was Enid Markey, who has, I understand, deserted the screen for the stage, her first love.

Of the actors who played with us in the old Inceville days who have since attained prominence as directors there are included also the names of Reginald Barker, Chester Withey, Richard Stanton, Howard Hickman, Frank Borzage, Charles Miller, Jerome Storm, Charles Giblyn, David Hartford, Walter Edwards, and others whose names do not occur to me at this time.

Another of the early recruits from the stage was the late Henry Woodruff, of "Brown of Harvard" fame. He was a finished player on the screen just as he was on the stage and our association was a very pleasant one. Willard Mack, another stage celebrity, came later, starring in "The Conqueror" as his first screen vehicle. Billie Burke, H. B. Warner, William Desmond, Julia Dean, Jane Grey, the late Franklin Ritchie, Orrin Johnson, who came west to do "The Three Musketeers," Bruce McRae, Frank Keenan, George Fawcett, George Beban, House Peters, Lew Cody, Arthur Maude, Lew Stone, Mary Boland, Gladys Brockwell and Truly Shattuck were others recruited from the speaking stage, all of whom, I believe, made their film debut under my auspices.

Two of these drew record breaking salaries for that day. When Mr. Keenan was engaged to play the father in "The Coward" he was paid what I am told was the highest salary ever paid a male star up to that time. There was no question as to Miss Burke's salary being a record breaker, as she was given \$40,000 for the picture, which consumed about five weeks in the making.

"Peggy," in which Miss Burke starred—her first film play by the way—was one of the greatest photoplays ever made to my manner of thinking, both as to the star, the cast, which included William H. Thompson, William Desmond, Charles Ray and others, and the photography. All of the beautiful





# Introducing

# the "Vampette"

—a flapper with all the experience of her tall, willowy big sister—only she doesn't work at it

By  
Kenneth McGaffey

Of course everyone is familiar with the now more or less well known vampire, that tall, willowy, dark eyed, black-haired hussy that leads men from wife and home to destruction, gin, Pier 6, and everything.

On the screen she has always been a mature person who indicated by her age and manner that she had been around a lot and seen all of the places of interest and maybe had a husband or two or three some time in a more or less shadowy past. But may we introduce Julia Faye to the flicker world as the "Vampette," or pocket edition of the more established article?

Owen Johnson called them Salamanders and a very good name it is, but in the celluloid they are generally known as "Baby Vamps"—or "Vampettes."

The Vampette is a youngish little rascal, with big innocent blue orbs—or eyes to that effect—who know naught of your city ways, but always managed to dress well without any visible means of support. Having been raised by two maiden aunts, I know nothing of these young women personally, but the boys at the club tell me that they are quite popular in some of our larger cities. These young persons, according to the boys at the club, are most frivolously inclined, stay out late at night, sip highballs made of liquor and make love to married men in their own ingenious fashion. They, it seems, have all of the experience of the elder vamp, but don't work at it. Be that as it may, it took this celebrated trio to introduce them to the film public: Jeanie to write 'em—Cecil B. to direct 'em—and Julia to act 'em.

It was in "Old Wives for New" that Julia was first shoved out before the public as the finished Vampette. She and Edna Mae Cooper are the two little dears that enticed Theodore Roberts to his doom, and it was Julia, with her little revolver, that bumped him off in what is said to be the best death scene ever put on the screen. Julia realized that it was her great opportunity to establish herself in an absolutely new characterization and she seized the opportunity with both hands, as the fingerprints on Edna's neck testified for several days after. Edna Mae also realized it was an opportunity and the two little tykes put up such a battle in front of the camera that they had to be pulled apart after the scene was over,



Above, Julia Faye and Theodore Roberts in "Old Wives for New," a vehicle that introduced Julia as the finished "vampette."



and afforded filmland gossip for a week. In the deMille production "Don't Change Your Husband," still further twists are put on the Vampette's activities and Julia again covers herself with glory. This picture is the woman side of "Old Wives for New."

Witzel

Julia was born in Richmond, Virginia, "sah," but did not linger in that community long, departing for Chicago, where after a brief session in boarding school she studied at the University of Illinois. Then coming west we find her making her screen debut in support of DeWolf Hopper in "Don Quixote." From there she went over to the Mack Sennet studio and appeared in a few comedies. According to Cecil B. deMille, Mack Sennet's fun factory is the greatest training school for dramatic actors and actresses in the world, and Mack certainly has turned out some wonders. Anyway, Julia learned a lot and then departed for the Morosco studio, where she appeared with George Beban, Jack Pickford and several others. Then she was transferred to the Lasky lot and played many more parts with Wallace Reid, Bryant Washburn and others.

When C. B. cast his eye over the available talent to play his new type of Vampettes, Julia stood right out and asked for the job. It was pointed out that there was a lot of not only hard, but rough work attached to the part, but Julia declared that she was for anything short of hanging. How she and Edna Mae Cooper were trained and keyed up to put it over in the way they did is a long story in itself. They both showed they had the stuff in them that makes actresses, and what are a lot of bruises and scratches compared to one's art.

Although Julia may not look it, she is all "pep" from her bobbed black hair and sparkling brown eyes to her trim little feet. She is about the size of a minute and a half or two minutes and has a charming little birdlike manner that is most soothing. Horseback riding seems to be her favorite pastime—perhaps because she likes to ride—and then again, it may be because she looks so nifty in the little checked riding breeches, puttees and flannel shirt. Anyway she knows all of the hills in Hollywood by their first name and has a bowing acquaintance with every horse in the neighborhood.

Julia is young, ambitious and a very brilliant girl. She has made a big success in creating and establishing a new character. Her name fits easily into electric signs and who knows but what it may soon be there?



# Grand Crossing Impressions



Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

Make that Train. Good-bye—  
"Good-bye, Bill!"

Well, Anita was In.  
She Said she was All In.  
She's So Pretty  
She can Sling Slang  
Pretty Much as she Pleases.

I STARTED Out  
To See Anita Stewart.  
I was On Time,  
But she Wasn't.  
I'm So Glad—  
Punctual People  
Are Almost Always  
Uninteresting.  
But  
I Had to Wait; and  
I Was Just Thinking  
Of all the Screen Celebs.  
I'd Seen  
In this Particular Hotel,  
When  
I Glimpsed Another—  
Fred Stone,  
Standing Over There  
Talking To  
Somebody;  
He Wore  
A Checked Suit,  
A Funny Hat,  
And Mrs. Stone  
Was With him.  
He  
Didn't Say Much;  
Just Stood There,  
And Listened; and  
Finally  
Opened his Mouth,  
Drawled Something,—  
And Everybody Howled.  
Then he Walked Out,  
With that Funny Slide of his.  
I was Just Going Up  
To See if Anita was In,  
When  
I Saw  
An Irishman  
I Thought I Knew—  
I was Right—  
It was Bill Desmond,  
From Dublin—  
Not Directly from Dublin,  
You Understand,  
But Eventually.  
He was  
Making a Train—  
He Thought he Was.  
He'd See  
So Many People  
He Knew,  
He'd Have to Stop  
And Shake Hands with them.  
I Had to Ask him  
About his New Contract,  
With Hampton.  
He Recollected  
The Times  
When he was a Student  
In the Classic Drama  
In Chicago—

(Some of the Fans  
Call him a Super-man—  
Deadright, he was a supe)  
And about One Time in Particular,—  
His First Part—  
I Think it was in "Ben Hur"—  
It Must Have Been in "Ben Hur"—  
When  
He was Late Going On Anyway,  
And Happened  
To Lean Up against Something  
And Blackened his Toga,  
Or Whatever they Wear—  
And He Had to Wash 'Em,  
And they Shrunk—  
So he Finally had to Go On  
In an Improvised Affair,  
With Red Tights.  
He Remembered, too,  
Not so Long Ago,  
When he Played the Scotch Minister,  
With Billie Burke,  
In Ince's "Peggy."  
"Tom Told Me  
I was Just the Type  
For a Minister.  
So I Took the Part,  
And I've been Playing Ministers,  
Off and On,  
Ever Since.  
Don't Know  
How the Deuce I Ever Do It.  
Say—I've got to

She had  
A Plain Cold.  
I Didn't Know  
Screen Stars ever had  
Plain Colds.  
She's  
A Water-color  
Of the Screen Stewart;  
She Looked, I Heard Somebody Say,  
Like a Clover-leaf Cocktail,  
In a Tailleur of that Shade,  
And a Little Hat,  
With a Cheerful Cherry  
Nodding 'Along the Brim.  
She was  
Eating Candy.  
"I can't Taste it," she Said,  
"But I Know it's Good.  
Help Yourself.  
"Ma," she Called.  
Mrs. Stewart Came In  
With Virginia Norden,  
A Buoyant Blonde, who is  
A Kind of Personal Manager  
And Best Friend, all in one.  
Anita  
Was Enthused  
About her New Company,  
And Knew  
She'd Love Lois Weber,  
Who is going to direct her,  
Whom she'd Never Met.  
She Spoke, Briefly and Wistfully,  
Of S. Rankin Drew,  
Who Died in France.  
He Directed her in "The Girl Philippa."  
She Reminisc'd  
About her High-School Days,  
When she Tried to Fix her Hair  
Like Norma Talmadge;  
And Thought she Could Act  
Because she had an Actor-Director  
For a Brother-in-Law;  
And of her Long Training  
As a Vitagraph Extra.  
She'll Have  
A Big House in California—  
"I'm Crazy  
To Go There—  
I've Never Been—  
But  
I'll Miss New York;  
I Miss it Already!"



Anita Stewart.



"Bill" Desmond.



# A Cave-Man of Culture

Hale Hamilton, he-  
starring for Metro.

By  
Marion  
Craig

Hamilton has a wallop in each fist, and a fighting grin. That smile wins many a battle in "Five Thousand an Hour," his first stellar offering for Metro.



didn't want to be a lawyer after all. He wanted, in short, to be an actor.

Strangely enough, Hamilton, as an actor, did not at once astonish the world. As the second grave-digger in "Hamlet," his first part, he did not have much of an opportunity for unique characterization. He spent a long time in Shakespearean repertoire, as a member of the Louis James-Kathryn Kidder stock company, during which he assumed parts of ascending importance. Before he left the organization Hamilton had played the Player King—and played him pretty well. But he soon discovered that one may be a good actor in Shakespeare and still remain unidentified in popular favor, so he made another decision—that it was about time for him to get into the game so that the public—dear, if they applaud you, general if they don't—would know he was there.

He was fortunate enough to get a part like "The Fortune Hunter" in which to make a first bid for public favor. He followed this with such plays of pep as Frank Norris' "The Pit," Rex Beach's "The Ne'er Do Well," and Edward Peple's "A Pair of Sixes." He was with Nat Goodwin, too, in a revival of the favorite Goodwin repertoire; and he went to London to play, at the Drury Lane Theatre there, in "Under Orders," with Fanny Brough.

It is as "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" that the theatre-goers of several continents know Hale Hamilton. Aided and abetted by George M. Cohan and George Randolph Chester, Hamilton introduced on the stage the American man of business; albeit a crook, a genial, hearty crook, "Wallingford," revealing a new phase of romance—the romance of business.

Hamilton took "Wallingford" to Australia and to England. At Windsor Castle he performed it before their Majesties, King George and Queen Mary, who presented Hamilton with a pearl scarf pin and studs in appreciation.

His last season on the stage was in "What's Your Husband Doing?" a George V. Hobart farce. He was appearing in the Broadhurst piece, "She Walked in Her Sleep," in its preliminary performances outside New York, when Metro offered him a motion picture contract.

Hamilton introduced the aggressive business man on the screen. From the first he has played business men. He was May Allison's leading man in "The Winning of Beatrice," and, you remember, the part he played was that of an energetic advertising man. Next, he appeared opposite little Viola Dana in "Opportunity," in which, as the enterprising owner of a successful liniment, he justified the title. Metro decided that his work merited promotion, and starred him in "Five Thousand an Hour."

Hamilton has no favorite breakfast food, but he always reads Bide Dudley and Walt Mason. They are Kansans, and Hamilton came from there, although he was born in Chicago.

"The Four-flusher" is the latest Metro-Hamilton offering.

**A** SMILE has won many a battle"—but a hard brown fist is swifter and surer. It wasn't so long ago that any actor with a sport-shirt and a smile was a hero and got one hundred fan letters a day. Now no self-respecting matinee girl ever writes to one. Today it's the hard virile guy with a wallop in each fist and a fighting grin who gets all the applause and has to hire a secretary to take care of his mail.

Among the he-stars of the modern school might be mentioned Hale Hamilton. There is none than-whomer than Hamilton when it comes to the hearty hand-shake and the smooth smile, but he has a physical-culture exercise to demonstrate on anyone who says that these are his chief stock in trade. Hamilton has the smile and the wallop and he'd just as soon use one or the other but he has his own opinion as to which is the more resultful. Here he is—all together now: "Hail, hail," etc.

Hamilton is used to the rah-rah's of the multitude. They used to give a yell for him when he was full-back on his college team—Michigan—and participated in some mighty battles. Hamilton was studying law when he decided that he





The Binney Sisters in "Sporting Life," their first picture. Faire is at your left and Constance at her side.

# A Race for Stardom

Beginning at "Sporting Life," the Binney Sisters began their glory-race — arm in arm.

By Arabella Boone

and while Miss Faire was talking I was unconsciously studying her for a possible way for distinguishing her from Constance. At last it came to me—under Miss Faire's charming toque there peeped forth short curls of dusky brown—and I remembered having watched the light effects on Constance's coils. My problem was solved—forever after I should remember that Faire was the shorn lamb.

" . . . and so, you see, we fitted in beautifully because Constance likes light

frivolous roles and I enjoyed the chance at real dramatic acting."

"We were both born here in Manhattan and have lived here almost all of our lives. Constance spent some time abroad at school but we really are thorough New Yorkers. None of our people have ever been on the stage before—in fact most of them have been professional people in quite another line—lawyers or teachers. One branch of our family is Italian and the Princess Comporeale, Lady in Waiting to the Dowager Queen of Italy, is our cousin.

"Constance and I have very different ideas about becoming moving picture stars. Both of us agree that that is our ultimate aim, but we shall reach it by different roads. She believes that the stage is the best preparation while I think that only 'camera' experience helps.

"People like Mary Pickford and William S. Hart didn't reach their present success in a day and neither of us expect to do that. Constance has what we used to call a 'head start' on me, though, because she's two years older. However, I've told her I'd give her a race to stardom and that's what we're both working for."

With which sage remarks she arose preparatory to leave me.

"Where did you ever learn to ride and drive and do all the other stunts called for in 'Sporting Life?'" I asked.

"Oh, we didn't do very many stunts," she replied modestly. "You see our father had had a country place at Lyne, Connecticut, for years, and we would hunt, ride, swim and play there a large part of every year. I even learned to drive oxen there last year."

As I left her, I tried to picture this demure bit of girlhood—she isn't over 16 or 17—ge-hawing a pair of husky oxen over the rocky fields of Connecticut—it seemed hardly possible.

**F**AIRE and Constance Binney are each hustling to beat the other to the pinnacles of stardom. But they race under a great handicap. They are loving sisters—and each can't resist coaching the other along.

Although I had called to talk with Faire Binney with the aim in view of getting a few hot shots about rivalrous competition, all I heard was a bright, enthusiastic story of team-work.

"How can you ever expect to win the race to stardom," I asked Faire Binney, "if you each boost the other along?"

"It does seem sort of futile, doesn't it?" she answered. Then went on to tell me about their work in Maurice Tourneur's "Sporting Life." It had been the first picture in which either had ever appeared, and they had had to work together over many a hard place, spending long hours at home going over the scenario and talking out the various situations they were to enact before the camera.

"You see," Miss Faire began, "the script called for two sisters,—not necessarily resembling each other—we just happen to do that—but opposite in character. When Monsieur Tourneur saw me with Constance on the day he engaged her he took me too."

Then she went on to explain how Constance had been taught dancing since her earliest childhood—mostly as a recreation and to take the place of gym work which she cordially detested. About a year ago she had left a convent in Paris and come to a finishing school in Connecticut where, one eventful evening, Winthrop Ames had seen her and invited her to join his company. Quite a jump from a convent to the stage in a year.

"That was last season," Faire went on. "This year she is appearing in 'Oh Lady, Lady' and in the intervals, worked in 'Sporting Life.' After finishing it she went to Boston with 'Oh Lady, Lady.'"

The sisters look as like as two peas,



Constance —

They are loving sisters—and can't resist coaching the other along.

—Faire





# THE DUB

Going to show that it is difficult to  
pick a coward when you want one

By Jerome Shorey

**F**REDERICK BLATCH, one foot swathed in yards and yards of bandages, turned to his erstwhile partner, Phineas Driggs, with a gesture of helplessness, and a grimace as his gout gave him a new twinge of pain.

"It's all very well for you to say that I have more influence with Markham than you have, but what can I do?" he demanded. "I can't move and Markham won't come to see me. He's sore because you and I left him out of the Murphy option deal, and swears he won't give up the contract."

"And Murphy won't close the deal unless the original contract is produced," Driggs moaned. "There's a lot of money in it too."

"Well, I lose as much as you do, don't I?" Blatch demanded, wincing again. His gout seemed extremely troublesome.

"Of course we could bring suit," Driggs suggested.

"That would take months to decide, and by that time the option would have expired and would be worthless."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Blatch's lawyer, Burley Haddon. Haddon had been away for several weeks, in which time the affairs of the firm of Blatch, Markham & Driggs had become scrambled. They explained the situation to him. Markham had secretly removed all the papers of the firm to his home in the suburbs, including the valuable option contract, which Blatch and Driggs had made privately, when they discovered that the differences of opinion were sure to lead to the dissolution of partnership. It was really a personal enterprise on the part of Driggs, but he had let Blatch in, as he himself was so doubtful of his own judgment that he always was afraid to play a lone hand.

"You see, Mr. Haddon," Driggs pleaded, "we simply must have that option, and very quickly."

"Why don't you go to Markham yourself and demand it?" Haddon asked.

"Me? Oh!" Driggs gasped, and grabbed for his hat. "Oh I couldn't. You'll have to do it Mr. Haddon. Won't he Blatch?"

"Yes, Haddon. It's up to you. And you must not fail," Blatch agreed. "Don't worry, Driggs, we'll get it somehow," he added, as the timorous partner rose to leave.

No sooner had Driggs left the house than Haddon was astonished to see Blatch tear the bandages from his foot, laughing explosively. Noting the question in his lawyer's eyes he explained:

"Here's the idea: The Murphy option is worth ten times as much as either Murphy or Driggs realizes. I've had a special report on the mining property and it's a mint. If we get this contract I'll have to split with Driggs. If it expires I'll get a new one from Murphy, perhaps paying a little more for it, but I'll have the whole thing to myself. All we've got to do is stall Driggs until the option expires. Now what I want you to do is cook up something that will make Driggs think we are trying hard to get the documents so he will sit still. Get me?"

Haddon whistled.

"A corking scheme!" he exclaimed. "Bullet proof too. Nothing illegal about it. Um-hm! I'll take a little walk and think it over. Always think best when

I'm walking. Back in half an hour. Then I'll draw up a little contract covering my own little share if it goes through. Eh?"

"You've always got your share before, haven't you?" Blatch replied.

"Yes, yes. I've got no complaint. Always like to have things in writing though. You understand. Lawyer's habits," and he went out.

Within the half hour he was back.

"I've got it," he exclaimed. "Here's the game: We hire a burglar to go to Markham's house to steal the contract. He fails. We show Driggs that we've done the most desperate thing in the world to make good, and ask him if he can suggest anything else. Ask him if he wants to hire someone to murder Markham. Then watch him run."

"But what if your burglar does get the option?" Blatch asked.

"He won't," Haddon assured him. "That's the kind of burglar I've hired. He's a dub, a simp, a boob, a coward. About all this guy will do is try the front door, and when he finds it locked he'll come back and say it can't be done. Trust me for picking the right man."

"Where is he?"

"In the hall," and stepping to the door Haddon called, "Mr. Craig, this way please."

Blatch inspected Haddon's dub carefully, and was satisfied. John Craig was a tall, mild-eyed, good-natured looking youth, slender and almost bashful. He looked like anything but a burglar. He might have done well as a cotillion leader, Blatch

decided, but there wasn't a chance in the world that he would make a success of any desperate undertaking. So they explained the situation to him.

"You see," Craig said, diffidently, "I'm very badly in need of a thousand dollars, or I wouldn't take up your offer. And I wouldn't take it up anyhow if you didn't assure me that what you want is your own property. It's a long chance to take, but I'm in a hole."

They gave him all the assurances he required, told him the location of Markham's home, and said the thousand dollars would be waiting at Blatch's house the following day.

That evening John Craig alighted from a suburban train, and strolled out through the sparsely settled suburb. He had no difficulty in locating Markham's house from the description. It was a gloomy looking mansion, set back among big trees, some distance from any other habitation. He stood in the darkness and inspected the place from the road for a long time, trying to decide whether to go through with the adventure. He realized that it was a dangerous game. It might lead to the penitentiary. On the other hand, if he failed to raise the thousand dollars, his little construction company, the venture upon which his entire future seemed to depend, would be forced into a receivership. He had made a hard fight to establish himself, and embarked in business with too little capital. And so close was he to the line which divides success from failure, that a mere thousand dollars would swing the balance up or down.



## The Dub

**N**ARRATED, by permission, from the photoplay by Edgar Franklin, scenarioized by Will Ritchey, directed by James Cruze, and produced by Paramount with the following cast:

John Craig.....Wallace Reid  
George Markham.....Charles Ogle  
Frederick Blatch.....Ralph Lewis  
Phineas Driggs.....Raymond Hatton  
Burley Haddon.....Winter Hall  
Enid Drayton.....Nina Byron  
Bill, the Burglar.....Billy Elmer





Bill admitted it was a shame to take the money, opening a safe without danger of interruption.

Haddon and Blatch seemed sincere. The story was plausible. And his chance encounter with Haddon, whom he had met for the first time that day, might be a case of fate knocking at the door. Finally he reached his decision. He determined first to try to get the desired document by fair means, and walking boldly to the door, rang the bell and asked the servant if he could see Mr. Markham. He was curtly informed that Markham was out.

Still Craig was not satisfied. Strolling back to the village he went to a telephone booth and called up Markham's house.

"This is the cashier of the Night & Day bank speaking," he said. "We have a check here signed 'George Markham,' payable to Arthur Wright, for \$2,500, and we don't like the look of it."

In a moment another voice was heard over the wire.

"This is Markham speaking," it said. "I never issued any such check. It's a forgery."

"I thought so, Mr. Markham," Craig replied. "That's all. Goodbye."

Craig then hurried back to the house, and this time when the butler came to the door he gave it a shove with his shoulder that sent the man sprawling.

"I want to see Mr. Markham. I have a message from Mr. Blatch," he said, and then, glancing up the stairway, quickly removed his hat and stammered, "I beg your pardon."

Coming down the stairs was a young woman who, Craig decided then and there, was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. Doubtless this was not so. Perhaps the contrast between the sinister mission upon which he had embarked, and the appearance of this pretty, exquisitely gowned girl, had something to do with it. But for a moment Craig forgot everything except that he was in an embarrassing predicament. Before he could continue his apologies an elderly, stern man appeared at the head of the stairs and snarled:

"Enid, go to your room."

The girl hesitated an instant, and Craig saw in her eyes a mute appeal. Then she drew a deep breath, turned, and ran up stairs. The elderly man, easily identified as Markham, quickly came down the stairs, another servant at his elbow. Craig eyed them warily.

"Throw him out," Markham ordered, and the two servants seized Craig.

"Just a minute," Craig said, struggling with his assailants, but Markham came to their assistance, and in a minute the would-be burglar found himself staring at the outside of a heavy oak door.

Obviously the best course to pursue was to pretend that he was baffled, and leave the grounds. He turned as he reached the road, and caught a glimpse of a white figure in an upper window. Somehow this seemed to him suddenly of more importance than his original quest. The look in the girl's eyes as she obeyed Markham's order to go to her room remained clearly photographed in his mind. He wondered who she could be. Blatch and Haddon had said nothing of any women members of the Markham household. And her name—Enid—what a pretty name! Craig strolled along the country roads for more than an hour, and more than once he was on the verge of abandoning his task, but the picture of the appealing figure on the stairs renewed his determination.

The night was made to order for his purpose. It was pitch dark, even the stars being blanketed with clouds. Silently creeping through the shadows he circled the house and went to the rear. Cautiously trying the kitchen door he found it open and slipped in. There was not a sound. Apparently everyone was in bed and asleep. He had memorized Blatch's description of the house and had no difficulty in locating Markham's den on the second floor. There was a desk covered with papers.



In the drawers, which were unlocked, so secure did Markham apparently consider himself, were still more papers. There was no time to examine them all, so he tied them in a bundle and threw them out of the window. Turning to leave, he saw in the doorway a figure in a flowing white gown.

"I knew you would come back," she whispered. "I wanted to ask you about Mr. Blatch."

"I guess I can't tell you very much about him," Craig replied. "But is there anything I can do for you? Are you in trouble?"

"It's all so puzzling," she began, but just then they heard footsteps, and the voice of Markham calling to the servants.

"I'll see you later," Craig said, and darted down stairs.

In another minute Markham appeared with the butler and footman.

"Oh, it's only you," he growled at the girl. "What are you prowling about for?"

"I—I was looking for a book I have mislaid," she said.

"Well go to bed, and find it in the morning," Markham commanded.

Craig recovered the bundle of papers he had thrown out, concealed them in a hedge, and lay down in the deep shadows to wait until the household had quieted once more. He did not know whether he had secured the option for which he was to receive the money to save his business, and he could not risk using his pocket flash to examine his loot. But in any event, he was determined not to leave until he had solved the mystery of the girl. So when he heard midnight strike, he cautiously approached the house again. He decided that the kitchen door would be guarded by now, and so he silently unscrewed the padlock off the cellar entrance, and tiptoeing inch by inch made his way to the library.

Enid had not forgotten his promise "I'll see you later," and

was on the watch for him. Quickly he explained to her why he was acting the burglar for Blatch, then asked about her.

"Mr. Markham is my guardian," she said. "I believe my father's estate is worth a great deal of money, and I have been asking Mr. Markham to have it settled up, so I can leave. He tells me he has put it in charge of Mr. Blatch, and won't be able to get an accounting for a while. But he won't let me go to see Mr. Blatch, or have any visitors. I'm actually a prisoner. I don't know what to think of it."

"We'll soon fix that," Craig assured her. "As soon as I get this option business settled I'll come back here and find out what he means by it."

"Will you?" Enid exclaimed eagerly.

In the gloom he could hear her quick breathing and the delicate perfume of her hair thrilled him. He would have promised anything, and what Craig promised, regardless of the opinion of Haddon that he was a dub, he usually performed. But meanwhile, he reminded her, the first thing to do was to get the option.

"Mr. Markham has a bag containing a lot of papers, hidden in the sideboard," said Enid. "It might be there."

The bag was soon found and Craig began examining the contents for the missing option.

"I don't know why I'm trusting you this way," Enid said. "You're sure you're not a burglar?"

"Surest thing you know," Craig assured her. "I'll bring everything back when I've found Blatch's option."

"Listen!" exclaimed Enid under her breath.

Stealthy footsteps were heard again, and Craig swiftly closed the bag, and for the second time dropped a bundle of Markham's private papers out of a window for future investigation. He had hardly done so when Markham appeared in the doorway, flanked by his two bodyguards.



"There's going to be no foolishness this time," said Craig, and soon the servants were as neatly trussed as a pair of turkeys on the way to market.



"Back again," he said. "And I suppose you're still looking for the book, Enid,"

"I've tried to tell you, Mr. Markham," Craig said, "that I came to get the Murphy option for Blatch, and I'm going to get it."

Markham considered a moment, as if making up his mind, and then said, with an appearance of geniality:

"Well, as you know, the option is of no use to me, and I guess I may as well give it to you. I'll get it out of my safe in the morning. I don't seem to be able to keep you out so you may as well stay here for the rest of the night."

The butler conducted Craig to the guest room, but not before Enid had found a chance to whisper, "Don't trust Mr. Markham. I don't believe he will keep his promise. Be very careful."

Craig did not undress. He too doubted Markham's sincerity, and now that he was inside the house he proposed to take every advantage possible. He figured that Markham would not expect him to do any more marauding, and that as soon as the house quieted down again he would be able to make a final attempt to get into the safe. He doubted his ability to open it, but there was always a chance that Markham, who seemed to have curiously careless habits for so secretive an individual, might have left it unlocked. So toward morning he slipped from his room and returned to the library.

He had misjudged Markham's precautions. Hardly had he entered the library when the light was snapped on, and Markham confronted him. Without a word Markham strode to the safe, opened it, took out a paper at which he glanced and then sealed it in a long envelope. Addressing the envelope to Blatch he handed it to Craig.

"So this is how you treat my hospitality," he snapped. "Here's the option. Get out."

For the third time that night Craig left Markham's house. But he had no more reason to believe that the option was in the envelope than that Markham ever intended to give it up. Opening the envelope he examined the paper by the light of his flash, and was not surprised to find it was a worthless receipt. So he went to the spot where he had dropped the bag of papers, recovered those he had hidden in the hedge, and climbed a tree near the house to watch and await developments.

A minute later the front door flung open and the two servants came running out. Markham stood in the doorway bawling orders.

"Don't let him get away," he shouted.

Craig grinned and hugged himself. Markham had discovered the loss of his papers. After a few minutes' futile search, Markham called the servants back.

"Never mind," he said. "I know where to find him. He's gone to Blatch. Get out the car."

Soon the motor was at the door and Markham jumped in.

"Now remember," he shouted to the servants. "Keep the girl in the house and keep everyone else out. If you value your lives," and with this he drove furiously off toward the city.

Craig waited a while, but he realized there was no time to waste, as the first sign of dawn was beginning to appear. Lowering himself out of the tree he started back for the house, and began circling it to try to discover some new entrance. As he rounded a corner he collided with a man in the half light, and the stranger started to run.

"Just a minute," said Craig, grabbing him by the collar. A bundle dropped from the man's hand and jingled as it struck the ground. Still retaining his grasp, Craig unrolled the bundle and found it to be a complete kit of burglar's tools.

"Oho," he said. "Are you a regular burglar or just a volunteer? I need an expert."

"Gee! You don't look like a yegg," the stranger exclaimed.

"I am though, for tonight. Come on. I'm in a hurry. Jimmy open the library window."

Remarking that this was a "pretty soft crib" the burglar soon had let them into the house. Armed with the burglar's revolver, Craig led the way in search of Markham's servants.

"Good Lord, he's back again!" the astonished butler exclaimed, as the intruders discovered him and his fellow guard in the kitchen.

"Yes, and there's going to be no foolishness this time," said Craig. "Come on Bill, with that rope," he ordered, and the servants soon were as neatly trussed as a pair of turkeys on the way to market.

Enid heard the commotion and hurried down to investigate this latest development of the busy night.

"We've found a friend," said Craig. "Miss Drayton, this is Bill, the burglar. He's going to open the safe for us."

This was pie for Bill. He admitted that it was a shame to take the money, opening a safe without danger of interruption, and when Craig gave him a sketchy idea of the situation, and promised him a good job as mechanic in his company, he went at it with a new interest. He admitted that he didn't care much for the career of a burglar. And he soon proved that he was a good mechanic.

As soon as the safe was opened, Craig and Enid, without waiting to bother about sifting out the contents, bundled up all the books and papers it contained, and started for the city. Craig had made a thorough job. He hadn't left even so much as a receipt for the monthly milk bill in Markham's house. If

*(Continued on page 105)*



"Don't let him bluff you," said Craig. "Tell him to come here and we'll have the cops waiting."



# A Bantam from Alabam'

Tallulah Bankhead—perhaps they wrote all those popular songs about her

**A**LABAMA—on the map—is nothing more than a little rectangular blotch of color with dots to indicate the location of the capital and other important cities. We are not interested.

Alabam'—how different! They write songs about Alabam'. You've heard the wail from a darkened stage, a soft guitar, and a peculiarly plaintive tenor. Alabama—it's the favorite location of every singer of tropical topical songs. There's the painted drop of the little cottage with roses 'round the door (to rhyme with "makes me love her more.") "My Sweetheart, back in Alabama." Or "That Girl, from Alabam'."

Well! Here she is. Straight from that Alabama they sing about. But she left for New York because she would rather hear the witchery of her State and herself extolled by some Broadway bard in a darkened theatre than stay at home and boss the darkies on the old plantation. The sunny southern stuff is good, but the stage for hers, decided Tallulah Bankhead from Alabama. That she might have been a Washington society belle didn't enter into it; nor did the strenuous opposition she encountered from her grandfather, U. S. Senator Bankhead, and her father, Representative William B. Bankhead, alter her decision.

She was in "The Squab Farm" in New York—the play by the Hattons which satirized the working hours in a big motion picture studio on the west coast. The fans didn't like to see their screen idols burlesqued, even by the privileged Hattons; and so the play failed.

But not before Tallulah, principal squab in a dramatic chorus of them, had had time to make an impression. Director Ivan Abramson, of the Graphic company, saw her and offered her a part in his picture, "When Men Betray." Tallulah took it, and displayed a pretty poise and complete unself-consciousness which justified Mr. Abramson's faith in her. Her appearance in this convinced other film managers of her talents, chiefly Samuel Goldfish, who was scouting about for a leading woman for his new star, Tom Moore. He found Tallulah. Would Tallulah be Tom Moore's leading lady for "Thirty a Week?" Well, she'd have to ask grandfather about it. And strange to say, the Senator assented—although he remarked at the time that thirty a week wasn't much. Discounting the Senator's facetiousness, we rise to remark that from Alabama to New York and "Thirty a Week"—as leading woman for the star, Tom Moore—was some climb.

Tallulah has not confided her ultimate ambition to a reporter, but it's safe to say she has quite made up her mind to be a star some day, if determination and hard work will get her there. She inherited her dramatic leanings from her father, according to her grandmother, Mrs. John Hollis Bankhead, wife of the senior Bankhead. "Shortly after Tallulah's father was graduated from Georgetown," said Mrs. Bankhead, "he journeyed to New York to take up a dramatic career. However, I stopped him before he got



Above: Tallulah Bankhead is Tom Moore's leading lady in the Goldwyn photoplay, "Thirty a Week." Below: a close-up of the bantam from Alabam'.



very far. He was studying law and I wanted that to be his profession. But the ambition of her father that I nipped in the bud broke out in Tallulah, who has always been perfectly determined to be an actress. She had promised to wait until she was older (she's only eighteen, now)—but things happened that just took matters right out of our hands."

Back to the beginning of Tallulah's ambitions. It seems that there was some sort of a contest, a popular call for volunteers for motion pictures. Someone said to Tallulah, "Why don't you send in your picture?"

Tallulah selected several poses and mailed them—promptly forgetting all about it.

Quite by accident she saw her own picture in a magazine, with no name,—only the caption, "The Girl of Mystery," with a long paragraph asking the original to make herself known—because she was one out of twelve of fifty thousand who had been selected by motion picture judges.

Encouraged, she came to New York. A fairy tale come true!



This house, just finished in a combination of old Spanish and new American styles, is on the sunny slope of the Beverly Hills district, just a convenient motor distance from the new Ince studio at Culver City, from Los Angeles, and from the sea.



## Dorothy Dalton's Hollywood Home



You can see that this is a staircase, a living-room, a kimono, an umbrella, a couch — and Miss Dalton. So why waste descriptive words?





# C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

**The Greatest Damage.** "Influenza," remarked the vice-president and general manager of one of the biggest film corporations, a few weeks ago, "hit the film business harder than four years of war."

"One morning the right man could have united all interests for common protection. That day the motion picture industry tottered on the brink of anarchy. It didn't fall into the pit. It is such a healthy, though lawless infant, that it survived a plague that would have carried off any other business you might name.

"But had there been a producer who could have dominated all the interests without quarrels—as, for instance, Morgan's house dominates finance or Schwab the steel industry—you would have seen a merger of all picture makers into one vast organization, the mightiest amusement combined in history."

Which, we will say, is one of the biggest front-page stories that didn't get printed.



**An Amazing Record.** The gentleman just quoted continues:

"The motion picture industry has a perfectly amazing record, from the standpoint of business history:

"It has never had a big financial disaster! Not one!

"This would be astonishing in any line. In films it is perfectly and absolutely astonishing. The enormous vitality and sudden popularity of motion pictures has attracted many individuals who don't deserve to be called 'business men.' Some of them have made a great deal of money. Some have not stemmed the tide. Others—more legitimate—have failed to keep pace with the procession, and have subsided. Still others have attempted to use the great art of the Twentieth Century simply as a rank stock-selling medium, or for purposes even more doubtful.

"Yet, despite the hurly-burly of amateur finance and no-finance, artists among the book-keepers and book-keepers among the artists, and neither artists nor book-keepers where both were needed, there has never been one of those grand monetary smash-ups that sometimes turn the sober world of wheat or steel or cotton topsy-turvy. More, I see no prospect of any.

"Isn't it wonderful!"



**He Simply Won't Learn.** There was a Middle West exhibitor who, playing Ibsen's "A Doll's House," billed it: "A Treat for the Kiddies." He simply won't learn.

A few weeks ago they sent him O. Henry's "A Ramble in Aphasia"—and he promptly advertised it "The Travel Picture Supreme."

**The War of Peace.** We shall have to face it, and it will be the best thing that ever happened to us: an invasion of European films, many of them made by American directors, on American stock, with American artists.

Suppose you walked down the street and saw nothing but English films in the little show-shops? Wouldn't it make your competitive American blood burn to get in the game and put American pictures there instead?

While film manufacture is a pre-eminent American business, a reversal of the situation just stated is the exact state of affairs in England, in France and in Italy. Now that the world has become sane again work, work and still more work—profitable work—is the frenzied need of every country bitten by the war.

In England there are five manufacturers who kept going through the war. These were Cecil Hepworth, Maurice Elvey, Henry Edwards, Martin Thornton and Frederick Bentley. These men,

and many others, are going to try to replace the unending miles of American celluloid with home-made goods, and, since what is really worth while at home may also be worth while abroad, they are going to become internationalists as far as they can.

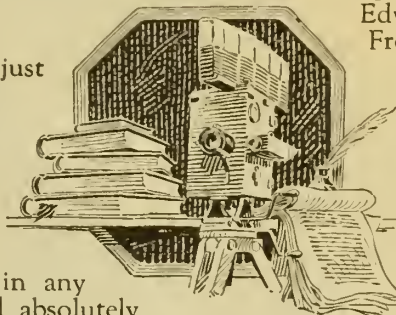
Labor is cheaper, the cost of production is cheaper in England. Star salaries are unknown, but the cost of the average good artist is about the same. Producers using business judgment as well as artistic discretion can make features at a cost of \$25,000 which will compare to many an American feature costing \$90,000. That is to say, if you take into account the American method and the American brains that are even now crossing the Atlantic to engage in that work. Possessing a wretched climate in itself, England is within 24 hours of Southern France, and within 72 hours of the sunny Riviera, with the most celebrated scenery in the world.



**In France.** France has not yet reorganized her film industries, but a grand recovery is not only to be expected; it is an absolute French necessity.

While the great plants of Gaumont and Pathe—especially the latter—have been idle in a photoplay sense for four years, do not get the idea that these firms have gone out of business.

As a matter of fact, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is reliably informed that the film manufacturers of the French Republic have been employing more men than ever, and are at their apex of





financial prosperity! This is startling information to those who rest in their faith in America as the one film trust, unapproached and without a rival, but it is true.

Gaumont and Pathe have been making munitions. So have certain other French film makers. It is an absolute economic need that these industries keep going, for all France is in the condition of a man just recovered from a great illness; his sickness has strapped him; his bank account is down to its last franc—but he has won back his health, and he can work!



*In Germany.* Not so much is known about the dark film forces of Mr. Hohenzolern's deluded principalities, but it is known that Germany has made a grim determination to get in the world film trade somehow—anyhow, any way.

The biggest picture organization existing in Germany today is the Union North German Films, with a capital of \$10,000,000.

As a disseminator of photoplays throughout civilization, Germany is unfortunately in the position of the devil, whose cloven hoofs revealed his personality, even in a dress suit. German films have always been notoriously bad, and German actors and actresses have never enacted any but the most patent and transparent Teutons. They sent to London, early in 1914, for a complete outfit of costumes and modern raiment, and made pictures supposed to be of general appeal. When these were shown to Anglo-Saxon audiences as stories of English or American life—with properly translated captionry, of course—the audiences laughed, for the participants were as patently Prussian as though they had worn spiked helmets.

Germany also faces, now, the general embargo of civilized sentiment.

However, they are going to pound hard at any market and every market, in one way or another, under one trademark or another, and will, no doubt, get some hearing among the neutrals.



*The Pioneer Showman.* Up in the Canadian Northwest an enterprising citizen who had scarcely seen a movie, appointed himself an advance guard of film civilization and sent for a projection machine and pictures.

Among other needful things he had ordered, of a New York firm, some carbons "guaranteed to burn with a white flame approximating sunlight." Now, as everyone who understands electrical devices knows, the paradoxical carbon makes light simply because of its furious incombustibility; it resists the electric current as it resists burning.

However, the carbon shippers got their box back in a few weeks, and on the black sticks lay this angry note: "Dear sirs. Your fellows is a fine set of liars. Your ad said this carbon burned like sunshine. I would have you to know I wasted two whole boxes of matches and couldn't even light one."

*The Comedies.* No division of films presents more interesting problems—problems demanding immediate solution—than the section whose sole business is to make us laugh.

Fixing the length of risible celluloid at two reels is old-fashioned. It is still done, almost universally, but it is as surely doomed as "programme" comedies—that is to say, the quantity production of funny pieces on a rapid and regular releasing schedule.

One man has convinced the whole producing world that its film farce theories are wrong. This man is Charles Chaplin.

When Chaplin commenced making his own pictures they were sure he was wrong. They had seen actor-directors—and managers—before. When Chaplin failed to keep his first releasing date everybody, smiling, said "I told you so." When he refused even to make predictions regarding the probable finish of his second piece everybody remarked "That settles it!" He was expected back in somebody's—almost anybody's—fold before nightfall.

But they changed their tunes when the longevity and astounding favor of Chaplin's hard-wrought and occasional pieces began to manifest themselves. The public was not faithful to Chaplin's memory; that way, the public is more fickle than a nineteen-year-old grass-widow. He was delivering masterpieces.

In England, and on the continent, a regulation motion-picture entertainment is a three-hour show. It is apt to, and usually does contain, two features. Educational and news pictures are known by the general term of "interest," and "interest" altogether seldom totals more than a reel. Englishmen are asking why we don't make five-reel comedies, and American managers, some of them, are asking it, too.

One big New York theatre has started the bold experiment of running Chaplin continuously; that is to say, holding his current picture on, with varying features, until his next comes out. This house started that policy with "Shoulder Arms," and they assert that there is no apparent diminution of interest in this picture, and that it will apparently continue until the next is ready, no matter when that may be.

Mr. Sennett, the professor-doctor of the whole comedy business, might look at "Tillie's Punctured Romance," and "Mickey," and reflect. Here were two photoplays on which he spent much time, and money; yet who shall say that either is not worth more, in money, celebrity or mere artistic satisfaction, than any twelve or twenty of his regulation programme reels?

The answer to the comedy problem in the minds of the movie managers is that quality makes runs and reputation, whereas the life of the routine feature is short at best. A good one will stick, and no worry that it won't. Pot-boilers chase themselves on and off, and hardly pay expenses.

The comedy will adjust itself on a business basis.



# Sleuthing as a Fine Art



*In which King Baggot, Eagle-eye of the screen, says some interesting things about Uncle Sam's real spy-catchers*

"You're talking about a superman," a listener put forth. "There ain't no such animal."

"Well, that's what I think the new type of secret service man is," said Mr. Baggot ruminatively, "a sort of superman. Maybe that's why I would like to be one."

**S**T. LOUIS closed its breweries, nearly sacrificed its Ambassador David R. Francis to the bloody bolshevists in Russia, and was always first in raising its Liberty Loan quotas. Just as though that were not sufficient to prove its patriotism, St. Louis produced perhaps the most famous German spy-catcher ever seen on any screen.

"If I ever lose my job as an actor," declared King Baggot, "I'm going to be a sleuth. A modern, up-to-date sleuth—a real secret service man! It's more thrilling, even, than play-sleuthing on the screen. It is even more thrilling than the old saw-mill mellerdrama of the stage, and about ninety-nine percent more probable. My roles as Christopher Brent in 'The Man Who Stayed Home' and as Harrison Grant in 'The Eagle's Eye' have made me say to myself, over and over: 'This is the life!'"

Mr. Baggot was sitting in a set belonging to a production of Miss Emmy W. Wehlen's at the Metro studio, waiting for his own scene to be made ready.

"Some folk's think that sleuthing is a clumsy profession enjoyed by ex-barkeepers possessing a pair of rubber heels and a good right-hand swing. But this is not so. Sleuthing, as the screen mirrors the modern governmental profession, is one requiring men of unusual mental culture and versatility, combined with fearlessness under the most terrifying conditions.

"Now look at this hero that I'm playing in 'The Man Who Stayed Home.' He's typical of the lot. He is a man of science. He has to be able to handle a detectaphone, operate a wireless, uncover plots dealing with pigeon posts, invisible ink and various other devices known to the modern international spy. He must be cool-headed but not sluggish in thinking, and above all must be in utter control of his emotionalism. My idea is that a man who has so many physical adventures must be able to resist the temptation of too much mental excitement.

"He wouldn't last any time if he didn't. He would burn himself out. Where excitement is a man's daily experience he must become callous to it as a matter of self-defense. Otherwise his brain-cells would become so inflamed that clear thinking to a logical conclusion would be impossible. So the modern sleuth of the highest type must be able to do a thousand things in a skillful way—but defer the appreciation of them until after they are accomplished."



Just then the set was announced as being ready, the cameraman appeared with his tripod, Director Herbert Blache and his trained eye-glasses hove into the scene, and Mr. Baggot acted Christopher Brent's discovery of the wireless apparatus behind the fireplace of the German spy's living-room.

But there are a good many people who consider King Baggot himself a sort of superman. They point to the number and variety of the things he has accomplished. They point to the fact that he is that rarest of individuals, a prophet "not without honor in his own country." For he is idolized in St. Louis—and he was born in St. Louis. It's not a case of "I knew him when—" a la that clever song of Irene Franklin's. By no means! St. Louis is proud of him. "He's our boy," and all that sort of thing. But outside of Missouri he is known

as King Baggot, the famous screen star, or King Baggot the famous leading man, or King Baggot the excellent golfer, or else King Baggot the authority on Swedish dramatists,—not so far from being a superman, after all, when you come right down to it.

King Baggot was among the first and foremost of the stars of the legitimate drama to show his ability in the newer art of the motion picture. He took his following with him from the stock theatres and "combination" houses to the motion picture theatres, and there can be little doubt that such men as he, by the very fact of their own personal popularity, added much to the prosperity of the growing industry.



King Baggot in "The Eagle's Eye," as Harrison Grant, chief of the "Criminology Club," working in conjunction with the Secret Service, to thwart German plotting.





Shades of ten years ago! Up above you see a scene from "Ivanhoe," with King Baggot as that gentleman himself, Leah Baird as Rebecca, and—the person hiding under the blonde wig is Herbert Brenon! At the right is a scene from "The Man Who Stayed Home."



just good, straightforward acting. People have never become tired of it, and that's one reason why Mr. Baggot continues to grow in popularity. These die-away, *art nouveau*, lounge-lizard effects in acting do not appeal to Baggot,—which is why he can act for the American people whenever he wants to. In "Absinthe," "The Silent Stranger," "The Boontown Affair," "The Man From Nowhere," "The Captain of the Typhoon," and other feature pictures, he has shown that same ability to penetrate to the heart of an idea and present it in visible form which he showed in productions on the dramatic stage such as "Salomy Jane," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and "In the Bishop's Carriage."

"There's something of the small boy left in every grown man, I think," declares King Baggot, "and there's a thrill about playing sleuths that reminds me of stolen moments as a boy reading detective and Wild West stories. Yes, in these days I envy the secret service man."

Baggot was appearing with Marguerite Clark in "The Wishing Ring" in New York City in 1909 when he made his first visit to any studio. It was the old Imp plant at 102 West 101st St. Like many others who came to scoff at the ridiculed "movies," Baggot remained to act in them. He was with the Imp company for many years, during which time he played in such pictures as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Corsican Brothers," and "Ivanhoe." In "The Corsican Brothers" he played a dual role and was one of the first to perfect it. He took a company abroad to get scenes for "Ivanhoe." In this picture, Leah Baird, now a serial star, was his leading woman, and Herbert Brenon, the producer, played

For a long time the picture players were rather neglected,—shrouded in mystery, largely. The play was the thing, rather than the player. Mr. Baggot realized the need of a "getting together," of a class consciousness, among the screen players. So he founded the Screen Club, and became its first president, proving that he had the power of organization, as well as that which goes with the artistic temperament, proving also that he is the sort of man who does things, rather than merely think about them.

King Baggot demonstrated that the kind of acting that put the punch in stage "thrillers" was also effective on the screen,—

Isaac of York. Brenon bosses other actors now.

There is a King Baggot, Jr. He saw his father for the first time on the screen in the Wharton serial, "The Eagle's Eye." King, Jr., is a real motion picture enthusiast and has exhibited strong likes and dislikes on various occasions. Baggot put the question up to him: "And now tell me, how did you like your daddy when you saw him in the picture?"

"I liked Charlie Chaplin better," was the candid reply.

## Nickotime!

By Leigh Metcalfe

I AM Nickotime, the mad minute  
In which something scheduled to happen  
Doesn't. Sometimes I am the Painted Lady  
From Hell's Risen Babylon,  
Arrived at the Deathcell  
With a sawmill shriek  
As the silent martyr totters on the arm  
Of the chaplain. Sometimes  
I am the intervening hand  
Between Daredevil Dagmar  
And a monstrous villain who, offscreen,

Sobs upon seeing a housefly  
Whanged with a swatter. Sometimes  
I am the psychological moment  
That ushers in  
The unsuspecting husband  
As his wife  
Snuggles her nose into the vest pocket  
Of a friend of the family.

I am Nickotime—next of kin  
To old John Suspense, the faithful servant

Of many a listless scenario writer.  
John and I are as dependable  
As the insurance collector, and  
We both believe  
That the surest way  
To make an audience gasp  
Is by  
Last-minute rescues,  
Cliff-side vndcttas,  
Deathbed confessions,  
And the rest of the rusty repertoire!



The great line of soldiers' friends and relatives who stood hours in Chicago's lake front park, waiting to file past the grinding camera. The three figures in the foreground at lower right illustrate the types of "closeups" made.

# Smiling for the Boys in France

*Soldiers in France and relatives at home meet face to face—through the camera*



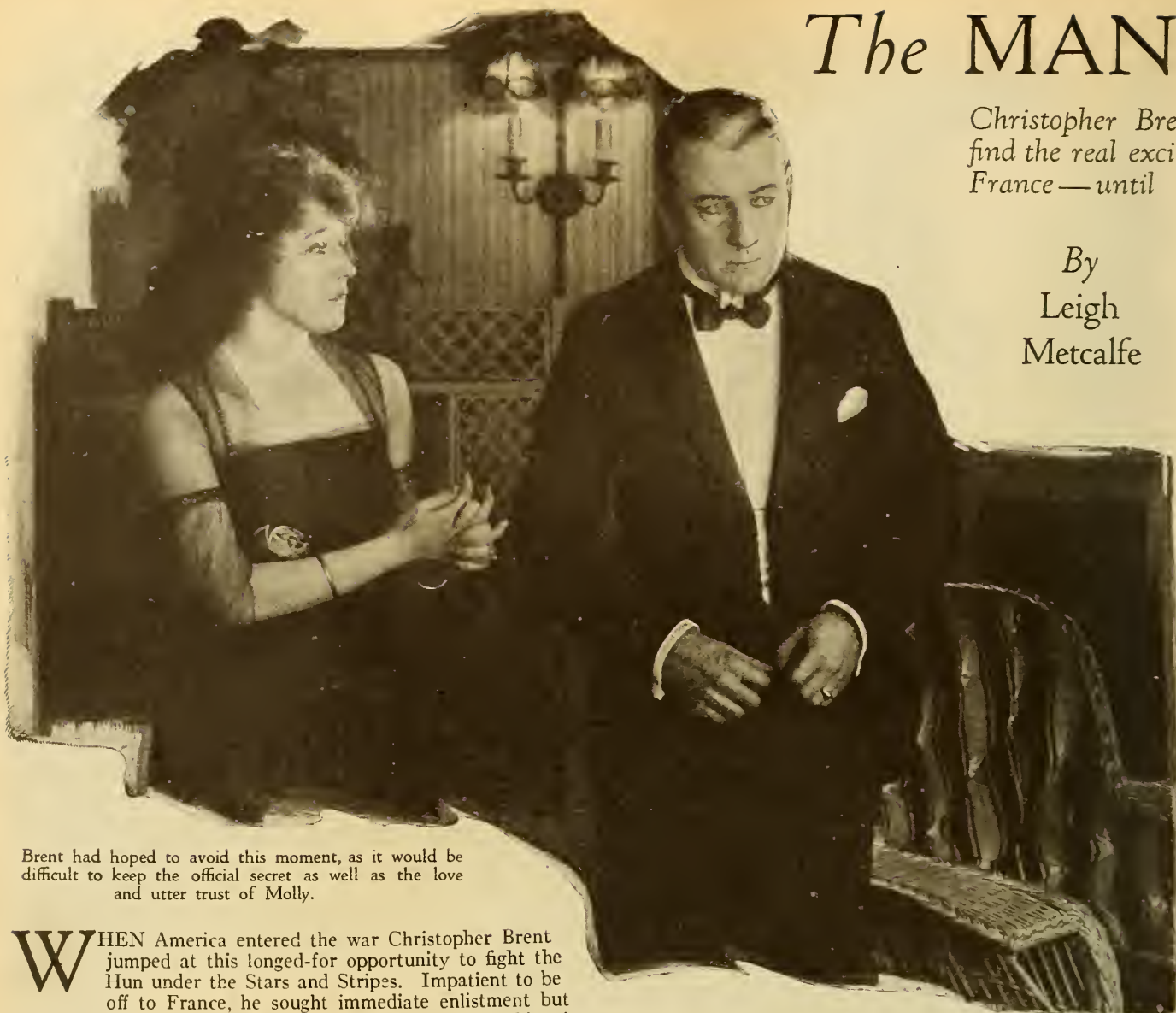
EVERY day the motion picture proves itself to be an entirely new and distinctive specie of blessing. The latest takes the form of a New Year's greeting—*face to face*—between the boys of Illinois divisions, located in France, and their relatives and friends in the corn state. It's a long, interesting story, but for brevity's sake we'll explain that last fall the Editor of a Chicago newspaper and Watterson R. Rothacker, a film producer, staged a gigantic promenade of relatives of soldiers in France, in which each filed past the grinding camera, smiling greetings and in many cases holding up scrawled messages on bits of paper. The film was shipped over early in December and shown to thousands of Yankee soldiers.



# The MAN

Christopher Brent  
find the real excitement  
France—until he

By  
Leigh  
Metcalf



Brent had hoped to avoid this moment, as it would be difficult to keep the official secret as well as the love and utter trust of Molly.

**W**HEN America entered the war Christopher Brent jumped at this longed-for opportunity to fight the Hun under the Stars and Stripes. Impatient to be off to France, he sought immediate enlistment but the government had its eye on Brent and wanted him in the Secret Service. He was called to Washington: and went somewhat reluctantly, for he feared being urged into some non-combatant branch of the service where he would languish for the excitement of real warfare.

After a conference with the Secret Service chiefs in Washington, however, he altered his attitude; discovered that that department offered as great an exposure to excitement and danger as fighting in the trenches. And eager to be into it, he took the oath.

Now this oath, besides binding him to secrecy regarding the work he was doing, did not permit him to even divulge his connections to those dear to him. This phase of it hadn't entered his mind until he had returned home from Washington and realized that he could not explain to Molly Preston, the girl he loved, what part he was taking in the great war. Right and left their friends were donning the uniform and hurrying joyfully off to training camps.

Molly, quietly wondering at first, soon grew uneasy about his seeming lack of interest in enlistment. Where before he had been all too eager to cross the Atlantic on a transport, now he avoided the subject. Molly's love never once tottered but she spent many miserable moments thinking about it.

Then there was Norman Preston, her kid brother, a hot-headed young fellow who had run away from prep school to enlist. And when the Prestons moved to the Wavecrest hotel at a coast resort near Norman's training camp, the youngster took the opportunity to let his sister and father know what he thought of Brent. "Any man—any American," he argued, "who can sit quietly around and let somebody else win the war isn't worth your even thinking about, sis," he would say over and over. But Molly, firm in her love for Brent, determining to trust in him blindly, shook her head.

"There must be a reason," she would say. "A good reason—though I don't know it."

Brent had been assigned by his chiefs in Washington to watch a group of German agents supposed to be secretly operating in the interests of Imperial Germany along the Atlantic seacoast. His investigations brought him to the Wavecrest Hotel; for here the four had gathered: Carl Sanderson, a civilian-clothed member of the Navy Department, commissioned because of his expert technical knowledge, his mother—both guests at the hotel; and Gaston Letour, manager of the hotel and his maitre d' hotel, Fritz Boldt.

"Watch Carl Sanderson in particular," his orders had been. "If he is as reported, disposed to be aiding Germany, he has a great deal of valuable information to give to the U-boat chiefs."

One evening Molly pressed Brent for his reasons for not being in the service. Brent bit his lip. He had hoped to avoid this moment—somehow—as it would mean a little lying to both keep his official secret and the love of Molly. He stammered something about dependents—a mother and sister—and let it go at that. Nor did she press him for further detail, left him with the renewed assurance of her trust in him—to go to her room and there to worry through the afternoon. She knew that Brent's mother and sister were not reliant on what Brent could give them for their comfort. What, then, was the real reason?

On the hotel veranda the next afternoon as Brent sat smoking a cigarette a boy handed him a telegram. Molly was inside the door when he opened it and she noted his sudden stiffening as he read it and arose. For the wire was from Washington—from a Mrs. Leigh, also an agent for the Secret Service, one of their cleverest woman operatives.



# WHO STAYED AT HOME

thought the only place to  
ment of war was in  
joined the secret service

"It is best that we work together," the wire read. "Will arrive tomorrow morning."

Brent stood for a moment studying the situation. He wondered how the coming of Mrs. Leigh—decidedly a beautiful, fascinating woman—would be interpreted by Molly. Obviously neither he nor Mrs. Leigh could reveal their true association; then what would Molly think?

Her arrival did attract the attention of the entire summer hotel. And when she was seen to be in the intimate escort of Brent, then Molly's heart was truly wrenched. Something akin to jealousy was born in her heart, though she fought it off. Brent introduced the two and later opened his heart to the woman operative and told her of the situation between Molly and him. As a real friend and a sincere woman of understanding, she strove to give him comfort.

Later the two of them planned their campaign of watchfulness over the four people under suspicion.

"Letour and Fritz Boldt are in the Sanderson apartment every day," testified Brent. "I feel sure that there is something underhanded going on among them. I would like to look through their suite sometime: I rather imagine we would find something interesting."

His opportunity came that afternoon. Learning that Carl had left the resort for the day and that his mother was out, Brent strolled around the hotel to the side on which their apartment faced. After him trailed a dog, belonging to one of the other guests. He drew a bone from his pocket and tossed it through the open library window. The dog leapt in after it and close on the dog's heels went Brent.

Inside he bent over the library desk and managed to pry open the locked drawer. But ere he had found anything interesting, he heard a fumbling at the doorknob and with one leap again stood at the side of the dog, pocketing the instrumental bone. As the door opened, he raised his head and saw Fritz Boldt standing there, a sheaf of magazines in his hands. Fritz was obviously embarrassed and stepped awkwardly into the room, nodding. He stammered an explanation of his presence. "Bringing magazines for Mrs. Sanderson," he said.

Brent, cool and collected, did not attempt any explanation. As he started to leave by the door, dragging the dog after him, he stepped Mrs. Sanderson. Instantly Brent had bowed and was grandiloquently apologising for his intrusion.

"This dog of mine," he said smiling, "seems to like your suite. Even to the extent of coming in by the window. I jumped in to haul him out."

Fritz, unnoticed, was bowing his way out. When Brent left a few minutes later he had accepted Mrs. Sanderson's invitation to attend a card party that evening in her apartment.

Disappointed that he had been interrupted in his search of the Sanderson rooms, he went to Mrs. Leigh and told her of his experiences. "Fritz walked in like he owned the place," he said. "And it was easy to see that he was bothered by my presence."

"I have just heard more from Washington about the Sandersons," said Mrs. Leigh. "They tell us to watch them closer than ever. Mrs. Sanderson is decidedly pro-German. Her first husband was a Teuton army officer—a General von Mantel. Carl is the son of her first marriage, who later took the name of his step-father."

When—a little while later—Brent arose to go, Mrs. Leigh asked him about Molly. Brent's face fell. "I'm heartsick over her attitude. The dear girl is trying her best to trust in me, but I can see it's hard for her. Worse still—I understand she is a bit jealous of you! Can't blame her; on the surface of it, you and I—"

Mrs. Leigh gasped. "Jealous—of me? The poor little dear!" Then, realizing Brent's temptation, she sought to reassure him of the importance of his work, how it was worth, to his country, more than the sacrifice of a temporary misunderstanding, with its accompanying wretchedness. "Remember your oath that night in Washington," she said earnestly. "Keep up your enthusiasm, Christopher—you need it—you and Uncle Sam. We must track this Sanderson crowd—at whatever personal sacrifices."

Brent, cheered considerably, growled:

"If that meddling kid brother—God bless his patriotism—would pay more attention to his manual and less to me I'd be happier and so would he. His spirit is right but his tact is puerile."

That evening, shortly before the guests began to arrive, Carl Sanderson returned to the hotel and immediately closeted himself with his mother and Fritz and Letour. Carl was jubilant over his day's attainments and was bursting with eagerness to divulge them. He produced a folded bit of paper from an inner pocket and opening it before the three observers, traced numerous lines with his index finger. "A map of America's mine fields," he whispered. "To guide our submarines. And listen further. Today I learned that 75,000 troops are to leave tomorrow on transports for France. I will notify the commander of U-boat 11, and then—"

A chorus of approval greeted his revelation. Up spoke Mrs. Sanderson. "I have been busy today also," she said. "I made a sketch of the harbor from which the transports are to leave." She drew out a piece of paper. "Here it is. Attach it to one of your carrier pigeons and send it early tomorrow—to the island where it will reach the U-boat commander in due time."

"I'll tell him to expect it"—and Carl arose and walked over to the fireplace where, after a few quick maneuvers, succeeded in revealing a complete wireless equipment where an innocent open grate had been before. He called for the commander of U-boat 11, but hardly had he started his message when there came a noise at the closed door.

Guests were arriving!

Although Carl used all the speed he could muster to throw back the equipment, yet when Brent stood smiling a greeting in the threshold, he noted a flurry in the face of the German and embarrassment on the part of the others. Brent, outwardly oblivious to their discomposure, inwardly rejoiced that he had intruded into a little conference. He noted Carl's awkward position near the fireplace—throughout the evening Brent allowed himself to be fascinated by the fireplace. There was something, structurally, queer about it. He neglected the card tables, insisting that a headache would make him a stupid and unfair partner. And later that night, after the guests had gone and the Sanderson household was retired, Brent and Mrs. Leigh met in the shadow of the veranda. "I'm determined to investigate that fireplace," Brent said. "I'm sure there is something hidden in there that will give us a clue."

The two went around the hotel and with Mrs. Leigh as guard, Brent stealthily opened the window and crawled again into the apartments. Over to the fireplace he edged in the deserted room. Persistent fumbling around brought to light a

secret button, which, when pushed, let down the wireless equipment. Brent was triumphant. He knelt down and tapped the instrument. Then, with an ejaculation, he drew out from his pocket a code-book he had recently found in his investigations. Opening this, he slowly tapped out a query and in a few seconds came a response. Rejoicing that he had finally found some tangible evidence of the Sanderson's duplicity, he arose and savagely tore the equipment from its moorings, hopelessly wrecking it. Then he hurried out and told what he had found to the waiting Mrs. Leigh.

"I even talked to some of the murderous gang," he whispered with enthusiasm. "Luckily I had this code-book with me

## The Man Who Stayed at Home

NARRATED, by permission, from the photoplay adapted by June Mathis from the drama by Lechmore Worrall and J. E. Harold Terry, produced by Metro Pictures Corporation under the supervision of Maxwell Karger, with the following cast:

Christopher Brent..... King Baggot  
Molly Preston..... Claire Whitney  
Fritz (waiter)..... Robert Whittier  
Norman Preston..... Alexandre Herbert  
Carl Sanderson..... Frank Fisher Bennett  
Judge Preston..... George Paton Gibbs  
Fraulein Schroeder..... Julia Calhoun  
Mrs. Sanderson..... Ida Darling  
Gaston Letour..... A. Lloyd Lack





They saw Fritz enter the pigeon cage, select one of the frightened birds and hold it close as he fastened some paper to its foot.

and could understand what they were driving at. Thought I was Sanderson and asked something about maps. Then they suddenly cut off. Don't know whether they were suspicious over my handling of the wireless or not."

By this time the two were out on the walk leading to the veranda. Mrs. Leigh held him back at the door. "I think," she whispered, "you had better turn over that code book to me. Remember—you are under suspicion."

Brent handed it to her; she thrust it hastily into her handbag.

At daylight that morning Carl Sanderson went in to use his wireless equipment. Discovering that it had been put out of commission, he aroused his mother and phoned for Fritz and Letour. A careful search of the room was made by the four German agents. Carl was triumphant as he stooped and picked up an eyeglass case.

"This belongs to Judge Preston," said Mrs. Sanderson, excitedly. "I saw the Judge hand it to Brent last night, Brent offering to leave it at the oculist's."

"Then Brent is the one," Carl said savagely, a plan forming in his crafty mind. Later that morning he went to the Judge's rooms and there showed him his eyeglass case.

The Judge was bewildered. "I gave that to Christopher last night," he said. "How did you get it?"

"Then," said Carl, ignoring the question. "Then Brent is a German spy!"

Judge Preston faced him sternly. "Explain your statement," he said gruffly.

"I have been suspicious of that fellow all along. I will get in touch with the authorities immediately. Judge Preston, last night an important navy paper was stolen from my rooms and after the thief had gone I found your eyeglass case on the floor.

Judge Preston hurried to tell Molly of the news. Molly refused to credit the accumulation of evidence that was heaping up against the man she loved.

"You can't dispute it," said her father. "He is obviously an agent for the German government. You—"

But the girl, weary of thinking, waved him into silence. "Please, Father," she said wearily, "please don't talk about it any more."

That morning during the visit of Carl Sanderson to the Prestons, Mrs. Leigh and Brent stood for the hundredth time, fascinated by the fowl-yard at the edge of the hotel grounds. Divided off from the chickens and ducks were a host of pigeons, unmistakably carriers. Mrs. Leigh had repeatedly told Brent she thought those carriers, so carefully attended to by Letour and Fritz, were part of their spying equipment. Now they saw Fritz enter the pigeon cage, select one of the frightened birds and hold it close as he fastened some paper to its foot. Quickly Brent sneaked back into the hotel and procured his shot-gun. Outside again, he saw the carrier soaring into the air and taking careful, experienced aim, stopped the bird in its flight and watched it flutter to the ground.

He ran out and picked up the bird, detached the paper from its leg, substituted a blank one and had just stuffed the precious paper into his pocket when Fritz ran up, red anger on his face. He clutched up the dead pigeon from the ground with an oath.

"How dare you shoot my pigeons?" he demanded.

Brent was humbly apologetic. "I had no idea I would strike the bird," he said. "I was merely trying out this new shotgun. I am sorry indeed," but Fritz was even then hurrying away, relieved to think that the precious message was still tied to the bird's leg.

Molly had stood in the background during this bit of action and when she saw Mrs. Leigh—now looming in her eyes as a horrible pro-German, seeking to influence her sweetheart—drop her handbag, she kicked at it, the code book flying out. With a gasp the girl picked it up and realized what it was that she held.

A German wireless code-book! Irrefutable evidence of pro-Germanism. Heavy-hearted, Molly stumbled back to the hotel and to her father. In tears she told of her discovery. "I guess you are right, Father," she said. "Brent must be a pro-German. But it's that horrid old Mrs. Leigh who is influencing him."

Judge Preston arose excitedly. "We must report this to Sanderson at once. He has warned us so many times that it is only fair that we tell him first. I'm sorry, little girl," and he put his arm tenderly around her shoulder.

The Judge and the girl entered the Sanderson's library just as Carl and Fritz were finishing a fiery inquest over the dead carrier pigeon and the blank bit of paper Brent had substituted.

"Sanderson," said the Judge. "I guess you're right about this Christopher Brent."

Carl studied the Judge cautiously.

"I mean," the Judge went on sadly, "that we have found evidence that indisputably implicates him with that Mrs. Leigh, practically proven to be a German agent." And he drew out of his pocket the German code book. At sight of it, Carl let out a gasp. His eyes were wide. The triumph of his position swept over him. He had "the goods" on them! He jumped to the phone and called for Mrs. Leigh and Brent to come to his rooms immediately. Curious at this initiative from those whom they believed were afraid of them, the couple came. Melodramatically Carl Sanderson held the code book in his left hand while he pointed at Brent with his right.

"Last night, Mr. Brent, an important paper disappeared from my desk and on the floor this morning I found Judge Preston's eye-glass case. The Judge declares he put it in your keeping, for repairs, while at the party last night." Then he turned to Mrs. Leigh. "Mrs. Leigh, the Judge's daughter saw you drop your handbag today and out of it fell this German code-book." He looked triumphantly around the room. "There is but one



answer: *you are both German agents—spies against Uncle Sam!*"

Brent groaned inwardly. Eyes upon Molly, he was forced to let this go unchallenged; merely stood there submissive, trying to figure the most judicious way from easing out from under this mock-accusation without losing his hold on the real German agents.

Mrs. Leigh stepped forward and asked to have a moment in private with Carl Sanderson, which was granted. In the hall she turned a smiling face on his sour one. "You are very careless, Herr Sanderson," she said, lifting her arm and turning over her wrist watch to show the Imperial German Eagle and the number 726 engraved on the back of it. "The Wilhelmstrasse often sends an agent to watch an agent. Mine has been the privilege."

Sanderson gasped. "Wha—what about Brent?"

Mrs. Leigh laughed coldly. "What match is a simple American secret service agent for a servant of his Imperial Majesty? I never had so much fun in my life—watching his work! Do not detain him. Let him go. From him we can learn much!"

Delighted with this unexpected entry of so clever an ally, Carl ushered her back into the room where Brent stood waiting. The Judge was impatient to be off. Molly had slipped silently away.

After Brent and the Judge had gone, Carl took Mrs. Leigh to be introduced to his mother all over again. "Not an American, mother," he said, "but a noble ally—a servant of our Imperial Majesty."

That afternoon the whole group of them gathered in the Sanderson apartment, Carl informed them that he was about to give the signal to the U-boat 11 of the approach of the American troop convoy. "The signal is to be a fire on the shore so that the submarine can see the flames. I presume we'd better burn one of the poultry sheds, eh, mother?" he said. Fritz interrupted with a greater yet idea.

"Why not fire the hotel itself?" he said. "There are people in this building who know too much anyway. What if they are killed? Brent, for instance. Some dangerous information would die with him."

The group liked the idea of bombing the hotel. Fritz was designated to place the bomb in the outbuilding to start the fire—the signal for the U-boat commander. "I myself will set the time-bomb in the hotel," said Carl.

The murderous clique did not know that outside their rooms was Brent, listening by means of his dictaphone. Brent ordered two of his deputies to follow Fritz and to note where he placed the bomb but not to interfere with the bomb. "Let them notify the submarine commander," he said. "I will see that our destroyers are at hand to take care of the U-boat."

While the two detectives went after Fritz, Brent followed after Carl Sanderson. But the German spy had eluded the secret service agent and had succeeded in planting the bomb before Brent came upon him. Carl had just set the time clock at midnight.

Drawing his revolver, Brent insisted that Carl tell him the location of the bomb, but the German shook his head. The clock ticked on. . . . One minute to midnight was at hand. Then, under a sudden inspiration, Brent turned with his revolver and fired it at the time clock. . . .

The hotel was saved!

But—wait! What was that explosion? The bomb in the outbuilding. Carl, baffled because the hotel plan had failed, now turned his evil face to Brent with a snarl. "I have won anyway," he sneered. "That bomb will notify the submarine commander—and your convoy will be sunk!"

But belying this arrogant statement came some shots filtering in on the midnight air—shots from over the water. Brent smiled. For those were Yankee shots. Brent poked his revolver into Carl's ribs. "Yankee destroyers," he said, while Carl paled. "Where do you suppose your damned submarine is now, eh?"

Meanwhile, aroused by the bomb and the resultant fire from the outbuilding, the hotel guests were scurrying excitedly about. Judge Preston and Molly stumbled into the room where Brent had cornered Carl Sanderson. Brent, triumphant at last, faced the Judge and Molly with radiant face. "Judge," he said eagerly, "this is Mr. Carl von Mantel, son of a general in the German army and one of the German rats."

Carl, cringing before the verbal onslaught and Brent's gun, was the picture of guilt. Molly turned her eyes toward the man she loved. The Judge was slowly comprehending. Suddenly Carl made one last attempt to hurt Brent.

"Well, Brent," he said, "you may have cornered Fritz and me, but Mrs. Leigh has put one over on you. She certainly has fooled you beautifully. She is a member of the Wilhelmstrasse and every plan you made known to her has been told to us. She has taken my mother, Letour and Fraulein Schroeder away with her."

(Continued on page 105)

Molly noted his sudden stiffening as he read the telegram and then arose.





# Team Work

*Catherine Calvert has a leading man; he leads her a merry chase—he's only four, going on five.*

*By Dorothy Allison*



The pensive chubby pastel clasping his mother's neck is hero Paul, Jr., of the Calvert-Armstrong domestic comedy-dramas.

“AND this,” said Mrs. Paul Armstrong, who is also Catherine Calvert, “this is my leading man.”

I shook hands with the leading man. He seemed somewhat bored with the entire proceeding and cast wistful eyes at Noah's Ark which he had politely dropped to be introduced. But he unbent far enough to inform me that he was four, going on five, that his name was Paul Armstrong, Jr., and that his favorite indoor sport was “putting on shows” in the nursery with his mother.

To prove it, they staged a show then and there with the library portieres as a back-drop. He was a noble hero, his mother was a simple country maiden and I was a crowded and wildly applauding theater.

“I love you,” declared the hero in noble accents, none the less noble for a slight lisp.

“But that cruel villain, the city feller . . .” faltered the country maiden realistically and then spoiled the whole effect by gathering the leading man up on her lap in an ecstatic hug.

He struggled manfully to his feet and was going on with his lines when the cruel villain entered in the person of a white-aproned Maggie who carried a protesting Hamlet off to bed.

“It's a shame to break up a successful performance like that,” his mother said ruefully. “But he would keep it up all night if we didn't stop him. He is my most discriminating dramatic critic. ‘You looked pretty in that play, mother,’ he will say, ‘but you wiggled your arms so funny.’ His reviews are embarrassing before company but I always ask for them in private. I try to bear the truth, however brutal it may be.”

She always wanted to go on the stage, she told me, and, through Mrs. Young, the mother of James Young, she obtained her first position in “Brown of Harvard.” It was while she was working in this play that she attracted the attention of Paul Armstrong.

“He did more than ‘discover’ me; he reconstructed me,” declared Paul Armstrong's widow. “And the first thing he did was to take me off the stage and send me back to my home town in Baltimore to learn everything all over again. Then, when he was finally satisfied with the general effect, he put me in as the girl in ‘The Deep Purple.’ Then later I appeared in ‘A Romance of the Underworld,’ ‘The Escape’ and ‘To Save One Girl,’ all written by Mr. Armstrong.”

After her marriage to the playwright she continued to star in his plays until a severe illness broke short her career for a time. And when Paul, Jr., was less than a year old his father died.

“I made the transition from stage to screen at the suggestion of Daniel Frohman. I was at a dinner once in a home where Mr. Frohman was visiting. He suggested that I might ‘screen well’ and soon after that I appeared with Ann Murdock in the film version of ‘Outcast.’ Later I did some work for the ‘Art Dramas’ and then went to the Keeney Film Company where I signed my present contract. Up to the present time, I like my Keeney picture ‘Marriage’ better than anything I have done.”





A Review of the  
New Pictures

# The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By  
Julian Johnson

**M**R. DEMILLE'S most notable contribution to the visible side of film-making is not his silver whistle, his artful *deshabille* of shirt, pants and putts, or his Louis XV hat. It is his stock company.

Mr. DeMille now has, about the pepper-bowered Lasky temple in Hollywood, the most notable stock company that the dramatic world has seen since history claimed Augustin Daly for her own. It was more than the large chances of wholesale California filming that accumulated on one lot an aggregation including Tully Marshall, Frank Campeau, Julia Faye, Monte Blue, Theodore Roberts, Charles Ogle, Casson Ferguson, Walter Long, Tom Forman, Eugene Pallette, Douglas MacLean, Louis Willoughby, Mayme Kelso, Fred Goodwins, Ernest Joy, James Neill, Raymond Hatton, Parks Jones, Sylvia Ashton, Spottiswoode Aitken, Jane Wolff, William McLaughlin, John McKinnon, Nina Byron, Bud Duncan, Edythe Chapman, Wallace Beery, James Cruze, John Steppling, Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Ann Little, Elliott Dexter, Lew Cody, Bryant Washburn, Lila Lee, Ethel Clayton, Thurston Hall, Kathlyn Williams, Edwin Stevens, Emory Johnson, Zasu Pitts, Mary Thurman, Wallace Reid, Ora Carew, Anne Schaefer, Shirley Mason, George Fawcett, Eugene O'Brien, Catherine Calvert and Horace Carpenter. This enumeration is not a catalogue. Owing to the fluid condition of engagements, it may not be, in all particulars, an accurate list. But it will serve to indicate the amazing and diverse expert talents mustered under the standard of a single corps-commander.

It seems to me that DeMille has gone about solving the evils of the star system in his own way. The star with the thirty-cent play and the thirty-five-cent company has absolutely cursed the sunshine trade. While a good story is the foundation of a successful motion picture, and a good director the architect, the actors are the building materials.

To see and to realize, in camera-land, is to copy. Hence no press agent has proclaimed DeMille's quiet but masterly mobilization of extraordinary interpreters.

It seems to me that I first realized what DeMille was doing when I saw "Old Wives For New." "The Squaw Man" was the perfect fruit of a truly great stock company. No New York producer, rummaging Electric Alley from end to end, could have chosen a more perfectly appointed, easyworking cast than that which graced this momentous revival of the Royle drama. Tully Marshall, a stage star in his own right, played what was practically a bit. Edwin Stevens, another stage star, scarcely got his name on the programme. All in all, there were in this piece five first-rate footlight luminaries—Dexter, Thurston Hall, Theodore Roberts, Marshall and Stevens. Besides notable picture women like Ann Little and



Anita Stewart, snowed under for a twelvemonth by litigation, comes back in "Virtuous Wives" with all her girlish charm, her gift for frocks and her talent for drama.

the coolly sensuous Katherine MacDonald. Yet the play, not an actor's name, was the thing put in electric lights!

This is constructive picture-making. It's getting somewhere. It's gumshoeing into an art worthy to endure.

More than any other camera general, DeMille works in the shadow of the theatre. In this, of course, he is his father's son, but it must be acknowledged that he has a special adaptability in remodeling the gifts of the footlights into practical, real and human utilities of the lens.

Without any typewriter blasts DeMille has, for himself, solved the problem of casting all roles with real actors, thus making his photoplays veritable, believable, and an approximation of life. Only one man seems able to make *anybody* act, no matter how small or weak his or her infusion of acting talents; and the Griffith recipe is not one to pass along—for where are there any more Griffiths?

DeMille's stock company is at once the most adroit and the most constructive advance in motion pictures in a year—or two years, if you like. It is a concrete gun emplacement for the big shooting of tomorrow.

## VIRTUOUS WIVES — First National

When George Loane Tucker produced "The Cinderella Man," for Goldwyn, he became a marked man; that is to say, marked





In the screening of "The Belle of New York" we find Marion Davies as the Salvation Army lassie once played by Edna May.



Bessie Love, in "The Enchanted Barn," a photoplay which she is completing.



"Camping Out" is the practical title of Rosco Arbuckle's latest oleaginous diversion.

for great expectations. These expectations are fully realized in "Virtuous Wives," a scroll of life as it is lived; life reproduced not only with scrupulous care, but with a knowledge of our golden aristocracy such as has been only dreamed of, and that nightmareishly, by most of our directors. Yet Mr. Tucker did more than present the people of Owen Johnson's story as though they were to the manor born. He found a mediocre novel and reweave its threads into a vital and powerful photoplay. The argument of this tale is that the American society woman, bored either by her husband's attention or his neglect—it really doesn't matter which—is a hideous sinner in her soul while always taking care to keep the whitewashed fence of physical chastity between herself and her men. In demonstration of this theory the hero goes to a Colorado smelter and leaves his bride to the care of an unblushing matron of nickel-steel conscience, oriental disposition, and no acts that would be goods in the divorce market. Nothing especially dramatic happens. The young man nearly loses his wife—but doesn't. But everything that happens, and everyone who makes these things happen, is absolutely human. The places, the parties, are perfectly appointed. Here are rich men's homes that Stanford White might have designed. The gowns are like a fashion-show. The performers disport creditably and veritably. Anita Stewart, snowed under for a twelve month by litigation, comes back with all her girlish charm, her gift for frocks and her talent for drama—though she has many more dresses than big scenes. Conway Tearle plays her husband not only with delightful sincerity and virile force, but with grave gentlemanliness. Tearle's raiment never gives any indications of independent dramatic ambitions—if you get what I mean. It is easier for a camel cigarette to pass through the eye of a needle than for most of our young mimics to play gentlemen. But the two outstanding performances, after all, are the saddened, lonely captain-general of finance portrayed by the late Edwin Arden; and his wife, a combination of carnality, cattishness and cowardice, marvelously limned by Mrs. DeWolf Hopper. William Boyd portraying a villain who is not one, is a welcome addition to the dark side of screen plots. And let us not conclude the catalogue of excellencies without a word for one Watterson Rothacker, a sort of Griffith of film mechanics, so to speak. Rothacker's toning and tinting are so apropos that they become absolute and vital parts of Tucker's drama. In the print I saw Miss Stewart, rescuing a boy from a runaway motor-boat, is left struggling with him in deep water—and next thing she is standing at the little fellow's bedside, faultlessly gowned, and coiffured in ornate *dry* hair whose "do" must have taken hours and hours. This, and a caption referring to the hero's maintenance of a big New York apartment on an income which would about equal his rent, are odd lapses in a photoplay otherwise well nigh flawless.

#### THE HEART OF HUMANITY—Universal

Here is one of the biggest, most elaborate and most mechanically clever of all the screen's war stories. I think it unfortunate that it should have been produced so late. Director Alan Holubar of course had no inside information on the German collapse, but, had his multi-scened narrative reached the houses in late summer or early autumn, I think it would have immediately ranked, in favor, close up on "Hearts of the World." Not that the human side of the thing is as masterful, or its people as unique, vivid and appealing. Its dominant note is a celluloid reconstruction, never before approached, of the kaleidoscopic enginery of war in all its particulars—on the ground, below the ground, above the ground, and even from the air onto the ground. Machine-gunning trenches from biplanes, the fights in Flanders mud, savage Hun violation of Belgian towns and hospitals and refuges, hand-to-hand encounters, unknown heroisms, the little laughs of black days—as an achievement this is Holubar's best. That young man is arriving rapidly. Mrs. Holubar, the varied and passionate Dorothy Phillips, is to be seen as a Canadian bride who, when her husband goes over-seas, follows unbeknown in the service of "the greatest mother in the world." There are good stout scenes, some of them on the verge, in this picture. There is pathos, and some laughter. The preliminaries—a tame thousand feet or so—might be described as the legendary hokum of the simple North Woods whose idyllic love yarns have put Sir Gilbert Parker in the hall of fame. William Stowell plays opposite Miss Phillips.



## ARIZONA—Arctcraft

It seems to me that Douglas Fairbanks' trade secret is in the fact that he never takes either his plots or himself too seriously. That is to say, he is as ready to laugh at himself as at anyone else, and he is never, even in his wildest heroics, the conventional hero. This is paradoxical, but it is true. It is not Doug's simultaneous laying-out of seven men that does the business in the front of the house; it is the twinkle of his eye while he lays them out. "Arizona" has been translated out of the dramatic gospel according to Augustus Thomas without heresy or too-flagrant disregard of tradition. It is some changed, but not spoiled. It is, too—for once in the movies—a real period play. That same De-Mille stock company to which we have just referred is drawn upon for a redoubtable cast. Frank Campeau plays Sergt. Kellar, Theodore Roberts is Canby, Frederick Burton is Col. Bonham, Harry Northrup is the wicked Col. Hodgeman, Raymond Hatton is momentarily visible as Tony, Kate Price is excellent as Mrs. Canby, and Marjorie Daw adorable as Bonita. Mr. Fairbanks, of course, plays Denton. And the swiftness with which the story rushes along prevents us realizing—until afterward—that Thomas' characters are all put in subsidy to the jovial and athletic lieutenant. Theodore Roberts is experienced enough as an actor to overcome any check-reins in the scenario, and Marjorie Daw, on the other hand, isn't. There you have the part situation as it concerns the supporting people. In the parlance, it seems to me that this play when complete was "cut a little too fast," which is to say, the scenes are just a trifle short; the play has only one speed, and that's third. Fairbanks, who is always in third speed himself, needs repose by way of contrast. I scarcely think the finale, the horseback marriage, would win Thomas' approval, or the approval of anyone else who respects old "Arizona's" place as a native classic. It is cheap burlesque.

## THE SILVER KING—Arctcraft

Like "Sporting Life," this towering lattice of plot and scheme is one of the few surviving monuments of the melodrama of another day. It is the fashion to consider all the personages of the melodramatic old school as grossly unreal—yet, if they are unreal, what shall we say of the fabricated folk that pass for humans in the cheap dynamic sensations of our own time? The old melodrama people may have been unreal, as far as individualities were concerned, but they were exceedingly real, and were exceedingly well recognized, as types of their respective classes. Thus, in "Silver King" we discover the indigent nobleman of sporting proclivities, the unctuous money lender, the trusting young wife, the false friend—all of these walking synonyms which were, really, compendiums in stilted form of a lot of people who had real existence. Space forbids detailed consideration of the large number of people in this cast. William Faversham, who might pass for thirty in the long shots but never in the close-ups, decorates the principal part with personality, suavity and power. Barbara Castleton is very lovely as his wife and the mother of his children.

## INFATUATION—Pathe

The best thing about Gaby Deslys' picture, made in France, is that it is something different—entirely different. Some parts of it are not executed as well as we would have executed them here; some parts show that motion picture technique in Europe stopped with the clock of progress on August 1st, 1914; yet other parts we could not duplicate in this country, and in the imaging of stage spectacles we have never, spend our money and our people as we will, done anything that is so simply and really of the theatre. The story is one of the old-fashioned pantomimes of the days when photoplays were only movies—the poor little flower girl, the villainous landlord, the kind gentleman and all that. Yet, notwithstanding much saccharine sentiment, there is sheer dramatic sincerity and passion in the acting of the distinguished M. Signoret, who becomes, over the flower girl, a veritable Pagliacci. Nor is M. Maxudian, as the wholly obvious villain, far behind M. Cignoret in interest. Here is a different school of acting  
(Continued on page 98)



King Baggott, in a distinct characterization, is a vital feature of Metro's patriotic play, "The Man Who Stayed at Home."



Mitchell Lewis in "The Code of the Yukon"—a pursuit dedicated to vengeance.



William Faversham plays in "The Silver King" revival with suavity and power.



# "The Story of My Life"

## CHAPTER TWO

Wherein the famous songbird tells of her adventures and debuts in the capitol of Europe and America.

GIRLHOOD'S "someday dreams" are too sublimely sweet and frail, so the realists declare, to ever come true. Actualizing, they believe, performs the same ravages on day-dreams as a soft-coal atmosphere does to your mother's favorite window curtains.

I'm not so sure of that, myself; the realized dreams of my

young girlhood seem every bit as desirable as they were in the dream-days. I wish I could describe the wonder of my realized dreams; more interestingly tell of the thrilling and eventful experiences of a young American girl, benevolently allowed fullest access to the magic realms that fascinate her.



Ever since I had decided on a musical career I had day-dreamed of going to Europe. But the actual trip, when it finally came about, proved far more wonderful than the anticipation. The new worlds opened by music, drama, art, books, new personalities and places—these made a dazzling parade before my romantic and assimilative nature.

The sparkling days of our arrival in France, in 1899, still evoke a thrill in recalling them. I remember the huge delight I took in everything—in the streets, the gay restaurants, the picture galleries, the theatre. And I think that I divided all of my spare funds between driving in the *Bois* on Sunday and attending performances by that wonderful woman, Sarah Bernhardt.

I was enrolled, first of all, as a pupil of Trabedello, the Spaniard who had taught Emma Eames and Sybil Sanderson. Mother and I established ourselves in the Latin Quartier, near the lovely gardens of the Luxembourg.

In trying to give an impression of these first student days in Paris, I can do no better than follow the suggestion of PHOTOPLAY'S editor—that I copy excerpts from any letters I wrote at that period. Appealing to old friends, I have been fortunate enough to gather a few that suggest the color and the impressions made upon my young and eager mind.

With the enthusiasm of untried youth, I expressed myself positively upon all subjects.

"I have spent the whole afternoon in color revel among these great masters." I wrote, after a visit to the picture galleries of Paris, "and my head is full of their superb lines. . . . I saw a St. Sebastian that set my heart wildly beat-



Above, a recent pose of Miss Farrar. At the right, a succession of pictures showing the diva in many of her most famous characterizations. The first at the extreme left shows Miss Farrar as Cherubino in "The Marriage of Figaro." Her "Cio-cio-San" in "Madame Butterfly," the opera that helped to make her Metropolitan debut such a tremendous success, is conspicuous—in the strip on the opposite page, third from the outer margin.



# By Geraldine Farrar

ing, so full of glory was he, and the inner divinity . . . by Mantegna, in the inevitable saints' grouping around the Virgin. . . . These have the sweetest, unearthly air about them, large pensive blue eyes, faint rosy tints, small noses and perfect mouths; the Virgin's golden hair is shielded by a delicate veil, and the halo shines like a circle of sunshine about her well-shaped head. You feel that the Mother of Christ was a wonderfully pure woman, and an extraordinary one, too. The hands are long and slender, a trille square at the finger tips. . . . How I love this old Italian school! Many pictures of the dead Christ are ghastly and sickening, but I saw a head, with thorns, most admirable, and another at the raising of the Lazarus—truly divine!"

Another time I wrote:

"I enjoy intensely acting; it is heaven. Am now at that stage when one is supposed to suggest ease and gracious lines, and in reality it is torture. . . . I am flung around on chairs, sofas, and the floor, 'acquiring experience.' If a peaceful scene comes I hardly know what to do without the excitement. Hope my handwriting has not alarmed you. I had to change; we have had high tragedy and my muscles are sore."

And again:

"My French is coming—sweet language that contradicts itself every minute, inconsistent yet quite charming. Am scraping up some money to hear Sarah again. She is my inspiration and always wonderful; such a Camille is wonderful. Capoul sent me a charming note. . . . I heard he spoke very nicely of me.

I nearly fainted getting seats for Sarah, in 'L'Aiglon,' but the joy of anticipation is well worth it all."

At the time of writing the above I did not know that in a few years, immediately after my Parisian debut, Madame Grau, wife of the then director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, would come to me and say: "Sarah wants to know you. When will you lunch with her?"

My admiration of this woman has always bordered on idolatry. My meeting with her unforgettable. I can see her now—standing slim and white in her long, curling draperies, at the entrance of her home, her keen eyes appraising me, her voice raised in cordial greeting. I was to enjoy her friendship from that day on. As I write this, a most recent photo stands on my desk. Her face smiles, despite her tragic affliction. In truth she is an element—ageless, fearless, dauntless!

During those student days in Paris I talked with Nordica. I had heard that she was in Paris with her husband, Zoltan Dome. I wanted her to hear me sing—since my studies in Paris. (She had heard me in the United States.) Meeting her through a happy accident one day, she asked me to come to her house and sing for her. And it was upon her advice that mother and I abandoned our plans for going to Italy, and went to Berlin, there to be tutored by the Russian-Italian, Graziani.

(Continued on page 102)



On the back of the picture directly above Miss Farrar has inscribed: "taken with my first willow plumes," worn in the first act of "Traviata." The picture to the left of that one, autographed by the singer, shows her as Marguerite, in "Faust," the first opera she ever sang.



Miss Farrar in "Mignon," first sung by her with the Royal Opera in Berlin.





# A Brand - New Idea in Motion Pictures



Anita Loos and John Emerson, well-known authoress and director.



A "multiple set" studio in action.

## Photoplay Magazine

### Screen Supplement

*The Stars as They Are*

*Little Journeys to Filmland*

DO you get the idea? PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE on the screen. A one-reeler to be issued once a month just like the magazine itself, full of the most interesting personal doings of the stars, entirely apart from their screen work—just as they are in real life; taking you right into the studios and showing you all the interesting phases of motion picture production; in brief, everything that you find in type and illustration in the magazine itself.

As you sit in a comfortable chair in your theatre you are borne as on a magic carpet through the heretofore closed gates which lead to the wonderful and mysterious regions of Filmland.

In every reel you will meet at least six or seven stars and see many phases of motion picture work. Then you will realize more than ever what a wonderful art it is, what a tremendous business it has grown to be. It is without doubt one of the most fascinating ideas ever

put on the screen. You will gasp with delight when you see how it has been worked out.

These pictures are produced and edited by James R. Quirk and Julian Johnson, respectively the publisher and editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. They are edited with the same absolute independence and impartiality that have always characterized the magazine itself, that have earned for the publication its place as the undisputed leader among moving picture magazines, and won the confidence and respect of over a million readers a month.

Without the unstinted co-operation of the motion picture producers and artists this delightful little feature would have been impossible. To them we extend our sincere appreciation.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Screen Supplement is to be distributed by the Educational Film Corporation of America. Remember, it is issued every month. It is being shown now at hundreds of the finest theatres in America.

*Tell Your Theatre Manager You Want to See It!*



Everyone calls him "Doug."



The Drews in their home.



**Read what Geraldine Farrar says of Cutex**

*So beautifully smooth and even does Cutex leave the skin at the base of the nails, that I never think of allowing my cuticle to be cut*

*Geraldine Farrar*



*When you see how lovely Cutex makes your nails, you will wonder how you ever tolerated cutting the cuticle*

*To keep your nail tips white all day, apply Cutex Nail White underneath them in the morning*

*For a delightful, lasting polish, use Cutex Nail Polish. Comes in any form you desire*

# The modern way to manicure

*To keep your own nails exquisite, shapely, manicure without cutting the cuticle*

**Y**OU can have beautiful, well-groomed nails. Learn how to manicure with no tedious and harmful cutting of the cuticle, no tiresome soaking of the nails.

Cutting the cuticle leaves a rough, uneven edge. The more you cut cuticle, the faster it grows, the tougher, drier and more irregular it becomes.

Cutex, the modern cuticle remover, has done away forever with this tedious and harmful cutting.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the bottle of Cutex and work around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Rinse the fingers in clear water.

If you like snowy-white nail-tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails directly

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When you see how lovely Cutex makes your nails look—what a smooth, even line it gives the cuticle at their base, you will never go back to the old cuticle-cutting method again.

Secure Cutex at any drug or department store. The Cuticle Remover comes in 35c, 65c and \$1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

**Complete trial manicure set for only 21c**

Mail the coupon today with 21c, and we will send you the complete Midget Manicure Set shown below, enough for at least six "manicures." Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 703, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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*This complete set sent for 21c*





# A Lot to Laugh At

*Frank McIntyre, a real comedian who has produced only two pictures in two years—and an interesting reason why.*

*By Randolph Bartlett*

**Y**OU may or may not have noticed it, but all your laughter is based upon some other person's pain, unhappiness, embarrassment or peril. Whether it be the slapstick comedian receiving upon his countenance a ripe custard pie, or a youthful swain being kicked out of the house by his best girl's father, somebody must suffer. This is why, all other things being equal, a fat comedian is funnier than a slim one—there is much more of him to hurt.

Now, in the Who's Who of moving pictures there are listed one hundred and thirty-eight names of men who lay claim to possession of the comic spirit. Looking over the list carefully I find less than half a dozen to whom I am indebted

for so much as a chuckle. Looking over the list still more carefully I fail to discover the name of one of the funniest fat men I know—Frank McIntyre. Why, when comedians are in such great demand, two years should have been permitted to elapse between "The Traveling Salesman," McIntyre's first picture and a huge success, and "Too Fat to Fight," his second picture, was a curious problem until Mr. McIntyre himself solved it in a word:

"The actor who signs a contract for a certain duration of time instead of for certain specific productions, places his professional life in the hands of persons who, so far as I have

*(Continued on page 76)*





## *The joy of a perfect skin*

Why envy the girl with the faultless complexion? Once possibly, you had the same charming, radiant skin, but failed to give it the attention it required. You allowed impurities to steal into the tiny pores of your skin,—

they set up irritation,—they caused disfiguring eruptions, both embarrassing and painful. Before you may know again the charm of a lovely skin these impurities must be removed,—stamped out.

The healing medication that Resinol Soap contains is prepared for just such treatment. Don't suffer embarrassment longer—commence tonight the proper cleansing and stimulating treatment this soap gives.

*Sold by all druggists.*

# *Resinol Soap*



been able to discover, are not always its best custodians," he explained.

When "The Traveling Salesman" was made for Paramount, Mr. McIntyre had the advantage of working with the late Joseph Kaufman. He had for the story the James Forbes comedy in which he had starred four years. He had for his leading woman Doris Kenyon, then just coming to the front. The picture was a great success. Immediately he was approached with every conceivable sort of long time contract, and always he would ask the question:

"What stories will you put me in?"

They didn't know. They only knew that in "The Traveling Salesman" Mr. McIntyre was funny, and they supposed they would be able to "dig up something" for him. But McIntyre knew too well that so much depends on the play, to be lured into blind agreements.

"I am not going to be a pie-stopper," he said.

So because nobody seemed to have a scenario built to fit his ample figure, he went back to the stage, and eventually was trailed down by Goldwyn who lured him back to the Cooper-Hewitts with a Rex Beach story, "Too Fat to Fight." And now he is waiting for some other enterprising producer to find a scenario suit cut to his measure.

There are just two ways to be funny on the stage or in a picture. There is the grotesque method, the burlesque make-up and the slapstick, the pie and the gun; the hilarious nightmare of unreal adventures. Then there is the natural method, the reflection of the amusing phases of life, the presentation of amusing ideas that are humanly recognizable, in which the spectator can imagine himself a participant. It is the latter method as opposed to the former, or Keystone school, that McIntyre employs, has employed, and will continue to employ. He declares, so long as life endures within his well upholstered bosom.

Certainly there has been a sufficient degree of consistent success in Frank McIntyre's career to justify his belief that he is the best judge of what he should do. He was working for a newspaper in Ann Arbor, Michigan, playing the piano in off moments, and writing pieces about actor folk who passed through. One of these actor folk was Frank Keenan, and he, hearing McIntyre give a recitation at some informal gathering, asked him why he didn't go on the stage. McIntyre thought it would be a good idea too, but didn't see how it could be arranged. He specifically thought it would be great for him to make his debut as the Sheriff, in "The Hon. Jim Grigsby."



Frank McIntyre in his country home in — no, you're wrong — not in Long Island, but in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Keenan did not see just how this could probably be brought about, and went his way.

A few months later McIntyre received a telegram from Keenan, saying that Grigsby was going into rehearsal, and telling him to come on to New York and play the Sheriff. McIntyre pinched himself ten times and hired a boy to kick him to be sure he was awake, packed his grip, and opened on Broadway in the fall of 1901 in the role he had always wanted to play. He has been on Broadway ever since. He played Sedley to Mrs. Fiske's Becky, he appeared with Nat Good-

win and Robert Edeson. Then he blossomed as an independent star, supported instead of supporting, in "The Traveling Salesman." He played in "Snobs," "Oh, Oh, Delphine," and "A Pair of Sixes," and starred in vaudeville. In the summer time he goes to his home in Ann Arbor—a bachelor mansion, by the way—motors and plays golf, playing very carefully so as not to remove that girth which is worth its weight in salary checks.

Ordinarily the life of a comedian is lacking in funny incidents, but one happened to McIntyre not long ago that is a classic:

He was playing a vaudeville engagement in Atlantic City. One afternoon he was standing in the lobby of his hotel when a man and a woman came swooping down upon him.

"How do you do, Mr. McIntyre," they chirruped. "Don't you remember us—the Smiths—New Orleans—Mr. Heath brought you out to our house to dinner when you were playing at the Orpheum in 'The Ham Tree.' Dear us, how long ago is that? Must be ten years," and so they babbled on.

Now Jim McIntyre, of McIntyre and Heath, is about old enough to be Frank McIntyre's father, and is small and very slim. But before Frank could get an opportunity to break into the eruption of greetings he had been introduced to several of their friends, and a dinner party was being arranged for that evening after the show. He decided to let it ride and see what happened, having a whole lot of fun inside. So he attended the dinner party, and let the Smiths of New Orleans spend a hundred or so dollars on expensive foods and drinks for their "dear friend, Mr. McIntyre of McIntyre and Heath." But one of the guests knew the other McIntyre, and Frank nearly broke his leg tipping him off to the joke. At that they both nearly exploded when Mrs. Smith, with the utmost solicitude, said in her maternal, advising, helpful way—

"Mr. McIntyre, I really think you ought to go back to blackface."



### The Milkman's Noon Hour

Editor PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—I overheard the milkman talking with our sociable janitor the other morning. "You know, Jake," he said to the gentleman d' garbage, "I kinda wish they would have all-night movies in this man's town—same as they do in Chicago. Then I could go to a show during my noon hour."  
—Berneice Reeves, Galesburg, Illinois.



Before going out, to keep your skin soft, clear and fine-textured, use Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is absolutely greaseless and vanishes the moment you apply it.

At night, to thoroughly cleanse your skin of all the dust and grime gathered during the day, use Pond's Cold Cream. It is an oil cream with just the right consistency—delicate, delightful to use.



# See why your skin needs two creams

**E**VERY woman who knows how to make her skin look its loveliest has found that, necessary as a cold cream is, it is not enough.

The skin also needs the protection a greaseless cream gives—a cream that can be applied while dressing, before going out.

Do you know how different Pond's Vanishing Cream is from any cream you ever used? It does for your skin something that no "cold" cream can do.

Rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the back of your hand. At once it disappears. Quickly your skin takes on a soft, creamy tone. Even one application gives a softness, smoothness and delicacy of coloring.

Whenever your skin feels dry or drawn, or your face shows fatigue, one application of Pond's Vanishing Cream will freshen it up at once. Entirely free from oil and absolutely greaseless, it lies cool

and smooth on the skin for an instant, then vanishes, leaving no trace except in the greater softness, the greater freshness of your skin.

### People with oily skins should use only a greaseless cream

For the average skin both an oil cream for cleansing and a greaseless cream for daytime use are needed. On the other hand, the famous skin specialist, Dr. William Allen Pusey, says that people with coarse pores and large fat glands should avoid fatty toilet preparations. If your skin is inclined to be coarse-pored, omit the nightly cleansing with cold cream and use only Pond's Vanishing Cream. Use it several times daily to soften and freshen the skin. You will find it ideally suited to your type of skin.

### A refreshing cold cream

Unless your skin is of the oily type, you should give it a thorough cleansing nightly with Pond's Cold Cream. The face is exposed to dirt during the day and it is almost impossible to keep your skin clear and fresh looking without this cream cleansing.

Tonight cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. This is an oil cream prepared especially for cleansing and massage. It is entirely free from pastiness. You will be delighted with the wonderful freshness it gives. Use it also for massage, where soft, smooth consistency is so important.

Use these two creams faithfully and see how much they will improve your skin. You can secure them both at any drug or department store—in tubes or jars.

### Test both creams free

Mail the coupon today for free samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream to test.

Or for larger samples, containing enough of both creams to last two weeks, send 10c to cover postage, packing, etc. Mail the coupon today. Address Pond's Extract Co., 136-M Hudson Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Pond's Extract Co., 136-M Brock Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

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Please send me free the items checked:  
 A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream  
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 Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount to cover postage, packing, etc.  
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 A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name.....  
 Street.....  
 City.....State.....



# "Cleaner Posters!"—New League Slogan

*Kansas City members of Better Photoplay League induce exhibitors to demand more wholesome lobby displays—their report a model to work by*

THE League has a gold star to mark the place of one of its Advisory Board, and we bow our heads a moment in respect to one who stood by the strength of her convictions in this movement. The reference is to Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, educator, of Chicago. Mrs. Young is well known on both continents for her staunchness of character and ability as an educator, and her fearlessness of action when she was convinced.

When the secretary of the League wrote to Mrs. Young and asked her to go on the Board she wrote back refusing, giving as her reasons:

"Three years ago I was invited to attend a presentation of a number of films that had been collected for use in schools and motion pictures houses under the heading of Better Films. The names of the women standing sponsor for the collection were sufficient guarantee of the quality—moral—of that which was suitable for children. I, as a matter of courtesy, went to the exhibition and the films were tiresome to exhaustion. They were all interiors of shops, fields of grain and other scenes in industries. I told the ladies that they certainly knew little of children's interests. I have very boldly suggested the reason why I evaded answering your courteous note. There is no doubt in my mind you may have succeeded in making an excellent collection, adapted to the need and interest of both adults and children, but that experience of three years ago created distrust in my mind, which makes me unwilling to endorse what I have not seen."

After receiving the secretary's reply to this letter stating the aims and objects of the League and its definitions of a worthy film, Mrs. Young replied immediately, saying, "The aim of the Better Photoplay League as stated by you is very attractive. It is a move in the right direction. I should be pleased to be counted as a member of the Advisory Board of the League."

Mrs. Young answered her country's call for service and headed a committee at Washington on educational affairs, and while at work was taken with influenza and died suddenly.

Let us "carry on" the good work she so heartily endorsed. Among the reports from two Branch Leagues for the month are two that show diverse methods of procedure and interpretation of what a better film movement consists of. Both have proven effective and most interesting, showing activity and persistence.

Mrs. Leslie Frank, chairman of the Community Branch League of Kansas City, read the reports of the League work in PHOTOPLAY. She wrote for information, after which she sent for a constitution and authority, and went to work in her community. Some two years ago Mrs. Frank won a contest by which she was declared by a group of art critics in New York City as one of the six most beautiful young women in America. This brought her a great deal of publicity at the time, and the papers in Kansas City gave much space to the fact. At that time she was approached by several producers, who suggested that she enter the moving picture world, but Mrs. Frank would not consider any step that would take her from her home and her two charming

children. However, her interest in pictures has developed and she is now one of the workers in the Better Photoplay League of America.

Mrs. Frank and her members felt that the first step towards helping to clean up the moving picture situation was to get the exhibitor to present a more sane and more truly illustrative poster exhibit of the pictures offered inside. The committee went the rounds, inspecting several theatres. One house had the front entirely plastered with brilliant placards showing the vampire in the leading role in all sorts of sensuous poses. At first glance it was a heterogeneous mess, but on close inspection it proved to be a series depicting the worst scenes in the film. The admission fee was small. The committee entered and found the film undesirable and being watched by a large group of children who did not understand it at all, and a few young people, who stared open-eyed, drinking it all in.

Another theatre was conspicuous for the poster display—neat, framed photographs and "stills" in a large glass-covered case, one large oil bust picture of the star. This display mirrored the type of picture being exhibited. It was a good, ordinary drama, not objectionable, and yet entertaining.

The committee discussed the day's survey at their evening meeting, and then deciding to take the aggressive course, visited the first exhibitor whose theatre they had found objectionable. After a lengthy conversation with him, they were told that he was "running his show, and that the posters were bringing him business, furnished him free, etc." They told him they were "running their homes" and paying his bills by their admission fees and that they would immediately organize a systematic boycott on his house if he did not render the front of his house less objectionable by eliminating the most obnoxious of the posters; and suggested that when his contract with the vampire company was over, to give the community instead good, wholesome dramas. They also informed him they would take up the matter with the larger civic organizations of the city, and apply for the assistance of members who resided in that section.

A week passed, uneventfully. Just before the meeting was called, they received word from the ailing exhibitor, asking them to come over and view his poster display, and see how they liked it. The new layout of posters was most pleasing to the League, and even the exhibitor admitted himself that it was far more attractive.

In reporting the affair to the parent organization, Mrs. Frank made the suggestions: "Cannot you make a stirring appeal to all Branch Leagues to fight this poster evil? That is what excites our boys and girls."

Mrs. Frank has struck a rising note in the Better Film Movement. Here is not the only request the parent organization has received in regard to fighting the lurid poster. Other organizations also realize that this is one of the best ways to combat the undesirable film.

The State Federation of Woman's Clubs of New York,  
(Continued on page 108)



Mrs. Leslie Frank, whose aggressive efforts won over a stubborn exhibitor in her home town, Kansas City to a belief in, not only better pictures, but in cleaner posters.



# Why the Brunswick Method of Reproduction Insures a Superior Phonograph



**Reason No. 1** The Brunswick Method of Reproduction includes the Ultona, a new conception in playing. The Ultona consists of an arrangement of the several necessary reproducing diaphragms upon one tone arm. This is an all-in-one arrangement, with no attachments—nothing to take off or put on.

At a turn of the hand, the Ultona is adapted to play any type of record. The proper diaphragm is presented, the exact weight, the precise needle. Thus the requirements of each type of record are met.

So each record, whatever make, is played exactly as it should be. The Ultona demands no sacrifice in tone, as attachments often do.

The Brunswick owner can choose records without regard to make. Every singer, every band, every musician, every selection may now be played at its best on the one phonograph.

**Reason No. 2** Equal in importance to reproduction is tone amplification. The Brunswick Method of Reproduction also includes a new idea in acoustics—The Brunswick Amplifier.

Old-time ideas were at variance. Some makers still cling to metal construction. Others use a combination of wood and metal—a wooden horn and a metal casting as the "throat." But the Brunswick Amplifier is oval in shape, and built entirely of wood, like a fine violin. It is molded of rare holly-wood.

Sound waves require uniform amplification to reach their fullness. You will note that The Brunswick tone is richer and more natural. Strident, metallic notes are absent.

Make comparison. Let your ear decide. Try to find an equal to Brunswick tone. You are bound to end such a search at a Brunswick Shop, where every opportunity will be given you to decide for yourself.

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# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



**YOU** do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenarion writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

**GERTRUDE, LONG BEACH.**—Positively, Marguerite Clark isn't dead. Please believe us. The watch on the Rhine is now keeping American time, you say. Yes, it has an American movement. Let's hear from you again, Gertrude.

**A. R., PALO ALTO, CAL.**—A friend of ours was advised to get an automobile to help him work up an appetite. He says he has the appetite now but he can't afford to eat. Wish I could print your letter. I can't do anything to still those slanderous tongues except to advise you not to listen. Indeed, I admire you for having the courage of your convictions, even if you did swear at the ladies and get pinched for it.

**EMILY, SAN DIEGO.**—Please help you? Sure I love vers libre. I wrote a dear little thing the other day. I called it "Ode to a Jelly Omelet." Or did Amy Lowell use that title once? I like your little friend, Doris Lee; I hope you have a pleasant visit with her. Yes, I'd like to meet her sometime. Constance Talmadge may not have time to answer your letter, but I believe she will send you her photograph. Her address is given elsewhere in these columns. (Sounds great, that.) Write soon again, Emily; and I insist that my vers libre, sung softly to lowered lights and sad music, would be much more effective than yours.

**PENDENNIS, PITTSBURGH.**—These new ladies are all right, I suppose. You have to hand it to a woman who can talk on anything from teleology to thaumaturgy; who knows all about the origin of the theorbo and all the principles of thermodynamics. But—I like a woman who says nothing at all and says it well; who wears one of these silver lockets on a black ribbon; and opens her eyes wide and says she never reads any of those English authors when you mention Joseph Hergesheimer. She thinks the nebular theory is something to carry from the wrist, like a coin purse. But I like her.

**J. H., PITTSBURGH.**—I have learned lately never to believe or care what people say, and it takes most people a lifetime to learn one of these lessons; to curse the Kaiser; to like ripe olives and H. G. Wells and that all is not gold that glitters in the top-knots of some blondes. PHOTOPLAY has not neglected Ethel Clayton. We have said some nice things about her. Her husband was

the late Joseph Kaufman, the director. Miss Clayton is twenty-nine; she has golden red hair and blue eyes. She's with Lasky now and may be addressed care that company's Hollywood studios. Will tell the Editor you want a story about her.

**GLADYS R., MINNEAPOLIS.**—Interview with Mary Pickford in July, 1918. There's something about her in almost every issue, Gladys. Write to her for a picture; she'll send you one gratis. Sure, stop in when you come to Chicago; I'll be glad to see you. Here's hoping you get to Cal.

**C. A. I., CRAFTON, PA.**—Dorothy Gish's address is the Griffith studios, Hollywood, Cal. She'll write to you, I'm sure. At this writing Dorothy and sister Lillian are just recovering from the flu. It held up work on Dorothy's new picture, and her director, Elmer Clifton, was also laid up; but Dorothy with her usual sang froid, said it was the fashion and they might as well have it and get it over with.

**LYOUD H. S., ST. JOSEPH, MO.**—So glad, Lloyd, that you finally decided to ask a few questions about the motion picture business. In reply would state that Billie Burke, Carmel Myers, and Mary Pickford wouldn't be mad if you wrote to them; that Mae Murray is, according to latest reports, to go to England to make pictures accompanied by hubby Robert Leonard; that Edna Goodrich makes pictures for Mutual; that Triangle isn't, any more; that those ladies do not give their ages, and that the Answer Man is pretty well tuckered out, and would you mind if I answered the rest of 'em some other time? Thanks awfully, Lloyd.

**PHIL, PENN.**—I have, I am proud and glad to say, broken more hearts than any one man in the world; caused more to curse deep into their pillows and to weep large, real salty drops at will—when I answer the question of "Is he married?" truthfully, as is my wont. But think—when I tell her he is married—think what it saves her in postage stamps! On the contrary—your assurance didn't allay my fears. Douglas MacLean—we say it *MacLane*—was born in your city; educated Northwestern U. Prep. School and Lewis Institute of Technology. He's in his early twenties, I think. No. I hope he proves to be your long-lost cousin. Same to you, and many of 'em.

**J. H. CULVER, WEST TORONTO, CANADA.**—Send that letter to us and we will forward it. There's little to grieve me in the world today. Only thirty-one people, having read all about it in the papers, wrote in to ask me if it is true that Charles Chaplin is married to Mildred Harris.

**SISTER-COUSIN, RICHMOND.**—Seems to me that would be worse than a mother-in-law. Still, I don't know; I never had a mother-in-law. Yes, that's a picture of the pretty perennial, Mary Smiles Minter. You girls are peevish because you have never discovered her fountain of youth. Have no record of Thelma. Who is Thelma; where is she?

**KENNETH HARLAN FAN.**—You probably read about him in Q's and A's for February. He was in France the last I heard. Yes—after a few minor injuries incurred on Peace and adjacent days, I determined to stick to the straight and narrow (osteo) path. I'd advise you to do likewise.

**EIGHTEEN, WASHINGTON.**—No, no, you can't disillusion me. I go right on building air castles, no matter how the price of building material soars. Thurston Hall? There's a story about him, in this issue, which I believe will tell you all you want to know. With DeMille-Artcraft last; he's back on the stage now. No, his eyes aren't blue; they're gray-blue. Your protestations of preference overwhelm me. Am I, really, the only Answer Man you ever loved?

**HELEN, VENICE.**—I have never seen Theda Bara's sister, but I don't believe she is a blonde. Her name, I know, is Loro. Note your comments. Perhaps.

**JANE NOVAK ADMIRER, QUEBEC.**—Wanda Hawley is married to J. Burton Hawley. Eileen Percy, Marjorie Daw are not married. Marguerite Marsh has one little girl, Betty. The other ladies have been married. I wish you the same.

**M. D. C., URBANA.**—Write to any music publisher, for a list of song hits. The latest I have heard of are: "The Busted Blues," "Quit Callin' Me Hon," "Oh Moon of the Summer Night," and "Everybody Shimmies Now." I have not heard these; only heard of them. I am going to do everything I can to see to it that this remains thus. I thank you.



## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

THOMAS A., GENEVA.—Sorry, but I can't help you. I don't know anyone who would be able to help you. There has got to be an audience to watch the players, you know; you can't all get on the screen. (Thank heaven!)

MARY L., ALLENTOWN.—Mary, we haven't any such book. I don't know what we could have said, ever, to lead you to believe that we might have such a book. If so, I apologize.

JESSIE GORDON K., ARIZONA.—So you think the red-headed lady is our better-half? I told her that and she almost died a-laughing. I asked her what she saw to laugh at and she looked at me and said, "Why, nothing." No, I'm not married to her, so don't take a toast to the little-lady-who-keeps-the-home-fires-burning for the Answer Man. If you've lived in Arizona for a year you must be able to laugh at the armored-toads and the submarine-toads and the airplane chickens—all wings and machinery—periscope-pigs, elongated canines, to say nothing of inhuman beings. I'll bet you work in a telegraph office. Ask some questions next time.

SAILOR BOY, W. PHILADELPHIA.—They weren't married when my stuff went to press. Did it inconvenience you much? If you kept a carbon copy of your letter to me, read it over carefully and maybe you'll understand why I get provoked occasionally.

NING NANG, CHRISTCHURCH, N. Z.—My idea of non-essential occupations is trying to keep the Kaiser from committing suicide. What's yours? Your questions are all out of order. You'll have to be more specific if you really want to know, for "the man who always wears a check suit with one button done up for a purpose" with Louise Fazenda might be Charlie Murray or Chester Conklin, whose tastes both run to that sort of thing on the screen. My dear, we could do most anything else for you, but we fear 'twould be impossible to get Olga Petrova to dance a jig. Anything else?

EDREA, NEWPORT, KENTUCKY.—There were two beautiful babies in the print of "The Venus Model" that I saw; Mabel Normand and—but I suppose you mean the child actress who played Mabel's little protegee, "Dimples" Briggs? Her name is Nadia Gary. The same little girl played *Alceste* in Virginia Pearson's "A Daughter of France."

J. R. MILLER, CHARLESTON, S. C.—My pet hobby? I suppose, since I'm in pitchers, I should say, "My Work." But it wouldn't be true. For more than anything I want—to help make Liberia known. Theda Bara is twenty-nine. I don't care what you say; this is Miss Bara's official age. Kitty Gordon is the Hon. Mrs. H. H. Beresford. It has been rumored that she was starting divorce proceedings against her husband, the Captain, in England; but Kitty has denied it. She has one daughter, Vera, who is about seventeen and who is a member of her mother's company. There were pictures of them in PHOTOPLAY for January. Yes, they're married. Drop in any time.

LILA, LEXINGTON.—No, no. Don't even think of such a thing. Improbable. Carlyle Blackwell was born in Syracuse, N. Y. None. Gail Kane was born in Philadelphia. Mollie King is on the stage now. I think Paul Willis is still in his 'teens, but I'm not sure about this. Probably nineteen or twenty. He takes juvenile roles, you know. Glad to help you, if I have.

IDA P., DALLAS.—No, he isn't married. Never has been and says he has no intentions of marrying. Don't know whether

you'd call this an encouragement or a downright rebuff. He isn't dead. Please believe us, as Antony is said to have remarked to Cleopatra. Anita Stewart is playing, now; she has her own company and releases her pictures through First National. At present she's in the west, working on "An American Girl," at the Lois Weber studios, under that directress. She has finished "Virtuous Wives."

MARY E. J., SEATTLE.—Now that the war is over, you have time to write? What are all you girls going to do now? The only Jane Gail I know was with Universal last. She was in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and after that in the Universal comedies. Believe she hasn't been active lately. You'll have to give me more facts about that picture before I can find it for you. Ask me some other questions next time. Thanks very much for all your good wishes; they are much appreciated by Mr. Johnson, and by this department also.

J. W. H., NEW YORK.—Not only because you are fifteen and afraid of us, but also because you refrained from confiding your movie ambitions, we are going to give you a mighty nice answer. No sarcasm or anything. We can be gentle on occasion; all strong men are gentle. Harrison Ford is still with the Constance Talmadge company; hope he's her permanent leading man; I like to see them together. He was awfully funny in "A Lady's Name." Write to him there; he looks kind and would dislike to break your heart by refusing you his photograph. If I were you I'd insist upon the personal autograph. Flop in again some time.

CUTE SIXTEEN.—No, you can't coax me into another peroration on sweet sixteen. You assure us solemnly that at times we sound rather peppy. Gosh, and we thought we earned our salary. Edith Story may be said to be still in pictures, although she is not working at present. She's left Metro. Pearl White is with Pathe, Jersey City, N. J. Pearl isn't married. Says she's been too busy. Owen Moore hasn't made any pictures for quite a while now.

LIBERTY BELL.—It's time to ring again. No; I didn't have the Spanish flu; I got my red nose from another cause entirely. Lila Lee, Lasky; Jack Holt, C. K. Young company (he's working now in "Cheating Cheaters"); Mary Miles Minter, American studios, Santa Barbara, Cal. Jack Mulhall and Wallie Reed are both fathers. I wouldn't call 'em pretty; they're both good friends of mine. Dorothy Gish—by the way we have had more queries about this young lady than anyone this month—is twenty. Norma Talmage, twenty-two; Billie Burke, thirty-three; Wallie Reid, twenty-seven; Doug Fairbanks, thirty-six. Some corking views concerning Doug in this issue.

FORD, MOLINE.—You say, "and there was no noise except the chug of the engine and the rattle of the loose machinery in the little old Ford." I'm afraid you're deaf, or else you don't mind noise. Another contribution: "Make Germany pay their fine; until they do we'll watch their Rhine." Dorothy Gish is blonde, but wears a black wig in her pictures.

ROBERT YOUNG, BALLARAT, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—Whenever I see Fairbanks walk through a gateway instead of climbing the fence I am worried for fear Douglas isn't quite himself. Your address is 169 Barkly Street, and you would like to exchange civilities and snap-shots with someone in New York, Chicago, or any one of our large cities. Go west young man.

(Continued on page 109)

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# Color Photography *and the* Motion Picture

*Why educational films, and not dramatic, are waiting for the development of the color film process*

By Terry Ramsaye

**A**MONG other distinctions, Old Mother Nature is quite an authority on color. And have you noticed, when Nature thinks especially well of anything she paints it red—red watermelon, red apples, red in the peach, red in the glory of the autumn, red in the rose, red for all that is earnest, rich and hearty. If the cherry was not red, I very much doubt if it could have ever hoped for the medal for pic filling.

The more I think about red, the more sure I am that Nature made green just so that red would stand out in contrast.

Think of a world of all things black and white! A black sea and a white beach—a white chorus in black flummeries, or per contra—black and white sunsets—black trees and black hills!

But that is the way the world looks to the motion picture camera. That is the way, speaking broadly and generally, that the camera makes its reports to us on the screen.

For many years inventors have been dallying with the problem of making the motion picture camera color sensitive, and to bring to the screen the exact colors of nature.

All illustrations from photographic enlargements of motion picture negatives copyrighted by C. L. Chester



The red tile roofs of the tropics, the cream-colored walls, the dazzling blue skies, the riotously rainbowed costumes of the natives, the biscuit-brown earth—mere black-and-white plates cannot convey any idea of these things—Cholo Indian celebration on the Island of the Sun, Lake Titicaca, Peru.

Even now a half a dozen little groups, each with its hopeful inventor, its business promoter and its financial angel, are at work on the yet unsolved problem of motion photography in natural color.

Several of these groups have come near to genuine success. Enough has been done to make it certain that ultimately the thing will be perfectly done. Some of the pictures already made are excellent. But the perfect color picture is yet to be

*(Continued on page 86)*





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(Continued from page 84)

achieved. That is a matter of more laborious years.

A few color pictures have at times reached the public in the larger metropolitan centers. But thus far the investments in research have been far beyond the returns.

Motion picture photography has two things to do and they are often confused. One is a dramatic and artistic function, to convey and depict on the screen emotions, motives, actions, ideas. The other function is that of making a record, a plain photographic record of the thing as it is, as nearly as possible as the eye sees it. The dramatic or entertainment picture is widely considered a more effective art medium in monochrome than it could possibly be in natural color. Color can have only a casual and incidental and occasional use in picture drama, and for those infrequent purposes methods now available for color treatment are ample. These methods will be discussed later in this article.

But the educational picture, the picture which deals with fact and the world just as it is, the picture which is intended to inform and to entertain by informing, demands color for the complete fulfillment of its mission. Without color the record is not complete.

And this means no restriction of possibility for color photography. It is a general opinion among serious students of the motion picture that the drama will not always be the greatest function of the films. The picture which is today called "educational" for the lack of better name has many fields of activity yet unentered. And every opportunity ahead of the educational picture is a color picture opportunity.

Of course the motion photograph of today does make a certain interpretation of color, rendering colors in varying tones of blacks and greys. Green grass is a lighter black and the blue of the sky is a curious velvety grey white. Competent hands can make this art, but not realism.

If it is our mission to depict for information purposes the scampering chipmunk, the budding rose, the billowing golden grain rolling across the mountain-hemmed mesa land, the swirling sea gardens with their bizarre denizens in riotous tropical hues, then we must seek to reproduce or at least approximate nature's own colors.

It is hardly important that we should set down here any of the intimately technical problems of the color photographer. However, it is obvious that the camera must record not only form but must make some memorandum of color which can be translated into that color itself in the making of the finished positive prints which are used for the projection of the picture on the screen. This means an analysis of light into the three primary colors in the negative and then a synthesis of these colors on the screen. Perfection then means three separate color records or negatives, and three colored positives. Physical complications arise at once. A compromise is the best that has been done yet. By using both sides of the film two color records can be presented and that is the way the best of the color pictures thus far attained have been made. One of the color records is in blue-green and the other in a red-orange. Nature's three primaries are thus represented by two compromises. The result is also a compromise and almost never is the color picture absolutely faithful. Bright red, for example, is not bright red in the picture, but a rich pastel pink instead. A faint suggestion of green often clings to the blue.

In all fairness to the process though, it should be said that the realism attained is astonishingly satisfactory. But it would be interesting indeed to know how much of this seeming realism is brought to the screen by the habits of the eye itself. The spectator knows that the grass is green; his eyes are sure of it, so if the film hints at green it has the eye jumping at a conclusion. If it were possible to watch the color pictures with an eye untrained in color experience the present color picture could not be so satisfactory.

In fact anyone who gives any time to the study of motion

The formerly noble red man painted his face to inspire terror in the hearts of his opponents. But this black-and-white doesn't look very fearsome, does it? Ah! You should glimpse this dreadful countenance in its real and ghastly shades. The Indian is a master of peculiarly horrible color combinations—This is the town crier of a Zuni village in New Mexico, announcing peace.



picture optics and photochemistry will swear never to believe his eyes again. Too many things happen on the screen that are not so.

The color picture as it can be made today can perform excellent service. As this article is written a series of rather creditable color pictures made under the best application to date of the process discussed here awaits the screen and will be presented in the larger cities. The subjects chosen for this premier are fortunate, one reel is devoted to an exploration of the flaming lava lakes of Kilauea, another to the undersea wonders of Catilina, the Indians of the northwest, and the like. The producers have quite automatically taken to the one field in which they can hope for dominance.

And while we are discussing natural color pictures, we must take cognizance of the un-natural color pictures—the hand-colored films and the more common tinted and toned films.

The hand-colored films, requiring costly and skilled work with a fine brush working under a strong magnification, is many years old. It has reached its best in Europe where before the war artisans were cheap. Excellent pictures have been made by

that hand-color process covering all manner of subjects. It is interesting to observe that hand-colored drama has met no special success, but that topical and educational pictures by that process have met a fair welcome. But the limitations of hand color on film are many and the cost of fine work almost prohibitive. Further hand-color can not satisfy even

### Ask This Department

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theaters.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures. (Send stamped envelope).

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the most casual scientific requirement. It is not a part of the "record."

The very generally used tinting and toning processes are those which impart color suggestion to the films that we see in the theaters every day. Tinting gives us blue or green night scenes, yellow sunlight, and the like. It is plain and simple dyeing of the film. Toning is a bit more intricate. It changes certain chemical aspects of the image on the film and gives the possibility of a second color. So by laboratory work any motion picture taken by any process can be given a two-color effect, which is all that the drama can well use and which often times helps out educational pictures considerably, particularly scenic and travel films.

But any such color treatment by dyeing is rather arbitrary in its effects and can not be anything more than a suggestion of the natural colors.

By the tinting and toning process we can have a green pasture, in tone, with a blue sky above, in tint, but the cream and red jersey cow in the foreground will also be reduced to greens and blues.

This effect may be very well for the spectator who knows a jersey cow when he sees one, but for Johnny Tenement Child it is all very bad, because he is likely to get the notion that cows come in green and blue. And that, you will agree, would be most un-educational.

All of which makes it certain that the perfect educational picture must be in perfectly natural color. And, as inevitable as the perfect educational itself is the perfect color process—it is yet of tomorrow.





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# Why-Do-They-Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**THIS** is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



## Remembah! Tarzan was a Superman

**I**N "The Romance of Tarzan," when Tarzan came to California, he road in a saddle as nicely and as comfy as though he had received years of equestrian training.

GAYTON McCORKLE, Havenford, Pa.

## A Pleasant Winter

**I**N "The Gypsy Trail," a Paramount picture starring Bryant Washburn, there was an interior scene, a mountain lodge, in which there was a roaring log fire. This looked very inviting and cheery—BUT—when the lovers went out into the garden, everything was in full bloom, as in midsummer.

In "Hobbs in a Hurry," an American picture, starring William Russell, a scene showed him giving his last cent to a railroad conductor, and he was put off the train at the next station. At that point he entered a Western Union office and wired his father, and paid the bill.

ELMER H. MAVER, Pittsburgh, Pa.

## Ouch!

**I**N Ethel Clayton's new film, "The Mystery Woman," after her leading man was wounded, he was told that he could return to the front again in three days if he would give up smoking. He immediately put his lighted pipe in his back pocket. Ouch!

FRED W. SIDLEY, Denver, Colo.

## Not Scared Out of His Boots

**I**N "Hell Bent," Harry Carey forces his "pard" to get out of bed and to jump out the window. When he lands he is wearing his boots. Do cowboys, then, wear their boots to bed?

Later in the same picture, Harry is supposed to be buried completely by a sandstorm, but a close-up after it passes shows plainly the footprints approaching the spot.

EDDY ARKEN, Ennis, Tex.

## The Drink Was Blushing for Him.

**S**AY, did you see George Walsh in "I'll Say So"? The drink he serves to the traveling salesman is as colorless as water until the salesman asks him why he isn't in the army, and then the drink suddenly shows up dark.

"NICHEVO," Boston, Mass.

## A Long, Long Trail!

**R**AWTHER late, old top, but I'd kinda like to get it outa my system. The little burg into which Marguerite Clark falls from "Out of a Clear Sky" is, or was, supposed to be in Tennessee. Yet, in spite of this, I observe on the tender of the engine shown the initials of the New York, New Haven & Hartford (N. Y. N. H. & H.) Railway. Has government control of railroads reached such a stage that New England trains are required to travel way way down theyah?

ROYSE SHELDON ALDRICH, Wichita, Kans.

## Russian Technique?

**I**N "The Changing Woman," starring Hedda Nova, Hedda is perched up on a table in a hotel dining room playing a guitar but instead of playing where it should be played, she plays it way up where the frets are and she uses no fingering and a ukelele stroke instead of picking it.

FOXLEY, Syracuse, N. Y.

## Art Is Often Simplicity

**T**HEY say photoplay directors should be students of pretty nearly everything in order that their pictures shall be, at least technically, correct. Doesn't, or shouldn't, this category of texts include typography?

Some of the most interesting and smooth-running of pictures are made almost incoherent by delirious subtitle artists whose notion of lily-painting an otherwise perfect production is in dolling up the y's and t's and g's with tails, horns, spirals, typhoons and other befuddling whatnot.

In reading one certain subtitle in Hart's "Branding Broadway," I devoted all of the brief instant of its presence on the screen toward trying to figure out what a "cat," mentioned in the second or third line, had to do with a most important situation; then to discover, at the last flicker, by unraveling the curley-cues of the "n" that the word was "can."

Decorate the subtitles all you want with sunsets, midnight moons, skulls-on-the-desert, yosemites and such—but please make the reading matter legible.

WILL MONTAGUE, Nutley, N. J.

## Wally Would Make a Fine Smuggler

**W**ALLACE REID certainly gets better every day, in fact in "Too Many Millions" he not only excels all of his past performances but has something on most bridegrooms we have seen.

He loses his millions, his car, spends his "change" for supper and then in the dead of night his clothes are destroyed by fire.

Without preparation and clad only in patch-work quilts, he and the heroine are married at once.

Question:

Where did "Wally" hide the new wedding-ring the bride looks at so lovingly at the close of the ceremony?

WILLIAM GORDON,  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

## We Can't Answer

**I**N the 12th episode of the "House of Hate" the Hooded Terror is shot. He was home and in bed when one of his gang came and told him the police were after him.

He got out of a window and climbed the water-spout to the top of the building.

Why is it that no matter how badly hurt a person is they can always get away?

M. L. P., Minneapolis, Minn.





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# Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about  
motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK

**MAE MARSH** is the latest of the real brides of the film world. She was won by one outside the profession, Louis Lee Arms, a New York newspaper writer who entered the naval aviation service some time ago. The marriage occurred on September 21 just before Miss Marsh left for the Coast.

Wallace MacDonald, who enlisted last spring in the Canadian artillery, is back on Broadway (N. Y.). He hoped to get overseas but influenza and the armistice prevented. Bert Lytell is busy again on the Metro lot, after a short time spent in an officers' training school at Waco Texas.

ties of a movie star's life, such as pearls or Pomeranians, if we are to judge by the fact that she recently had more than one hundred thousand in cool cash on hand. Miss Pickford deposited the cash instead of giving a bond to cover her appeal from the judgment for \$108,974 obtained against her by Cora C. Wilkening. Much of the Pickford fortune, it is understood, is invested in government bonds and other securities.



Louise Glauam has announced that she has quit vamping, and is now to be an adventures. Her first picture for her new company is called "Sahara," and here are Louise and her leading man, Matt of the Moores, making up on location, on the great Oxnard desert. Well, many an adventure has occurred on the desert, though, personally—

**TWO** Laskyites to return were Lieutenant Tom Forman, a volunteer of the early war days, and Eugene Pallette. Tom enlisted as a private but did not remain in the ranks long. 'Gene was with the high flyers.

Other returning players were Rex Ingram and Eddie Sutherland, both of the British Royal Flying Corps. Rex was immediately welcomed back to Universal's directorial staff. Eddie used to play juvenile leads for Mack Sennett. He is a son of Julie Ring, the vaudevillian, and a nephew of Tom Meighan.

Captain Norman Kerry of the Tank Corps will be coming back soon. Lieutenant Earl Metcalfe has been mustered out after one year in France with the Rainbow Division. Metcalfe is an old Lubin favorite, and his last screen appearance was in a serial, with Zena Keefe.

**IT** may mean nothing to the younger set of theatregoers that Hal Reid will devote his future activities to the screen. Everything that Hal Reid is the male parent of the w. k. William Wallace Reid. But the older generation remembers Hal as a writer of melodrama for the stage in its palmy days. He wrote over a hundred successes including "Human Hearts" and now he is to have charge of Universal's scenario department.

**HOW** much cash do you carry? Sometimes the foxiest financier has the puniest pocket-book. It is said that John D. Rockefeller was once hard put to it for street car fare, while J. P. Morgan found himself far from home without even a nickel to telephone. But Mary Pickford need never worry over the wherewithal for any of the little necessi-

**MISS THOMAS**, an Olive for whom it is no effort to cultivate a taste, isn't going to desert the creeping pastels, after all. She has signed a contract with the newly-formed Selznick Pictures corporation (Myron Selznick, son of *the* Selznick) at a cheerful salary. She wants to act in adaptations from well-known plays, else, she says, she might as well have stayed with Ziegfeld's Follies.

**"THE Triumph of Death,"** by Gabriele D'Annunzio, whose recent flights from Italy's battle-fields have quite put his poetical flights in the shade, is to be set to celluloid by Metro, with Dolores Cassinelli, herself an Italian, as the principal performer. D'Annunzio set his own cinema record when he wrote and supervised "Cabiria," in Italy several years ago. "Cabiria" was the first "feature" picture and it has never suffered through comparison to more recent screen spectacles.

**ALMA RUBENS** is working again, on a five-reel Russian film affair. The dusky-eyed star registered one continual close-up there for a while, for a public keenly intrigued by her marriage to Franklyn Farnum, also of the films; her divorce; her subsequent illness, and, with the passing of Triangle from active picturedom, her absence from the screen. Her return will be conducted under Robertson-Cole auspices.

**CANADA** seems to have just cause for her complaint against some of the American hurrah films. Citizens of the Dominion have declared against the pictures which glorify to the nth degree America's participation in the war and disregard the part played by Great Britain and Canada. Canada's aversion to the fire-works and hokum of some sensational producers is not to be wondered at. Moreover, our northern neighbors admit America's big service in the European mix-up; they are only asking

(Continued on page 92)



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## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 90)



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Hartsook

Charles Gunn, one of the screen's most capable young leading men, died December 6, in Los Angeles, of influenza. Gunn has supported such stars as Bessie Barriscale, Louise Glau, and Enid Bennett.

for fair play. It does seem rather like hogging the camera.

**I**T transpires that the next work of Maestro Griffith is a visualization of "The Chink and the Child," one of the stories in Burke's "Limehouse Nights," a collection of strange and terrific tales of subterranean London. Lillian Gish is the "child" and Dick Barthelmess the "chink."

**C**EILE G. TURNER, an actress for the Crystal Film Company, while enacting a scene in the woods, broke her ankle in falling from a tree before the camera. She sued. When the case came up in court, Ceile had the film of the accident right there to run off to convince the jury. She alleges the Crystal was negligent in not preparing a safe place for her to drop; the defense says the actress assumed the risk with the part. Anyway, this is the first time a filmed accident has been viewed in deciding a case, although the motion picture has invaded the court times innumerable.

**A**LTHOUGH she won film fame as the leader of Mack Sennett's beauty chorus, Mary Thurman has gone lately in for the serious stuff, playing Bryant Washburn's feminine lead in a forthcoming Paramount. Not so surprising as it seems, considering the thoughtful vocation Mary pursued before the camera caught her. She was a school-teacher.

**K**ATHERINE BLYTHE was divorced from John Blythe recently at Santa Barbara, Cal. Which would not have attracted any interest at all but for the fact that John is our esteemed star, Jack Barrymore. His erstwhile wife is known to screen followers as Katherine Harris Barrymore.

**F**RANCES MARION, scenarioist extraordinary who quit a thirty thousand a year job with Artcraft-Paramount to enter the government employ at \$1 a year was the first American woman to reach the Rhine, according to press cables from the Army of Occupation. Miss Marion is preparing a series of screen stories which are to be produced by Uncle Sam's celluloidists.

**C**ATHERINE CALVERT, the beautiful widow of the late Paul Armstrong, was mentioned recently in the Los Angeles press as a prospective bride. She declined to comment on the current rumors that she was to wed Colonel R. C. Carruthers, a millionaire Canadian, who is spending the winter in California. Miss Calvert went to Los Angeles to take an important role in the Salvation Army film being made by Lasky and in which Commander Evangeline Booth plays the leading part. Ruby de Remer, a well known Broadwayite, also participates and Eugene O'Brien is the chief male.

**W**HILE on the subject of Broadway beauties it may not be amiss to record the fact that Kay Laurel who has decorated many an edition of Mister Ziegfeld's Follies has joined the filmers. She is making her debut in a leading role of the next Rex Beach picture to be turned out by Goldwyn in the newly acquired Culver City studio relinquished by Triangle.

**C**HARLES GUNN, one of the most popular of the leading men in the Los Angeles film colony, died, a victim of influenza, on the eve of a return to the legitimate stage for a brief engagement. His death occurred on Friday, December 6. The following Monday he was to have opened at the Morosco Theater, Los Angeles in "Pals First" playing the same role on the stage that the late Harold Lockwood played in the film version just before the latter's death from the same disease. Mr. Gunn was 35 years old and married. It was while nursing his wife that he contracted the illness which caused his death. Mr. Gunn was recruited from the stage to play leads for Thomas H. Ince in the latter's Triangle days. His first work was opposite Enid Bennett. Since that time he played opposite nearly all of the Ince stars and then went to the ill-fated Paralta. He played with Bessie Barriscale and his last picture was opposite Madame Yorska, in "The Eternal Net."

**N**O peace conference followed the split between Doug Fairbanks and Director Allan Dwan, as predicted by the Hollywood board of strategy. It had been rumored that Dwan, who drew a salary of \$2000 weekly for directing the athletic star for a year would return, but scouts of the intelligence division report that the parting between star and director was such that not even a Wilson speech at a Versailles conference could ever bring them together again—except as combatants.

(Continued on page 94)

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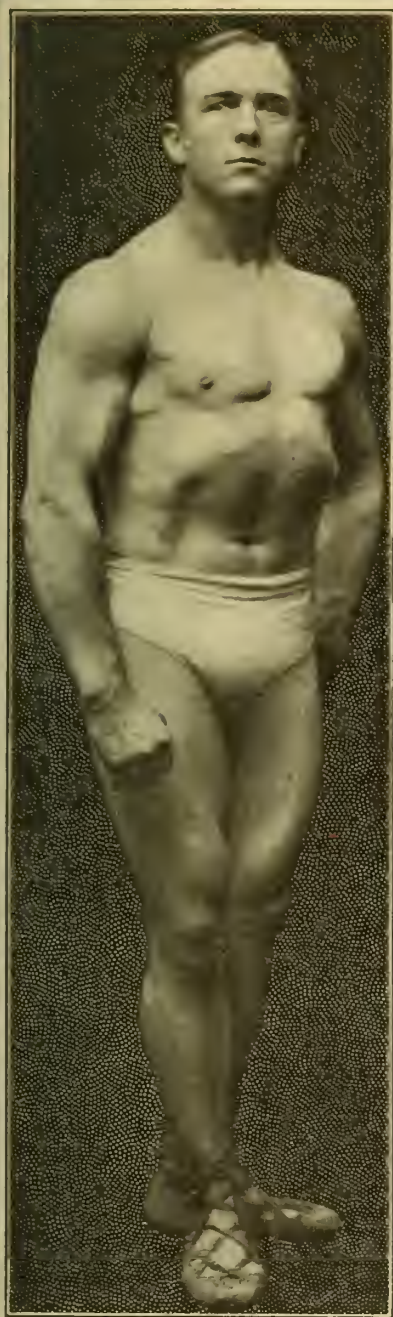
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## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 92)

H. B. WARNER is the papa of a baby girl. Mrs. Warner is known professionally as Rita Stanwood. You'll remember H. B. in Ince's "Shell 43," and "The Beggar of Cawnpore," and in Frohman's "God's Man." His wife has appeared with him in several productions.

ANOTHER convert to Calilfilnia is Frank Mayo, formerly leading man for World, in Fort Lee. Now he is working on the Universal lot with Mary MacLaren and can't say enough for the climate etcetera. Wait—wasn't he a westerner for Balboa a spell back? Of course; how one does forget these things!

WILLARD MACK has written a play, called "Lady Tony," and his wife, Pauline Frederick, is going to act in it next September. Miss Frederick has a contract with A. H. Woods, the producer, to appear on the stage for the next three years. This will not, however, affect her screen appearances; she goes to the coast in January, for Goldwyn, and she will make pictures for them until the time comes to resume her legiti-

mate activities. It is said Willard Mack, also, will act in "Lady Tony."

THE picture players of Los Angeles have formed a union, the aim of which is to bring the photoplay actor into the ranks of organized labor. The formation of Local No. 1 and the election of officers under the charter granted by the American Federation of Labor, mark a pursuance of plans to give the filmers and the filmed the advantages enjoyed by any craftsman belonging to a labor organization.

"DADDY LONG LEGS" is the first of the Mary Pickford independent pictures to be completed. Marshall Neilan was the director, loaned by Harry Garson with whom he is associated; and Miss Pickford was regarded as very fortunate in being able to secure the services of the director who made "Rebecca," "Stella Maris," "Amarilly" and others of her Artcraft pictures. Mahlon Hamilton played the name part in "Daddy Long Legs" loaned by the Kitty Gordon company.



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Years and years ago—six, to be exact—Viola Dana was wringing tears from thousands as the child in "The Littlest Rebel." At that time Fred Kley was stage manager of the company. Now Viola is Metro's star weeper, while Fred is studio manager of Lasky's in Hollywood. Miss Dana is in the West now, and often on her way to and from the Metro studio drops in at Lasky's to see sister Shirley Mason, and incidentally to talk over old times with Fred.

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—the Celebrated  
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## Plays and Players

(Continued)

**T**HERE'S no limit to the public's curiosity to see its newly-wedded idols. They flocked to see "Little Miss Hoover," the tiny Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams' first photoplay. (Under its original title, "The Golden Bird," this story appeared in last month's issue of PHOTOPLAY.) It wasn't long before some bright-eyed fanette caught the glimmer of the little band of gold on né Marguerite Clark's fourth finger. She wears her wedding ring all the way through the picture, although as *Nancy Craddock* she does not come to the conventional orange-blossom finish until the last reel. My, but she takes her marriage seriously!

**F**ILM magnates have come to the manufacture of movable strips of celluloid from such professions as managing nickleodeons and selling furs. But it remained for Al Kessel, pioneer film man, and the K of Kay Bee (the B standing for Bauman)—to reverse the usual order of things by leaving the film business for the fish business. No matter what you *might* say, there is not the remotest connection between the two. Mr. Kessel is going to sell fish on a lavish scale; he's an exporter and has already disposed of a million and a half pounds of fish to the Canadian Government. Fillums—or fish? Consult Mr. Kessel.

**G**UESS who Jack Pickford's new boss is! Give up? Well, it's his "ma." Sure enough, as they say in Texas; and she's a pretty good boss too as she slips Jack a check each Saturday night that nets him 2,000 round dollars. Jack is making a series of three pictures for Mrs. Pickford which the latter turns over to the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. The director is James Kirkwood, who once officiated in like capacity for Sister Mary. Jack's last motion picture salary before joining the navy last March was \$400 a week—from Lasky—so it will be seen that the war wasn't so terribly calamitous for Jack. According to the film wiseacres, the raise came like this: When Mrs. Pickford was negotiating with First National for Mary's pictures, she imposed a condition that three pictures with Jack as the star be taken at \$50,000 each as well as three of Mary at \$250,000 each. Greatly desiring the Mary Pickford pictures the F. N. agreed to take Jack's also from Mrs. Pickford, acting as manufacturer and vendor. Jack's pictures were enjoying much popularity up to the time he quit the screen to help out the navy.

**I**F all press agents are truthful, there will be such a hegira of stars to France within the next few months as will depopulate the film centers of East and West, as well as all intermediate points. Doug Fairbanks was the first to announce, at the ending of the Continental fuss, that he was going to France to make some pictures. Mary Miles Minter also plans a similar journey as do Mary Pickford, Louise Lovely, and others. Alice Brady thinks she will go, too; and Pearl White may take her serial company over in the near future.



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(2096)



# Plays and Players

(Continued)

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**MORE** flu news: Douglas MacLean and Jane Novak of the Ince studios; Alma Rubens; Claire duBrey, free lance vamp and most recently with Dustin Farnum in "The Man in the Open;" Douglas Gerrard and Paul Powell, Universal directors; Dick Jones, Sennett comedy director; J. G. Hawkes, Goldwyn scenario chief, were among others who had it.

**WHEN** the will of the late Harold Lockwood was filed in New York, several interesting facts came to light. One, that his widow, Alma Lockwood, is not mentioned in the list of beneficiaries. Lockwood, although a film star who brought down a considerable salary, left only \$45,000, \$20,000 of which was in life insurance policies of \$10,000 each; the remainder in real and personal property. The policies go to his mother, who lives in New York, and his ten-year-old son, who resides with the widow in Los Angeles. The \$25,000 is to be equally divided among the mother, son, and Gladys W. Lyle, a friend of the actor, who also resides in Los Angeles. It is not known whether the widow, from whom Lockwood was separated, signed away her dower rights when they parted or will make claim to the realty of the estate.

**CAPTAIN WALTER LONG**, late of the Coast Artillery, walked onto Director George Melford's set at the Lasky studio in Hollywood. "Well, George" said the captain, "I'm out of the service and back to work." "That's nice" said the director, "just peel off that coat and cap and get in that set; you're a private now." And Walter took his place in a scene for Ethel Clayton's picture "Private Pettigrew's Girl." Long was the first of the Lasky regulars to return to work, just as he was the first to enter the service. Despite his year and a half in uniform he never got away from the Coast, despite numerous applications for active service.

of it is that he got on and stayed on by holding on to the saddle. It is a matter of note that Neilan, who directed Mary's "Daddy Longlegs," hasn't forgotten the incident and even likes to tell about it.

**COLONEL WILLIAM SELIG** is planning to revive "animal stuff." The veteran producer believes that the public will like it as well as it did in the "Adventures of Kathlyn" days. Mebbe so and mebbe not. Anyhow, the Colonel has a fine assortment of lions and tigers and a choice lot of other jungleers and he feels that they might as well be earning their keep. And Essanay, in Chicago, apparently reached the conclusion, after "peace," that their plant might as well be in use; so we may expect another production spurt from this quarter.



The Late Samuel Goldfish.

**THREE** of the four Moore brothers, Tom, Matt and Owen, had a holiday reunion with their mother in Hollywood, Owen being the last to reach the Coast. Matt played the male lead in the big Garson-Neilan production of "The Unpardonable Sin" with Blanche Sweet and also the lead in "Sahara" with Louise Glaum. Joe Moore, the youngest of the brothers is with the Wild West Division in the Armerican Army of occupation.

Not dead, but legally annihilated. By permission of the New York courts the head of the Goldwyn corporation has become Samuel Goldwyn, and Goldwyn is henceforth his family name. "Goldwyn" was originally a piece of corporate nomenclature, derived from the names of Samuel Goldfish and Edgar Selwyn, founders of Goldwyn Pictures.

**YOU** read last month in these columns of the contemplated combination of Allan Dwan and Marshall Neilan which—if their plans had not fallen through—would have meant glorious directorial achievements. It reminds us of the Dwan-Neilan association of other days, when Dwan, directing, was still unknown and Mickey—well, Mickey's status was that of an actor seriously looking for a job. He came to Dwan, who was putting on a western at the time. Dwan asked him if he could ride. "Why, sure," said Mickey, who had mounted a horse perhaps once or twice in his life. The joke

**THE** "flu" continued its havoc in the California studios during December. Among those who died during the month were Wayland Trask, a Sennet player, Director William Wolbert, for a long time with Vitagraph and Universal and Harold Percival, technical director for Thomas H. Ince. Rex Weber, a young director who worked for Lubin, Titan, and Rex in the old days, and who most recently assisted in the direction of "The Birth of a Race," succumbed to 'flu pneumonia in Chicago. J. Warren Kerrigan was stricken with double pneumonia and was at the point of death for several days. Mabel Normand and her leading man John Bowers were among the afflicted.

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## Plays and Players

(Concluded)

**L**OUISE GLAUM, after a rather unsatisfactory experience with the late Paralta, returns to the screen under rather auspicious conditions in "Sahara," a story written for her by C. Gardner Sullivan and produced under the supervision of Allan Dwan. It is described as a modern story set in oriental environment but the once famous "peacock vampire" does no vamping despite the Vampish surroundings. The vehicle, however, gives her an opportunity to show her ability as an interpreter of tense dramatic roles. Since the so called stronger sex, led by Lew Cody, has begun vamping, the so called weaker sex has sorta cut it out. Other times, other customers, as the Romans used to iterate.

**R**UMORS that Kitty Gordon was to marry her manager Jack Wilson did not exactly pan out. At any rate there was a business—or-other—disagreement and Wilson returned to vaudeville while Kitty continued making pictures in Los Angeles for United without the aid of a manager. But—Wilson's vaudeville engagement lasted only one day, and now he's back in Hollywood. You see now where we get that "coast-to-coast" line, don't you?

**J**ULIAN ELTINGE has forsaken the screen—left it flat as it were—to give the lovers of vaudeville a treat. He began his season in Los Angeles and the entire film colony turned out at his first night to cheer "Bill" on his way. He has an entire vaudeville road show of his own. Eltinge's last film play was "Over the Rhine" and at this writing the jury hasn't decided whether the finish of the war has put it in the non-essential class.

**C**LARA KIMBALL YOUNG and the Select Company had a disagreement over money and the action of the company was regarded as a violation of her contract, according to Miss Young. If the controversy was not patched up between the time this issue went to press and this date, Miss Young is now a free agent. There has been more or less dissension ever since Miss Young contracted with Louis J. Selznick to do Select pictures. "Cheating Cheaters" from the Max Marcin stage success, was her last for Select. It was directed by Allan Dwan.

**A**NTHONY PAUL KELLY, the scenarionist and author of the successful "Three Faces East," is a Chief Yeoman in the Navy, attached to the Division of Films. Recently Kelly made an agreement with Mary Pickford to write for her five original photoplays, for which he was to receive \$25,000. He had the five plots outlined and submitted to Miss Pickford for her consideration. Her enthusiasm fired him, so much so that he let out the glad news a little ahead of time. Result: Kelly received a communication from Admiral Usher to this effect: "Are you in the navy or in motion pictures?" Kelly's reply: "I am in the navy." Good enough for a subtitle for a Kelly war picture, isn't it?



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# The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 69)

indeed, Gabrielle of the Lilies is luxurious and supple and, anon, bewilderingly and wonderfully gowned and hatted. Young Mr. Pilcer, Gaby's dancing partner in America, plays a minor seducer in acceptable fashion. The scene of the twinkling legs descending a staircase is such absurdly simple shooting that we're amazed that it has never been done by our home directors in their attempts to represent the spectacles of the theatre. Many patently Parisian locations, interiors and supernumeraries contribute the charm of the unusual.

## THE WILDCAT OF PARIS—Universal

In its campaign to make a star of Priscilla Dean Universal finds its best story so far in "The Wild Cat of Paris," the annal of a young Apache's reclamation when confronted by the great emergency of France. The story runs fairly consistently throughout, except that the usual underworld stuff, by way of preliminary, is not only overdone, but overdone in the grand old manner of those whose nearest approach to a real Apache den has been some dance resort in New York. After the attempted robbery of the artist's house the slow reconstruction of the girl's spirit commences, and, with various personal and patriotic episodes, continues in a believable manner. Miss Dean is her flashing self—not always nor often a good actress, but always an effervescent young girl. Louis Darclay and Edward Cecil have the leading male roles.

## ONCE TO EVERY MAN—Sherrill

Larry Evans' story, of the above title, had deserved serial and book popularity. If William L. Sherrill's picturization does not duplicate that premier popularity in every particular, we'll be amazed. For the principal reason that here is a careful, consistent, intelligent effort to do justice to a good tale—not to make it a loose-jointed and inconsistent vehicle for somebody of big-type dimensions. Denny Bolton, as described by Evans, was a country boy fighting an inherited craving for booze. When the girl he loved doubted him it broke the last of his ties, and, falling in with a humorous sporting writer, fancied that any young man who could survive a hard kick in the stomach by a horse ought to contain great fighting timber, he went to the city and actually became championship material—returning to claim his repentant young sweetie, and under the government air service. Jack Sherrill, as Denny, is delightful. Denny is by far the best part he has ever played. The fight scenes are great, and some of the training scenes—for instance, the one in which the tough pug walks all around the young and hammered aspirant to see what can possibly be holding him up—are uproarious. Thanks to the producers, also, for introducing in a leading part the demure and really delectable little Wintergarden peach, Mabel Withee. Mr. Sherrill's production manifests a general air of intelligence, good construction and good direction. The adaptation of Evans' story was by Tony Kelly.

## THE HEART OF WETONA

George Scarborough wrote this story of an Indian girl's wrongs and eventual justification, for stage production by Mr. Belasco. It is even more truly adapted to the cinema, for the vast spaces of the Western country, the real breath of an outdoors story, can never be reproduced within the confines of the limited stage. As Mr. Scarborough has it, Wetona is the daughter of Chief Quannab and his white wife. She has been educated,



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## The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

and returns to the plains after her college days. Here she loves and yields to one Anthony Wells, the teacher of the local school, but her secret is quite her own until, selected as a virgin in an ancient Indian ceremonial, she cannot falsely accept this traditional and sacred honor. Upon her confession to her father John Hardin, the Government agent who is quite openly in love with her, is suspected by the old Chieftain, and a finely arranged skein of complications begins untangling. Norma Talmadge, as Wetona, again employs her varied resources of subtlety, passion, pathos, humor, intelligence and sheer sex appeal: all, to great advantage. It does not seem to me that Wetona is one of her best performances, but it is a very fine one, and the rest of the production measures up to it. Fred Huntly as Quannah, Gladden James as the schoolmaster and Thomas Meighan as the government agent are the trio chiefly and ably in support of the star. But no more praise should be accorded anyone than S. A. Franklin, for his splendid direction.

### THE CODE OF THE YUKON—Select

Mitchell Lewis' first starring vehicle is the story of a man dedicated to vengeance—always a poor business, either in life, on the screen, or between pages. It has, furthermore, the disadvantage of presenting Mr. Lewis in a romantic role rather than a character part—and if ever a man was truly a character actor, that man is Mitchell Lewis. The story is by Tony Kelly, and while it does him no particular credit, the scenario does him even less. There is at least one amazing interposition of Providence which I misdoubt was Kelly's writing. Good support by such people as Tom Santschi, Vivian Rich and Goldie Caldwell, with good scenery, bolster up a poor plot.

### THE ROAD THROUGH THE DARK—Select

Add this to non-essential war industries. As a story it is a sort of mawkish "La Tosca," with a ruination added to make it believable. Gabrielle Jardee, a French girl, becomes the mistress of Karl, Duke of Streilitz, when that worthy's troop of noble Teutonic ravishers enter the district where Gabrielle lives. Of course Gabrielle does not consort with the enemy except for a price, and that price is intelligence which she conveys in cipher letters to an American officer sweetheart. Finally, after accompanying Karl back to his own hinterland, she kills him and conveniently escapes across the border in a stolen car. And, of course, the American writhes around a bit but eventually accepts her for the heroine she is. Now with this same story a Galsworthy could make a human masterpiece, for it's not what happens to people, but what they do about it, that is the substance of literature. In "The Road Through the Dark" Clara Kimball Young sighs through five reels as the immolating Jardee, capably supported, principally by Jack Holt. Where do they get their atrocities—this kind—the conventional kind? Does it all come out of the same film can?

### THE LIGHTNING RAIDER—Pathe

By gosh, they've got a new one in Pearl White's latest serial: a villainous Chink, in New York's Chinatown, has beneath his apartment a well of horror. In it he keeps an octopus, and the octopus is at once the Chinaman's kept murderer, undertaker, embalmer, sexton and graveyard. This delicate fancy would have given Edgar Allan Poe one of the happiest days of his life,



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# The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

but, it is hardly necessary to add, these authors haven't made their little notion the grisly terror it would have become beneath the pen of the melancholy gentleman from Baltimore. However, the kindly octopus is only one of many things in "The Lightning Raider," the best thing about which is the always energetic and always photographically lovely Pearl White. Warner Oland plays the Chinaman, and the maladventures come even more rapidly than usual.

LITTLE MISS HOOVER—Paramount

Perhaps you read this delightful story in the pages of last month's PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, under its original name, "The Golden Bird." As a bit of romantic fluff, with a good patriotic tinge which is both pleasant and realistic, it has seldom been equalled in Paramount annals. Marguerite Clark plays Nancy Craddock, the girl whose original food-slogan is "Eggs will win the war!" Eugene O'Brien, Alfred Hickman and Forrest Baldwin are other important members of the cast.

THE SPENDER—Metro

You will have to hark back to Bert Lytell's first motion picture story, "The Lone Wolf," to find anything which fits him so perfectly as this. Yet this is no more like "The Lone Wolf" than a Jonathan apple is like an orchid. It is not a melodrama, a fight nor an adventure; it is the persuasion of a good-natured young man upon a narrow, crabbed old uncle—a persuasion to loosen up and be human, to try to be happy himself and to make other people happy. It has a tremendous amount of quaint human interest. It has character and humor. And it has what many a good story lacks in its final revelation—a remarkable cast and almost flawless interpretation. Lytell plays the boy with a most appraisable disinclination to "be a star." In fact there are few situations in which he has the center of the stage. Thomas Jefferson plays the rejuvenated uncle, but William V. Mong as Stetson, a kindly old accountant, actually has it on him for a great piece of character acting.

THE CAPTAIN'S CAPTAIN—Vitagraph

Vitagraph Eastern seems to be deteriorating. One smashing drama in which Harry Morey and Betty Blythe figured is the only thing I have seen in a year which at all reflected the glory of days when Blackton, Ralph Ince and a few others were the artistic powers behind the managerial throne. "The Captain's Captain" has a delightful story, and it had, in this Vitagraph filming, one of the greatest of casts. Alice Joyce played the Captain's niece; Julia Swayne Gordon and Eulalie Jensen, a pair of the great Vitagraph emotionalists of other years, were among the playing names; Maurice Costello returned as the leading man; Arthur Donaldson and Percy Standish, good actors both, complete the list. Yet, the total result is—stupidity.

THE POOR RICH MAN—Metro

A plausible tale by Elaine Sterne and A. S. Levino, in which James Carter, a man of considerable wealth, plans to find out in life what might happen to his inheriting family after his death—principally, whether his son will turn out a man or an it. So Carter drops out of sight with abundant evidence of decease, and young man Vantyne Carter goes it alone. To success, of course, but to a success reached only after a good many stops and side issues. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne

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## The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

are to be seen in the principal parts. Stuart Holmes returns to the screen in one of his accustomed heavies, after a long absence. The story is well developed, the subtitles are, in the main, human and often humorous, and there has been especially good dramatic construction manifested by scenario writer and director—said director, as usual in Mr. Bushman's pictures, being Charles L. Brabin.

### IN BRIEF

"Fuss and Feathers" (Paramount)—not all fuss, and deeper than feathers, too. A speedy and charming comedy with Enid Bennett, plus the best direction that Fred Niblo, her husband, has ever given a photoplay.

"Danger, Go Slow!" (Universal)—Mae Murray in a rural melodrama. Artificial, but will doubtless please those who wish Miss Murray to take at least one wallop at every style of picture.

"Wild Honey" (DeLuxe)—A three-part—not three-reel—story in which practically the entire lives of heroine and hero are encompassed. A fair story, well made photographically. It stars Doris Kenyon.

"Little Orphant Annie" (Selig)—James Whitcomb Riley's poem of the lonely little girl who "came to our house to stay." A photoplay which does reverent justice to the great dead lyricist, and is a compliment to its maker, Colin Campbell, and to the charming little star, Colleen Moore.

"Goodbye, Bill!" (Paramount)—An Emerson-Loos satire on what might have been the passing of the Kaiser. Comic, but still, not in their best vein.

"Quicksand" (Paramount)—A transparent account of the adventures of a young wife along the highroad of deprivation and trouble. Miss Dalton is better than the literary buggy she rides in.

"The Mystery Girl" (Paramount)—George Barr McCutcheon's reliable old string of minor crowns and subsidiary thrones jangling to the new tune of war music. Ethel Clayton.

"Wives and Other Wives" (Pathe)—Mary Miles Minter. Kind of a derailed farce, it seemed to me. The vacant will laugh. But then, they always do.

"Sylvia on a Spree" (Metro)—I think you will have a pretty thin time at this one. It's a highly unoriginal story of a fenced-in girl who takes one look at fast life, gets picked up in a raid, and settles down within her wedding ring forever after. Emmy Wehlen is to be observed as Sylvia.

"A Lady's Name" (Select)—An adaptation of the play by Cyril Harcourt. A graceful comedy whose sure touches give it an appearance of much more substance than it really possesses. With Constance Talmadge, Walter Edwards' direction and a good cast it is bona-fide entertainment.

"The Midnight Patrol" (Select-Ince)—A piece of Ince's direction that will remind you of "The King of the Highbinders"—or it will remind Wallie Reid's father of some of the shockers he used to write himself. Laid in San Francisco's Chinatown, it is good open-face melodrama.

"Hoarded Assets" (Vitagraph)—One wishes for better things for that actor of really tremendous potentialities, Harry Morey. However, this piece is better than some Vitagraph has given him, and, what with people like George Majeroni and Betty Blythe in the cast you needn't dodge it when it gets to the house nearest your block.

"The Man Who Wouldn't Tell" (Vitagraph)—Earle Williams, in a variant of "The Man Who Stayed at Home." James Young's direction lifts this above the ordinary.

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## The Story of My Life

(Continued from page 71)

My Parisian debut was effected under difficulties. To add to the inevitable excitement, the steamer was delayed, my trunks went astray and finally I was greeted with the information that I had just one day to prepare for "La Lille Lumiere."

My fortune turned, however, with the receipt of a wire from my dressmaker informing me that she had "completed a whole Juliet outfit for immediate use." This helped ease my mind, for I had learned early that to my profession the subject of dress was quite as important as the subject of voice. I remember I hummed some of my scales on the docks, waiting for the train and that night I slept rather peacefully in the express. I gaily went to rehearsal and the next evening (not without much nervous anguish) was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm by a representative audience.

As above mentioned, Madame Nordica had suggested that Mother and I go to Berlin, instead of Italy, for further study. This we did and I enrolled under Graziani, whom I met through the medium of Frau von Rath, wife of Herr Adolph von Rath, a leading Berlin banker, and to whom Madame Nordica had given me a letter. Graziani was a wonderful teacher, and in the spring of 1901 he gave me the opportunity to sing before the Intendant of the Royal Opera, who was the representative of the interests of the kaiser. After hearing me sing, Count von Hochberg (the Intendant) asked me if I would care to sing with the orchestra of the Royal Opera. "In German?" he added, smiling.

I replied that I could not sing in German.

"Could you learn to sing in German—in ten days?" he asked. "Elsa's Dream," perhaps?"

Feverishly I delved into the language, assisted by Fraulein Wilcke, and in ten days, when I stepped upon the stage of the empty Konigliches Opernhaus and looked into the director's seat, I faced Dr. Karl Muck, later director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. I sang the waltz from "Romeo and Juliet" in French, the bird song from "Pagliacci" in Italian, and "Elsa's Dream" in German. As a result of this, I was offered a three-year contract to sing with the Royal Opera. And—I was to sing in Italian!

"It will be a novelty," Count von Hochberg said.

I agreed. Father and mother signed my contract as I was not yet of legal age. It was agreed that I was to sing "Faust," "Traviata" and "Pagliacci," three roles in Italian, but I was not to be required to sing in German until I should perfect myself, to my own satisfaction, in the language.

\*\*\*\*\*

After my third season at the Royal Opera in Berlin, during which, by the way, I sang the Berlin premiere of "Manon," I received overtures from Herr Gunsberg at Monte Carlo, who felt that the resort would favor the American singer who had so enraptured music lovers in the German capital.

This offer tempted me, as I felt that it would be a great step forward to appear in this world show place, whose patrons could help me in acquiring international reputation. In March, 1904, I arrived in Monte Carlo and started rehearsals for "Boheme." And it was there that I met an Italian tenor of whom I had never before heard, but whom the world well knows now: Enrico Caruso! He was just beginning to be known and had just come from New York and, prior to that, Milan, South America.

My debut occurred on the night of March 10, 1904. That was a wonderful night for me—and for Caruso! I remember that I was struck dumb by the full wonder of this

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# The Story of My Life

(Continued)

tenor's gift—a gift he had not fully revealed in our rehearsals. In my diary I find this notation, in regard to this debut:

"Tremendous reception on my debut at Monte Carlo. After the third act, and in full view of the audience, Caruso lifted me bodily and carried me to my dressing room in the general wave of enthusiasm."

The Monte Carlo engagement was a brief one and I returned to Berlin on the twenty-eighth of March—only to go from there to Sweden in response to a most enthusiastic invitation. On May sixth, accompanied by my mother who went with me everywhere, I arrived in Stockholm. My audiences there were delightful ones, distinguished by the venerable King Oscar. I remember that I sang opposite Herr Oedman, the tenor, who, in his early youth, had sung with Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson. Although he was now sixty years of age, he was interesting and particularly vain about his figure in "Romeo" and in "Faust."

After my Stockholm appearance, during which I had sung "Traviata," I was summoned to the Palace where His Majesty presented me with the gold cross of the Order of Merit, a mark of esteem that but two other singers had received—Melba and Nilsson.

In the spring of 1905, again at Monte Carlo, I appeared in the premiere of Saint-Saens' "L'Ancetre" in which I created the role of Margarita, and later in the same season I created the title part in Mascagni's "Amica." It had been planned to have Calvé sing Amica, but just five days before the premiere, she withdrew, mysteriously. Gunsberg appealed to me and after but five days' preparation I sang.

News of my popularity as Amica sped to Paris and followed, as a result, a sensational engagement in the French capital. This appearance I consider my *real* debut in Paris. My vehicle was "The Clown," which I and the entire Monte Carlo Grand Opera Company sang three nights, for charity. "The Clown" was conducted by a certain Count Camonda, who had written the music to the libretto of Victor Capoul. The opera was lavishly staged and we sang it three evenings in the Theatre Rejane.

I returned to Stockholm the next season and from there went back to Berlin, thus fulfilling my contract with the Royal Opera. It was here that Heinrich Conried from New York, scouring Europe for artists for the Metropolitan Opera, came to hear me sing. And as is the way with human nature, although I had always thought of Metropolitan Opera as my real goal, my inspiration, now that I faced the opportunity to return to the United States and sing with this glorious company, I hesitated. So fearful was I of taking the chances of success in the United States and blighting my popularity in Europe that I avoided signing a contract by my unreasonable stipulations. Herr Conried left with the contract unsigned, and after he had gone I was wretched. Later, he returned and this time found me in Franzensbad. We managed to close a contract. I did not go back to America, however, until a year later. Meanwhile I was to conclude another season in Berlin, for regardless of what other contracts I might make, it was understood that I was to return to the Royal Opera each season.

I arrived in New York on a crisp November day of 1906, fearful of my impending debut. I was half afraid and half eager, but although I fretted for weeks preceding my appearance, I felt in my heart that my own countrypeople would stand by me—if foreigners had. Herr Conried chose "Romeo and Juliet" for my first debut. I tried to alter his decision, for I feared being handicapped in this well known

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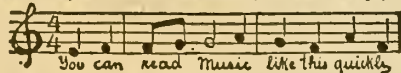
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# The Story of My Life

(Concluded)

vehicle, at the start. But he could not be coaxed.

That opening night—November 26—is still to me a medley of music, clapping hands, a sea of flowers—and a great exultation within my heart.

I had made my debut with the Metropolitan Opera!

The real bright spot in that initial season was the premiere of "Madame Butterfly," on February 11. I toiled unceasingly to perfect my role in this then little known opera, studying Orientals' characteristics and gestures, aided by a clever little Japanese actress, Fu-ji-Ko, who helped me greatly in remaining true to the type of the hapless little "Cio-cio-San."

The night of the premiere of "Madame Butterfly" was the first real step I had taken toward international fame. My thanks go out to that picturesque little Japanese opera when I think of my real American debut. David Belasco, to my joy, was enthusiastic over my portrayal of "Cio-cio-San."

In January 1908 I was back again in America, after a season in Paris, and went to Boston. Here I sang four performances in six days, "Faust," "Madame Butterfly," "Elizabeth," and "Pagliacci." Boston seemed to approve. And when I visited my little home town—Melrose, Massachusetts, I was given a tremendous reception.

About this time Herr Conried's health began to fail him and it finally proved expedient to secure new management. I decided on Mr. Gatti, Casazza of La Scala, Milan, in conjunction with Andreas Dippel, who was a member of our company.

In December, 1910, I appeared in the premiere of "The Goose Girl," in which I used live geese, to the consternation of Professor Humperdinck, directing the piece.

The season of 1913-14 was not over happy for me. Bronchitis forced me to lose my opening night in Metropolitan. Some days later, still ill, I insisted on appearing in "Madame Butterfly" and the next night, in the midst of "Faust," I totally collapsed. I was forced to abandon the remainder of my season and spent the next summer in complete rest in Europe. When I was ready to sail for home the great war was brewing and I raced from Munich to Amsterdam in the hope of boarding a neutral steamer. Unsuccessful, I was forced to join my company at Naples. It was while on board ship, bound for home, that Toscanini suggested the immediate preparation of "Carmen," for my first appearance of the season at home.

"Carmen" was brilliantly received in the 1914-15 season in Metropolitan and after that I sang the amusing "Madame Sans Gene." Not long after that I began to pay the penalty of too arduous attention to my beloved profession and too little to my health. My voice was temporarily crippled. I was miserable, in body and mind.

To make the inertia worse, my brain was doubly active and goaded my body to be up and about. It was in the midst of this discouraging condition that motion pictures were suggested to me.

Why not? I asked myself, while my friends shuddered. The real possibilities of the new field fascinated me, the more I thought it over. I was tempted. First because of the inaction caused by my ailing voice, and secondly, because motion pictures seemed to suggest a new medium for dramatic expression.

What happened remains to be told in another chapter. Next month I will tell of my debut into motion pictures, of the initial horror of my operatic friends, of the thrill of this new art, of its cumulative fascination; in short, of some of the most thoroughly enjoyable days of my entire career to date.



## The Dub

(Concluded from page 54)

Markham had the option in his possession, it must be one of the hundreds of documents in the various hauls that Craig had pulled off in the course of the night. And with this feeling that he had accomplished his task thoroughly and well he now turned his attention to another matter that was engaging his interest more and more.

This matter was Enid. And her interest in him seemed to be no less than his in her. The trusting manner in which she clung to his arm was very encouraging, and beneath the light ripples of conversation, they both felt the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. Once he was on his feet financially, Craig resolved, he would marry this girl, and although they had known each other less than a day, friendship developed rather swiftly in such adventures.

Somewhere on the way they crossed the trail of three excited men hurrying to Markham's home in the suburbs. Markham had gone direct to Blatch, and the latter, astonished at the energy Craig had displayed in carrying out his orders, agreed with Markham that the affair had gone too far. With Haddon they set out immediately to intercept the young adventurer, and so when Craig and Enid arrived at Blatch's home he was not there. Enid suggested that he might be at the office of the disrupted firm, and they hurried there, only to find that nobody but Driggs was in the office.

"I'm Mr. Blatch's partner," he explained. "Won't I do?"

The hour was swiftly approaching when Craig had to have the thousand dollars that was to save his company from disaster. He decided to take a chance, and explained the situation.

"Oh that's all right," Driggs assured him. "The option was half mine."

"All right—pick it out for yourself," said Craig, and dumped out his papers.

Swiftly Driggs delved into the collection. He was an insignificant little man in many respects, and easily bullied, but there was nothing wrong with the inside of his head. Within a very few minutes there were revealed to him many things concerning the operations of the firm that he had not so much as suspected. Blatch and Markham had been double-crossing him for years. With a double set of books they had robbed him of thousands of dollars. They had worked together in half a dozen crooked deals, and it was owing to a disagreement over the spoils that the two thieves had quarreled and broken up the firm. There was evidence that they had been instrumental in wrecking a small banking institution through fraudulent securities. In short there was in Craig's bundles evidence sufficient to send both men to the penitentiary for a long, long time.

Another fact that was divulged was that Markham had been playing tricks with the fortune that was due Enid Drayton. With many a twist of financial cunning he had been making losses appear on paper, making money from the manipulations.

"Young woman," Driggs said, after he

had been examining the various books for an hour or so, "you are worth somewhere in the neighborhood of a million dollars."

Craig's heart stood still. He couldn't be a fortune hunter. The million rose suddenly like a stone wall between him and his hopes. The telephone bell rang.

"Yes, this is Driggs," Driggs said. "Yes, Markham, he's here with Miss Drayton. . . . Yes, he brought everything here for Blatch, and I've been looking over the papers. . . . Oh no, you wouldn't do that." Putting his hand over the receiver he turned to Craig. "Markham says he's going to have us all arrested unless we send back his papers."

"Don't let him bluff you," Craig replied. "Tell him to come and get them, and we'll have the cops here to save him the trouble."

Driggs repeated the remark into the telephone.

"What did he say?" Craig asked.

"I can't tell you before Miss Drayton, but he has rung off," Driggs replied.

"That's the last we'll hear of them," Craig ventured. "Now if you will give me the thousand Blatch promised I'll be going. Goodbye, Miss Drayton."

"Oh, not goodbye," Enid exclaimed in dismay. "You—surely you don't think—just because I've got a lot of money—it isn't going to make any difference, is it?"

Driggs looked at them with quick understanding, and discreetly left them to talk it over by themselves.

"Markham said Haddon picked you out for a coward and a dub," he said as he went out. "There must have been some mistake."

On a train bound in the general direction of the Mexican border three men were engaged in a never ending quarrel.

"One thing I want to know," Blatch demanded of Haddon. "What made you think this fellow Craig was a coward?"

"He was sitting on a park bench and a boy exploded a paper bag behind him," Haddon explained. "Craig jumped up and ran like a deer—ran right into my arms, the scariest thing you ever saw. He must have got all the scare out of his system right then."

In the private office of Phineas Driggs, Enid Drayton, her eyes shining, looked up at Craig and asked,

"What in the world ever made Mr. Haddon think you were a coward?" she asked.

"I was sitting on a bench in the park, worrying about my financial troubles," he explained. "I suddenly remembered I had left a package of dynamite on my office safe, and just then I heard an explosion behind me. Before I had time to think, I was so startled I thought the dynamite had gone off and involuntarily started to run for the office. I ran into Haddon and he grabbed me and made his proposition."

"But how could anyone ever think you are a coward?" Enid demanded.

"I'm glad he did," said Craig.

"Why?"

"Because otherwise I wouldn't have met you," the dub replied, and she rewarded him prettily.

## The Man Who Stayed at Home

(Concluded from page 65)

telephone. Brent picked up the receiver.

"Christopher?" asked a woman's voice. "Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Sanderson, Fraulein Schroeder and Letour are here in the custody of the Intelligence Department agents."

Brent could hardly be coherent enough to tell her his good news. And he had one final laugh on Carl. When he told him the truth about the status of Mrs. Leigh the German cringed and sunk weakly into the arms of deputies sent to take him away.

The Judge did his best to assure Brent of his renewed faith in his patriotism and to apologize for having ever doubted him. But Brent understood—and besides, Molly was waiting, her eyes shining.

"You've been wonderful," Brent whispered. "No one else would have trusted me and believed in me as you did!"

From the shelter of his arms she murmured: "My, but I'm glad you stayed home!"



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## Don't Change Your Husband

(Continued from page 39)



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(Keeps the Hair Dressed)

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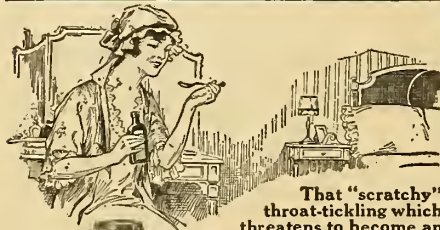
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his grey suede gloves and his correct English shoes he was immaculate and in good form. His cheeks were ruddy with health, but his eyes were restless and seeking.

"Yes," he answered unattentively. As they turned a corner and tearing wind shrieked in front of them, he continued: "You aren't dressed half warm enough." He reached into a side pocket and pulled out a wrap. "Here's an old coat of yours. Put it on."

Leila obeyed. It was just like old times, sitting here with Jim. The old sense of security and peace stole over her. Almost it seemed as if the events of the last few years were a troubled dream. Then she roused herself.

"I must hurry home, Jim. You've given me a lovely ride, but I'm expecting Mrs. Hucknew for the week end—she'll be there now."

"Mrs. Hucknew?" eagerly. "Then why not let me come to dinner, too. It's mighty lonesome eating at clubs and alone, with no one in the house but Jones."

"Jones?"  
"My valet." Jim looked a little confused. "You see when they started to make political timber of me—and when I was alone and didn't have anything else to think of, I mended my ways."

"I don't know about dinner, Jim," faltered Leila. "If Schuyler is there—"

But at the door the maid informed her that Van Sutphen had telephoned he would be detained at his office. Leila beckoned to Jim. "You can stay to dinner," she whispered, smiling like a child.

Again and again during the course of the meal she marveled at his changed habits and manners. And he, noting the dimmed splendor of the furnishings and Leila's semi-shabbiness, had hard work to refrain from picking her up then and there and carrying her away to luxury and ease.

He noted that her slender fingers bore only one plain gold band. "Where's your sparklers, Leila?" he asked. "Where's the big one, the—the one I gave you once for Christmas?"

"Oh," faltered Leila. "It needed cleaning and—"

"She gave it to her husband this morning for an investment," broke in Mrs. Hucknew bluntly.

There was silence; the talk grew disjointed and strained, overcast by the sad flavor of "it might have been." Presently Jim took his leave. Leila sat for a while gazing into space, then she buried her face in the huge bunch of violets Jim had brought her, but Mrs. Hucknew did not fail to see two big tears that rolled down her face. The older woman, who understood, patted the bright head softly while Leila's tears fell on the violets.

Jim Porter could not sleep; memory was tearing at his heart strings. To while away the time he turned his steps toward Dixon's gambling house. There was a commotion near the roulette tables; loud voices were raised. Porter recognized Van Sutphen who appeared to be arguing with a blonde woman whom Jim knew by sight as Nannette Van Dyke. Nannette was holding something tightly in her hand; as Van Sutphen grew more insistent, before her Leila's diamond ring. "Take it then," she said.

Before anyone could move, Jim stepped forward and picked up the ring. "If you need money I'll buy this of you," he said quietly. Van Sutphen, in an insolent voice, ordered him aside, but Nannette parleyed.

"You gave me the ring. I'll do what I please with it," she said. Then to Jim. "I know I'll win this time—I feel it. Give me cash for the ring so that I can make one more play."

"This ring belongs to Mrs. Sutphen," said

Porter. "I'll give you a hundred dollars, the rest goes to the ring's owner," and he handed Nannette a hundred dollar bill.

Nannette hesitated; then, the gambling fever in her veins, seized the money and made her play. In the meantime Jim had called Van Sutphen aside. "You are going home with me to your wife," he said quietly. "I will see that she gets her share of what this ring is worth. Now, don't bluster or there'll be trouble. My word will go a good deal further than yours in this place."

"You'll tell Leila; I'll not go," muttered Van Sutphen.

"I'll tell her nothing; you can tell her whatever you are man enough to. Jim laid an urgent hand on Van Sutphen's coat collar. "But you're going right along with me or there'll be trouble."

Van Sutphen went. Leila greeted them with a surprised face. Jim's explanations were plausible and voluble. "I met Sutphen at the club," he said, "and hearing that he wanted to sell the ring, I would like to be the purchaser. I happen to have a little ready money with me and I can just as well give you cash. Diamonds have advanced in value and you may not know the real worth of this ring now." As he spoke he was placing bills in a neat little pile on the table.

Leila gasped as he shoved the pile of money at her. She could see that it contained thousands. "We can't take it, Jim," she cried in a choked voice. "Don't take it Schuyler; I know—"

The sound of an altercation at the door caused her to pause. "I will come in," cried a high pitched voice. A second later the maid was pushed aside and Nannette Van Dyke burst into the room. "They laughed at me for taking a hundred dollars," she cried to Van Sutphen. "They said I was a fool—and I was. The ring was worth a fortune."

Jim stepped forwards and took her by the arm. "This is no place for you," he said. "We can settle matters later—"

She wrenched herself away. "We'll settle them now. Schuyler promised me a Christmas present and I'm going to have it."

Leila, who had stood white and still, stepped forward. "You are right," she said to Nannette. "He promised me a few things also, such as love and protection—and he didn't pay. But don't let both of us be cheated. I will divide with you."

While the two men watched her in silence she carefully divided the bills and gave an exact half of them to Nannette. Nannette, after a moment's hesitation, thrust them in her bosom and rushed away.

Then Van Sutphen turned on Jim. "So that is what you are doing," he jeered. "Standing between me and my wife. Bringing her violets and trying to steal her away from me when I'm down and out. I never gave Nannette the ring—she took it from me and I was trying to make her give it back when you came in. I never saw her until the other day."

"That is not true," said Leila calmly. "I was at Madam Wyse's today and heard her telephone to you. You had promised her a new suit and she had come to get it."

Sutphen, with the fury of a beaten man, turned on Jim again. "You come here with your standing and your millions and try to take Leila away from me. Nannette is nothing to me. But you can't have my wife."

"You stole her from me," said Jim. "Come into my own house and stole her away. But I've realized since that I was the most to blame." Turning to Leila he said gently: "If you ever want to leave all this and come back to me, dear, your home and my name are waiting."

"She can decide now," said Van Sutphen



# Don't Change Your Husband

(Concluded)

coldly. "Of course I have no chance against your millions."

Leila flung out her hands in distress. "Oh, Schuyler; it is not the money. How can you say such a thing?"

"Suppose you do choose between us, Leila?" asked Jim, a quaver in his voice. "It might as well be now as any time."

"Oh, I must think," she gasped. "It's too hard a thing to do. I can't."

Jim seated himself in a chair and took out a cigarette holder. "You go to your room and decide. We will await your decision."

The clock in the hall slowly ticked off the hours but there had been no word from Leila. Jim sat quiet, but Van Sutphen's shattered nerves kept him in an agony of restless movement. "I can't stand this," he muttered. "It's a farce."

Toward dawn they heard footsteps—Leila was coming. With a distorted face Van Sutphen started to meet her. Jim stopped him. "You wait until she comes," he said. "Make this deal square."

With sudden, insane fury Van Sutphen turned on him. "You've ordered me around too much tonight," he shouted. "This is my home, do you understand; and my wife. Take that!"

As swift as a flash he drew a revolver and fired at Jim.

The sound of the report came to Leila. With a cry she rushed into the room and went straight to Jim. "He didn't kill you!" she cried. "Oh, Jim, Jim!"

"Not even scratched," was Jim's cool answer, showing her where the bullet had buried itself in the wall.

"Oh, Jim!" Leila's arms were around his neck, her tears upon his face. "If he had killed you, Jim!"

Van Sutphen spread out his hands in defeat. He had regained his poise. With an ironic laugh and a gesture of exaggerated courtesy, he bowed low, stooping as he did so, to pick up an orchid bloom which Nannette had dropped in her hasty departure. With this in his hand, he bowed again and left the room. \* \* \*

The scene has changed again. Jim Porter lounged in his own easy chair with his wife on his knee. He was smoking, his head turned carefully away from her.

"I don't mind your smoke, Jim," she said as she pressed her cheek to his shoulder.

The firelight glowed over the rich comfortable furnishings of the room. After a while Jim dozed, and woke with a start. "Excuse me, honey," he said.

"Go on and sleep," she answered. "I love a dozey man."

He tightened his arm around her. They had both come into their own.

# The Romance of Cavaleri and Muratore

(Concluded from page 34)

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“Better Posters!” — New League Slogan

(Continued from page 78)

representing two hundred thousand women, thought the movement for Better Photoplays important enough that a whole session of their last state meeting held in New York was devoted to its discussion, and most prominently stood out the poster issue, which resulted in a resolution being passed to “fight the Poster Evil” co-operating with all existing Better Film Movements.

Miss Mary Wood, Chairman of Legislative Committee, gave a most comprehensive, constructive, emphatic and encouraging talk on the value of wholesome, attractive posters.

Another most interesting story of a group of better film people is reported by Mr. Huber of Syracuse, New York. He says that in a certain neighborhood of modest homes and domestic sentiment there are eleven families which attend the motion picture entertainments in a body once a week, and they have developed this practice into a delightful social affair. The entire party includes forty-two members, and as a rule the entire group goes out together. The neighborhood league is well organized. There is a division of labors. A committee on selection of film programs, two young women who are employed downtown, secure advance information about the films, and it is up to them to determine what is best and most pleasing for the whole company.

Another member, an insurance man, is purchasing agent, authorized to secure the tickets in advance and to reserve a suitable block of seats for the company. A high school boy is accountant and bookkeeper. At the end of each month he renders a bill to the head of each family for the price of their tickets for the period.

A treasurer, who is a successful business man, guarantees the entire bill to the theater manager and settles monthly.

There is a double if not a triple significance to this neighborhood plan which commends it strongly. In the first place it furnishes a splendid opportunity for social contact. These city neighbors are actually getting acquainted with each other.

There is a distance of nearly two miles to ride on the car before the theater is reached, and the theme of the film furnishes a congenial topic of conversation, but the larger motive of this organization is that of securing the best available film programs for the children of the groups. This group refuses to attend a show, no matter how attractive its appeal, unless their committee on advance information finds it to be unquestionably a desirable one for the children of the group to see.

Finally the purchasing agent of the company, being a man of unusual judgment in such matters, assumes the role of critic of the films and reports his findings weekly to the manager of the theatre. The showman has already learned to defer to the opinions of this voluntary critic, and is trying to make use of such help in the improvement of his entertainment.

Mrs. Philip North Moore, president, presided over a meeting of the Board of Directors of the National Council of Women at her home in St. Louis in December at which the following resolution was adopted:

“Whereas, President Wilson has called the Motion Picture The Universal Language, and whereas it is recognized as the greatest single factor in the education of the public today by the government in giving its messages to humanity, Therefore,

“Be it resolved, that the Board of Directors of the National Council of Women expresses its approval of all effort to elevate the standard of the photoplay, and give their moral support to every movement for clean, wholesome, constructive pictures.”

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## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 82)

**JOHN JONES, ESQ.**—You say you have always been an interested parasite of my department. Just what do you mean? Sorry but we have no dope on that director; if you'll write again soon I'll try to have something for you. No, it isn't. When you get your copy of the little old Magazine and see your favorite screeness on the cover and your next-best adorning the art section and personalities of the he-stars you like and furthermore—we blush to say it after you—the inimitable q's and a's last but not least—ain't it a grand and glorious feeling? Ask me.

**HARRY, INDIANAPOLIS.**—I just adjourned to my favorite arm-chair foodery for a slice of ham sandwiched in the familiar wheaten, and a slab of pie. I'm fond of pie. The girl I marry may not be able to discourse on the periphrastic conjugation, or swap airy persiflage, but she'll be able to bake lemon-cream pie, or I won't marry her. Now that I have delivered my ultimatum, we will take up your questions. Tony Moreno is a Spaniard; born in Alfonso's country but moved to America at an early age. Haven't those birth-dates. But here's the entire cast of "Darkest Russia": *Ilda Barosky*, Alice Brady; *Alexis Nazimoff*, John Bowers; *Constantine Karischeff*, J. Herbert Frank; *Ivan Barosky*, Norbert Wicki; *Count Paul Nazimoff*, Jack Drumier; *Katherine Karischeff*, Kate Lester; *Olga*, Lillian Cook; *Grand Duke*, Frank DeVernon. No, we didn't go to see this little classic of blood-on-the-snow, much as we like Alice. Those Russian things give us bad dreams.

**ISABEL B., EL DORADO.**—Yes; I can quite sympathize with you. To love her devotedly, for years; to worship every hair on the little blonde head that the Cooper-Hewitts and the sunshine turned to gold; to frame her picture and to cherish it—only to discover that after all, she has been deceiving you; that her real name is *Gladys Smith*. I like Little Mary just the same. I don't care if you haven't any questions to ask, as you say "after reading your dope I'm always plum answered up." But you would, wouldn't you, oblige with an incidental inquiry just to get a slice of my sunshine? Don't sign yourself "Rex Snodgrass." If I were a woman I'd laugh at you. As it is I'm laughing with you.

**DELICIA, DES MOINES.**—For Christmas? Oh, I got a calendar with a picture of a lady brushing her hair; three pale blue neckties and one green necktie; half a dozen ties that I can wear; one key-ring; one dozen initialed handkerchiefs; one ticket to the DeLuxe Theatre in Beanville, Iowa, for November 3, 1918. One wit sent us a pair of lingerie clasps. But I want to thank all the rest who remembered me with cards. It's great to be remembered.

**H. M. C., GREENVILLE.**—After all, it's the little things that count. Many an accidental characterization has saved a poor picture. Sure, I consigned your letters to the wastebasket; did you think I saved all my letters and framed them or something? Shirley Mason is married to Bernard Durning; she is eighteen or thereabouts, and she has brown hair and light grey eyes. Write to her care Lasky, in Hollywood.

**M. M., FRISCO.**—M dear M. M.: My salary isn't \$9.00 a week. Ridiculous! Who ever said I got that much? The reason, I suppose, that the producers don't cast pretty girls to play opposite good-looking men is because the returns are just twice as much when they feature them alone. Not yet—but soon. Write whenever you like.



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## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

LILLIAN ADAMS, BROOKLYN.—Marguerite Clark in "Bab's Diary"; I thought everyone knew Marguerite. Nigel Barrie with her in the Bab stories; he enlisted in the Royal Air Force, and they couldn't complete the series without him, as *Carter Brooks*. Now I suppose he will be back. Here's hoping—eh?

R. L., KINGSBURG, CAL.—You thought Fannie Ward was Jack Kerrigan's wife and you don't know the matrimonial status of those other stars and you a Californian! I never would have believed it. You're wrong. Clara Kimball Young is divorced from James Young but she has retained the name for professional purposes because the public knows her as C. K. Y. Owen Moore.

ALICE B. G., COATESVILLE.—Write to me on wrapping-paper, Alice. Your letter was a gem; I don't care what you write on. Yes; the Douglas Fairbanks' are divorced. Mrs. Fairbanks has the custody of Douglas, Junior. I don't know, I'm sure. Thanks.

S. O. M. BEEBE, SOLVAY.—Some Bebe, as someone remarked upon seeing Bebe Daniels of the Harold Lloyd comedies. Broncho Billy? He's back, in a film they call "Naked Hands." I haven't seen it. Eddie Polo used to be a circus performer; and he's acting one, now, in his Universal serial, "The Lure of the Circus." Yes. Yes. George Chesbro was in the army; I suppose he'll be back to the studios soon. Eileen Percy was with Metro last, with Bert Lytell in "Hitting the High Spots." Another chance for an exhibitional wheeze.

LITTLE BUCKEYE GIRL.—"Why does every member of the family, as soon as PHOTOPLAY arrives, turn first to the Answer Man's pages?" Oh—I can't tell 'em; you tell 'em. I'd rather not. Yes, I work very hard; but don't sympathize with me. I don't want to be understood. That's Jack Holt; and almost every month you'll read something about him in these columns. He was with Mary Pickford in "The Little American."

MYSTO—THE MAN OF MANY ALIASES.—That pome is all right; send it to the Talmadge girls. Why don't you go in vaudeville? You may yet hear from some of those players. Did you address Katherine MacDonald in care of the Betzwood studios in Philadelphia? She used to be with Paramount at the Lasky studios on the west coast but she is starring for the eastern concern now. You'll hear from Reid.

BILLY BLUE GUM, SYDNEY.—There was another sign in front of a Brooklyn vaudeville house that has been brought to my attention. "High Class Vaudeville and 'The Public Be Damned.'" You bet I celebrated the signing of the armistice. Good luck to your twenty-one-year-old brother, who, you say, has been in active service four years. Maurice Costello reappears on the screen in "The Captain's Captain," with Alice Joyce. So you remember him in that old one, "The Battle of Gettysburg." Well, well!

J. H., MEDIA.—Enid Bennett is Mrs. Fred Niblo, in private life. Niblo directs her. Bobby Harron is twenty-five. Lillian Gish is twenty-three. Lillian and Bobby have been seen lately, together, in "The Greatest Thing in Life." Lillian is charming in it; and Bobby is fine. Lillian is working now in a Chinese play, "Limehouse Nights." Eugene O'Brien isn't back on the stage; he's signed a long-term Paramount contract, to star. Thomas Meighan has been playing opposite Norma. Thanks for your many good wishes.

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**Questions and Answers**

(Continued)

**CINEMA RAY LISSNER, N. Y. C.**—You're breaking into my apartment for the first time? You mean department, don't you? Look that up in any encyclopedia. Address David Wark Griffith, care his own studio, the Sunset, in Hollywood, Cal. Max Linder is still abroad, I believe, recuperating in Switzerland. He will come back soon to make comedies in America, it is said.

**THE POPPY GIRLS, MONTEREY.**—Just what does that sign mean at the top of your letter? Looks to us like a cabbage. Frank Morgan played with Alice Brady in "At the Mercy of Men." Remember him with Anita Stewart in that Vitagraph of two years or so ago, "The Suspect"? Morgan is, I believe, back on the stage now. So is Alice Brady; she makes pictures by day and acts in the evenings in "Forever After." Didn't you see those Brady pictures, last month? Grace George isn't Alice's real mother; she her stepmother.

**WOPS, II.**—You aren't the original Wops. Bill Russell was born in New York; his favorite boyhood sport was swimming in the East River; loves dogs; married, once; and he was a program-passer and a water-boy before he was an actor. Bill used to be with Thanouser; and you remember him in the American serial, "The Diamond in the Sky," incorrectly called by facetious folk in this magazine "The Diamond in the Eye." His new American pictures are "When the West Begins" and "When a Man Rides Alone." Now, now!

**A GOB, PARIS ISLAND, S. C.**—You write to Dorothy Gish and tell her the Answer Man said she should send you one of her best likenesses. She'll be glad to do it. Griffith studios, Hollywood. Your contortions with the typewriter were mild as compared to some of our contributors' struggles with their fountain pens—and pencils. Some loop-hounds I know were awfully sore because they were refused exemption. There were so many manicures and bar-tenders dependent on them, too. Come soon again, please.

**MEDICI, URBANA.**—We have a good many readers from your town, none of whom are more urbane than you. Your letter fairly dripped with it. I am not accustomed to such kind treatment. She's about eighteen. Norma Talmadge's latest picture is "The Heart of Wetzona"; she is working now on "The Probation Wife." She's just signed a new contract, with First National. No. I think so.

**A. E. S., STEGIS, S. D.**—No, not one of PHOTOPLAY's editorial staff had the flu. Lucky for you—you say PHOTOPLAY pulled you through. Yes, Fannie Ward's home is lovely but I'm afraid the poor old Answer Man would be somewhat uncomfortable in it; I prefer my third-floor-back, if you don't mind. Here you are: Niles Welch, Lasky; Betty Blythe, Vitagraph (eastern); Madge Kennedy, Goldwyn; Vivian Martin, Lasky; Fannie Ward, Pathe; Texas Guinan, World; Alice Brady, Select. Others answered elsewhere.

**LUCY G., NORFOLK.**—If you are eighteen, blonde, stenog., can dance, drive a car, ride horseback, and play the piano, but are however, deficient in the housewifely art of culinary, I'm afraid there's little chance for you to succeed in the movies. Can you sing? I believe Peggy Hopkins was a Washington society girl before she went on the stage. She only makes pictures occasionally; but she was great in "Hick Manhattan," the James Montgomery Flagg comedy, and I hope she comes back.

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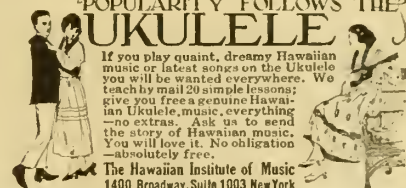
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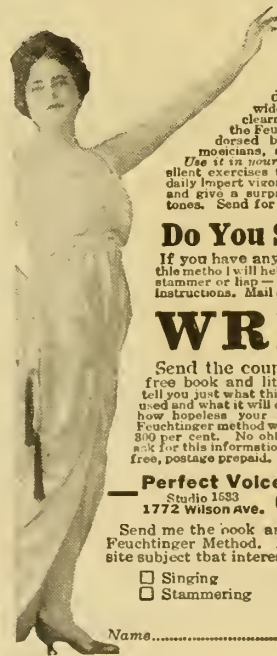
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## Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

SALENE, WASHINGTON.—“Dear dear Sunshine Man!” I’ve been called a lot of things but never that. Don’t do it again. Yes, it’s true. I don’t believe you.

M. P., TYNDALL, S. D.—Your parents are dead right—it’s a hard life, this movie life and I know several girls just your age with dark brown hair and eyes—weight, 120 pounds; height, 5 ft. 3 in.—who are perfectly sure they will set the fillum world on fire if they are only given the chance. That’s all they want—the chance. Did you read, “I Want to Be a Star—1” in the August 1918 issue? Ann Pennington is on the stage now, in Ziegfeld’s Follies. June Caprice isn’t playing. Suggest that you look up the others; we have printed them many times.

STEPHEN.—You say you have just moved into a new flat and you want the names of the stars who send their pictures to admirers thus saving the trouble of your writing to them? Anything, anything. Mary Pickford, Bill Hart, Frank Keenan, the Gish sisters, Douglas Fairbanks, Marguerite Clark, Wallie Reid,—to mention a few. Oh, yes—and Theda Bara.

I. P. F., AT SEA.—I should say you were. You want to know how to reduce. And you want to know why we never print a personal interview of Theda Bara. I can answer the last question: there was an interview, very personal, of Theda Bara in the May, 1918, issue. Drop me a post-card from Alaska. You sign yourself, “Till the trees leave.” Gosh!

MISS A. A., GUAZMAS, SONORA, MEXICO.—Thank you for your very nice letter; I assure you it was appreciated. Keep right on reading the Column, won’t you? Pearl White is with Pathe. I don’t know if “The Iron Claw,” appeared in book form although Arthur Stringer wrote the novel for newspaper syndicate purposes. Write again; and good luck.

“Door.”—Almost you are our most delightful correspondent. Thanks for wishing us an enjoyable slide down the banister of life, until we empty into the ash-can of eternity. Please don’t ask who is our favorite star-ess. I like ’em all.

DEAR FRIEND HELEN.—Yes, I will be your friend, Helen. I read somewhere that your first friend is your only one but that’s kinda deep and we won’t go into it just now. You’re wrong. I’m not a woman. (You are, praise be, the first one to ask me that today.) I don’t see just how I can arrange that: you see M. M. of Buffalo wants Gene O’Brien to play with Olive Thomas and you want him to be Margarita Fischer’s leading man. There’s no pleasing all of you. Come again.

RENE, BUFFALO.—I like you very much. Just you wait; Bill will send you his picture. He’s a good-hearted guy. “Broncho Billy,” your former favorite, is making pictures again. Kitty Gordon’s daughter is Vera Beresford. Yes, I know Kitty and Miss Beresford; Miss Gordon is very charming and English and clever, while Vera, blonde and blue-eyed, quite captured my old heart. Doubtless you read the Harry Carey story in the January Magazine.

JOHN G. K., WHITING.—Your questions weren’t too long; you should read some we get. Eddie Polo is with Universal; write to him care that company at Universal City, California. William Duncan, western Vitagraph. You’re a serial fan, aren’t you? Surely; stop in any time.

F. W., FARMERVILLE.—That’s very nice of you to say that and I would thank you if I thought you meant it. I’ll give you the benefit of the doubt. You never sent me that fudge you promised. I get awfully hungry for home-made fudge.

LOUISE ST. CLAIRE, BAY CITY.—Your cousin Diana also wrote in this month. Are you visiting in Bay City? Billie Rhodes has her own company now, for National. Harold Lloyd made comedies for Rolin-Pathe until he enlisted. When he is mustered out of the Navy he’ll come back to the screen. Yes, I like him. Harold Lockwood was working on “The Yellow Dove” at the time of his death. You’d better write to them.

NAZIMOVA ADMIRER, CHICAGO.—Have you seen your favorite in “Eye for Eye?” Not so good as some of her others, but Alla is always great. Your letter will have to wait its turn, that’s all. Sorry, but not one of the players you mention will tell us his age. Cousins. That must be another Florence Lawrence, or a re-issue of one of her old pictures, as Miss Lawrence hasn’t been on the screen in a long time. Thanks for reading us first.

M. T., MEDINA, N. Y.—You ask a good many questions. Bessie Love, western Vitagraph; Mildred Harris, Universal. Violet Mersereau is still with U, in the east. Natalie Talmadge, I believe, is still with the Roscoe Arbuckle forces. Olive Thomas’ latest is “Toton;” read the fiction version in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. It’s a corking story. Mildred Harris hails from Wyoming; Norma Talmadge from Brooklyn; Fannie Ward from St. Louis.

FRANK 10, HALIFAX.—It’s raining, is it, in Halifax, and having nothing else to do, thought you would write to the Answer Man? It was raining in Chicago when I got your letter so thought I would answer it. You didn’t expect to enjoy a three-year-old Lubin, did you? But, gosh!—doesn’t it make you appreciate the pictures you see today? I agree with you that Pauline Frederick deserves better scripts. And that a gloomy organist can make any poor picture punker. Little Mary was born in Toronto. Dusty Farnum, not Bill, in “The Spy.” So this was your line, used on a Victory bond poster: “Canada—the Land of Promise. U. S. A.—the Land of Freedom. France—Eternal.” I liked your letter so well I read it twice. Write again.

HELEN AND MARGARET, CAMPBELLFORD, ONTARIO.—I’m ashamed of you, girls. But when you say all those nice things I have to answer you. Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh are not married. Margery Wilson, now Bryant Washburn’s leading woman in “Venus in the East,” was *Brown Eyes* in “Intolerance.” Geraldine Farrar played in the Lasky “Carmen;” Theda Bara in the Fox version. Seena Owen was *Princess Beloved* in the Griffith sunplay. Mary Pickford played “Madame Butterfly;” Marshall Neilan was her leading man. Neilan doesn’t act any more; he’s directing Mary again in “Daddy Long Legs.” Mary’s first independent production. You remember he directed some of her best pictures, including “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,” and “Stella Maris.” Edward J. Connelly played *Rasputin* in Brenon’s “The Fall of the Romanoffs.” I met Anita Stewart the other day; she’s just as pretty as you think she is. Yes. She said she loved Mary Pickford. You want Anita on the cover.





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over, it is upon photographic negatives that the X-Ray publishes its secrets for the appraising eye of the surgeon, so clearing the way for correct treatment and cure.

Here again, science, through photography, looks to the Eastman Kodak Company for much that is of constructive value. Eastman probably supplies the larger proportion of the entire world output of X-Ray plates and films; and while these form but one among many classes of Eastman products, the sponsors of the business regard with a peculiar pride this definite contribution to a great and humane achievement.

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a KODAK*

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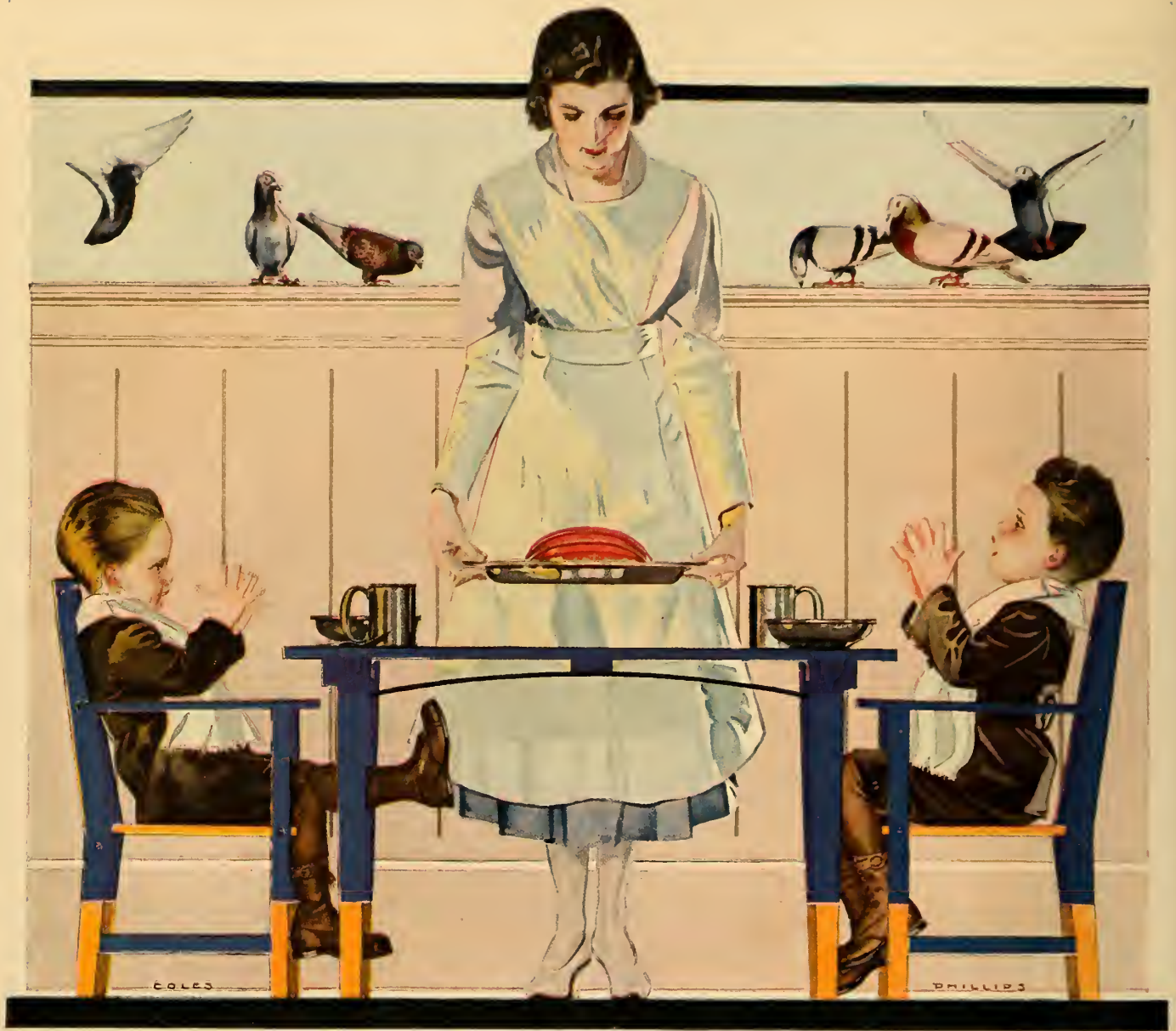
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' ' SOAP ' '











## Some New Ideas

Shouts of "Oh, Good-e-e-e!" and clapping of hands greet mamma's appearance with a big dish of Jell-O for Bobbie and Jack.

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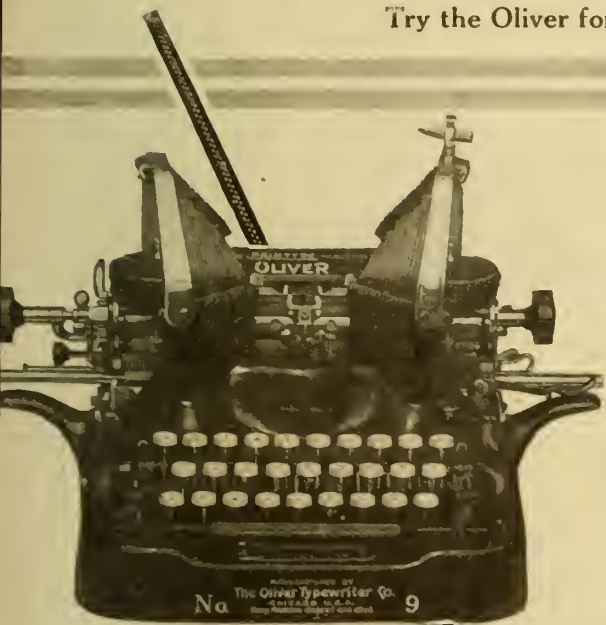
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This sales plan is a legacy of the war, which taught us all new economies—ones we won't forget.

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**Over 700,000 Sold**

Olivers are in use all over the world. Some of the large concerns in the United States using Olivers are: U. S. Steel Corporation, Baldwin Locomotive Works, Nat'l City Bank of N. Y., Diamond Match Company, Pennsylvania Railroad, Hart, Schaffner & Marx, American Bridge Company, Encyclopedia Britannica, Otis Elevator Company, Bethlehem Steel Company, Boston Elevated Railways, N. Y. Edison Company, and a host of others of equal importance.

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### Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Here are their latest productions,  
listed alphabetically, released up  
to February 28th. Save the list!  
And see the pictures!

#### Paramount

John Barrymore in "HERE COMES THE BRIDE"  
Enid Bennett in "HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED"  
Billie Burke in "THE MAKE-BELIEVE WIFE"  
Lina Cavalieri in "THE TWO BRIDES"  
Marguerite Clark in "MRS. WIGGS OF THE  
CABBAGE PATCH"  
Ethel Clayton in "MAGGIE PEPPER"  
Dorothy Dalton in "HARD BOILED"  
Pauline Frederick in "PAID IN FULL"  
Dorothy Gish in "BOOTS"  
Lila Lee in "THE SECRET GARDEN"  
Vivian Martin in "YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A GIRL"  
Shirley Mason in "THE WINNING GIRL"  
Charles Ray in "THE GIRL DODGER"  
Wallace Reid in "THE DUB"  
Bryant Washburn in "VENUS IN THE EAST"

#### Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within."  
With a Special Star Cast  
"Private Peat"  
with Private HAROLD PLAT  
"Sporting Life"  
A Maurice Tourneur Production  
"The Silver King"  
starring William Faversham  
"Little Women"  
(From Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)  
A W. A. Brady Production  
"The False Faces"  
A Thomas H. Ince Production

#### Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in "MY COUSIN"  
George M. Cohan in "HIT THE TRAIL HOLIDAY"  
Cecil B. De Mille's Production  
"DON'T CHANGE YOUR HUSBAND"  
Douglas Fairbanks in "ARIZONA"  
Elsie Ferguson in "HIS PARISIAN WIFE"  
D. W. Griffith's Production  
"A ROMANCE OF HAPPY VALLEY"  
William S. Hart in "BREED OF MEN"  
Mary Pickford in "JOHANNA ENLISTS"  
Fred Stone in "UNDER THE TOP"

\*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

#### Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy  
"LOVE"  
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies  
"RIP AND STITCH" "TAILORS"  
"FAST LYNNE WITH VARIATIONS"  
Paramount-Flagg Comedy  
"ONE EVERY MINUTE"  
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in  
Paramount-Drew Comedies

Paramount-Bray Pictograph  
One each week  
Paramount-Burton Holmes  
One each week

## "What's on tonight?"

SOMETIMES it's the man of the house and some-  
times it's the woman that starts the ball a-rolling.

An eventful evening two or three times a week is  
an important part of the art of enjoyable home life.

Now that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation  
has taken the guess-work out of motion pictures you  
can bank on the evening coming off right.

Is it a Paramount Picture?

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Those are the key questions.

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organization is vested in and richly expressed by Para-  
mount and Artcraft Pictures.

Those brand names have naturally come to mean a  
whole lot to America. They sum up the cream of the  
national entertainment.

Don't take chances with your evenings. Be sure it's  
a Paramount or Artcraft Picture. Note current releases  
in panel.

## Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

The two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying Paramount  
and Artcraft Pictures—and the theatres that show them.



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NEW YORK







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"THE NATIONAL MOVIE PUBLICATION"

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Publisher*—JULIAN JOHNSON, *Editor*

VOL. XV

No. 4

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April, 1919

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## Are You a Photoplay Leaguer?

**I**F not, you should be. The Better Photoplay League of America is the biggest constructive organization of its sort in motion pictures. Its aim is the promotion of clean pictures, intelligent pictures, everywhere.

But, you may say "Pictures are good enough for me as they are; I'm no reformer—let the professional fixers join!"

Exactly! You have given the average excuse, and you have put in it the very reason that *you should* be interested in the work of The Better Photoplay League of America.

The time has come to stand against the professional reformer.

The time has come to kill off the busybody censor.

The time has come to stop hypocritical and puritanical interference with an art which is everybody's art, but which is particularly the heritage of the people.

Intellectual and artistic America is on the threshold of a very dangerous period. Moral reform is, every so often in the world's history, made a matter of politics. Then all of morality's real ends are defeated, and the only victories are the triumphs of bigots and busybodies whose self-appointed business in life is to tell other people what not to do. After which the pendulum swings to the other extreme, and onrushing liberty is exceeded by license and excess. Thus restriction and persecution defeat every end that they might serve.

It is to prevent such a thing as this in motion pictures that we must all work together. If you make honest selection the criterion of your community, working with instead of against those exhibitors whose desire is for the right kind of public service, you are not going to be troubled with professional censorship. If you don't, you will have the evil chains of intolerance clamped on you before summer. You may be

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cursed with censorship now; if you are, The Better Photoplay League points the reasonable way of escape.

It is not the place or purpose of this column to tell you all about The Better Photoplay League and the whole of its aims, purposes and methods; you will find exact directions elsewhere in this issue.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is the authorized voice of this association, and it has no other.

### Have You Seen the Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement Yet?

THAT one-reel innovation supplied to progressive motion picture exhibitors by the Educational Films Corporation of America.

The Supplement opens with an aviator's view of the great Triangle-Goldwyn studios at Culver City. From the clouds, you get an unusual view of the studios and can realize, in a measure, just how the birds feel about it all.

It also includes a railroad wreck—with all of the regulation trimmings, which means that Helen Holmes is in it. This wreck was posed especially for the Supplement.

Then, Ben Turpin—that comedian with the geodetic vision—is shown in his laughable preparations for appearance before the Mack Sennett comedy camera. This is followed by Cleo Ridgely and her two babies.

This second issue of the Screen Supplement also follows the careers of two great luminaries back to babyhood, showing you "how they looked when."

The Supplement also shows Thomas H. Ince in his elaborate private office and on the studio floor.

Then a glimpse of Bessie Love, now a Vitagraph star, and Paul Powell and Eddie Dillon. It shows Bill Hart on his horse in New York, working for the fourth Liberty Loan and then shows him with his splendid dogs in California.

Wallace Carlson concludes this issue with his amusing animated cartoons.

### The Third Screen Supplement Will Include:

VIEWS of Arthur Berthelet making test scenes at Essanay; Edith Storey in some delightfully interesting and unusual poses, off the studio floor; "what makes the movie move," the solution of the mystic process so the "fan" can understand; Fanny Ward and her husband, Jack Dean, in their home in California; "Bill" Russell and his Chinese cook; a cartoon by Wallace Carlson, Warren Kerrigan visiting PHOTOPLAY, and Dustin Farnum on a motor boat outing.





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MY LADY:—“*I will be down in an instant!*”

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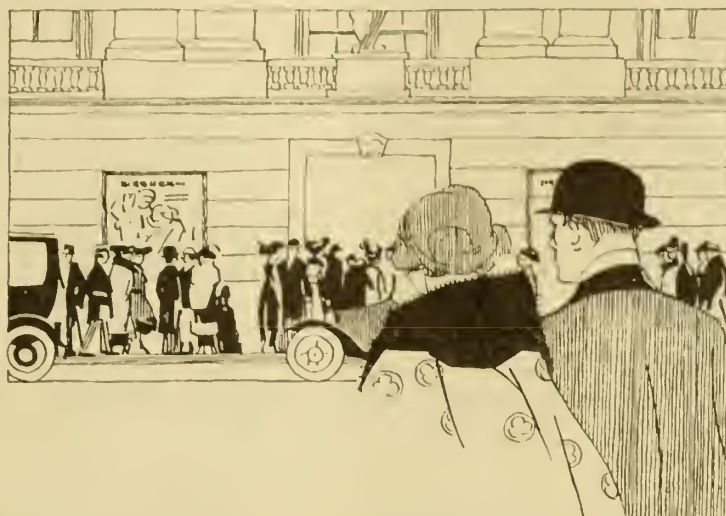
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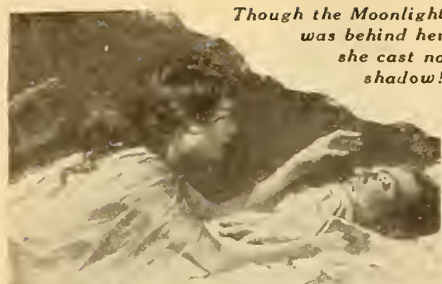
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**F. G. Cooper**, famous Cartoonist of Collier's, writes: "Within a few days after receiving your set of lessons I made all the notes in my pocket note-book in Paragon Shorthand. I had no previous knowledge of any shorthand. Weeks afterward I can read my Paragon notes. It strikes me that this is quite a recommendation for your system."

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Lake Providence, La.

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Our records show that in addition to the thousands of young men and women who need shorthand as a help in their business careers, other thousands—business men, professional men, students, clergymen and literary folk—would like to know Paragon Shorthand as a time-saving convenience. Still others—fathers and mothers—would like to give their sons and daughters this wonderful advantage in order that they may be able to give self-supporting any time it may be necessary. Many of these persons who have not a direct need for shorthand but want it as an investment of efficiency and a daily time-saver would buy the complete course of Paragon Shorthand at a popular selling price.

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## Paragon Is Used Everywhere

Paragon is used in the offices of the largest firms and corporations in the world, such as Standard Oil Company, United States Steel Corporation and the great Railway Systems.

## Shorthand Writers Wanted

Never before have American business and the Government at Washington felt so keenly the shortage of capable shorthand writers. Big business houses are looking everywhere for shorthand writers and are ready to pay any salary within reason to get the service they must have. Salaries are steadily advancing—and yet the demand for shorthand writers has not been supplied.

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You may send me the Complete Course of PARAGON Shorthand with the distinct understanding that I have 7 days after its receipt to either return the Course to you or send you \$5.00.

NAME.....  
 BUSINESS.....  
 ADDRESS.....



Photoplay 4-19

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

# Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., 25 W. 45th St., New York City (s); 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, La Brea and De Longpre Aves., Hollywood, Calif.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

FAIRBANKS PICTURES CORP., 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Culver City, Cal.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1176 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

EXHIBITORS-MUTUAL DISTRIBUTING CORP., 1600 Broadway, New York City.

PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., Glendale, Cal. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City (s); Hollywood, Cal.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Western and Irving Park Bld., Chicago (s); Edendale, Cal.

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal. (s).

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y. (s).

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

# Be an Artist

Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrating, Pastel Crayon Portraits and Fashion. By Mail or Local Classes. Write for terms and list of successful students Associated Art Studios, 12A Flatiron Bldg., New York



# Seven Creams

Now You Can Have a Special Cream for Your Particular Skin Condition



**W**HATEVER the defects that are keeping your skin from having the beautiful, clear glow of health, they can be remedied.

There are *seven different* Marinello Creams, each one specially prepared to meet a special skin condition—based on the indisputable fact that *no one* cream could overcome *all* skin defects. Does your face feel drawn and dry? Or is your skin too oily? Is it marred by unsightly blemishes? Is it sallow and dead-looking? For each of these conditions Marinello offers a differ-

ent cream, scientifically compounded to rectify the ill and restore to the skin the delicate texture and bloom of perfect health.

Before being offered to you through drug and department stores, these creams have been tested under the most exacting conditions by more than 3,500 beauty shops and endorsed by their customers—women who spare no pains to keep their complexions in perfect condition.

Send for your one of the “seven”

Study your complexion critically in the mirror. Then by means of the opposite chart pick out the Marinello Cream which your skin needs. For the attached coupon and five 3-cent stamps we will send you a sample of the cream you select; also, included in a very complete little Traveler's Trial Package, miniature packages of Lettuce Cream, Nardy's Face Powder, Nardy's Toilet Water, Rouge, Vanitab, Rose Leaf Jelly (for rough hands), and booklet on care of your skin.

Why you should not wash your face

Never use soap and water during the day. They irritate the delicate skin tissues without completely cleansing them. Lettuce Cream coaxes out of the pores all of the hidden dirt which soap and water cannot remove and it leaves your face feeling smooth and fresh. You can be sure that your skin needs this Marinello Cream.

## A better powder for you

You will like Marinello Face Powder. It spreads so easily, “stays on” so long—yet it is difficult to detect because it is fine-grained and very natural in tint. It has an elusive, delicate perfume that is charming.

Get Marinello preparations at drug and department stores and at the Marinello shops. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, we will appreciate your giving us his name.

## Chart of Marinello Seven Creams

- Lettuce Cream** for cleansing the skin. It cleans more thoroughly than soap and water and without irritation.
- Tissue Cream** for a rough, dry skin. It builds up the skin and gives it the extra nourishment which it needs.
- Astringent Cream** for an oily skin. It restrains the too abundant secretion of oil.
- Whitening Cream** for a sallow skin. Gives your skin that “pink and white” roseleaf quality.
- Acne Cream** for blemishes and blackheads. This disagreeable condition may be overcome in a short while if you are faithful to the use of this cream.
- Motor Cream** for skin protection. Neither wind nor weather can harm your skin if you fortify it with Motor Cream first.
- Foundation Cream** before using powder. It makes the powder go on so much more smoothly and stay longer. To supplement the action of the Creams, always apply Marinello Powder before venturing out.

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“A Beauty Aid for Every Need”



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Dept. P, Mallery Bldg.,  
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Kindly send me sample of

(Name of Cream)

and your Traveler's Trial Package of Marinello Preparations and booklet on care of the skin. Five 3 cent stamps enclosed.

Name.....

Street No.....

City.....

State.....

Use This Coupon





## TRY THIS FAMOUS TREATMENT

Every girl can have a soft, clear skin—free from  
blackheads or blemishes

**B**LACKHEADS are a confession. Think how constantly your face is exposed to dust and dirt. Every day irritating dust carries bacteria and parasites into the skin, causing blackheads and other blemishes. Such blemishes are a confession that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin.

Make the following treatment a

daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the regular use of Woodbury's brings.

### This treatment has helped thousands

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then, with a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Dry carefully.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake today. A 25c cake

is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury treatment and for general cleansing use. On sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

### Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 504 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 504 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

### To make your skin fine in texture

If constant exposure to dust and dirt is coarsening your skin, a special Woodbury treatment will make it

fine again. Full directions in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.







Alfred Cheney Johnston

*D*OROTHY PHILLIPS' latest photodramatic success occurs in "The Heart of Humanity," the most ambitious feature Allen Holubar has directed for Universal. The Holubar-Phillips combination is also a domestic one.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

*L*ILLIAN LORRAINE, a year or two or so ago, acted in "Neal of the Navy," a Balboa serial. And she has done other picture work. But she is best known to New Yorkers, for whom she sings and dances.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

***M**ISS VIKING! But to give the fair Scandinavian the name bestowed on her by Denmark's king—Valkyrien. Since she came to our shores she has appeared on the screens for Fox, and lately for World.*





Alfred Cheney Johnston

*I*N "Daddies," a Belasco play, Jeanne Eagels becomes a definite theatrical personality. In pictures? She has been with Thanhouser; but is perhaps better known for her work with Montagu Love, for World.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

**E** KATERINA DE GALANTHA—sometimes called *Ketty*—will be recalled, by picture-goers, as the lustrous Russian loress in Herbert Brenon's "The Fall of the Romanoffs." Otherwise, or on the stage, she is a dancer.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

**G**RACE VALENTINE, as Daisy, the model, in "Lombardi, Ltd.," the Hattons' stage success in which she is soon to appear on the screen. Miss Valentine's most notable camera contribution was "The Unchastened Woman."





Alfred Cheney Johnston

*SYBIL CARMEN, a lovely ring-leader of the Midnight Frolic. She pirouettes and pouts in the miniature Follies on a Broadway roof, while Harlem sleeps. Seen lately in a Catherine Calvert picture.*





Alfred Cheney Johnston

**Y**OU recollect the little living statuette in Max Linder's Essanay comedies? Martha Mansfield. She's forsaken the films for awhile, ornamenting instead Ziegfeld's opulent ocular entertainments in midnight Manhattan.



# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XV

APRIL, 1919

No. 5



## I am the Universal Language

**I** AM the Universal Language.  
I call every man in the world Brother, and he calls me Friend.  
I have unlocked the riddle of Babel after fifty centuries of misunderstanding.

I am the Voice of Home to Democracy's lonely sentinels on Liberty's frontier.  
I am a chorus of Eagle and Lion and Cock, crying "Shame!" to the Bolshevik Bear.

I am the rising murmur of repentance on lips in the Kingdom of Sin.  
I am California, springing a funny story on Constantinople.  
I am a Chinese poet of a thousand years ago, singing gently in Chicago.  
I am a salesman purveying harvesters, tractors, overalls, oil stoves and hog products to the Siberians.

I am a vertical and eternal Peace Table, and my Conference has five hundred million delegates.

I am a tenement doctor, telling mothers of twenty races how to wash their babies' milk-bottles.

I am the rusty tongue of Rameses, thrilling Broadway with the sunbright story of my lotus-columned temples on the Nile.

I am the voice of Christ in the country of Confucius.  
I am the remembrance of Old Age.  
I am the chatter of children with blue eyes or almond eyes.  
I am the shy confession of Miss and Ma'amselle and Senorita.  
I am a Caspian fisherman, visiting a coffee planter in Santos.  
I am the Apostle of Kindness, the Orator of Tolerance, the Minstrel of Love.  
I am the greatest Story-Teller of the Ages.  
I am the Universal Language.  
I am the Motion Picture.



# Ruined Cities of the Malibu

Costly reminiscences of the  
Argonaut days when they built a town  
for every photoplay

*Photos by Clark Thomas*



At the top, the deserted canyon which was once Inceville's main street. It was also the metropolis of the North in Dorothy Dalton's "Flame of the Yukon."

At the left, the village street scandalized by the racing car of Billie Burke in "Peggy." Revamped, the thoroughfare moved from Scotland to Ireland, and became a romping arena for Bessie Barriscale, in "A Corner in Colleens."

Through the decaying gateway above marched the army of Cortez, bringing the evils of the outer world to the Aztecs, in Farrar's "The Woman God Forgot." Below, the ruins of the capitol city in Ince's huge anti-war play, "Civilization." The ruined square, the massive and shattered staircase, the lonely equestrian statue signalling seaward through the years—these, to an uninformed traveller coming upon them unawares, would seem the thrilling and veritable relics of a lost race.







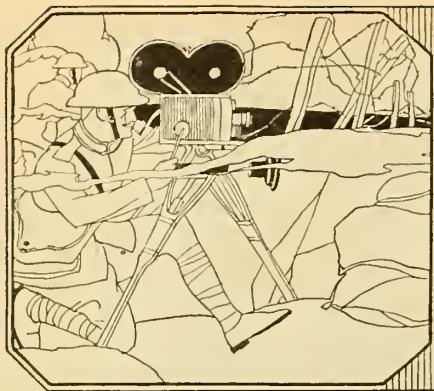
IN the Golden Age of picture-making *production efficiency*, as we have seen it demonstrated with more or less success, was a thing unheard-of. Thousands were spent upon art and architecture for tales of every period, and once a set had been used, it was generally forgotten. The great Triangle-Ince ranch, in and around Santa Ynez canyon at the foot of the Malibu range, had more than three thousand invitingly empty acres. It was only two miles from Santa Monica, with an enchanting variation of shore and mountain and plain. Not only Ince, but DeMille—though this is not generally known—staged great spectacles in these cosmopolitan fields. Glasgow's suburbs encroached on Cheyenne, even as the halls of Montezuma were within sight of the dance-halls of the Klondike.

\* \* \*

Above, the great gateway of Kiev, through which rushed the Cossack horde of "Civilization's Child," to their massacre of the Jews. The Malibu mountains themselves lie upon the horizon, primitive as when Columbus sailed from Spain. From the lighthouse tower at the right William H. Thompson kept faithful watch for his missing daughter, in "The Eye of the Night."







NOT long ago there appeared in *The Authors' League Bulletin*, a New York publication of strictly class circulation, an amazingly frank and intelligent attack on the strange spirit of Phariseism exhibited by many writing men in America toward motion pictures. The story was signed simply "By a New York Agent." Photoplay investigated and discovered the challenger to be the best-known business go-between, for authors and producers, in this country. Mr. Giffen has consented to repeat his sentiments in *Photoplay*—underneath his name.

# The Prussian Authocracy

By R. L. GIFFEN

INSTEAD of re-telling my story—putting the same thought into another form—it seems to me that I cannot make it more effective than by repeating much of what I said in *The Author's League Bulletin*, just as I said it there. The tremendous vogue of the moving picture has brought to the writing of screen stories a greater percentage of the population, male and female, of these United States, than ever before "took its pen in hand."

And the results have been appalling!

Unfortunately, the field has for the most part proved unattractive to the skilled professional writer, who, when he has undertaken scenario work, has all too frequently done so with a lack of seriousness, not to say flippancy, which in itself precluded satisfactory results. Perhaps many of the stories that are screened are a justification for this and for the dictum that "Anything will do for the movies"; but if the same literary irresponsibility were associated with play writing, magazine, or novel writing, the results would be as dire as they are in the movies.

Many an author of good, salable fiction will, in the search for an idea, in the writing and polishing of it, in the salesmanship and proofreading, devote vastly more time to a story for magazine publication than he would ever think of giving to one for the screen, and for a pecuniary reward no greater, perhaps much less. The greatest hue and cry about "the rotten stories they do in the movies" comes from those who have it in their power to make them better. Not every professional writer can become a successful author of screen material, but it is none the less certain that no success whatever can be gained without a proper attitude toward the new medium and a careful study of it. That the screen offers no opportunity to "the stylist" is no reproach, no argument against it, and if the man whose literary flavor is his main asset will not, or cannot, write stories the telling of which can be accomplished through action instead of words, he should not complain if the movies are not for him. Another argument, almost contemptuously voiced against writing for the "Silent Drama," is that the silence is deep and dark as regards the financial returns—"there's nothing in it."

Literary work is presumed by the public, assumed by its followers, to be an artistic pursuit; yet where the screen is concerned, the monetary yardstick is the only standard of measurement. And even here, "let the fight be fair." Is there nothing in it when one prominent company stands ready to

pay any well-known author one thousand dollars for merely "talking" an acceptable story for fifteen or twenty minutes, to two or three of its executives, with fifteen hundred additional upon the acceptance of a written synopsis of three to five thousand words, in the writing of which the author has the benefit of all the picture suggestions made to him during the preliminary discussion? Show me a writer who would not go down on his knees to any editor who would pay him twenty-five hundred dollars for a three to five thousand word story, or an editor who would not be "fired" for paying it, except in extraordinary instances.

The writing fraternity must not overlook the fact, and it is a fact, live and indubitable, that there are some *brains* in the picture business.

The motion picture business is a business, a very large and a very successful one, and while naturally, owing to its newness, it has not yet settled down to its final rules, it could not have reached its present position without keen business insight and direction, without "brains," and, believe it or not, without, in many instances, a knowledge, or perhaps it might be better to say an instinct for material that is so amazing as to be almost uncanny.

The writers should not forget that as in the theatre no art can live without commercialism, no picture company can live unless it can sell its pictures, and every picture produced means an investment of from twenty to two hundred

thousand dollars. Would anyone expect a continual series of experiments in the face of experience as to what will sell and what will not? When a producer cannot be gagged into purchasing a costume story, does he refuse for any other reason than that he knows the "exhibitor"—the proprietor of the moving picture theatre—will not accept it? On the contrary, he would jump at the chance to secure many a fine subject, for the search for material is the never-ending, sometimes almost desperate, grind that keeps the producers awake o' nights.

How many times do I hear the contemptuous slur, "They don't want anything good"—meaning, usually, "They don't want anything of mine"—but believe me, *they do*. I know for I make a very good living and buy a bond or two by selling it to them. Nor are they implacable in their opinions. They welcome discussion of a story and if angles of treatment can be pointed out that have escaped them, they frequently revise their verdict and a sale results. As personal proof of this, I recently sold, at a handsome price, a fine

(Continued on page 98)

## According to Mr. Giffen:

"THE greatest hue and cry about 'the rotten stories in the movies' comes from those who have it in their power to make them better."

"Literary work is pronounced by its followers to be an artistic pursuit, yet where the screen is concerned, the monetary yardstick is the only standard of measurement."

"I have read a multitude of stories by writers who should have known better, that I could not have offered to my film clients without sacrificing my self-respect or assuming that they were idiots."



CHANNING POLLOCK is that rare combination, a successful dramatist and a successful dramatic critic. He is sane except when he looks at a screen. Photoplay asked him to write frankly on the picture business from the author's standpoint. Pictures are an industry from which he has derived profit if not pleasure. The result was astounding. In addition to his own barrage of contempt, Mr. Pollock polled the most amazing group of eminent opinions ever collected. Do they reflect knowledge and sympathy—or mere, sheer prejudice?



# The Author's Strike

By CHANNING POLLOCK

IT is one of the fundamental principles of democracy that in general the opinion of the whole people is sound. The individual may be slow, unimaginative, bovinely content; but the nation is like the tutti of an orchestra—individual lacks or excellencies are lost in an ensemble of tonality which is not a bewildering maze of single scrapings, blowings and thumpings, but one emotional idea. The motion picture has seized upon the people of the whole world as has no other conveyance of thought since the coming of the printed page. Either the motion picture is fundamentally right, a real milestone of science and civilization, a thing to be carefully and thoughtfully brought out of its blundering infancy—or else the whole principle of democracy is fundamentally wrong, and we should profoundly apologize to Wilhelm and hasten to prop him up again in Potsdam. This is not a far-fetched comparison. If the common people have made a mistake in their belief that the motion picture is a good thing, they are certainly not fit to be trusted with government. Back to the lash of Pharaoh, and let's have some more pyramids, as our only contribution to posterity.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has never shrilled in emasculate falsetto: "All's right with the screen!" Safe to say, it never will. It has been a hard knocker. It has recently taken hold of a figurative machine-gun in The Better Photoplay League of America, with its fight for clean pictures. It has cudgelled one rich and notorious producer so soundly that its very presence is forbidden in his offices.

But it does acclaim the good, hunt out the new idea, laud worth wherever it finds it.

It resents, profoundly, the ignorant and bigoted sneers of men old enough and certainly able enough to know better.

It offered its pages for the author's side of the production story, and solicited Mr. Pollock, so far broadminded and fair, as the best spokesman available. Mr. Pollock, and those who speak through him, evidence no acquaintance with the best things of the screen; and no sympathy, and no belief.

Four words summarize what they have to say: "We hate the movies!"

Unfortunately, last-moment exigencies of space prohibit the printing of all of Mr. Pollock's first article. Ignoring the achievements of Griffith, the universality of Chaplin, the tragic power of a "Whispering Chorus" or the poetic beauty and authorial fidelity of a "Stella Maris," Mr. Pollock bases his own screen judgment on mere and sheer pot-boiler meller. Of fourteen pieces he names as fair examples the writer, who en-

deavors to glimpse everything worth while or allegedly worth while, hasn't seen one!

For reasons which have been given we omit Mr. Pollock's introduction, and begin his account at the point in which other authors answer his letters of inquiry.—JULIAN JOHNSON, Editor.

\* \* \*

THE postman brought the answer—twenty-five answers. I had expected a chorus of mixed voices. What came was a single deep bass "No!" "Do I not always pay my bills?" Raymond Hitchcock used to ask in "The Beauty Shop." A thunderous negative. "Not one dissenting voice!" boasted Mr. Hitchcock.

Here was "not one dissenting voice." "Do you write for motion pictures?" "No!" from Booth Tarkington, and Basil King, and Gertrude Atherton, and Rupert Hughes, and the rest! "Not without a partner's financial interest in the picture," said Augustus Thomas. That statement repeated by Rex Beach and Thomas Dixon, was the only qualification of unanimity.

"Why not?" If surprise had lurked in first paragraphs, utter amazement came after. I had known, of course, that there was organized ill-feeling in the Authors' League. Had written one article, for The Pictorial Review, that was part of a campaign to "induce fair and equitable treatment of authors by producers of motion pictures." I had been invited to take up this subject verbally before

the Authors' Club of Boston, and to speak to the question, "Is the Writer's Grudge Against the Movies Justified?" at a dinner of The Writers. But, honestly, I hadn't known there was a real grudge; real bitterness; a sympathetic strike; a tacit, unspoken, unconscious agreement to boycott the biggest wholesale dealers in fiction. Twenty-five letters from twenty-five of the most talented and best know producers of that fiction in America. Not "kickers," not revolutionists, but contented, conservative workmen, friendly with editors and publishers, earning a good living, and satisfied to earn it without invading the new field. "Do you write for motion pictures?" "No!" "If not, why not?"

"Because," said Robert W. Chambers, "those who have to do with motion pictures are usually crooks." No equivocation here. Mr. Chambers had written for motion pictures, as Josie Sadler's beau had played with Sousa—"Once!" and had stopped "on account of the dishonesty, ignorance, stupidity and vulgarity which I encountered. There is neither pleasure nor

(Continued on page 103)

## According to Mr. Pollock:

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS says "Those who have to do with motion pictures usually are crooks."

Leroy Scott says "The movies are the refuge of the second rater; of the man not big enough to try elsewhere, or who has tried."

Cosmo Hamilton says "I detest the movies."

Gertrude Atherton says "The movies get worse every day."

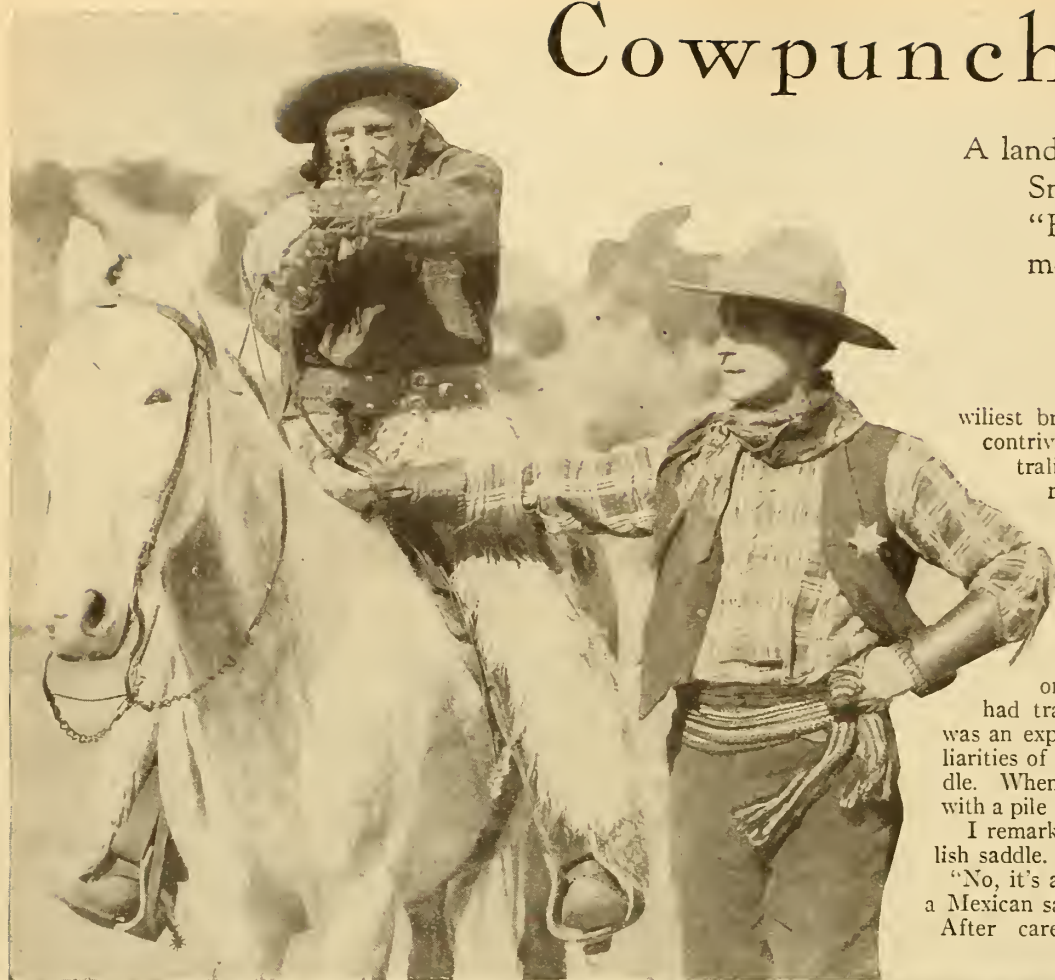
Booth Tarkington says "I'd not feel inclined to compile notes and suggestions for motion picture producers because what I have seen of their productions makes me feel that they would not sympathize with the kind of effects that interest me."



# Cowpunchers of

A land from which comes the Snowy Baker, the famous "Bill" Hart, representing methods of the domestic

By WILLIAM



wiliest bronc. He produced a peculiar contrivance which he called an Australian "buckjump" saddle. I'll admit we looked suspicious. So did the bronc. We innocently suggested that he try out.

"Right-o," said Snowy. "I'll have a go at it!"

Snowy and the "buckjump" and the bronc all started at once, and before the Australian had traveled far we knew that here was an expert horseman despite the peculiarities of his style of riding and the saddle. When he rode back we were waiting with a pile of questions.

I remarked that it looked like an English saddle.

"No, it's a cross between an English and a Mexican saddle," said Snowy.

After carefully inspecting the "buck-

The picture above and the balancing large one on the opposite page show the Australian and Bill Hart comparing their methods of handling a gun. Although the bushman carries a revolver in place of a rifle, Snowy Baker shows (above) how the revolver is aimed and fired. On the opposite page, Hart shows the technique of Western firing.

**W**RITING isn't in my line, folks, but I'll try hard to set down on paper what took place when Snowy Baker, famous Australian sportsman and athlete, and I got together recently to compare our methods of cow-punching.

For one thing, I learned that the Australians can rope steers with the best of us, even if their style is different. And for another, I suspect that one of these days a ship bound from Australia is going to bring us some reels of film that will be mighty interesting. For Snowy Baker came to America to study up on motion pictures as well as American methods.

Snowy has already produced one five-reeler, "The Lure of the Bush." He made it in California and it is all a part of a great plan of the Australian boomers to start a motion picture campaign for advertising their island, now that the war is over.

But, to get to my story, I invited Snowy to our "ranch," not only to let the boys meet the distinguished guest of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, but to satisfy a cowman's curiosity as to "how they do it" on the big island. I wanted to compare the Australian Bush with the American West.

He accepted my invitation with alacrity. The location was a small valley nestling away amid the awesome grandeur of the wild, rugged mountain ranges of Southern California. It is called Brent Crags.

Cowboys are suspicious souls where tenderfeet are concerned. When I first introduced Baker to the boys they viewed him with frank suspicion, although they had heard tales of his athletic prowess.

Snowy had to prove himself, and—he did. We found the blond-topped Australian a regular he-man,—a virile, outdoor-loving, square-shooting gentleman of action.

The first thing Snowy did was to don the cowpuncher's outfit that I had loaned him at the studio. The outfit—and his splendid athletic build—made the Australian look like a realistic Westerner. He said he had a new saddle to exhibit, so we promptly unsaddled our



Above — Snowy and Hart on two American horses. Picture adjoining that one shows Snowy "all dressed up," talking to Hart and Seena Owen.





# the Antipodes

American cowman's only rival.  
Australian sportsman, and  
our own West, compare  
and foreign steer-tamers.

S. HART

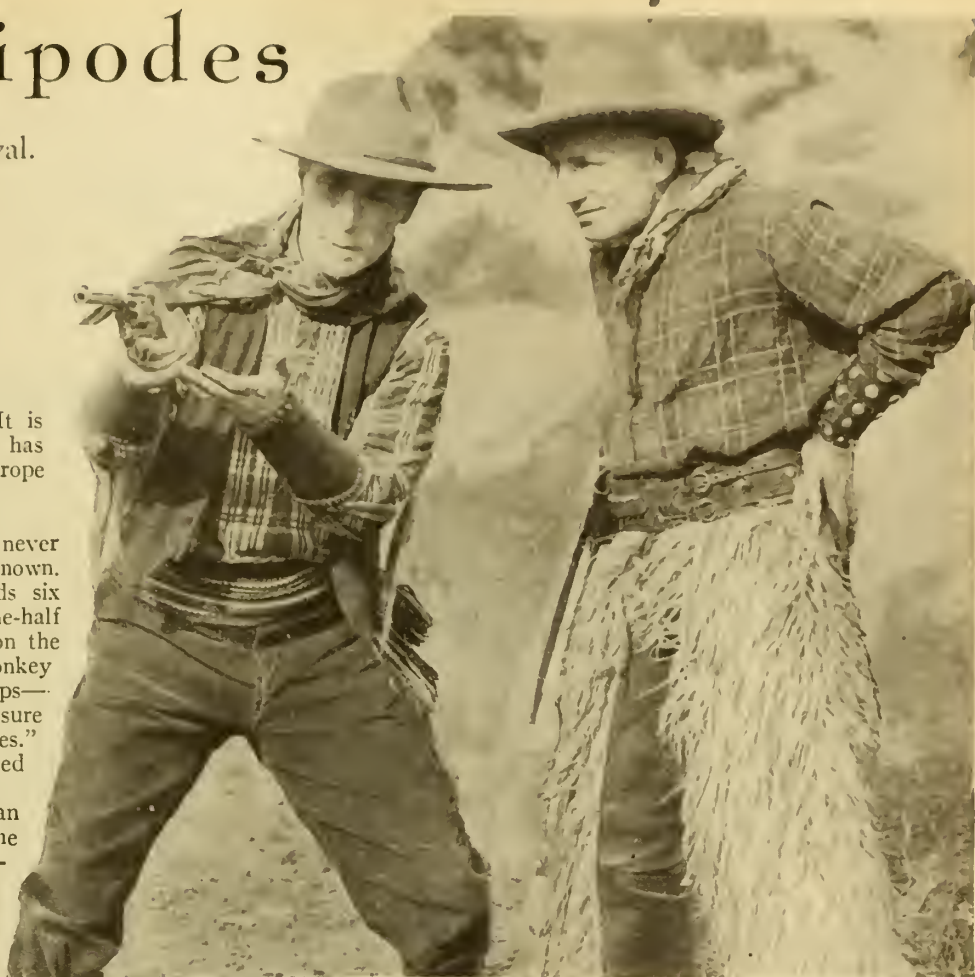
jump" we voiced our objections. It is much flatter than our saddle and it has no horn. It is impossible for us to rope a steer without a horn to dally onto.

He explained:

"In Australia a lariat or rope is never used and in fact it is practically unknown. The buckjump has these knee pads six inches high and hip pads two and one-half inches high, which makes our grip on the horse more certain. We have monkey grips—which are really leather straps—on the swell of the pommel to insure against a bad fall in breaking brumbies." (In Australia wild horses are called brumbies.)

Right here we showed him why an American cowboy couldn't use the "buckjump" saddle while roping cattle.

We must ride free. When we tie onto a steer the pony turns and



Snowy explains that instead of the rope, the bushmen use a powerful 24-foot whip made of kangaroo leather.

(See oval below.)



OUR cowboys are bushmen and stockmen in Australia. Ranches are stations; ranchers are squatters; corrals are stockyards; and, shades of our traditional sheriffs!—sheriffs are police inspectors. Snowy called "Bill" Hart's precious pinto a bonzer, a boskum and a dinkum pony, which was Snowy's way of saying "some horse!" Wild horses are "brumbies."

braces to meet the shock. Consequently, we dally onto the horn and throw our weight with the pony to help him. If we didn't the pony would be jerked off its feet by the superior weight of the steer. The hip pads on the "buckjump" make free riding—our style—impossible. While the "buckjump" is absolutely perfect for the Australian bushman it is impractical for us, as the rope is one of the chief necessities of every American cowboy's outfit.

Snowy further explained that his saddle had an American cinch with surcingle, martingale, breastplate and bridle made of plaited kangaroo hide, ringed snaffle bit and buckjump broken irons.

"If you fall off your horse these irons open and release your feet," said our friend, "and this prevents any chance of being hung in the saddle."

The American "kack," as we call our saddle, has wooden stirrups, however, to which the punchers swear allegiance. Personally I'll stick to the ox-bows. Both saddles have side flaps, which we call "fenders," to stop the perspiration from soaking through to the rider's clothes. After all comparisons had been made we unanimously agreed that each saddle was perfection itself for the country in which it is used. What interested the strenuous Snowy most was roping and rope-spinning.

Instead of the rope the Australian bushmen use a powerful 24-foot stock whip made of plaited kangaroo leather. After the boys had amazed him with their truly marvelous roping Snowy exhibited several whips, all made of the same beautiful plaited kangaroo hide. The deftness with which he cracked the "snakes" so fascinated us that we all began lessons immediately. The air was so filled with the sharp crackling sounds



that the noise resembled as many guns in action.

Said Snowy: "The Australian bushmen throw cattle by the tails rather than with a rope. One man riding at good speed twists the steer's tail so deftly that the hind feet are knocked from under while another rider pounces upon the struggling animal. Of course, the whips are used only for driving purposes, although the bushmen can tie a half-hitch about an animal's neck with one crack."

Incidentally, I am still practicing with the whip Snowy gave me. He is also sending me a bushman's outfit and a boomerang

from his home in Australia. Not to be outdone, I presented him with the cowboy outfit. He surely can astonish his neighbors back home now.

When I explained what to do with each and every thing, Snowy showed us how the bushman's regalia differed.

For instance,—we wear a big Stetson for protection against the weather—and it keeps the sun out of our eyes. The bushmen wear small Stetsons. Contrary to average opinion, our big bandana handkerchief is not for display but to pull up over the mouth and nose for protection (Continued on page 97)

# Grand Crossing Impressions



Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their fittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

**F**RANK KEENAN'S  
In Town,"  
They Told Me.  
He was Making  
Personal Appearances  
In the Outlying Theatres.  
And they Told Me  
Just where he was Going to be;  
and  
If I Got There in Time  
I Could Catch Him; but  
I'd Better Hurry, because

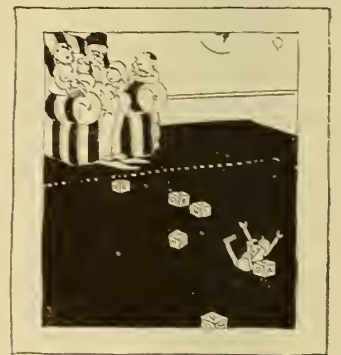


I grabbed an "L."

He was Leaving, Directly,  
To Catch his Train.  
They didn't Offer  
To Send me Out  
Into the Wilderness  
In a Taxi-cab; so  
I Grabbed an L.  
That's all  
I Could Do.  
There was  
A Long Long Line A-winding—  
The Sign Said,  
"Frank Keenan—  
In Person." I  
Pushed my Way  
Through the Crowd to

A Door-man and Said,  
"I Want to See  
Mr. Keenan,"  
And he Looked at Me  
Pityingly, and Said,  
"Yes—the Line Forms  
At the Left, Lady,"  
And Pushed me Back.  
I Stood in Line.  
You Know How it is—  
And your Feet Go to Sleep  
And you Wonder  
What on Earth made you think  
That any Movie Star  
Was Worth Waiting  
This Long For—  
"He Isn't Exactly  
What you Call Handsome,  
Like Bushman," Remarkd  
One Musk-Rat  
To Another, in Front of Me,  
As she Powdered her Nose;  
"Still, I Like the Guy."  
"Oh, yes," said Someone,  
"I Used to See Keenan  
With Joe Jefferson, long ago."  
"Aw gee,"  
Said a Kid, Squeezing Up,  
"I like him—  
In westerns  
Where he Rides 'n Everything."  
Finally, I Got In, and Saw  
Keenan Come On,  
And Make the House  
Feel Right at Home.  
I'd always Thought  
He should Be  
Strutting the Stage

In a Toga, or  
Reciting the Oration  
Over the Body  
For the Benefit  
Of Slightly Skeptical  
Shakespearean Fans; and  
Here he was, instead,  
Holding an Audience  
Who'd Seen him  
Play all Sorts of Parts,  
A la Fillum.  
I Couldn't Wait  
At the Stage-door  
For this Celebrity; but  
I Finally Nabbed him—  
"I don't Care,"  
He Says Real Recklessly,



His grandchildren are the pride of his life.

"If I Never  
Go Back on the Stage,  
We're Going to Turn Out  
Some Good Pictures, in  
This New Thing, I think."  
Happily Married?  
I Should Say So.  
His Grand-children  
Are the Pride of his Life.





Large photos by Geisler & Andrews

Ann's Oriental dance in the current or 1918 Follies is one good reason why the line at the box-office never dwindles. You have to be a personal friend of Mr. Ziegfeld or somebody to get in. The little figures above show Penny in her various dancing roles in the previous Follies, dating back to 1913.

## Ann Pennington in the New "Follies"

**T**HIS is Ann Pennington—"Penny" to her good many friends. She's dancing with the latest edition of Mr. Ziegfeld's well-known national institution, now on tour. They say Penny is one of the best little reasons why Mr. Ziegfeld's show answers to the call of the ne plus ultra of entertainment which combines, to the satisfaction of all concerned, girls and music—which means a little music and *some* girls.

When is she coming back to pictures? She left the Famous Players studio one day and it begins to look as though she left, like the heroine in the meller, never to return. In the movies they want her to act soulful and sedate and Penny can't do it, she simply can't. "I'd like to do some more pictures if they would give me suitable stories," she says. Perhaps if Miss Pennington were coaxed—anyway, it should mean a pretty penny for the producers.



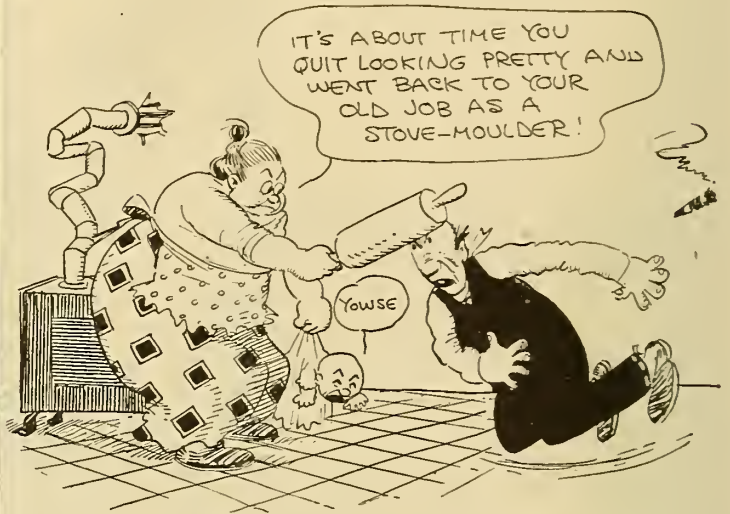


# A Chat with Effingham K. Emptyface

By R. L. GOLDBERG



We were permitted to observe Mr. Emptyface dining at his private table after finishing the final scenes of the great cereal, "The Ash-Can of Love."

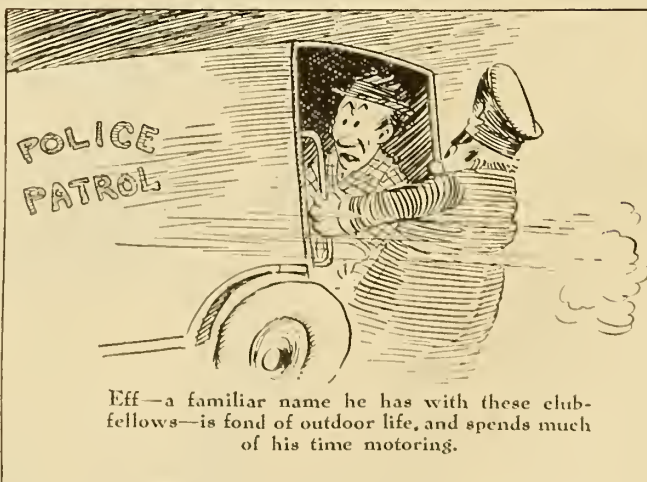


An intimate picture of the celebrated film hero's home life. Photoplay's interviewer was the first outsider to gaze upon this scene of domestic bliss—all the others were afraid of being hit.



Effingham is an inveterate reader. During his spare moments he can always be found with a book in his hand.

He is also musically inclined.



Eff—a familiar name he has with these club-fellows—is fond of outdoor life, and spends much of his time motoring.



A slave to his ever-increasing popularity, Effingham often receives notes from women before he has had a chance to get out of bed.



# "Here Comes the Bride"

One hundred thousand dollars brought Fred Tile a wife — two of 'em, almost.

By  
FRANCIS DENTON

THE Hotel Magnifique was the favored stopping place of illustrious personages of races other than American. Therefore Maria Gomez Tile and Manuel Sevier attracted no particular attention at dinner there, their dark eyes, olive skins and opulence of raiment being only typical of the Magnifique's South American visitors. But they lingered so long over their finger bowls, absorbed in conversation, that Jacques, their waiter, grew impatient. He had anticipated a good-sized tip, therefore he had been more than usually attentive, but—well, at this rate, he would not serve half a dozen guests in an entire evening.

The gentleman was beckoning to him. "Bring a New York telephone directory; be queeck."

Jacques hurried away. Of course, if the tip were large enough he would be no loser.

The two at the table had their heads close together again.

"But you have no cause to worry, Maria," said Sevier. "It should be easy in a big city like this to find another Frederick Tile. And these Americans will do anything for money. The marriage license to show your trustee—and the two million is yours."

Maria spread out a crumpled telegram and read it for the hundredth time. "Have just arrived from Buenos Ayres. Will be with you to-morrow night to pay you your legacy."

"Dios, the time is short," she murmured.

Sevier took up a stained and creased paper, bearing the legend, "Last Will and Testament of —" and read the following extract aloud:

*"If Frederick Tile of Buenos Ayres, the divorced husband of my beloved niece, Maria, shall remarry within one year after my death, as a punishment he shall get no money and Maria shall get all the money which I hereby leave, amounting to \$2,000,000."*

"Marry again!" Maria's voice was hysterical. "And he in prison for life for murdaire! What chance had he to marry? And for this I must lose \$2,000,000!"

Sevier soothed her. "All we have to do is find a bachelor named Frederick Tile, here in New York. We obtain the marriage license to show. Pough!—it is done."



He sat on the piano bench at her side and attempted to keep his heart action synchronized with the tempo of "Hush Thee My Baby."

"But to take the reesk," murmured Maria doubtfully.

"Your once husband in a cell for all his life in far-away Buenos Ayres—can he come to America? There is no reesk. In this country there are clevaire lawyers. We must find one." He beckoned to Jacques, who was still hovering restlessly in the background. "Can you give me the name of a good lawyer? One who can do things queeck?" The query was accompanied by a crisp green parchment oblong. A great peace smoothed the lines of anxiety from Jacques' countenance. He considered. "I think Mr. Thurlew Benson is the best. He tips me better than anyone else."

Sevier consulted Maria again. Then he said to Jacques:

"Perhaps you also know a woman who would like to get married for \$500?"

Jacques looked mystified. Another crisp note made him bend with alacrity and dismiss all curiosity from his voice, as he answered:

"There is a widow who works in the linen room who is dying to try it again. I will send her to your room in the morning."

A few minutes later Jacques sprang to help Sevier with his coat. As he watched the couple go, his fingers caressed the two bank notes resting crisply in the breast pocket of his waiter's jacket. This was patronage worth while.

\* \* \*

Just about the time of the foregoing action, Mr. Frederick Tile, an honest and therefore poor young New York lawyer, stood resolutely before his mirror, assuring himself that, sartorially at least, he could not be suspected, on his face value, of poverty. Nor could he—for Mr. Tile was a well set-up youth who wore his clothes well and who carried with him a natural manner of easy familiarity with affluence—in spite of his consciousness of several past-due bills and the more or less guilty feeling that he had "inserted" the studs in his evening shirt with the assistance of a fountain pen.

Mark you—Mr. Tile was not chronically worried over his



penury. As he turned from an inspection of his visage in the mirror to a photograph on the dresser, he was enthusiastically buoyant. The girl was exceptionally pretty, it was easy to see. And in one corner of the picture had been inscribed, in the angular hand taught by the most select schools, "To Fred, from Ethel."

Gazing at the picture as he moved about the room, Fred finally achieved his full evening regalia and, with a nod to the cat sipping the remnants of a scant dish of milk, he was gone.

A little later Tile appeared in the drawing-room of the Sinclair home, and after an outwardly calm and surreptitiously tumultuous greeting with Ruth, due to the presence of her father, sat down on the piano bench at her side and attempted to keep his heart synchronized with the tempo of "Hush Thee My Baby," irresistibly rendered by the only woman in the world.

The musical selection had been craftily selected. The two young people had whisperingly decided that there was no lullaby that could excel it for the purposes of overcoming even the most alert, mature minds. Nor were they wrong; presently the head of Mr. Sinclair began to nod over his paper. At the fourth nod Tile waited no longer, but breathlessly drew out from his pocket an envelope.

"A marriage license, dear; I—"

Then he stopped in terror, for Sinclair had snorted suddenly and half-awoke. In a panic, Tile thrust the envelope and license under him as he sat on the bench. Again convinced there was no danger to expect, he groped for the envelope, found it and thrust it in his pocket.

Nor, when he went home some time later, did he realize that he had left the important part of the envelope on the drawing-room floor, where it had fallen as he thrust the envelope under him.

Arriving home in the best of spirits, he refused to permit the discovery of a due room rent bill to disturb his equanimity.

The next morning he left his room at an early hour, to thus avoid embarrassing contact with his landlady. He carefully sorted his small change and concluded that he could not afford to buy a paper. Just at the moment when he was considering whether a first-class reputation which cannot be exchanged for as much as a bowl of soup is a really worth-while asset, he was cheerfully hailed from the curb.

"Hello, there, Tile. A word with you."

Tile waited while a nifty little roadster drew up to the curb. "You everlasting idiot," remarked Carlton, as he opened the door of the tonneau. "Do you know what happened after you left last night?" He was referring to his own and Tile's call the previous evening, upon the Sinclair sisters. "The old man found your wedding license on the floor where you dropped it when you were showing it to Ethel. He is looking for you to murder you. Better come to my place and stay until the row blows over."

Tile looked horror stricken. "He—he found the license—" he mumbled.

"He sure did." Carlton surveyed Tile curiously. "By the way, old man, just what was—er—the idea? You weren't thinking of eloping just at present—no?"

"It was—er, I mean Ethel wanted to see how her name would look on a marriage license, you—er—understand."

"Y-a-s," uttered Carlton vaguely. He slapped Tile's shoulder. "Cheer up, old man; so far as that goes I am no better off than you. I can only come in after dinner to play around a while with Nora. I've got the money and no standing and you've got the standing and no mon—" He ended with a discreet cough. "But here's my key. Just go to my place and make yourself at home. So long."

Meanwhile Ashley, Tile's confidential clerk-stenographer-office boy, had unlocked his employer's door and was making bustling preparations as if for a busy day. Shortly afterward there was a quick turning of the office door knob and a short, pompous man, tightly clutching the arm of an agitated young woman, entered. Ashley recognized Sinclair and his daughter Ethel. With quick presence of mind he closed Tile's desk, wherein reposed the mate to the portrait that graced his dressing-table.

"Tile in?" asked Sinclair.



He inserted his "studs" with the assistance of his fountain pen.

"Not down yet," answered Ashley. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"Humph!" Without comment Sinclair stalked into Tile's private office and looked around. Satisfied that Ashley was telling the truth, he sat down to wait.

Ashley slipped a sheet of paper into his typewriter and became very busy. Presently another visitor entered and shoved a bill under his nose.

"Mr. Tile isn't in," said Ashley again. "I can't do anything for you until he comes."

"All right," was the calm answer. "You're six months overdue and this is

the eleventh time I've been here. So it's 'bye 'bye to the alphabet piano, Sonny." He removed the sheet of paper that was in the typewriter, picked up the machine and walked out.

"He forgot the cover," murmured Ashley. Mournfully he arranged the cover plumply upon the typewriterstand.

"Are you Frederick Tile?" demanded a voice in the outer room. "Do I look like it?" came in indignant tones from Sinclair. Ashley pricked up his ears to listen. "I'm not Frederick Tile, but this is his office."

"It won't be much longer." The man walked through and addressed Ashley. "Are you Frederick Tile?"

"Mr. Tile will be down in a few—"

"Well, just tell him he'd better look for other quarters," shoving a notice under Ashley's nose. "We aint runnin' a charitable institution." The visitor picked up the dispossess notice, which Ashley had read with appropriate expostulations, tacked it on the outside of the door, and stalked away.

Sinclair turned to his daughter with a bounce. "Do you see? Tile's broke; pitched out of his office. All he wants is your money. The infernal rascal! Marriage license in his pocket! Rogue!"

Ethel sniffled quietly in her corner.

Tile, upon reaching his office, calmly removed the dispossess notice and stuffed it in his pocket. Throwing out his chest and assuming a brisk attitude, he entered with the air of a man whose affairs needed attention.

"Your girl and the old gentleman are outside," whispered Ashley. "The old boy seems ready to choke."

Tile's jaw dropped, but he stepped briskly into his outer office.

"I came to bring you this," announced Sinclair, waving the marriage license. "And this is what I am going to do with it." He tore it into pieces and threw it into the waste basket. "You haven't a penny; they're going to turn you out of your office. I want you two"—addressing both Tile and his daughter—"to understand that you are never going to see each other again."

Ethel was still weeping. Tile looked at her, his face indicating his distress, but there was apparently no argument. He



shook his head and leaned despondently against the typewriter cover, which flattened out, letting his elbows rap the desk sharply. Tile rubbed ruefully while Sinclair laughed sardonically, and took his leave, muttering explosively, "Marriage license, indeed. Puppy!"

Tile and Ashley looked at each other. There was really nothing else to do.

The telephone rang. Ashley answered it.

"It's Benson from the floor below."

"I don't want to speak to him over the phone," answered Tile. "Tell him to come up."

"Here, hand me a law book," he went on. "Prop that typewriter cover up again. Grab a notebook and pencil."

When Ashley showed Benson in a few minutes later, Tile was so absorbed in a heavy volume that he did not at first glance at his visitor. But Benson was not at all impressed. He announced: "Mr. Tile, I am going to offer you a chance to make one hundred thousand dollars."

Tile's mouth went open as by automatic springs. He swallowed, and pressed the buzzer on his desk.

"I am not in to *anyone*," he informed Ashley, with dignity.

"Mr. Benson," he continued earnestly, "I don't know any little thing I'd rather do right now than earn one hundred thousand dollars."

"Very well; read that." Benson handed him a drawn-up agreement, and Tile read, finishing the page: "The said Frederick Tile hereby agrees to marry, for the consideration of one hundred thousand dollars, a lady whom he agrees not to see until after the ceremony." He shook his head.

"But you get twenty thousand dollars in money this morning, and at the end of the year, by which time you can be divorced, you get the rest. The marriage is a mere formality, and it's easy money."

To add force to his words, Benson drew from his pocket a yellow-backed roll as big as a cabbage. Tile looked at it; automatically his fingers went to his own pocket—empty!

Benson saw the dispossess notice lying on the floor; he picked it up and spread out the bills beside it. "Twenty thousand right here," he said.

Tile's glance rested on the torn marriage license reposing in the waste basket. "Wait a minute," he said.

He picked up the telephone and called Sinclair's number. "May I speak to Miss Ethel?"

Sinclair's butler, who had answered the call, replied: "I am told to say that Miss Ethel doesn't wish to speak to you."

Tile hung up the receiver. "All right," to Benson. "I'll sign."

Benson called Ashley from the other room. "Please ask the ladies and gentlemen who are in my office to step here for a minute."

Ashley returned accompanied by a veiled lady, and the Judge, present in an officiatory capacity. Benson made the introductions, but when he came to the veiled lady, merely remarked, "This is the lady whom you have agreed to marry."

Tile made a flank movement, with the intention of getting a glimpse of her face, but Benson prevented him. With a face set in lugubrious lines of despairing acquiescence, Tile allowed the ceremony to proceed. When he reached for his bride-to-be's finger to slip on the wedding ring, he started. "She has a wedding ring on her finger. No; great heavens!—there's four of them."

"It's all right," murmured Benson. "She's a widow. Go on with the ceremony."

"— and I pronounce you husband and wife," ended the Judge.

As the words were being spoken, Ethel, in a great hurry, entered an ascending elevator in the building. The elevator shot swiftly upward. At the same moment Benson was saying to the Judge jestingly, "You have the right, you know, to kiss the bride."

The Judge gallantly raised the ex-widow's veil, but dropped it hastily, and, looking like a man who has received a severe shock, left the room. The rest of the company followed, after Benson's parting words to Tile: "You will, of course, leave the city immediately and you are not to hold any communication with the lady you have married. At the end of a year you will be divorced, and if you keep everything secret as you have agreed, this check for eighty thousand is yours."

Tile, like a man in a bad dream, nodded. After the rest had gone he sat by his desk disconsolately fiddling with the money Benson had given.

The door flew open and Ethel burst in, her cheeks aglow.



"— and I pronounce you man and wife," ended the Judge.



"Darling, I have telegraphed father that we are going to be married today!"

She put up her face to be kissed.

Tile made a movement as of utter collapse, but managed to hold her feebly away from him.

Ethel pouted. "Wont you even kiss me, after all I have done for you? See"—she snapped open her leather vanity case. It was packed full of bills which, released, from confinement popped outward like lettuce leaves. "I have drawn all my money out of the bank. Never shall the wolf of poverty come howling at our door."

Poor Ethel! Poor Tile! He spent the next half hour trying to make her understand that he could not marry her for a twelve months, but he made a poor job of it, with explanations that did not explain. Ethel pleaded, cajoled, and wept.

Finally her pride came to her rescue, and for the first time she was cognizant of the money which lay on his desk. She drew herself up. "I understand now. Father was right. You no longer love me because you have suddenly made some

miserable. "I should like to stay here a few days, Hawkins."

"That will be quite all right. I will put you right in Miss Nellie's room."

He bustled away and Ethel followed him, conscious only of a desire to sleep and forget for a while the dreadful ache in her heart. Hawkins, with a flourish, showed her to her room and she thanked him gratefully. In twenty minutes she was sound asleep. She did not hear the noise of an approaching taxi, nor the sound of footsteps as Tile let himself in with the latch key Carlton had given him.

At nine o'clock the next morning, Hawkins bore to the upstairs sitting room a delicious breakfast for one. Miss Ethel had not yet appeared, so he set the tray on a table, and turned,—to face with amazement the tall entering figure and dismal countenance of Mr. Frederick Tile, arrayed in a dressing gown. Failing to notice Hawkins' consternation, Tile stepped forward and poured himself a cup of coffee, remarking, "Good morning, Hawkins; I didn't know you heard me come in last night. I shall be with you for quite a little while, I expect."

Hawkins, slowly regaining his equilibrium and beginning to have troublesome thoughts, observed Ethel entering from her room.

Completely taken aback by her appearance, Tile rose, and then sat down again, conscious of his dressing gown and pajamas. Ethel observed him with frigid haughtiness. Painfully embarrassed, he attempted a half explanation, which, beneath her severe countenance turned to a mumbled apology, and sidled from the room. Ethel sat down and began to fiddle with her grape fruit: she was really too miserable to give any thought to the unfortunate interpretation that might be put upon her presence there with Tile. It was not until Hawkins returned, his face set in granite disapproval, with another cup and saucer and another portion of grape fruit, that she understood. She held her composure until he left the room, then flung her arms up to heaven and



Tile had attempted to hang himself but the light fixture tore out from the wall and for a few minutes thereafter he sat stupidly on the floor, contemplating the relic of his instrument of death.

money. Good bye. You will never see me again."

Tile stood looking at her without answer, the apotheosis of woe. He heard the clatter of her little heels on the floor of the outer office, then the door slammed.

He collapsed miserably in his chair. After a while he called Ashley. Handing him a couple of thousand-dollar bills, he said: "Take this and pay your laundry bill, and buy any little thing you want. I shall not be back to the office for a year. Let the furniture go back—what's the use? If you want my address I shall be at Mr. Carlton's."

Ethel, with inflamed eyes and a look of desperate determination, hired a taxi and drove around the city until night-fall. She had no intention of going home and facing the wrath of her father nor the humiliation that would await her when he learned the truth. But she must go somewhere. Finally, she instructed the chauffeur to drive to Carlton's. She would seek refuge there.

The family butler answered her ring. "The family are all away, Miss Ethel," he replied in answer to her inquiry. "But I am sure you are quite welcome to the best there is."

"I can't go home," shivered Ethel. She was chilled and

burst into tears.

"Compromised!" she sobbed. "What shall I do now?"

In the meantime, Sinclair, upon receipt of Ethel's telegram and her failure to return home, after first indulging in a first-class imitation of an apoplectic fit, had reported her disappearance to the police, who, in turn had let the news leak out for the benefit of the newspaper reporters. A day's diligent inquiry and burning of telephone wires had elicited the fact that Tile, in some way, had come into a large amount of money. This news rather changed the complexion of the affair. Father Sinclair, beginning to soften around the edges, like ice on the pavement when the basement steam pipes began to rumble in the morning, now discovered that Tile had gone to Carlton's to stay, and jumped to the conclusion that his lost daughter was found. As reports continued to exaggerate the amount of Tile's windfall, Sinclair thawed more visibly. He grew positively genial as the morning crept on, and leaving his office, he repaired to a florist's, purchased a large bouquet, climbed into his limousine, and told his chauffeur to drive to Carlton's home.

(Continued on page 107)





To the left, the original screen salamander, Miss Hawley, pictured with Elliott Dexter in a scene from "We Can't Have Everything." Above, and right: Wanda, a straw hat and a straw bed.



## The Open Season for Salamanders

Wanda Hawley will undoubtedly lead a flock of 'em over the screen horizon.

**Y**OU can establish without a shadow of doubt the fact that Theda Bara was the original vampire on the screen; and Mary Pickford the original ingenue. Mary Thurman was the first show-girl, and Marguerite Clark the first sub-deb.

Ladies and gentlemen, we take ever so much pleasure in introducing to you the first and so far only saucy salamander the silver-sheet can boast. Her name's Wanda Hawley and you know her best, perhaps, as the heroine of the Rupert Hughes DeMilled drama "We Can't Have Everything." At the end of the picture, Wanda, you remember, has about everything her little heart desires except a presentation at court. Her ducal consort assured her at the final fade-out that he thought he'd be able to arrange that before very long; and it didn't really matter much; *Kedzie* probably forgot all about it before dinner. Looking at Miss Hawley, who portrayed *Kedzie Thropp*—and she's never had an opportunity to do anything nearly so good since—still, looking at her, we wonder what it is, if anything, that she can't have.

Ah—but appearances are deceitful. Wanda did *not* come to the screen via the runway at the Midnight Frolic. Florenz Ziegfeld did want her for the Follies; that was really one of the best jobs Wanda ever turned down. But she didn't go into them because—she had a Voice; and in the Follies, you know, a Voice is as superfluous as knitted wristlets for the starving Slovaks. Wanda kept on studying; she'd left the home-town, which happened to be Seattle, Washington, to come to the City to have it cultivated—the Voice, you know. Most of her time when she wasn't practicing to improve the Gift she spent posing for artists. Her fair face and pretty profile have decorated quite a few covers of the best-known publications, pastelled there by such prominences as Leone Bracker, Lejaren Hiller, et al.

Meanwhile she accepted an offer to understudy one of the stars in "Chin Chin." She was getting along beautifully, when she contracted a sort of laryngitis. And she had to give it up. But Wanda wasn't without a job very long. The movies discovered her, with William Fox as the picture Columbus in



question. She was, all this time, Wanda Pettit; and she acted with considerable grace opposite Stuart Holmes in "The Derelict," with William Farnum in "The Doctor" and with villain Holmes in another Fox-film, "The Broadway Sport." Then the company sent her west; photographed her for the magazines on the lawn of her California bungalow and for the screen, opposite Tom Mix, in several westerns. At Fox's west-coast studios she was George Walsh's leading *femme*, also.

Wanda Pettit became Wanda Hawley in the identical manner in which an every-day girl changes her name. Her husband is J. Burton Hawley, of Los Angeles, a young merchant of the coast city. Soon after she became Mrs. Hawley she became also a Lasky light, winning lasting recognition under Cecil DeMille's direction, in "We Can't Have Everything," as the saucy little salamander. This started her on the Paramount path, which has always led upward, and onward, for Wanda. Between Lasky pictures she found time to make a picture with Constance Talmadge, "A Pair of Silk Stockings." Lately, Wanda has been Bill Hart's leading woman in "The Border Wireless." Now she is acting opposite Bryant Washburn; she has played with him in two pictures, "The Gypsy Trail," enacting here the role created, in the stage success, by Elsie Mackaye; and "The Way of a Man with a Maid."

Ann Pennington finds refuge in the reflections of Thomas Carlyle. Don't be surprised when I tell you that, when I went to see Wanda Hawley, at the Lasky studios, I found her curled up in a big chair with her director's tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses astride her pretty little nose—which was also buried deep in a copy of Omar Khayyam's "The Rubaiyat."

Wanda, the little bit of fluff, specializing in sprightly salamanders, was reading:

"Omar," she said quite seriously. "it's my philosophy. It is more than that; it is my religion!"

"Good heavens!" we ejaculated. "Old Omar, eh? And why?"

"Well, because—"

"A woman's reason."

"I hadn't finished. Because I can find something in Omar to fit every mood and phase of my life's activities. Take the profession of pictures: why, Omar had it when he wrote: 'We are no other than a moving row of magic shadow shapes that come and go.' Still, I believe that a player through study and observation should establish a precedent for most moods and manners. I know how to act the salamander in 'We Can't Have,' etc., because I'd read enough and seen enough of life to form some ideas about her. Mr. DeMille did the rest."



## Directing a Photoplay by "Vibrations"

**HELEN KELLER**, who understands perhaps better than anyone else the eloquence of silence, is to appear in a photoplay. Deaf, dumb and blind, this remarkable woman is now at work on a melodrama that shows her triumphant struggle through darkness and silence. The director, George Foster Platt, instructs his blind and deaf actress by tapping his foot on the floor, the code reaching Miss Keller by vibrations. Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy, the woman who has helped Miss Keller in her life-long studies, assists the director. In the picture above are the cameraman, the director, Miss Keller and Mrs. Macy. The oval at left is a scene from the photoplay showing Miss Keller cheering a blinded soldier.





## Everybody calls him "Johnny"

The rest of it is Hines,  
and he danced off the stage  
onto a picture lot.

By  
CAMERON PIKE

The lady in the chair is Johnny's mother, and sitting on the arm of the chair is Johnny's mother's son. He's also the engineer of Number Fourteen, above, and the axle of all those pistol-spokes, below. That photoplay was "The Cub."

**C**URIOS are the vagaries of ambition. I know a girl with wonderful dimples and a smile that makes you think of apple blossoms and spring-time, and she wants to play heavy dramma, when the good Lord built her purposely for light comedy. One of the sweetest-faced of all the screen ingenues wants to be a vampire. I suppose, way down deep in their hearts, Douglas Fairbanks wants to play Shakespeare and Bill Hart wants to be the cute little leading juvenile in the pink tea and tennis college play. So it is not surprising that Johnny Hines, when I asked him what he wished for more than anything else in the world, said, after much thought:

"I wish I were more dignified."

"But you couldn't use dignity effectively in your work."

"Not in my work, but in my business," said Johnny. "It's hard for a man of my size, and with a sense of humor, to get himself taken seriously. Now look at Monty Love, for example. Monty is big and impressive. When he goes into an office the natural impulse of everyone is to ask him please what is it he wants and how soon and where. But if I try to talk business with anybody, he will say, 'Oh, go for a walk around the block, smoke a cigar, and come back when I'm not so busy.'



"Look at it this way—you never think of me as John Hines, do you? You think of me as Johnny. Of course. That's it. Just stick a 'y' on the end of a guy's name and you've got him nailed to the mast. You don't talk about Billy Farnum, or Mitchy Lewis, or Davey Warfield, or—"

"But you do of Charlie Chaplin and Wally Reid, and anyhow, what are we living for, to be respected or to be liked? If people like you what's the difference?" I demanded.

"Oh, I'm not kicking at life," Johnny replied quickly. "Life's all right. But if I could have all I've got and some one other thing as well, I'd have dignity. It's great stuff. But after all



I don't need it so badly. You see a man can only sleep in one bed at a time, eat one meal at a time, wear one suit of clothes, live in one home—"

"And love one girl?"

"There are differences of opinion on that point. I don't know. But if we just go ahead and get all we can out of existence as we find it we're going pretty nearly to be happy, and that's enough for anybody.

"Trouble is, I guess, we're always trying to be somebody else instead of ourselves. We envy other people so much that we don't stop to consider that chances are a lot of others are envying us."

Which is a considerable condensation of philosophy to be dumped out of the system of one young man still in the very early twenties. But Johnny Hines has been to school—that great big school whose graduates learn a lot of things not in the books at Harvard and Yale—the University of Hard Knocks. Young Mr. Hines' earliest public activity was selling newspapers on the streets of Pittsburgh. That's enough to teach anybody self-control and a good deal about human nature. He was born in Golden, Colorado, but his recollections of the West are considerably limited by reason of the fact that he migrated to Pennsylvania at a time when his wishes in the matter were unrecognized, not to say even unformed. His father has oil property near Butler, Pa., and to Johnny he is the greatest man in the world.

"Dad isn't such an awful lot bigger than me," he says, "but he's eighty-one years old, straight as an arrow, and hair as black as mine, with a beautiful gloss. Comes from living outdoors all the time. And I bet you he could lick either one of us and probably both."

One of Johnny's older brothers elected for a dramatic career, rather than following the paternal footsteps through the oil business. He came to New York—his name to the stage world

is Stephen Colby—and Johnny came along. Johnny attended the College of the City of New York, and kept his eye open for an opportunity to go on the stage. He was a clever dancer, and finally he had his chance in 1905 in an extravaganza, "The Babes and the Baron." He played the part of a big ball, and the gross duration of his daily appearance was about forty-five or fifty seconds. But it was a start. His dancing led him into musical comedies such as "The Firefly" with Trentini, and it was when he was rehearsing for the Cohan piece, "The Little Millionaire," that the seed of his picture career was planted in his imagination.

Now this, remember, was more than five years ago, or perhaps only four. Some day the chronology of this swift-moving business is going to be written or compiled, and I will then head with one month's income a subscription to erect a monument in honor of the compiler thereof. Anyhow, away back in the dim and distant past, when the World was young, and Maurice Tourneur had just come from France and it was beginning to be nearly respectable to be a moving picture actor, somebody told Johnny Hines he had the real pantomime idea, and he ought to go to it. He went. He stayed. He played in the first picture the World made, "The Man of the Hour," and has been with the company ever since, except for a five-months' absence. When he had told me this much he glanced up at the clock and said:

"I hope you'll excuse me, but I've got to go now. I'm due home for dinner."

"Your wife—"

"Wife nothing. I live with my mother."

From which it will be noted that Johnny Hines is quite a family man. In another minute he had disappeared within the cavernous interior of a hell-bent roadster, and was engaged in the game of trying to get from Times Square to Washington Heights in fifteen minutes without being pinched.



**A**RITHMETIC is an odd sort of science. While addition is one of its fundamental rules, addition completely spoils some figures. Take Mary Thurman's, for instance. Mary has decided to quit Sennetting and be a real actress. We should say that her first part is one of the new year's biggest crimes; the evidence is herewith presented. In the little vision above, Mary the Real, making the world gloriously unsafe for Democrats and Republicans. The vast expanse at the left is Mary the Fat Girl, in Bryant Washburn's new play. You say it. Not to swear was one of our pledges.





# The Next Genius — A Cameraman?

A painter's photoplay prophecy, from a painter's standpoint.

By ANTONY E. ANDERSON

(Art Critic, *The Los Angeles Times*)

EIGHT or ten years ago a few kindred spirits frequently foregathered in the studio of a certain portrait-painter in Los Angeles, where they would hear the portrait-painter discuss at length and at large—not portraits, or landscape canvases, or any other use of oil or pastel or water-color, but motion pictures. I used to laugh at his enthusiasm, and so did the others. We regarded him as many of the old-line artists regard the cubists and futurists: individuals determinedly straining a point to be original. We didn't realize that he was one of the few wise men among the intellectuals, an inspired gazer into the future.

I had been interested in fiction, in painting, and in the drama, and had written something about all of them. But I couldn't get interested in motion pictures. I hadn't my friend's vision. I regarded pictures as utterly lacking in artistry, and I still think that I wasn't entirely wrong—then. For who shall say that the productions of that era were not crude? To be sure, like most of the prejudiced, I didn't have data to back unbelief, for I seldom went to see a motion picture.

But now witness the difference:

For a year I have been seeing an average of ten features a week, recording my impressions and reactions for a hundred thousand readers.

My friend the portrait-painter was right. The Motion Picture is an Art, to be sure the youngest of all the arts, with many of the faults and caprices of childhood, but every artist must admit its artistic verity. And they do—all save those who are utterly prejudiced or spiritually blind.

My training has been that of a painter. My viewpoint is a painter's. Therefore it seems to me that I have a different angle from most of the other writing men whose privilege it is to discuss the healthy advances and the small frailties of these living paintings by the sun.

We have passed through the mechanical toy stage of pictures, and are almost through the stages of cheap and maudlin drama, and it is very evident that in the face of such advances as a few great men of the films have made to-day we are at the threshold of a new era. Indeed, the picture has never for a moment stood still. It has come nearest to standing still in the last two years; in fact, it might take an engineer with a spirit level to detect any advance at all in the last twelvemonth. Which makes it all the more certain that we are at the boundaries of some rich new province.

So I am going to ask this question: will the next celluloid genius be a cameraman?

So far, the progress of the motion picture has been made entirely and exclusively through its directors, in which class I put Charlie Chaplin, not for a moment considering him exclusively as an actor. A few authors have written some very good things for the movies, but these have been at the directorial behest. Those golden birds, the stars, may have made the world happy for the casual playgoer, but with the exception of Mr. Chaplin, an unclassifiable combination of all the silent talents, none of them has contributed a whit toward the real and permanent advancement of the photoplay. The best that can be said of them is that they have decorated the photoplay as they found it.

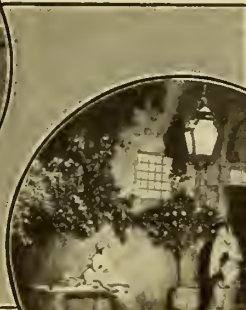
Few except the greatest of the directors have seemed at all aware of the remarkable protean loveliness of the thing in which they are working. Some persist in seeing only "dramatic situations," others sense only the "story," comparatively few even try to visualize the "picture."

Yet many times the "picture" has been the most important of the three essential parts of photoplay. The drama and the story must be shown in a series of pictures. Photographic snapshots won't do. They must be pictures.

Each and every one of these motion pictures must have artistic completeness, composition, a proper balance of light and shade, a correct distribution of masses, depth, atmosphere and rhythm. No matter how dramatically tense a situation may be, the men and women who are actors in it must so dispose themselves that, from moment to moment, they never mar the value and beauty of the picture. No matter how charming an outdoor scene, the cameraman must not lose his head and forget his composition. Again, the distribution of lights and darks and physical masses. This is not an easy problem—it is, indeed, one of the hardest in the

artistic world—but in the artistic motion picture of the future it must be solved everytime a shot is made.

Therefore it seems to me that the next man whom the world acclaim as a great advancer of the motion picture will very likely be a genius-cameraman. He must be a practical cameraman, one who understands the mechanism of the mysterious little dark cage on three legs, but not a mere trickster with films and solutions—oh, no! We have had almost enough of him, though he has proved himself exceedingly useful—even necessary.



Lower picture "Wind," by Alfred Cheney Johnston.





Above — Mrs. Ella Adelaide Fairbanks, the mother of Douglas, Robert, and John. Mrs. Fairbanks died three years ago last Christmas, in New York City. Her three sons are associated now in the Fairbanks filmery in the West: Doug, as star; John, general manager and treasurer; Robert, manager of productions.

Below — When Douglas Fairbanks was born here thirty-six years ago, the address was 61 South 14th Street, but Denver has grown since that time, and it is now 1207 Bannock Street.



The house that Doug built from the earnings of his motion commanding spot in the centre of an estate of fifteen

# Doug Fairbanks

The calendar goes in for acrobatics also, on the right. He wasn't quite he was the champion 4-year-old



Below — Steward, overseer, doge of domesticity — call him what you will — this is Tanaka, who keeps the machinery well-oiled and running smoothly, in the Fairbanks household. With three top-notchers from the actor's kennels: a high-brow villain from Alaska — a patient St. Bernard — to say *nothing* of the dachshund.







picture years. Fairbanks' new home is situated in a acres. It cost Doug \$200,000. (Several weeks' salary.)

# Jumps 32 Years!

and—well, just take a look at that kid camera broke in those days, but Beau Brummel of South 14th St.



Above—Another view of the Fairbanks place, at Beverly Hills, Cal., one of Los Angeles' ultra suburbs. A hotel-dweller all of his professional life, perforce, Fairbanks appreciates this fair-sized villa set in fifteen acres of Golden State. Fully equipped with hot and cold gymnasiums, swimming-pool, tennis courts, etc., etc., etc.



His first adventure with the camera. Above, Doug, at the age of four, in a moment of inaction. It never happened again. What's he thinking about, this resolute young Fairbanks? Is he dopping out his future daredeviltry, or is he doubling up his fist preparatory to pasting the photographer for calling him "little man?"



This, and not the comfortable home at the left should have the historic interest attached to a hero's birth-place. But it's only the present-day studio home of our high-priced athlete—and that sign reads "Absolutely private; please keep away."



# Breed of Men

Proving that often while we are shuddering at the alleged "bad-man-of-the-west" his eastern brother is picking our pockets.

By

MARION CRAIG

"GOD made Arizona," debated a stalwart young woman, pausing over the plowshare for a moment's whimsical reflection. "Are you listening, Bobby?" turning to a boy of four, rummaging for worms in the newly-turned earth. "I say, God made Arizona. Then he must have hurried back to Europe to get civilization started, and forgot all about Arizona. And the sun shone hot and the wind blew furiously, and the centuries came and went and so Arizona became dry and hot and forgotten!"

"F'gott'n!" echoed Bobby.

The girl was suddenly earnest. "Centuries later, a man came from the east who discovered this strip of fertile land set between two great hills. And the man named the strip 'Windwide Valley' and told the world about it. Then other men came—to take sections of Windwide Valley, to work them into ranches. One of these men was Dad. He brought us here. Then he died. And here we are."

She smiled with a new light in her face. "It's all very clear. Our task is to go on from where Dad left off. In two years, as Dad planned, we will hold a clear title to the ranch—providing Wesley B. Prentice is an honest man!"

"Hones' man," echoed Bobby, paying no attention at all.

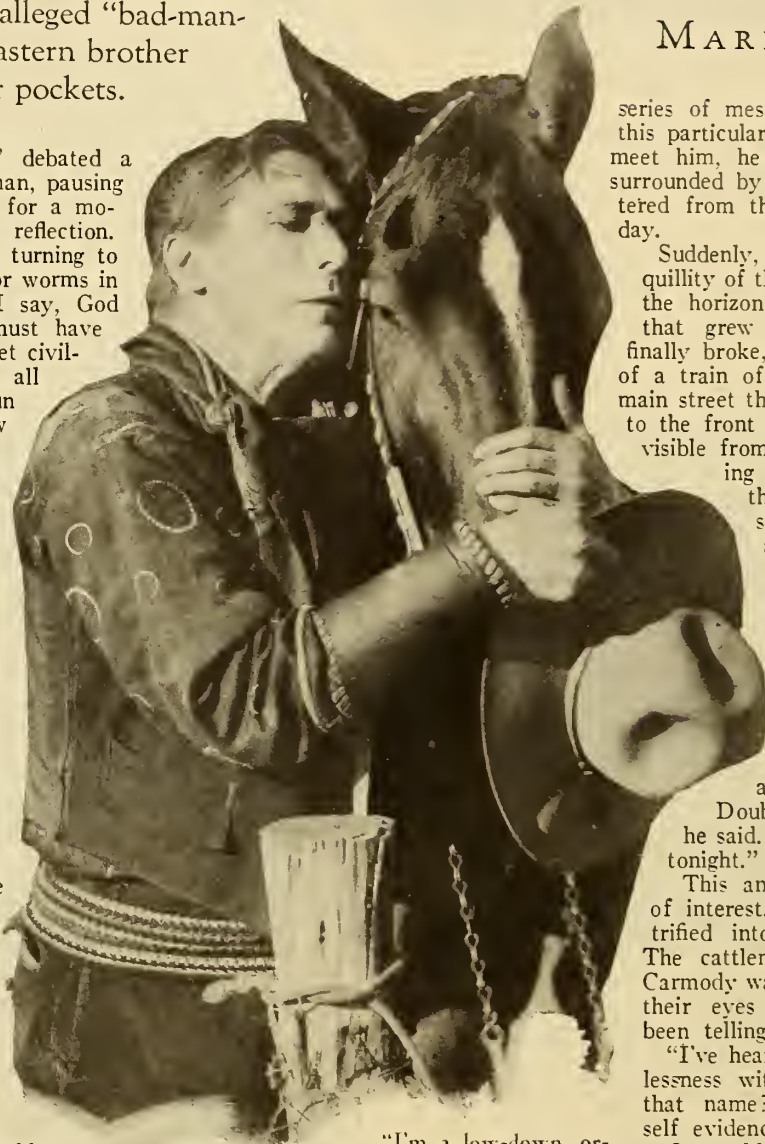
"Which I cannot help from doubting," added the girl.

"'Elp dottin'." from Bobby.

The girl stared pensively to the close horizon on a hill to the south. Was Prentice straight with his settlers? she wondered. She could only hope. She could not read masculine character very accurately, being but a girl. But she had a feeling, a foreboding that women can understand but cannot put into words. Anyway, Bobby refused to listen, was absolutely hypnotized by the worms. So she emerged from her reverie, and the horse started moving over the turf.

And now, let's leave the fields of Windwide Valley for the hot dusty street of Chloride, Arizona, the metropolis of the Valley. Into the lobby of the Palace hotel we go, where lounged Wesley B. Prentice, the "king" of Windwide Valley by reason of his being president and organizer of the Arizona Ranch Lands Company.

Wesley B. Prentice was of the early editions of the land magnate, combining the polish of the east with the stately ferocity of the westerner. The latter quality, though acquired, was none the less effective; Prentice knew how to handle the westerner and they knew that he knew. They respected his soft linen summer clothing as they recognized and saluted the flippant tilt of the sombrero. In short, Prentice, aside from being the man who created Windwide Valley from an unworked



"I'm a low-down, ornery, gamblin' coyote. Slipalong," he groaned. "I done lost yu!"

series of mesas, was easily the lord of this particular part of the west. As we meet him, he was sitting in the lobby, surrounded by a group of cattlemen sheltered from the heat of the midsummer day.

Suddenly, out of the silence and tranquillity of the main streets, floated over the horizon a cloud of dust—a cloud that grew rapidly nearer and that finally broke, letting through the leader of a train of six horsemen. Down the main street they swooped and straight up to the front of the Chuckwagon saloon, visible from where Prentice sat. Acting as a unit, they drew up their steeds, vaulted onto the steps of the saloon front, and were disappeared within in the flash of a lariat.

Across the street, in the hotel lobby, Prentice stared inquiringly at the panting horses. One of the cattlemen sitting near, sought to explain.

"Careless Carmody and his riders from the Bar Double O have just hit town," he said. "There'll be hell a-poppin' tonight."

This announcement created a stir of interest. The loungers were electrified into sudden, eager attention. The cattlemen, to whom a sight of Carmody was always interesting, turned their eyes from Prentice, who had been telling them stories of the east.

"I've heard of him. Was it his carelessness with his gun that gave him that name?" Prentice growled, himself evidencing keen interest.

One old cattleman vouchsafed a reply. "Carmody ain't never careless with a gun," he drawled. "He's never known to draw unless forced to. But

he's always careful to find out when its time. Then its shore business with him."

"They call him careless," explained another, "because he don't give a damn for his life."

Barry Kennedy stood hard by, listening, but offering no vocal contribution to the vivifying of Carmody's character. Kennedy was sheriff through the magnanimity of Prentice and not necessarily because of his moral or physical qualifications; hence he was afraid of Carmody. But when one of the cattlemen laughingly declared that Carmody was neither outlaw nor rustler—just plain Arizonian, the sheriff decided that it was time for him to justify himself.

"There's nothin' agin him in this county," he said, nervously. "But I reckon I'll sa'n'ter down and kind a keep an eye on him." And he started for the door.

Close after the sheriff went Prentice, his curiosity aroused by the interesting testimonials as to this new personality—new to him—in Chloride.

The new arrivals at the Chuckwagon saloon had taken over the place for their personal hilarity. Newly in town after a burning session on the plains, they were in no mood to be checked or crossed in their outing. And, as he entered the doorway, Sheriff Kennedy felt this spirit and decided that he



would strive to be purely ornamental. The instant the sheriff stood in the doorway Carmody, at the end of the bar, stiffened. He eyed the sheriff as the latter drew slowly up to the bar. For an instant the nervous minion of the law responded, but his was the eye to drop. The tension suddenly broke. Without a word, Carmody saw weakness in the sheriff's eye, and knew that there was nothing to fear from him. For, all too plainly, the sheriff's eyes had said: "I'm just standin' by and don't aim to meddle."

Cardplayers, at their tables, waiting and half-hoping for something to start, informed Prentice, newly entered that "Carmody don't cotton none to sheriffs."

Careless, now ignoring the sheriff, spotted the faro game and strolled over. He drew out a roll of bills and tossing them on the table, said to the dealer:

"The sheriff an' me has had a peace smoke so you can take the bridle off. I'm goin' to play the roll."

Kennedy, near by, flushed as he heard this. Prentice, who did not ridicule Kennedy for the simple reason that he knew he was a dummy, smiled and stood by as the dealer started rolling his wheels of iniquity. For a while he stood by and realized that as the minutes passed he was becoming more irritated by Careless' manner and arrogance. He approached "Smooth" Farley, proprietor, and whispered. "I want that man broke, Smooth. Set him afoot."

The hours passed on. Evening came and went and midnight was at hand. Still Careless played. The crowd, weary but stubborn, stuck by as the luck came and went to Careless. Once it started to go, it left rapidly, and now Carmody had made his last bet—against a sure thing. He lost but that did not anger him. He had had a good run for his money. He had enjoyed the night splendidly. For Carmody was somewhat of a philosopher.

But Carmody wasn't through playing as yet. He had decided

## Breed of Men

**NARRATED**, by permission, from the Arcraft photoplay, written by J. G. Hawks. Directed by William S. Hart and Lambert Hillyer, with this cast:

*Careless Carmody* ... William S. Hart  
*Ruth Fellowes* ..... Seena Owen  
*Wesley B. Prentice* .... Bert Spottle  
*Robbie Fellowes* ..... Buster Irving

he was but, stupefied by drink and the tension, he succumbed when Smooth insisted that his luck was due for a change and that he ought to play on.

"I'm cleaned," protested Carmody with a grin. "What'll I stake?"

Smooth's eyes narrowed. He leaned over the table and massed a pile of blue chips. "I'm matchin' that against 'Slip-along,'" he whispered craftily.

Carmody drew back in his chair, a frown cutting diagonally over his brow. His lip curled as he glared at the proprietor.

Stake "Slipalong"—his horse—the one thing he valued above all else? He refused flatly. But Smooth insisted, doubling the stack of blue chips. Then Carmody, rather befuddled anyway, succumbed and so "Slipalong," the precious mount, was staked against two stacks of blue chips.

Of course he lost; for Smooth was remembering his instructions from Prentice—"Set him afoot."

Now Careless was "set afoot!"

Carmody arose weakly from the table. Remorse was deeply etched on his long, lean face. There was a note of fierceness in his tone as he spoke, facing Smooth. "I think a heap of that pony, Mister Smooth—he's yore's now an' I'm warnin' yu—ef yu don't treat him right, *I'm goin' to come back!*"

The entire group of men knew what Carmody meant by that. But Smooth seemed unafraid. He smiled grandiloquently as Carmody stalked out into the darkness. Inside the boys heard a familiar whinny. Carmody was saying goodbye to his four-footed pal. "Slipalong," moreover, seemed to know something was amiss. Why did Carmody throw his arm over the horse's neck and plant his face against the animal's own jaw? And why was he saying, over and over:

"I'm a low-down, onery, gamblin' coyote, Slipalong. I done lost yu!"

Carmody passed on away from the Chuckwagon. He was broke and afoot, a calamity and a disgrace in cowland.



The girl produced refreshments in the form of apple pie and coffee, and her own charming self as hostess. Thereafter Ruth Fellowes was his inspiration.



Morning found him asleep over a saloon table. He was roused by the information that Prentice wanted to see him over at the Palace. He mournfully responded.

"You're the fastest draw and the best shot in Windwide Valley, Carmody," said Prentice. "Barry Kennedy, the present sheriff, goes out of office on the first. How would you like to have his star?"

Carmody was first astonished, then suspicious and finally amused. Prentice seemed in earnest. Carmody suddenly burst into laughter. "Me—sheriff? Mister Prentice—I've got most all my experience dodgin' sheriffs."

Prentice was insistent. "I want a game man who'll not be a Jim Crow sheriff. There'll be work for him soon."

Carmody overlooked the significance in those words. But, when he had accepted the office, his joy returned manifold when he learned that Prentice had redeemed his horse, "Slip-along's yours again," said Prentice. "I don't want to see a good man afoot!"

In the days following a strange and interesting change came over Carmody. Gone was the spirit of outlawry that had fired his life in the past. He seemed reincarnated by the power of his office, rendered upright and just by his importance and many were the evildoers who dreaded and dodged Carmody. "Careless" was a good sheriff.

Then one day came a supreme opportunity for the sheriff. Pancho, a crooked Mexican from over the border, repeatedly warned by Carmody to behave, knifed a card player and then escaped over the border. Six miles out of Chloride, just as Carmody's gun was getting a good bead on the Mexican, that runaway stumbled over a girl, intent on plowing in the fertile Windwide Valley soil. He grabbed her up and holding her between him and the pursuers, managed to escape gunshots until he got inside her shack, where he barricaded himself in. Secure inside, the diabolical Mexican turned his attentions to the girl. She, in terror, stood swaying in the corner, anticipating with pounding heart, the plan of the Mexican. Outside, Carmody put into action some of his prowess that had made him elusive in other days. He burrowed under the shack.

Thus it was that when the Mexican had just thrown his arms about the swooning girl, he heard a stern American voice coming from behind:

"Lay your paws off that American lady!"

The Mexican wheeled and there saw a gun barrel and the face of Carmody, emanating from the propped up trap door that descended under the shack.

In his own whimsical way, the sheriff forced some preliminary punishment onto the Mexican by making him finish the plowing outdoors—while he and the girl—Ruth Fellows, played about with her little brother Bobby—brother and sister who lived all alone on the claim.

During the afternoon the girl mentioned that the claim would be hers in two years. "Providing," she added, "that Wesley B. Prentice is honest and trustworthy."

"Why?" asked the sheriff.

"He promised me a clear title to the land in two years."

Careless assured her, strengthened by all of his trust in Prentice, that the magnate was a person of his word.

The rest of the day passed as a distinct novelty to Carmody. The girl hospitably produced refreshments in the form of apple pie and coffee and her own charming self as hostess. And thereafter Ruth Fellows was his inspiration.

Then a month in which the Navajo moon of blossoms came and went and Windwide Valley grew a carpet of green crops.

Day after day Careless paid ardent court to the pretty girl settler. One day Wesley B. Prentice entertained a stranger from the East by driving him about the beautiful valley. From the road they observed the love-smitten sheriff take a half-hour to tell Ruth goodbye. When he finally left he shyly presented her with a brace of ducks, kissed little Bobbie, and galloped out to the trail.

"Nice little section of land, Careless,—thinking of settling down?" queried the great man, much to the sheriff's embarrassment. That he was the luckiest man in Windwide Valley to

have a friend like Wesley B. was the thought of the guileless Careless.

Then came a week when official duties took Careless Carmody away from Windwide Valley. When he returned he discovered the town of Chloride bursting with indignation and wrath. Eastern strangers were in town. They were making strange demands, which, however, were reenforced by papers of possession. To the sheriff's surprised queries the wrathful settlers answered that Wesley B. Prentice was a crook. He had sold out the entire valley.

In a flash Careless had one accuser by the throat, but calm friends soon showed him the truth. A great fear swept the soul of Careless Carmody. What of Ruth Fellows? What of the women and children?

Careless rode away furiously to Ruth's claim only to find a new farmer and his large family settled there. He learned that Ruth had been considered a squatter and that she had



Careless didn't figure on losing his prisoner at this stage his six-shooter while the broken

been dispossessed by Wesley B. Prentice's surveyors. His face black with rage Careless rode off on the Granite Sinks trail hoping to overtake the poor homeless ones. He passed many sad, sorry-looking caravans of homeless settlers.

In front of a little farm house three strangers demanded that as sheriff Careless recognize the legality of their deeds and evict the occupants. As Careless rode to the house to investigate shot after shot greeted him. One bullet hit him in the shoulder and he promptly returned the fire. When he broke into the house he found Ruth unconscious on the floor with little Bobbie and an old woman crouched beside her. A shot had pierced her hand. Stricken with remorse, Careless feverishly worked to revive her. When she regained consciousness Ruth turned on him in a fury.

"You thief!—you tool!" she cried. "I tried to kill you as I would kill that wolf, your master. You told me he was honest and I believed you. Now we've lost everything. Why



don't you go to him in the East and share his blood money?"

Careless stared dumfounded at the girl during her tirade. Then he caught her as she swayed and fell. An hour later Careless headed a scornful procession of three back to Chloride.

Old Judge Bledsoe of the circuit court was an honest man. To him went Careless for advice.

"I'm asked to put people out of their homes. I don't sabel it, Judge, suh, this lawin' and jugglin'. Is it—Wesley B. Prentice as folks say?"

The old judge sadly nodded. "It's a rotten tragedy, Careless," he said. "He's safe in the East with his millions and the West will see him no more."

Careless clutched his sombrero with clenched hands. He took a deep breath, his jaws set, he raised his clenched fists and his face was fierce and grim as he protested:

"—but Judge,—the women,—they haven't any money and

Careless was intent on just one mission. He wandered out into a busy street near the stockyards where the strange sounds and bustle bewildered and dazed him. To the crossing cop. Careless put this query:

"Yu the marshal uv this town?"

"I'm lookin' fer Mister Wesley B. Prentice. Can yu put me on the trail to his house?"

The cop grinned in enjoyment. Then he advised the Westerner to hunt a drug store and a directory and not to be gold-bricked.

After ninety-seven blocks on cowboy heels Careless came to the Prentice mansion on the lake front. In the driveway a girl and her groom mounted their horses for an early morning canter. They looked upon the Westerner unheedingly as he watched them, thinking of those sad caravans of homeless women and children on the Granite Sinks trail back in Arizona. Careless drew his lips into a thin line.

At the front door Careless tried to get in every way but the right way. He fussed with the door knob and then he knocked. Finally, the door was opened by a very pompous man servant, who, after appraising the odd figure before him, inquired haughtily:

"Wot is it, me man?"

Careless opined that he wanted to see Mister Wesley B. Prentice.

"The honorable Mister Prentice is h'out of town. Where do yu come from, may I awsk, that yu knock as yu do? 'Ave yu never seen a bell?"

With this haughty reply the butler slammed the door in the furious cowpuncher's face. Ever persistent, Careless followed the long trail to the offices of the Arizona Ranch Lands Company situated in a substantial office building downtown. The inevitable office boy was not only astonished but outraged when a tall Westerner forced his way into the president's private office, only to find it empty.

The following afternoon Wesley B. Prentice returned to his offices. His manager casually remarked that quite a strange character had called to see him the previous day. The news that he looked as if he might have stepped out of a Remington or a Russell drawing greatly disturbed Wesley B. Prentice. After closely questioning his employee the land promoter telephoned his residence. The pompous butler assured him that the person he was describing had been there. Further, he had dented the door with some blunt instrument and had not been admitted. Now thoroughly frightened the promoter summoned private detectives for protection.

Early that night Careless grimly watched Wesley B. planting his hired guards about his estate. He then returned to the cattle train in the stockyards. In the caboose Careless related the story of Wesley B. Prentice to the boys. Taking his star from his pocket he put it on his vest and solemnly declared:

"I'm his sheriff—he put me in office an' I've come to Chicago to take him back to Windwide Valley."

The punchers grinned. Their foreman said:

"Yore out of yore territory here. Yu can't arrest him without a Chicago warrant."

Careless merely smiled as he patted his six-gun.

"I'm usin' my Arizona warrant," he said, "I reckon he'll not fuss about it much."

The spirit of the adventure appealed to the cowpunchers. With elaborate carelessness they asked him if he wanted any help on his little party which tickled Careless immensely. Forthwith, he administered the oath.

Three o'clock the next morning Wesley B. and his daughter had bidden their guests good night. Outside the detectives guarded closely. Little did they suspect that they were attempting to combat something they had never confronted before—the cunning strategy of the men of the Western trails rendered desperate in the cause of justice.

As two of them stood together talking for a few moments a rope—coming out of the night—fell about them and they were jerked into the shadows. Careless snubbed the victims safely while the punchers gagged and hog-tied them. Via the six-shooter route Careless then persuaded the other two

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of the game. He held the crowd back at the point of figure cowered behind him.

they haven't any homes. The man that don't deal fair with women breaks the biggest law of the West."

Kind Judge Bledsoe looked upon Careless helplessly as the sheriff rose to his feet. With his two hands extended before him Careless slowly clenched his fists as he vowed savagely:

"Then I want him right here an' just as shore as the law lives here I'm goin' to get him." Abruptly he turned and left the old judge who was overcome with the tragedy of it all.

The county of Windwide provided a home for its sheriff. With instructions to look after Ruth and little Bobbie, Careless turned over this home and a roll of bills to the old lady of the Granite Sinks trail.

Thus, Careless Carmody departed from Windwide Valley.

At the shipping chutes of Yuma, Arizona, a dusty, travel-stained cowpuncher landed a job to work his way East. A week later, Careless Carmody, cowhand, arrived at the Chicago stockyards.



# "The Story

By  
GERALDINE FARRAR

camera came at that time when I would have welcomed anything promising action.

But here, besides action, came something that promised a new artistic vehicle—a new manner of dramatic exploitation. I had already taken the motion picture somewhat seriously, and now it seemed to promise surcease from actual soul starvation.

I remember the time when the Directorate of the Metropolitan Opera House frowned upon the movies. That was when I first informed them that a tempting offer had been made me to act in the films, and that I was going to accept. Not having any precedents to go by, they were bewildered.

"How can you!" they exclaimed. "You must remember that you are the greatest American prima donna—a star of the Metropolitan Opera Company" (whose traditions had never before been threatened by the gathering momentum of the silent drama). "When people can see you in pictures for fifty cents," they tried to argue, "they will not want to pay six dollars to hear you sing."

I answered that I was willing to experiment, and to take the consequences.

And the consequences, I do not need to add, have been satisfactory, even to the Metropolitan Opera Company, for many a movie admirer has become an opera convert. still, however, remaining faithful to the silver sheet,

Miss Farrar on the steps of the New York Public Library where she sang to the tune of a million and one-half dollars in Liberty Bonds.



White

Miss Farrar in her most recently created role—"Sister Angelica," Puccini's new opera, given its premiere by the Metropolitan Opera Company this season.

I TOOK keen pleasure in planning for my advent into motion pictures, although my opera-faithful followers prophesied a disastrous descent into nonentity, as a result of my professional folly.

"Unethical," some accorded. "The flickerfillums are inartistic," from others. Or: "You'll stifle your musical soul."

Nor could I blame them, hardly. I was venturing out on an uncharted sea; setting foot on a road no opera star had ever before trod.

Nowadays, secure in the feeling that I may sing in winter and stand before the camera out of the operatic season, I take great pleasure in going over the daily papers with those old friends who, in the old days, feared for the success of my venture. "Here, on page three, top of column one," I point out, "is an account of my premiere in 'Sister Angelica.' 'Wild approbation,' the critic says. 'Farrar in best of singing condition.' H-m-m-m-m!"

Then I turn to the motion picture columns. Sure enough, sandwiched in amongst the news of the studios is some comment on my new screen appearance. "The Hell Cat" exciting. Farrar shown at her best" (or some such comment).

"So you see, dear friends," I say to them, "that for once, an opera singer, seldom credited with sound judgment, made a sensible decision."

Last month, if you will recall, I ended my chapter with my distress over my poor condition of health, how I was desperate for action, being kept off the stage for a season, and how an offer to appear before the



Above, a photographic souvenir of Miss Farrar's debut into motion pictures — her arrival in California to begin work on "Carmen." Below—her dressing room in the Lasky studios.





# of My Life<sup>”</sup>

The third and final chapter in the self-told tale of one of screenland's most picturesque stars, telling of the impulse that brought her into pictures.

and many an opera devotee has become, in addition, a movie fan.

But there seemed no logical reason why I should not. I have never been an overcautious prima donna, swathed in cotton, silent save for singing, for fear of undue fatigue upon the voice—the human vocalizer! No! I like the novel and the unusual always, and I *adore* to act and elaborate in pantomime.

As I have contended, the opera is the most restricted form of dramatic expression; so I revel in quite the most untrammelled way of all modern drama—the movies. I find that the simplicity of acting for motion pictures is quite a relief after an arduous winter at the Metropolitan. My movie season is really my period of relaxation.

And, unlike Mr. Tellegen, who believes in the art of the cinema as a potentiality only, to be developed later into something artistically static, I always hold that it is already an established art, not brought to its maximum of perfection, perhaps, but moving very rapidly and surely in that direction, with a tremendous opening for the same display of personal talent as any other profession.

My screen offspring have

A last summer's seashore snapshot of Miss Farrar and her father, Sidney Farrar, at one time a professional ball player.



Of her screen characterization of Joan of Arc, Miss Farrar says: "I spent as much thought and energy in making her live again as upon any of my opera creations."



Above, Miss Farrar during her production of "Carmen," being instructed by Cecil deMille. Below, Reginald Barker directing Miss Farrar for "The Turn of the Wheel." Lou Tellegen, her husband, is standing in the background.



been as much children of my heart and soul and mind as my opera creations. The filming of "Carmen," my first portrayal on the screen, was one long period of undiluted joy—the glorious California weather, the beautifully appointed house there, the special studio built for my privacy and convenience! The experience itself was novel and refreshing, with its own unusual dramatic procedure. I sang and declaimed my rôle in French or Italian, as I chose—and sometimes good American slang phrases—a product of the studio—added "punch" to the piquancy of the situations. There was no curtain to go up! The director-general replaced the harassed stage manager and gave the signal: "Camera, Go!" No fiery leader overwhelmed me with the feverish tempest of his orchestra; just a watchful operator warily turning the crank of his machine, while I evolved my scenes.

Joan of Arc—my favorite movie characterization—I gave to the full of my heart and soul. I spent as much thought and energy in making live again—if only on the shadow stage—the blessed Maid of Orleans, as upon any of my opera creations. The enthusiastic appreciation with which this photodrama has been received in almost every country in the world compensates me for all the physical risks I have taken in the filming of the play. For, at the very start it was understood that there was to be no "doubling" for risky passages. I would no more think of having some one substitute for my "physically violent" scenes in the movies than I would think of letting another sing my top notes at



Strauss  
Peyton

The latest portrait of Miss Farrar and her husband, Lou Tellegen.

the opera. If I cannot do a thing absolutely and completely, I do not want to do it at all.

Of course, I was censured for taking such risks, but to date—except for occasional bruises, bumps and nose-bleeds—I have escaped unharmed.

After "Joan" came in succession, other screen successes, "The Devil Stone," "The Woman God Forgot," and under the Goldwyn banner, "The Turn of the Wheel," "The Hell Cat" and "Shadows," and another still to be released at this writing.

Of a curious and inquiring turn of mind, I have learned many things about every phase of the motion picture art and industry. Mr. Tellegen once jokingly said that if I ever got tired of acting in the movies—I could make either a successful director, camera-man, electrician or film salesman—but there is no doubt that he overestimates my versatility along these lines.

The only field, outside of the acting one, I would care to attempt is that of writing my own scenarios, and this not because I consider myself particularly gifted in this direction, but because one gets so out of patience with the dearth of good stories for the films. Motion picture literature has not kept abreast of the growing perfections of other phases of the motion picture. Even a new art of acting has been evolved for the movies—a different sort of face make-up and a new science for all the combinations of colors which will produce the desired shades in black and white. But what now seems to be the crying need of the film art is a new and distinctive sort of literature.

However, that is not sufficient cause for discouragement. After all, the movies are still young—scarcely a gen-



eration has elapsed since the first kinetoscope was given a trial.

My friends often ask me whether, in acting movie dramas, I do not miss the audiences and the applause? Answering that question, I can do no better than to repeat what I wrote in a recent issue of *Vanity Fair*:

"Since the mechanics of motion pictures are what they are, perhaps it is just as well that we cannot have audiences while we work in them. But if it were only possible to give a logical and sustained performance of the completed action of a photoplay before a representative movie audience, before the camera fixes it indelibly upon the film, it would be a tremendous help.

"The presence of an audience is always a great stimulus. A direct and almost electric current is established between the actress and her audience the very first minute she appears on the stage. An actress can feel the quality of her audiences, the intensity of their friendliness and interest, or, on the other hand, their unconvinced or even antagonistic state of mind. She can, in this way, gauge her public and intensify or modify her emotional appeal in such a way as to win them over. No actress knows her *metier* until she has learned to sense the mood of her audiences—and win them over, if the mood is one of antagonism.

"Exactly what an actress must do to sense the varying moods of her audience, I believe no one, least of all myself, can say. All I know is that this instinct rarely fails me. Critics have often remarked that I never play a rôle in the same way on any two occasions, and I am sure that this is so, because I always try to adapt my interpretations to fit the mood of my audience.

When I began working in the cinema I missed this intimate and living relationship between the public and myself. At first, I kept trying to think of *imaginary* audiences but I soon found  
(Continued on page 106)

The panel in the center of the page contains scenes from several of Miss Farrar's best-known screen vehicles. From top to bottom, they are "Maria Rosa," "The Woman God Forgot," "The Turn of the Wheel," "Temptation," "The Hell Cat," and "The Devil Stone." Cutout below shows a strenuous scene from "Carmen."



# E-x-t-r-a! Great Hollywood Disaster!

Theodore Bear loses leg and arm—  
Virginia Corbin overcome when chum is  
stricken in studio.

MISS VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN:  
Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.  
Dear Virginia:  
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has asked me to write a page or so  
about you and your work. Won't you send us your latest photographs and  
one or two views of that fine old Teddy Bear? LEIGH METCALFE.

LEIGH METCALFE,  
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago. January 18, 1919.

Dear Sir:  
Well, I have tried, goodness knows how hard! to get some good  
pictures of Teddy. But a terrible thing has happened to him! The  
poor dear is so terribly shy that upon being posed before the camera  
he went all to pieces. He has not been his old self of late, any-  
way,—life seems to be wearing on him, for he was considerably  
broken up before your letter came.

His right leg and right forearm both dropped off suddenly, and  
his head sags a bit to the left. Outside of that, he is all right,  
though. We have posed him in a chair, draping his off leg on the  
floor. The right forearm is behind him. So, as you see, he is  
all in.

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN.



Actual photograph taken of Theodore Bear just ten minutes after he went to pieces. Note the leg at the base of the chair. Catch his intrepid spirit, exhibited in the firmly upheld left arm. In circle, Virginia in left arm of the giant in "Jack and the Beanstalk."



January 26, 1919.

MISS VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN,  
Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Virginia:

Yes—he certainly is all in! However, we decided to use the photograph anyway, as the editor happily saw in it Teddy's superb spirit of optimism, his determination to "carry on." When you think of it, Teddy shows remarkable bravery and moral courage. Picture one of us remaining so whole-heartedly defiant with an arm and a leg newly off.

Then, too, the off leg doesn't look half bad, placed as it is; your photographer is remarkably artistic; he should go in for interior decorating.

Now, Virginia—about your own photograph, showing you in tears. At first the editor was inclined to publish it, but finally decided that it was out of sympathy with Teddy's fine spirit, exhibited in his picture. In utter contrast to Teddy's sturdy reluctance to let a leg or two take him off his feet, you are shown crumpled in a tragic heap, weeping over one of the unalterable foibles of fate.

I don't believe Teddy wants you to cry over his misfortune. Just think, Virginia—of the uncounted Teddies, sound in limb and in cotton stuffing, but not one-half so well-cared for as your Teddy. Remember, that down in the tenement districts of the big city languish any number of forsaken Teddies who have no pale blue nurseries to call their home—Teddies who hobnob with alley cats and with (Continued on page 106)





## He Knew Them When—

**G**EORGE MILLER, veteran watchman of moving picture development on the Pacific coast, has turned the key and bade farewell to the first regular studio erected in Los Angeles—the old Biograph plant at Georgia and Girard streets. After ten years of vigilance this faithful guardian of the gate has departed with his latest employer, Thomas H. Ince, for that producer's new studio in Culver City; and the old picture landmark, just vacated, will soon be razed to make room for expansion of street railway yards.

George Miller commenced his service as watchman of the plant under the Biograph management and has remained while directors have come and gone and while players have come and won the laurels of fame. Under two very eminent picture-makers—David W. Griffith and Thomas H. Ince—he has welcomed and bade farewell to Mary Pickford, Lionel Barrymore, Dorothy Gish, Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Harry Carey, Robert Harron, Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett, Charles Ray, Charles K. French, Robert McKim, Andrew Arbuckle, Thurston Hall, Gertrude Claire, Gloria Hope, Jane Novak, Donald MacLean, Colleen Moore, and many others.

During the periods when the studio was vacant "Daddy" Miller was the lone tenant and later, when the Biograph pictures were discontinued, he remained guardian of the premises.



## Charlie and the Writing on the Wall

**I**T'S his own, his signature, "Charles Chaplin," to appear in every one of his First National comedies in conjunction with the well-known but necessary line, "None genuine without this signature." It must be pretty hard to work day and night to make corking new pictures and then to see one of your first comedies, filmed when you were an unknown comedian, advertised in opposition to your late efforts as the world's greatest comedian. That's why, when you see Charlie's hand scrawling his signature on the screen, in every new Chaplin, you know it's genuine. Here's how it's done.

## Fleeing the 'Flu in Frisco

**B**ELOW—a demonstration of safety-first from the influenza, on the part of some film exchange men in San Francisco, and their families.





# C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

*Impending War.* This is the early summer of 1914 for the motion picture business.

Metaphorically speaking.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the whole picture industry stands at the threshold of a second great war among its elements. The first memorable struggle took place years ago between the Independents and the Patents company. It was a war fierce and all-embracing; a war to the death of the then autocracy; but the scope of the screen, the money involved, the people concerned and the public interest enlisted are immeasurably vaster now.

It looks as if 1919 must see the new hostilities.

The contenders: the producer and the exhibitor. The rich province which will be the spoil of war: absolute control of the industry.

For a long time the producers have been the masters. The exhibitors have been the restless proletariat. The picture programme, the necessity of playing a series, including good, mediocre and bad, has been the tyrannic soil in which the flowers of revolt have grown to full bud and blossom.

The sinister thing in the whole situation—the bolshevik thing, if you please—is the lack of a master; the absence of one powerful personality to tower above both sides of the contro-

versy, and, in the clear light of truth, command a general reconstruction which will do justice to everybody. The screen doesn't want a Napoleon, for Napoleons are out of date. It does want a Roosevelt—an impartial man of tremendous energy, a man who can speak softly and carry a big stick.

You say that you can name two or three fearless honest big men in the picture business, all with mighty executive qualities? So can we. But each of those men is, perforce of circumstances, already a partisan. He is a piece of the fight and he can't disassociate himself from his own tribe. If he did, his own tribe would hate him, and all the other tribes would revile and distrust him.

The creature who, with his insatiable demands, is fast rendering the producer helpless, is the creature who also has the exhibitor's goat—much as he would like to use him as an engine of war. The Star.

The producer is going into a free-for-all fight carrying the star on his back. The exhibitor, to whip the producer, must win over the star—yet if he does, he will that minute be saddled with the same burden that has been crushing the producer to the earth!

The Power of Personality is at once the power, the public appeal, that fills the motion picture coffers and empties them.

If there were a perfectly free system of booking pictures; that is to say, if the exhibitor could go into a market like a city square devoted to vegetables and fruit, with full power to take what his particular patronage wanted, and reject what they didn't want, there would be no kicks at all from the exhibitor. But in our present system of quantity production at great expense such a condition, speaking in general, would ruin the producer in a month. It is a curious thing that American quantity production in everything else lowers prices to practical limits—automobiles, shredded wheat, lumber or clothing. Only in pictures this doesn't work. Quantity production is one of the unfortunate and all-wrong necessities of our present picture system, and quantity production grows more and more costly. It does do away with an impossible overhead charge, of course, but it cannot do away with star salaries.

The rift in the clouds lies in this fundamental fact: picture manufacture must get on some business basis to continue; there must be pictures coming from somewhere, and there is too much money involved to deliberately wreck the system already created. So there will be, no matter how hard or long the battle, eventual peace and general readjustments of some kind. That's certain.

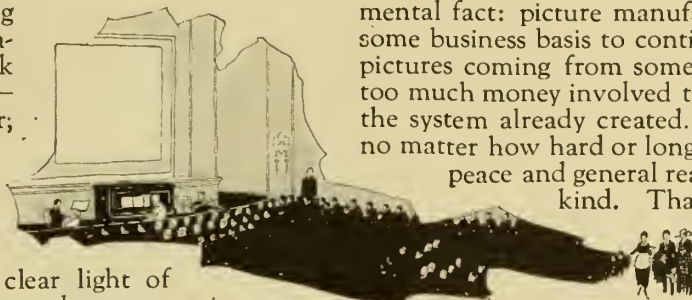
Now then, you ask: "What's all this to me, the disinterested fan?"

You are, in a way, the one ultimately concerned. You are interested in the constant betterment of pictures, their growth in beauty and reality and service; and the picture cannot grow into its ultimate beauty and reality and service, it cannot be what it may and must and will be, unless all the elements which make for its creation, invention, manufacture and presentation are working in business harmony and a fair measure of prosperity.

*The Appearance of Evil.* If a woman is as old as she looks, a man is as wicked as he appears.

In playing a villain Frank Campeau's most convincing dramatic property is his iniquitous face, behind which lurks a gentler soul than most poets possess. But his soul has nothing to do with what happened Christmas Eve at Vernon, a merry gathering place of cheerful spirits near Los Angeles.

There had been some hilarity, and some roughness at other tables, when Campeau's





waiter turned to the quietly observing actor and said: "I guess it's time for you to leave."

"Why, I haven't started anything!" returned Campeau, indignantly.

"Sure not!" frankly returned the *garçon*.  
"But you look like you was just going to!"



**The Absent Middle-Class.** According to our screens American and all other societies are made up of two classes of people: the rich and the poor.

According to fact American and all other societies are composed of a great and all-powerful middle class, upon which the rich are a mere fringe and the poor a stub tail.

The middle-class man and woman are the quantity people of Europe and the United States. They are good enough for the great novelists to center stories upon. They are important enough to be the principals in the drama of the theatre. The newspapers are full of their doings. Yet only occasionally is a scenarioist acute enough to realize their importance and give them the cinemic place they deserve.

On the one hand we have paterfamilias simply weltering in stage "business;" mama with her embonpoint, her lorgnette and her hauteur; daughter with her maids and her motors; son with his college scapegraciness and his fifth-reel heavy virility. On the other hand, paw and his slippers, maw and the dishes, and sis cabaretting to ruin.

Great Scott! Don't you and I ever do anything interesting enough to make a photoplay about?



**New Year's Calls.** One hardworking actor in the Hollywood colony, celebrating an unwonted vacation by inserting some highballs in a system entirely unaccustomed to them, was so pleasantly piffing at the first mansion he honored with a call on New Year's afternoon that his hostess determined he needed fresh air more than hospitality, and, accordingly, skillfully maneuvered him to the front door.

He walked awhile, felt better and, again seeing a familiar entrance, put himself, his silk hat and his frock coat inside. After a few very delightful minutes he was much hurt to discover himself once more tricked to the street, even as on his first friendly essay at sociability.

And he walked on, until he was quite sure that he was all right—and then he made another call.

This time he got no farther than the vestibule. A servant coldly and distinctly informed him that the ladies were not at home.

"Say, what's the matter with me?" he protested. "I been thrown out o' three houses this afternoon!"

"Oh no, you ain't!" explained the servant. "You been thrown out o' the same house three times!"

**For a Film Drama.**

Permit us to present a sound thought from the editorial page of one of the world's greatest evening newspapers, *The Chicago Daily News*:

In the pageantry of history the Hohenzollerns have played spectacular parts since the day in 1227 when Conrad of that ilk became burgrave of Nuremberg. They have paraded back and forth across the European stage ever since, playing important but not always heroic roles. But the family passion for accretion has been remarkably consistent. By war, by money lending, by sharp bargaining, by marriage, each succeeding generation managed to add to the Hohenzollern possessions, until, from little counts of the Black forest, they became, successively electors of Brandenburg, kings of Prussia, emperors of Germany. After that what was William II., inheritor of the family ambition, to do but conquer the world?

The thing was obvious, inescapable, in the philosophy of the Hohenzollerns! And then—the world awoke.

From the time Conrad rode out of the Black forest seeking his fortune, with a long sword and a short purse, to the exit of the last of the imperial Hohenzollerns, amid the hooting of a mob, there is a pictorial drama that merits the attention of a Griffith.



**The Highest Art-Form.**

A reader writes PHOTOPLAY'S editorial desk, inquiring "Why is Tragedy considered the highest form of dramatic art?"

A great many people believe this, whether or not they have ever put their thoughts into words.

There is no proper basis for such belief.

The highest form of art—in drama, painting, literature or active photography, which is by way of being a combination of the other three—is a faithful commentary upon the artist's times and surroundings, and a reproduction of human nature as he has found it. Mere photography is no art; that's mechanical. Moralizing is not art; that's maudlin.

The greatest art expresses belief in the inherent nobility of men and the goodness of women, and finds it rising godlike from the morass of menial influences which surround us all—shining through the little selfishnesses and meannesses which speck the soul of every son and daughter of Adam.

Tragedy was the regnant art-form from the Greeks to Shakespeare, and so the supremacy of tragedy is a tradition which is largely accepted as fact.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE believes that the highest art-form of tomorrow, for many tomorrows to come, will be true comedy—comedy as expounded by Moliere, the classic writer of France, or by David Warfield, the favorite actor of the United States. There are often more tears than laughter in such comedy, but its note is triumph; its fibre, optimism; its wit, satire which never descends to cynicism; its creed, faith.





*Painted by a Photoplay Magazine staff artist.*

### “Over the Top” Once More

A simple and practical scheme to give photoplay enjoyment to seriously wounded service men in several of our great base hospitals. A special type of portable projection machine has been arranged to throw its legend-laden beams vertically instead of horizontally, the ceiling acts as a very good substitute for the silver-sheet — and there you are.



# The Enchant

It was old and crumbling, but it was the means of bringing health to one and love to two

By JANET PRIEST

"WE will investigate the property, and if it is all you men say it is—consider the deal closed!"

Walter Graham, senior member of the successful firm which bore his name, handed over a mass of maps and documents to his son Sidney. The elder Graham had none of the customary distrust of his own kith and kin in business. He himself had "made good" from small beginnings, and he saw no reason why his boy should not "follow in the footsteps of his dear old dad."

Collins and Grant, who had made the mining proposition, evidently considered themselves dismissed. They sidled out of the door in a way that in a student of psychology might have aroused suspicion. But Walter Graham never bothered with psychology. He left all that to his wife.

Collins, mining promoter and "faker" extraordinary, spoke jubilantly to Grant as they went down in the elevator. "That will be easy money, with only a kid like young Graham to fool!"

"Easy is right!" responded his partner. "Now if we're as lucky with John L. Barnard—"

Barnard was at that moment reading a telegram which suddenly changed his plans.

"Miss Hollister," he said to his pretty and efficient young stenographer. "I am unexpectedly called out of town. You may have the rest of the day off."

Now for John L. Barnard as well as for Clegg, his shifty-eyed clerk, this was a swelteringly hot day. But for Shirley

Hollister it was just glorious, radiant midsummer, and it had brought on its magic wings — opportunity! Shirley

went to the little park where five streets converged, and stood wondering for a moment which way

to go, finally deciding on a street car marked

"Glenside Road."

"We've got to move!" Shirley

had told the little family that morning. "These old

houses are going to be torn down and besides,

mother isn't getting well

Vacation time came for Shirley. And there could be a no more delightful place to spend it than in the beautiful, undulating country and around the curious old barn itself.



# ed Barn

fast enough to suit me. She needs country air. Yes, you do, Mumsie! If we could only have a little cottage in the country! Harley, drink your milk!"

Mrs. Hollister smiled at her daughter's attempts to bring up "the boys" in the way they should go, in addition to being the family's principal bread-winner. "Yes, dear, it would be delightful. But cottages in the country cost money."

"I believe George and I together could manage it," insisted Shirley, a determined look on her sweet face. "Besides, you never can tell what a day will bring forth." Her words had proved true, for here she was already on her quest of a home—beginning her adventure in happiness.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the conductor.

"To the end of the line," she answered. "Great day for a joy-ride," he said with a grin.

At the little real estate office at "the corners" Shirley got a list of houses for rent. All afternoon she tramped along the dusty country road, but could not find one house within her means. Tired and discouraged, she struck off into a by-path and gave herself up to the beauty of the day and the rapture of the clover-scented air.

Just in front loomed a delightful old barn. It appeared to be quite deserted, and Shirley decided to explore it. Without, the view of gently rolling country was a blessing alike to eye and brain, and within,—there were the most fascinating nooks and corners,—stalls, partitions and harness-rooms,—and a wealth of windows.

"Why, a person could *live* here!" was her delighted discovery. "I wonder. . . ."

"Who owns the old barn?" she asked the friendly street car conductor, on her way back.

"The Grahams own all that property," he told her. The all-absorbing question then was: would the Grahams rent their deserted barn, and could she afford to pay for it?

Next day in her noon hour she went to the offices of Walter Graham & Sons. "I want to see Mr. Graham," she told the office-boy, who was reading a lurid contribution to modern literature, while chewing more than the usual allotment of gum.

"He's out—which one?" he asked suspiciously.

Just then Sidney came out of his private office, and settled her problem for her.

"I'm Sidney Graham. Is there something I can do for you?"

"Do you own a barn in Glenside?"

Graham grinned. "Several. Come in and tell me which one."

"Yes, we own the barn you describe," said Sidney when she had explained its location. "Farmerette? Are you going in for agriculture?"

"No. I'm a stenographer. I want to live in the barn."

"Live in a barn!" he gasped.

"Oh, but such a barn! You don't realize! It's an enchanted barn,—or at least it's an enchanting barn!" She stopped suddenly, fearing he might ask too much rent for such a treasure. "How much do you need to get for it?"

"Well, you see—" he hesitated. "We have very few calls for that property. Let me have your telephone number, and I'll look into the matter."

When Shirley had told him about her mother's illness, and the little family's reasons for wanting to live in the country, Sidney Graham would gladly have given her the barn rent-free, but he knew that this admirable little business woman would never consent to such a proceeding.

"Would ten dollars a month be too much, Miss Hollister?" he phoned her later in the day.

"No, indeed. I am afraid you are not asking enough for it," was her delighted reply.

"Some girl!" he exclaimed to the little bronze god that served as a paperweight on his desk. "She can be happy in a barn! Imagine Harriet Hale's face, if anyone should tell her she had to live in a barn."

Harriet Hale was a bored young beauty, whom his father and mother were hoping he would marry, but somehow, Harriet and her golf trophies left him cold. This appealing little Hollister person, with her enthusiasms and her sunny smile,—there was something captivating about her. She was different. "Now! About that new mining proposition—I'll want an expert to go over the ground,—and Sidney Graham of Walter Graham & Sons became submerged in his subject in a way that proved him a real chip of the old block.

Such sweeping, such dusting, such furnishing, no barn in its entire history ever experienced before. But then, of course, this was an enchanted barn, and in an enchanted barn, enchanting things may happen. Dainty curtains were hung at the windows, and old-fashioned rugs gave a homey touch. Shirley was terribly nervous,—for after all it was only a barn, and she wondered how her mother would "take it." But the love that had kept the little family together under trying circumstances could be depended on now.

"Isn't it beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Hollister, and Shirley flew into her arms to have a good cry of relief and happiness.

Life in the enchanted barn had fairly begun. Sidney Graham had sent the old gardener around with a chicken and a "bunny" for Harley, who played about happily, and Mrs. Hollister sat in the broad doorway looking at the distant hills, the color slowly stealing back into her cheeks. Each morning Shirley and George caught the car to the city. And each day John Barnard grew to depend more and more on his faithful little assistant.

One morning the brace of villains, Collins and Grant, called to see Barnard. He was out, and while they waited, they talked—unwisely. Shirley was within earshot, and Shirley was loyalty itself to her employer, as well as to another whose name she heard with a hot flush of surprise.

"Graham has fallen hard for one of the mines," said Grant, "and Barnard is going to be just as easy." The girl picked up her note-book. Unknown to them, she was making a stenographic report of their conversation.

"What makes you so sure about the Grahams?" asked Collins.

"Why, it was our own man who went with the son as expert to look at the property. Of course he could locate the vein. Hadn't he already salted it himself according to our instructions? I tell you the Grahams are ready to close the deal, and pay us our price. Come on, we can't wait any longer for Barnard. We're due there now."

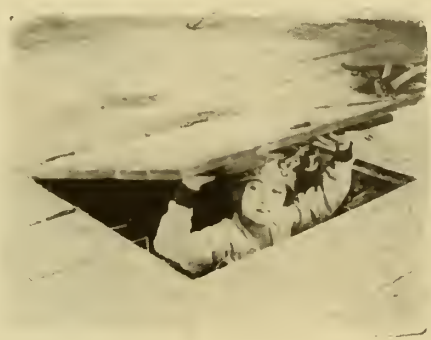
Shirley typed her notes and stuffed them into her hand-bag, and a minute later was on her way down the street, to the offices of Walter Graham & Son. Hastily she explained her mission to Sidney, who used the office-phone to tell the situation briefly to his father. Walter Graham was already in consultation with the swindlers, having called an immediate and full meet-

ing of stockholders and counsel.

"Come in to the meeting, Miss Hollister," said Sidney. "And if these are really the same men,—please remain."

Seating herself at a stenographer's desk in the big directors' room, where the meeting was being held, Shirley scrutinized the faces of the mine promoters. There could be no doubt,—they were the men who had just left the office of John L. Barnard. She gave a nod, and Sidney whispered something to his father.

The older man stood up. "Gentlemen, we are here on a wild goose chase. I called you together in all sincerity, because I believed we had obtained an option on a valuable property. However, it has just come to my knowledge that this mine has been purposely and deliberately 'salted.' Mr. Collins



## The Enchanted Barn

NARRATED, by permission, from the Vitagraph production of the same name, written by Grace H. L. Lutz, and produced with the following cast:

- Shirley Hollister . . . . . Bessie Love
- Sidney Graham . . . . . J. Frank Glendon
- John L. Barnard . . . . . Joseph Singleton
- Walter Graham . . . . . William T. Horne
- George Hollister . . . . . Frank Butterworth
- Mrs. Hollister . . . . . Della Wolbert
- Mrs. Walter Graham . . . . . Jane Hathaway
- Harley Hollister . . . . . Garvey A. Walker





The motorcyclist opened the cab door and thrust an automatic at her face.

and Mr. Grant, who are here to sign over this 'valuable' piece of property, are a couple of common swindlers, not even clever enough to keep their mouths shut. I introduce you, gentlemen, to Mr. Collins and Mr. Grant."

The two crooks jumped to their feet. "How dare you, sir! What proof have you of any such statement?"

Shirley whipped out her notes.

"Your own words, taken down as a stenographic report," said Graham. "Young lady, are these the men whose conversation you transcribed?"

"Yes, sir," replied Shirley, bravely, though her knees were trembling.

"There is the door!" said Graham, senior, to Messrs. Collins and Grant. He turned to Shirley with old-fashioned gallyantry.

"Miss Hollister, you have saved this firm a great deal of money, and prevented us from making a serious mistake." He took out his check-book, but Shirley stopped him.

"I couldn't think of taking money for what was a simple duty. Besides," she added with a smile, "I owe something to your son for making me so comfortable. He's my new landlord." Sidney explained.

"What! The old Glenside place?" exclaimed Walter Graham. "Some of the happiest days of my life were spent there, before the old house burned down. Glad to have you using it, Miss Hollister."

When Shirley had gone, he stood for a moment musing. "That's the sort of girl we used to like when I was young."

"The type is still popular," said Sidney, in a tone which made his "dad" look up in wonder. "Funny! She's not a bit like Harriet Hale," he thought.

The elder Graham said: "Here are the keys that used to belong to the old place. The big one is for the padlock on the barn."

"Good!" thought Sidney. "It will give me a decent excuse to call."

Vacation time came for Shirley. And what more delightful place for a vacation could there be than the new home, with its outlook of gently undulating country, its cool, clover-scented breezes, the little brook where Harley was confident he would some day, with his bit of string and bent pin, catch a big fish, and the curious nooks and corners of the old barn itself.

On the day Sidney had chosen for his visit Shirley had dressed herself up in some outlandish old garments, and stuck dunce's caps on her own head and those of the boys. She had mounted the partition which had marked an old hay-mow, to give an imitation of a tight-rope walker, and was addressing the boys in a ridiculous impromptu speech which set them off into howls of laughter,—when her young landlord made his appear-

ance. Horrified that he should catch her in such a predicament, Shirley wavered, swinging her arms in a frantic attempt to regain her balance, and would have fallen if Sidney had not rushed forward to catch her. She made a hasty exit to change her dress, and it was well she did, for Mr. and Mrs. Graham, curious at Sidney's having rented the old barn, had decided to take a run out to Glenside. The two families proceeded to get acquainted in true neighborly style, regardless of the difference in their stations. Walter Graham had the time of his life recounting his own boyish pranks in the old barn, his wife and Mrs. Hollister discussed current events, and Shirley and Sidney tried all the keys on the old padlock,—without success, since the young man had been very careful to leave the right one safely at home. But Fate, in the shape of little Harley, provided him with an excuse the very next day. Seeing Sidney's roadster parked outside a store, the chubby hands found pencil and a bit of wrapping paper, and writing, "Picnic down by our brook to-night at 6 o'clock," left the message on the driving wheel.

In the realm of "frenzied finance," matters were becoming more difficult for Collins and

Grant, the two swindlers whose plans Shirley had succeeded in balking. The net was closing around them.

"Bad news!" said Grant to his partner. "Clegg has just put me wise. For a little ready cash I believe that old fellow would poison his mother."

"Well, well, come across. What is the news?" asked Collins nervously.

"The State Commission has ordered an investigation of our property and operations, and John L. Barnard has been appointed chairman of the investigating committee."

"What is his price?"

"The darn fool hasn't any price. He's a bug on reform!"

"Wasn't it his stenographer who spoiled our game over at Grahams?"

"Yes,—on the occasion when you talked too much."

"I talked too much?—You said as much as I did!"

"Well, post mortems won't help us now. What we've got to do is to find out in advance what the committee will report, and try to cover our tracks before the grand jury returns an indictment. Clegg will keep us informed, and the rest is up to ourselves."

Under the leadership of Barnard, the committee discovered that Collins and Grant were the principal agents of a ring engaged in a gi-





gant hoax, in which the funds of the poor were being unscrupulously garnered to promote mining property that was absolutely worthless.

"Tell that to the United States Attorney at the Federal Building at three o'clock to-morrow," directed Barnard, when his investigators placed their findings before him. "I will have a stenographer there to make a complete report." Turning to his desk he wrote a hasty note to Shirley.

"My Dear Miss Hollister:

"I am very sorry to interrupt your vacation, but will have to ask you to meet me at my office at two P. M. to-morrow. There is no one else I care to trust in this matter.

"Very truly,

"JOHN L. BARNARD."

Clegg duly notified Collins and Grant, who prepared to set their trap. Some of their henchmen were called in. "Get those notes!" was the order.

"Regardless of what happens?"

"Regardless of what happens!"

Wholly unconscious of the drama so soon to be played about her head, Shirley made ready for her picnic, and the guest summoned by Harley's note gave added happiness to the affair. She and Sidney had drifted into love as simply and naturally as the brook beside them was drifting by on its way to join the river.

"I have a secret to tell you," said the youth, looking into her eyes, "the very next time I see you."

"Yes?" faltered Shirley, blushing. She dared not say more, for fear her happiness would betray her.

Harley came running, breaking into this idyllic scene. He had caught a minnow! "Look, sister! Let's cook it for supper." Sidney and Shirley laughed, and Sidney threw the wriggling thing back into the water, explaining that it was still too young to be used as food even for small boys. An automobile horn sounded, and with a note for Sidney, George returned.

"The chauffeur says it's from Miss Hale."

Sidney read the note without comment, and soon left.

"So that was the secret," said Shirley, broken-hearted. "He's engaged to Miss Hale, a girl of his own position in society. What a fool I've been! A fool in a fool's paradise!"

It was a saddened Shirley who went into town next day, to report for duty,—a Shirley who

had bravely shut all false happiness out of her thoughts.

Collins and Grant had their plans laid. A taxicab driven by one of their own hirelings waited outside Barnard's office, and another man with a motorcycle loitered near, to follow and give him aid. The master-crooks themselves would be stationed outside the Federal Building in an enclosed car, to superintend operations.

"Why, we can't lose!" boasted Grant with a short laugh. "All we have to do is to get the stenographer when she comes out with the notes."

Shirley arrived promptly at her employer's office. "Clegg," said Barnard, "call a taxi."

"Very good, sir," answered Clegg. He called the "planted" taxi, and unsuspecting, Barnard and Shirley entered it. "Drive to the Federal Building," ordered Barnard. Unnoticed the man on the motorcycle followed. "Now, Miss Hollister," said Shirley's employer, "you will take down a complete report of everything that is said at this meeting, and return to my office to type it. On no condition must you allow the notes to pass out of your possession even for an instant."

Collins and Grant, ensconced in their car, watched the pair enter the Federal Building. The motorcyclist and the taxi driver waited. Upstairs, in the office of the United States Attorney, the investigators were seated at a long table. They began their reports,—verbally, at first, then presenting documents in corroboration. Shirley at her desk took care to miss no word.

"Very good, Mr. Barnard," said the United States Attorney when the evidence was all in. "Now if you will have these reports typed as soon as possible I will place them before the grand jury, which will undoubtedly return an indictment."

"My stenographer will attend to it at once," answered Barnard. "Miss Hollister, I will get a taxicab for you." He went downstairs with Shirley, and innocently placed her again in the "planted" taxi. Collins and Grant were jubilant as they saw the cab drive away, and Higgins, the motorcyclist, follow a moment later, according to instructions. He "chug-chugged"

up beside the chauffeur, stopped him, and came to the cab door to speak to Shirley.

"Pardon me, miss, but Mr. Barnard says not to go to the office. He will be detained, and he wants you to work at his home." The chauffeur started

(Continued on page 100)

"What proof have you of any such statement?" the crooks demanded. Shirley whipped out her notes.







She rightly concluded that her forte was comedy.



"Completely crushed I walked over to Echo Park to drown myself."



"They hired everybody there that day but me!"



"I told him my next meal depended on getting a job."



"I told him my figure was twelve dollars a week."



"I decided that I wasn't cut out for a stunt performer."

By ALFRED A. COHN

# Eliza + Su

"YOU go in the movies—with a face like that?" That's the sort of comment evoked from a kid brother when Zasu Pitts, in the bosom of her family at Santa Cruz, Cal., calmly announced that she was going to Los Angeles to break into the picture game.

That was less than two years ago but in that short time Miss Pitts has played with the greatest stars in filmdom.

We'll let Zasu tell about it:

"Naturally, I first went to Mack Sennett's studio.

"Do you think that if I worked hard there might be a chance for me?" I asked the employment director.

"He looked me over carefully; then: 'Not a chance in the world!' Crushed, I walked over to Echo Park to drown myself, but all the water space was occupied by comedy companies.

"Then I journeyed to the Chaplin studio where I lined up with a big crowd of extras and atmospheres.

"They hired everybody there that day but me!"

"The Christie Film studio was my next stop. I walked in and sat down in one of the offices. I told them that my next meal depended on my getting a job.

"Mr. Christie asked me if I could ride, shoot, swim, dive, play tennis etc. and to each I answered 'yes.' Then he asked me what salary I wanted.

"He had me there. I didn't know anything about salaries but I knew enough to start at a high figure when negotiating for a position. I screwed up my courage and told him my figure was *twelve dollars a week*.

"Well, my first picture was nearly my last. I was nearly bruised all over, half drowned and almost burned up. I decided that I wasn't cut out for a stunt performer. The company arrived at that conclusion simultaneously.

"Universal City saw me next. They told me they were sorry but that they had nothing for me, and to leave my name and address. Disheartened almost to the point of seeking surcease in the waterless river that bears the name of the



"My best opportunity came when I was cast as 'Becky' in Mary





"At home I found a telephone message asking me to return."



"The New York office had advised them that I wasn't 'funny enough'."



"I please best in roles which make me the victim of unrequited love."



"I felt terribly flattered, but I was out of a job again."



Once she wrote a poem but her subject fled town.



She does interpretive dances, such as "Livery Stable Blues."

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That is how Miss Pitts got her first name. As regards her position in pictures—



city, I went home only to find a telephone message asking me to return to Universal the next morning for a test.

"It must have been a good one. I was placed in the list of regular stock players and given a small part.

"While at Universal I was loaned to Artcraft to play a little part in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' with Miss Pickford. I was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Miss Frances Marion and Marshall Neilan to whom I owe much for what success has come to me.

"I returned to Universal, remaining several months. Then one day one of the officials came to me and said that the New York office had advised them that I wasn't 'funny enough' and, in the words of the extra gang, I was 'given the gate.'

"My best opportunity came soon after when I was cast as 'Becky' in Miss Pickford's 'Little Princess.' Later I played with Mr. Fairbanks in 'A Modern Musketeer.' I seem to please best in roles which make me the victim of unrequited love. I had a part like that in 'How Could You Jean?' with Miss Pickford. Since then I have played with Edith Storey, Dorothy Phillips, Constance Talmadge and Carmel Myers.

"I guess I'm the only girl who has played with the big three, Pickford, Chaplin and Fairbanks, although I have never been seen on the screen with the great comedian.

"I had a peculiar experience with Mr. Griffith. He rehearsed me in a part several months ago and when he got a look at me on the screen, I was found to look too much like Lillian Gish to work in the same picture with her. Of course I felt terribly flattered, but I was out of a job again."

It's her right name. When the time for christening the youngest Pitts arrived, the parents could not decide whether to name her after her Aunt Eliza or her Aunt Susan. So diplomacy was resorted to. The first syllable of the latter's name was attached to the last syllable of the former's and the result was wished onto the helpless infant.

Pickford's 'The Little Princess,' says Miss Pitts.



Folks, here's a riddle:  
 Why does a girl—  
 A sensible girl—  
 Prefer to toil  
 Eight or ten hours a day  
 In a picture studio



Than to do "twenty minutes  
 Of singing and dancing"  
 Twice a day on the stage?  
 Is it because motion pictures  
 Are more truly interesting,  
 Or are women just peculiar?

# A Real Vaudeville Equilibrist

Ruth Roland, another one of those skillful persons who remain balanced on the theatrical fence, playing both in films and on the stage.

By  
 GLORIA GROVES

**W**HEN you're being hostess at your very own birthday dinner and the telephone rings and rings,—and you have the maid answer it with instructions to "take the number,"—and the party won't give the maid a number and insists on speaking to the busy hostess,—and you leave the table to the tune of the scraped-backed chairs of your male guests who stand, dangling their napkins awkwardly in their fists and staring longingly at the drinks growing hot and the food growing cold, you wouldn't like it, would you?

But that's what happened to Ruth Roland. When you stop to think that Ruth was giving *some* party—you'll forgive her the frown that wrinkled her pretty complexion.

Hurrying across the room to the impertinent instrument Ruth grabbed the receiver out of the hands of the maid.

"Hello, Hello. HELLO!" she called into the helpless and innocent transmitter.

"Say Ruth—" drawled a calm, masculine voice. "This is Walker, manager of Pantages. I'm short a singing and dancing act on my bill for the next few weeks. Can't you give us a twenty minute act and fill in until I connect with a new number?"

"You can connect with a new number right now so far as I am concerned!" said Ruth. "I'm busy! I have just about as much idea of going back on the stage as I have of walking to Paris!"

"Yeh-h, but listen—" persisted Walker.

"My dear man, I can't listen!" explained Ruth. "I'm giving a dinner party and I haven't time to argue."

"Then don't argue," urged Walker. "Just let me put you



down on my bill for a twenty minute skit and then run along back to your guests."

"Oh for goodness sake don't bother me," yelled Ruth—"Do as you like!"

The party went merrily along and the interruption was soon forgotten by Ruth. Not so by Walker. While Ruth and the birthday celebrators did a lot of eating, drinking and being merry far into the wee sma' hours,—energetic Carl Walker did "just as he liked." He wired Seattle and booked Ruth Roland over the entire Pantages circuit.

On the following morning Ruth's phone rang again. She covered up her head. But she couldn't get away from it. Reaching out a sleepy hand she dragged the phone over to her pillow. "Hel-l-o," she yawned.

"Say, Ruth," came the same kind voice of yesternight.

"This is Walker. You are booked to appear in Seattle, Washington, next Monday afternoon."

"It can't be done," said Ruth. "I haven't been on the stage for seven years. I—"

"It's up to you," said Walker.

Did she stay in bed? She did not. She had actually given the man her word. She hustled around Los Angeles enlisting the immediate services of all the shops, the furriers, and the milliners, and arrived in Seattle at midnight, Sunday night; and went on that stage the next afternoon, as advertised,—and she sang and danced and made her costume changes in pronto time.

Result, a half dozen encores! Great success! Honestly, Ruth had a good time doing all this; but it

wasn't as much fun as doing a movie serial. So she is going to stick to pictures. She has signed up with Pathe for a new Western serial with an option on a second one.



Directly above—a scene from the dark and murky past—when "Micky" Neilan demonstrated the rebellious colored maid, and when Ruth Roland first came into public prominence. These were in the old Kalem days.



A Review  
of the New Pictures

# The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By  
JULIAN JOHNSON

**M**R. GRIFFITH'S recent interurban essay, "A Romance of Happy Valley," may not be appreciated for its character fidelities, but it will certainly be criticized for its lack of cumulative drama. The way of the genre-painter is hard when he works with sunlight. His customers want clangorous reds and yellows and greens and big splotches of black shadow—not the pastel comminglings and camouflagings of nature.

This "Happy Valley" story has depths which the casual picture patron, in search of the formula good time, is not going to suspect. For instance, Mr. Griffith has never been more unerring in his psychology than in his consideration of the religious natures of these valley folk. The ecstasies of conversion and the sublimer heights of sanctification are not a common part of today's soul experiences, but in the Middle West as well as in New England, a country deprived for generations of almost all outlets for the spiritual emotions, the frenzy of religion swept the quiet fields and sleepy towns at regular intervals. But the convert was no more familiar than the backslider, hence while sending young John Logan to the mourner's bench his director may be seen providing the skids of situation upon which John will, in a short time, slip from grace. The treatment of our forms of religion, upon the screen, is a professional disgrace and national slur. Story-writer and director alike, the movie confectioners manifest little more knowledge of past or prevalent religious habits than a Jew has of Methodism, or vice-versa. A priest, a clergyman, or "the minister"—these are the smug mannikins who fill our various denominational guises in the photoplay, speaking unpraiseworthy volumes for the dense religious ignorance of most of the people who make and direct motion pictures. You cannot write the history of any nation, you cannot presume to represent any nation, literarily, unless you comprehend, not only its temple forms, but the religious beliefs, practices and customs of its laymen. The worship of God, the sacrament of marriage and the observation of law are the three foundation stones of civilization, and the man who would romantically reconstruct the life of any people should know how to pray as well as how they make love.

So Mr. Griffith, with his characteristic thoroughness and intelligent authority, masters the subject before he essays his story.

There are holes in the story, unfortunately, and while the superior audience pokes its fingers through these, and peeks through them, it won't be properly appraising the picture. I found it rather hard to believe, for instance, that young Johnnie would spend exactly seven years in a New York attic trying to make a tin frog swim. Johnnie might have done it—but not in New York. Granted that he resisted all temptation to fritter his time, the myriad apparent opportunities of the metropolis



Gloria Swanson, delicious always, suggests a married chicken more than a serious wife, in De Mille's "Don't Change Your Husband."

would have made him try other things. Jennie Timberlake, too, seemed to pause like an enchanted princess during the cycle. It was not a Jennie grown older, or wiser, or full of quaint experiences and philosophy to whom Johnnie returned; it was the same Jennie—preserved, arrested, canned in a Mason fruit-jar against his home-coming. George Fawcett's Logan, Sr., was characteristically clear-cut, energetic and complete, and at moments terrible in remorse. The situation of the father's almost-murder of the son is sudden and inexplicable, as a logical part of the play, but it is a strong and baffling situation at that, in itself perfectly worked out. I hardly think that the snappy and ultimately triumphant Johnnie would come home at all—after a voiceless absence through the years—much less settle down in rural contentment with a girl who hasn't budged since his departure. It isn't done nowadays; further, I don't believe it ever was done as a quantity performance. I'd like to see Bobbie Harron play another being than himself, once in awhile. This story is a pot-boiler. The best thing, the incomparable thing, about "Happy Valley" is Griffith's unerring analysis of the combined sincerity and frailty of religion in a rural community.

## DON'T CHANGE YOUR HUSBAND—Artercraft

This enterprise, as a matter of screen tone and wall decoration, is a masterpiece. As a story it starts a masterpiece and ends a





Alec B. Francis and Madge Kennedy in Goldwyn's  
"Day Dreams."



William Farnum in "For Freedom," a story of one of the  
great war's redemptions.



George Fawcett as John Logan and Robert Harron as his  
son in "A Romance of Happy Valley."

masterpiece. Had Miss MacPherson, who conceived the entanglements, kept pace with Mr. DeMille, who visibly unwound them, this piece would certainly have been the first great and true society play born on the screen. The DeMille faculty of exquisite detail is in its dazzling zenith. Here is life—elegant or practical, romantic or funny, just as life springs up and grows in gardens fertilized with gold. James Denby Porter, a glue manufacturer, is a hound of unpressed suits, chewed cigars, onion breaths, eternal business and parlor sleeps, while his crystalline wife, Leila, is as amenable to this backyard domesticity as an orchid to a garlic patch. Porter is *the American* husband in that he gives his wife everything except himself and his thoughts. It is not difficult, then, for one Schuyler Van Sutphen, a platinum watch on the grimy wrist of everyday existence, to shake Leila out of Porter's nest, and into his own. Then Leila discovers that Van Sutphen's virtues are tinsel, while her former husband's faults were a sort of dirty gold. Coincidentally Porter trains off his fat, shakes down his lethargy, becomes a man as well as a machine, and wins Leila back. To the point in which Leila discovers the essential differences between James and Schuyler, the play is perfect. From that moment it is obvious, mechanical, movieish. There is no degreed transformation of Porter; one moment he is the gross, kindly, slovenly, pathetic and cow-eyed husband—the next he is the svelte Elliott Dexter, popular leading man and actor. Van Sutphen, to provide the crowning offense, must mix in with a chorus girl who pilfers his wife's last remaining solitaire and follows him home. The ex-husband becomes her champion in her current or series husband's house—and of course he exits. The beauty of this play is the perfect elegance of its mounting, sumptuous and rare to a degree but never out of taste. Its believeableness lies largely in the remarkable performance of Elliott Dexter as Porter of the first phase—a character such as has seldom been given to the screen. Lew Cody plays Van Sutphen with great facility and vividness, but I venture to suggest that Mr. Cody is going too strong on a deadwhite or "pretty" makeup. Gloria Swanson, delicious always, suggests a married chicken more than a serious-minded wife. The support and the thousand-and-one details supplied by Mr. DeMille must be seen to be appreciated.

#### MICKEY—W. H. Productions

"Mickey" is worth anybody's time because it is a long flash of the old-time Mabel Normand, than whom the screen has never possessed a more whimsical, droll or wholly original comedienne. As a story this mile and a half of film—or thereabouts—is an absurdity. It rehashes the fond and familiar tale of the miner's daughter, loved by her social relatives in the metropolis for her guilt alone. And such relatives! "Mickey" had more directors than a revolution. Presumed to raise Miss Normand into large prominence in extra-sized Sennett pieces, it occupied the better part of a year in making, cost several hundred thousand dollars, had its plot changed every day before lunch, and was finally cut into seven or eight reels—from a fireside library of assorted film—more than a year ago, by H. O. Davis. The generals in the field ran the gamut of talents, from Keystone Dick Jones to James Young. But through it all romps the Mabel Normand of Chaplin days in Edendale. Whether she is falling down a well, leaping through an upper window in a ball gown or visiting New York (New York with deep lawns, palms and California architecture) she is startling, vivacious, girlish, and always funny.

To increase sluggish circulations in cold weather I unreservedly recommend the horse-race; and to cure those who are melancholy that uproarously innocent pursuit of the scared squirrel up the leg of Mabel's overalls. Best and largest in Miss Normand's support is Minnie Ha Ha, a noble redwoman of several hundredweight and equally solid intentions. Note number two to Lew Cody: go back to the grease-paint you used here. Lew: it's exactly your proper shade.

#### HERE COMES THE BRIDE—Paramount

Here is one of the best screen farces that ever galloped across a silversheet. This is not a comedy—it is farce, pure farce, stage farce, with its rapidly succeeding gales of laughter, its ludicrous though perhaps artificial situations, its climaxes of complication. Frederick Tile, an impecunious lawyer, loves Ethel, daughter of the rich Robert Sinclair. On the same day



that Tile is booted out, as a suitor, a South American beauty, whose legacy depends upon the marriage of a certain other Frederick Tile—now languishing in jail beneath the Southern Cross—engages her lawyer to make any Frederick Tile he may find a proposition of business marriage, with a large reward and subsequent divorce. The lawyer finds the disconsolate suitor of Ethel, has him spliced to a fright—and at this moment Ethel, drawing her own money from the bank, leaves home and comes to marry and finance her darling Frederick. Obviously he cannot tell her the truth; by chance they are thrown together under the roof of a mutual friend for the night, and here, next morning, the chaotic conclusion comes when the ugly wife of convenience, the little sweetheart's father—and everybody—rush in for a general straightening of all the knots in the puzzle. John Barrymore, that great tragic actor who can be a more consummate ass in a farce than the silliest clown who ever lived, is a convulsion as the despairing Tile. Faire Binney, a bon-bon fresher than any Huyler ever made, is the quaint Ethel

THE MIDNIGHT STAGE—Pathe

Both Frank Keenan and Jack Cunningham have done something, here, with a very ordinary story; Keenan, by the sheer power of an interpreting personality; Cunningham, by an original twist in writing which gives two or three old situations the kick of a Missouri motor. Cunningham allows that he adapted this from "The Lyons Mail." But no author would have turned in his grave even if he hadn't made the admission; the good points are all his own. John Lynch, a gambler of forty years or a little more, comes to the California diggings where his ancient Virginia father, nearly eighty and broke, but still courtly, woos the elusive nuggets in the creekbeds as he has been wooing them, ineffectually, for more than a quarter of a century. Here, also, is an alcoholic hell-hound, one Bige Rivers, a monster incarnate—and the physical and facial double of John Lynch. Rivers holds up the midnight stage and murders every man in it; he also nearly kills the inoffensive River, Sr., and there is a real touch of pathos in the dying old man's forced denunciation of his errant son as his murderer. In the eventual revelations Rivers' "woman scorned" reveals the truth, and, trapped in the top of a shed, Rivers and the younger Lynch engage in a gun fight to Rivers' death—a thrilling piece of that elsewhere overworked mechanic, double exposure. The big gasp in the play is the discovery of the silent stage in the moonlight—with every man in it horribly dead. As a piece of terrific, almost demoniac acting Keenan's portrayal of the rum-crazy Rivers is a more effective indictment of Alcohol than a barrel of reformers' sermons. Yet, where I saw it, the censors must perforce soften the bestiality of booze with their kindly shears. Certainly the passion for censoring, anywhere and anyhow, shares its restless couch with strange bedfellows!

SHADOWS—Goldwyn

Willard Mack, the forceful but erratic genius who wrote "Tiger Rose" and "Kick In" for the stage, has been writing too many potboilers for the screen. And especially for Geraldine Farrar. Last month, "The Hellcat." This month, "Shadows," some better, but still a commonplace on an old theme, in the old way. The obvious "shadow" upon a woman in a play or a story is the shadow of her own past, which must be never known in the conventional circles of a narrow society. So Muriel Barnes, now happily married to Judson Barnes, was once Cora Lamont, a girl of Alaska. Jack McGoff, her slave-driver when she toiled under the artificial midnight suns of the North, has a friend in Frank Craftley, now a swindling promoter. Craftley, getting hold of the secret of Cora Lamont and the man she hated and fled from, uses this to drive Barnes' wife as his instrument in binding a fraudulent bargain on her husband. McGoff reappears, too. Against him, however, she plays guile against guile, and lays out her jewels in a manner that would make an intruder look like a thief. Then, when he tries to force her to his will, she fires a revolver, the household is aroused—and the interloper is shot dead by a policeman. Thus, the shadow passes without materializing into ultimate disaster. Miss Farrar does well in her two parts, and Tom Santschi is characteristic and magnetically wicked as McGoff. Milton Sills and Barnes and Fred Truesden as Craftley complete the cast.

(Continued on page 93)



"Mickey" is worth anybody's time because it is a long flash of the old-time Mabel Normand.



Geraldine Farrar's "Shadows" is better than "The Hellcat" but it is still a commonplace on an old theme.



In "The Midnight Stage" Frank Keenan's portrayal is a more effective indictment of Alcohol than a barrel of sermons.



# How Pictures Found Charlie

The never-told story of a flower-festival on the Island of Jersey, in August, 1912.

**T**HE main title of this anecdote is the literal truth: Charlie Chaplin didn't find motion pictures; pictures found Charlie Chaplin.

Although his winning opportunity was, in a way, thrust upon him, his remarkable progress was the result of a well-laid plan.

Contrary to general opinion—and who, in this day, isn't able to tell you all about Chaplin, from his stage career to his marriage?—the comedian was not first drawn toward pictures in America. The distinction of place belongs to the Channel Islands, those English possessions off the west coast of France. There, on the wee island of Jersey, he stepped for the first time in front of a crank camera, won his first laugh as a screen comedian, and visualized the beginnings of a quaint image he has made world-famous.

The first laugh he won as a picture actor, a laugh which remains indelibly on his memory, was the sincere laugh of a little child.

In 1912 Mr. Chaplin was a comedian in Fred Karno's traveling company, and August found them in Jersey. As the players emerged from one of their matinees they observed that the sky was cloudless, and the day, while bright and glowing, was nevertheless not too warm. The company separated for various outdoor pastimes. Chaplin and the manager, Alfred Reeves, went for a stroll.



The latest portrait of Charlie Chaplin, taken January 3rd, 1919.

A certain wise man whose name I do not recall once had a few words to say about destiny:

“There is a time, I know not when;  
A place, I know not where,  
That marks the destiny of men  
For glory or despair.”

What happened at the end of this particular stroll undoubtedly marked the destiny of Charlie Chaplin.

With Mr. Reeves, he went to the Jersey race course, which just then was having a day of days—its annual celebration, the



The comedian and the kids in "Sunnyside," his next release, whose

island's "Carnival of Flowers." Those who have lived in Southern California, where the ancient Spanish "La Fiesta de las Flores" is still occasionally given, or those who have seen Pasadena's annual midwinter "Tournament of Roses" will gain, without further description, some idea of Jersey's flower festival. At any rate, it was a big, joyous bit of summer glory, with a profusion of blossoms and foliage vying in beauty with the bright-cheeked island girls. Many quiet customs and observances still prevailed, and one of the English "current events" cinema firms had sent a man from London to grind in some hundreds of feet of the most striking portions of the show. A motion picture camera in public was then almost as exciting as a free fight, and though the cameraman had succeeded in getting a good "set-up" in front of the grand-stand his field was swarming with a curious crowd that he found absolutely impossible to keep away. Of course Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Reeves were attracted by the novelty.

Presently a beautiful boat appeared, and with a final threatening shout to disperse the bystanders who insisted on getting



# Chaplin

By  
EDWARD ALLAN  
BIBY

in front of his pretty picture, the operator seized his crank and stared into his finder. Into the finder rolled the float, and the film began to turn upon its spools. He succeeded in getting perhaps a score of feet. Then—a short, slender young man shuffled with a curious step into the foreground of the im-



Though pathos is a most substantial element in every Chaplin comedy, the still camera has caught only one wistful closeup to date. Here it is.

promptu set, and into the hearts of Jersey. Before the cameraman realized that his mission of flower photography had been tossed to one side he had cranked in nearly a hundred feet of Charlie Chaplin's introduction to a motion picture career.

The cameraman's first warning came in laughter and applause from the

crowd, which gave the all-of-a-sudden screen player an ovation. Above them all rose the clear laugh of a little French boy, and his excited cry to his escort.

"Maman, je veux voir encore ce comique."  
Jersey, as I should have said, is peopled mainly by French folk.

Mr. Chaplin returned to his hotel with a keen realization that he had asserted a character personality which won him the favor of laughter's truest exponent: a child.

And the cameraman? No one knows what became of him or his "ruined" film. He left hurriedly, disgusted and grumbling. But if that strip of old-fashioned picture could be unearthed now, and authenticated, what would it not be worth as the premier Chaplin curiosity?

Upon arriving in England, directly after his Jersey engagement, Mr. Chaplin brought up the subject of motion pictures in a conversation with his brother Sydney, who was then, as he is now, associated with him in business. Sydney not only agreed with Charlie that the motion picture industry would eclipse in

magnitude any and all forms of prevailing public amusement; further, he favored Charlie's plan to faithfully execute the remainder of their Karno contract by making a scheduled trip to America with the Karno company, after which they were to seriously investigate the infant screen industry and carefully cultivate the seed of ambition which had been planted in Charlie's mind by his pleasant and unexpected little experience on the Channel Islands.

On October 2nd, the same year, the White Star liner "Oceanic" left Liverpool carrying a passenger whose aspirations ran high but who little realized that those aspirations, realized, would belt the world in smiles.

During the week of May 12th, 1913, Mr. Chaplin was appearing at the Nixon theatre in Philadelphia, as Archibald, in "A Night At the Club." One morning at breakfast his manager opened a telegram, read it in puzzled fashion two or three times, and then remarked: "I guess they mean you, Charlie." So saying, he handed the wire across the table. It read: "Is Charlie Chapman still with your company? If so, he will learn something to his advantage by communicating with Kessell and Bauman."

Charlie reflected.

"I guess they mean me," he said, finally, "even though they don't know how to spell my name. Kessell and Baumann . . . sounds like a couple of lawyers . . . I'll bet I've an unknown aunt who's died and left me a fortune!"

After the show that night, Charlie boarded the midnight train for New York City—from which the wire had come—and next day returned to Philadelphia in time for the matinee performance. The anxious manager, of course, was full of sympathetic curiosity.

"Well, what's the word?"

(Continued on page 105)





A most recent portrait of Miss Rambeau.

# A North

Marjorie Ram-  
California, blos-  
and triumphed

By RANDOLPH

Shakespeare's Juliet, capable of a consuming love at fourteen, is no phenomenon in Italy, nor in California. It is unusual but it is not unknown. Marjorie Rambeau was one of these large and robust children of America's Italy. In fact she grew so rapidly that at ten she was as tall as her mother. She grew so rapidly that she was not in the best of health, and her mother, who was studying medicine, took her out of school. To keep the child from becoming awkward with her abundant physique, she was sent to a private school where dancing, fencing, and such arts were taught. A play was rehearsed by the girls in the school, and considered good enough to be given at one of the San Francisco theaters, and here Marjorie had her first glimpse of an audience across the footlights.

"I shall never forget how I looked forward to my first newspaper criticism," says Miss Ram-

Below—Miss Rambeau in "Camille," as leading woman in a stock company in the Northwest. Age, twelve years! Her mother earned an early title to being a camouflage artist in building on the slender figure of the child, producing a visual maturity.

**T**HIS story, the story of Marjorie Rambeau, covers vast distances. It reaches up toward the polar regions and sweeps down to the warm southern seas, it lingers on the western coast and watches the sun dip into the Pacific, then darts to the eastern coast and watches the sun rise out of the Atlantic; and if it were written a few months later it would span the sea itself and breathe the fogs of London. But wherever it is placed, wherever it finds its temporary resting place, it is always a story of California and a California woman—a woman whose earliest memories are of the shafts of morning light striking fire from the peak of Mount Diablo, of organ voices drifting through the redwoods, of the perfume of orange blossoms, of the joyous battle between the blue of the sky and the blue of the sea, of purple pools that nestle in the Piedmont hills, of the merry madness of San Francisco carnivals, of the rhythm of Spanish dances, of the glow of a field of golden poppies on a long sunlit slope, in brief, of all the beauty and all the romance that go to make California America's land of heart's desire.

In saying these things, I must here intrude my personal assurance that I write not of things that have been told me in a fleeting hour's conventional "interview" (Oh accursed word!) nor from the hashed-up drivel of a press agent. A memorandum book in which various significant dates are recorded, reminds me that in Los Angeles, on the third day of April, 1910, I entered the service of Oliver Morosco as press agent for the Burbank Theatre, the same being also the date of the debut of Miss Rambeau as Mr. Morosco's leading woman. The things I have known of Miss Rambeau, on and off, in these eight years, dovetail so perfectly with those which have been told me, that the astonishing tale I am about to relate carries my personal guarantee of authenticity.

California has been compared to Italy in many respects, but in none is the similarity more striking than in the early age at which girls begin to appear mature.





# ern Star

beau, who grew in  
somed in Alaska,  
in New York.

## BARTLETT

beau. "Another girl stayed all night with me, and at the first peep of dawn we rushed down to get the Examiner. 'I shall die if Ashton Stevens roasts me,' I said. Hurdledly we turned to the theatrical page, and then more slowly searched the paper. Not one word was to be found concerning our performance. That was tragedy.

"Another funny thing happened in connection with that performance. An actress, popular on the Pacific Coast, and who just missed being famous, but who was at that time at the height of her success in California, asked mother to bring me to her box. She petted me and asked us to call at her home for tea the next day. We went, and at once the most patronizing airs were assumed.

"'You are too tall, my child, far too tall,' said the great star. 'I won't have tall girls in my company. You must not wear high-heeled shoes. You must not wear plumes.'

At fourteen years of age Marjorie's favorite role was "Gloria Quayle." The oval below is proof positive. If it seems difficult to believe, obscure the garb and see the face of "Gloria," revealing wide-eyed fourteen-year girlhood.



Miss Rambeau in "Motherhood," one of her motion picture vehicles.



"'There is some mistake,' mother said very haughtily. 'I have no intention of permitting my daughter to engage in a theatrical career. We came for tea, not to apply for work. Good afternoon.'"

Another outcome of this public appearance was a vaudeville offer, which Mrs. Rambeau wanted to reject, but Marjorie had had her taste of the footlights, and teased, and the manager cajoled, so finally Marjorie and her mother signed a contract for a very brief tour. It was the beginning of Marjorie's career. She has been before the public ever since.

Now comes the chronicle that places a tax upon the imagination. After their first brief vaudeville engagement, Marjorie and her mother became associated with a small company that was presenting tabloid versions of famous plays for a small circuit of variety houses in the Northwest, where the big vaudeville circuits had not yet entered. Portland was their headquarters. In the course of events the company needed a leading woman, and Marjorie insisted that they look no further. After much debate they decided to give her a chance. And so at the mature age of twelve she played "Camille," her always handy mother upholstering her slender, girlish figure, fitting her with her first set of stays, and otherwise trapping her out as Dumas' unhappy heroine.

"Of course I had only the vaguest sort of an idea what it was all about," says Miss Rambeau, "but I did take a lot of pride in my death scene. They hurried me too much and I complained. The manager finally said, 'Oh well, anybody that gets as much pleasure as you do out of dying ought to be allowed all the time she wants. Do it your way.'"

So the months passed. At thirteen Marjorie played Cigarette in "Under Two Flags," and "Carrots"; at fourteen her favorite part was Gloria Quayle. And if you doubt the possibility of these achievements, turn your eyes toward the photograph herewith reproduced, of Marjorie at this stage in her career. At

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# Better Photoplay League of America

Parent organization founded—public opinion vs. censorship—news of the branches.

**N**OW that we are turning back from the business of war to the pursuits of peace, it is natural that some of the superabundance of energy that has been generated by the great struggle should be diverted into efforts to ameliorate industrial problems; employment, living, political, and moral conditions. But it would be well to pause and consider the use of this energy well lest it be turned into ill-considered and misguided channels.

The word Democracy is as sweet sounding a word as charity. And, just as many sins are committed in the name of charity, so if we are not careful great injustices may be done by misconceptions of the true ideals of democracy.

National prohibition should not be regarded a reform, but as a development. The professional reformer did not bring about national prohibition. It was affected by public opinion—by a feeling of the great majority of people of the United States that liquor served no good purpose, that billions of dollars were wasted on it, and that its only apparent effect was the expenditure of public money for the care of victims of its misuse and the degradation of men and women. And yet, some of the greatest voices of America, including that of Cardinal Gibbons, have been uplifted to warn us lest in the zeal to reform and perfect humanity by legislation we transgress too far on personal liberty.

So we may well pause and consider with extreme caution the ambition and desire of zealots to "reform" the motion picture by the enactment of laws providing for official censorship. It is a poor cause that cannot find some enthusiastic adherents, and the word censorship has a sweet sound to the ears of many high-minded people who are sincerely concerned with the welfare of their country, and the protection of our people from untoward influences, and obsessed by an unbalanced sense of their responsibilities as their brothers' keepers.

Will it not pay us to look down through the perspective of history, keeping in mind that the people of Babylon, of Rome, Greece, and of the Middle Ages throughout Europe, not necessarily uncultured barbarians, all came to grief when their per-

sonal liberties were committed into the hands of individuals? Most of these were neither wise enough to be entrusted with such responsibility nor strong enough to resist the sources of private gain. Human nature has not changed much up to the present date, and the same injustices experienced by Rome under Cato, "the greatest of the censors," and England under Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, threaten the people of the United States at the present day.

It will be a sad and aimless world for some folks when the much advertised millenium is reached; when all mankind is clothed in the spotless garments of virtue; when all is brotherly love and unselfishness; and when nature's laws are legislated into a fine adjustment in perfect harmony with all these desirable ends. For one of the things that make human beings interesting is their little failings. With human nature legislated out of being, what becomes of sympathy, of kindly aid to neighbors and nations, of a loving appreciation of the tender and less stalwart phases of life? Are the censors demigods, that they wish to make us all over to their measure?

## Important Notice to Members and Local Branches of Better Photoplay League of America

**A**LL letters regarding the League's business should be addressed to the Better Photoplay League of America, 350 N. Clark St., Chicago. Mrs. Myra K. Miller, formerly executive secretary, is no longer connected with the League in any capacity, and its letters should not be directed to her. Personal letters should be addressed to Miss Janet Priest, executive secretary, 350 N. Clark Street, Chicago.

**W**HATEVER the rank and file of this nation wants, it is going to have. The people want better films. That wish is going to be granted, but it will be granted sooner if each community gives practical expression to its own wish in this regard, in a *constructive* manner, and shows its sincerity by attending good plays, and staying away from bad ones.

Readers of this magazine, the blessed solution of this problem lies partly with you. You may ask, "What can I do for the cause of better films, singly and unaided?" Well, in the first place, think about it. Then talk about it, even if you do no more than to say to your neighbor, "I wish they would show a better class of film at our theatre."

But the sensible way, the practical way, is to start a branch of The Better Photoplay League of America. Let your exhibitor know you have started it, and then co-operate with him in the obtaining of better pictures. Even if you are alone in your community in the fight for better

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*Cutting the cuticle makes it grow more quickly and leaves a ragged, rough, unsightly edge*

# The more you cut the cuticle the faster it grows

*Why cutting makes it rough, uneven*

*How to have lovely, shapely nails without cutting the cuticle*

**W**HEN you trim the cuticle around your nails you cannot help cutting into the live part which protects the delicate nail root.

Look through a magnifying glass at the cuticle you have been trimming. You will see for yourself that you have made little cuts in the *living skin*.

In their effort to heal, these tiny cut parts grow more quickly than the rest. They become rough, dry and ragged. Soon you have a thick, uneven edge at the base of your nails.

Nowadays, cutting the cuticle has given place to a *safe* way of removing it. One first softens it with Cutex, then wipes it off with a cloth, leaving a firm, smooth, *unbroken* edge.

Wrap a little absorbent cotton around the end of an orange stick (both of which come with Cutex) and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Work around the base



*Remove the surplus cuticle without cutting*

of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. In a moment the surplus cuticle is softened. Wash it off in warm, soapy water, pressing back the cuticle when drying your hands.

Perhaps at certain seasons, the cuticle at the base of your nails tends to become rough and dry. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is a soothing cream prepared especially to counteract such drying.

You will love the way your nails look, after you have given them a Cutex manicure. Don't expect, however, that with only spasmodic care you can keep them well-groomed. Make the care of your nails as much a matter of habit as brushing your teeth. Whenever you dry your hands push back the cuticle with the towel. Then once or twice a week give them a quick Cutex manicure.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cuticle Comfort are each 35c.

*A complete manicure set for only 21c*

Mail the coupon below with 21c and we will send you a *complete* Midget Manicure Set, which contains enough of each of the Cutex products to give you at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 704, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada address Northam Warren, Dept. 704, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

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Dept. 704, 114 West 17th St.  
New York City

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Street .....

City ..... State .....

*This complete set sent for 21c*





(Continued from page 74)

films, keep on wishing! Don't you know there's magic in a wish? You will soon express that wish in your attitude and conversation, and other people will catch your enthusiasm. And when the psychological moment comes,—start a branch league. Use public opinion. It is like faith—it will move mountains!

### The Parent League is Formed

The greater the power for good any organization possesses, the greater is its necessity for firmly trenching itself against influences which might be brought to bear to weaken its effectiveness. To protect by every possible means the effectiveness of The Better Photoplay League of America and to legally protect its name, a parent organization was formed in Chicago in December. Among the names of the members of the parent organization are many of national importance and of people of such a caliber as to insure us that the good work of promoting clean pictures will be guided by high minds and by lofty ideals. Among the charter members are: Wilbur D. Nesbit, writer and publicist, Miss Ruth Ewing, editor of the *Humane Advocate*, Emerson Hough, one of America's greatest novelists, Hiram Moe Greene, editor of the *Woman's World*, and Miss Nina Barlow, one of Chicago's prominent Red Cross workers.

The constitution and by-laws, closely proximating those of the branch leagues, were adopted. The officers elected were: James R. Quirk, president, Hiram Moe Greene, editor of the *Woman's World*, vice-president, and Miss Nina Barlow, secretary.

Miss Janet Priest, a writer of ability and experience in the work of stage and screen, will handle the departmental duties in connection with the League, and can be consulted by letter or in person on all matters pertaining to the league and its branches. She can be addressed at the PHOTOPLAY offices, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

### News of Better Films

FRANK M. BRONSON, during his annual address before the Woman's Club of Blue Island, Ill., recently reviewed the work of the League, quoting from articles in the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in illustration of his remarks. Mr. Bronson's general subject was "Music and the Better Film." He laid stress on the need of better music as an accompaniment to the better class of screen output. The lecturer referred to the work of the Monrovia, Cal., branch of The Better Photoplay League of America as an evidence of what it was possible for communities to do in obtaining better screen productions. A former Monrovia resident was present at the lecture.

Blue Island is one community which has solved its problem, so far as objectionable films are concerned. This has been due partly to the women themselves, partly to their local exhibitor, and partly to the influence of a high school superintendent, who set the pace by showing the right kind of pictures in the schools. This man has proven that the problem of the motion picture is in large part the problem of the school.

By the way, no better work in this connection has been done anywhere than by the Better Film committee of the Home and School League of Salt Lake City, Utah. For more than two years the committee has been putting on children's screen programs, with tremendous success, and for over a year it has assumed entire responsibility for these programs, renting the theater and obtaining films. All money profits are devoted to the continuance and development of the better film work.

**O**RGANIZE a branch League in your community! Write for information to The Better Photoplay League of America, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Do it now!

The Illinois State Federation of Women's Clubs has renewed its pledge to work for a state censorship law for motion pictures. The federation attempted to get this law passed last year, but failed. Although actual experience has shown the utter futility of state censorship, the fact remains that the women appreciate the need of better films.

The method they want to use may not be the right one, but they are at least exhibiting a gratifying interest in this important subject.

In the meantime, The Better Photoplay League of America is going steadily forward in a constructive way, organizing public sentiment in behalf of better films, and accomplishing by the force of it what state censorship has so far failed to do.

New branch leagues are forming everywhere. Ohio (a censorship state) finds better photoplays a crying need,—the "protection" having failed to protect. New branches are forming there, in New York, in Massachusetts, in Illinois, and elsewhere.

Formerly it was the women who evinced the greatest degree of interest, but now the men are everywhere waking up to the importance of this issue. Business men, heads of enterprises, writers, exhibitors, the representative men of their communities, are not only writing for information about the Better Photoplay League of America, but are starting branch leagues.

Certainly it is a splendid commentary on our national morality when the men demand cleaner and more worthwhile films.

Six ministers of Evanston, Ill., have decided that the gospel and the motion picture should go hand in hand. They are planning a series of special entertainments, in which pictures of the better kind are to be interspersed with readings and music, with perhaps a sermon or sermonette to go with them. They recognize the educational value of the screen and its prominent part in the lives of their parishioners. These progressive pastors are: the Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown, of the Congregational Church; the Rev. David Hugh Jones, First Presbyterian; the Rev. O. F. Jordan, Christian; the Rev. James Madison Stifler, First Baptist; the Rev. Horace G. Smith, Hemenway Methodist Episcopal; and the Rev. Ernest F. Tittle, First Methodist Episcopal.

Emerson Hough, the celebrated novelist, one of the founders of the Photoplay League of America, has said:

"I shall be glad to do all I can to help out this movement. God knows there is need for it. As it

seems to me, a great and powerful instrument is being handled to its ultimate—and early—ruin."

Mrs. Paul V. Tillard, founder and principal of Mrs. Tillard's School, Altoona, Pa., writes:

"From a teacher's viewpoint, the child of today has a wonderful advantage; this is given him through the pictures with their eye descriptions before him. Geography today means more than lines for rivers and railroads; cities mean more than dots on maps; volcanoes are *real* live things. Children actually live through all these and they become part of each child. That is why we must have the best.

"I am not a crank nor do I lay claims to being what they term a 'high-brow,' but I do see a wonderful field for your work here. I know from a business standpoint that certain things do not pay; that children's days at the theatres are generally not a good investment; that some people enjoy one thing while others abominate that very thing. But surely we can strike a happy middle road. It is for inspiration in this that I shall look to your League.

## Attention — Screen Patrons!

**A**RE you seeing good pictures? Or are you seeing at your theatre pictures that are trashy and objectionable? With the aid of the Better Photoplay League of America, you can see better ones!

Write in and tell us about the pictures in your neighborhood. If good, say so. If not, state what is the trouble with them, giving name of theatre, title of play, and date shown. State whether morally objectionable or merely trashy.

Exhibitors—write us! Tell us your side of it!

Send communications to The Better Photoplay League of America, 350 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill. No consideration will be paid unsigned or anonymous letters.





## HOW TO CHOOSE SUMMER FABRICS

*The daintiest things are practical now they can be laundered*

“**W**HAT has come over you! It’s wicked to buy such delicate and filmy material. That bit of cobweb will go to pieces the moment you start to launder it.”

“Nonsense. I have washed it. It was a remnant and so shopworn and grimy that I dipped it in delicate Lux suds the moment I got it home.”

This year, in making your choice among summer fabrics, the important thing is to ask yourself, “Will it launder?” You can choose satins, taffetas, printed georgettes, printed cottons—even for sports skirts. Just make sure you select the kind that you can trust to water. Lux will cleanse it for you repeatedly.

*Wash them again and again.*

Blouses! There is hardly a blouse material

today that Lux has not made it possible for you to wash. Pastel colorings! Shimmering and sheer textures! The finer the better!

No matter how filmy the material, you can wash it over and over again in delicate Lux suds.

Economize this summer by buying dainty fabrics that are made to wash. Trust them to Lux. Keep them like new all summer long. Your grocer, druggist or department store will sell you a package. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

### *How to launder delicate fabrics*

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water to make the suds lukewarm. Dip the article up and down in the pure lather. Squeeze the suds through it—*Do not rub*. Rinse three times in clear lukewarm water. Roll in a towel to dry partially. While still damp, press with a warm iron—never a hot one.

LUX WON'T HURT ANYTHING  
PURE WATER ALONE WON'T INJURE

# LUX

Use Lux for all these

- |                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| Chiffons        | Silk Stockings  |
| Crêpe de Chines | Baby's Flannels |
| Georgettes      | Fine Linens     |
| Mulls           | Sweaters        |
| Dimities        | Blankets        |
| Laces           | Silk Underwear  |
| Organdies       | Negligees       |

THERE ARE NO SUBSTITUTES  
FOR LUX





# He Still Lives— On the Screen

Theodore Roosevelt's strenuous life has become a part of the tremendous educational energies perpetuated by the Motion Picture.



The scene above and that at the bottom of the page show the Colonel as he appears in two periods of his life. An interesting point of "The Fighting Roosevelts" is that a different actor was necessary to enact each phase of his career.

**T**HE life of Theodore Roosevelt, widely called "The Greatest American," has been perpetuated by the motion picture. Thus, America—and the world—will not be deprived of the inspiration of this great man's picturesque and constructive life. Just before the Colonel died he gave official endorsement to "The Fighting Roosevelts," the picture-biography of his life, produced in accordance with the Colonel's own scenario. It reveals his life from infancy to the time of his death and accentuates the principles and activities so widely praised for their inspirational values to young America. It shows the youth Roosevelt, the rounding of his assertive character, his schooling, his graduation from law, his part in the Spanish-American war, his frequent pilgrimages into the outdoors and, finally, his attainment of the Presidency. From the point of his retirement after the second Presidential term, the picture dwells importantly on his tireless and fearless preachings of the gospel of Americanism.

At left—Colonel Roosevelt in his study at Oyster Bay. Taken during the last years of his life.



## ASK THIS DEPARTMENT

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theatres.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
1. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures.

Address: Educational Department,  
Photoplay Magazine, Chicago  
(Send stamped, addressed envelope)





**Alice Brady**  
in "In the Hollow  
of Her Hand"

There is a stirring crisis at hand but then Alice "just loves" crises. It is in tense, dramatic situations that Alice rises to the height of her ability.

Select  
Photoplay

New York Oct. 30, 1917  
F. F. INGRAM CO.

A well-kept complexion is, of course, a necessity to one who faces the merciless camera in daily photoplay work. So naturally, I must be positive that I have the correct cream to use. No other cream could win me from Ingram's Milkweed Cream because it has properties that keep the texture of the skin fine and smooth and in proper condition all of the time, as well as being softening and cleansing. I am most appreciative of it.

*Alice Brady*

# Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Many a woman wonders at the charming complexion of stars of the stage and film. The secret of their attractiveness and the way they retain their dainty colorfulness is an open secret. They give their complexion the *proper care*. Never for a day do they neglect the needs of the skin. And Ingram's Milkweed Cream is their favorite beauty aid.

It has a distinctive therapeutic quality, in addition to its softening and cleansing properties. Its daily use will tone up the skin and keep it in a healthful condition. Begin today to guard and enhance your complexion with Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Buy it in either 50c or \$1.00 Size



There is  
Beauty in Every  
Jar



## Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it *stays on*. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY  
Established 1885  
Windsor, Canada 102 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.  
Australasian Agents, T. W. Cotton, Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, Australia

## Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Coupon

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.  
102 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

I enclose a dime in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Rouge, Face Powder, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

(140)





# Why-Do-They-Do-It



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**THIS** is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

## Look Out for Crocodiles!

**I**N the William Fox production of "The Strange Woman," starring Gladys Brockwell, the hero is seen leaving his home, which is located in Delphi, Iowa, to seek his fortune in Paris. An exterior view of the house is shown and looming up in the front yard is a giant *palm* tree.

C. P. STUTSMAN, Des Moines, Ia.

## Legal Error

**I**N a court of law a witness is not allowed to take an oath on the bible with a gloved hand. In "The Panther Woman" the court was not particular.

MONA, Brooklyn.

## George Has a Big Heart

**N**O wonder George Walsh in "I'll Say So" didn't make the navy. The rejection was flat feet. But what keeps me awake nights is wondering how the doctor could say that his heart was perfect by listening to his appendix. How come?

ELMER L. HANSON,  
Chicago.

## The Midnight Sun, Perhaps

**I**N "The Accidental Honeymoon" it rained "cats and dogs," to use the exact expression and the hired hand who had gone to town in a buggy for gas was unable to reach home that night. Yet when he returned next morning the buggy wheels raised a cloud of dust and there was no mud on the wheels.

KENNETH C. WILLIS, Hampton Roads, Va.

## Long Distance Connection

**I**N Dorothy Dalton's "The Kaiser's Shadow" I saw a bellboy walk the length of a room to bring a telephone to Von Kremlin, the German spy.

POLLY AND JERRY, New York City.

## Norma Heap Smart Squaw!

**T**HE introductory sub-title to "The Heart of Wetona," featuring Norma Talmadge, explains that "Wetona was born in a tepee and educated in a fashionable seminary." To bear out the latter idea Norma wears Fifth Avenue clothes and in accordance with the tepee stuff she speaks Indian—with an accent. For instance one caption quotes her as saying: "I doan" for "don't" and later on she says "don't." Again, she says "Wetona no tell" and several captions later her English is perfect. Wetona learned quickly. But then, perhaps, they don't teach grammar at fashionable seminaries.

ELIZABETH BREEN, Chicago.

## Moral: Save the Pieces

**A**N L-Ko comedy showed two vases with flowers ornamenting the newel posts at the head of the stairs. In the rough-and-tumble action, one of the vases is knocked down and smashed to smithereens. Several scenes later the Chinese girl and boy used both vases, intact, as weapons.

D. L. Y., ITHACA, N. Y.

## Lightning Change Artist

**I**N "The Cabaret Girl," starring Ruth Clifford, I noticed while she was singing at Benvini's, or whatever the name of the cabaret was, at one time she had a strip of velvet across the back of her gown, and while she sings it disappears, only to reappear as she walks out.

E. A. WALES, 424 51st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Rare Old Coins

**R**ECENTLY, upon leave, I had the pleasure of seeing Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona," a fine picture, but in one of the scenes, Douglas and another player match quarters to see whether or not a certain young lady is to go to a military dance.

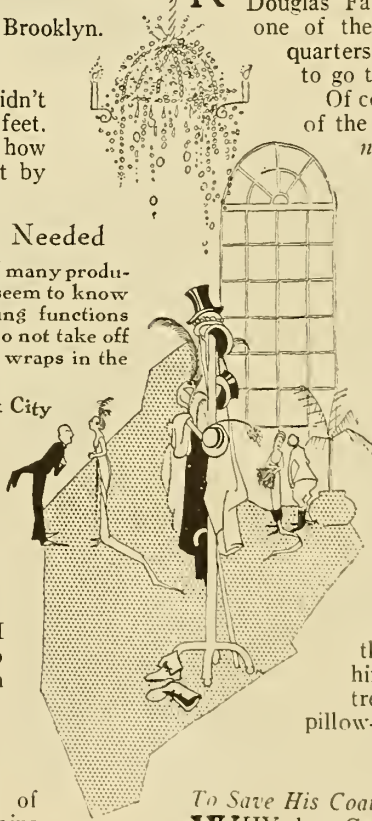
Of course "Doug" wins, and then follows a close up of the coin with which they match. It is one of the *new issue* liberty coins, and that scene was supposed to have taken place in 1898, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war.

PRIVATE S. E. B., Lincoln, Neb.

## Hat Stand Needed

**A**LTHOUGH many producers do not seem to know it, guests attending functions at smart houses do not take off and put on their wraps in the drawing room.

C. L., New York City



## A Considerate Bad Man

**I**N "The Hell Cat," Geraldine Farrar is tied hand and foot by the bad man and after her house is burned is carried away to his ranch. She is dressed for the afternoon.

A few scenes later she is discovered in bed at his house dressed in a night robe which she had worn the night before her house burned.

Did the villain stop to pack a trunk for her?

PEGGIE BARKLEY, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Soft for Charlie

**W**HEN I saw "Shoulder Arms," of course I was glad, for Charlie's sake, to learn that the War Department had seen fit to allow him a nice soft pillow with a white case in the trenches. Still it made me sorry for my own pillow-less soldier friends.

CLAIRE STRICKLAND, Atlanta, Ga.

## To Save His Coat and Pants

**W**HY does George Walsh always take off everything but his bvd's when he does his acrobatic stunts?

JOHN BRINSON, Portsmouth, Va.

## A Forgiving Soul

**I**N "The Fallen Angel" with Jewel Carmen, Frank Lane, finding that the sister of his bride-to-be is the willing "other woman" in a triangle, returns her wedding present with a very curt note demanding the complete separation of the sisters on account of this illicit love-making, but finally concludes his note—"Respectfully, Frank Lane."

C. J. O., Sheridan, Wyo.

## Taking Her Illness Lightly

**I**N May Allison's picture "The Testing of Mildred Vane," May Allison came into the room, and picked up the paper announcing that she was ill at her home. She drops the paper at her side, and behold! the paper is the comic section!

CLARE VAN HOUTEN, Atlanta, Ga.



# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

**MAXINE, BOZINI, KAN.**—I cannot tell you the age of Bessie Love's husband. You see, she hasn't any. Mae and Marguerite Marsh are sisters, sure enough. Marguerite is going to be co-starred with Herbert Rawlinson in a new *Craig Kennedy* serial. Anna Case's first and only picture to date is "The Hidden Truth." She may make more. I don't know, but it was a long time. Speaking of longevity: remember that brevity is the soul of swiss cheese. Confine your queries, next time, to a few choice "why's" and "who's."

**HENRIETTA, WILKINSBURG, PA.**—There are so many 'burgs in Pennsylvania, aren't there? Is Hollywood just a movie settlement, you ask? Well, I wouldn't say "just." So, you aren't permitted to go to see that langorous lady on the fillums. We will do all we can to persuade her to be a better girl, on the screen. Keep on with your high-school, Henrietta. And your math., and your *amo amas amat*, and your introspections over reposeful reptiles. I never went to college.

**UNSOPHISTICATED MARY, STATEN ISLAND.**—And then you start your letter off by wishing Wally Reid was a Mormon. Some little verbal ambushade. If you don't know why a poor, overworked, half-starved Answer Man, bending his unbrushed back hourly over a heap of letters, racking his poor, tired brain for suitable sallies to why-aren't-they-married-to-whom queries, looking up—(the flaming-haired one went and got married to someone else and here I was planning to keep her in the department)—birth-dates and death-rates—I say, if you don't know why I can't admire scented stationery, pink or pale blue, with delicate traceries in green or red writing fluid—I'll be darned if I'll tell you. Come again; I like to rant at you.

**SILVER SPURS.**—And still they come! I have a sneaking feeling that you are a la femme. At that you may be a war-hero, as you say. Winning your spurs with powder, perhaps of a different kind. Niles Welch is a leading man and they have been giving him beautiful rich-young-man roles; what more could any Welch *fanette* wish for?

**DIMPLES.**—You imagine I wear my clothes well. If I do it's innate, because I can't spare the money to have my clothes pressed. I keep my other suit under my mattress. Lottie Pickford appears in pictures occasion-

ally; she was very ill with influenza. Norma Talmadge is winding up her Select contract, after which she is going with First National. John Bowers is with Goldwyn.

**DOROTHY J., OAKLAND.**—You say you're Only a School-Girl. Don't apologize; I'm not prejudiced. Believe there is a picture-company or two working in San Francisco; but the majority are located in L. A. Clara Kimball Young has deserted the Angel City for Pasadena, I understand. Norma Talmadge isn't dead. She is three years older than Constance. Of course the Gish girls are sisters. Monroe Salisbury was *Allensandro*, the Indian, in "Ramona." He isn't a real redskin, Dorothy. Salisbury is a Universal star now. I like your real name better than your nom, so I used it.

**MARY R., FARGO.**—Mary dear, we can't tell you anything you don't know about becoming a novice in motion picture work. But we can give you a little friendly advice. Don't invest in a railroad ticket to Los Angeles; nor a course in correspondence school technique. Norma Talmadge has a new leading man now; Eugene O'Brien is with Paramount. Tom Meighan and Conway Tearle have succeeded him successively in Miss Talmadge's company.

**MARY LOU, FORT WORTH.**—Yes, I have heard of those Polish actresses from New York's east side and the French comedienues from Chicago; but it happens that Nazimova really was born in Russia, and went to school there. The same school was attended by Jascha Heifetz, the famous young fiddler. Nazimova may be reached care Metro, N. Y. Bryant Washburn's wife is Mabel Forrest; she was an extra girl at Essanay. They have a small son. Dick Barthelmess is not married. You want Marguerite Clark on the cover?

**M. N. V. B., CHICAGO.**—You say you saw a picture-show sign: "Why Germany Must Pay—Hearst's Weekly." Write to Wally Reid at the Lasky Hollywood studios. He will send you a picture. H. B. Warner is making pictures again, for Robertson-Cole. He is working in L. A.

**MARGIE, S. F.**—No, I don't like hymns, but hers. I believe, with Laurette Taylor, that happiness is looking forward. George Beban is not in pictures at present. He was, I be-

lieve, contemplating a flyer in vaudeville. Beban is married; he has a small son. Your hand-writing tells me that I should like to hear from you again.

**KETCH, INDIANAPOLIS.**—Whoopee! I appoint you Grand Exalted Rambler of the Department. You can say nothing in the nicest way. One thing, though: you remarked: "It must be hell to be admired by mail." But it's good discipline, Ketch. You say we have a lot in common, you being a clerk in a bookstore. Well, you may wield a Big Stick; but you can see your customers, while I scent mine. Like me, you say, you deal with the sweet young thing who smells like Apple Blossom-time in Normandy; and,—like me—you fall for her stuff. Sure. And who's your fav-or-ite filmiste, Mary Miles Minter? I'll let you off if you promise to answer, right away, that pile of epistles from your Best Girls.

**M. B., CAMBRIDGE.**—You quote from the Harvard Lampoon: "An impetuous maiden named Claire, once walked on the tracks without care. It is needless to state when she met a fast freight, she was frightfully up in the air." Poor Claire. Now if there had only been a motion picture camera there—Dorothy is Lillian Gish's younger sister. Dorothy's latest pictures are "The Hope Chest" and "Boots." Lillian's, "A Romance of Happy Valley."

**TAPIOCA BLUE, BALTIMORE.**—What's your recipe? I wouldn't worry about not knowing my own mind if I were a woman. I could always have my own way. Thanks for all the clever things you say. I'm sure Miss Evans will answer you. The Bushmans are with Vitagraph just now. Marguerite Marsh is twenty-seven. We might read your hand-writing for you if you didn't use a type-writer. Fie, fie, Tapioca.

**JUNE, BEVERLY HILLS.**—"The wisest men that e'er you ken have never deemed it treason, to rest a bit, and jest a bit, and balance up their reason. To laugh a bit, and chaff a bit, and joke a bit, in season." All this, you say, reminds you of me. The proof of the nesselrode is in the nightmare. Yes, when a man lies, it's a lie; when a woman lies, it's only imagination. Vivian Martin? She's with Lasky, in Hollywood. She's married. She was an ingenue on the noisy stage before going on the screen. Now,





# Why-Do-They-Do-It

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Did the villain stop to pack a trunk for her?

PEGGIE BARKLEY, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Soft for Charlie

**W**HEN I saw "Shoulder Arms," of course I was glad, for Charlie's sake, to learn that the War Department had seen fit to allow him a nice soft pillow with a white case in the trenches. Still it made me sorry for my own pillow-less soldier friends.

CLAIRE STRICKLAND, Atlanta, Ga.

## To Save His Coat and Pants

**W**HY does George Walsh always take off everything but his bvd's when he does his acrobatic stunts?

JOHN BRINSON, Portsmouth, Va.

## A Forgiving Soul

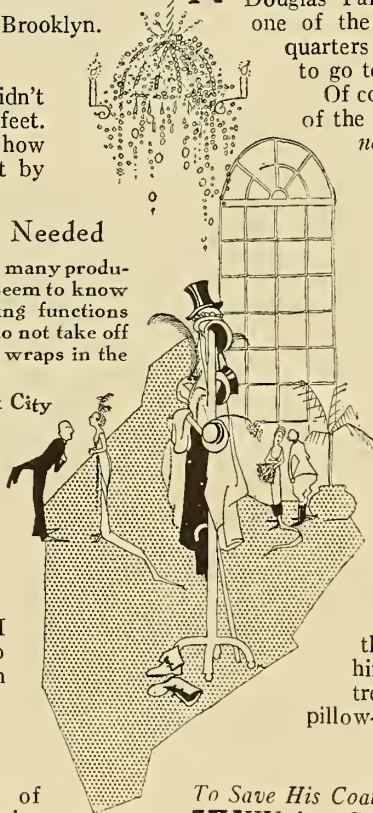
**I**N "The Fallen Angel" with Jewel Carmen, Frank Lane, finding that the sister of his bride-to-be is the willing "other woman" in a triangle, returns her wedding present with a very curt note demanding the complete separation of the sisters on account of this illicit love-making, but finally concludes his note—"Respectfully, Frank Lane."

C. J. O., Sheridan, Wyo.

## Taking Her Illness Lightly

**I**N May Allison's picture "The Testing of Mildred Vane," May Allison came into the room, and picked up the paper announcing that she was ill at her home. She drops the paper at her side, and behold! the paper is the comic section!

CLARE VAN HOUTEN, Atlanta, Ga.





# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

MAXINE, BOZINE, KAN.—I cannot tell you the age of Bessie Love's husband. You see, she hasn't any. Mae and Marguerite Marsh are sisters, sure enough. Marguerite is going to be co-starred with Herbert Rawlinson in a new *Craig Kennedy* serial. Anna Case's first and only picture to date is "The Hidden Truth." She may make more. I don't know, but it was a long time. Speaking of longevity: remember that brevity is the soul of swiss cheese. Confine your queries, next time, to a few choice "why's" and "who's."

HENRIETTA, WILKINSBURG, PA.—There are so many 'burgs in Pennsylvania, aren't there? Is Hollywood just a movie settlement, you ask? Well, I wouldn't say "just." So, you aren't permitted to go to see that langorous lady on the fillums. We will do all we can to persuade her to be a better girl, on the screen. Keep on with your high-school, Henrietta. And your math., and your *amo amas amat*, and your introspections over reposeful reptiles. I never went to college.

UNSOPHISTICATED MARY, STATEN ISLAND.—And then you start your letter off by wishing Wally Reid was a Mormon. Some little verbal ambushade. If you don't know why a poor, overworked, half-starved Answer Man, bending his unbrushed back hourly over a heap of letters, racking his poor, tired brain for suitable sallies to why-aren't-they-married-to-whom queries, looking up—(the flaming-haired one went and got married to someone else and here I was planning to keep her in the department)—birth-dates and death-rates—I say, if you don't know why I can't admire scented stationery, pink or pale blue, with delicate tracteries in green or red writing fluid—I'll be darned if I'll tell you. Come again; I like to rant at you.

SILVER SPURS.—And still they come! I have a sneaking feeling that you are a la femme. At that you may be a war-hero, as you say. Winning your spurs with powder, perhaps of a different kind. Niles Welch is a leading man and they have been giving him beautiful rich-young-man roles; what more could any Welch *janette* wish for?

DIMPLES.—You imagine I wear my clothes well. If I do it's innate, because I can't spare the money to have my clothes pressed. I keep my other suit under my mattress. Lottie Pickford appears in pictures occasion-

ally; she was very ill with influenza. Norma Talmadge is winding up her Select contract, after which she is going with First National. John Bowers is with Goldwyn.

DOROTHY J., OAKLAND.—You say you're Only a School-Girl. Don't apologize; I'm not prejudiced. Believe there is a picture-company or two working in San Francisco; but the majority are located in L. A. Clara Kimball Young has deserted the Angel City for Pasadena, I understand. Norma Talmadge isn't dead. She is three years older than Constance. Of course the Gish girls are sisters. Monroe Salisbury was *Allesandro*, the Indian, in "Ramona." He isn't a real redskin, Dorothy. Salisbury is a Universal star now. I like your real name better than your nom, so I used it.

MARY R., FARGO.—Mary dear, we can't tell you anything you don't know about becoming a novice in motion picture work. But we can give you a little friendly advice. Don't invest in a railroad ticket to Los Angeles; nor a course in correspondence school technique. Norma Talmadge has a new leading man now; Eugene O'Brien is with Paramount. Tom Meighan and Conway Tearle have succeeded him successively in Miss Talmadge's company.

MARY LOU, FORT WORTH.—Yes, I have heard of those Polish actresses from New York's east side and the French comediennes from Chicago; but it happens that Nazimova really was born in Russia, and went to school there. The same school was attended by Jascha Heifetz, the famous young fiddler. Nazimova may be reached care Metro, N. Y. Bryant Washburn's wife is Mabel Forrest; she was an extra girl at Essanay. They have a small son. Dick Barthelmess is not married. You want Marguerite Clark on the cover?

M. N. V. B., CHICAGO.—You say you saw a picture-show sign: "Why Germany Must Pay—Hearst's Weekly." Write to Wally Reid at the Lasky Hollywood studios. He will send you a picture. H. B. Warner is making pictures again, for Robertson-Cole. He is working in L. A.

MARGIE, S. F.—No, I don't like hymns, but hers. I believe, with Laurette Taylor, that happiness is looking forward. George Beban is not in pictures at present. He was, I be-

lieve, contemplating a flyer in vaudeville. Beban is married; he has a small son. Your hand-writing tells me that I should like to hear from you again.

KETCH, INDIANAPOLIS.—Whoopee! I appoint you Grand Exalted Rambler of the Department. You can say nothing in the nicest way. One thing, though: you remarked: "It must be h—ll to be admired by mail." But it's good discipline, Ketch. You say we have a lot in common, you being a clerk in a bookstore. Well, you may wield a Big Stick; but you can see your customers, while I scent mine. Like me, you say, you deal with the sweet young thing who smells like Apple Blossom-time in Normandy; and,—like me—you fall for her stuff. Sure. And who's your fav-or-ite filmiste, Mary Miles Minter? I'll let you off if you promise to answer, right away, that pile of epistles from your Best Girls.

M. B., CAMBRIDGE.—You quote from the Harvard Lampoon: "An impetuous maiden named Claire, once walked on the tracks without care. It is needless to state when she met a fast freight, she was frightfully up in the air." Poor Claire. Now if there had only been a motion picture camera there—Dorothy is Lillian Gish's younger sister. Dorothy's latest pictures are "The Hope Chest" and "Boots." Lillian's, "A Romance of Happy Valley."

TAPIOCA BLUE, BALTIMORE.—What's your recipe? I wouldn't worry about not knowing my own mind if I were a woman. I could always have my own way. Thanks for all the clever things you say. I'm sure Miss Evans will answer you. The Bushmans are with Vitagraph just now. Marguerite Marsh is twenty-seven. We might read your hand-writing for you if you didn't use a type-writer. Fie, fie, Tapioca.

JUNE, BEVERLY HILLS.—"The wisest men that e'er you ken have never deemed it treason, to rest a bit, and jest a bit, and balance up their reason. To laugh a bit, and chaff a bit, and joke a bit, in season." All this, you say, reminds you of me. The proof of the nesselrode is in the nightmare. Yes, when a man lies, it's a lie; when a woman lies, it's only imagination. Vivian Martin? She's with Lasky, in Hollywood. She's married. She was an ingenue on the noisy stage before going on the screen. Now,



June, that you have jested a bit, are you going to let the old Answer Man rest a bit? Thanks.

MILDRED JANE, MOORHEAD.—You hope some actress will read this and send you one of those short-knee dancing frocks for an amateur theatrical, as you can't get them in your town. Ann Pennington, please note. Polly's real name used to be Pauline Frederic; it's Mrs. Willard Mack now.

MAE, VANCOUVER, B. C.—The first issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE was June, 1911. The magazine has been under the present management since November, 1914. Thanks for all your bouquets; also for the brick-bat. Always glad to have suggestions. Dorothy Davenport is too busy taking care of her frisky young son, William Wallace Reid, Jr., to devote any attention to the screen as far as personal appearances are concerned. Hope she'll come back some time, though. Ella Hall and Emory Johnson with Paramount last. Ann Little, Lasky. Alan Forrest, American.

MCIO, N. Z.—I'll take your word for it. I don't, as a rule. That's how I keep young. You say your fiance must have been making love to those French girls; he's improved so. Anyway—address Geraldine Farrar, care Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.

JOSH J., DULUTH.—Yep, Josh, that was Annette Kellermann, all right. She's in vaudeville now, where she sings and dances and—swims. Swimming, it might be remarked, is Miss Kellermann's forte. Go ahead and write your photoplay. Me, I would rather remain original. S'long, Josh. Chicago crops is fine, by gosh.

EDYTHE MC., DEWEY, OKLA. — Awfully glad to see you. One more is always welcome. Mary Thurman is with Lasky now, having graduated from the custard-pie school. However, she has a funny part in Bryant Washburn's picture. "The Poor Boob." There's a picture of Mary, in character, in this issue. Bet you won't recognize her. Enid Markey and Elmo Lincoln in "Tarzan of the Apes." Rubye de Remer in "The Auction Block." Others answered elsewhere.

HILDA, REVELSTOKE, B. C.—We get a good many letters from British Columbia but yours is the first from your city. Doubtless you would be delighted to hang Doug and Mary and Charles in your boudoir if we sent you suitable portraits of them. But the fact is, PHOTOPLAY neither sells nor donates photographs. You should write to the players and enclose a quarter with request. We do not answer questions pertaining to re-

ligion. Vivian Martin doesn't give her exact age but she's in her early twenties.

INQUISITIVE JOCELYN, K. C.—Another good sign: "And the Children Pay for Adults Only." You asked considerable and my eight-hour day would be longer if I answered it all. I didn't stop to count but all in all it's about fifty questions you're asking and that's too much. I'll answer a few of them just to show you how kind I can be. Sylvia Breamer is with the J. Stuart Blackton productions. Louise Fazenda is with Mack Sennett's company, stopping pies. Don't know if Louise ever played basket-ball in high-school; but if she did I'll bet she was the draw-back. Agnes Ayres, Vitagraph last. Peggy Hyland's still with Fox.

BEBE, PITTSBURGH.—You say you are a snow-white soul. Well, you're the only one I know that ever came out of Pittsburgh snow-white. I am not disparaging Pittsburgh, but Pittsburgh's weather. Alice Brady continues to make pictures while she appears in her stage-play, "Forever After." Conrad Nagel, her leading man in this, is the same Nagel who plays *Laurie* in "Little Women." Watch out for him, too, in Alice Joyce's picture of "The Lion and the Mouse." Petrova, on the stage.

(Continued on page 100)

## Have You Seen The Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement At Your Favorite Theatre?

THE stars as they are—little journeys to filmland—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE on the screen. A one-reeler issued once a month just like the magazine itself, full of the most interesting personal doings of the stars, entirely apart from their screen work—just as they are in real life; taking you right into the studios and showing you all the interesting phases of motion picture production; in brief, everything that you find in type and illustration in the magazine itself.

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In every reel you will meet at least six or seven

stars and see many phases of motion picture work. Then you will realize more than ever what a wonderful art it is, what a tremendous business it has grown to be. It is without doubt one of the most fascinating ideas ever put on the screen. You will gasp with delight when you see how it has been worked out.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Screen Supplement is being distributed by the Educational Films Corporation of America. Remember, it is issued every month. It is being shown now at hundreds of the finest theatres in America. Tell your theatre manager you want to see it. Or write the editor and tell him the name of your theatre. We will help him get it.

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# Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK

THE editorial page of this issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE announces an impending war between exhibitors and producers for the control of the industry. This month's kaleidoscopic and cyclonic happenings in Los Angeles make me think the editorial writer was correct in everything but his dates: the war doesn't impend; it's here.

To simplify our text, and boil the contenders from a seething mass of twenty to two, let us say that the storm centers have been Adolf Zukor, president of the Paramount-Artcraft affiliations and ramifications—the biggest producing group in the industry—and the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, the strongest combination of producing picture showmen, by far, that the business has ever known. A couple of months ago the First National executives felt sure that they had the majority of the greater talents either in their fold or contracted as futures when present agreements run out. It seemed as though this association of theatre men really had a finish grip on the business. As you know they have been releasing Chaplin's pictures, and their newest signatory is Mary Pickford. Norma Talmadge had been announced—and so on.

Of course all roads led to the film Rome, therefore, in January. Producers with millions hobnobbed with producers with shoestrings in the lobby of the Hotel Alexandria, and for days, it must be admitted, you couldn't tell shoestrings from important money. As Harry Carr wittily wrote: "You have to make an appointment to bathe your hands before lunch, because every washroom is occupied by film magnates in secret whispered conferences which are to decide the fate of the picture business."

Charlie Chaplin was the cause of the first real sky-high explosion from this bubbling crater of monetary diversity. First of all, it seems that his present employers wanted to

know why he made only two pictures in the past year instead of six or eight. Charlie intimated that he was in the art business; and that his canning-factory days were over. Quite incidentally he referred to the fact that Anita Stewart and Mary Pickford were making more money out of their contract with First National

than he was. Quite plainly, he was dissatisfied with this arrangement. Then brother Syd Chaplin, looking to his own business interests, foregathered with the First National men, and it was reported that he had signed a contract with them to do two five-reel photoplays at \$100,000 each. Later, Syd denied this report. Charlie has always been opposed to more than one Chaplin name in pictures, so his answer was to announce that he would rest for awhile. He would close his studio, and take his wife to Europe for a vacation. While his prevailing powers were trying to digest this sudden information came the super-explosion whose effects at this writing (February first) have done more to quiet the situation than to confuse it.

And this, in brief, was an announcement asserting that Mr. Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and William S. Hart would unite to distribute their own product. Of course the fellow who could laugh hardest—now—was Adolph Zukor. Circumstances had threatened to make him a goat, but now he knew that if he were a goat he would have a partner, and maybe partners, in tin-can alley. Messrs. Griffith, Fairbanks and Hart and Miss Pickford announced that they would complete their contracts as rapidly as possible, and then proceed along the lines indicated in their new announcement. Mr.

Chaplin announced that his contract had been fractured already—he might not make any more First National pictures. Miss Pickford,

it might be added, was at the time seriously ill with influenza. She was compelled to suspend the making of "Daddy Longlegs" for four weeks, while regaining her health and strength. Her intention was to begin at once the production of "Pollyanna" under the direction of Syd Franklin without any wait between pictures, so that her three-picture contract with First National could be ended as soon as possible.

As these lines are written no less than four firms are openly making a drive to secure the releases of that al-

(Continued on page 88)

Colonel Mary and Private Kenneth—the occasion being Colonel Mary's discharge from service when her adopted regiment, the 143rd Field Artillery, was mustered out at the Presidio, San Francisco. This is the first picture of the former leading man, who has just returned from France, to be made in many, many months. Mr. Harlan is Miss Pickford's right support—in case you're confused as to who's who.



Photo by Staggs





# The story of two men who fought in the Civil War

FROM a certain little town in Massachusetts two men went to the Civil War. Each of them had enjoyed the same educational advantages, and so far as anyone could judge, their prospects for success were equally good.

One man accumulated a fortune. The other spent his last years almost entirely dependent upon his children for support.

He "had hard luck," the town explained. He "never seemed to catch hold after the war."

But the other man did not "lose his grip." He seemed to experience no difficulty in "catching hold" after the war.

The difference in the two men was not a difference of capacity but a difference in decision. One man saw the after-the-war tide of expansion, trained himself for executive opportunity, and so swam with the tide. The other man merely drifted. The history of these two men will be repeated in hundreds of thousands of lives in the next few months.

**After every war come the great successes — and great failures**

IS your future worth half an hour's serious thought? If it is, then take down a history of the United States. You will discover this unmistakable truth:

Opportunity does not flow in a steady stream, like a river—it comes and goes in great tides.

There was a high tide after the

Civil War; and then came the panic of 1873. There was a high tide after the Spanish War; and then came the panic of 1907.

There is a high tide now; and those who seize it need not fear what may happen when the tide recedes. The wisest men in this country are putting themselves now beyond the reach of fear—into the executive positions that are indispensable.

**Weak men go down in critical years—strong men grow stronger**

IF you are in your twenties, or your thirties, or your early forties, there probably never will be another such critical year for you as this year, 1919.

Looking back on it, ten years hence, you will say: "That was the turning point."

Thousands of the wise and thoughtful men of this country have anticipated the coming of this period and prepared for it.

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are vice-presidents; 5,372 are secretaries; 2,652 treasurers; 11,260 managers; 2,626 sales-managers; 2,876 accountants.

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## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 86)

leged combination of the "Big Five." A "press-hour" report, carried by a reliable trade organ, declares unofficially that Griffith has signed with First National. Mr. Zukor represents his own great interests, the First National Men represent theirs. C. F. Zittell is campaigning in the interests of publisher Hearst. The dark equine is the new firm composed of Messrs. Abrams and Shulberg, both former vice-presidents in the Zukor corporations, now "on their own." But some people say that in this one instance Abrams and Shulberg represent the astute Mr. Zukor, who thus plays two hands in a four-handed game. However, we shall see.

**NORMA TALMADGE'S** new leading man: Conway Tearle. Anticipating several thousand queries to the old A. M.: yes, he's married—to Adele Rowland.

**CHARLES MURRAY** is off the screen. He's going back to the stage where he and Ollie Mack for years acted in vaudeville under the team name of Murray and Mack.

**THE** latest screen newbies are Harry Beaumont and Hazel Daly. They were married in Los Angeles on January 15. Beaumont, now a Goldwyn director bossed Hazel as "Honey" and Bryant Washburn in the "Skinner" series. Perhaps Hazel will be seen again on the screen.

**THERE** was a novel shortage of feminine talent around the California picture studios during the influenza epidemic. Many of the young women who had had nursing experience before falling for the lure of the screen "cleaned up" during the prevalence of the disease as nurses were scarce at \$10 a day. Ten a day every day is a heap better than five a day some days.

**A** PROFOS of the flu epidemic and its effect in California comes this gem of a story. Henry "Pathe" Lehrman, the comedy producer who is known for his eccentricities, was stricken with a mild attack of the disease. He engaged a nurse at the prevailing tariff of ten simoleons per diem. She remained on the job for ten days. "Pathe," fully recovered, proffered a check for \$75. The nurse insisted

upon an even century. There was a heated argument. Finally "Pathe" played his trump card. "It's too much," he exclaimed; "seventy-five is enough; why, my temperature never got over a hundred!"

**HAVING** resurrected from the grave of "Intolerance" the entire Babylonian epoch and added thereto so that he was able to release "The Fall of Babylon." D. W. Griffith has revived the modern story of that quadruple expansion photo-spectacle. It opened in Los Angeles as "The Mother and the Law," the first title of "Intolerance" and the original idea which Griffith elaborated into the four-sided cinema story. New scenes were made with Mae Marsh and Bobby Harron, just as new ones were made for "The Fall of Babylon" with Constance Talmadge and Elmer Clifton. Although it is not generally known, "The Mother and the Law" was begun more than four years ago, before Griffith had released "The Birth of a Nation." When it was nearly completed the producer conceived the idea of "Intolerance" and the modern story became a part of it.

**LEE MORAN** had a fine idea. He thought he would build a comedy around the influenza epidemic. He came through on the scenario; the filming progressed, and as a final fling Lee hit on the title. "You've Got It." The next day Lee felt queer. He went home and to bed. He had it.

**AFTER** a two-year absence from the screen, Owen Moore, husband of Mary Pickford, has resumed activities. He has been engaged by Goldwyn to play the leading role in an Alaskan story by Rex Beach, the title of which is "The Crimson Gardenia." Owen's last work was with Famous Players in "Rolling Stones."

**JEWEL CARMEN**, the star-eyed goddess of some excellent Fox film vehicles, is said to have forsaken the screen forever and taken up a domestic career in New York.

**TOM HOLDING**, who played opposite Pauline Frederick in "The Eternal City," which marked that noted actress' screen debut, is back as Miss Frederick's



Strauss-Peyton

One of the nice triumphs of the month was Texas Guinan's. A year ago Miss Guinan became convinced that there was a place in pictures for a lady Bill Hart. She had a terrible time making producers believe it, though exhibitors and public seemed ready enough. However, she has put her ideas across at last—with the Frohman Amusement Corporation—and is again in California with her own company and a contract for twenty stories of Western life.

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## Plays and Players

(Continued)

*vis-a-vis* in "One Week of Life," which is in course of construction at the Goldwyn studio, Culver City.

DAVID BUTLER who made such an excellent entrance to filmland as "Baby," the big French boy in Griffith's "The Greatest Thing in Life" is Olive Thomas' new leading man. He will be seen as *Tom Carey* in "Upstairs and Down" the Hattons' famous stage comedy, a part which he created on the stage when the play was first produced in Los Angeles. It will also be Miss Thomas' first appearance on other than the Triangle program as she has been acquired by Myron Selznick, son of L. J., who has emulated his father by going into the producing business himself. Charles Giblyn is the director, also the director general and vice president of the company.



Apeda

Captain Jean Van Hoegaerdann—also known as John Sunderland—who was recently arrested by the Chicago police on an alleged check irregularity. Van Hoegaerdann, who was a Belgian aviator of distinction, married Claire Whitney not long ago. He played with Clara Kimball Young in "Shirley Kaye," and with William Faversham in "The Silver King."

A CERTAIN finesse not existent in other lines of business is occasionally exhibited in the various branches of the film industry. For instance, when it comes to severing business relations. Some such subtlety was evidenced recently by the management of the Fox company in breaking off the *entente* with Henry "Pathe" Lehrman, erstwhile chief of the comedy division. Lehrman's name has been as prominent on the comedy films he produced as that of Mr. Fox, his backer and patron. It was also fully as obvious on the various signs on the exterior of the studio in Hollywood. Well, so the story goes, there had been trouble about the

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Sole Makers

(3034)







## Plays and Players

(Continued)

tered the business on his own. Assisted by his wife, Flora Parker DeHaven, he will make comedies for Robertson-Cole distribution.

**T**EXAS GUINAN'S western pictures—a series which has been impending ever since her Triangle "Gunwoman" showed her vividly as a real female Bill Hart—are to come into being through the efforts of the Frohman Amusement company. President William L. Sherrill has signed a long-term contract with Miss Guinan, and has gone to the Coast to establish her company. She will make twenty two-reelers, according to present plans—rapid, actionful stories of western days with a woman instead of a man as the brilliant centerpiece. The full personnel of her company will be announced later.

**W**HEELER OAKMAN landed in New York recently after seven months in France as a member of Captain Peter B. Kyne's battery of the California "Grizzlies." Oakman will be back among them in Hollywood, soon.

**I**T is said Alma Lockwood, widow of Harold Lockwood, will contest the will left by the picture star, which gave \$45,000 each to his mother, his small son, and a friend, Miss Gladys W. Lyle of Los Angeles.

**F**RANCES MARION, Mary Pickford's scenario writer, who went to France on a special commission for the Government's Committee on Public Information, was married in Paris to Chaplain Fred Thomson of the 143rd Field Artillery of which Mary Pickford was honorary colonel and godmother. The romance began with their meeting at Camp Kearney, Calif., where Miss Pickford introduced them.

**M**ARIE DORO, who has not been active lately in either the spokies or the pastels, finally decided to cast her lot with the latter. Herbert Brenon it is who signed her for a series of photoplays to be made in England. At this writing they are still on this side, pending passports.

**I**N his new western, "Breed of Men," the fictionization of which appears in this issue of PHOTOPLAY, Bill Hart staged a fight with some honest-to-goodness rough-necks, and chose as his particular opponent the toughest one of the bunch. They framed it so that when Bill said "Go" the r. n. would fall to the ground after receiving the upper-cut. Well, Bill yelled "Go" at the proper time. The big fellow kept right on fighting and dodging. Bill tried it again, louder. The third time he didn't waste any words, simply patted him "one" that really knocked him out. "Why didn't he stop when I said 'Go'?" Bill asked one of the gang. "Aw," returned the rough guy, "he's deaf; he couldn't hear a word you said."

**T**HOMAS A. WISE, one of the "legitimate's" foremost comedians, is making a picturization of "Mr. P. T. Barnum," for Affiliated-Exhibitors' Mutual.



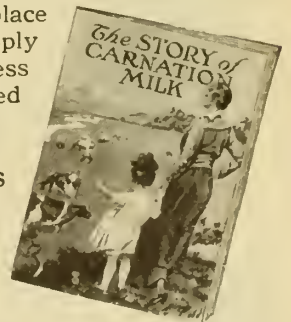
*Carnation Milk will be "Home Sweet Home" for Miss Clayton while she is abroad*

**M**MARGUERITE CLAYTON, the talented and beautiful star of the Eclipse Producing Company, will spend the year being photoplayed throughout the war-ridden sections of France and Belgium. And Miss Clayton just knows she is going to be homesick. But, she says, she will have one touch of home with her wherever she may roam. She packed several cans of Carnation Milk in her trunk for her trip abroad, and when she reaches the other side she will certainly shop for her favorite standby, which she uses for her coffee as well as for making the dishes and desserts of which she is proud."

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We watched for his great white head in the crowds—we hung on his every word—we smiled, ready to laugh at his least word. But now he is gone—yes, —he's the familiar friend—but he has joined the immortals. More than Whitman—than Longfellow, than Poe or Hawthorne or Irving—he stands for America—with the great of the earth—the Homer of this land—a prince of men—a king among dreamers—a child among children.

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set of his books. So one of the last things he asked was that we make a set at so low a price that everyone might own one. He said, "Don't make fine editions. Don't make editions to sell for \$200 and \$300 and \$1,000. Make good books, books good to look at and easy to read, and make their price low." So we have made this set. And up to now we have been able to sell it at this low price.

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## Plays and Players

(Concluded)

THE world has learned, rather sadly, that the sweet smiles and histrionic handshakes of diplomats do not always mean peace. By the same token, the "flash" of the film star doesn't always mean prosperity. I'm told that a dusky-eyed beauty in California—not a new-found chicken, but a celebrated film-star whose name means a houseful from Portland to Portland—is in reality far from enjoying the present financial assurance that her years of toil, her reputation and her luxurious surroundings casually indicate. People who ought to know say that much of this lady's splendid jewelry has gone the security route since Christmas, while her manager is ardently quarreling—and as ardently, anon, threatening to come into amicable agreement—with those who direct the affairs of her picture corporation from Manhattan island.

GEORGE M. COHAN decided he didn't have half enough to do, what with superintending the production of a new play, co-operating with his partner Sam Harris in their string of productions, and turning out popular songs on the side. So he assumed the leading role, at the well-known moment's notice, of his own play, "A Prince There Was." Robert Hilliard had the part originally but his portrayal was not to his own or the public's liking. Cohan's—is.

H. B. WARNER has been signed for a series of eight pictures under Hampton. He will work at the Brunton studios.

(The last line is, we agree, more or less familiar.)

WORD has come from Mary Moore, the only sister of the Moore boys. She is a war-worker now; and at this writing is in Glasgow, Scotland, awaiting further orders.

JOHN MASON, one of the best known American actors, died at Stamford, Connecticut, January 12. Mason had a long and distinguished career on the speaking stage. In pictures, he appeared for Famous Players in "Jim the Penman." For Graphic, he was co-starred with Anna Luther in "Moral Suicide."

SHELLEY HULL was another pneumonia victim. He died in New York January 14, after completing his engagement in "Under Orders," in which he appeared with Effie Shannon. Hull, one of the most promising young actors on the New York stage, was a brother of Henry Hull, who has appeared on the screen, notably in "Little Women."

WHILE Cecil B. DeMille was in New York recently, Edgar Selwyn told him a big idea he had in mind for a stage-play. CB persuaded Selwyn that his story would be much more suitable for the screen. Result: Selwyn went to California with DeMille to work out the details of the scenario. The playwright did not long absent himself from his duties in New York, however; he is back there now.



## A Muskrat Speaks

By  
J. P. McEvoy

I DO not feel, nor ever felt  
That this my own, my native pelt,  
My coy, cutaneous carapace  
Is cluttered up with charm and  
grace;  
In fact, I think the following thunk:  
The doggone thing looks pretty punk.

Some higher fate, I'm told, decides  
What animules shall wear in hides,  
The silver fox has flossy fur  
That sells at many thousand per,  
The sable gets a toney skin  
That takes some husband for his tin.

The mole, the dark and devious mole,  
Has got a hide that costs a roll,  
But what have I? A measly pelt  
That isn't worth an ounce of gelt,  
I would not wear it, were it not  
The only hide what I have got.

And yet I'm told that women wear  
My hide for coats most everywhere,  
My awful looking epiderm'  
Is quite the thing this winter term—  
I wish you'd tell me why they do,  
I cannot dope it out, can you?





## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 69)

"THE GREAT ROMANCE"—Metro

The last feature which the late Harold Lockwood completed derives almost its entire charm from his own pleasing personality and innate adaptability to romantic roles. The story, a thin one and old-fashioned at that, is reminiscent of the mythical kingdoms of George Barr McCutcheon and what happened therein. Mr. Lockwood plays Rupert Danza, heir-apparent of the unheard-of kingdom of Rugaria, who, when called upon to leave an American college and return to his uninteresting country to take up its politics, doesn't feel at all inclined to do so until he learns that hopelessly embroiled in the middle is Althea Hanway, *the girl*. Then he goes, with speed and ultimate effect, though the righting and the winning and the settling are not all done until many a knuckle has been skinned and many a head grazed by flying bullets. Mr. Lockwood is himself, and sufficient, and the girl is played with grace and distinction by Rubye de Remer.

THE LIGHT—Fox

Basically, this is the best story Theda Bara has had in a year. It is another vampire tale when it reaches the screen, but, one feels, this is the fault of the production rather than of the tale itself. Blanchette Dumond, happily known as "the wickedest woman in Paris," doesn't find her wanted chance to serve in the mercy services of the great war. Chiefly because her reputation is against her, and the workers think that besides, her interest is mainly curiosity. But with the true Gallic passion for heroic devotions, Blanchette finds an artist who had once admired her, now returning blinded, and through her devotion to him comes redemption, even though she has to kill an intruder to insure peace to her home. Her financial friend, smitten in the same blast of exalted altruism, reports to the police that he killed the interloping Apache, and then goes his way. This story, written originally by Luther Reed, was capable of an idyllic treatment which would have lifted it above sordidness and made it a genuine study in psychology, but the idea in the Fox treatment seemed to be to make it a typically mawkish melodrama of soiled sentiment. And it is. Eugene Ormonde as Chabin, the financially fortunate admirer of suffering Blanchette, gets especially undeserved treatment by the wench to whom he so graciously contributes. This is possibly the best performance of the play.

WHO CARES?—Select

Credit for the values of this hour in projection may be divided between Walter Edwards, the director, and Cosmo Hamilton, the author, with the balance falling in Edwards' favor. The story is a pleasing and human one, but Edwards' perfect treatment and adroit handling in every situation form the keynote of the picture's success. The subject is the sub-deb mind, that fearful and sometimes wonderful cavern of fantastic ideas. Joan Ludlow, the sub-deb, is embalmed alive in a lonely house with her grandparents, who do not follow the general truth that people grow better as they grow older. Joan runs away from her prison, and marries Martin Grey—not to be a wife, but to gain her freedom. She refuses both the physical and moral obligations of matrimony, and spends her silly time with one Gilbert Palgrave, a married gentleman whose inclinations are as fancy as his name. Martin Grey, meanwhile, is pursued by a young person of the varieties, and the climax of general realization, reunion, happiness and one thing another is only brought about by a moment of lunacy on the part of Palgrave. The final situation—Palgrave's burst of asylum passion

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# The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

—is not very convincing nor very well done, but the unfolding of Joan is gradual, whimsical, alternately grave and gay. It is a part perfectly suited to Constance Talmadge, and we may say that it is so suited because Mr. Edwards appears to understand Miss Talmadge better than any director she has ever had. Harrison Ford, as Grey, is a delight. The surroundings of this story are far above the average, both in sumptuousness and taste, and the human equipment includes the highly ornamental Claire Anderson, as Toodles, the young woman who stands on her reasons for being in the show business.

### THE DUB—Paramount

If you think that a young man cast into the whirlpool of a rapid and not altogether probable adventure has nothing to do except be the author's puppet, glimpse this extravaganza and realize that you're wrong. Wallace Reid makes a real character—whimsical, laughable, believable—out of the annoyer of a pair of real-estate sharks, and gives him a dogged and altogether American spirit of persistence which completely overrides the mere physical performances with which the piece is crowded. James Cruze manifests his very best direction here, too, and had the titles matched the Reid-Cruze efforts throughout, the result would have been a melodramatic farce which might be held up as a marker for its kind. At that, not a few of the titles were highly apropos. Nina Byron is an adorable little foil for the doughty hero, and Raymond Hatton, visible at any length only in the last reel, contributes a burlesque and excitable old man who not only has the audience in roars, but who evidently—watch the screen closely and you'll get this—came near breaking up all his fellow-players as well.

### ROMANCE AND RINGS—Paramount

There is a certain sameness in the Drew plot, brought about, of course, by the fact that each photoplay shows the tribulations and humors of the same pair of married lovers. Here we start with Henry and Polly at the altar—and Henry forgetting the wedding ring. The best man persuades his wife, much against her superstitions, to loan hers for the moment; and afterwards, Polly firmly refuses to accept the bad luck that would be brought by removing her wedding ring for anyone's inspection elsewhere than on her third left-hand finger. These complications provide a pleasant but not very exciting plot, and the diversion runs at even tempo to its denouement. The titles are, in the main, good, and the Drew dispensation of domestic philosophy is as always.

### THE GOLD CURE—Metro

This depends principally for its undoubted laugh-drawing qualities on half-portion Viola Dana in double-portion male attire. Thus accoutred she resembles a Pekingese in a bulldog's collar. As the liveliest girl in the dearest community she scatters tacks on the road to arrest the progress of interesting motorists—and draws, as her first puncture, a family of Ethiopians. However, perseverance has conquered many things, and she finally ambushes her hero with the tack mine, even though she gives him a trifle of broken legs while doing it. But a detective plays villain, alleging that he has been following the young fellow, whom he had orders to incarcerate in an inebriate's refuge for the administration of the gold cure. Feeling that there is a mix-up the redoubtable Annice (Miss Dana) equips herself in a misfit that makes her look like Charles Chaplin in a pensive moment, and hies her to the sanitarium and her quixotic adventures. This was the last picture (I believe) turned out by

the late John Collins, and it should be especially welcome to Miss Dana's large following for the entirely new angle at which it presents the diminutive star. As a plausible story it is negligible; as an hour of many smiles and some laughs it is A-1.

### RESTLESS SOULS—Triangle

Another Cosmo Hamilton story, dealing with a subject which is a vast favorite with the shallower level of film patronage—and also, to a certain extent, a favorite subject of the author's: the hypocrisy of society. No one will gainsay that people are hypocritical, dishonest and mean in society as well as out of it, but it does seem a bit artificial to draw the line of virtue exactly where salaries end and wages begin. The best part of the feature is its cast and production. The former is practically perfect. With Alma Rubens as the star, there appear former director Jack Conway, Harvey Clarke, J. Barney Sherry and Eugene Burr—actors all.

### THE HOLLOW OF HER HAND—Select

A melodrama which begins as a mystery, and ends with the movie justification of a murderess. A movie murderess, you know, has only one justification: she killed him to protect her honor. In its opening two reels the picture does lay out and display an interesting problem: what will happen to one of two women, or to them both, when one of the women, acting as her own detective, has taken into her house as a companion the damsel who killed her husband? Well, nothing much happens. A high-priced detective finally announces his wrong information—the widow killed deceased. Then, to save the woman who had been trying to trap her, the girl confesses. The latter and ought-to-be-strongest part of the play does not rise to the strength demanded by the original situation. Alice Brady plays Hetty Castleton, the girl who killed, and the cast also includes Myrtle Stedman, who has not been seen on the screen for many months.

### THE FIGHTING ROOSEVELTS—McClure

Here is a photoplay worthy the subject. That's a big thing to say about a picture dealing with Theodore Roosevelt. Columns of criticism cannot convey more concentrated praise.

However, the makers began right. They engaged neither hack scenarionists nor musty historians to compose their film play, but Porter Emerson Browne and Charles Hanson Towne—the one a practical writing man of the stage, the other an all-around topical reporter, publicist and magazine editor. Their collaboration has been well-nigh perfect. Eschewing the better-known spectacular episodes in the Colonel's life—the grand moments of public parade, the almost-imperial hunt in Africa, and the South American explorations—they have composed a rolling record of the Colonel's characteristic but less-known humanities, beginning in very early childhood, and concluding, mostly with real news-pictorial flashes, of the ex-president's vigorous championship of national security and honor in the last years of his life. Thus there are four different Theodore Roosevelts beside the moving images of the real man. The first is a tiny bit of a baby boy, the second a gawky kid, then the Roosevelt of early manhood, pristine political accomplishment and Western development, and finally the soldier and President of the United States. Of all these the young man Roosevelt is most perfect in character,



# The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

department, and general appearance as photographs show the Theodore Roosevelt of his legislative and plains days. But the later Roosevelt is very good, too. That actor had a much harder task—the replication of a man minutely familiar to 100,000,000 people. The cast is not given. Space forbids any detailed recollection of the scenes, but I cannot close this approbation without a word of the most genuine admiration for the captionry throughout. This is handled superbly—without cheap sentiment always, yet these titles are redolent of power, simplicity and force. Don't miss this photoplay.

**IN BRIEF:**

"Cheating Cheaters" (Select). Clara Kimball Young, in a rapidly moving version of Max Marcin's bewildering maze of crooks and secret service agents. Fred Burton, Frank Campeau, Tully Marshall, Nick Dunaw, Jess Singleton and Mayme Kelso make the scroll vivid with genuine character.

"Day Dreams" (Goldwyn). A positively silly story, by Cosmo Hamilton. The art director is the real star. He and Director Badger have done much to make this trifle possible. Add piquant and complaisant Madge Kennedy, and you have the trio that gets it over.

"Under the Top" (Arcraft). Why is it so difficult to get a real play for Fred Stone? Is Stone himself at fault, or have his producers blundered by insisting that each narrative be a potpourri of all the stunts under the sun? A dreary tale, in spite of fast and abundant action and good clowning.

"His Parisian Wife" (Arcraft). Goldwyn is not the only sinner in equipping a great personality like Farrar with mean material. This play for the brilliant and beautiful Elsie Ferguson, false in its suppositions, more or less absurd in its provincial characterizations, trumps any misfit of Geraldine. Emile Chautard's knowledge of New England and New England people is about on a par with my knowledge of The Department of the Loire.

"Venus in the East" (Paramount). A rapid-fire entertainment with Bryant Washburn, filmed from a popular magazine story. A story not brilliant nor outrageously clever, but amusing. Director Donald Crisp seems more to be praised than author Wallace Irwin.

"Out of the Shadow" (Paramount). Hornung's powerful story, "The Shadow of the Rope," debauched in a scenario. It's mighty poor stuff, compared with the novel. Pauline Frederick is the centerpiece.

"For Freedom" (Fox). William Farnum in a graphic though more or less conventional account of a wrongly imprisoned man's redemption through the great war.

"Who Will Marry Me?" (Bluebird-Universal). Carmel Meyers, in a story of New York's little Italy, ably directed by Paul Powell.

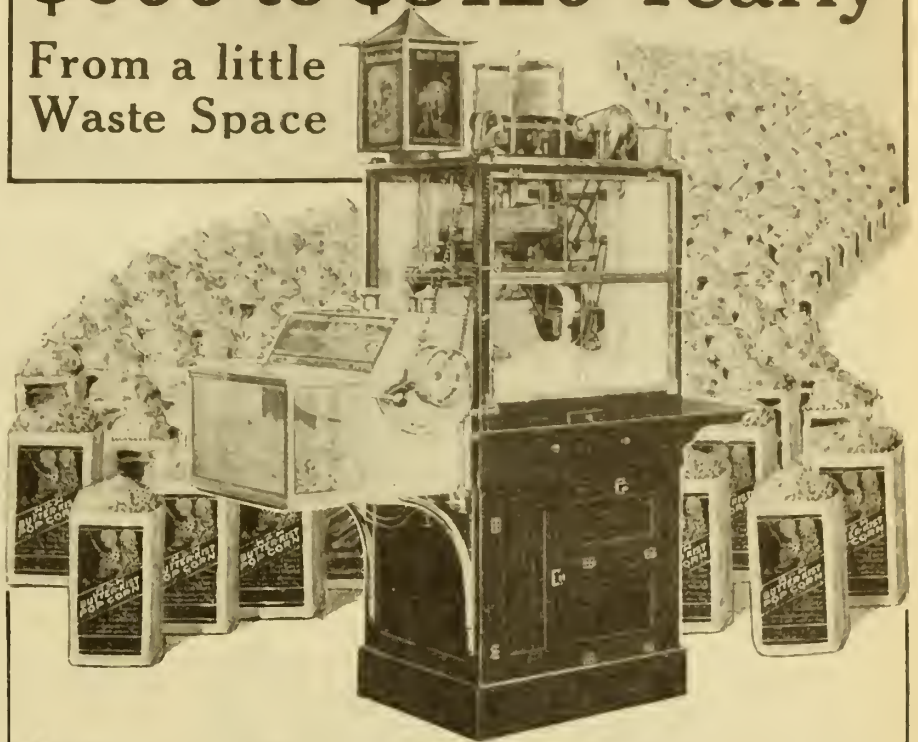
"In for Thirty Days" (Metro). A really funny story, based on the Southern laws which permit employment of convicted offenders. Mae Allison is the star, and Luther Reed the author.

### Beg Your Pardon!

Last month this department inadvertently remarked that William Faversham played in the earlier film version of "The Squaw Man." Mr. Faversham *did not* appear in any "Squaw Man" picture, but only in the stage production of the same play. We hope that both Mr. Faversham and Mr. Squaw Man will accept our apologies.

# \$600 to \$3120 Yearly

## From a little Waste Space



# The Greatest Payer That a Store or Theatre Can Have

**Took in \$10,000.00**  
 "Have had our machine over 3 years and have taken in more than \$10,000 on pop corn and peanuts."  
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Do you realize that America is now on the threshold of the greatest business activity this country has ever known? Every day we are getting letters from Druggists, Confectioners, Grocers, Bakers, Department and Variety Stores and Film Exhibitors who want the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine to attract and expand the enormous trade let loose by the ending of the war.

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## Pays 4 Ways—Look!

- 1—Motion makes people stop and look.
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- 3—Toasty flavor brings trade for blocks.
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This coupon has started many a business man on the road to new profits.

Each read an advertisement like this and had the good horse-sense to know that it doesn't cost anything but a postage stamp to investigate.

If this machine pays big profits in towns of 300 and 400 population as well as in the largest cities, then no man in business can afford to ignore it. Mail the coupon now for full facts and amazing success records.

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Educate  
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You can begin today to have the charming nails you have often admired on others,—polished, rounded, with a firm, smooth edge of cuticle that has been *trained*, not cut or removed with injurious acids.

"The Better Way to Manicure" lets you into the secret. Your copy of this helpful book, with sufficient Lustr-ite Cuticle Ice to soften and train your cuticle, will be sent free on request.

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## Gray Hair Questions Answered

FILL out and mail the coupon for a trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, and learn how to bring back the original color in from 4 to 8 days. Easy to apply, pleasant to use.

Not a crude dye but a clear colorless liquid, clean and dainty as water. Tell the exact color of your hair—if possible enclose a lock in your letter. Don't give up hope but learn how to stop that gray hair! Send the coupon today.

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St. Paul Minn.  
Est. 50 Years (194)

Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. The natural color of my hair is

black  dark brown  medium brown  light brown

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

## A Northern Star

(Concluded from page 73)

first glance it is difficult to believe that this was a girl of fourteen, but if you cover the stiff, old-fashioned dress and coat, and look only at the face, you will see there the wide-eyed unsophistication of buoyant girlhood.

So while Marjorie was a child in California, the theatre took her to itself and adopted her as its own. And to the theatre she brought, not alone the splendid spirit of the golden west, but the inheritance of two of the best loved nationalities in the world—French and Irish. Mostly she is Irish, with her splendid, generous smile and wholesome heartiness; and then again the effervescence and dainty grace of the Latin appears to temper and make exquisite her boundless force. Minerva herself was not better armed for conquest. But perhaps it was as well that success did not come too easily. A weary way was to be traveled before Marjorie would see her name in electric lights on Broadway.

Possibly it would be wrong to say "weary." Up and down the coast mother and daughter tramped it, experiencing all the adventures that come to the "coast defenders." Yet there was always a humorous side to everything, and Marjorie never failed to see it. Her Irish wit would come to the surface when things were dullest, and as she tells the story now it is impossible to discern a despondent moment.

For example—they went to Alaska, and the manager of the company lost the entire receipts of the company in gambling. They were stranded in Dawson.

"Mother said there was no danger of our going hungry," says Miss Marjorie, "because she was a good cook and cooks were in demand. But a better way out was discovered. And right here I want to say that the producers of the wild Alaskan pictures ought to be taken out and shot. In all Dawson there were only two dance halls, and the people were as fine a community as you will meet anywhere—just as well educated and a blamed sight more human. They decided to organize a company of amateurs to play in my support. I never had so much fun in my life. Lawyers and doctors, a judge, all the best known citizens, volunteered and we played 'A Texas Steer.' Somebody had a copy of the play that was not more than one-third missing, and we filled in the rest.

"We were billed for a run of two consecutive nights. The first performance was such a success that our company became the owners of the city of Dawson. The consequence was that few of them had any chance for sleep or rest before the next night came around, what with friends entertaining for them at simple and recherche little affairs. One or two members of the cast were distinctly as it will be impossible for anyone to be after June 30. I wanted to call off the performance, but they wouldn't let me. It was a terrible night. Right in the middle of an act somebody would get up in the audience and remark that he was there to state that So-and-so was a darned good actor. Then someone else would make a speech about it. Yes,—it was a unique affair. But they were real people, fine and kind, and I don't think I have ever been happier than I was that time we were stranded a winter in the Yukon."

Here, it can be said, Marjorie Rambeau was

graduated from her schooling. Upon her magnetic personality and her natural gifts there had been engrafted the most rigorous kind of experience. She had played for restless vaudeville audiences and learned how to hold their attention. She had learned what it was to face the most difficult problems in stage equipment, and keep the attention concentrated upon her acting. And while she was still a child she had seen, under the protection of her mother, many and varied phases of life. She was ready for big things.

Oliver Morosco saw her in a little theatre in San Diego, and engaged her as leading woman for the Burbank Stock Company in Los Angeles, an organization long recognized as one of the finest institutions of its kind in America. But somehow Morosco let the future star slip through his fingers. While he was feeling his way as a New York producer, he seemingly failed to realize that this girl, who had taken Los Angeles by storm, could do the same with New York. So they parted company, and it was in a little vaudeville playlet that Miss Rambeau made her Broadway debut. Then, in a very bad play, "So Much for So Much," she scored a personal triumph. In an almost equally bad play, "Sadie Love," she repeated her success. After this, "Cheating Cheaters." Then came "Eyes of Youth" and Miss Rambeau was established as one of the greatest dramatic actresses of the American stage.

As an interlude of her New York career, she made one venture into moving pictures, and starred for Mutual in "Motherhood," "The Debt," "The Dazzling Miss Davison," "The Mirror," "Mary Morland," and "The Greater Woman."

"The best I can say for my pictures," she says, "is that they gave me my ranch in California at the foot of Mount Diablo, the very ranch where mother played when she was a little girl. How I long to be there!"

"You would rather be a California rancher than a Broadway star?"

"A million times!"

"But success—"

"Yes, success is splendid," Miss Rambeau replied, her eyes shining. "It is glorious to feel that all the hard work one has done has been to some purpose, that it has not been just blind struggling, getting nowhere. You tackle a big thing, and beat it, and what then? The great joy comes with the first success, and you go on without ever approaching that same delight again. It's nice to make a lot of money, of course. But if in making it you forget how to live, you are losing more than you can make. I don't want ever to forget how to live, and California means life to me, with its beauty and its freedom, its great outdoors and its splendid people. Just the other day a friend in Los Angeles wrote me that the rose bushes I planted four years ago around my house were a mass of blossoms, and it made me homesick. No—I am positive of this, that no amount of success will ever take from me my desire to go back there—and live."

But before that day comes, let it be fervently hoped that a play worthy of Miss Rambeau will be found for her, and that she will leave upon the screen an indelible record of one of the richest personalities the theatre knows today.

## Perhaps He Was Mayor, Too

JOHNNY HINES, the World comedian, recently took a motor trip to his old home in Pennsylvania. On his way back he was stopped for exceeding the speed limit by a "kinstabile" in one of the Jersey towns that erect all their public buildings from the proceeds of holdups of automobilists.

"What's yer business?" the officer asked.

"Movie actor," Johnny replied.

"Hm. That so? Wa-al, tell you what. I got a pitcher house here, 'n if you'll drop in at tonight's show and say a few words I won't pinch yuh. What say?"

Johnny made the personal appearance



# Cowpunchers of the Antipodes

(Concluded from page 34)

against the dust. In Australia they use white ones. We wear fancy checkered flannel shirts or something very similar. So do the bushmen. Leather cuffs are absolutely necessary to the American cowboy while roping. If he didn't wear them the rope would burn through to the bone. Dust rags worn just above the elbows keep the dust from sifting all over the body. As the bushmen don't use a rope they wear their sleeves rolled up to the elbows. The reason why we sling our big cartridge belts rakishly over the hips is so that the weight of the heavy six-shooters and the holsters won't wear us out. The Australians carry a rifle with the kit—no guns. They wear a plaited kangaroo hide belt in which to carry money and a watch.

The chaps particularly pleased Snowy. I gave him both kinds—the hair to wear in wet weather and the leather to wear in the hot country. We use leather chaps for protection against the sage brush and cactus. Of course, the bushmen never use chaps. Instead they wear very tight-fitting knee breeches with leggings or concertina top-boots, or leggings and elastic side-boots. Our spurs are similar.

"The bushman always carries a pack horse with him when traveling," said Snowy.

"The outfit is called a 'bluey.' It consists of a tent, a rifle, blankets, utensils, a tomahawk which is really a hatchet, and a billy which is the receptacle for his treasure."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Cold tea," laconically answered Snowy.

Which reply calls to mind that the vernacular of the Australian resembles in quaintness and rich originality our American West. For instance,—our cowboys are bushmen and stockmen in Australia; ranches are stations; ranchers are squatters; corrals are stockyards; and,—shades of our traditional sheriffs,—sheriffs are police inspectors. For the first time in his life my pinto pony, the one I retired from the screen after "The Narrow Trail," heard himself referred to as a bonzer, a boskum and a dinkum pony, which was only Snowy's way of saying that he was some horse.

\* \* \*

To-day, Snowy Baker is home at Sydney, Australia.

The sporting activities of the Anzacs, being confined to the European battlefields for the past four years, the time is ripe for the revival of sports and the development of amusement. Australia is still in its frontier days, for there are only five million people inhabiting a country larger in area than the United States. Naturally the government looks kindly upon the development of home production of motion pictures as an invaluable advertising medium to attract immigration. Snowy Baker has already produced one five-reel picture, "The Lure of the Bush." It has been completed in one of our Hollywood studios and Snowy was so pleased with his first effort as a star and producer that he declared his intention of dividing his time between his sporting enterprises at Sydney and Melbourne and the production of dramatic photoplays of Australian outdoor life, the value of which will be greatly enhanced from the educational viewpoint.

The arrival of the bushman outfit and the boomerangs is eagerly awaited by the boys and myself. I have always wanted to throw one of the things. Snowy says that only the Australian aboriginals are able to throw boomerangs successfully. However, as he would say, I'll have a go at it.

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HERE'S a letter from one of our students—just as it came to our desk the other day. And it says more for the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing than anything *we* could say:

"Though I am sure my spoken expressions of gratitude convinced you of my appreciation of the splendid and satisfying service and assistance I have been so fortunate as to receive through the Palmer Plan, I *must* add a written word of thanks. Your cheque for my photoplay synopsis, 'Prince Toby', which you have just sold for me to Mr. Douglas Fairbanks for \$500 was a most welcome present, I assure you.

"As 'Prince Toby' is my first photoplay to be accepted, I am more than happy to make the statement that, in my humble opinion, the Palmer Plan and its Manuscript Sales Department are superlatively efficient and quite invaluable to proven writers as well as to those who would be such."

Most appreciatively,

*Rodney Hynson*

RODNEY HYNSON,  
Pasadena, California

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORP.  
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Los Angeles, California.

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Mail the coupon NOW!

## The Prussian Authocracy

(Continued from page 30)

play, one of a world famous playwright's best works, after it had been considered and rejected at least half a dozen times on account of a production difficulty which had always seemed insurmountable. A suggestion as to how this difficulty could be overcome resulted in a careful reconsideration, followed by an almost immediate purchase. The author of that play will not say "The movies don't want anything good," the company has a fine property, over which the star is enthusiastic, and I made a thousand dollars.

Another instance. Some months ago there appeared serially a story by one of America's foremost writers, and even before its publication, I endeavored to interest, from the manuscript, one of the leading picture companies, but was not able to do so. Following the serial publication, the story was issued in book form, and repeated with the book public the great success that it had scored with the serial readers. Frequently I brought the matter up with the picture company, and finally converted a portion of the executive staff; and with this as a foothold, I continued the battle, the outcome of which was that the entire staff finally became enthusiastic over the story, and most anxious to purchase it at a splendid price. Meanwhile, however, I had developed an interest in the story for stage production, which resulted in one of the best contracts ever made for the dramatization of a novel. Naturally, this removed it from the picture field, in which by this time, there were several offers for it, and the original company freely admits the mistake it made in not securing the rights when it had the opportunity.

On the other hand, I have read a multitude of stories by writers who should have known better, that I could not have offered to my film clients without a sacrifice of my business self-respect, or a taking for granted of almost utter idiocy on their part.

Why should an author lay the scene of his story on a poultry farm and be convinced that it would make "a great picture," because he "never saw a chicken farm on the screen?" Or why should another, and the latter an important figure in the novel and short story world, expect a tangible interest in ten or twelve pages of dissociated incidents and variegated locale, a perfect triumph of transiency, a story from which any number of the incidents, or pages, could be lifted at random, without in the least affecting it—because it had no underlying thread of narrative?

The movies want *stories*, not collective vocabularies. And they don't care how you tell them! In writing screen stories, the author should endeavor, not to make the producer and the audience *think* as he does but he should endeavor to *see* as they do.

Visualize the story when writing it, and set down in the manuscript what the scenario editor will visualize when he reads it, and the audience when it sees it, and do not think that because a story is "queer," it is interesting or available *per se*, and, as a cardinal requisite, make the story *direct*. Have the main story run straight and cumulatively. And by all means bear in mind that "he must get the girl" in the end.

Do not take the wails of disappointed scenario-writers whose half-baked stories have failed to enlist any interest, as conclusive proof that the scenario editors know only the gospel of rejection. They are really anxious to get material and cooperate with the authors; but the authors must not forget that their stories are "goods," and that they go to the film companies to sell them. They should not be aggrieved that



# The Prussian Autochocracy

(Concluded)

the editors do not always happen to like them. A buyer buys what he wants; when an author goes into the usual markets of trade to buy anything, he hunts until he finds what suits him. Grant the scenario editor the same privilege.

The chief fault of the amateur writer for the screen is fundamental. He has not the writing equipment, but he is sometimes able to suggest an idea that is capable of development. His greatest shortcoming is that he works, so to speak, photographically, instead of dramaturgically. Barring nature subjects, news features, Etc., mere pictures have no value on the screen. Pictures must tell a story, the pictures taking the place of the spoken word on the stage. Moving pictures merely as pictures long ago lost their appeal, and as a mechanical novelty they no longer attract.

One reason for the great vogue of the moving picture is its unconscious appeal to the imagination of the spectator. The spoken play puts the complete product before him—the picture, the action, the dialogue—while to the screen play he has much to supply. This is a stimulant to his imagination, and he likes the stimulation to work along direct and logical lines. And you cannot tell a story on the screen as you can on the printed page.

Practically all of the producing companies now ask that screen stories be submitted in straight narrative form, without dialogue or divisions and with as little descriptive matter as possible. It is useless to rhapsodize over "the translucent pool and its velvet banks" on which the lovers sit, for it is the business of the location man to select picturesque spots, and he can be depended upon to do it.

Avoid as a plague the writing of stories in continuity form. This is really prejudicial, for it takes much longer to read and the essentials of the story are necessarily considerably submerged. Again, no two companies handle a story from the same angle in making their continuities. All studios have their own methods of preparing a story for production, their own studio regulations, their own particular star to fit it to, and their own liberal or conservative ideas as to expense in production.

Above all, stories should be "human." That is a vastly overworked word, but it is the one that describes the quality most necessary; and modern domestic stories—stories of everyday life and everyday people, are the type most in demand.

Writers, professional and amateur, the movie people need you, and more than that, they want you. Don't you believe anything else, for it is from you that the great number of stories must come every year, every month, every week. The stage plays, novels and magazine stories cannot begin to fill the demand, and you must make up the quota.

It may save time and effort to remember that the field is practically closed to the following: costume stories, political stories, religious stories, war stories, dual-role stories, medical stories, capital and labor stories, historical stories, animal stories, stories of illegitimacy, psychological treatises, stories with long lapses of time, stories that depend upon mechanical effects, stories that jump all over the map, stories of married people—don't write them!

There are, of course, individual stories that are sufficiently strong to overcome the general ban on any of the foregoing classifications; but if written, the market for them is greatly narrowed, and the author puts an undue strain upon his ability.



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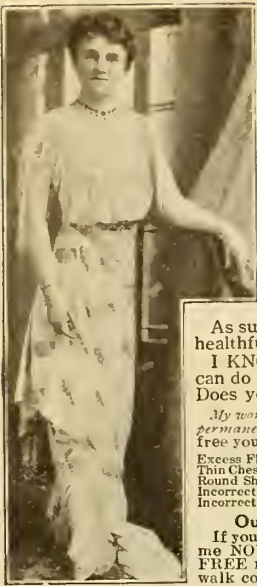
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## The Enchanted Barn

(Continued from page 63)

without further orders from her, and Shirley soon found herself whirling along a country road.

"Strange!" she thought, "I never knew Mr. Barnard lived so far out of town."

Higgins had hurried on ahead, and now stopped at a lonely place in the road. The chauffeur, on catching up with him, also stopped, and the two consulted in low tones. Shirley began to be frightened. She thought of the notes in her possession, of whose value Mr. Barnard had warned her. The motorcyclist opened the door of the taxi. Shirley screamed, demanding that she be allowed to get out at once. The man thrust an automatic into her face. "Shut up, and no harm will come to you!" he said, seating himself beside her. "Go ahead," he ordered the chauffeur, who at once bent over his steering gear, and "let her have it."

On they raced, over the well made road. Shirley's one thought was of the notes. They had been entrusted to her, and she must not fail in this crisis! Higgins was no longer watching her carefully. The girl was quiet, and that was enough, he thought. Cautiously Shirley reached into her handbag, which lay beside her on the seat, and extracted a card. With equal caution she took a short pencil out of the bag, and without looking at it, wrote:

"Sidney Graham, Main 8450—Help—Shirley."

Placing her hand lazily on the window sill as if to rest from her cramped position, she dropped the card, just as the machine, whirling madly along, almost collided with a stalled car, which its young driver was attempting to crank. As he shook his fist at the careless chauffeur, he noticed a bit of white paper fluttering to the ground, and picked it up. "Trouble for sure!" he muttered, and being a kindly young person, rushed into the nearest farm-house and telephoned to the number on the card.

"Wait there till I come!" was Sidney Graham's alarmed reply. He in turn 'phoned to Shirley's employer. "Meet me on the post road with the county sheriff," directed Sidney, whose beating heart told him, beyond the shadow of a doubt, where his affections lay.

The chauffeur and Higgins had arrived at a house in the woods where Collins and Grant had arranged to meet them later. Into it they carried Shirley, and lit some lamps, as it was growing dark. An admiring leer from the eyes of the motorcyclist threw the girl into a panic of fear. Glancing about for a means of escape or something to distract his attention, she noticed a piano. With studied unconcern, she seated herself in front of it, and with trembling fingers began to play. "Home, Sweet Home" were the strains that first fell on the surprised ears of the ruffians.

"Well, whadda ya know about that?" muttered Higgins. "She's game, all right." Then, as she strayed through the notes of "Annie Laurie" and other old melodies, both men listened in delight.

"Stop that noise! It can be heard a mile!" The order came from Grant, who had arrived with his partner. Shirley realized that her hour of trial had come.

"So you're the bright little girl who interfered with us once before?" sneered Collins. "Well, you won't try it a second time. Hand over those notes!"

She refused, but he tore the bag out of her grasp, and seized her note-book. He threw it down again with an exclamation of disgust.

"We can't make anything out of those pot-hooks. What do they mean?" But



# The Enchanted Barn

(Concluded)

Shirley refused to translate the mystic characters. Collins threatened her. But just as she was about to abandon all hope, Higgins and the chauffeur ran into the room.

"Danger—cops!" they reported. The men hurriedly put out the lights. Sidney and Barnard had arrived.

"Sidney!" Shirley called out, to guide them. Instantly a hand was clapped over her mouth, and she was picked up bodily and carried out of the back door toward the woods. Graham and Barnard plunged after the retreating figures, which were faintly outlined against the blackness of the woods.

The sheriff's car had now arrived. His men joined the rescue party, giving shouted orders to the culprits to surrender, and Collins and Grant dropped Shirley in a futile attempt to make a "getaway" and save their own skins.

Sidney almost tripped over her before he saw the precious figure at his feet. He raised her tenderly in his arms. "I knew you would get here," she said simply, with a sigh of trust and happiness.

The men were pursuing the crooks into the woods. A shot or two warned the culprits that it was best to give themselves up, and the sheriff soon had his charges piled into the waiting automobiles.

"What became of the notes, Miss Hollister?" asked John Barnard, after her safety was assured.

"Here they are," answered Shirley with a quiet smile. Lifting each dainty "pump," she extracted the neatly written sheets of stenographic notes, cleverly hidden between her shoes and stockings. "Those pot-hooks in the note-book wouldn't have been a bit of use to you even if you had got someone to translate them," she said to the conspirators.

"You can type the real ones tomorrow," said Barnard in admiration. "They're as safe with you as they are with me."

There seemed to be an understanding that Sidney Graham was to drive Shirley home. When the others had gone he took her in his arms,—somehow it seemed the most natural thing in the world to do.

"Shirley dear, I love you," said the youth.

"And I love you," she answered simply. Just then the moon, which had been shining brightly up to now, went under a dark cloud.

"But, Sidney, you said you had a secret to tell me—I was afraid—"

"Nothing to be afraid of," laughed her lover. "This was the secret." By the light of the auto lamps he showed her the deed to the enchanted barn, made out in her mother's name.

"We must always keep it in the family," he said, "for it was the enchanted barn which brought us together."

## Vote on Sunday Pictures?

THERE seems to be a difference of opinion among our ministerial brothers of Indianapolis on the subject of closing picture theatres in that town on Sunday. When the ministerial delegation interviewed the Mayor on the subject and presented a set of resolutions demanding the closing of theatres it developed that a considerable number of the delegation disapproved the tenor of the resolutions and suggested that it would be a good idea if the parsons who were so anxious to close the picture shows would first persuade their parishioners to refrain from patronizing them. Might be a good idea for preachers generally to take a vote of their congregations on the picture show.—*The Moving Picture World.*



We can hardly blame uninvited guests for their interest in an array of attractive hair such as results from the use of

## CANTHROX SHAMPOO

Canthrox gives such a massy fluffiness to the hair that it appears much heavier than it really is, while each strand is left with a silky brightness and softness that makes doing up the hair a pleasure. It is so easy to use and so effective that it has been for years the favorite of all who want to bring out the natural beauty of their hair. Canthrox, the hair-beautifying shampoo, rapidly softens and entirely removes all dandruff, excess oil and dirt.

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Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement



# MOVIE PESTS

They infest every theatre. One of the most familiar is the poor-fish-who-reads-the-titles-out-loud. Wallace Carlson, the greatest screen cartoonist in the world, draws him in the Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement. And Carlson's pen does to this pest just what the long-suffering movie-goer wants done to him.

*Carlson's cartoons, together with intimate glimpses of the "Screen Stars as they are" form a part of every issue of the Supplement, being distributed by the Educational Films Corporation of America.*

## IS YOUR THEATRE SHOWING IT?

*If not, tell the manager you want to see it.*

## Breed of Men

(Continued from page 51)

detectives to join his merry party.  
Next—Careless and the cow foreman tried the front door. Burslesquing the butler of the day before Careless rang the bell and then stepped back into the shadows preparing the rope. When an angry and sleepy butler opened the door the unerring lariat jerked him off into space. He arrived speedily in the shrubbery on his dignified stomach to the amusement of his captors.

With the first rays of dawn Wesley B. Prentice stirred uneasily in his bed of luxury. Impelled by an irresistible force his eyes slowly opened. Sitting at his bedside was a dread visitor who grimly said:

"Mister Wesley B. Prentice, yore under arrest."

Vainly, the capitalist tried indignation, then anger, then trickery. To everything the stern Western visitor remained adamant. The great man was forced to dress minus his man servant. Next, he awoke his daughter. He explained that "this man" had suddenly called him away to Arizona and left instructions.

Meanwhile the cownunchers were having a hard time at the stockyards persuading an impatient railroad brakeman to hold the train a few minutes over. Promptly on the dot Careless arrived with his "guest." They boarded the train—and the return trip was started.

Twenty miles out a speeding automobile was sighted from the cattle train. It caught up. The train stopped. But Wesley B. had received instructions what to say. When the sullen capitalist stepped upon the platform his excited office employees explained that his daughter suspected something was wrong. Wesley B. re-assured them—and his last chance to escape was gone. Again the train took up the long trail back to Arizona.

The third meeting of the Chloride Vigilance Committee was rife with excitement. Ruth Fellows had testified against Sheriff Carmody.

The sentence of death was about to be passed upon Wesley B. Prentice and Careless Carmody when a rider hurled himself into the crowded courtroom. He brought the news that he had seen the wanted pair coming over the Granite Sinks trail from the railroad.

"Get a rope," shouted the crowd.

In the desert nearing Chloride a disheveled, dusty, exhausted man staggered and stumbled his way, driven by a merciless man on horseback. They entered the town and an excited mob surged forward for their victims. Careless didn't figure on losing his prisoner—at this stage of the game—not at all. He held the crowd back at the points of his six-shooter while the broken figure cowered behind him.

Old Judge Bledsoe quieted the mob long enough to ask if the sheriff brought Wesley B. Prentice back as his prisoner. Careless assured him that if he hadn't have had to go to Chicago for him he would have been back sooner. That settled things.

The last check that Wesley B. Prentice wrote before departing from Windwide forever was responsible for Careless Carmody being a welcome visitor in a little shack on a familiar section of land.

Ruth now admitted that she thought Careless was the best man that ever lived. Which cinched the fact that Wesley B. was to get the first notice of their "weddin."

### Raising the Question

In the dressing room of a Kansas City theatre, reports Leonard Liebling, is penciled this:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
Who in h— do you think you are?"

—Chicago Tribune.

# SAVE YOUR BODY

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"I Would Not Part With It for \$10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

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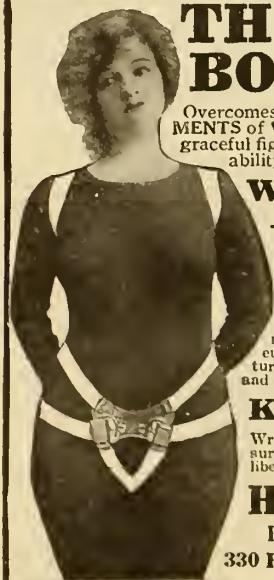
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**For Boys and Girls Also**



# The Author's Strike

(Continued from page 31)

interest in doing work for the ignorant or dishonest." Phew! "What's the use singing for the deaf?" inquired Bayard Veiller, author of "Within the Law" and "The Thirteenth Chair"; "Especially if you're blind, and likely to get a punch in the nose while you're doing it?" Harvey O'Higgins, who wrote "The Dummy," and "The Argyle Case," and numberless novels and magazine stories, paralleled this metaphor with a simile—"I would as soon send a scenario to a movie company as I would send a layout for a mural decoration, if I were Michelangelo, to a tribe of cavemen!" "You have stepped upon my pet mental corn," quoth Willard Mack, creator of "Kick In" and "Tiger Rose," "and the hurt of it shall echo down the by-ways of film-dom!"

The cross-examined twenty-five were unanimous in the opinion that the wages of film are not sufficient to make the effort worth while. Picture producers would have to pay more than publishers—something "beyond the wildest dreams of avarice," in the case of Mr. O'Higgins—to lure authors from work to which they are accustomed, and which they have found pleasant—but what they actually offer is a great deal less. "An idea that, properly developed, would bring ten thousand dollars for first serial-rights alone," comments Leroy Scott, known for "No. 13 Washington Square" and "Partners of the Night," "and twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars after that, is worth a thousand dollars to the movies." George Barr McCutcheon considers himself fortunate if he receives five thousand dollars from the picture men "on a book that has brought in thirty or forty thousand dollars," and Basil King, author of "The Wild Olive," "The Inner Shrine," and "The Street Called Straight," doesn't find enough money in motion pictures, "to make them worth my while." "The times spent in writing for motion pictures," says Augustus Thomas, "can be more creditably and profitably employed elsewhere." "They don't pay enough to warrant the effort," joins Louis Kaufman Anspacher, whose reputation is linked with "The Unchastened Woman." "The kind of plot that is good for the movie would usually be good for a play, and what's the use giving your first best for a third best remuneration?" Mark Swan, collaborator in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," has done pictures since 1911, and stopped "because I could not get as much money as I can get writing plays."

"I have never written for motion pictures," says Rex Beach, whose stories not only would make excellent photoplays, but have—Thomas Dixon tells me "The Spoilers" is the only work that ever wore out a negative—"because up to the present it has not offered returns as great as writing for the magazines, and is nothing more than a by-product of my work." The word "by-product" is used also by Jesse Lynch Williams, and others. "Any story which I could make into an original moving picture feature," Mr. Beach continues, "would have the makings of a novel, and, if done in story form, would have serialization and book publication. Having obtained the returns from the story in that form its photoplay value would be even greater than if I had written it as a photoplay. . . . My relation with photoplay producers was very unsatisfactory, and led me to go into the business myself in a way which would assure me of more prompt and reliable royalty accountings. . . . My experience has gone to show me that any author who consents to sell his photoplay rights for a fixed sum is wasting his time. . . . Until the photoplay producers learn that fact, and until they quit hiring hack scenario writers

to plagiarize original writers' stuff, and hash it up as they now do, there will be no improvement in the quality of their material, and they will continue to howl about bad business!"

Booth Tarkington, waxing sarcastic, professed to suspect me of preparing a benefit for the film-making corporations. "They are having a terrible struggle to keep alive this hard winter. Of course, they cannot afford to pay fair wages to authors when their presidents need gas-oil and diamonds as never before. . . . Personally, I know only one moving picture author, though it is possible that some of my friends have done that kind of authoring and concealed it from me. The one I know doesn't need your passing the hat for him. He is excessively prosperous, because his father and he have a monopoly of the fish trade with the summer boarders at a large resort on the coast. I understand that he became an author because his tastes lay just as much with Art as with Fish. He delivers the latter to the summer people during the day, but commercialism stops at sunset; his nights belong to the crooks, artists with fancy easels and velvet coats, millionaire scoundrels, old Virginia families, chloroform and abduction. When he lugs a sword fish from the boat, he makes \$145 profit on just that one fish; and, after sitting up with a scenario until 4 A. M. every night for a month, he gets \$25 for it—sometimes. However, no one need worry about him; he isn't thinking of giving up the fish business!"

Sixteen of the twenty-five writers unconsciously agreed with Julian Street who joined hands with Mr. Tarkington in "The Country Cousin," and who is the author of countless stories, novels and dramatic pieces, in not believing that there is "a literary man of any real standing in the United States who considers the movies as anything but a source of additional revenue, or a plaything. . . . I can make a good deal more money, besides certainly getting much more satisfaction and reputation, by sticking to magazines and books, with a little dabbling in the theater on the side. The theater seems to me a nice plaything. The movies are a plaything too—but not a nice one." "They are," concludes Mr. Scott, "the refuge of the second-rater; of the man not big enough to try elsewhere, or who has tried." In which Mr. Mack coincides, and to which he adds: "Two thirds of the directors, producers, stars and scenario editors have been failures under the acid test of the speaking stage, and where a Rolls Royce, an ermine coat and three dinner rings indicate great intelligence, we shall always have this chaos. . . . When I discuss it I go 'loco.'"

Back of this unvaried opinion that pictures don't pay, and bigger, lies a deep distrust of their producers—of their standards of ethics, and, more especially, of their standards of merit. "I have never been approached and offered a free hand to do something—or anything—that it would interest me to try," volunteers Mr. Tarkington. "I'd not feel inclined to compile notes and suggestions for motion picture producers because what I have seen of their productions makes me feel that they would not sympathize with the kind of effects that interest me." "I detest the movies!" says Cosmo Hamilton, author of "Scandal" and "The Blindness of Virtue," finding that fact, as does Mr. King, "reason enough for not undertaking a task in the best and most successful visible results of which is nothing to stimulate interest or ambition." "The movies get worse every day," insists Gertrude Atherton. "I shall be content to receive half for a book I have enjoyed writing what I might get from



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Q-ban Hair Color Restorer	-	.75
Q-ban Depilatory	-	.75

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Memphis, Tenn.



# The Author's Strike

(Concluded)

a movie, which would be more or less in the nature of hack work, and could not possibly be made artistic—or would not long remain so after it reached the hands of the producer!"

Mr. Swan, who likes the writing of pictures and finds it "excellent constructive practice," voices the general impression that the film arbiters are not fit judges of good work—that doing one's best for them would be "singing to the deaf."

Throughout my correspondence was manifest not only certainty of low standards, but dread that anything submitted and accepted would be brought down to them. An author's chief asset is his reputation; it is not pleasant or profitable to lose that reputation through bad work you didn't do. Rachel Crothers, whose charm is the delicacy, the tender pathos and light humor of her writing, as instanced in "The Three of Us" and "Old Lady 31," fashioned "but one story for the movies, and withdrew that because it was so badly produced." Several of Mr. Hamilton's books have been done, but he went to see the result in only one instance and has "barely recovered." This experience appears to have been common. "One play that I helped to write for the stage," Mr. O'Higgins declares, "I have seen on the screen. There were others, but I never went to see them. One was enough. It had been a comedy. It was made into a silly, stupid, dull and tawdry melodrama, without a spark of intelligence in any part of it." Mr. King is not "troubled with suggestions and alterations from editors as I understand one is harassed in the motion picture business," and Mr. Williams, who, in the same way, had found his talent and skill sufficient and satisfactory in other markets, doesn't care to take chances where "others change your story, who are not experts at telling stories, and without your permission." The first and last pleasant word came from Rupert Hughes, who had found "unfailing courtesy," but the force of that word was tempered by the admission that "I've done no real work for the movies, except that one serial. I'd never do another!"

Gosh!

I felt like the bar-room bully who picks a fight with a demi-tasse young man and finds he has hit Battling Burke, the Boxing Bantam. "A sympathetic strike?" Yes; if you'd describe the late disturbance in Europe as a fracas! Here was something far more important than a trade row; something that, no matter how it concerned the authors and film manufacturers, more intimately concerned the millions of "movie fans." And the millions beside who would be "fans" when the mercury got high enough. Here, at the very least, was sweeping criticism from experts; from possessors of the best brains and the best training. Quite plainly, that "factory" was turning out third-rate stuff, and, equally plainly, because it was getting no help from producers of first-rate stuff. The cinema, a machine of limitless possibilities promising revolution, promising to popularize good fiction, promising a tremendous and beneficent influence, had developed only as the supplanter of messenger-boy literature and dining-room-girl drama. It might have been—It might be—It was sure to be—"Eventually; why not now?"

When you have work and men, you've only to get the two together to make workmen. Authors, plus need of authors, didn't seem a difficult problem. I put on my William-Jennings-Bryan, and slipped past the General Office Boy, and the General Telephone Girl to my favorite General Director. He was sitting in his mahogany-furnished throne-room, with new-art cus-

pidors and typewriters from Tiffany, pushing his tired brain and nine electric buttons in an heroic effort to improve pictures by making sure of quotation marks in a caption. "More muck-raking!" he exclaimed, when I mentioned a potential magazine article. "Why in Kansas City can't you write something constructive? . . . Well, for O. Henry's sake, don't say: 'Poor movies! They can't afford the best!' We're willing to pay a thousand dollars for big scenarios, and we can't get 'em. Sent out sixty letters to authors the other day, and not one reply! There aren't a dozen of 'em in this country making ten thousand dollars a year, and yet they overlook an opportunity like that! For just a brief sketch of a story! . . . Well, we should worry!"

"Your scratch-pad fraternity gives me that tired feeling! You won't learn the business, but you expect to get a St. Louis of a lot of money for dabbling! Why should we pay huge prices while you learn? Does anybody else pay apprentices? We're compelled to employ a staff of high-priced experts to go over your work! What do you care? Authors have no real interest in this job! A photoplay's something they expect to toss off in half a day! Write that in your article! Or, better still, don't write anything! If you can't boost, don't knock! Anyway, no magazine connected with pictures will let you say what you want to say! They're after stuff that's *constructive!*"

Noah Webster's justly-celebrated volume defines "constructive" as "tending toward or resulting in positive conclusions." That, however, is not the idea current where art is on sale at the box office. The editor of a motion picture paper, which boasts, in large type, "No favorable reviews of poor pictures," recently warned his critics against anything but "constructive writing; praise everything." There you have the true theatrical interpretation. A good doctor says "doing well" until the patient dies. To wake the inmate, when his home is burning, is to destroy sleep. In a hopeless minority, I train with Webster. To me the best distinction was made by Chapin, when he wrote "not destruction but construction; not only the removal of a thing, but the substitution of something better." Unless you are an originator, I don't see how you can erect without first tearing down. It never has seemed to me possible to suggest making things right without intimating that they are wrong. Lincoln must have destroyed one or two institutions in the South, else there could have been no Reconstruction Period.

To me, the muck-rake is a great building tool. Without pretending omniscience, if I can make the film men to what they are overlooking, show them that authors are not speaking to the movies, even at the risk of intimating that the movies are not occupying the position they might be if authors were, I shall be performing a service. If I can put the Directors General in the way of recruiting these authors, I shall be doing the most constructive work ever accomplished in this field. Booth Tarkenton declares "it is beyond my imaginings to conceive the picture people getting your idea." But—"sixty letters to authors, and not one reply!" At any rate, I can save 'em postage!

"We should worry." Who else? If you sold watches, and no reputable watch-maker would make 'em for you, being pleasantly and profitably occupied elsewhere, would you say: "These fellows had better do something?"

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# How Pictures Found Charlie Chaplin

(Continued from page 71)

"Pictures."  
 "You don't tell me!"  
 "Yes. Kessel and Baumann aren't lawyers at all. They produce motion pictures. They want me to go to Los Angeles and join their Keystone Players."

The next day he paid another visit to New York, and this time he emerged with a one-year contract, to play at Keystone during a twelvemonth at just twice the salary he had been receiving from the Karno company. The contract was not to take effect, however, until Mr. Chaplin finished his Karno bookings, at Kansas City.

The intervening months were busy ones for Mr. Chaplin. He never failed to take advantage of every possible opportunity to see pictures on the screen. He studied the players and analyzed the plays. He says, now, that he was desirous not so much of learning what to do as what not to do.

Once again let me resort to another mind for a timely expression:

"When we come to do for the last time that which we have many times done, it is with a bit of sorrow that we take up our task."

It was with no particular happiness that Mr. Chaplin bade farewell to the vaudeville stage in the Empress theatre, Kansas City, on the night of Nov. 30th, 1913. He had been modestly but uniformly successful in the theatre; it was his field of work by inheritance; there were all his associates, his friends, his dreams since childhood. He was going to a wide arena of which he had thought much but knew nothing. Was he wise in leaving a vocation he had already mastered?

During his first weeks at Keystone he was very unhappy. He contemplated a disappearance on several occasions.

It is not surprising that Chaplin was at first a misfit. Hired to be a comedian in a whole lotful of comedians, his employers had to learn that there was an individual, one whose work not only stood alone, but was like no other man's.

Having been internationally voted an artist in pantomime and by-play he was grieved to find himself cast as one of many policemen, running behind tireless automobiles. He remonstrated with his director:

"Why make me do these things, when you can get a five-dollar man to do them as well?"

They told Mr. Chaplin that his slow way of working and his peculiar smile ate up too much film, and that his work as a whole was not what Keystone wanted.

Bitterly disappointed, he asked them to call a halt, that his contentions might be properly threshed out. He demanded permission to write and direct his own productions, having fully decided that if they refused, he would return to vaudeville. But the permission was given him—and the world knows the rest.

Here are two thoughts in Charlie Chaplin's philosophy of comedy which I think are distinctly worth remembering:

When a scene presents a natural situation, suggesting laughter, the laugh belongs to the people in the audience, and they take it. When a mechanical prop is resorted to, it may or it may not afford humor—but what is the general result? The laugh belongs to the operator of the prop, and the audience usually leaves it to him to do the laughing. But first and over all: every foot of film that carries the action of Charlie Chaplin shows a prime fact: that he always remembers to be natural.

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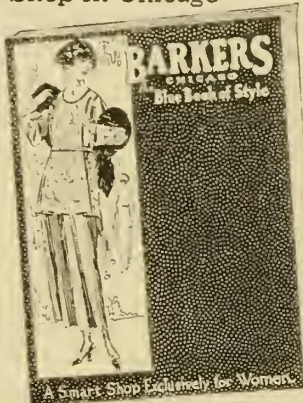
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(Concluded from page 54)



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that this rather hindered than helped me, for in the movies, one must not think of an audience at all. One must hypnotize oneself into the belief that, for the time being, you are the person you are portraying, and that the other characters playing with you are every whit as real as you are. If you can convince yourself of that, and of the actuality of your simulated joys, sorrows, regrets, doubts, madresses and passions, you will surely convince your audiences."

Not only because of the adjustment of my work, do I consider these days the happiest of my life, but also because in Mr. Tellegen I have found the fairy prince every girl dreams of almost as soon as she is old enough to play with dolls. Mr. Tellegen and I have many interests in common, and that, I believe is the basis of our successful marriage—a perfect comradeship.

We are both interested in the theatre, but fortunately in different branches of it. Mr. Tellegen loves the opera, and he attends every one of my performances at the Metropolitan whenever he is not playing himself, and when he was playing in "Blind Youth" in New York last season (he is touring the country in the same play this year). I believe I attended his performances at least twenty times. So, you see we enjoy each other's work without the least feeling of jealousy. We are interested in the same things, Mr. Tellegen paints and writes and sculptures, and I like to watch him and talk with him about his work.

Mr. Tellegen and I spent last summer in Buffalo Bill's country—Wyoming—where "The Hell Cat" was being filmed. We had some thrilling adventures—slept on hard, uncomfortable beds, ate badly cooked food, but we did not mind, for we rode horses like cow-boys, witnessed sunrises and sunsets—and completely forgot all the harassing details which civilization inflicts.

The past season has been a notable one for me (as it must have been for many other singers, I am sure) because my gift of song has been put to another use beside the usual one of giving pleasure. I like to feel that the many times I have sung at patriotic festivals and Liberty Loan occasions have helped, just a small, wee bit, to win the war.

I also realize that when I am singing at the Metropolitan, I cannot see my friends as often as I should like—cannot have tea with them, attend theatre parties and dances, etc. And since I naturally like people and inter-

course with my kind, this is often hard.

But the sacrifice has its compensation. When I am playing to an audience of three thousand or more, I get over the footlights from them as much—in fact much more—humanity—than I could if I had tea with my dearest friends. In fact, I get the very essence of human contact, by reason of its concentrative force, it becomes almost divine. The moment the curtain rises (either in the motion picture theatre, the spoken stage, or in the opera) the people gathered voluntarily, and intentionally are prepared to receive something from me and to give me something in return. Therefore, though shut out from many forms of intimate intercourse with humanity, the artist gets in a higher degree a more sensitized compensation—a less mediocre one. For in the former case, the artist would have exhausted himself upon three or four people, who perhaps were not at all attuned to what he had to give them, and who perhaps had nothing to give in return. In private life, unless one has the good fortune to always come in contact with genius—which, we must admit, does not often happen—one is apt to exhaust one's vitality upon futile intercourse.

People talk about a great personality—little realizing, no doubt that they who possess this almost omnipotent attribute, have to feed the source of that magnetism all the time, like a furnace fire. It is like tending any flame; it must never be allowed to die. Sarah Bernhardt, the greatest example we can point to of personality, has kept her flame burning brightly these many years because she puts into it everything that life force until she dies because she has a brain which she has trained to be creative; she has so organized her life that whether at work or play, she absorbs food to feed this flame with every bit of her being.

It is needless to say that the most glorious feeling in the world is in the joy of making this personality felt. In my own case, I say, that almost greater than the joy of making my personality felt, is the pleasure from the realization that the screen perpetuates my personality. And because of this indelible register, I have always tried, while appearing before the cameras, to work in greatest sincerity, so that what the camera may hold for coming eyes to see will be an accurate record of the art—if art there be—of Geraldine Farrar.

## Extry! Great Hollywood Disaster!

(Concluded from page 55)

low sparrows, kicked about by nervous mothers of indifferent children.

But what I started out to say was that I appreciate your efforts in trying to help us and won't you please tell your Teddy that we lament his misfortune, and that we hope and believe he will continue to bear up and live, in some strengthening philosophy, to a fine old age. Tell him to remember that there are far worse things for a Teddy Bear to lose than an arm or a leg, and that one of these things is the faithful friendship of little girls. But, of course, he knows that.

With all good wishes,

LEIGH METCALFE.

\* \* \* \*

Our original idea was to publish just a page about Virginia's life. But as teddy bears are far more important to such little girls than their own life-stories, we thought you'd be interested. Virginia's mamma, however, has given us the following data:

Although she did not become conspicuous in her screen work until "Jack and the Beanstalk" fame, Virginia made her debut into

pictures long before that. For Balboa she appeared in a picture, during the days when she and "Little Mary Sunshine" were next-door neighbors. After some incidental work at Balboa she went over to Universal. Then, later on, came "Jack and the Beanstalk"—in the fall of 1916. It was a great picture for Virginia in which she climbed far, only, unlike Jack, she did not find any terrible giants at the top to terrify her. She is happy and secure in stardom.

After "Jack and the Beanstalk" came further vehicles: "Babes in the Woods," "Treasure Island," "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" and "The Mikado."

"Then came 'Fan Fan,'" declares Virginia herself. "That was the hardest of all, for I was supposed to be a Japanese beauty." (Please get that subtle modesty.)

"I am studying classic dancing, the ukelele and French and Spanish," she adds. Later on, she says she wants to go onto the stage—with her sister Ruth, who is ten years old as contrasted to Virginia's six years.



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# Here Comes the Bride

(Continued from page 40)

begin to rumble in the morning, now discovered that Tile had gone to Carlton's to stay, and jumped to the conclusion that his lost daughter was found. As reports continued to exaggerate the amount of Tile's windfall, Sinclair thawed more visibly. He grew positively genial and told his chauffeur to drive to Carlton's.

At Carlton's, Ethel, still at her breakfast, heard a voice at the door, and a minute later threw her arms around her sister.

Nora's face was wreathed in smiles. "You lucky girl!" she cried. "To have everything come out like this. How much money did Fred come into? Tell me all about it. Why didn't you let me know before the newspapers? Why, what in the world is the matter?" for Ethel, after one glance at the paper, had waved her away as if suffocated, and burst into tears.

A door closed; Ethel heard Tile coming from his room. Stilling her sobs, she grasped Nora's wrist and pulled her into her bedroom. Tile picked up the morning paper and became absorbed in the stock reports. Turning the paper over slowly, his eye was caught by the flamboyant account of his own elopement with the "daughter of Sinclair, the rubber king." The door opened and Carlton, all abeam, entered.

"You sly old dog," was his hilarious greeting. "You might have invited me as you were eloping to my house. Where is she?"

Mutely Tile walked to Ethel's door and knocked. She emerged, red-eyed.

"Why didn't you tell me?" beamed Carlton. "We might have pulled off—ahem, something double," with a glance at Nora.

Ethel dropped weakly into a chair. Tile, with a sick look replied: "We couldn't ask you to the wedding—we're not married!"

It was Carlton's turn to look dumbfounded. Then his face grew red. "You—you, why you infernal scoundrel, what do you mean? In my house—why, you—"

There was another ring at the bell. The four in the sitting room were frozen motionless as Sinclair, paterfamilias, entered.

"Bless you, my children," he beamed, bending to kiss Ethel who, by a desperate effort, had regained her self control. "I've always liked you, Tile," extending his hand. "I'm going out now and buy you the finest present in New York."

Radiating beams like a polished silver teapot, he hustled away. Tile looked at Ethel; then both looked in the direction of the fire place where stood Nora and Carlton.

Carlton broke the silence. "There's only one way out of this. You must get married before Ethel's father gets back. I'll get friend Judge X."

The incarnation of hopeless tragedy, Tile beckoned to Carlton to come to his side. Nora went over to her sister, put her arms around her and they both went back into the bedroom. Tile whispered hoarsely to Carlton, "I can't get married. I'm mixed up with a woman."

Carlton's eyebrows went up, but he returned confidently: "I'll fix that up, all right." Then he hustled away.

There came from below the sharp peal of the bell. Then the sound of voices in argument; then a thud of some heavy body striking the floor. Hasty steps on the stairs, and the sitting room door flew open and a woman, carrying a hand satchel, burst in. Extending her arms, she made straight for Tile. "Embrace me, husband," she cried.

The Bride gave an approving glance about her. "We shall be very happy here, Frederick. And so will our children; I have six, you know."

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# Here Comes the Bride

(Concluded)

The chug chug of a motor sounded outside. Sinclair was returning. In desperation, Tile seized his bride, dragged her from the room, and pulled her, struggling, step by step to his own room, where he thrust her in and locked the door. With beads of cold moisture on his brow, he returned just in time to greet Sinclair, a jewel box and an envelope in his hands. Hearing his voice, Nora and Ethel came out of Ethel's room. The envelope Sinclair handed to Tile with "You'll agree that I'm a very good father-in-law. Here's a check for you and a string of pearls for my girl."

At this juncture Carlton entered accompanied by Judge X—the same man who had married Tile the previous afternoon.

"Where is the couple I am to marry?" queried the Judge. Tile pointed to Carlton and Nora. Sinclair shook his head. "Your work was done yesterday when you married my daughter Ethel to Mr. Tile."

The Judge looked puzzled. "I married Mr. Tile, but I don't recognize—"

There came furious sounds of pounding. Tile shivered. "What in the world is that noise?" demanded Sinclair. He darted from the room, followed the direction of the sound, and turned the key, which Tile had left sticking in the door.

The Bride bounced past him furiously, and rushed into the group in the room.

"Ah," remarked the Judge. "Here comes the Bride."

In the general uproar that followed, Tile crawled into Ethel's bedroom.

Pulling two sheets from the bed, he twisted them into a rope and tied one end around his neck.

On the other side of the door, the situation was growing clear. "Where's Benson?" roared Carlton. "He got Fred into this." He stepped to the telephone.

Lawyer Benson, in his office, was listening meanwhile to the words of a hard-looking man. As the man finished speaking, Benson snatched his hat and the two rushed from the office.

Tile had attempted to hang himself but the electric light fixture tore out from the wall and for a few moments thereafter he sat stupidly on the floor, contemplating the relic of his instrument of death. Finally hearing the noise outside, he opened the door and peered out. Carlton had got the Bride out of the room and Ethel was alone. She saw Tile and ran to him sobbing:

"Oh, Fred, don't try to kill yourself, my dear! I forgive you everything."

Sinclair grew purple. The Bride, escaping from Carlton, rushed to Tile's rescue and pushed Sinclair and Ethel violently away.

"Just a minute, there!"

Simultaneously they all turned, to see Benson, accompanied by a hard-looking man. Benson pointed his finger at the Bride. "How dared you tell me that you were a widow?"

"So I am—" She caught sight of the hard-looking man. With entire impartiality, she rushed over and clasped him in her arms. "Oh, Jimmie, are you out again? I thought it was for life this time. I had to have some one to love me!"

Benson turned to Tile. "You're to be congratulated. Three months, and I'll have you out of this."

There was complete silence for several minutes, then one by one, with faces expressing beatific relief, the assembled company filed out—all except Ethel and Tile. She came and sat on her lover's knee, working at the knots in the sheet still twisted around his neck.

"Three whole months!" she murmured.



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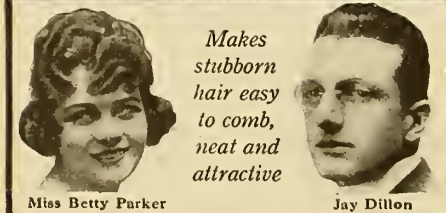
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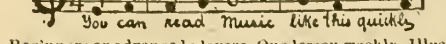
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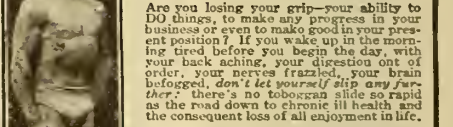
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## Questions and Answers

(Continued on page 84)

**ALICE.**—Nothing's too good for my friends when I like 'em. I'd do almost anything for you, Alice, but a poor guy just CAN'T give the name and address of every actress in New York City. Can't you, please, think of something else? But, on second thought, it shouldn't be so hard, as many of the Broadway starettes are now twinkling on Broadway, Los Angeles. 'S long.

**EVELYN H., SOUTH NORWALK.**—Yes'm, there was a song about you once. I don't keep track of those popular ballads; they aren't popular with me. Jack Holt is with the Clara Kimball Young company, acting with the Young lady in "The Road through the Dark," already released, and "Cheating Cheaters," now in the making—from Max Marcin's stage success. Do you remember Clara in those old Vitagraphs such as "Love's Sunset" and "My Official Wife?" My, and wasn't Earle *some* husband in that last picture!

**ALIAS BETTY.**—So you would rather Miss Evans went on a strike than the Answer Man, would you? Not much danger of either of us striking; we think too much of you. Constance Talmadge isn't married, or engaged. There was a rumor, once, about her betrothal to Norman Kerry, but it died away. Natalie Talmadge was with the Roscoe Arbuckle company last, in the capacity of private secretary. She hasn't gone into pictures yet. Mrs. Charlie Chaplin is just eighteen. No, I don't like that, either. Pat O'Malley plays with Priscilla Dean in Universal's "She Hired a Husband." Carmel Myers is eighteen; not married. Jackie Saunders will be back soon; she has been taking a vacation. Don't forget.

**J. M. F.**—Your other letters and your sister's letters were not answered because you neglected to sign your name and give your address. All letters must await their turn, you know. Gladys Leslie, Alice Joyce, Vitagraph; Madge Evans, World; Allan Forrest, American; Ann Little, Lasky; Jackie Saunders, Long Beach, Cal.; Ruth Roland, George Larkin, Pathe (western).

**CECILIA, HONOLULU.**—To begin with, you're mistaken about our being David Wark Griffith. In the second place, it would be exceedingly difficult for an eleven-year-old to break into the movies, unless she is a child-actress of reputation. And I can't send you the fare for the boat, because I haven't got it. It worries me about street-car fare. Write Miss MacLaren again, at Universal.

**HELMAR, NEWFOUNDLAND.**—I don't want to die. I've got a lot of questions to answer before I write my thanatopsis. Yours among 'em. Sheldon Lewis has sworn never to play in a serial again. He's treasurer now of his wife's new company. His wife is Virginia Pearson, former Fox emotionalist. Arnold Daly, I hear, is going to London, there to perform on the stage and, maybe, to make up with George Bernard Shaw. He hasn't done anything on the screens since "My Own United States." It is safe to assume he will not do any more serials. I can print your name and address, if you wish.

**M. O., CHEBOYGAN, MICH.**—You'll find the addresses you ask for on other pages. Jane and Katherine Lee are with Fox, in Los Angeles. Ethel Clayton is with Lasky; she's twenty-nine. Carlyle Blackwell, World, Fort Lee, N. J.; Marguerite Clark, Famous Players, N. Y. Others given elsewhere. Read this magazine every month and you'll see more about your favorites. Now I must toddle on.

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It is strange, then, that such a comparatively few of those who would and could write—actually write.

Some few, probably, never could learn. But by far the majority simply lack two things: *Confidence* and *Training*.

It is surprising how many people have shown me stories that they have written—stories that have never been seen by anyone but themselves—people whom one might never know had ever made any effort to record their thoughts and impressions on paper.

These persons would one and all dearly love to see their brain-children given record in print. But they lack proper knowledge of how to go about it.

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You may have heard that "Writers are born—not made." Bosh! Of course, you've got to be born first. But after you're born you've got to be *made*.

Every writer has to be made. And that brings up the question of *HOW*.

For my part, I believe the best plan is to follow a prescribed course of instruction augmented by the constant, consistent and constructive suggestions of a competent critic.

I have personally made it a point to investigate several such courses and methods of criticism.

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## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

**MONTY, DEER ISLAND.**—That picture filmed while you were aboard the U. S. S. Seattle must have been William Brady's "Stolen Orders." Yes, it was released some time ago. Kitty Gordon, June Elvidge, Madge Evans, Carlyle Blackwell, George MacQuarrie, and Montague Love comprise the all-star cast. Do we know of a good-looking screeness about the age of nineteen who would like to be ship-mates with a gob who can swim, ride, sing; who is a good oarsman, can use a brace of six guns, also rifle and can love like a full-rigger lies to a 20-knot wind? If so, we have your telephone number. The best of luck.

**ANSWER MAN ADMIRER, SALISBURY.**—Again so soon? Well! Norma Talmadge has not retired. Mae Murray has, I believe, been married twice; to Jay O'Brien and Robert Leonard. She is still Mrs. Bob. Mildred Harris with Universal last, and Mary Thurman with Lasky. Following is the cast of "Unclaimed Goods": Betsy Burke, Vivian Martin; Danny Donegan, Harrison Ford; Cocopah Kid, Casson Ferguson; Gentleman Joe Slade, George McDaniel; Idaho Ina, Carmen Phillips; Sheriff Burke, Dick LaReno; Uncle Murphy, George Kunkel.

**BEN HUR, SACRAMENTO, CAL.**—I'm not sure that she is married but it is reasonable to suppose that she is. It doesn't really matter, about her age. She is quite young. Get in the race; but use your Chandler instead of your chariot. Sure I like a car. You weren't thinking of sending me one, were you?

**CHRISTA H., COLEMAN, TEXAS.**—That's the true test of a woman's devotion. That she read our answers before she looks at the pictures in the art section. Her hair is reddish-gold, I believe. I will never swear in a case like this. Yes, she will. You want a picture of Wally Reid's baby in PHOTOPLAY. There's a picture of Wally, himself, in this issue; a good one, too. She doesn't give her age.

**H. S., LEWISTOWN, MONTANA.**—To settle the striking question of whether or not your young man really resembles Wallace Reid, I'm glad to tell you that Wally's hair is brown and his eyes are blue. Crane Wilbur is on the stage now; he's playing in stock: His latest picture appearance was in "The Finger of Justice," a very problematical play by a ditto parson, forbidden in New York and sanctioned in Washington. Crane cleans up in this, I hear. Jack Pickford is with us again; he has signed with First National. Sister Mary is also with this company.

**HARRY E. BELL, CHICAGO.**—Mary Miles Minter is not married, or engaged. She is eighteen years old. Her latest play is "Wives and Other Wives," a distinct departure for Mary, for she has never before played other than very ingenue roles. American studios. Santa Barbara. Lila Lee, sixteen, I think; Lasky, Hollywood.

**MADAME DIOGENES, WESTFIELD.**—You've come to the right address. I have to be honest; I can't tell a lie. My job depends on my telling the truth; I am not like your husband, the lawyer. Your story would be the plot of a corking scenario of home-life; neglected wife, etc. A truth-loving lady with a husband at the bar. I don't like to be called "father confessor to the movie fan." It makes me feel too responsible. In a way I agree with you. I'm going to look that up. Will you write again?



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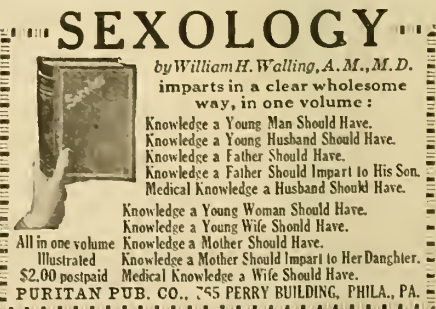
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## Questions and Answers (Continued)

**M. J. B., NEW YORK.**—Your letter spoiled my day. Because I knew I could never be so clever as you. I forgive you, though; that letter was worth it. You're the only optimist I ever loved. I, also, have lunched with that lady. You're going to hear from both of us, soon.

**INDIAN MAIZE, DETROIT.**—I won't tell you my age. You wouldn't tell me yours, would you? Let us speak of pleasant things; for instance, Mary Pickford. Her new picture is "Daddy Long Legs." They like Mary because she's real. I have seen every Pickford picture since "Caprice." You missed one of the best—"Tess." Kenneth Harlan isn't married. Harry Carey? Universal City, California. Yes.

**THELMA, SPRINGFIELD.**—I cannot give you any information on how to become a movie actress. Consult Elizabeth Peltret's story in the February issue. If I were you I should take up some sort of congenial work and forget all about it. You're not thinking of the years of training necessary; you're thinking of your chintz-hung dressing room and parking space in limousine row.

**CANADIAN, N. S.**—You want to hear more about J. Warren Kerrigan in the Magazine; and more "home" pictures. I have conveyed your good wishes to the editor, Julian Johnson. Indeed, he appreciates suggestions. Glad to hear any time.

**MISS MULLEN, MILWAUKEE.**—In return for the compliment which calls me among other things "the jokiest fellow you have ever known," I should like to be able to answer your questions in full. But, as it happens, not one of the ladies you are anxious about will divulge her age. You may reach Nazimova at the Metro studios. Yes, I come to Milwaukee sometimes.

**LUCILE, GREAT FALLS.**—Your pictures arrived; thank you. They are very nice but I can't help you to get in, you know. I have never been in Montana but I've been through there. I'll stop off next time. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It has been played on the stage for years, and Famous Players made it into a photoplay, with Marguerite Clark in the two parts of *Little Eva* and *Topsy*. Ruth Roland, Pathe (western).

**L. S., HARTFORD.**—So glad it made you happy to read in PHOTOPLAY that Niles Welch was born in your city. It must, indeed, be a great little feeling, to feel that a motion picture actor was born in one's own home-town. I am awfully sorry not to be in a position to tell you that I have really spoken to George Walsh. You say he sent you his autograph. My, my. I should say that neither of those stones was your birthstone. I never said I am old. I am not. Charles Gunn died in December; he is survived by a wife. He was with Triangle and Paralta. Gunn was always convincing. Write again; always glad.

**R. V. K., KANSAS CITY.**—I read every word of your nine page letter. You sure are strong for Wally Reid, aren't you? I know him, lady; he's a great guy. Still, I wouldn't say that, although you have determined not to have a beau unless he's like Wally—you'll die an old maid. Write Wally and ask him if all that leading-man stuff comes natural. There are stories in this issue that you will be interested in; Monte Blue and Thurston Hall. A good many players have been injured in those hazardous stunts. Run up any time. I want to hear from you again; make it soon.



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## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

**SPIZZERINKTUM, KANSAS CITY.**—I'm afraid I can't help you to decide which you like better, Dusty or Bill Farnum. As to the Wally Reid questions, I'm not much when it comes to judging male pulchritude. In fact I don't know any beautiful men. What street did William Wallace live on in St. Louis and where did he ever learn to make love so perfectly and why can't he give other men lessons? I wish I knew. Why not send Wally one of your epistolary posies?

**LLEWELLYN.**—Your questions are answered elsewhere in the Colyum. The book Lillian Gish reads as the girl in "The Greatest Thing in Life," is "Chantecler," by Edmond Rostand. Rostand died recently; a great Frenchman. He also wrote "Cyrano de Bergerac."

**PATIENCE, BALTIMORE.**—I don't blame you at all for being interested in Norma Talmadge. Yes, I remember those old Vitagraph comedies with Norma and Leo Delaney. Delaney hasn't been on the screen for some time. I saw him last in a Famous Players picture with Ann Pennington; however, I believe he has made an appearance since then. Lillian Walker is in the limelight again, with her own company. Wally Van? He's directing now, in the west—or was, the last I heard of him. No. Olive Thomas is about twenty. That was Mary Charleson, who is now Mrs. Henry B. Walthall. Dark. I thought so at first, but I've changed my mind. Decidedly.

**EDNA, WEEHAWKEN, N. J.**—Edna, if I published the nom you gave me, I'd lose my job. "Inquisitive One!" This Column is properly supposed to scintillate with wit and barbed-wire shafts of wisdom but I'm darned if I can see anything amusing in "Inquisitive One." When you folks go back on me and I have to write my own wit there won't be a Column any more. Douglas McLean is with Paramount. Of course I know what you mean. Those ages are not divulged. Yes, Tom Meighan's adorable.

**DOUG FOREVER.**—Cheers rent the air. His latest is "Arizona." "The Cub" was produced by World; it's a pretty old release. Johnny Hines was in it. Jean Sothern is in vaudeville now. Marie Doro will return to the screen, I believe. The others you mention are awfully shy—they'll tell us their favorite flower and best-known parts played on the stage—everything but their ages. Very well.

**JULIUS STARKS, ROUTE 3, BOX 01, CORSICANA, TEXAS,** wants to correspond with a reader of this department. Write to him, folks.

**F. R. MADERA.**—That's so; we don't have those boarding-school pictures any more. Remember the midnight "spreads" and the meetings over the garden wall? Them was the days. Short "c" in Metro. It's true. Why, that issue of PHOTOPLAY was out before Harold Lockwood's death.

**MACK, CROWN POINT.**—That book is the bible of the biluluous and the refuge of the pure in heart. You are not at all imaginative. Griffith's latest is "The Greatest Thing in Life." Lillian Gish and Bobby Harron have the leads.

**AS EVER, RUTH.**—You say "Mack Sennett's requirements are a bathing suit, a perfect figure, a pretty face, and plenty of pep. Am I right?" Quite. "When you have all the requirements there is no harm in trying, is there?" Absolutely none. Wallie is a good actor but don't let him hear you call him "a pretty boy." He mightn't like

it. You may think you'll keep on writing to us when you move out to Cal., but we are pretty sure you'll change your mind. Why, don't you like F. X. B.?

**F. C. MC., SANTA ROSA.**—I don't care how wicked you are. Only don't spell it "movy." Olive Thomas, Mrs. Jack Pickford; Louise Huff, Mrs. Edgar Jones; Harrison Ford has been married. Sessue Hayakawa is married to Tsuru Aoki. Eugene O'Brien isn't married. It is indeed the pinnacle of playful humor to inquire if Little Mary McAlister is married and if so to whom. Elliott Dexter's wife is Marie Doro.

**E. L. F., TORONTO.**—Yours was an enjoyable letter and your criticism to the point. You want Owen Moore to come back. Colin Campbell is directing for Universal now; he produced "The Yellow Dog." Marshall Neilan is directing Little Mary in "Daddy-Long-Legs." I think Caruso has a great screen personality. "My Cousin" was one of the most entertaining things I've ever seen. Thanks a whole lot, and come again.

**G. H. MCF., GRAND RAPIDS.**—Thanks for sending us the clippings. Always glad to read nice things about the Magazine. Blanche Sweet was absent for about a year, to rest up. She was suffering from a nervous breakdown. She is all right now and looks prettier than ever. She has made several pictures since her return, for her own company under Harry Garson's management: "The Hushed Hour" and "The Unpardonable Sin." Not married. Bless you, no.

**READER, GERMANTOWN.**—How can one get to California from Germantown, Pennsylvania? Well, the airplane has, it is true, attained a certain degree of perfection and has rendered valuable service in the European war; still, I can't quite make out why you are prejudiced against the well-known and reliable locomotive. I would look it up for you in a time-table but our stenog. is doing her Christmas exchanging and I mustn't worry her.

**PESSIMIST, NOVA SCOTIA.**—You say the Colyum fills you with glee. How can you fill a pessimist with glee? You'll find your answers to the Gish questions elsewhere, except—that Dorothy's latest is called "The Hope Chest" and Richard Barthelmess, former leading-man for Marguerite Clark, plays with her. Thanks, a great many.

**EDA B., TACOMA.**—So you think I'm a man because I would like to look like the Arrow Collar ad. cuties. I never said that. And it wouldn't prove anything if I did. Theodore Roberts isn't the only screen-he I like, but he's one of 'em. Cleo Madison was in the sequel to "Tarzan" last. I hear that she is to be featured in a new company. Mae Marsh is making Goldwyn pictures right along. Married? Uh-huh; to Louis Lee Arms, a N. Y. newspaper man. I wish I were a N. Y. newspaper man. Dorothy Dalton is with Ince, turning out fillums for the Paramount program. Kathlyn Williams hasn't done anything since "We Can't Have Everything." By-by, Eda B.

**M. W., PITTSBURGH.**—Indubitably, Wallace Reid is nice. You think he is just wonderful. And you've his autographed picture. Well, that's fine. Now do you feel better? It is, indeed, true that he is married. Read on Ethel Clayton is the widow of the late Joseph Kaufman, the director. She is playing for Lasky-Paramount now. "Women's Weapons" and "The Mystery Girl" and "Maggie Pepper" are recent Clayton releases.



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Questions and Answers

(Continued)

JUDITH, LEADVILLE, COLO.—I don't mind it at all, getting letters with "love from all the girls." I will send you my love, but not my picture. I cannot understand why you girls want the Answer Man's picture when there is such a good likeness, by a celebrated staff artist, at the head of this Colyum. Besides, I am only an Answer Man—neither a movie actor, nor a war hero. I have, however, participated in some mighty battles. Oh, yes—I picked a wicked uke. at college. Watch for some interesting news and views of little Louise Huff; some stuff coming up that will tickle you girls. There's a little surprise in it, too. Her latest picture is "When the Boys Come Home," in which Miss Huff returns to Paramount after a sojourn at Fort Lee, with World. It's a John Emerson-Anita Loos production for Artcraft, and Ernest Truex is in it, too. Believe they pronounce that "True." Write to Doug., care his own Hollywood studios.

G. W. D., ATLANTA.—Your initials are almost, but not quite, David Wark Griffith's. No, I wouldn't call you crazy for wanting to write to Lillian Gish. Her address is Griffith studios, Hollywood. The Gish home, where Lillian lives with her mother, Mae, and her not-much-younger sister, Dorothy, is on South Serrano street, in Los Angeles. Vivian Martin is with Lasky, in Hollywood. Miss Martin and Miss Thurman are both married. Darn! My stenog. just paid 35c to have her spats cleaned, and now it's raining!

SOMEBODY IN MICH.—One newspaper headline that surprised me was "American Soldiers in No Hurry to Get Home." Maybe the modest dears have read about the noisy receptions being prepared for them. Ann Little, Tom Meighan, Wallie Reid, Lasky, Hollywood; Constance Talmadge has her own company, working at the Morosco studio in Los Angeles. Write to them for photographs. Harold Lockwood was very well thought of indeed, in his profession and out of it. He left \$45,000. He was survived by a wife, Alma Lockwood, a small son, and his mother.

GERTRUDE E., NEW ORLEANS.—I heard that a motion picture magnate in Hollywood and a well-known star in New York recently had a lively exchange of compliments. "I desire you to play the leading role in my new production," wired the magnate to the star. "You are alone in your desire," wired the star to the magnate. No contracts were signed that evening. That Bara picture is released by now. Mary is with First National; her first new ones are "Daddy Long-legs" and "Pollyanna." F. X. Bushman's second wife is Beverly Bayne. He was divorced from Mrs. Josephine Bushman. Five children. Charles Chaplin had not married Miss Harris when I answered that question. Mae Marsh's latest is "The Racing Strain," renamed from "Southern Pride" or "Pride of Kentucky." Thanks for your kind words. Come again.

THIRTEEN, TORONTO.—Ah, thirteen, that's a question that has been puzzling astronomers for many moons; which of those cute stars is the cuter. I don't know and if I did I wouldn't tell. Don't tell a soul, Marjorie, but I think they're married, or going to be married. Zoe Rae is nine. Madge Evans is only ten. Those players have ages but they won't admit it.

H. C., YARMOUTH.—He's about forty; she is twenty-two. New York. Yes. Why don't you write to her? Yes; she's a chunky little coquette in the cinema. I have met her, once.



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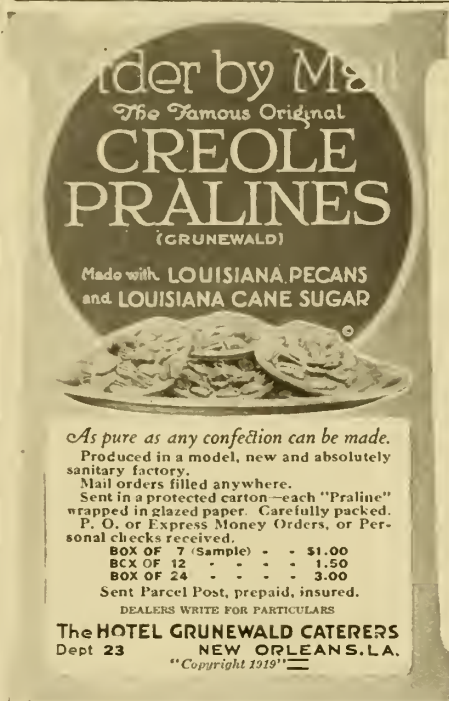
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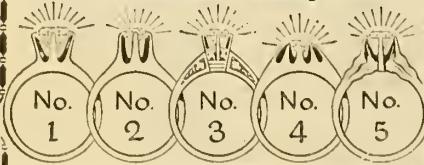
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# Questions and Answers

(Continued)

**HELLO BO. BEVO!**—I am reminded of that lovable liar who, when proposing to a sweet young thing, said, "You are the first girl I ever loved." I don't feel sorry for her because she doesn't believe him, anyway. I believe Doris Kenyon is the daughter of a college professor although you say a protestant minister. Those old-timers are no longer in pictures. Dunno.

**WILDFLOWER, SACRAMENTO.**—Have the orchestra play "Somewhere on Dear Old Broadway" and I will know where you got your inspiration for the nom de. Your other letter was unsigned, so I consigned it with a consarn to the w. p. basket. You say you wrote to that movie star for advice as to becoming one yourself and she returned the pictures of you with an autographed one of herself. Mildred Marsh in "The Daredevil." If you judge from my answers that I could write scenarios please don't read the Column any more. I have failed. . . .

**SNOOKUMS.**—I think you must have been studying a "Book of Familiar French Phrases," weren't you? Anyway, I don't believe a word you say; I simply can't hear you. Mignon Anderson doesn't give her age; she isn't related to Mary—either of the Mary's. Edward Arnold was on the stage in New York the last I heard. Herbert Heyes has been leading man for May Allison. You want me to tell you the prettiest actress on the screen. *Bon nuit!*

**JASPER, BOSTON.**—Have no record of the matrimonial status or intentions of that ingenue. However, we are proud and happy to tell you that: Francis X. and Beverly are making a feature for Vitagraph; Billie Burke is in her early thirties and the wife of F. Ziegfeld, Jr.; Donald Brian has been appearing in Manhattan musical comedy and not on the screen; and, finally, that Theda Bara isn't married. *Au revoir.* That's all the French I know—except how to ask for a piece of bread. But who wants to use French to ask for a piece of bread?

**TOMBOY, ALBERT LEA.**—Thanks for the assurance that there is no other Answer Man but me. So you want to be an interviewer. "To be a true friend of the actors; to tell the true-to-life facts about them—" Some of the players, I am afraid, would not take this as an act of unmitigated admiration. I never could understand why you people like to hear that so-and-so is ten years older than she looks; that Miss Jam has three children; that Mister Ham was on the stage for thirteen years before going into pictures. Elmo and E. K. Lincoln are not the same. Elmo is "Tarzan of the Apes." E. K. stars in "Stars of Glory" and is now making a new series of pictures, under Ralph Ince's direction, for Sawyer-Lubin. Clara Joel, from the legit, is his leading woman. Thanks.

**THREE SUNFLOWERS, ELDORADO.**—I am not so young as I feel; but then that's pretty young. I can assure you twins and your best chum that I am an awfully nice young man. To exemplify: it is with pleasure that I am able to assure you that William S. Hart is the gentleman's real name and that there is no Mrs. William S. Hart. I didn't see "I. O. U."; I didn't get to New York in time. Write again.

**PETE, HINSDALE.**—You think that I wear my hair straight back because I haven't got enough to wear any other way. Confidently, Pete, that's the correct answer. It's uncomplimentary, at that; but—far better truth than friction. George Walsh questions answered on another page.

**SANCHO EURIQUEZ, MANILA.**—Cine-goers; that's a new one. I'm a plain fan. Somehow I can't work up any sympathy for the misunderstood sisterhood. Why didn't they stay in the country? I'm tired of the farm films. Edna Purviance, Charles Chaplin studios, Hollywood; Miriam Cooper, Fox, Los Angeles. Priscilla Dean is featured alone now; one of her late pictures is "The Wildcat of Paris" (Universal). Address her Universal City, Cal. Others given elsewhere.

**HASH, SOUTH DEERFIELD, MASS.**—Harking back to the golden age of the thrillers in sections,—Pearl White played, in her first big serial, "The Perils of Pauline," opposite hero Crane Wilbur. Crane's waving locks and rippling biceps stood between Pearl and peril in every chapter—"To Be Continued next Tuesday at this Theatre." In "The Iron Claw" and "The Exploits of Elaine," Pearl was supported by the perennial Creighton Hale. Pearl's new one is "The Lightning Raider," in which she performs a female Kaffies who, alas, reforms.

**ELSIE M., NEW YORK.**—That's another reason for loving the Answer Man: he doesn't use such awfully long words. Well, ten-year-old, I'll try to be understandable but it's hard, when you ask such questions as: "How many picture theatres in the United States have no daily matinee?" I don't believe you are ten, but twice or three times ten. Julian Eltinge, after all, decided that he would be a lady in that picture, as his public expect it of him. Several hundred thousand women in the country depend on Eltinge to tip them off to the very latest in fashions. He has gone back to the vaudeville stage for a short time but will soon start work on some new photoplays. Jack Pickford is working again.

**SABIA K. K.**—You insinuate yourself into our good graces at the outset by saying we must be a man as we aren't witty enough for a woman. And since you simply must learn all about George Forth's career: he was born in Philadelphia; he was a gentleman farmer when he decided that the stage offered a more precarious but promising livelihood. In the films Forth has been with Vitagraph, Thanhouser, Edison, Pathe and Goldwyn. George is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, with brown hair and dark eyes. Oh, yes—he's athletically and musically inclined. Address him Green Room Club, 130 W. 47th Street, N. Y. C. *Whew—that is all, isn't it?*

**YVONNE, LONG ISLAND.**—And you want to know how to pronounce your nom de plume. It's E-von'. Believe me there isn't any well-known screen actress by that name but if all your ambitions are realized there will be. There! That's the prettiest thing I ever said to any woman. Come again sometime.

**PEGGY, FLEMING, COLO.**—You have the most pungent personality! You say you have written fifteen photoplays and have never known a failure. What's the matter—couldn't you get 'em produced? Yes, I remember Flora Finch well. There has never been a comedienne just like her. She hasn't played in pictures for I don't know how long. Those Bunny-Finch Vitagraphs were corking, weren't they? I saw John Bunny on the stage, a short time before his death. He was very fat and very funny. Your vague synopsis of that picture sounds to me like "Hearts Adrift." Hobart Bosworth was in "The Sea Wolf." Why is everyone so anxious to become a movie star? I don't know.



## Questions and Answers (Concluded)

**FORGET-ME-NOT, SANTOS.**—I never could Your letter had a flavor all its own—doubtless induced by that peculiarly-shaded stationery. It must be a sure sign of my approaching antiquity that these queer colors hurt my eyes. For the rest: I am indeed happy that a beautiful Brazilian found surcease from the Influenza Hesperiola through my Columns. And you want to know about Earle Foxe and George Walsh. Foxe is back on the stage now. Walsh is still with Fox; he's in his late twenties; he's married to Seena Owen, Bill Hart's leading lady. The Walshes have a little girl. You're welcome; and please come again—soon.

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Maybe,  
A Head-dress of Feathers,  
She Writhe'd her Way  
Through Reels of Ruin  
Toppling Over,  
With one little Twist  
Of her Jewelled Slipper,  
The Lares and Penates  
Of More Households  
Than I'd Care to Count.  
Her Mission in Life  
Was to Sever  
That Little Bond of Gold, and  
To Prove  
That a Marriage Certificate  
Was Merely  
A Scrap-of-Paper.  
How I Did Love to Watch Her  
Wreck Homes—  
She Did it So Gracefully.  
Anyway,  
When she Got Through,  
Nothing was Left of the Home Fires  
But a Few Cinders.  
But Alas—  
She Repented.  
I Don't Know Why—  
And, Paradoxically Perhaps,  
Formed her Own Company,  
And Vamped No More.  
She Plays, Now,  
Those Roles  
Where she Can Wear  
Frilly Frocks and  
Lornadoone Hats.  
And I Shouldn't Be Surprised,  
Someday,  
To See her  
Try to Interpret  
Little Eva  
In Arctics and  
Ear-Muffs.

**OLIVE B., ATCHISON, KANS.** — There are angels and angels. Are you speaking of the theatrical kind? At any rate, I'm not one—of any kind. Here: John Bowers may be addressed care Goldwyn studios, Culver City, Cal.; Elliott Dexter and Eugene O'Brien, Lasky-Paramount studios, Hollywood.

**MARIE, IND.**—Grace Cunard is back again, for one picture anyway. It's called "After the War" and is said to give Grace a highly emotional role. She's Mrs. Joe Moore, wife of the youngest Moore, in private life. Those Universal serials? Constance Talmadge, Morosco studios, Los Angeles. Harrison Forde is her leading man right now. Mister Kerrigan, usually called Jack Warren, is with Jesse Hampton, in Los Angeles.

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JAMES R. QUIRK, *Publisher* — JULIAN JOHNSON, *Editor*

VOL. XV

No. 5

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Go West, Young Man.....	Goldwyn
Sis Hopkins .....	Goldwyn
The Woman on the Index.....	Goldwyn
Page 96	
Ravished Armenia .....	Propaganda
Maggie Pepper .....	Paramount
Hell Roarin' Reform.....	Fox
The Man Hunter .....	Fox
The Scarlet Shadow.....	Universal
Breed of Men.....	Arctcraft
The Girl Problem.....	Vitagraph
The Pirate Millionaire.....	Universal
The Long Lane's Turning.....	Robertson-Cole
Come Again South.....	Pathe
Common Clay .....	Pathe
Johnny-on-the-Spot .....	Metro
As the Sun Went Down.....	Metro
The Girl Dodger .....	Ince-Paramount
Mrs. Wiggs .....	Paramount
Hard-Bolled .....	Ince-Paramount

## Dear Everyone:

**T**HIS is For  
All the Readers  
Of PHOTOPLAY; and  
For those, too, who  
Think they Haven't Time  
To Read Every Word in the Magazine,

Well—  
There's Not One of You  
Who hasn't Played Paper Dolls  
Once.  
You May Deny It—  
You May Think you've Forgotten It—  
But  
There's No More Fascinating  
Indoor Diversion  
For Ten-year-Olders  
Of All Ages  
Than Brightly-colored  
Attractive Midgets  
To Be Cut Out  
On the Dotted Line—  
With Separate Dresses,  
And all.

Have you Ever Heard  
Of the Movv-Dol?  
PHOTOPLAY  
Is Just Announcing It.  
From Next Month On  
Every Issue of the Magazine  
Will Have  
A Page of Colored Paper Dolls—  
Color Paintings  
Of Movie Stars—  
Beginning with  
Mary Pickford.  
A well-known Artist  
Has Caught Mary's Charm:  
And you'll have a Doll Likeness  
Of her, with  
Different Costumes  
From Characters  
Which she has Played  
In her Screen Successes.  
All Ready for the Kids  
To Cut Out and Play With!

## Something Absolutely New in Pictures

THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Screen Supplement—not a dramatic production, but a series of one-reel peeks into the homes and personal lives of the players as well as little journeys behind the scenes in filmland, watching the players at work.

The Screen Supplement, shown in leading theatres throughout the country, is being released through the Educational Films Corporation of America.

The latest issue, now being shown, includes a splendid camera-tour through Geraldine Farrar's New York residence, showing the diva, the elaborate furnishings and her beautiful clothing.

The Third Supplement also shows Edith Storey in her country home, Dustin Farnum on his demon motor boat, a panoramic and series of closeup views of Universal City, Fannie Ward and her husband, Jack Dean, in their California home and J. Warren Kerrigan visiting PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Be sure and see the Screen Supplement—it shows great film stars never before grouped in one single reel of film.





# The Soup That Won The Medal

Van Camp Soups are based on famous Parisian recipes, some of which won medals in French culinary contests.

## Yet He Was Wrong

Yet his methods were wrong, as he now knows. They were too haphazard, too uncertain.

So our college-trained scientific cooks took the recipes in hand. They tested countless blends—on some soups hundreds of them. They fixed standards for every material.

They evolved long formulas, specifying every step and process. So, when they reached the ideal flavor, every future lot would have it.

Thus they took the finest soups that Paris serves, and gave to each a multiplied delight.

ready in a moment. Yet they far excel the finest soups that the greatest chefs have ever produced in the old ways.



A noted chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris brought them to our kitchens. And here he made for our basic soups these premier French creations.

## Hundreds of Tests

Now countless women, at formal and at simple dinners, serve these exquisite soups. The cost is a trifle—they are



Prove this today. Order two favorite kinds. They will convert you, and forever, to scientific cookery.

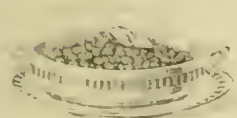
# VAN CAMP'S Soups

18 Kinds

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Pork and Beans	Evaporated Milk	Spaghetti	Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne	Catsup	Chili Sauce, etc.	

*Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis*



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Pork and Beans



Van Camp's  
Spaghetti



Van Camp's  
Peanut Butter





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in the “Blackton” Special Feature

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Sylvia Breamer

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Lawrence Grossmith



Sally Crute

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“Missing”

“Life’s Greatest Problem”

“A House Divided”

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“THE HAND OF BLACKTON”



William Humphrey



Violet and Charles Blackton

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# How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

## The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Ad-  
dison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I  
do remember correctly—Mr. Bur-  
roughs, the lumberman, introduced  
me to you at the luncheon of the  
Seattle Rotary Club three years ago  
in May. This is a pleasure indeed!  
I haven't laid eyes on you since that  
day. How is the grain business?  
And how did that amalgamation work  
out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in  
the crowded corridor of the Hotel Mc-  
Alpin—compelled me to turn and look  
at him, though I must say it is not my  
usual habit to "listen in" even in a  
hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most  
famous memory expert in the United  
States," said my friend Kennedy, an-  
swering my question before I could  
get it out. "He will show you a lot  
more wonderful things than that, be-  
fore the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the  
toastmaster was introducing a long line  
of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and  
when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked,  
"What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and  
your business connection and telephone  
number?" Why he asked this, I learned  
later, when he picked out from the crowd  
the 60 men he had met two hours before  
and called each by name without a mis-  
take. What is more, he named each man's  
business and telephone number, for good  
measure.

I wont tell you all the other amazing  
things this man did except to tell how he  
called back, without a minute's hesitation,  
long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices,  
lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything  
else the guests gave him in rapid order.

\*\*\*\*\*

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may  
be sure I did the first chance I got—he  
rather bowled me over by saying in his quiet,  
modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my  
remembering anything I want to remember,  
whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or  
something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do.  
Anyone with an average mind can learn  
quickly to do exactly the same things which  
seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth,  
"was originally very faulty. Yes it was—  
a really poor memory. On meeting a man I

would lose his name in thirty seconds, while  
now there are probably 10,000 men and  
women in the United States, many of whom  
I have met but once, whose names I can  
call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I  
interrupted, "you have given years to it.  
But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you  
the secret of a good memory in one evening.  
This is not a guess, because I have done it  
with thousands of pupils. In the first of  
seven simple lessons which I have prepared  
for home study, I show you the basic  
principle of my whole system and you will  
find it—not hard work as you might fear—  
but just like playing a fascinating game. I  
will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course  
did; I got it the very next day from his pub-  
lishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose  
I was the most surprised man in forty-eight  
states to find that I had learned in about one  
hour—how to remember a list of one hun-  
dred words so that I could call them off  
forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the  
other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus,  
of the firm of Olcott, Bonyng, McManus &  
Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170  
Broadway, and one of the most famous trial  
lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard  
your service in giving this system to the world  
as a public benefaction. The wonderful sim-  
plicity of the method, and the ease with which  
its principles may be acquired, especially  
appeal to me. I may add that I already had  
occasion to test the effectiveness of the first  
two lessons in the preparation for trial of an  
important action in which I am about to  
engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can ab-  
solutely *count* on my memory now. I can  
call the name of most any man I have met  
before—and I am getting better all the  
time. I can remember any figures I wish  
to remember. Telephone numbers come to  
mind instantly, once I have filed them by  
Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses  
are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what  
that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared  
stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I  
couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident,  
and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my  
feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a  
business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all  
is that I have become a good conversational-  
ist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx  
when I got into a crowd of people who knew  
things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning  
most any fact I want right at the instant I  
need it most. I used to think a "hair trig-  
ger" memory belonged only to the prodigy  
and genius. Now I see that every man of  
us has that kind of a memory if he only  
knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after  
groping around in the dark for so many years  
to be able to switch the big searchlight on  
your mind and see instantly everything you  
want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in  
your office.

Since we took it up you never hear any-  
one in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it  
was about so much" or "I forget that right  
now" or "I can't remember" or "I must  
look up his name." Now they are right  
there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph  
Smith"? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division  
Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company,  
Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from  
a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr.  
Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course.  
It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet  
with one hour a day of practice anyone—I  
don't care who he is—can improve his Memory  
100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another  
minute. Send to Independent Corporation  
for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what  
a wonderful memory you have got. Your div-  
idends in *increased power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

*While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this  
account of his experience and that of others with the  
Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are  
known personally to the President of the Independent  
Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr.  
Jones' story in all its particulars.*

### Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corpora-  
tion, the publishers of the Roth Memory  
Course, that once you have an opportunity  
to see in your own home how easy it is to  
double, yes, triple your memory power in a  
few short hours, that they are willing to  
send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the  
coupon or write a letter and the complete  
course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at  
once. If you are not entirely satisfied send  
it back any time within five days after you  
receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased  
as are the thousands of other men and  
women who have used the course, send only  
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 See her in "Eye for Eye"  
 See her in "Out of the Fog"  
 and soon in

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*Cecaldine  
Farrar  
at Home*



*Making  
Pictures  
at Universal*



# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE SCREEN SUPPLEMENT

**H**AVE you seen it at your favorite theatre? The stars as they are—little journeys to filmland—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE on the screen. A one-reeler issued once a month just like the magazine itself, full of the most interesting personal doings of the stars, entirely apart from their screen work—just as they are in real life; taking you right into the studios and showing you all the interesting phases of motion picture production. As you sit in a comfortable chair in your theatre you are borne as on a magic carpet through the heretofore closed gates which lead to the wonderful and mysterious regions of Filmland.

In every reel you will meet at least six or seven stars and see many phases of motion picture work. It is without doubt one of the most fascinating ideas ever put on the screen. You will gasp with delight when you see how it has been worked out.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Screen Supplement is being distributed by the Educational Films Corporation of America. Remember, it is issued every month.

*It is being shown now at hundreds of the finest theatres in America. Ask your theatre manager when he is going to show it.*





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the Most Beautiful Girl  
in the World is

**O L I V E****T H O M A S**

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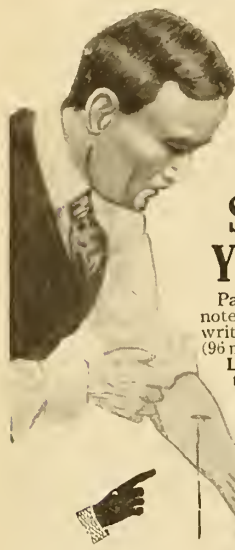
**UPSTAIRS AND DOWN**

**SELZNICK PICTURES**  
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# Watch Your Nerves

Is your Life's Blood trickling away? When you see red blood escaping you know your vitality is escaping with it, and you promptly stop the flow.



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Paul von Boeckmann, the noted Nerve Culturist, has written a remarkable book (96 pages) which explains the **Laws of Nerve Force**, and teaches in the simplest language **How to Soothe, Calm, and Care for the Nerves.** It is the result of over 20 years' study of nervous people.

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greatest lesson on Health and Mental Efficiency you have ever had, return it, and your money will be refunded at once—plus the outlay in postage you may have incurred.

A keen and highly-organized nervous system is the most precious gift of Nature. To be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher things in life—Ambition, Moral Courage, Love and Mental Force. **Therefore care for your nerves.**

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## How Mary Pickford Got Her Own Way

Miss Pickford has long wished to carry out her own ideas in the production of her pictures. Last fall she made the break—opened up her own studios with her mother as business manager and now, for the first time in her career, can make pictures exactly as she likes.

Her first very own photoplay will be advertised under her own signature—like this:

THE PICKFORD FILM CORPORATION Presents

 *Mary Pickford*  
In Jean Webster's Celebrated Story and Play  
**DADDY LONG LEGS**

Miss Pickford presents this American classic as an example of what her friends may expect from her own studios.

The screen rights alone to "Daddy Long Legs" cost more than is usually expended on the entire production of many photoplays. Miss Pickford wants to give her friends the very best stories, the kind she personally likes to appear in—and you may rest assured that everything about the new Mary Pickford Productions will be the best that money can buy.

**So don't mind if your theatre raises its prices  
for "Daddy Long Legs." It will be worth while**

Naturally, Miss Pickford had to arrange with a distributing company to handle the shipping and physical distribution of her films. For the distribution of her first three pictures she has chosen

**THE FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS CIRCUIT, Inc.**

A nation-wide organization of theatre owners who are banded together to encourage the independent star and producer to make bigger and better films than are possible on the old "program" plan.





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**For the Busy Business Man**  
Shorthand is of invaluable help in inducing business men to make their own notes of private business matters and telephone conversations.



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You can qualify for a splendid position in almost no time. Opportunities with-out number are waiting for you in business.



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You will find Paragon Shorthand of priceless aid in the prosecution of cases in Court and every day in your office. It is of inestimable value.



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**Send No Money—Just The Coupon**

You know how often you have wished that you could write shorthand. You realized what it meant to busy executives and to business beginners—in efficiency, advancement and increased earning power.

But like thousands of others you dreaded the long, weary months of study, the memory tax, the mental strain and the high cost, in time and money, of the old systems.

Now you can have your wish. Because, all that you dreaded is done away with in the Paragon Method of Shorthand. Instead of committing to memory something like 4,000 word-signs and contractions, which in other systems largely depend for their meaning upon position they occupy, you have only 26 word-signs to learn in Paragon. The entire system consists of

- The Paragon Alphabet;
- Twenty-six simple word-signs;
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- One general rule for abbreviations.

THAT IS ALL. The simple explanations and exercises are divided into seven lessons, the principles of which you can grasp in one evening. Speed will develop pleasantly as you make daily use of your quickly acquired knowledge.

This is the Paragon System. Thousands have learned the 7 lessons in 7 evenings. See for yourself how perfectly simple it is. Stop right here and study the specimen lesson at the right.

## EVIDENCE Of Its Merit

We have thousands of such letters as these on file:

**F. G. Cooper**, famous Cartoonist of Collier's, writes: "Within a few days after receiving your set of lessons I made all the notes in my pocket note-book in Paragon Shorthand. I had no previous knowledge of a ny shorthand. Weeks afterward I can read my Paragon notes. It strikes me that this is quite a recommendation for your system."

### In Court

"With Paragon, which I learned in 7 lessons, I am able to do any kind of work in Court with as great rapidity as the occasion may demand."

**J. Martin Hamley**, Lake Providence, La.

### With Uncle Sam

"It took me one week to master Paragon. My speed in 1 month was 80 words per minute."

**Bruno Bonquis**, 1330 F. St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

## Everybody Can Use Shorthand

Our records show that in addition to the thousands of young men and women who need shorthand as a help in their business careers, other thousands—business men, professional men, students, clergymen and literary folk—would like to know Paragon Shorthand as a time-saving convenience. Still others—fathers and mothers—would like to give their sons and daughters (this wonderful advantage in order that they may be able to be self-supporting any time it may be necessary. Many of these persons who have not a direct need for shorthand but want it as an instrument of efficiency and a daily time-saver would buy the complete course of Paragon Shorthand at a popular selling price.

### A Most Valuable Accomplishment

Thousands of young, ambitious men and women who have failed to learn the old, complicated forms of shorthand have learned Paragon with ease. They have since become court stenographers, reporters, assistants to business heads and in many cases executives of prominent concerns and institutions. Thousands of grateful letters now in our files attest these facts. Those printed at the left are typical.

### Paragon Is Used Everywhere

Paragon is used in the offices of the largest firms and corporations in the world, such as Standard Oil Company, United States Steel Corporation and the great Railway Systems.

### Shorthand Writers Wanted

Never before have American business and the Government at Washington felt so keenly the shortage of capable shorthand writers. Big business houses are looking everywhere for shorthand writers and are ready to pay any salary within reason to get the service they must have. Salaries are steadily advancing and yet the demand for shorthand writers has not been supplied.

## Paragon Institute Home Study Department

PARAGON INSTITUTE HOME STUDY DEPARTMENT, 601 Broad St., Suite 370, NEWARK, N. J.

You may send me the Complete Course of PARAGON Shorthand with the distinct understanding that I have 7 days after its receipt to either return the Course to you or send you \$5.00.

NAME.....  
BUSINESS.....  
ADDRESS.....



Photoplay 5-19

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

# Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., 25 W. 45th St., New York City (s); 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Meigs Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, La Brea and De Longre Aves., Hollywood, Calif.

CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

FAIRBANKS PICTURES CORP., 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1491 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Culver City, Cal.

THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

EXHIBITORS-MUTUAL DISTRIBUTING CORP., 1600 Broadway, New York City.

PATHE EXCHANGE, INC., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ANTRA FILM CORP., Glendale, Cal. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City (s); Hollywood, Cal.

SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); Edendale, Cal.

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal. (s).

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y. (s).

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).



# The Secret of Being a Convincing Talker

## How I Learned It in One Evening

By GEORGE RAYMOND

"HAVE you heard the news about Frank Jordan?"

This question quickly brought me to the little group which had gathered in the center of the office. Jordan and I had started with the Great Eastern Machinery Co., within a month of each other, four years ago. A year ago, Jordan was taken into the accounting division and I was sent out as salesman. Neither of us was blessed with an unusual amount of brilliancy, but we "got by" in our new jobs well enough to hold them.

Imagine my amazement, then, when I heard:

"Jordan's just been made Treasurer of the Company!"

I could hardly believe my ears. But there was the "Notice to Employees" on the bulletin board, telling about Jordan's good fortune.

Now I knew that Jordan was a capable fellow, quiet and unassuming, but I never would have picked him for any such sudden rise. I knew, too, that the Treasurer of the Great Eastern had to be a big man, and I wondered how in the world Jordan landed the place.

The first chance I got, I walked into Jordan's new office and after congratulating him warmly, I asked him to let me "in" on the details of how he jumped ahead so quickly.

His story is so intensely interesting that I am going to repeat it as closely as I remember.

"I'll tell you just how it happened, George, because you may pick up a pointer or two that will help you.

"You remember how scared I used to be whenever I had to talk to the chief? You remember how you used to tell me that every time I opened my mouth I put my foot into it, meaning of course that every time I spoke I got into trouble? You remember when Ralph Sinton left to take charge of the Western office and I was asked to present him with the

loving cup the boys gave him, how flustered I was and how I couldn't say a word because there were people around? You remember how confused I used to be every time I met new people? I couldn't say what I wanted to say when I wanted to say it; and I determined that if there was any possible chance to learn how to talk I was going to do it.

"The first thing I did was to buy a number of books on public speaking, but they seemed to be meant for those who wanted to become orators, whereas what I wanted to learn was not only how to speak in public but how to speak to individuals under various conditions in business and social life.

"A few weeks later, just as I was about to give up hope of ever learning how to talk interestingly, I read an announcement stating that Dr. Frederick Houk Law of New York University had just completed a new course in business talking and public speaking entitled 'Mastery of Speech.' The course was offered on approval without money in advance, so since I had nothing whatever to lose by examining the lessons, I sent for them and in a few days they arrived. I glanced through the entire eight lessons, reading the headings and a few paragraphs here and there, and in about an hour the whole secret of effective speaking was opened to me.

"For example, I learned why I had always lacked confidence, why talking had always seemed something to be dreaded whereas it is really the simplest thing in the world to 'get up and talk.' I learned how to secure complete attention to what I was saying and how to make everything I said interesting, forceful and convincing. I learned the art of listening, the value of silence, and the power of brevity. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I learned how and when to use humor with telling effect.

"But perhaps the most wonderful thing about the lessons were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making oral reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right way and a wrong way to present complaints, to give estimates, and to issue orders.

"I picked up some wonderful pointers about how to give my opinions, about how to answer complaints, about how to ask the bank for a loan, about how to ask for extensions. Another thing that struck me forcibly was that, instead of antagonizing people when I didn't agree with them, I learned how to bring them around to my way of thinking in the most pleasant sort of way. Then, of course, along with those lessons there were chapters on speaking before large audiences, how to find material for talking and speaking, how to talk to friends, how to talk to servants, and how to talk to children.

"Why, I got the secret the very first evening and it was only a short time before I was able to apply all of the principles and found that my words were beginning to have an almost magical effect upon everybody to whom I spoke. It seemed that I got things

done instantly, where formerly, as you know, what I said went in one ear and out of the other.' I began to acquire an executive ability that surprised me. I smoothed out difficulties like a true diplomat. In my talks with the chief I spoke clearly, simply, convincingly. Then came my first promotion since I entered the accounting department. I was given the job of answering complaints, and I made good. From that I was given the job of making collections. When Mr. Buckley joined the Officers' Training Camp, I was made Treasurer. Between you and me, George, my salary is now \$7500 a year and I expect it will be more from the first of the year.

"And I want to tell you sincerely, that I attribute my success solely to the fact that I learned how to talk to people."

\*\*\*\*\*

When Jordan finished, I asked him for the address of the publishers of Dr. Law's Course and he gave it to me. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he had stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to sell to people who had previously refused to listen to me at all. After four months of record breaking sales during the dull season of the year, I received a wire from the chief asking me to return to the home office. We had quite a long talk in which I explained how I was able to break sales records—and I was appointed Sales Manager at almost twice my former salary. I know that there was nothing in me that had changed except that I had acquired the ability to talk where formerly I simply used "words without reason." I can never thank Jordan enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking. Jordan and I are both spending all our spare time making public speeches on war subjects and Jordan is being talked about now as Mayor of our little town.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, publishers of "Mastery of Speech," Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how you can, in one hour, learn the secret of speaking and how you can apply the principles of effective speech under all conditions, that they are willing to send you the Course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete Course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the Course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

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### Independent Corporation

Publishers of The Independent Weekly  
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Please send me Dr. Frederick Houk Law's "Mastery of Speech," a Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking in eight lessons. I will either return the Course to you with five days after its receipt, or send you \$5.

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FREDERICK HOUK LAW

As educator, lecturer, executive, traveler and author few men are so well equipped by experience and training as Dr. Law to teach the art of effective speaking. His "Mastery of Speech" is the fruit of 20 years' active lecturing and instruction in Eastern schools and colleges preceded by an education at Oxford Academy, Amherst College, Columbia University, The Teachers College, Brown University, and New York University. He holds the degrees of A. B., A. M. and Ph. D. Dr. Law is the author of two novels, two books of poetry, and editor of six school text books. At present he is lecturer in English in New York University, Lecturer in Pedagogy in the Extension Work of the College of the City of New York, head of the Dept. of English in the Stuyvesant H. S. and writer of the Weekly Lesson Plans for the Independent.





# The right treatment for skin blemishes

*Nature intended your skin to be flawless*

**I**S YOUR skin fine, soft, attractive? If not, find out just why it is marred by blemishes; then start immediately to gain the natural beauty, the clear, radiant skin that can be yours.

Skin specialists are tracing fewer and fewer troubles to the blood. They say more often, skin blemishes can be traced to the bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores of the skin with dust, soot and grime. To clear your skin of blemishes caused by this insidious and persistent enemy, use regularly the following special treatment:

## To remove skin blemishes

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap; then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub

them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Rinse very carefully with clear, hot water, then with cold.

In addition to this special treatment, use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes. Before long your complexion will take on a new clearness and freshness.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. A 25-cent cake will last a month or six weeks.



**B**LACKHEADS ARE A CONFESSION that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin. A special treatment for this trouble is found in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

## Sample cake of soap

with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15 cents

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch". Or for 15 cents, we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's

Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 505 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 505 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



*JACKIE SAUNDERS braved the blizzards of New York's midwinter, but she heard the flowers calling and brought her frost-nipped nose and toes back to her very own lily-pond, on the Horkheimer place in Hollywood.*



## Midwinter in California

Photographs taken in February by Stagg, Los Angeles

**H**ORACE GREELEY'S advice isn't needed nowadays. "Go West, Young Man!" was a vital cry when there was nothing in the west but gray sage, brown sand, red Indians and roseate possibility. Oh, for a 1920 Horace Greeley to tell the boys to stay East, on the old prosaic farm, in the factory or running the store! The farther west you go now the less they seem to need advertising. When you get out on the Pacific slope, as evidenced by the little catalogue of attractions in the pages immediately following, they nearly have to make immigration restrictions. The land and the sky and the sun have always been there, but the architectural and human improvements are largely the work of the boys who listened to Mr. Greeley in the long ago. They began where the gold-miners left off; their sons made cities like Los Angeles and San Diego and the modern San Francisco, and their grandchildren constitute the very Grecian young folks who so delightfully adorn our screens.





*THE best little reason we know why the ocean is so close to the shore: Harriett Hammond. Her pictures—some even more moving than this—form part of Mack Sennett's divertissements for the tired movie fan.*





*ON the sun-swept plains of inland California can often be found Ora Carew, cantering on "Nigger." Which is to say that the seaside isn't the only haven of beauty and that Miss Ora has her own company now.*





*THAT stern and rock-bound coast the poet used to tell us about is out-of-date. Almost any afternoon you'll find the beaches lined with screen mermaids. That swim-suit was never made to swim in, Phyllis Haver.*





*L*IMOUSINES are Sennett-upholstered this season. Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost maintain the Sennett record for high visibility. (Note: don't blame the photographer; Marie's making a quick change for the next scene.)





*THE future heart-smasher, Master Ben Alexander, and Miss Virginia Lee Corbin, taking tea in Hollywood. The young lady used to do kid stuff for Fox. Ben, since "Hearts of the World," has appeared in "The White Heather."*





**T**HERE are no fish in Kathleen O'Connor's basket; it's filled with contracts. Kathleen, since appearing with Tom Mix in "Hell Roarin' Reform," hasn't been out of a job. She's with Universal now.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

*M*ANY of our leading financiers started life as newsboys. Well—Anita Stewart, started a recent day right—by posing as a newsgirl. The “extry” is probably all about Anita’s success in “A Midnight Romance.”



# PHOTOPLAY

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## Young Man: Stay Away From the Movies

— in your working hours.

The picture-theatre in the town or city is open all day, like the cathedral of old, because it is the temple of imagination. Here the tired woman, resting, may forget her household cares and find her soul. Between tasks or trains the busy man discovers a real recreative stimulus the lack of which once made him an easy subject for the saloon.

But you can abuse any good thing, and if youth has a cardinal sin, it is time-wasting. The fable of the tortoise and the hare is applicable here. As the artist shows above, while the hare tarries at the roadside, studying the theatre poster, the tortoise plods steadily onward to the work to be done. The average young man of seventeen, or twenty, or twenty-five, has no business spending his afternoons regularly in a picture show.

The only period of life where energy seems inexhaustible, where resource is boundless and ambition stands undismayed is the short golden day of youth. The unimproved days of youth can never be reclaimed, and from generation to generation the way of success grows more rigorous, its obstacles higher, its easy paths fewer and fewer.

Young man, you owe yourself three parallel courses: hard and regular work for your material and mental improvement, exercise for your bodily health, play for your mind and soul. If you want to become a success, and be a long-lived success, do not neglect any of these three essentials.

Remember that your loyalty to your employer is a carbon copy of your loyalty to yourself. If you steal his time you will steal your own—you are stealing it.

When your day's work is finished see that you can say to yourself: "Today I have done my uttermost—I have given the best that is in me—I know more about my job than I ever knew before!"

Then, young man, put your work aside with your overalls, your typewriter, or your salesman's persuasion—and play! Play with every energy of heart and imagination!

Then it will be movie-time, for there is nothing in the whole repertoire of make-believe at once so continuously diverting and variously informing as the living world seen through the window of the screen.



# Directors I

The director is usually depicted as a terrible, monarchial, inartistic, film-eating sort of roaring tiger. It behooves someone to write of him an appreciation. Here it is.

**T**HERE are, of course, fifty-seven varieties of directors. At any rate there are fifty-seven different ways of describing them—not to mention ways that require words which are not in my vocabulary. But there are only two important kinds: those who know their business and those whose knowledge is confined to fluent and plausible conversation about it.

Of the latter kind I know only by hearsay. My own personal experience has been singularly fortunate, as I have been brought in contact only with the most able and intelligent. And this is not said for the purpose of being ingratiating or from any reluctance to write unpleasant truths. You need only look over the list of directors I have been associated with in the making of pictures and you will see that they are all men whose skill is unquestionably admitted by everybody in the craft. Hugh Ford, for instance, Edouard Jose, Emile Chautard, Robert Vignola, Joe Kaufman and Hobart Henley—all men whose ability has been tried and proved.

Incidentally you will observe that every one of them is a theatre-trained man, got his schooling in the footlights, knows the history, tradition and technic of the drama. Their experience shows in their work. Perhaps it is easier for one who works with them to realize this fact than it is for you who sit out in front of the screen. But even this is doubtful, for the letters that arrive in my mail every day show me that the people who go regularly to cinema theatres have a critical and intensive knowledge of technical values that is sometimes quite awkward! But that, as Kipling would say, is another story.

For my part, I was lucky from the very first moment I went into pictures. My very first director was Hugh Ford. The play was Hall Caine's "The Eternal City." For both of us, it was our first picture. He knew no more about the cinema than I did, except that he had thought a great deal more—not only about the cinema but every other conceivable subject in the world.

I could write an entire article about Hugh Ford, and I think I should, although writing is not in my line, if it were not for the fact that it would annoy Hugh to death. For he is that rare and most

Above, Joseph Kaufman, standing with the scenario in his hand. In the picture at the left, Emile Chautard. In circle below, Edouard José directing Miss Frederick in a scene for "La Tosca."



The panoramic scene above shows Hugh Ford directing Miss Frederick, his first director, is standing at the extreme



# Have Known

By  
PAULINE FREDERICK

tearing their hair in frantic rage with an actress who was trying to explain that nice women are not supposed to prance out into the street all smothered in jewels, that ladies do not receive men callers during the middle of the afternoon in negligee and other absurdities even more grotesque.

The anecdotes about the ignorance of these comics are so numerous that one forgets them as soon as one hears them. There are no anecdotes and no legends about the Hugh Fords, the Chautards and the Hobart Henleys for the obvious reason that there is nothing ludicrous about ability. Outside of a limited circle inside the profession nobody knows how much Hugh Ford, for one, has contributed towards the improvement and cleanliness of pictures.

*(Continued on page 109)*

incredible and inconceivable of creatures—a theatrical man who hates publicity. He really does hate it; perhaps he would be worth a great deal more money today if he did not. The only thing he pays any attention to—with the exception of his wife and daughter, who is not merely the apple but the pomegranate of his eye—is his job. It frequently irritates and wearies me to hear the snobbish and supercilious absurdity that the cinema people consist entirely of ignorant, illiterate mountebanks. (I am not talking about the actors now. Let some one else defend them.) But whenever I see that statement in print and think of men as cultivated as Hugh Ford, Frank Reicher, Emile Chautard, to say nothing of a host of others, it rather annoys me. It is an unfortunate fact but the ignorants, the humbugs, the creatures who don't know whether Balzac was an author or a face powder, seem to be the standards of judgment in pictures.

Of course the humbugs do exist and in large numbers, among directors as in every other branch of the craft. I have seen some of them

This is a most recent portrait of Miss Frederick. Below—with Robert Vignola, another of her directors.

Mishkin



Frederick and Tom Meighan. Mr. Ford, who was Miss Frederick's right of this picture, his back to you.





# “O-h S-i-d-n-e-y!”

A Drew Comedy of  
Married Life—in a  
Motion Picture Studio.

By SYDNEY VALENTINE



**E**VERYTHING  
Was All Ready—  
The Court-room  
Was in Order—  
That is, the Judge—  
Who with a Little Change  
Of Make-up,  
Would have Made  
A Good Irish Comedian—  
Reached Over  
And Ticked the City Clerk  
With a Feather Duster, and  
The Gentlemen of the Jury,  
Such Stern Grave Men usually,  
Were Jesting with the Bailiffs,  
Who in their Turn  
Were Nervously Dodging  
Shifting Scenery;  
The Court Reporter,  
Sat There,  
Her Note-book Open,  
And her Mother  
Came Up to her  
And Talked Awhile—  
It was All So Informal—  
When over the Room  
Rang a Feminine Cry of Distress—  
“Oh Sidney!”  
Where  
Was Sidney?  
Mrs. Sidney Drew  
Wanted to Know.  
She Stood There,  
Beside the Camera,  
From which Vantage-point  
She'd Bossed the Staging  
Of the Court-room Set.  
It was, you See,  
Out at the Essanay studios  
In Chicago, where,  
Between Performances of  
“Keep her Smiling,”  
The Drews Made Pictures  
For Paramount.

And Everything was Ready—  
But Sidney.  
“What does he Mean,  
Keeping us Waiting?”  
More Insistent this Time—  
“Oh—Sidney!”  
“Here'm, m'dear,”  
And Sidney Shuffled In,  
Very Drew-Barrimore, and  
Taking his Time.  
“Everything  
Look All Right?” snapped  
Mrs. Drew, directress.  
“Everything's  
Fine,” said Sidney—  
Casting a Casual Glance Around.  
He was  
The Attorney  
For the Defense;  
The Prisoner  
Was On Trial  
For Something or Other—

He had Too Much Make-Up On,  
But then the Charge  
May have Been Murder.  
Sidney Mounted the—the Rostrum,  
And Faced the Jury.  
“Sidney—  
Say Anything.  
You—try  
To Look Interested,  
If you Can;  
Keep on Writing,  
Court-reporter—”  
(I Know the Names  
Of All the Extras—  
It's ‘You.’)  
“Oh Sidney!” called Mrs. Drew—  
(He was Joking with the Judge)—  
We're Fading In!”  
“Friends, Romans, and  
Motion Picture Actors,”  
Began Sidney.  
(Don't Think  
Extras haven't  
Any Sense of Humor—

He Kept 'em Smiling,  
All Right, as soon  
As Mrs. Drew called  
“Fade-out,” and even she  
Had to Laugh.)  
He Won his Case,  
And Embraced his Client—  
And the Court Reporter's  
Fond Sealskinned Mother  
Watched Lovingly from the Side-lines  
While they made a Re-take,  
And her Extra Daughter  
Sat with a Blissful Back  
To the Camera,  
Jotting down Interminable  
Hieroglyphics—  
Dad Would Hear all about this  
At the Dinner-table.  
Mrs. Drew  
Was such a Ladylike Directress;  
Wonder How it Felt  
For some of the Actors  
Not to be Sworn At?  
The Only One  
She could Get Real Provoked At  
Was Sidney.  
“Oh, Sidney—  
How do you Expect us  
To Take a Close-up  
When you Turn your Back?”  
First Time  
I Ever Heard  
Of an Actor Doing That!



The final fade-out on “Henry and Polly”—and  
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

At the Finish.  
Mrs. Drew's Blue Eyes  
Twinkled Just as Persistently,  
And her Black Hair was as Unruffled  
As if she'd been  
Spending the Day at Home.  
“Hello there,” she said—  
“Oh, I'm not Awfully Tired—  
Used to this, you know.  
Surely, I Direct;  
Sidney  
Holds Up the Acting End.  
Don't You, Sidney?”  
“Of course, m'dear.”  
Mrs. Sidney:  
“You shouldn't  
Have Talked so Loud  
In that Scene, Dear;  
You Really Must  
Save your Voice.”  
Sidney Rambled Off—  
“Please Say  
That Sidney's Habit  
Of Rubbing his Nose  
Isn't Vulgar at all.  
Oh Sidney!”  
Turning to Me—  
“We've Just Time Enough  
To Get to the Theatre,  
If we Hurry—”  
And as I Left,  
I Heard her Calling him—  
“OH SIDNEY!”





## Friséé la Clarayoungué

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG couldn't change those melodious eyes—so she changed her coiffure. You might glance at the above portrait and say that Miss Young has a different do on her hair, and let it go at that. But Clara, you see, invented the combined delectation of curl and marcelle wave, and her Los Angeles hair-dresser calls it the "Friséé la Clarayoungué." A Rochambeau bend, as it were. It made its debut in "Cheating Cheaters."





# "From the

From the gold-embroidered the Sennett bathing outfit, backed by costuming that is a

By ADELA

**C**LOTHES are the morale of the moving picture.

The average fan, disinclined to mental effort when the pictorial result is satisfactory, may cherish a hazy notion that Charlie Chaplin "just growed," shoes and all, or that Geraldine Farrar sprang forth full armed and armoured, like Minerva from the brain of Jove.

But let me tell you anyone who thinks costuming the movies is merely a matter of slinging a few stereotyped outfits on the lowly extra and spending large sums of money on sartorial gorgeousness for the twinkling star, is in the wrong trench.

It may look easy. So does a peace conference.

I have tramped through miles of dust, from the hills above Universal City to the sea that rolls beyond the Goldwyn studios at Culver City, I have seen enough clothes to cover all the armies of Europe, perhaps, and I know that behind the pleased sense of fitness, beauty and accuracy that is carried away from the theatre when a picture is properly costumed is a psychology deeper than Ibsenism, a bank roll that sounds like a Liberty Loan, and brains, work and time enough to rearrange a couple of empires before breakfast.

The good, old days when the star had only to appear from iris in to iris out in sufficient—no matter how inappropriate—gorgeousness, when a maid was only a maid, be she parlor, kitchen or

Pauline Frederick's wardrobe costs \$75,000 a year. At the left, Miss Frederick in cerise satin, designed especially for screen appearance. This gown photographs a "live" black.





# Skin Out"

robe of the Queen of Sheba to the motion picture of today is brother-art to the cinema itself.

ROGERS ST. JOHNS

mer, and the wardrobe department consisted of twelve policemen's uniforms, have gone the way of mint juleps and Shakespeare repertoire companies.

You may not have analysed it, but today the movies are correctly, perfectly and expensively, or inexpensively as the case may be, costumed, from the chiropodist to the hairdresser. Next time you watch your favorite emotional actress depicting the mental and moral stress of a betrayed wife, you need feel no qualms for the shoulder strap that appears about to reveal secrets hidden even from the family album. She has received the okeh of the wardrobe head from the skin out. Venus rising from the sea couldn't get by without that stamp of official approval.

From Louise Fazenda's comedy shoes, that look like they had been rescued from a Bolshevik ash barrel but really cost \$7.50 a pair specially manufactured, to the hats that crown Pauline Frederick's \$75,000 a year moving picture wardrobe; from the gold embroidered robe of the Queen of Sheba, reproducing exactly

the garment that exalted lady wore before Solomon (who must have been some judge of clothes, by the way) to the yard of material used to make bathing suits for the Sennett bathing girls, the motion pictures of today are backed by costuming that has become an art, a science, a business — and morale.

For much, much more than the mere effect which the actor or actress must achieve in the finished picture from a sartorial point of view depends upon the costuming. The very ability of the artist to be—to live—to completely sink himself in

Clothes have a great deal to do with establishing a character on the screen. In the circle on the opposite page is a scene from "Old Wives for New." The slouchy character in the kimona is none other than Sylvia Ashton, the groomed lady at the right of this, with the tall plumes. Her companion is Mrs. A. B. Hoffman, Lasky's designer and modiste.



Mabel Normand owes a great measure of her accurate duplication of "Sis Hopkins" to the skill and co-operation of the wardrobe department. The greatest difficulty was in making the pigtails true to Rose Melville's characterization.

a part, depends largely upon the ease, the becomingness and the appropriateness of the costume. It is the unanimous verdict of all costuming departments that every detail of a costume must be correct in order that the morale of the company may be kept at highest pitch.

It is hard enough to make a girl from behind a cafeteria counter who never saw the inside of a drawing room act like a debutante who cut her teeth on grandmamma's diamond bracelet. But clothes, more than direction, more than anything in the world, will accomplish it.

It is the old psychological point that the man who starts a row with his wife when her hair is done up in curlers and her last year's apron is





The gowns worn by Gloria Swanson, star in Cecil deMille's recent productions, come from the artistry of Peggy Hamilton. Miss Swanson is known as the hardest star in pictures to costume, but the screen's most wonderful clothes model.

tied over her nightgown is likely to get hit with a stove lid, while if he waits until she gets into her own particular imitation of Clara Kimball Young, she'll exchange icy stares and personal remarks with him for an hour without a dish being cracked. Bromidically, fine feathers *does* make fine birds.

The new movement in costuming appears to be summed up in a very few words—dress the story first. The costumes are worked out from the manuscript, as to correctness and type, and then their style fitted to the particular wearer.

In the beginning, most studios dressed their own stars. Since that time, custom has fluctuated considerably, until at one time nearly all stars and many important players furnished all their own clothes, except in costume pictures. Now, however, the majority of the big concerns have adopted the policy of dressing everything and everybody in the picture. Directors who aim for harmony of production and smoothness of effect and detail find that the ensemble registers with more success if all the costumes pass beneath the one hand—that of the head of the wardrobe department.

Most of the studios have imported New York de-

signers of note to place in charge of this work and many of these women draw salaries that need not blush beside those of the stars they dress. The designer becomes one of the most important links in the chain of picture producing and more and more is assuming the function of overseeing the atmosphere of a picture and dictating as to social usage and dress propriety.

The fact is that in a scene where the star is supposed to be among people of her own kind and class, it is distinctly necessary that everyone in the scene should be as well dressed and as rightly garbed as the star. It has been discovered that where stars dress themselves they are too apt to think of their own value alone, and to stand out like a peacock in a hen coop, which may be nice for the star but "ain't art." I know of one picture in which a very excellent actress who shall be nameless absolutely ruined the story by wearing, in the character of a smart young widow about to wreck homes, an antiquated white princess dress. Her appearance made such a jarring note and so took from the force of her supposed attractions that the story became laughable. It is to avoid such mistakes as these that producers have set up their wardrobe departments.

The growth of these departments has been akin to the proverbial mushroom. Four years ago the Lasky studio owned two racks of clothing for which a kind-hearted junk man might have offered \$200. These treasures were kept in a small back room and guarded by a wardrobe mistress and a small boy who enjoyed handing out waiters' aprons and comedy hats. Clothes for extra people were



Carmel Myers, in "The Little White Savage" wore a costume supposed to be made from seaweed woven into cloth and sewed with thongs. The wardrobe department, unable to obtain the proper materials, used its ingenuity combined with burlap and coarse thread. Mrs. Duncan, the wardrobe mistress, declared this picture to be the hardest she ever costumed.



largely rented from costumers and stars provided their own wardrobes.

Today the costume department of this concern has its own two-story building, employs fifty people, and has a stock valued at \$200,000. From this vast array of material can be costumed almost every thing that walks and while the amount invested seems large the saving in time, rental and the overcoming of all difficulty in procuring demands from costuming firms, is avoided. Besides the everyday needs such as New York policemen's uniforms, Northwestern Mounted Police hats, Salvation Army lassies (overseas stuff at that), ballet dresses, cowboy raiment, hayseed effects, Japanese kimonos (male and female), Harem trousers, Apache get-ups (French

tion, but because the public has signified a desire for modern stuff. After all there is no age so interesting as our own just at present.

Unusual costume pictures, such as "The Woman God Forgot," "Joan the Woman," "Intolerance" and "The Clansman" demand an amount of work that is almost unbelievable. One hundred and fifty extra workers were employed at Lasky's during the production of the first named picture, and private individuals and costumers were also called upon.

In cases such as this the research department of the studio makes the most exhaustive study of this period possible and submits its notes and pictures to the head of the wardrobe department. In conjunction with these references are obtained from universities, museums and private libraries. Often it will be found that some one person in a city has made an exhaustive study and hobby of one thing and can furnish invaluable data.

In this way, the Aztec costumes for "The Woman God Forgot" were idealized effects from woodcuts obtained at a museum. The Montezuma robes, it was learned,

*(Continued on page 97)*

Geraldine Farrar in the much-criticised dress worn in "The Hell Cat." The contention was that the outfit, a cross between Spanish grandeur and Southern hospitality, was out of place in the frontier Wyoming. Miss Farrar defended herself by saying she would have been ridiculous in the conventional "western" garb.



Above, an illustration of the sanitary rulings in the modern studio. Monte, the wardrobe man in the Universal studio, is shown spraying the clothes worn by an "extra" cowboy. This practise, after each garment is used, renders it sanitary for the next wearer.

and Indian), trench coats, butler's dignitaries, ministerial cloth (and collars), old maid's dresses (virtuous and otherwise), football and baseball uniforms, nature dancers' costumes, or lack of costumes, Russian boots, farmers and farmerettes, Dolly Varden's and grande dames, suits of armour, Chinese queues, Polish whiskers, Alaskan dog harnesses, and such like trifles, every sort of material is on hand and the large staff of dressmakers, milliners, tailors, needlewomen and fitters can soon produce any extraordinary demand.

Costume pictures are not popular at the present time and are little done, not because of any difficulty in getting the necessary things to do them with nor the amount of money necessary for produc-





# You

Photographs  
by Persistent Search



This carefully curled and banged bit of Dresden china doll is none other than Vitagraph's Corinne Griffith, at the threshold of her fourth year. Though she is looking off-screen, it is easy to understand that her mind is on those puffed sleeves.



Observe above one of the quaint relics of that tempestuous era on our western frontier when men died for gold, made their own laws with sixshooters, and wore terrifying petticoats. However, Eugene O'Brien's face showed potential Irish even when the above picture was taken. Boulder, Colorado, is the photographer's address, and Gene's age was four. The little panel joined at the upper right shows Gene at the age of eight months.



# Never Can Tell!

Lincoln started out as a woodcutter, Joan of Arc was a peasant's daughter, Woodrow Wilson was once a professor, and—

Gail Kane seems the picture of innocence here—just below. Who would imagine that the demurely starched three-year-old would be a fascinating adventuress when she grew up wrecking hearts and homes for a weekly check in three and four figures. Gail seems to bear out George Bernard Shaw's assertion, quoted above, that  
you n. e. t.

Here's June Elvidge—World's Jumbo, as a member of the bib-and-tucker brigade; and she is in her first decollete. Looking at this picture, and observing the poise and easy dramatic grace in her attitude, it is easier to believe that actresses are born, not always grown-up.



Edna Earle—above—at the age of six months, took close-ups very seriously. Now Edna smiles—and the motion picture and still cameras hold no terrors for her. You'll remember Edna, with Metro and Universal.



This is Alma Hanlon's first "professional" photograph and it was taken, so the inscription says, when she was two and one-half years old. Then it was that Alma spoke her first piece—at a church bazaar.





**W**HEN Olive Thomas alighted from the train at Los Angeles station, she stepped right into the arms of husband Jack Pickford—and incidentally, into the Pickford limousine. The camera does not record the actual greeting but it is said Jack made life miserable around the L. A. Athletic Club before Olive came from the east to make pictures, permanently, in California. The Pickfords are now bungalowing in a palace on Wilshire Boulevard.





# Wild Honey

THE old parsonage nestled down under the huge oak tree which framed it and beamed on the passerby like a benign, friendly face. In the gathering dusk of the village, it seemed to have large eyes, glowing with lamp-light, a hospitable door of a mouth and two dormer windows, placed like quizzical eyebrows. On this evening in early spring, it was smiling paternally on a couple pacing back and forth on the road before its gate. "Come right in," it seemed to say. "I may be old and weather-beaten but I have a young heart burning right this minute in the library grate. Ordinary people call it a wood fire but you two know better. Come right in but look out for my broken step."

For some reason, the couple outside seemed loath to accept this genial invitation. At first glance they might be mistaken for blissful lovers strolling in the twilight without a care in the world. But if you watched them until they passed the crossroad lantern, you would realize that their faces were anything but blissful.

"We mustn't do it, David," the girl was almost sobbing. She was an exceedingly pretty girl with a delicate rose-bud face which could break into the merriest dimples but which was now wet with tears. "You know we can't," she repeated. "Your congregation would never forgive us. It's always unwise for a minister to marry an outsider and in

A story particularly interesting to those contemplating marriage with an actress—or a minister.

By DOROTHY ALLISON

this case it's a million times worse because—"

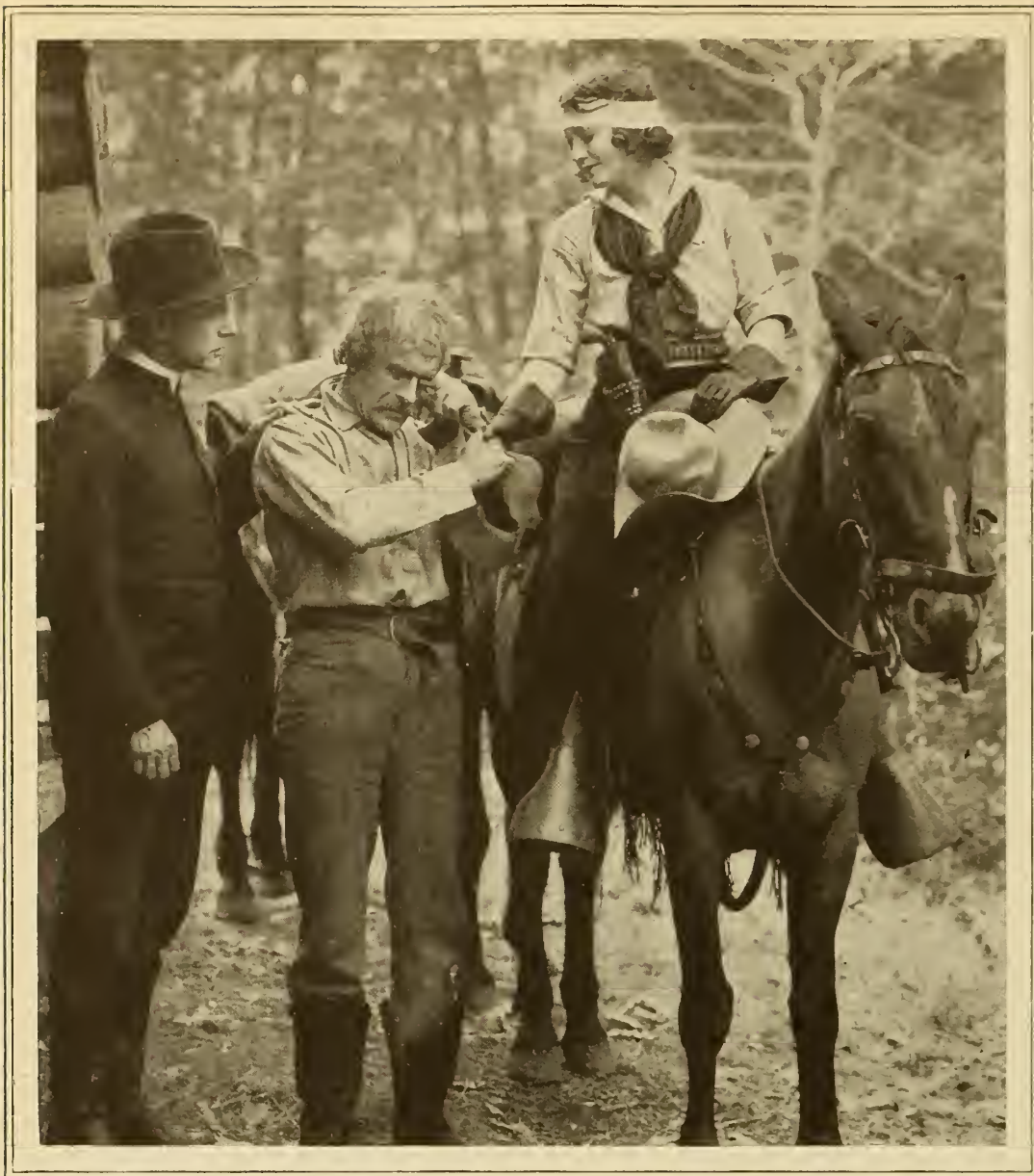
"Because you're an actress," the young minister finished for her. His keen ascetic face was set in grim defiant lines which softened as he looked down at the wistful figure beside him. "You know there isn't another reason in the

world that could keep us apart," he added more gently. "I tell you, Letty, you've grown hypersensitive thinking about this thing. There are only a few in my parish that are prejudiced against the stage and they'll change their minds when they see you, they couldn't help it. And anyway, they shouldn't be encouraged in such sinful narrowness. It's my duty to broaden them," said poor David rather helplessly and without the slightest consciousness of humor.

"If it were anything but your career, I wouldn't care," said the girl tensely. "I'd face poverty and hunger and battle murder and sudden death for you," she went on growing more and more scriptural. "But this would react on you. Your work would grow more and more difficult and you might even begin to hate me," and at this awful thought she again dissolved into tears.

The young minister gathered her up in his arms in an embrace which was both resolute and helpless and then cast an appealing glance at the parsonage as if seeking advice from its venerable traditions. And as he looked, a yellow light gleamed out from the library window and he saw the





After thanking "Lefty" for his timely intervention, the two went together down the long, long trail that lead to the parsonage and, finally, back East.

gaunt, scholarly figure of the Rev. James Holbrook bending over the lamp. It gave David the inspiration which the stars had withheld from him.

"Letty," he said with a new note in his voice, "I want ask you to trust my judgment. But there's a man in that house who knows everything about human beings that there is to know in and out of books. We'll go to him and tell him everything and ask for his advice. If we do, will you abide by his decision?"

The girl looked up at the silhouette of the old minister as he paced back and forth before the lighted window. The kindness of the mild, stooping figure brought her the same resolution that it had brought to David. "I will, David," she said firmly, "if you'll promise that you will."

For answer, he tucked her hand under his arm and led her up the twisting, mossy path to the door of the parsonage. The minister heard their steps on the walk and opened the door himself before they could raise the heavy, old fashioned knocker. His welcome was a hearty echo of the invitation which the house had given them.

"Come right in, come right in," he beamed. "I was just wondering if you two were ever going to pay me a visit. I began to think it was professional jealousy—two ministers in the same county, you know. Well, my boy, how goes it?"

He settled them both before the huge colonial fireplace, for a few minutes talked ecclesiastical "shop" to his young colleague. But, while his manner was perfectly unconscious, his shrewd eyes twinkled with the knowledge that their visit was not purely social. And almost before they knew it, he had drawn from them the story of their brief, tempestuous romance and the problem that now faced them. David spoke at first with characteristic reticence and then as the parson's tactful inquiries drew him out, he grew more and more confidential until Letty also added her version and they were both talking in an eager duet of confidence.

As they finished, the parson sat silent for a minute, watching the leaping flames in the fireplace. When he spoke, it was without any tone of ministerial authority.

"I never give advice on such matters," he said, whimsically. "But don't tell the church trustees for that's what I get paid for. But I find that such advice usually has a boomerang twist to it and I might as

well save my breath for quoting scriptures. So instead I'm going to tell you a story. It isn't a scriptural story but it is just as true as if it was. It's the life-history of a man I know very well—another minister. He must have some sort of a name so we'll call him the Rev. Jim Brown."

As he began, Letty nestled closer to David in their nook by the window seat. The two young eyes were fastened eagerly on the pastor who seemed almost to forget them and to be telling his story to the crackling fire.

"Jim Brown had all the advantages of a Boston Back Bay training," he began. "Perhaps that was why the Lord saw fit to call him to the wildest and most unruly parish in the newly settled West. It was only called a parish by courtesy for it hadn't even a regular church, just a crude sort of meeting house which the cowboys had tacked together in a fit of religious zeal and then left to the mice and spiders. He told me he never would forget the day he arrived there on the old stage coach and climbed down the rickety stairs into a crowd of curious but hostile strangers. The stage had stopped in front of a large sinister looking building and a crowd of girls and half intoxicated cowboys poured out from its doors to greet the mail. Jim learned afterwards that this building was the 'Thalia' and known as the lowest and most hectic dance hall in the West.



"He thought it best to disregard the evident antagonism of the 'parish' which at present was little better than a half civilized mob. He found for himself a little shack high up on one of the hills where he could fly when the struggle with the powers of evil in the town below grew too intense for his nerves. Then he went to work.

"On the first day he canvassed the dance hall. The huge room, heavy with tobacco smoke and the fumes of alcohol seemed to Jim an inferno of whirling dancers, white-faced gamblers and flushed, unsteady drinkers. But Jim was no quitter and he went from one group to another quietly giving his invitation for divine service in the chapel.

"His advances were received with alternate stares, sneers and profanity but most of the habitués promised to come though some of them warned him that 'hell would break loose' if they did. He was leaving the hall and had just reached the door when a shout went up from the cowboys at the other end of the hall. 'Honey! Wild Honey!' they were cheering as a lurid little figure in flaming scarlet dashed through the door and threw herself into the rhythms of a wild Spanish dance torn from the keys by an excited pianist. She ended with a toast to the 'boys,' the glass held high by one delicate bare arm, but just as she was about to drink, her eyes met those of the young minister, standing gravely in the doorway. The wine-glass dropped from her tense fingers and she turned to the boys still flushed from the mad dance. 'Who's the tenderfoot?' she asked almost in a whisper.

"'It's the new parson,' they answered in a riotous chorus. 'Meet the new parson, Honey. Parson meet the life of the party, Wild Honey!'

"But Jim had vanished, carrying with him a vision of dark, smouldering eyes and dusky, disheveled hair which would remain with him he knew as long as memory lasted.

"He didn't see her again he told me, until several days later when he came upon her in the woods on his way to evening service. She had been dashing through the pines on her nervous little pinto 'Gypsy.' Gypsy had picked up a stone in his hoof and refused to move until it was taken out. Jim gravely removed the stone while Honey perched on a nearby fence and chattered. She told him of her life in the camp and of her friendly affection for the rough 'boys' who crowded the dance hall.

"'They are a noisy lot sometimes,' she said, 'but decent and kindly especially if you're up against hard luck. All except Hadding—Dick Hadding. He's a regular bad one. Some day he's going to find that the "Thalia" isn't any too healthy for him, especially when I'm dancing there.'

"'Has he annoyed you?' Jim flared out half astonished at his own vehemence.

"'Would you care if he had?' taunted Honey with a mischievous grin which vanished in a stare of amazement at Jim's white infuriated face.

"'He'd never live to annoy you twice before me,' said the minister of the gospel between set teeth. He had forgotten the neatly written sermon with its text of 'Love your enemy,' reposing at that moment in his pocket.

"Honey continued to stare at him for a full moment and then her face softened into an expression of ineffable tenderness. Without the slightest warning she threw both young arms about his neck, pressed her lips to his and then, in almost the same gesture, leaped on Gypsy, who galloped off down the path.

"For weeks after that moment Jim did

not see Honey except for the glimpses he would have of her dark head just below his pulpit at his Sunday services. Her expression as she gazed up at him seemed demure enough but he sensed mockery in the swirl of her skirt and the rose nodding at her belt. He had lived for more than a month on memories until he again came upon her in the woods as she was struggling with Gypsy who was capricious and refused to be mounted. Jim lifted her to the horse in his strong arms but before her foot caught the stirrup he drew his face close to hers. She shook her head vehemently and swung herself deftly into the saddle.

"'Not here,' she laughed. 'I won't be kissed with a black-bird watching us. If you come to the "Thalia" tonight—then perhaps.' And with a provocative glance over her shoulder, she galloped off on Gypsy and was lost in a whirl of dust.

"But that night, in Honey's bizarre little room, it was Jim who was resolute and forbidding. 'I lost my head in the woods today,' he told her. 'I won't ask you for a kiss again, at least not until tomorrow. For after tomorrow you will be my wife.'

"'Your wife—!' Honey's voice broke in a gasp of astonishment. But her sudden joy changed to terror as she heard heavy steps and a chorus of gruff voices on the stairs.

"'It's the boys from downstairs,' she whispered. 'They must not find you here. You won't hide? Then there's nothing but the window.' And Jim, hating himself as a sneak and an interloper, swung out over the casement and slipped down to the soft earth beneath.

"As Honey opened the door in answer to a thundering knock from the outside, she found the stairs crowded with sturdy cowboy figures, their faces flushed and angry.

"'Seen the parson, Honey?' said Dick Hadding who led the mob. 'He's wanted badly.'

"'What's he wanted for, Dick?' Honey answered in a steady voice, though she was still trembling with excitement.

"'Well, it ain't no Sunday school charge,' he sneered. 'It's for murder, that's what it is, Honey. He shot Danny Brett in cold blood and we found his hat in Danny's dead hand. He'll swing when we catch him. You ain't seen him? Well we'll find his shack in the mountains and lay for him there.'

"Honey closed the door with shaking fingers and tried to collect her dizzy thoughts. Above the turbulent whirl of her surprise and terror was the firm determination to reach Jim at all costs and warn him. She knew the secret path to his little cabin and had seen it through the trees. Making sure that the boys were out of ear-shot, she threw a cloak on over her evening dress, slipped down the stairs and tore away on Gypsy up the trail.

"Meanwhile Jim had settled down in his cabin to an hour's work on his Sunday sermon with Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs' spread out before him. His mind was very far from sufferings of the early saints, however, and a very human meditation was interrupted by a sudden pounding at the door. He opened it and stood calmly facing the same mob that had confronted Honey a few hours before with Dick Hadding's evil face leering in the foreground.

"'You're wanted, parson,' he snarled. 'I guess you know what for. You're a good preacher on Sunday and a first-rate gun-man the rest of the week.'

"Without a flicker of his eye-lids Jim met the sinister gaze of the bully and the hostile faces behind. 'I don't know what devilment of yours is back of this, Dick Hadding,' he said. 'But I'll go with you quietly. Will you wait till I get my hat?'

(Continued on page 107)



## Wild Honey

**N**ARRATED, by permission, from the story by Vingie E. Roe in the Pictorial Review, and as scenarioized by Louis Joseph Vance and produced by De Luxe Pictures, Inc., with the following cast:

Mrs. Holbrook	} .....Doris Kenyon
"Wild Honey"	
Pastor Holbrook	} .....Frank Mills
Rev. Jim Brown	
Dick Hadding	.....Edgar Jones
Joe Stacey	.....John Hopkins
Jim Belcher	.....Joseph W. Mack
"Doc" Bliss	.....Howard Kyle





Billie Burke's latest camera pose. Done by Alfred Cheney Johnston.





# Lending Enchantment to Distance

A neat reversal of the old formula by getting Billie Burke on the far end of a thousand-mile telephone wire.

By JULIAN JOHNSON

**T**HIS periodical's publisher, vice-president, general manager, screen supplement director and all-around factotum should have been an artist. In fact, he is one.

He rushed into the editor's office—on his return from a recent trip to New York—without stopping even to put down the demi-tasse typewriter which constitutes the main portion of his travelling luggage.

"I've brought a beautiful cover of Billie Burke!" he exclaimed. "We've got to match it up with a story—"

"Excellent for early summer," affirmed the editor. "Billie Burke has just gone to Palm Beach, so of course—"

"Early summer rats!" interposed the P., V. P., G. M., S. D. and A. A. F. "The time to use this Billie Burke cover is *now*. And the story accordingly."

He reminds me of the Russian Emperor who, discovering an interminable wrangle between two factions of engineers on the course of a railroad between Petrograd and Moscow, took a ruler and a pen, drew a straight mark between the two cities, and said: "There gentlemen, is your line!"

A little more than eleven years ago I saw Billie Burke for the first time. She was then the adorable ingenue leading-woman for that sleek, svel.e gentleman who has since become stout—John Drew. She was playing "My Wife," and all of you who recall that footlight sensation of 1907 must remember the roguish, pink-haired, blue-eyed girl who romped away

with hearts male and female, old and young, from New York's Battery to Frisco's Bay.

Since then, many interesting things and many high honors have happened to Billie Burke—and how very, very, very much has happened to the world and all the rest of us!

It is quite a new Billie Burke that the pictures found, two seasons ago; a Billie Burke no longer an ingenue, but in the prime of fine young womanhood, with a personality as elusive and distinctive in sunshine as in the upshine of floor-sunk electric—

—and considerably more elusive, and just as distinctive, no doubt, in these February days when she was basking in Florida sands with all the reporters a thousand miles away to the north in cold and rain and influenza.

I happened to remember that one of Billie Burke's adventures in these ten years has been the quite usual feminine adventure of marriage: the other party to the contract being Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., creator of Follies and Frolics and Chief Justice in the World's Court of Pretty Girls.

One Leon Friedman has, during the whole Ziegfeld regime, been the mouthpiece and publicist of the follies-maker—therefore what less could be expected from him than an easily procurable reminiscence, based upon association and information, of Mr. Ziegfeld's charming and celebrated wife?

Leon was highly accessible—he thought it could be done.



Photo © International Film Service

Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld (Billie Burke) and her daughter, Patricia, on the sands at Palm Beach.





Above, Billie Burke, as she looked at the time of her first stage appearance. In the center of the page, with her husband, Flo Ziegfeld, in golfing garb, at Palm Beach.

No recourse left but the telephone.

And don't believe them when they give you these saccharine, smooth-flowing accounts of long-distance interviews. So far, I'd never had one that had even the least traces of success. You're bothered with cut-offs, bad connections, and what you might call wire-fright at both ends of the line. My subjects have always been bored, and the only thing I've ever been able to think of—while endeavoring to ask snappy questions in a bright way—was the auditor's blasphemy when he came to look over the expense accounts at the end of the month.

However—

The mail and telegraph address was simply Palm Beach, but Alfred Cheney Johnston, the benevolent old black-box Rembrandt whose ornate photographs anon appear upon these pages, suggested that I try the Vanderbilt's cottage, in which, he believed, the Ziegfelds were wintering.

A long wait after the call, then an assortment of clicks and monosyllables, a servant's somewhat querulous questioning, then a long silence, and then—the voice I first heard in "My Wife."

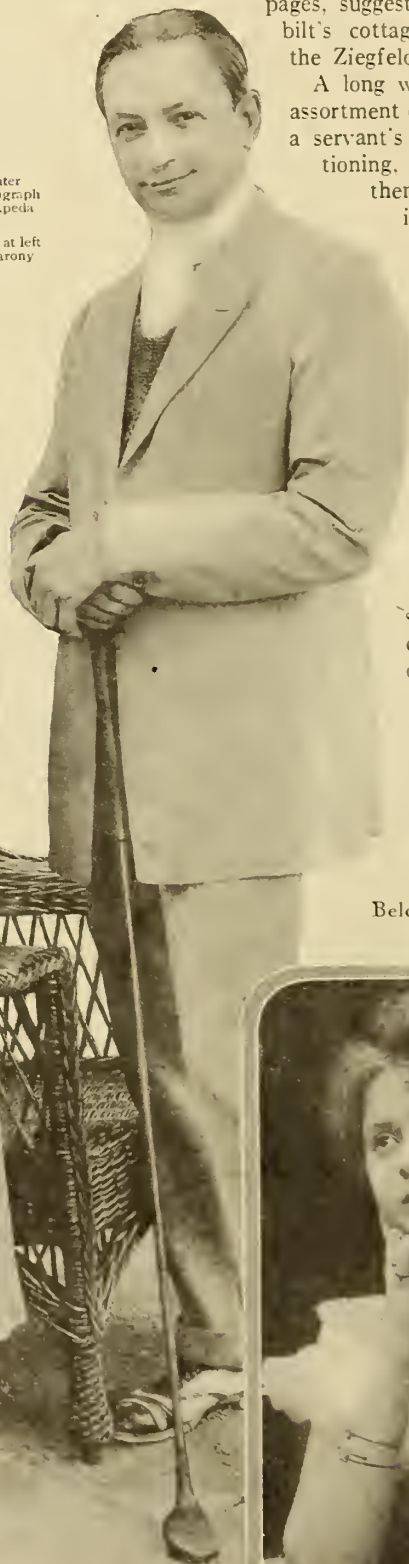
I couldn't think of anything to say, after introducing myself, and receiving a pleasant but risingly-inflected "Yes?" by way of reply and recognition. But at some dollars a minute, you simply must make conversation. I took from the colloquial shelf bromide No. 1.

"How's the weather?"  
"Oh, fine!" came the silvery and surprisingly clear answer. And then, derisively, "Did you expect me to say that the ocean was frozen and the oranges were banked up under the snow-drifts? I suppose that's the sort of weather you're in?"

(Continued on page 105.)

Center Photograph by Apeda

Photo at left by Sarony



And so we sailed on the ship of easy hope until two days before press time, when—utter consternation in a message from Mr. Friedman, still holding on like the Americans in the Argonne, but with even less on which to hold.

"I'm a walking dictionary" — wired Mr. Friedman from St. Louis—"on the Follies, alphabetically arranged, from Dolores to Pennington. I can give you an essay on peace problems, for while I don't know much about Alsace, I know all about Lorraine. But I'll be darned if I can tell you anything about the boss's wife, because he won't mix Hastings-on-the-Hudson with the New Amsterdam theatre. He wires me to go ahead with the story—and won't give me a fact or a picture to go ahead on."

So much for so much. Sheridan is at Winchester, twenty miles away—without a horse or a Nieuport or a Curtiss. Not time enough even to go to Palm Beach, even if such a desperate expedient were to be considered.



Below, Billie Burke at the age of fourteen.





# What Makes a Gas Engine Go?

By means of the "animated cartoon" educational films now explain a number of mechanical mysteries.

By CHARLES FREDERICK CARTER

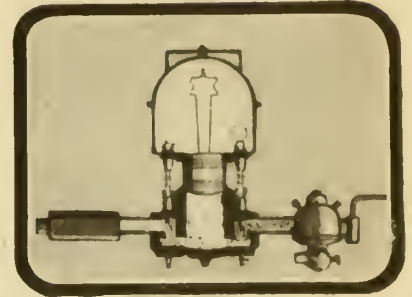
**P**RODUCERS are now going into strange fields for stars. They are luring out from their uneventful routines such potential "star" material as George J. Gas Engine, Cecil Depth Bomb, Johnny Magneto and the rest of the scientific crowd.

One of the most striking things about the development of the motion picture art lies in its rapidly expanding usefulness to the world. Up to the present day, its real, vital usefulness has lain unapplied while the cameras ground lyrically on, providing pure entertainment for the millions. Its development as a medium of thought transference and actual instruction has not been so marked until the last year or so. In this connection, the general public knows little perhaps, of the so-called "animated diagrams,"—the younger, but more austere, brother of the old-familiar "animated cartoon."

Perhaps you're wondered what makes a gas engine go, or the principle on which the electric battery is operated. Or how coal forms.

The technical animated drawing simplifies the most complicated engineering feat or contrivance so that the unskilled may quickly grasp the idea since its tendency is to simplify and impress only essentials upon the mind. Thus did this medium serve not long ago to make clear to millions of moving picture patrons exactly how the New York subway was constructed

Even to many auto-users the gasoline engine is a mystery. The screen, by animated cartoon now illustrates the principle of the action of the engine.



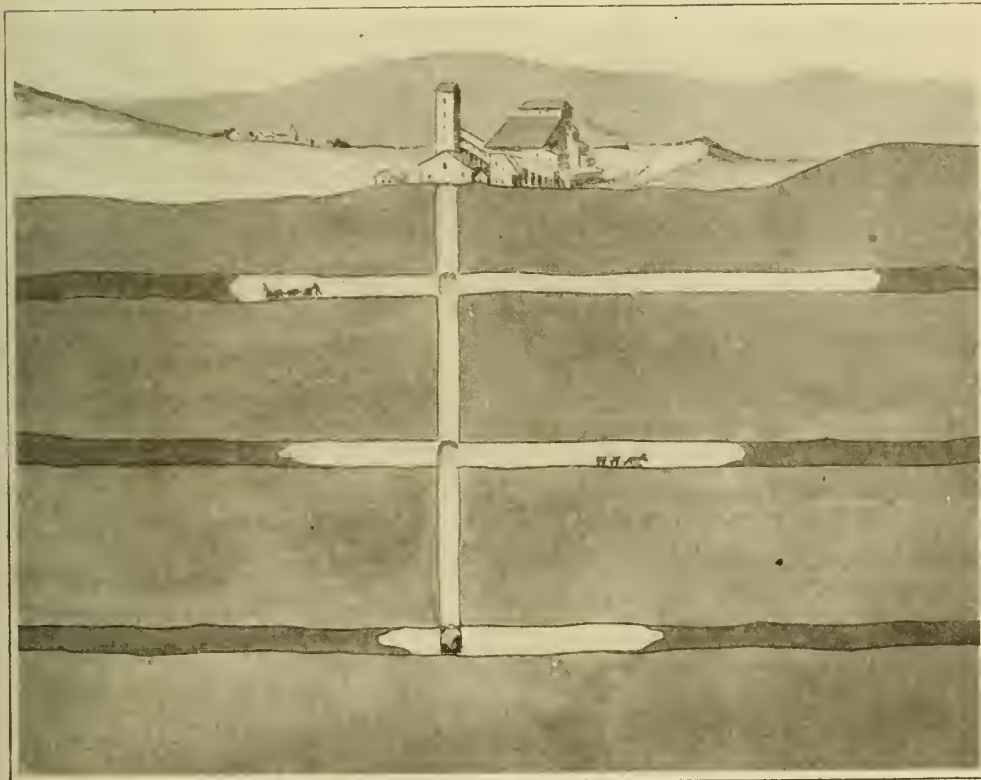
Here is the most effective short-range weapon used in the war. It is the Stokes-Mortar and its operation is shown by animated cartoon.



Many a submarine owed its demise to the effective use of the depth bomb. Of this we have heard a great deal but understand little. Its process is shown on the screen.



*Illustrations furnished by courtesy  
Paramount-Bray Pictograph*



The process of coal mining is no more absorbing than is the geological explanation of the formation of the black fuel. Motion pictures in the form of animated drawings, now show the origin of coal as vegetation in the primeval forests, the strata of pressed-down natural waste and its gradual evolution into coal.

step by step and all shown in the period of a few hundred seconds.

Members of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States are captains of industry, commerce and finance who have so many affairs of great pith and moment on their minds that they are much pressed for time, or think they are, which is just as bad. So when some ingratiating person inveigled the Chamber into giving thirty minutes of its precious time at its annual session at Atlantic City last fall to an exhibition of animated drawings explaining industrial processes and the operation of intricate mechanisms the great majority of these busy men, being under the impression that the ingratiating person had put something over on them, formed a high resolve not to be bored to death with a mere motion picture show, but to go right on talking and



thinking real business during their thirty minutes of martyrdom.

But that was before the show began. From the moment the first picture flashed on the screen every man in the audience forgot all else and concentrated his fascinated attention on the animated drawings. When the half hour was concluded the exhibitor dutifully stopped and turned up the lights. Whereupon an especially busy man jumped up and plead for unanimous consent for another helping of pictographs, which was indorsed with enthusiasm; and the machine ground on for another twenty minutes, for all of which the assemblage spent enough more time to express its appreciation in a vote of thanks.

Now note what happened as the direct result of this Atlantic City showing as these Big Guns of the Business World scattered to their homes throughout the length and breadth of the land and began to talk of what they had seen. Subjects particularly suitable were exhibited before the Good Roads Convention at Chicago, at the Executives Club of Chicago, and before the Rotary Club of New York. Also to the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in New York were shown some animated drawings of special interest to the profession and in the same manner before the American Society of Mining Engineers in New York City.

To edify and instruct two hundred sales executives at the

**ASK THIS DEPARTMENT**

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theatres.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures.

Address: Educational Department  
**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, CHICAGO**  
(Send stamped, self-addressed envelope)

Aldine Club in New York City in some new departures of peculiar interest to them, appropriate animated drawings were provided.

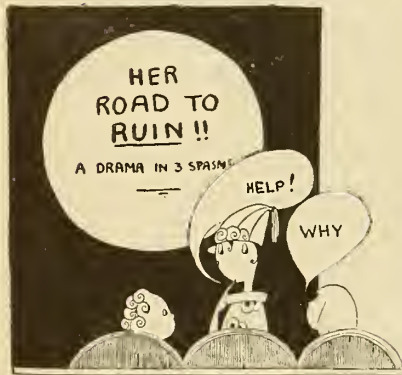
Not to stretch the reader's patience beyond its elastic limit, the foregoing may be taken as typical of the profound interest which Big Business has recently begun to take in the possibilities of animated drawings in speeding up its affairs. Had Big Business been a faithful motion picture fan it might have learned some time

ago that animated drawings explain a great many things it never understood before, because animated drawings rush in where the motion picture camera not only fears to tread, but where it couldn't go if it wanted to. They make clear in a very few moments what weary hours of reading or attending lectures or studying blue prints and diagrams fail to explain. In fact, the animated drawings were made exclusively for exhibition in motion picture theaters at first, for epoch-making inventions never spring full fledged from the brain of the inventor but are the product of evolution.

John Randolph Bray, originator of the Paramount-Bray Pictograph idea and J. F. Leventhal, got busy and did a whole lot to develop and expand the pictograph along mechanical lines and invented practical ways of improving and expediting the formidable work of producing the films. Being  
*(Continued on page 108)*

## A Shattered Illusion — in Six Parts

By FISH, in *London Taler*



Eve takes her little nephew and niece, Peter and Pamela, to the pictures for a treat. The title of the first item raised some apprehension in her breast



and explanations became difficult—



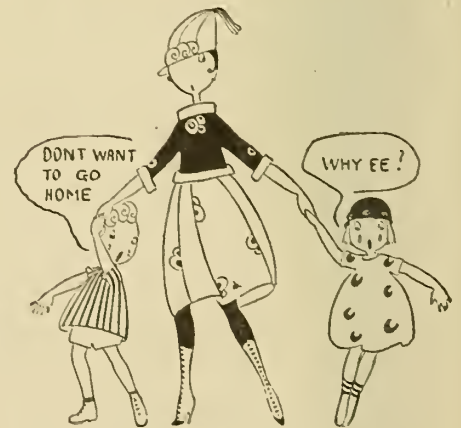
and more difficult—



—and yet more difficult—



—until seized with despair—



—she brings the party to a hasty and unwelcome conclusion.



## Some Thoughts on Decent Pictures by Men Who Make Them

"THE right of free speech has cost untold agonies and rivers of blood. It is not to be thrown away. And after all, pictures have a very effective censorship in the persons of 'Pa,' and 'Ma,' who will soon regulate any producer who offends the decencies."

—DAVID WARK GRITTTII, World-Famous Director.

"The best commercial word in our slogan is the word 'Clean.'" ADOLPH ZUKOR, President Paramount-Artcraft.

"The Pennsylvania censor board, one of the strictest in the United States, has not turned down a Metro picture in three years."

—RICHARD A. ROWLAND, President Metro Pictures Corporation.

"We kow-tow only to Public Opinion—the one infallible censor."

—CARL LAEMMLE, President Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

"First National was organized to encourage great artists to give their very best in wholesome and inspiring amusement."

—J. D. WILLIAMS, President First National Exhibitors' Circuit.

"I pledge myself to make clean pictures just as naturally as I would pledge myself not to drink Prussic acid, leap into a blast furnace or throw myself in front of a railroad train."

—LEWIS J. SELZNICK, President Select Pictures.

"My standard of pictures is fixed by whether or not I would be willing to have my young daughters see my productions."

—J. STUART BLACKTON, President Blackton Productions.

"Motion pictures in general have done more to improve the morals of American cities than any other factor in ten years."

—SAMUEL GOLDWYN, President Goldwyn Pictures.

THE motion picture manufacturers of America have pledged themselves, through PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, to the manufacture of clean pictures.

They express themselves as unqualifiedly in favor of screen decency, and are not only against the more obvious manifestations of evil influence, such as the questionable scene and the suggestive story, but are against anything and everything in picture manufacture which is morbid, unwholesome and un-American.

It is with a great deal of satisfaction that we set their statements down in these pages. With one or two marked exceptions, the whole trend of the industry is toward decency, and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has chronicled that trend as a news fact. The picture manufacturers of the United States are not a lot of panderers, a band of moral wolves taking toll from evil inclinations—as the professional reformers would have us think. They are American citizens engaged in the greatest art business on earth; they are purveying not only amusement but a genuinely necessary commodity of relaxation to other American citizens, and they know, as any merchant and manufacturer knows, that a besmirching of their own product is as fatal as false weight and adulteration in trade.

And without exception they are against censorship as undemocratic, un-American, a reversion to the intolerance of the Middle Ages, and, if by any ill-chance effective, the most powerful and dangerous manifestation of professional reform—short of martial dictatorship—possible in this country.

The replies of a majority of these manufacturers are given herewith.

These are not the random recollections of an interviewer, strengthened to suit the occasion. They are statements given by responsible men over their own signatures.

This has been an open winter for busybodies. The self-imposed guardians of public morality have indicated, by their words and deeds, that the movie-going millions, on the one hand, had not sense enough to choose between right and wrong, and that the men who make the movies, on the other hand, were professional debasers—two birds of insult from a single stone of innuendo. The attitude of the people has been shown in their vigorous response to the intelligent and preferential methods of The Better Photoplay League of America. To

# "Clean Pictures!" Every Manufacturer's Pledge

Photoplay Magazine tabulates the mightiest vow in the history of the industry—and unmask a united front against the professional censor.

By JULIAN JOHNSON

one set down here was rushed in by telegraph.

Adolf Zukor, speaking for his numerous manufactories grouped under the main divisions of Paramount and Artcraft, replied: "The case of clean motion pictures against dirty motion pictures resolves itself entirely—in my judgment, and as expressed in the policy of The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—into the proposition that the American public is of clean mind, possessed of high ideals. As to whether the American people want nasty pictures there is but one answer: they don't. It didn't require years of experience in providing entertainment for the American people to find this out. Anyone who has ever attempted to commercialize nasty books, nasty pictures, nasty thoughts never reaped any other harvest than a whirlwind of despair and financial and moral failure. This corporation is pledged to make the motion picture screen clean and fit to be viewed by every member of the American family, from father to the youngest daughter. The slogan of Paramount and Artcraft pictures is 'Famous Stars superbly directed in Clean Motion Pictures'—and the best commercial word in that slogan is 'clean.'"

J. D. Williams, President of the First National Exhibitors Circuit, said: "The First National Exhibitors Circuit, composed of the leading theatre owners of the country, with \$45,000,000 invested in motion picture theatres, established this organization as their tangible instrument of activity for united effort to improve the quality of screen attractions, and to encourage great artists to give to the public the very best in wholesome, inspiring amusements of which their genius is capable. We stand for clean pictures and the absolute elimination from the screens of our theatres of obscene, malicious, objectionable and vulgar effort. This latter type of production is the last resort of producers incapable of competing with real ability

(Continued on page 113)

discover the attitude of the manufacturers—whether they judged stories on any other point than pictorial and dramatic values, or whether they, too, had an unequivocal clean picture plank in their office platforms—the Editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE asked the head of each institution the point blank question. It is significant, from any point of view, that these replies were not only given immediately, but that every



# A Cross

By

ADELA ROGERS-ST. JOHNS



"Marriage, in the last analysis, always depends upon the woman. She must not expect man to come up to her level until she has brought him there."

IT is not only that the sight of the erect, brave little figure in its significant widow's garb amid the emphatic cheerfulness with which she surrounds herself in her home is rather like coming upon a sturdy, white cross in the midst of a full blown garden. Nor that her simple, black gown, with the white frills at neck and wrist, sets her apart from the whirl and excitement in which she works at the studio.

The reminder goes deeper—into the shadow of her eyes above the bright, unflinching smile.

Ethel Clayton's director husband, Joseph Kaufman died a year ago, just when the two had signed a five-year contract to come to California and make pictures for Lasky together. So Ethel Clayton took up alone the journey that was to have been the crowning joy of her life. Before his going, in the fullness of her love, she must have been rather like a garden herself—fragrant, lovely and wholesome.

She is still like such a garden dominated by a cross of sorrow.

The thought of it came to me, I think, the moment I saw her in the big room of the widespread bungalow, beneath the Hollywood hills.

It was the most completely cheerful room I have ever seen. There was a fire of fragrant logs snapping on the open hearth and birds in painted cages singing brightly. Shaded lamps glowed rose and amber. There was an open grand

piano and many, many books in the high shelves that lined the four walls. A little dog, with sparkling eyes, who growled cheerfully to itself, ornamented the Persian rug before the blaze. The whole was warmly enclosed by the raspberry velvet draperies that shut out the darkness and wind.

In the deeps of a deep divan, piled with myriad-colored cushions, the black robed little figure reclined.

"I am glad," she said quietly, "that my loss came at a time when the world has come to understand death as the most extraordinary experience of life—a mere passing beyond the door. It may seem strange, but the thought that so many, many women are facing this same parting from their loved ones has brought me consolation, as though we subconsciously reached out to aid and strengthen each other, a sort of sisterhood to see that the great hour of peace



Ethel Clayton's bungalow, where she lives with her mother, rambles down a sunny slope of the California hills.

is not overshadowed by the weight of our sorrow."

Her finger still marked its place in a volume of Mark Twain. She looked almost exotically blond and the chief characteristic of her beauty is its tropic colorfulness. There is no suggestion of the young girl about her, though she is so vitally alive. She gives at once the impression of a woman in full bloom.



# In a Garden

The philosophy and personality of that exotic widow, Ethel Clayton.

As I watched her and listened to her, I began to understand why she has made for herself a place unique in the galaxy of screen stars, a place that may be compared with that which Margaret Anglin holds on the speaking stage. Her rise to stardom has not been meteoric. She has worked up step by step, from the old pioneer days at Lubin, with her husband's aid, to a finished artistry always to be relied upon for a performance of thoroughness, thoughtfulness and charm.

I believe this is so because she is intellectual, rather than brilliant or clever.

"It is my ambition," she said with her little friendly smile, "to become identified in my work with real women. By 'real women' I mean neither the very good nor the very bad women, but the vast multitude of human beings who come somewhere between.

"As a matter of fact, I've never known a very good nor a very bad woman, have you? I've known some that were seemingly inseparable and incomprehensible mixtures of both, and the worst woman I ever knew was a 'good woman.'

"Women fascinate me—women who are struggling with their problems wherever they may be and climbing upward, either in married life, in girl life, or in the vast business of making a living.

Life, after all, is an art that must be learned. As one learns to talk, or write, or swim, so one can learn to live, no matter what comes, no matter what comes.

"Women make this mistake more than men. That is because women are all naturally hero worshippers. They must have something to adore. So they take a man and place him on a pedestal and crown him with a halo. Then they blame the poor thing because he quite naturally comes tumbling down from a place where he had no business and no desire to be in the first place, and in his fall, knocks off the halo.

"I say it's the woman's own fault. Men are merely men and they must be taken with all their weaknesses, their masses of vanity, their humanness. They aren't so bad, most of them, merely human. Very often they are wonderful and worth while, if they aren't forced out of their sphere. As companions, as friends, as lovers, as husbands, they will prove satisfactory, but as gods they usually develop clay feet and many a happy marriage has been wrecked because the wife insisted on making a domestic idol of her partner. Woman should not expect man to come up to her vision, nor to have reached the place of development she has reached.

"It is so strange that the faults of those for whom we have no responsibility never annoy us greatly. It is only when we feel a sense of obligation to change them that they become unbearable. If women would only let men progress along their own lines, encouraging them by atmosphere and example, but resisting the temptation to preach, much would be saved.

"Marriage, in the last analysis, always depends upon the woman. The woman who sees beauty with her mind and achieves happiness with her soul, will find them no matter



Photograph at right by Evans' Studio

It is Miss Clayton's first picture season in the west; between scenes she enjoys her own flowers, her own box hedge, and her own toy dog.



"I've never known a very good or a very bad woman. The worst woman I ever knew was a 'good' woman."

"To me, you see, the great mistakes of the world are its extreme judgments. It is so absurd to say that this is right and that is wrong. Because no two things in life are the least alike, are they? We don't judge a landscape by the standards of Rembrandt, nor the compositions of a jazz writer by Beethoven. We should have the smallest expectations and the widest charity.



where she is, just as the most exquisite poems have blossomed in the trenches. But she must not expect man to come up to her level, until she has brought him there."

"Then," I asked, "I judge you don't believe in equality between men and women?"

She shook her head pensively. "One does not talk of equality between a cabbage and a rose," she said, with a pretty shrug. "I am very fond of cabbages and they are a useful and nourishing vegetable, but no one would think of comparing them with a rose, or blaming them for lacking the beauty and perfume of the flower. Of course, in the external, work-a-day things there should be equity. But women stand beneath and behind the progress of the world. Men

have taken a monstrous stride, though, through what they have learned from the war. Perhaps that is one reason the war came, that men might learn to sacrifice and endure and battle for humanity, as women have always done.

"But all we can learn or theorize of equity goes flickering before the fact that women are the mothers of the children.

"Of course there are many women who have not developed up to the standard of womanhood, just as there are men who have gone far beyond the average standard of manhood. I knew such a man. But never trust a woman that is too sweet with a man. I have known wives that were called 'so sweet'

(Continued on page 116)



Drawing by Irvine Metz

## Canning the Deadly "Vampire Rays" — By LEIGH METCALFE

THE producers of the pictures featuring the celebrated screen vampire, Miss Banana Unripe, claim to have discovered that the vampire, or man-taming mesmeric ray, employed by the actress in "vamping" her screen victims, has a peculiar virility and that it can be "canned" and used again. Miss Unripe is here shown dragging the victim into her iniquitous clutches. Note that, after striking the victim, the rays float upward where they are, by suction, turned into the great intake and thence, by pipeline, to the packing department. Quite a canning organization is already at work preparing this peculiar force for the world market, the artist reports. Just how these "rays" can be assimilated and used again to best advantage is yet a problem. Scientists

differ as to whether the would-be vampire should inhale it or take it in a spoon with her food. Scene on right shows riot following first announcements of sale of canned vampire rays in large New York department store.

In connection with the foregoing, it is interesting to note that science blames the wave of domestic unrest among directors and cameramen to the indirect effect of the vampire's wiles while they work. Miss Unripe, who always has great consideration for the happiness of her employes, has provided gas masks for cameramen and director. Perhaps the great stock of gas masks owned by the war department might be profitably sold to the vampire studios —perhaps!



A Review  
of the New Pictures

# The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By  
JULIAN JOHNSON



In "The Unpardonable Sin," Blanche Sweet, as the outraged Alice, evidences to the full her capability for a sort of tragic facility.

WHILE the Better Photoplay League is drawing its brand *Excalibur* for clean pictures, this department will brandish a bludgeon for sensible ones. Homer Croy, in his new book on the movies, has a phrase that lodged crossways in my imagination; he referred to the text of our screen entertainments, or the majority of them, as "Fourth Reader stories." The unfortunate thing about this statement is that it is true.

Not true of every photoplay, fortunately. So far I haven't pushed a month behind me in which I haven't seen at least one—and sometimes several—clear, charming, forceful, imaginative or merely and sheerly entertaining specimens of active photography. But for one "Don't Change Your Husband" we have a hundred punk dramas of bunk domesticity. Against one real social glimpse like "Virtuous Wives" we have a thousand shockers for servants about the rich millionaire and his bird in a gilded cage. After one "Shoulder Arms" what infinite miles of melancholy are unwound in the name of laughter!

Some day there is going to be a Columbus among picture producers. That Columbus will discover that the fifteen cents and war tax hoi-polloi—the common people who are supposed to incessantly demand these Fourth Reader epics—are the same people who have gladly brought affluence to many great artists in other lines.

In other words, the cheerful and uncomplaining citizenry who pay out their dimes and their quarters for celluloid saccharine—because they seldom get anything else—also read John Galsworthy's novels, have a few good records for their talking machines, and attend the best plays when they have an opportunity.

Called upon for an offhand opinion as to its probable popularity, how many motion picture producers would have considered "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" worth the cost of the first edition? Yet the fact that it has run through seventy-six editions in America in seven months argues that others than college professors and literary ladies have been after it in the book-shops. The American people—the same average people who go to the movies, neither very wise nor very dull, neither very flush nor very broke, neither very saintly nor very devilish—like to discover art and acclaim an artist.

That statement, I am aware, is most unorthodox. Never-

theless, I maintain that it is true. Nowadays there aren't so many mute inglorious Miltons as you'd suppose. And at the present price of roses and the present general dissemination of population, American Beauties are no longer born to blush unseen. If you have the goods, it may take quite a while to sell them, but *you will* sell them, if you keep at it, and proffer them with comprehensible salesmanship.

I wish the average picture producer had my faith in the average audience. In four years of close screen observation—I generally see pictures in the theatres, and not in the projection rooms—I have never seen a high-class photoplay fail *when it had a good story*. I might qualify that by adding—a good story with a healthy tone. Both "Stella Maris" and "The Whispering Chorus" were high-class stories, but the first succeeded because of its normality, and the second failed, popularly speaking, because of its morbid abnormality.

When I talk of the picture producer, here, I don't mean the corporation captains-general on Fifth avenue and along Forty-Second street. I mean the bosses of production in the studios. They go by various titles. The men who chose and order the mill-run of photoplay manufacture.

I'm not saying that the poor fellows haven't their troubles. Believe me, they have! They are cursed by quantity production. They are told to be artistic on the Henry Ford basis.





"Romance and Arabella," featuring Constance Talmadge, is a human and therefore appealing trifle about a young widow and a handful of matrimonial bets.



"Common Clay" is a well-told screen version of the stage play, though with some very radical departures.



"Johnny-on-the-Spot" is a melodrama and farce-comedy flavored with Hale Hamilton's breezy personality.

This in itself is enough to make them misanthropes. Their one unpardonable sin is their very evident loss of faith in the great public for whom they make pictures.

The faculty that makes a young man like Marshall Neilan, or sustains a mature artist like D. W. Griffith, or draws general attention to George Loane Tucker, or builds Lois Weber, or compels a universal affection for Charlie Chaplin, is the faculty of giving the best and finest that one possesses. I dare say that none of these persons makes use of that commonest of studio terms: "Oh, that'll be over their heads!" Does the average American audience appreciate true elegance in appointment, true life in characterizations, true art in location and photography, true comedy—sometimes too deep for physical laughter—in situation? The success of those gentlemen and that lady seem to shout a very positive "Yes!"

The prime quality of a sensible picture is its trueness to life. There are, indeed, other qualities, but we haven't space to consider them here, and they are, anyway, of minor value.

In subtitled a peculiarly horrible lack of common sense is very generally manifest. Cast out the big words in those descriptions. Don't give us copy-book maxims for conversation—give us our lingo; it may be inelegant, sometimes, but by gosh, it's ours, and it's expressive. Shakespeare wasn't afraid to use Elizabethan chatter even in blank verse, and Rupert Hughes—the most graphic stylist in America—never uses forty adjectives to describe a sunset, nor does he make a man spout an oration when all he wants is a little love.

The alarming prevalence of the subtitle on stilts, the machine-made plot and the denaturalized human being are three reasons why this department is about to check out of the League of Nations and start a war of its own on the non-sensible photoplay.

#### THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

—Garson Productions

An impressive photoplay, filled with splendid characterizations, remarkable photography, and a thoughtful perfection of detail which honors the intelligence of the beholder. Rupert Hughes novel is perhaps the most stark fictional indictment of Teuton terrorism and brutality yet written by an American, and is a work fairly familiar, now, to the whole story-reading public. In it we find the sad adventures of the two Parcot sisters, Alice and Dimny; American girls both—the one with her mother in Belgium at the outbreak of the war, the other with her father in California. Dimny is destined to great sorrow, but also to great adventure and ultimate happiness. But of Alice Mr. Hughes wrote: "She was one of those whom misfortune had selected for its very own. Innocent, meek, unresisting, without even the debit of a little wild happiness, she had known the extremes of horror, of shame, of remorse, and had come to that woeful epitaph, 'better dead.'" For Alice, and her mother as well, were both victims of German brutality; these American women were no more sacred to the Prussian powers than so many nuns—and nuns, in the early days of the great gray march, seemed the favorite pasturage of the professional soldier's lust. So it comes that Alice, receiving word of their plight in a letter which tells all by striving to tell only a little, starts wildly toward Europe. In her tense state she is the victim of an unfortunate encounter, and her nerves collapse. She passes into a state of coma from which she is awakened only by the profound efforts of a disinterested boy, Noll Windsor. Together they go to Europe.

The outstanding performances are Blanche Sweet's, in the roles of the sisters Dimny and Alice; and Mary Alden's, as the mother. Although Miss Alden has far less to do than Miss Sweet, it is an equally significant performance. Miss Sweet as the outraged Alice evidences to the full her capability for a sort of tragic futility—a lifelike thing which is not acting, and which is not the pompous manifestation of self-sorrow which many of our players think is tragedy—that is the very mirror of real despairing existence. So does Miss Alden remain perfectly in the picture. She presents a handsome, well-bred woman approaching middle age, and even in her extreme mo-



ments there is nothing to suggest the crushed and blasted girlhood of her daughter. Rather, she becomes a calm, sombre, poised and waiting spirit—the mother of the Greek plays. On the other hand, as Dimmy Miss Sweet is altogether the adventurous girl—sensitive, refined, but always unafraid and ready to battle for her own honor or the honor of those she loves. Dual characterizations are so possible in pictures that they have come to be a misfortune, thanks to the people who dabble in them. But here is a dual characterization which is a dual characterization—that is to say, Alice Parcot, the gentle slaughtered lamb, is not and could not be at any time the valiant sister whom she so closely resembles.

Matt Moore is delightfully human—a liveable sort of young fellow—as Noll Windsor. Wallace Beery vouchsafes a piece of portraiture as the German Col. Klemm for the like of which we will have to go back to the early Griffith plays.

Marshall Neilan rises to a standard of direction he has not touched since "Stella Maris." His use of light and shadow makes his screen look now and again like a master-painted canvas, rather than a white sheet momentarily glorified by flashes of electricity.

He has departed from Hughes story-ending, and while I can see that the new version is more expedient for the screen, and perhaps more popular, in a certain sense, Hughes' original seems far more legitimate and logical. If the Germans had been as easily outrun and outchased as they are in this picture—to say nothing of being outmaneuvered by a couple of small boys in their own headquarters—they would never have crossed the Rhine. However—it's a master picture if you pardon these playful weaknesses of the playful Mr. Neilan. And little freckle-faced Wes' Berry, as the indomitable George Washington Sticker, is going to sweep the country with a wave of personal popularity rivalling Robert Anderson's after the birth of "Hearts of the World."

#### OUT OF THE FOG—Metro

Austen Adams' story of two lonely women and sexual and psychological disaster on a lonely island. On the stage it was called "Ception Shoals," and Alla Nazimova, as she does here, played mother and daughter. A fisherman who might have come from a page of Coleridge has a sister, Faith, who unfortunately loses, by death, her plighted lover. Faith's situation is of course unfortunate, and rather than endure the imprisonment her brother Job imposes, she kills herself in a great leap from the lighthouse tower. But the baby lives—and is this little person in her teens—nervous, active as a kitten, eternally wondering, alternating merry and tempestuously sad, at once the plague and the care of old Job—who enlists Nazimova's finest interpretative qualities. Indeed, as the strange unworldly Eve she has many of the little subtleties and whimsicalities that have not been evinced in a similar part since Maude Adams played Peter Pan. The end of the screen story is happy, whereas the end of the stage play was violently woeful. Here, a woman in a woman's uttermost extremity is brought to Eve's island prison, and at once she learns the mystery of her own body, and all the truths of life which the crustacean Job has kept acidly away from her.

At the same time she has learned to know what love is, even though she doesn't recognize it. Philip Blake, who came to her "out of the fog," and then slipped back into it, returns, and there is a pretty encounter between him and her demoniac old jailer, whose sour assertions that "Eve is dead" he rightly discredits. A melodramatic finish provides a variety for the whimsical and atmospheric body of the picture.

#### THE BRAND—Goldwyn

I don't recall anything of Rex Beach's, as far as pictures are concerned, which has given me as much enjoyment since "The Spoilers." "The Brand" is another of those simple, direct, straight-running stories of man and woman and the north

(Continued on page 92)



"Out of the Fog," featuring Nazimova, is a story of two lonely women and sexual and psychological disaster on a lonely island.



"The Scarlet Shadow" shows Mae Murray in a somewhat ordinary mystery well cast and well directed.



The intelligence and charm of Bessie Barriscale are equal factors in this rather conventional story.



# All They Say Is: "See Our Lawyer!"

*Photograph  
by Stagg*

**D**OUG and Mary and David Wark and Charlie. Read it the other way and it will be just as impressive: Charlie and David Wark and Mary and Doug.

We wonder if the nonchalant geranium and the darned old bench realize that they are having their picture taken in company with the most universal (no apologies to Carl Laemmle) amusement quartet ever drawn together?

The secession of Bill Hart from the Big Five left this Big Four. They haven't announced very many plans yet, except to assert that their "United Artists' Distributing Association" will begin to print from worth-their-weight-in-platinum negatives as soon as various and sundry existing contracts are finished. For the rest—consult their lawyer, Mr. McAdoo.

This is the first really large job William Gibbs McAdoo has had on his hands. He was, for a spell, director-general of the railroads of the whole country, and Treasurer of the United States, but the railroads and the treasury were at best only a two-star combination, whereas now he has four.

It seems that one learns the moving picture business pretty fast in California. In November Carl Laemmle offered Mr. McAdoo the directorship of Universal, at a salary of \$50,000 a year, to which Mr. McAdoo replied in his letter of declination: "I doubt my qualifications for the position you offer." And he went on to say, plainly, that he knew nothing of the making of pictures. Further, he intended to come to New York to practice law. But then, you see, Mr. McAdoo moved to the artistically infectious Coast and it's all different now. His salary with the Mammoth Quartet may reach a quarter of a million a year, in place of the measly fifty thousand he declined when he didn't know anything about the motion picture business.

Following the stellar injunction, we will permit the Big Four's lawyer to speak for them. He says: "They have determined not to permit any trust to destroy competition, or to blight or to interfere with the high quality of their work. They feel that it is of the utmost importance to secure the artistic development of the motion picture industry, and they believe that this will be impossible if any trust should get possession of the field and menace the business."









# Sennett's Own Houdini

Or, "Little Davey's" disappearing act.

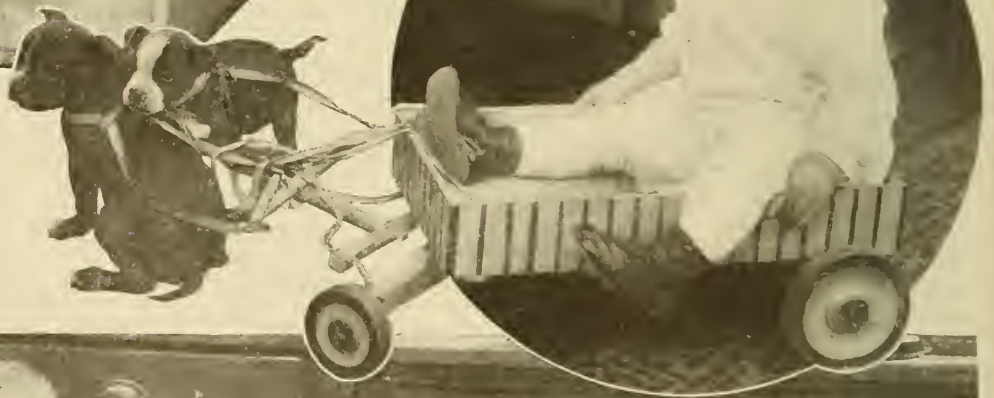


THE irrepressible "extra" dogs the footsteps of the producer until that harassed cinema pivot shoots himself in desperation. And yet, "Little Davey"—no other name known—hung around the Sennett studios just long enough to make himself famous and then toddled quietly back to oblivion.

One day "Little Davey" was brought to the studio by a quiet, unostentatious woman whose exact relationship to him was never learned. Happening in the studio at the psychological moment, the little boy was hired for a comedy. The director recognized real ability in him and told him to come back. He appeared extensively in several comedies. After his work in "Rip and Stitch, Tailors," he disappeared and through a bungle was not told to return. Now he's gone, leaving no address, phone number or anything.

You have doubtless seen "Little Davey." Though but a few minutes after two years old, he competed with the old-timers at the Sennett studios and in many ways proved far superior as a true, instinctive comedian.

Above and below, scenes from "Rip and Stitch, Tailors," the Sennett comedy in which "Little Davey" was so funny. Teddy, the Sennett dog, is in the lower floury tableaux while in and out of the circle at the right are "Little Davey" and a handful of puppies.







They say children's performances are not successful, financially, but here is the average attendance at the Boys' and Girls' Matinee, given by the Better Film Committee of the Home and School League of Salt Lake City. The teachers act as ushers.

# The Better Photoplay League of America

Important movements ally themselves with The League—  
 progressive exhibitors the biggest boosters for better films  
 —Milwaukee stands solid for clean and worth-while pictures.

By JANET PRIEST

**T**HE League has gained powerful friends and allies this month,—all in the interest of better films.

At a recent meeting, the Better Film committee of the Home and School League of Salt Lake City voted to affiliate with The Better Photoplay League of America. Salt Lake has achieved the proud distinction of making a success of motion picture programs for children, a thing which has been tried by many and declared impossible. The Salt Lake City people actually make money at it,—and please the children into the bargain. And to members of the League, they are perfectly willing to tell how they do it.

In the first place, they did not stop at the first sign of discouragement. They stuck at it long enough to find out what their mistakes were, and now others are in a position to benefit by their mistakes—and more especially by their successes.

The Home and School League discovered that "children" is a word which children beyond the kindergarten stage do not like. They do not care to attend "children's" programs. So the wording was changed. The Salt Lake City people do not put on "Children's Programs," but "Boys' and Girls' Matinees." And they give the boys and girls a real all-around program, as well as the distinctively educational sort of picture.

"I believe the reason for the failure of children's programs in some communities," says Jennie M. Crabbe, the secretary, "is the kind of programs shown. Children enjoy a program of educational subjects *if it is given at school*. Then they feel that it is a part of their regular school work. But when they go to a theatre they want 'a show' such as the grown-ups see. They desire a feature play and a comedy or cartoon, with a travelogue or an educational film added for good measure."

The Home and School League works in co-operation with George Carpenter, manager of the Paramount-Empress. After trying several plans, they discovered that the best was to have the League itself rent the theatre for Saturday forenoon. The rental includes theatre, heat, light, music and operator. The League pays for the films and advertising, and provides for the ticket-seller and the ushers. The school-teachers are at present acting as ushers.

A great thing about the Salt Lake plan is that everybody helps. The League is composed of a patron and a teacher from each school district, so that representatives from every district in the city are back of the plan. The members of the Better Film committee are representatives of the different women's clubs, religious organizations, and school organizations,—so that all classes are represented. Formerly the manager put on plays recommended by the women,—but the pres-



ent plan of renting the theatre and doing their own ticket-selling has been found more profitable financially.

The Better Film committee attributes most of its success to the work of its former chairman, Mrs. John Malick, who gave freely of her time and talents for community service. Though Mrs. Malick is no longer a resident of Salt Lake City, the work she established goes on, and her enthusiasm has been shared by all the members of the committee. These are Mrs. F. W. Meakin, the present chairman, Miss Jennie M. Crabbe, secretary, J. H. Coombs, treasurer, Mrs. William Reid, Rev. J. H. Dennis, Mrs. Anna L. Young, H. J. Stearns, Charles Keele, Mrs. William Story, Jr., Mrs. Elizabeth Cohen, Miss Florence Knox, Mrs. E. W. Senior, Mrs. W. M. Stockey, Mrs. John Z. Brown, and Mrs. H. J. Hayward.

A splendid new Branch of The Better Photoplay League of America has been organized in Richmond, Va., by the Social Service Federation of that city, and Mrs. Georgia May Jobson, president of the Federation and a member of its board of trustees, has been added to the League's Advisory Board.

The Federation at a recent meeting voted unanimously to join The Better Photoplay League of America, and to lend every effort to its success and its efforts in behalf of better films. The work in Richmond is being organized systematically, and a further report will be made in the near future. The officers of the Richmond Branch of The Better Photoplay League of America are identical with those of the Federation, and include Mrs. Jobson, as president, Mrs. Heath C. Clarke, Mrs. Warner Moore, Mrs. J. M. Kain, and Mrs. H. W. Rountree, vice-presidents, and Mrs. J. B. Spiers, secretary. Mrs. Page Walker West and Miss Celeste Anderson are respectively the treasurer and assistant treasurer of the Federation, but will not be required to act in that capacity for the Branch League, since there are no dues in the organization of The Better Photoplay League of America. The entire personnel of the Social Service Federation is included in the membership of the newly formed Branch League, headed by the Federation's Advisory Board and Board of Trustees, as follows: Hon. John Garland Pollard, Dr. D. A. Kuyk, Dr. J. McCaw Tompkins, Dr. J. T. Mastin, Mrs. George Ainslie, Mrs. Charles E. Whitlock, Mrs. M. C. Patterson, David M. White, Alvin Smith, Thomas B. McAdams, and W. C. Camp.

The Federation was organized in 1912, its members being representatives of the different philanthropic societies of the city. While the organization's work has many branches, it is vitally interested in better films, and a constructive plan of obtaining these for Richmond and vicinity is now under way, with the co-operation of The Better Photoplay League of America.

The West Side Mothers' Club of Milwaukee, Wis., of which Mrs. Victor M. Witmer is president, has become a Branch of

The Better Photoplay League of America. The League also has received the endorsement of the Woman's Literary Club, and the Citizens' Commission on Motion Pictures.

Milwaukee is a Better Film city. Rev. Dr. C. H. Beale, of Grand Avenue Congregational Church, says, "We feel that the motion picture has come to stay, and that it is helpful rather than harmful, if the right photoplays are shown. The pictures are a great educational force."

Rev. S. H. Anderson, of Summerfield M. E. Church, head of the social service commission of Milwaukee's Federation of Churches, speaks enthusiastically in behalf of better films. Mayor D. W. Doan, Mrs. John W. Mariner, of the National League for Women's Service, Mrs. George Lines of the same organization, G. R. Radley, president of the Citizens' Commission on Motion Pictures, the newspaper writers, Polly Parsons and Constance Nolan of the Milwaukee Sentinel, John M. Martin, local representative of the Exhibitors' Trade Review, J. W. Martin, representative of the Motion Picture News, Ann McMurdy of the Wisconsin-News, Herbert H. Ryan of the Leader, as well as practically every exhibitor in Milwaukee, are frankly on the side of clean and worth-while films. All sponsor the stand taken in this important matter by The Better Photoplay League of America.

Magnificent work has recently been done by the Texas Congress of Mothers, which is affiliated with The League. Mrs. B. A. Sadler of Dallas is Chairman of the Motion Picture committee of the Congress, and also of The Better Photoplay League in the state of Texas. Her committee has prepared a five-reel motion picture of child life, and this is being circulated throughout the state among Parent-Teacher and civic organizations. Mrs. Sadler and her committee expect to add a variety of interesting subjects to their picture exhibit from time to time, all of them carrying out the better film idea.

"THE sensational picture is on the decline." So says Samuel Katz, of Balaban and Katz, owners of the Riviera and Central Park Theatres, Chicago. "The unwholesome picture, whether in theme or treatment, is a dead letter," says Martin J. Quigley in a recent issue of the Exhibitors' Herald and Motography.

These men, and many others for whom they are virtually the spokesmen, have proved that they are firm believers in the better photoplay. They declare that it has come to stay.

In the year or two just past there has been a steady increase in good pictures and a corresponding decrease in objectionable ones. This, picture-men will tell you, is largely the result of the stabilizing of the industry—of the gradual weeding-out of small, frantic manufacturers, who had only a little money to invest, and who wanted to get it back and double it in the quickest way possible. These men made and fostered the

(Continued on page 103)



Mrs. John Malick, to whom the success of the Boys' and Girls' Matinees in Salt Lake City is largely due. She has imbued her co-workers with her spirit of enthusiasm and help. Mrs. Malick is the wife of a Unitarian minister, and now resides in Cincinnati.

### What Have You Accomplished

in behalf of better films? Have you succeeded in obtaining cleaner and more worth-while pictures in your neighborhood? Do you know anyone who has? Write and tell us about it, so that others may benefit from your experience and knowledge. Address The Better Photoplay League of America, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Have You Started That Branch League? If so, kindly report. If not, write today for particulars, enclosing stamp for reply.

Mrs. Georgia May Jobson, president of the Social Service Federation of Richmond, Va., and an Advisory Patron of the League. She belonged to the first Equal Suffrage society, and the first W. C. T. U. branch ever organized in Virginia.







# "I'm a Wild Woman!"

Says Doraldina.

Not so wild—even in the jungle she stops to powder her nose.

"I'M a wild woman," said Doraldina. "Nearly as wild as Eva Tanguay and Valeska Surratt.

"Look at me. Don't I look wild? They won't let me be respectable in the pictures. Aren't satisfied unless I put on the weeds" (and she pointed to her grass raiment) "and all that."

This monologue was occurring in the midst of a Californian edition of Hawaiian woodlands. Doraldina, as Nasoni, had just gone through a series of scenes, of which the most interesting and most spectacular showed her hiking across camera-range with a 200-pound leopard-skinned hero on her bare shoulders. Now she was standing by an automobile not previously noticed in the verdure, powdering her nose.

"It's a great life," she said. "This saving the lives of healthy young men in front of the camera—particularly if you don't weaken."

"There is not much danger of Doraldina weakening," I thought to myself, recollecting that, single-handed, she carried Hawaii across the vast Pacific and installed it permanently in the little city of New York.

The job was quite a job,—one which it took her something more than 12 years to accomplish. But she did it.



In the oval opposite, Doraldina when she was a stenographer in Frisco. Above, the same young woman as she appeared in "The Naulahka." The large figure in the page-center is Doraldina in her famous "Hula Hula" dance garb.

By

TRUMAN B. HANDY

A half-dozen years ago Doraldina was one of the many San Francisco girls who earn their daily bread by hammering hired Remingtons to pieces for some tired business man. She was ambitious, and rather poor. In fact, it took her eight years, working at top speed, to put \$2850 into the First National Bank in preparation for a trip to Europe.

At length she got overseas to Barcelona, lonely, speechless of Spanish, and very, very anxious to learn the gentle art of Spanish dancing. She was introduced to Rafael Vega, Spain's foremost maitre de danse, the one-time partner of the famous Carmen-cita, who shocked New York with her Hispanic wiggles some twenty-five

years ago.

Rafael was awfully kind to her. Told her she never could dance, that she had no "sangre," the Spanish word for "pep," and that if she loved her mother she'd better return to her. But the old rascal looked at her \$2850 and sighed. It was a lot of money and he was only human.

"Bueno," he said. "I'll take you, but you can't expect to be a success. You're only an American, and they never can dance."

She had only danced for him about two months when Senor Vega shut off the pianola because Doraldina insisted on introducing a series of healthy, unheard-of wiggles into the classic steps of the dances Spain has prided itself on for lo! these many years. As much as he hated to, the Senor had her savings, and he made preparations to separate himself from them.

Lumiere



"I came to Spain to learn your dances," replied Doraldina. "Not on a pleasure tour. You're going to teach me to dance, see?"

Whereupon, in despair, he introduced her to the ballet master of the Teatro Principal of Barcelona, and Doraldina, the dynamic, healthy American beauty, got \$55 a week and the honor of being the first American premier danseuse ever to appear before a Barcelona audience. The fifty-five in question was a preposterous sum, she was repeatedly told, but an eye for business is one of Doraldina's chief assets. She danced in Spain several seasons, studied at intervals, and played in every beer-hall on the South coast of the peninsula. At length she changed her address to New York.

Ned Wayburn, then the production manager of Reisenweber's cabaret in New York, is always on the lookout for winners, they say. Doraldina went to him, unknown, unheralded, and unsung. Flo Ziegfeld had turned her down the week before because "New Yorkers aren't keen on exhumed Spanish gymnastics."

"What can you dance?" Ned Wayburn asked her.

"Anything you want," she retorted.

"Can you do a Hawaiian hula hula?" he fired. "Have you ever heard of such a thing?"

"I'm from Frisco," she answered. "Sure, I'll dance you a hula."

The show was to open that night. There was no costume, and although Doraldina said she could use one of her Spanish dresses Wayburn insisted on "atmosphere." The costume was procured. It represented four strands of raffia and four pearl beads, a New York modiste's conception of the Sandwich Isles. When donned the rest was Doraldina.

That was three years ago, that momentous night that saw the birth of the Hawaiian craze in the United States. Doraldina sprang into instant fame, and Reisenweber commenced to

spell her name in large, electric globes over his cafe. And then the Shuberts came along and signed her for a season, and after them several other managers.

And last year, the pictures.

George Fitzmaurice was to put on Kipling's "The Naulahka" with Antonio Moreno, for Pathe. It was a wild, fantastic tale that called for an East-Indian nautch dancer for the feminine lead,—a woman of fire and blood and beauty.

Doraldina got the part, and has been a photoplayer ever since,—the wildest woman on the screen. But I said "on the screen."

The evening following the scene mentioned in which she carried the heavyweight on her shoulders in the Fiji Island forest,—located "somewhere near Hollywood."—I was a guest at her home for dinner. She had said she'd cook the meal.

Cook the meal herself! She a wild movie woman! Huh!

But she did. She had chicken and string beans and bread-and-butter and ice cream and all that, and when we got through and I saw her put on her apron to wipe the dishes I could have passed out of the picture.

Recently, at the head of her own company, Doraldina has produced a wildly-fantastic, scenic tale of the Fiji Islands, that she calls "The Charm of Nasoni." She nearly kills every other member of the cast, including the director, in her efforts at realism. She threw Jay Morley off the side of a ship into the clear-cold waters of the Santa Barbara Channel, after which she jumped in herself. She had a fight with one of the woman players which put her opponent in the hospital for a fortnight. The character man is afraid of the sight of her when she's in make up.

"Yes, I tell you I'm wild," concluded the Dynamic One, who, let it be recollected, takes 263 steps a minute when she dances. "I'm awfully wild. But right now I'm awfully thirsty. Can't we go some place and get a chocolate soda?"



This Peril was Real!

The actress who is far from being one at this moment is Marie Walcamp. While making an "escape" in her most recent Universal serial she walked into a narrow strip of quicksand, in the bed of the San Gabriel river. Before she realized what detained her she was up to her arm-pits. Neal Hart, throwing off all his clothes except his bvd's, supported her for ten minutes by her left arm alone. Her director, Harry Harvey, is pulling her up from behind. In the left foreground, stripped to the waist, is the cameraman, and beside him is his assistant. The "still" photographer, left jobless for a minute, had presence of mind enough to get a glass plate record of one of the most unexpected accidents in the history of picture making. Elapsed time, twenty minutes, and it took six men to get her away from the suction of death.



# The Real Western Bandit

The ex-outlaw may be lacking in romance but seems determined to prove that the "screen bandit" is all wrong.

By EMMA LINDSAY SQUIER

I WAS waiting at the church—for a bandit; not to marry him or convert him, but to interview him. Why the church? Well, I had to wait somewhere, and the edifice being centrally located—

Anyway, there was I, waiting for Al Jennings, erstwhile notorious bandit and train robber, now movie star and producer of his own pictures, and I was so sure I'd know him by his ferocious black mustache and diabolical expression, to say nothing of his gigantic stature, that I hadn't even requested him to wear a red carnation in his buttonhole.

I was just eyeing rather nervously a beetle-browed giant who seemed to be elbowing through the crowd in the general direction of the church steps, and I was wondering if "outlawful" instincts were ever really forgotten or if I'd better hide my watch—when a mild voice at my shoulder said pardon, but

According  
to  
Al Jennings



"The outlaw of real life," declares Mr. Jennings, "wasted no time in the elaborate display of firearms. To all appearances he was a law-abiding wayfarer, and no one suspected that his revolver was in the handiest possible position—under his left arm, hidden by his coat." At the left, a portrait of the ex-outlaw.



was I the lady who was waiting for Al Jennings, and I turned to confront the famous ex-bandit himself, a red-headed little man who came about to my ear, with twinkling steel-blue eyes and the winning smile of a preacher or a book agent.

"I'm sorry I'm so late," he apologized, "you see I was held up—"

"Held up—" I echoed, startled.

"By the heavy traffic," he continued.

"Oh!" I said. I was thinking how naturally the expressions of the old trade slipped out.



"And to make matters worse," he went on, "I killed—"  
 "You killed—" I repeated faintly.

"—the engine," he proceeded, "and I had to shoot up Main Street—"

"Not really—" I gasped.

"—at fifty miles an hour to get here before you left," he finished.

I said "Oh," again, disappointed. "So you're invading the films now," I commented when we were seated in the machine speeding toward his studio in Culver City.

"The difference between truth and fiction. The old west has been brutalized and man-handled for the sake of quick profits, and I wonder that the old dead past doesn't turn over in its alkali grave at the lurid concoctions put out on the screen as truthful representations of the days gone by. Every day we see '49 plots with 1918 settings; the heroine rides in an automobile, yet is kidnapped by painted Indians; the hero has a phone on his desk, yet rides forty miles to call out the soldiers from the fort!

"And the outlaws of the screen! If they were as big fools as they are made out to be in 'western' pictures, they couldn't rob a baby's penny bank. But the producers have the idea that a gang of 'bad men' have to be fantastically masked, carry a whole arsenal in plain sight, plan for days on the details of the robbery, and then carry it out with several hundred feet of thrills and romance.

"Let me tell you how it was actually done in those days," he went on. "We didn't wear masks and we didn't carry our guns where they could be seen. There was very little bloodshed and no killing except in running fights. When my brother Frank and I decided to relieve a bank of some of its bullion, we went in quietly, he covered the cashier while I took the bags from the safe, then we'd lock up the cashiers in the vault for safe keeping.

"The pictures I am making will show the events of my outlaw career with the punishment and redemption that followed. The first one of the series is called 'The Lady of the Dugout,' and two bank robberies in it are filmed exactly as they occurred, some twenty years ago. The first was unpremeditated and was carried out by Frank and myself alone. We got five thousand dollars, but we rode off into the desert—hungry, and without being able to buy a sandwich for all our gold. That was when we (Continued on page 111)

And below, according to Mr. Jennings, is a verbatim reproduction of a real bank robbery. Unostentatious and with lack of bravado, the two outlaws, here pictured by Mr. Jennings and his brother, are sneaking into the little western bank after looking about for the sheriff.

Nothing picturesque about the two hard-looking men above, is there? Yet they, says Mr. Jennings, represent the *real* western badman—as in contrast to the mythical, prettily-attired "bandit" of the screen. Remember, Al—to little Johnny Jones an outlaw isn't an outlaw unless he bristles guns, wears chaps, sombrero and the rest of the imposing finery.

"Yes,—peaceably," he nodded, flashing a smile at me. "But at that there may be a revolution in cinema circles if the public takes to my brand of western stuff."

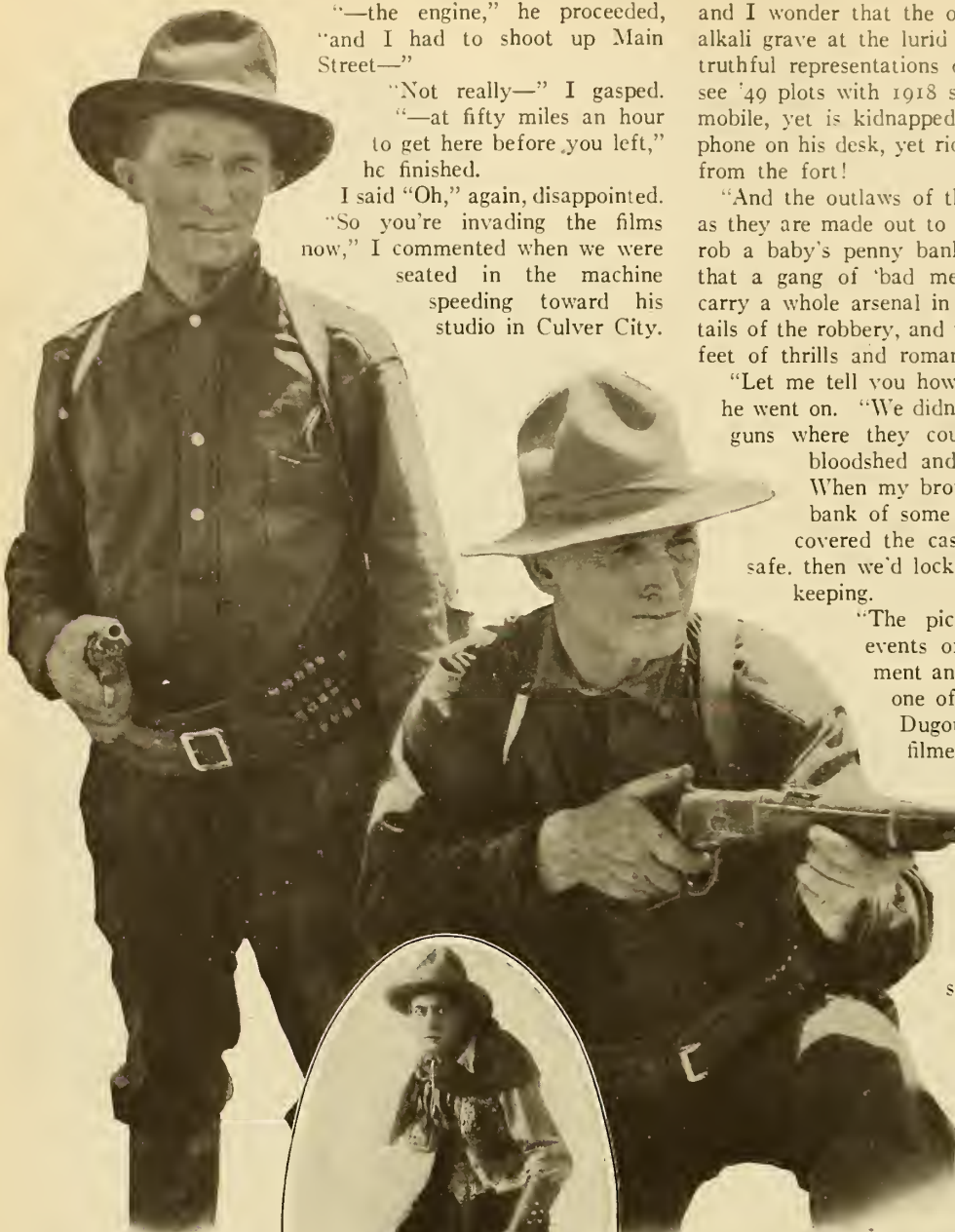
"Oh, they'll like it!" I assured him enthusiastically. "The people love wild west pictures."

He smiled again, this time enigmatically.

"Yes, but I'm not putting on 'wild west' pictures," he said, "these are *real* west pictures."

"There's a difference then?" I asked.

"All the difference in the world," he answered warmly.





# Grand Crossing Impressions



By  
Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their fittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

A Bit Bored  
And Absent-minded,  
And he *Would* Insist  
Upon Talking  
About Trains.

Maybe he Knew  
That Making Folks Miss Their Trains,  
Is My Specialty

Oh, well—  
Louise Huff  
*Almost* Made Hers.  
She  
Was Only Vacationing,  
Anyway, and had Come  
To Chicago, on a Lark,  
With Mrs Allan Dwan—  
Who Said,  
Before she Caught *her* Train  
From New York—  
For the West—  
"Come on Along, Louise!"  
And that's how I Happened to Meet her.  
You're Just Thinking  
That the Gerry Society  
Ought to do Something  
About this Blonde Engaging Huff,  
When  
She'll Begin to Tell You  
About Mary Louise Huff-Jones,  
Her Four-year-old Kickapoo—  
(i. e., Young Indian.)  
"Mary Louise  
Will Call Me  
'Miss Huff' before Folks.  
And then People Say,  
'Poah Child—its Mothah  
Is a Motion Pictuh Actress'!"  
Southern? Yes!  
But her Drawl  
Is the Only Slow Thing  
About Louise.  
I Think she Put the "Ge"  
Into Georgia.

And where had I Seen  
Mrs. Dwan Before?  
She was Pauline Bush—  
Remember her  
In those Old Americans  
With Wallie Reid—  
And with Rex?  
She was  
A Real Pioneer,  
Though you'd Never Believe it  
To Look at her.  
She's a Grey-eyed Minerva  
With a Sense of Humor.  
And she Says  
Maybe she'll Come Back,  
Sometime.

And then, Sometimes  
He Doesn't Want it  
After all.  
I Keep my Office-door Open,  
So Everybody  
From the Stars  
To the Office-boys  
Can Come In,  
And tell me  
Their Troubles.  
That's all—  
Make 'em Happy.  
Something like  
The Kids in 'The Bluebird'—  
Searching for Happiness—"  
And the Kids at Lasky's, too—  
Only to Find It  
In Manager Milt's Office.  
"Manage the Big Four?  
Can't be Done, my Child.  
Not for a Million Dollars!  
McAdoo, though,  
Will Give them Good Advice."

I Didn't Even have Time  
To Say Good-bye  
To Mr. Hoffman.  
I saw—  
Eugene O'Brien—  
Yes, I Felt Just that Way  
About it, too—  
Coming Down the Tracks—  
And I Knew that Walk,  
And that Swing to his Broad Shoulders,  
And the Queer One-sided Smile.  
I Didn't Know him,  
So I Just Stood There, and  
I Might Never have Met him  
If it hadn't Been  
For Ruby DeRemer.  
She's Awfully Pretty, Ruby—  
I'd have Liked her Anyway.  
She and 'Gene  
Had Played Together  
At Lasky's, on the Coast.  
And she Smiled, and Said  
"You Know Mr. O'Brien,  
Don't You?"  
I Got a Semi-close-up  
Of the O'Brien  
Mouth-corner Drawl,  
That he Borrowed  
From Yankee-doodle Cohan.  
He Acted

"H'E'LL Wear  
A Light Suit."  
I was Told.  
Well, that Sounded Easy: so  
I Went Down to the Train  
To Meet  
Milton E. Hoffman.  
The Name  
Means Nothing?  
Ah—  
But it Means a Whole Lot  
Out at Lasky's,  
In Hollywood—only  
They don't Call him  
Milton E. out There—  
He's  
Manager Milt—  
Not "The Boss"—  
Just "One of the Boys."  
It would have been Fine  
If Every Other Man  
That Left the Santa Fe  
Hadn't Worn  
A Light Suit.  
How  
Was I To Know?  
Well—  
I Picked  
A Portly Man  
With a Mustache  
Who Looked as If  
He'd Just Been Bossing  
A Big Director  
And Six Stars  
Around the Lot—  
And Stepped Up  
And Piped Out,  
"Mr Hoffman?"  
Well—no,  
It wasn't Mr. Hoffman.  
Just then  
A Brisk Young Man  
With Keen Brown Eyes  
And a Smile  
Whizzed Past—  
I Grabbed him—  
"Mr. Hoffman?"  
No Mistake this Time.  
(And  
He'd Been in Pictures  
Since 1906—  
First, Peddling Films;  
Then Publicity—  
Finally Managing—!)  
"How do I Manage  
All those Stars?  
I Don't," he Smiled.  
"I Just Treat 'em  
Like Human Beings.  
Whenever one of 'em  
Wants Something  
I Let him Have it—  
In his Own Way—



LIFE'S most important anti-climaxes owe their occurrence to the most trivial incidents. Thus, Kent Mortimer's escape from a marriage with the fortune-hunting Adele Hoyt was attributed to so trivial a thing as the collapse of his fortune.

Almost overnight Kent had found himself a poor man, following a disastrous piquancy of his heavy investments. After it was all over but the figuring, Kent wasn't feeling so awfully bad. "Well," he said to himself, "I've still got a bride-to-be, at any rate. If she is the sport I imagine her to be then it'll be us for three-and-a-bath."

But she wasn't that sort of sport. Kent found out that evening, in attendance at some obligatory social function. He took a quiet interval

# The Wick

Mortimer nearly married a woman who wanted his fortune—but to the rescue came poverty and the Gutter Rose.

during a dance to slip with Adele into the conservatory and there to tell her what had happened. Just as though she hadn't known the truth. The whole town knew it. Expecting something in the form of sympathy, he was quite naturally astounded to see her chin go up, her eyes go cold and her lips formulate the words:

"You know, dear Kent, for papa's sake I could never marry a poor man!"

This was, I assure you, far more of a blow to Kent than the news of his financial ruin. He had never suspicioned that Adele's affection hinged upon his financial status, but had imagined that her professed affection was real.

Just clear from the vision of dancing feet and rollicking music in the ball room, Kent studied his fiancée with a maturing curiosity. Adele, looking and feeling guilty, was fingering the ring on her engagement finger and staring at it with a growing ferocity. Then suddenly, she tore it off as though it were a band of fire, and jamming it into the hand of her ex-fiance, would have fled from his side. But Kent clutched her arm and said, hotly sarcastic:

"Yes—for papa's sake, you couldn't marry—a poor man!"

In another part of the house, Adele joined her restless parents. Observing that the ring was gone from her daughter's finger, the mother smiled shrewdly, relievedly. Then, as her glance centered on the pearls about Adele's neck, her relief could not contain itself in silence.

"Thank goodness, my dear," she breathed. "You didn't return the pearls—let us go from here. I'll ask for the details when we are inside the car."

Papa Hoyt, whose ears should have been burning deeply, dug into his chin with a contemplative fin-

Holding the necklace in her hands, she thought of Kent. Then, dispelling her happiness, his words echoed in her mind—"I hate a thief!"





# ed Darling

By

LEIGH METCALFE

ger and remained silent. He too felt relieved. It had been a narrow escape from tying up with a pauper.

In fifteen minutes they stood at the curb, entering their limousine. Adele had whipped her scarf more tightly about her neck and in doing so, the pearl necklace came unfastened and fell to the carpeted walk. The door closed, the machine slid silently away, the footman was oblivious to aught that was wrong, and the arm of a little ragged girl leaned out from the walk and grabbed in the necklace. In a second the ragged girl was scurrying down the street, the necklace tight in her grimy fingers.

Mary Stevens, the Gutter Rose, had made a great find!

Hardly had the Hoyt car turned into the boulevard when Adele missed her pearls. The car turned back and with the crowd of departing guests assisting, an hysterical search was made for the missing pearls. On the testimony of Papa Hoyt, officers, hailed to the scene, were sent out on the run after the Gutter Rose. Many blocks down the avenue, she stopped for breath and to puzzle out the best way to escape. She drew out the pearls and looked at them admiringly, then to suddenly dart off again at the sound of the pursuers behind.

In the meantime, Kent, absolutely disgusted, had climbed into a cab (having discharged his own limousine in his sudden program of rigid economy) and rattled through the streets for his home. He passed the fleeting figure of the Gutter Rose and drew up before his place. Mary, hiding against the fence, watched him emerge from the auto and run up the steps, then to turn round and run back after opening the door. While he stood there paying the anxious cabby his forgotten fare, the girl scurried up the steps and, deciding this would be a good place to hide, quite impulsively sneaked in through the open door. She stumbled along through the darkened hall and stepped into the library. Then, hearing the returning footsteps of Kent, she darted under the library table and waited.

Kent entered the library and flopped into a great chair, drawing out a cigarette. For some time he sat musing in the dark, as the nervous Gutter Rose assayed to keep quiet under the table.

Kent was cheered considerably by the realization that he had found out the truth about Adele. "I should consider myself lucky," he thought, "to learn in time. Perhaps I'm not so badly off after all. I have doubtless saved myself domestic troubles in later years."

He arose and stepped over to the fireplace. Whimsically, he opened one of the table drawers and rummaged through a bundle of letters—Adele's letters for the most part. Stooping to pick one up that had fallen to the floor, Kent's eye struck the heel of a woman's shoe. Following the shoe, he was astounded to discover the fringe of a skirt. Presently, by moving the table aside, he saw the intruder. His eyes widened and he smiled. The girl arose, frightened.

"I—I wasn't doin' nothin'," she was pleading. "I—I—was just hiding from the cops!"

Kent smiled. This incident was drawing him out of his troubles. However, it would probably be best to call the police. He lifted the phone but before signalling the operator, listened to Mary's story.

"I'm down and out," she was saying. "I didn't come here to steal." And then she told of being chased by the police who accused her of stealing something.

Kent put down the phone. After all, he debated, why have the girl arrested? Perhaps she was honest. He smiled dryly, crossing the room and returning with a decanter and glasses.

"You see," he said, dryly, "I have no servants. In fact, I haven't much of anything!"

Mary, skeptical, surveyed the elaborate library before answering. Then:

"Well, you certainly got a swell joint, anyway."

Kent looked at her soberly. "Very nice. But to-morrow this 'swell joint' will be sold!"

Mary—so suddenly come into the minds of a variety of people—was now being made the subject of a breathless debate in an underworld den. "Uncle" Fadem, foster-father of the Gutter Rose, yet without any sense of paternal responsibility toward her, was talking with Connors, one of the den of thieves. Connors had just come from the neighborhood of the ball and had seen, from a secure distance, Mary snatch up the pearls from the side of the limousine. And now he was telling Fadem about it.

Fadem wanted those pearls. And he meant to get them!

But the pearls were safe with the Gutter Rose, now dialogueing with Kent. Kent had come to decide that the little intruder was not a bad one and had become sociable enough to give her a resume of his troubles. Mary, whose life in a handicapping environment had done nothing to deplete her honest interest in romance and loyalty, was astounded.

"You mean to say she slipped you the icy mitt—just because you lost your coin?"

Kent smiled dryly. "She is not exactly to blame! She was only being honest to herself—and her position."

The girl arose, admiration evident in her face. "I'm goin' to be movin'," she said. "But let me tell you, friend—you're *some* bird!"

But after Kent had smilingly told her goodnight and had gone up to his room, the Gutter Rose slipped back in the house. But she overlooked the dazzling array of valuables she might have picked up, taking with her but one article—the portrait of Adele Hoyt. Then, swiftly, and with a new deter-

mination in her heart, she sped back to the underworld.

She found Connors in his favorite dive.

Connors leered darkly at the girl and muttered, with a wink:

"Well, Mary—we certainly cleaned up tonight, eh?"

She lifted her face fearlessly and stared at him. She did not intend to give up her find; she didn't know yet just what she would do with the pearls, but she did not intend letting them get into the hands of the iniquitous Connors and "Uncle" Fadem.

"I lost 'em in the getaway," she muttered.

Connors was undismayed. Nodding his head, he continued. "Oh, that's all right, kiddo. If you don't want to flash 'em now that's all right. But there's something else I wanna say."

He reached out and took her hand, with a display of crude affection. "I gotta a nice pretty little flat picked out and you're goin' to move in tonight!"



The Wicked Darling

**N**ARRATED, by permission, from the story of the same name by Evelyn Campbell, as produced by Universal with the following cast:

Mary Stevens ..... Priscilla Dean  
Kent Mortimer ..... Wellington Playter  
Stoop ..... Lon Chaney  
Fadem ..... Spottiswoode Aiken  
Adele Hoyt ..... Gertrude Astor



The girl wheeled and struck Connors across the face. He grabbed for her, missed her, and, held by the barkeeper who was loyal to the Gutter Rose, stood impotently by as the girl swept up the stairs. At sight of Fadem on the stairs she stopped.

"I'm not comin' in to stay," she burst out. "I just stopped here long enough to say that I'm through with all of you—the whole filthy bunch! Do y'u get me?"

And so it was that Mary, the Gutter Rose, who had been reared in a cradle of iniquity, had, through the inspiration of Kent Mortimer and his knightly attitude toward womanhood, suddenly realized the higher life was far more desirable, and had so terminated her sojourn with Connors and Fadem and their ilk. The next day she went to work in a cheap restaurant as a waitress. And it was here, as such things happen, that she next saw Kent. For Kent had now relinquished all claim to his properties, to pay off debts, and had established himself in a modest rooming house. Kent promised to come back for her that night at quitting time. And eight o'clock found them together outside the restaurant. Kent was studying Mary earnestly.

"Curious—that I should have thought you were a thief," he was saying.

Mary turned her face to his. "And if I was?" she asked, thinking of the pearl necklace.

Kent was in earnest. "Then I'd be awfully disappointed—because I hate a thief!"

Kent left a thoughtful young woman at her rooming house, near his. And that night, on her bed, Mary drew out the picture of Adele Hoyt and looked at it long and earnestly. "You wanted his money," she said to herself. "And all I want is his love!" Then, impulsively, she drew it to her lips and kissed it. "That," she said, "is for throwing him down!"

Then she walked over to the window sill and carried back a

flowerpot. Sitting against the door, she inverted the pot and dumped out the plant. At the bottom was the necklace. Holding it in her hands, she thought of Kent. Then, dispelling her happiness, his words came to her mind—

"I hate a thief!"

It was only natural that in the course of time Connors would discover the whereabouts of Mary. And when he did he essayed to stop her, but it was the time she always met Kent and he was just coming up. And then Kent won the enmity of Connors—and Mary's greater admiration.

But a few minutes later Connors, enraged at being struck by his girl's sweetheart, stood behind a post and, with hasty aim, fired a revolver at the figure of Kent.

Kent staggered. Sometime later—in his own room—he regained consciousness. Mary and a doctor stood at his side. His shoulder had been struck.

Downstairs the physician and officer, seeking to learn from Kent who his assailant might be, faced a worried housekeeper.

"He hasn't paid his rent for weeks," she said. "What am I to do?"

On the landing above stood Mary, listening. Her heart sank as she realized. Kent was flat broke! And her mind went to the only possible source of revenue. The pearls!

Half an hour later she entered the dive where Fadem sat with his eternal stein. In her hand were two of the pearls. Fadem seized upon them greedily as she set them down.

"Ah—" he muttered. "Where are the others?"

"Never mind the rest—how much for these?"

Fadem haggled but ended in giving the girl a goodly roll of bills for the two pearls. And she paid off the outstanding debt to the landlady.

When Mary returned to her room she did not know that she was closely followed by Connors, sent by Fadem. And when she went back to Kent she did not see Connors lurking in the alley way. As soon as she was gone he went up into her room. Fifteen minutes of searching—fruitless searching—sent Connors into a rage. Approaching the window he picked up the flowerpot and, to give vent to his great anger, grabbed it up and slammed it down to the floor.

Just then he heard footsteps outside the door. In a panic, Connors leaped to the window and was outside before the knob had turned and the door opened. Framed in the doorway was Mary, staring in growing excitement at the chaos about the room and at the open window. Her eyes

Through the inspiration of Kent, the Gutter Rose realized that the higher life was more desirable and went to work in a restaurant.





turned to the remains of  
in joy as she saw the pearl  
stooped down and swept  
walked over to the bed and

Her thoughts went back  
room half an hour before  
and good," he had said,  
she realized that in return  
would lose the man she  
up and with a long sigh  
pearls in her pocket and

Shortly after, believing  
intended giving the pearls  
he had trailed her to  
man's room, Connors  
would make Kent cough  
he called on him.

"I want de pearls  
gave y'u. Kick in!"

Kent was puzzled. What  
relationship could there be  
be between this gunman  
the girl he was on the  
verge of loving? "You  
mean," he said slowly  
trying to comprehend,  
"that I have a pearl  
necklace which Miss  
Stevens gave me?"

Connors nodded.  
"Y'u got me!"

Kent gasped. Then  
—she was not a poor  
but respectable working  
girl after all? Instead  
she was "the skirt" of  
an obviously criminal  
gunman of the under-  
world. Then she had  
lied! Kent groaned.

Suddenly he heard her  
coming along the hallway  
and stop at his door.  
Connors heard her also  
and with a stifled oath  
jerked a revolver from his  
pocket and, threatening Kent,  
backed to the window. Connors  
stepped out through the open window  
and Kent crossed the room and opened the door.

Mary stepped in. She walked slowly into the room and holding  
the pearls out in her hand, offered them to him.

Kent was trying to comprehend. Mary spoke.

"Honest—I wanted to give them back, but I wanted your  
love and I knew if—if—"

Kent, still stunned by the information that the girl had  
been a thief, looked down at her sadly. Then he explained  
what he had just learned.

"I would have banked my life on you, Mary," he said.

Then, back into the room came Connors and made a grab  
for the pearls, held loosely in Mary's tan fingers. Kent  
threw himself on Connors, and then followed a struggle for  
possession of the gun. So the two struggled across the room,  
the gun was lost and Mary made a dive for it. But hardly  
had she touched it before Kent swung Connors about and his  
head struck against the window sill. The thug fell limp.

By this time the alarmed landlady had rounded up several  
police officers and they were hammering on the door. Con-  
nors staggered out the back window again. Apparently the  
other two heard nothing. The girl was staring sadly into the  
sullen face of Kent. She reminded him of the arm, made a  
gesture as though she would examine it.

"No, Mary," he said, shaking his head. "I trusted you

once. What you did was bad enough. But to lie about  
living respectably—"

Further argument was out of the question. The door burst  
open and the officers and landlady entered. When Kent had  
listlessly explained the situation and had directed the officers  
to the fire escape down which Connors was scurrying, he held  
open the door for Mary to pass out.

"I'm sorry—Mary," he said, in farewell.

So the Gutter Rose went back to the gutter. First back to  
the old underworld—Fadem's dive—and then, after seeing that  
the pearls went back to Adele Hoyt, in a visit that Mary tried  
to make as pleasant as possible, she went to the river. But  
Connors had again followed her.

"Old Fadem's about to join the angels," he imparted  
casually. "An' he's callin' for you, Mary. Better run back  
and see what he wants to say."

This had the desired effect. Mary went back—to find herself  
in a trap. No sooner had she entered Fadem's empty bed-  
room, than Connor came in behind her and locked the door.

"I took a damn good beatin' for them pearls and now you  
come through!"

Connors grabbed her hand and by the process of torture  
(Continued on page 112)



# Japan

HANDY

play as a means of edu-  
Japanese government in  
nber of the Nipponese  
University at Tokyo, to  
He is to return to his  
wherefores of American  
nder that he may advise

## Censorship!

ensor who, instead of  
start out of pictures,  
ne other fellow took  
owing, told by Dr.  
n's chief film censor,  
ountry:

ight against the high  
to crush my views.  
s finally took up my  
ideals won out. For  
'My Children' was to  
and certain govern-  
certain portions ex-  
careful viewing and  
did not agree with  
s held back for some  
end the film was

censors Dr. Numata  
to pattern after.

set the pace.  
heet was confined almost  
impossible." With the  
production ceased, and  
y with plays from the

usually impressionable. The  
manifest in their character, at one  
weak. Our public is like the typical  
ee, childlike, anxious, eager, not too critical.

and very impressionable.

"This latter fact makes of particular importance a strict film censor-  
sorship. When the first motion pictures came to our country we saw  
nothing but western and underworld plays. The people liked them  
very much, as they are fond of action. But not when they learned  
there were better ones to be had! Now our exhibitors de-  
mand logical, tense, tragic and emotional films,—the kind  
that make you think a bit before forming a definite opinion.  
We are more or less a military, though not a militaristic,  
nation, whose people are taught the use of the sword as well  
as the pen.

"Ince's 'Civilization' has appealed to us perhaps more than  
anything we have seen. Nazimova as yet has not arrived  
in Japan, but when she gets there she will be greatly liked,  
as her plays are the type that the Japanese people desire."

The other two films that have made the greatest im-  
pression in Nippon and that the exhibitors have proclaimed  
the big drawing cards are strangely enough both Lois Weber  
productions. "Where Are My Children" and "Shoes." The

former was perhaps the first great social drama shown in the Orient. The  
latter, coming shortly afterward, only intensified its moral.

Plays like "Where Are My Children," says Dr. Numata, are the kind  
that are to bring Japanese culture

(Continued on page 109)

Dr. Segeru Numata,  
Japan's chief film  
censor, came to this  
country to study  
American methods of  
production at the stu-  
dios in Hollywood,  
California. The Jap-  
anese, he says, want  
pictures that make  
you think. And they  
get what they want,  
by popular demand.





Before—



—and after.

## She Won by a Nose!

Originally Yorska's was Roman. Now it's a super-snob—but it screens well.

aristocratic Roman noses. The fact that a Roman nose indicates aristocratic lineage means nothing to the motion picture camera. The film

character required a plebeian super-snob. Yorska hadn't it. Yorska—though an artiste and a tragedienne and the favorite pupil of Madame Sarah Bernhardt—Yorska was what is known in some circles as a good scout. Yorska had her own nose made over to fit the part!

Consulting with specialists, she found it could be done. Painful? "I can bear it," said Madame, "it is for my art." And she straightway submitted to an operation which broke the bone in her nose, removed part of it so as to make it perfectly straight, and then rounded off the tip. For several days Yorska suffered excruciating pain which was not in the least alleviated by the thought that if the operation did not prove successful, it would leave her disfigured for life. But after two weeks, when the wound was healed, Yorska found herself the fortunate possessor of a beautifully bourgeois new nose; and if she had been inclined to mourn her original Roman feature she had only to realize the picture possibilities of its successor, and go on her film way rejoicing.

Yorska had completed an engagement as "Salome" with the Washington Square Players in New York when the camera claimed her. She began her dramatic career in Paris. Although born in this country and press agent as the daughter of a Russian Consul General, she received all her dramatic training in the French capital, whither her father's calling brought her. She was a member of Bernhardt's company for some time.

Yorska's first experience on the American stage was in the West, where she played in English. Later she toured the country in vaudeville. Her first real success in this country was made with the French Drama Society, of which she was not only the star, but the artistic director as well.

**Y**OU have heard of actresses sacrificing for their Art. Or are you one of these

blasé persons who simply can't work up any enthusiasm over art with its first letter capitalized, much less over the idea of an actress sacrificing anything for it? If so, read no further. For this is a tale of Art, an artiste—Yorska—her nose, and how she sacrificed for it.

Madame Yorska, you see, is a tragedienne who has gained considerable measure of fame in the eastern part of our justly celebrated United States. Besides this, she is the favorite pupil of Madame Sarah Bernhardt and has a notable reputation for dramatic excellence on the European continent. When Yorska contracted to do a series of feature pictures, she and her managers thought it would be easy sailing.

It happened that the first part she had to play was that of an aristocratic French girl. This was not difficult for Madame. She has the temperament, the poise, the clothes, and—the nose. Her very aristocratic, rather prominent feature was perfectly in keeping with the requirements of the story. Besides, kind photographers and careful directors saw to it she avoided profiles as much as possible. The result was highly satisfactory. Small wonder that Madame and her friends, after viewing the picture in the projection room, were moved to congratulate the actress upon her triumph in the cinema.

So far so good. Until the scenario for her second production was chosen, cast, and under way. This time it was a music-hall story—again laid in Paris, but with the leading character that of a cabaret singer. The part required consummate artistry on the part of the patrician Yorska; but there is no doubt that she could have put it over in the most convincing fashion if—it hadn't been for her nose.

Now, dance-hall singers are not properly supposed to possess



# "Dear

By

ELMER M. ROBBINS

**A** QUARTER of a million dollars is spent each year in correspondence between motion picture celebrities and fans.

Three thousand letters arrive daily at Hollywood studios. Ninety percent are addressed to stars.

Over eighty secretaries are employed. Their salaries aggregate \$90,000 per year.

The following figures are careful estimates based on interviews with the studios and many leading screen players:

## COST TO THE FAN

Postage on letters mailed...\$32,850.00  
Cost of stationery ..... 19,050.00

## COST TO THE STAR

Postage on replies.....\$47,450.00  
Cost of stationery..... 15,500.00  
Cost of photographs..... 75,920.00  
Salaries of secretaries..... 90,000.00  
Miscellaneous office expense.. 5,000.00

Total .....\$286,670.00

Answering individual letters is one of the most important details of studio work. There is a distinct connection with the box office receipts. Stars find it a necessary expense to the maintenance of name.

For this article, the writer was allowed to read and tabulate the first thousand letters received by Dorothy Gish at her Hollywood studio during August. Examples given were taken at random or for type. They are representative of letters received by any well known star.

"DEAR DOROTHY:

I wrote you some time ago and asked you for your picture. It came this morning but the name on it was written by some one else. Please send me another and write it yourself. I have a copy of your signature on a letter written two years ago."

Rubber stamp and secretarial signatures have been weighed and found wanting. Minnie Wilkins of Poughkeepsie, wants the real signature of her favorite, and if you know Minnie, you know she's going to have it.

At least fifty better known players spend from thirty minutes to an hour each day signing letters and photographs.

Who writes? What do they write about?





# Dorothy:

A quarter of a million dollars is spent annually on correspondence between the "fans" and the players. What do they write about? Who writes? Read on.

Everyone writes, about everything.

Ninety percent of the letters include requests for photographs. They usually open with highly flattering comment on the picture last seen:

"DEAR DOROTHY:

I have just seen your work in 'Hearts of the World' and I think you are wonderful. Please send me your photograph. I have a collection of over 200. Your admirer, etc."

Miss Gish mails fifty photographs a day.

A movement credited to Charles Ray has curtailed fan demands to a certain degree. Mr. Ray announced he would send no pictures unless the fan enclosed a thrift stamp. He pastes the stamp on the picture sent. The habit caught quickly. Many of Miss Gish's letters contain thrift stamps with no comment. This holds good throughout Hollywood.

Until quite recently every well regulated household boasted an autograph album with one or more signatures of prominent people.

"DEAR DOROTHY:

I received your letter and the photograph, and it completes my file. You should see it. I bought a leather covered looseleaf book in which I placed all the letters from different stars. Each letter faces the autographed photograph. Your picture is the very first in the book, which is full now and I am having it bound solid with my name stamped in gold on the outside."

There are certain complications too, in sending our photographs. Note the rather strained tone of this brief message:

"MISS GISH:

I received the photograph yesterday and find it is the same pose as the one you sent me a year ago. I have given it to one of your admirers who lives near me. Please send me a new one."

Requests for money represent almost one out of forty letters. The amount asked ranges from 50 cents to \$500.00, depending on the needs of the writer. The "nerve" displayed is aptly shown in the following rather fair sample:

"DEAR DOROTHY:

I know you are making lots of money and I am a poor girl without any parents. There is a coat down

town that I need awful bad. It only costs \$13.45 and if you would send me the money I would tell everybody that you sent me the coat and you would get plenty of advertising out of it and I guess advertising is what you want. There is another one in the same window for \$18.00 but I don't like the shade."

Needless to say, letters of this type are never answered.

Although sales agents never found the players very good prospects, eleven letters out of a thousand are from people with something to sell. In this case, eight were ordinary form letters, copies of which were sent to every well known star. Three were "Follow up" forms. Subjects covered town lots, oil stocks, real estate and books. The balance were from photographers offering cheap reproductions of pictures by other studios.

One out of twenty-five want jobs in the pictures.

"DEAR MISS GISH:

Please tell me if there is ever any opportunity to use me in one of your pictures. I want very much to become a picture player and I feel that I would make good if given a trial."

<b>Cost to the Fan:</b>	
Postage on letters mailed . . .	\$ 32,850.00
Cost of stationery . . . . .	19,950.00
<b>Cost to the Star:</b>	
Postage on replies . . . . .	47,450.00
Cost of stationery . . . . .	15,500.00
Cost of photographs . . . . .	75,920.00
Salaries of secretaries . . . . .	90,000.00
Miscellaneous . . . . .	5,000.00
<hr/>	
Annual cost, \$286,670.00	



Who writes all these letters? What do they say? Everyone writes about everything.







# C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

*Mr. Rowland's Rejoinder.* The picture magnate who has a sense of humor generally refers to his own estate in terms of sarcasm. In his opinion the business in its present aspects is quite, quite nutty.

All of which must be understood to appreciate Dick Rowland's blistering epigram when informed that "the Big Five" were about to withdraw from all managerial affiliation, and lead the industry in a campaign of "direct to the ultimate consumer" slogans.

"Ah!" observed the president of Metro, dryly, "the lunatics are now running the asylum!"

*Higher Prices— for what?* The common gabble wherever self-appointed doctors of the picture business gather is that authors are not paid enough for story material; that in a game where the star becomes a millionaire, while the director gets as much as a corporation lawyer and the producer at least enjoys a big flash of apparent prosperity, the author emerges from the small terminus of the trumpet.

This, as does most of the garden talk of the corner-store wiseacre, has an element of truth in it.

But Photoplay Magazine dares throw a grenade into the popular trench by saying that by and large, on the whole, the author is getting just about what he deserves.

This is not literary Bolshevism. Photoplay has not become the chained mouthpiece of the magnates. It is the truth.

What the film business does need, and need most desperately, is big prices for better stories. Out of a thousand people who write for the screen you won't find twenty who are taking any pains at all, and not more than half that number are turning out extraordinary material. The author is not necessarily to blame. Through the years in our immediate vicinity he has been led continually toward quantity writing of more or less commercial character. The authorial celebrity—as Mr. Giffen told us so unerringly last month—has at hardly any moment considered the movies worthy the complete extension of his powers. Once abused—forever aloof: such seems to be the attitude of eight out every ten men of name whose stuff has been picturized.

There is no occasion for a general uplift of prices. There would be no justice in a general

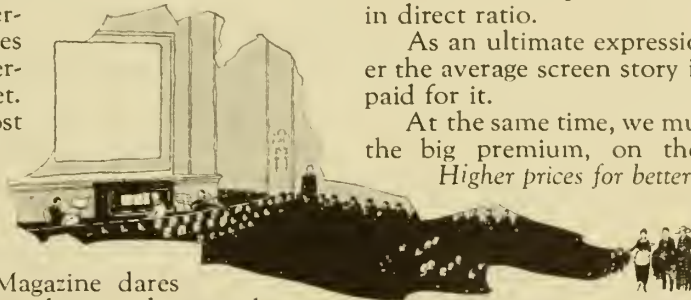
establishment of substantial dramatic royalties. The majority of motion picture stories are not worth it. It would be putting a premium on mediocrity.

But the hour has struck for the real thing. One might almost say that it is now or never. We want men who will bring all the forces of alert intelligence to a substantial and satisfying study of every angle of pictorial expression. Having such men, we must demand and obtain for them the fullest and finest recognition that the creative world affords. The thing worth while ought to have royalty. The thing worth while ought to be respected by and protected from the whimsical ravages of the commercial director. The thing worth while ought to have at least the respect of the star. When Mr. Belasco buys a play for Miss Frances Starr the author may, and generally does, profit by Mr. Belasco's unerring criticisms and shrewd suggestions—but neither the famous Mr. Belasco nor the distinguished Miss Starr presumes to make the author a monkey, a goat or a joke. And the author profits according to their profit, in direct ratio.

As an ultimate expression, we doubt whether the average screen story is worth the amount paid for it.

At the same time, we must put the premium, the big premium, on the genuine product.

*Higher prices for better stories!*



*"Films"—a Composition.* The terms of art become interchangeable where arts are recognized as standard. It is in the mode to call a painting a symphony, or a symphony a tone-painting. A short play may be an overture, a lyric masterpiece a poem, and a good opera is generally best described as a music-drama.

The best recognition comes not from without, as a matter of force, but from within, as a factor of unconscious tribute. Thus the motion picture is exacting its bows, its imitative names and its facsimilies in all the other media of expression there are.

Alfredo Casella, an Italian composer of the newer French school of music-making, has just completed an intense and rather extensive tonal picture of the recent war's phases, which he calls by the short, powerful, apt name—"Films." We have not heard Mr. Casella's measures—recently played for the first time in America, at a single concert, by the New York Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Walter Damrosch—but if his impressions are as graphic and understandable as his name for the collec-



tion of them, he has appealed to the people everywhere. We presume that his divisions in the aural picture may be termed "reels." Hence his "reels" include a listener's observations in Belgium, the Passing of the German Heavy Artillery, Before the Ruins of Rheims, Cossack Cavalry, Battleships in the Adriatic, and so on.



*The Standard Joke.* A generation ago the standard mimetic travesty was ye vintage tragedian of lofty countenance and hat, counting the ties between towns amid cadenced observations concerning the evil days upon which we are fallen. No matter how many times you had laughed at him, you were supposed to laugh again while waiting your turn in the barber's chair.

Stormington Barnes has gone, but in his place the ignorant movie producer chatters know-nothingly.

A late wheeze concerning this person, in the general character of such humor:

Scene, his gold-plated office. Enter, with an excited expression of triumph, a director.

The director: "Say, boss—I've got a winner! Exclusive rights to film 'Pudd'n' head Wilson!'"

The producer, rising: "The place for a loafer like you iss the street. Ve are not knocking our great President!"



*Screen Bevo.* It is no new belief that the motion picture has done much to give the saloon its death-blow, and that the screen will so effectually replace the vanishing bar that the latter's exit will be accomplished without even a ripple on the surface of the thirstiest community.

But for the advocates of censorship, here is a thought for today: you cannot replace something with nothing. You cannot make the picture theatre your men's community club if your club-room has no light, heat, furniture nor equipment for comfort and amusement. You cannot expect men—or women—to take kindly to a thing which has been so devitalized that it is less tempting than an iron ration, and not half as substantial.

Hundreds of thousands of boys who went abroad are coming back strong men. In themselves they are but a small fraction of our population but in their direct and indirect influence they are a factor of power, liberality, and independent thinking which is positively tremendous. We are trying to clean up this country. We are trying to remove every impediment in the race of life. Some of our changes are drastic, and they are being made in the face of a general social and economic unrest unparalleled in human history. In the diversions of our people, in the occupations of their leisure hours, we need a clean, fine, sincere and pre-eminently strong art as we never needed it before and may never need it again. Censorship does not mean any of those things; it means intolerance; it means artistic

nihilism. It offers an insult to every self-reliant and self-respecting man and woman.

By all means let us have better pictures, and clean pictures, but let us have pictures that will reflect life honestly, and teach us to enjoy it and prize it and make it worth while.

The screen has a duty to perform. It must help to make men and women satisfied with American sobriety and American ideals of law and order and progress. To do this the screen must be strong, honest, unafraid. Wearing the shackles of censorship it is perforce weak, dishonest, cowardly.

This is no time for screen bevo.



*Boxing the Gyroscope.* The motion picture came in for its share of war improvements, like the steamship and the big gun.

Among other innovations, French camera genius successfully boxed the gyroscope, that almost miraculous stabilizer which, appearing a few years ago as a nursery toy, has since been applied successfully from mono-rail trams to almost-intelligent torpedoes.

Early in the war two difficulties attended the rapid and sure making of good pictures at the front: the tripod was unwieldy, and gave the camera the certain aspect of a machine gun—and when the tripod was dispensed with the natural unsteadiness of a hand-held crank-camera invariably spoiled the photography.

A Frenchman, as yet unnamed, enclosed his picture taking machinery in a box and pivoted the whole upon some sort of universal joint—plus a gyroscope. The motive power for gyroscope and reel was a little flask of compressed air. The gyroscope obviated all the small nervous motions of the hands.

The device received its baptism of fire at Verdun. An intrepid cameraman of the French government named Dupre, seeking an exposed advance position, was instantly killed by a bullet through the forehead. He sank back and the camera rested upon his knees. The gyroscope ran on—and when they found his body they found a marvelous picture.



*Ideal Movie Weather.* We have long known the sort of sky demanded for the Sunday School picnic, and the

vaudeville comedians tell us what constitutes a fine night for a murder. Doubtless most of us have individual notions of the proper weather in which to hunt the picture theatre. But the managerial angle—business weather, with all elements of expense considered—got a practical definition recently from a New York exhibitor; a gentleman whose ancestors migrated from Palestine to Russia, on their way to the United States. The informant spoke as follows:

"It should look like rain, but it shouldn't. It should be cloudy and it should be cold, but it shouldn't be so cold that you should have to put more coal in the steam heat."





"I have found Cutex the most effective way of taking care of my nails."  
ALICE BRADY

# How to give yourself a "professional" manicure

*A few minutes' care once or twice a week keeps your hands flawless*

**W**ITH the least bit of time, the least bit of trouble and expense, your hands can *always* be as well groomed as though you had just come from the manicurist.

*To make the cuticle smooth*

The most important part of a manicure is the care of the cuticle. *Never* cut it. Beauty specialists agree that such cutting causes hangnails and rough, uneven cuticle.

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the dead cuticle.

Rinse off the dead surplus skin thoroughly in clear water.

*To whiten nail tips and polish nails*

Next apply Cutex Nail White directly from the tube underneath the nails. Spread it under evenly and remove any surplus cream with an orange stick. This leaves the nail tips snowy white.

Finally rub Cutex Cake Polish on the palm and pass the nails briskly over it. For an especially brilliant lasting polish, apply Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cake Polish.

Some people, after using water, find that the cuticle at the base of the nail tends to become rough and dry. If you are one of these, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort to them every few days. This softening cream is especially designed to keep the cuticle soft and pliable.

Do not think that by spasmodic care you can *keep* your nails well groomed. Whenever you dry your hands, push back the cuticle with a towel. Then *regularly* once or twice a week, give them a quick Cutex manicure. In this way you can keep your nails *always* lovely.

*Six "professional" manicures for only 21c*

Mail the coupon below with 21c, and we will send you a *complete* Midget Manicure set, which contains enough of each of the Cutex products to give you at least six wonderful manicures. Send for it today. Learn how beautiful your hands can look.

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# Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**T**HIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

## Norma Needs Glasses.

**I**N "The Heart of Wetona," while stealing through the woods to the home of her lover, Norma Talmadge often turns around to see if she is being followed. Her father is following right behind her and is perfectly visible to the audience even if Norma did look right at him several times without seeing him.  
M. J. LAKEY, New Rochelle, N. Y.

## Maybe She Practiced in the Bath Tub.

**I**N "A Perfect 36" Mabel Normand is a paperhanger's daughter working in her aunt's boarding-house. Although she apparently had never left her own city, while at a country resort she performs some fine water stunts which must have taken considerable practice. Is it likely that a girl who has lived in poverty would have much chance to learn swimming tricks?  
THEO. J. CUTTING, Philadelphia.

## Classy Quarters for Cows.

**I**N "Hard Boiled," Dorothy Dalton and her theatrical troupe get off a passenger train at Niles, Ohio, and some of the members decide to take the milk train to the next stop. Said train, when it arrives, proves to be identical with the passenger, from baggage and mail car in front, to railing on rear platform of the last coach. A milk train is usually inferior to a first-class passenger train in class.  
C. G. TRACY, St. Paul.

## Art!

**A**NDRIEN WOLCOTT (Irving Cummings) certainly lived up to his title of "The American Genius" in Fox's "The Woman Who Gave" for he painted *Colette's* (Evelyn Nesbit) profile while she posed *full face*.

GEORGE R. IFANT,  
Alliance, Ohio.

## She Travelled in a Past Set

**I**N spite of the fact that Anita Stewart's long-looked for picture, "Virtuous Wives," was highly entertaining, there were several discrepancies that could not be easily overlooked. Andrew Forrester announces to his wife that he leaves for the West in one hour. During this time the wife (Anita Stewart) saves her friend's child from drowning, averts a domestic tragedy, and still arrives at the station before train time.  
B. H., Los Angeles.

## When Dreams Come True.

**I**N "Mandarin's Gold" Kitty Gordon falls asleep with a paper in her hand upon which is an address 26 Fitch St. During her dream the chauffeur hands her a letter reading "When the person wanted enters the machine you will get the gold." When she wakes from her harrowing dream and looks at the letter in her hand we find it is the one she received in her dream instead of the letter she had when she fell asleep.  
GERTRUDE R., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## A Detroit Combine!

**I**N "The Lure of the Circus," Eddie's father, walking along a country road, is struck by the villain's car—a Chandler. The closeup shows him underneath a Packard, and later, during the getaway, the auto is a Cadillac.  
CASIMIR LABUNSKI, North Detroit, Mich.

## He Must Lead a Double Life.

**I**N Fox's "Call of the Soul" featuring Gladys Brockwell, the action of the story is supposed to take place in California. In one scene we see Miss Brockwell come into the hall to phone her friend, Dr. Clayton, who resides in the same city as she and yet she finds his number in a New York telephone book.  
RICHARD OBEY GRAHAM, Butler, Pa.



## They Don't Have That Kind in Our Town

**T**HE taxi-driver who took the singer home in "The Cabaret Girl" accepted tip nor fare neither on starting his trip or upon ending it. And gasoline so expensive too!  
R. J. T., Montreal, Canada.

## Small Town Drudgery

**I**D hate to be a lumber company cashier in the town where Mac Marsh in "The Bondage of Barbara" worked as such. Imagine—she was eating breakfast at "dawn" as the subtitle said, and spent barely five minutes after that before rushing away to the office.  
A. B. M., Chicago.

## A Healthful Basement

**G**ERALDINE FARRAR, in "The Hell Cat" has a scrap with a cow puncher and gets her face clawed up. She has a large scar on her chin when the cow puncher puts her down a cellar when the sheriff calls. The sheriff's call is very brief, say five minutes. Geraldine is then let out of the cellar and the scar is gone.  
Some health resort this cellar.  
SAM BROWNE, Los Angeles.





## *How do you wash your face?—*

Complexion troubles very often can be traced to insufficient and improper care of the skin. The tiny pores, if neglected, become clogged with impurities that eventually produce facial blemishes that are most embarrassing.

Resinol Soap has a twofold purpose.—as a toilet soap, it has cleansing and preventive action,—as a medicinal soap, it has curative and healing propensities which sink in and usually correct facial blemishes and skin troubles of the most distressing character.

Resinol Soap is not artificially colored, its rich brown being entirely due to the Resinol medication it contains.

For a generous free sample write Department A-6 Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

# Resinol Soap



# Do Married Men Make the Best Husbands?

By

CHANNING POLLOCK

Should story writers write the best screen stories? Channing Pollock, the familiar litero-dramatic guerrilla, again enters the enemy's camp, and discusses the question as to who does, and who should, write photoplay stories.

*HEREWITH is the second of a series of articles by Channing Pollock, revealing the scenario situation as he sees it. The first appeared in the May issue, together with a lengthy comment on Mr. Pollock's views.—EDITOR.*

**P**OLITICAL economy tells us business is in its most equable state when there is the nicest adjustment of supply and demand. Indeed, this fact is so obvious that we require authority for it no more than we need Newton to inform us that a fall and a bump await the gentleman who tumbles off the Singer Building. In the movies, the demand for stories is very great because the cinema "eats 'em alive." Only the statistician who figured how many grains of corn were due that legendary Leiter who bargained to double his last sum for every square on the checkerboard would attempt to estimate the number of releases. In 1916, when this magazine accompanied my "An Author in Blunderland" with editorial comment that "the weakest point in the imposing edifice of active photography is an unnecessary lack of competent authorship," someone had calculated the gross, up to that date, as seventy thousand. Certainly, the footage of fiction projected upon the screen now-a-days more than equals the combined output of publishers and theatrical managers. So that, for the moment setting aside whether these stories are good or not, or could be made better or not, we arrive where the film manufacturers arrived long ago—at a very pressing need of stories.

On the other side of the line, as disclosed by my last article, in the membership lists of two societies and the directorate of a third we find nearly three hundred celebrated authors, the most widely recognized in this country and England, who write stories—but not photo-stories. You may not have realized this, any more than I did, and you may not believe it now; in which case my missionary work is fully justified. The names of many of these men and women have been identified with pictures, but the electric announcement of "Sir Gilbert Parker's Wild Youth" does not mean that Sir Gilbert is devoting himself to this medium of expression any more than it means to reflect upon his adolescence. The truth is merely that a book of Sir Gilbert's has been twisted and distorted into the semblance of a photoplay, probably with the same flavor of the original, and the same survival of its merits, that attends the ordinary inept and inexperienced dramatization for the stage. The prevalence of this practice was indicated when four of my half-dozen inquiries, "Where do you buy stories?" brought forth the statement that "all the stuff we have been doing has been adapted from the magazines." It is that "stuff" which has been designated "second-hand," and the result of such a system is almost as plain, and as prognosticable as the fate of that hypothetical gentleman on the Singer Building.

Setting aside this question, temporarily, as we set aside the synonymous question of quality, we may shelve with it the interrogation, akin to "Do married men make the best husbands?" whether story-writers write the best stories. That is, the best stories for the screen? The answer would seem to be that these very stories, even at second hand, have provided the bulk of material. Also, that their authors received sixty letters from one producer—and didn't reply. We get back to our line, separating an insistent demand from a plentiful supply. Doesn't the barrier seem pretty poor economics, pretty bad business, utter waste and want of utilitarianism? Gabby old Political Economy, which enlightened us in our first paragraph, observes that such barriers, between over-demand and under-supply, are broken down by increase in price. We have seen, in my first article, that, behind the Great Wall of China, was what had come to be regarded as Chinese Money—that the barrier is made up, in part, of dissatisfaction with rates of remuneration. We know that, when the screen needed actors, who are not nearly so important and indispensable as stories, it got them by paying unheard-of salaries. That is the customary method of the new-comer in a new industry. Workers will not try untrodden paths for the same rewards offered where they were safe and sure. Like Gertrude Atherton, who is "content to receive half for a book . . . what I might get from a movie," the man who paints a miniature for love of it might ask a great deal of money to paint a fence. Let us see what kind of tempting bait the film manufacturers are dangling over that wall!

Last Spring, the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, through its Editorial Director, Elizabeth Jordan, sent out a circular letter setting forth that "the Goldwyn Corporation is making the best moving pictures exhibited today. It needs the help of our best writers." The best writers aforesaid were advised that trying their hands at moving picture plots "would be an interesting experiment, with big possibilities." The big possibilities were the promised payment, for "brilliant comedies," "good love stories with drama," and "good farce comedy with real situations," of \$1,000 per good farce or brilliant comedy. That is, the thousand dollars was promised *if* the good farces and brilliant comedies "fit our needs." Of which question the sole arbiter, of course, was the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. Miss Atherton, or Leroy Scott, or George Randolph Chester might have gone on devising plots, struggling for that bigly-possible thousand dollars, until the nether regions became a fertile field for the Hygeia Ice Company! The big possibilities, you will have noted, did not include any of the standard concessions of publisher and theatrical producer—contract, advance royalty, or forfeit in the event of rejection! No wonder Mr. Scott replied, "Your letter would be amazing, were it not so thoroughly in keeping with the usual cheap and belittling attitude of the motion picture companies toward authors."

It may happen, gentle reader, that you are wondering at Mr. Scott rather than at Miss Jordan. With my friend of the sixty letters, and with numerous other friends of the same calling, you may have the idea—of which Willard Mack says the film men must rid themselves if they are "to continue successfully"—"that the author 'hocks' his typewriter once a month to pay his room-rent; that when you pay him a thousand dollars for a story he is found in Bellevue three days later, suffering from financial neurosis, and crying in his delirium: 'Give it to charity, boys; it hurts me to carry it!'"

Far be it from me to deny that a thousand dollars is a considerable hunk of money. Like other hunks, however, its size is comparative. The salary that seems prodigious to a locomotive engineer would be contemptible to the other kind of engineer. Talent and training are to be considered; supply and demand. There are so many more men who can run an engine than there are men who can "run a line" for the track upon which it navigates. Out of the three principal societies in America and England it was possible to pick only three hundred established authors. There are six thousand doctors and ten thousand attorneys in the Classified Telephone Directory of *New York City!*

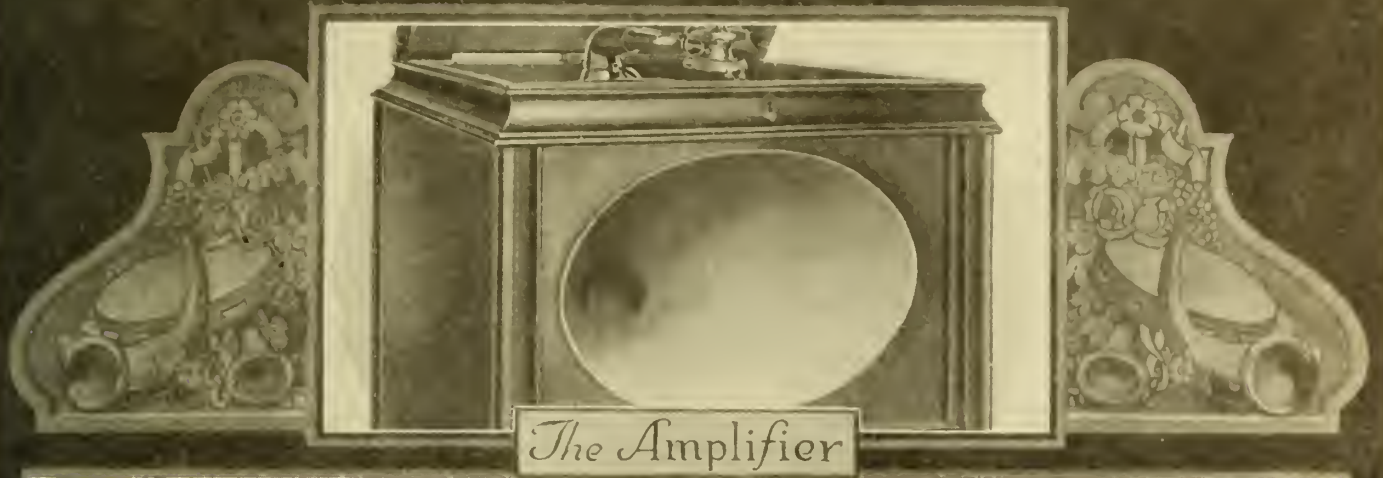
If, as my friend of the sixty letters, and numerous other friends of the same calling undoubtedly believe, "there aren't a dozen" authors "making ten thousand dollars a year," this would be the time to consider which kind of Booth Tarkington's "authoring" is the more arduous, and how many scenarios, at a thousand each, the average author might hope to write—and sell! If it is from the movies that "The Author Gets His"—as Alfred A. Cohn put it, buoyantly and sanguinely, in a recent *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE*—this would be the time to ask why the necessity of sending sixty letters, of allusions to "big possibilities," of advertisements, in the *New York Times*, stating that "it is easy to find stars but extremely difficult to get stories." Why offer thirty thousand a year—which is what one company *did* offer—to a man "with a large acquaintance among novelists and dramatists," and why send representatives to meetings of the Authors' League? Is the writing man even a worse business man than he is popularly and hopefully supposed to be—improvident, unmercenary, blind to his opportunities? Or is it merely that these siren-singers are a trifle off-key: bidding for diamonds without knowing them from glass, and in blissful ignorance of the state of the market?

As a matter of simple truth, the incompatibility is between my friend and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Gone are the days of Grub Street, when every author, perforce, was an Attic Philosopher, and penury was the wages of the pen. The *Evening Post* no longer pays Richard Harding Davis, or anyone else, \$1.05 for an article on "The New Year at Lehigh"—no more than, as Mr. Cohn tells us they used to do, publishers and authors will sell film rights for "from \$25 up." I don't suppose there are more than a score among our gallant three hundred whose average earnings

(Continued on page 101)



# The BRUNSWICK Method of Reproduction



## How We Banished Metallic Sounds

**B**EFORE The Brunswick Phonograph ever came to market, Brunswick executives were insistent upon a vital betterment: Reproduction.

We had been making phonograph cabinets for others for years. We had won top place during the past 74 years in the wood-crafting art. To stake our reputation on a Brunswick Phonograph was a momentous undertaking.

And so tone reproduction was studied for months. We tried every known method, the ones then accepted as supreme.

But every phonograph we ever heard in all our tests had good tones and bad tones, alternating in annoying frequency.

### Higher Standards

Our task was to do away with the so-called metallic sounds. These, we found, came from metallic construction. Tone waves must vibrate to attain their volume. And so, as a superlative feature of The Brunswick Method of Reproduction, we evolved the scientific Brunswick Amplifier under our own patents. It is built entirely of moulded wood.

This achievement, all acknowledge, is one of the great steps in the progress of phonographic art. It brings out tones hitherto lost. It banishes the raucous.

Another amazing advancement is the Ultona, our own all-record player—in-built, not an attachment. This reproducer, at a turn of the hand, presents to each make of record the proper needle and diaphragm. Each record is played at its best.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is one of the greatest triumphs of The House of Brunswick since its establishment in 1845.



### Hear—Then Judge

You owe it to yourself and to your family, as you decide upon *which* phonograph, to become acquainted with The Brunswick. In your town there is a Brunswick Dealer who will be glad to play this super-phonograph for you.

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**Brunswick**



# Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK

A PAIR of unusually interesting blonde travellers arrived at New York's Grand Central Station in the late afternoon of the twentieth of February. One of them—Miss Blanche Sweet—was merely commuting back to a vast village she knows as well as Baedekker knows the cathedral towns. But her companion, Mrs. Mildred Harris Chaplin, had never before set her small foot on the island that the Dutch took away from the Indians, and was entranced, mystified and interested accordingly. What with the post-war travelling, hotel accommodations everywhere are hard to get, but in New York and Chicago they are as scarce as Germans at the Quai d'Orsay. Accordingly these two dears were shuffled into the Hotel Gotham, far up Fifth avenue. A procedure probably not without compensating satisfaction to the pensive Miss Sweet, who is a lady-hermit if there ever was one, but perhaps quite distressing to the little eighteen-year-old Chaplin, who would have liked to swallow all New York at a gulp, and particularly that section of Forty-fourth street occidenced by the Claridge and oriented by the Biltmore. However, a dinner at Anita Loos' charming apartment in Fortieth street immediately compensated for the Gotham hibernation, and thereafter the little Chaplin was on her way, looking for the Woolworth building in Times Square, and filling her wide eyes and receptive ears with all the sights and sounds of the metropolis that they could well gather. But glad enough she was to stay in the Gotham the next night! Her recent illness left her rather weak, and twenty-four hours of shopping, sight-seeing and theater-going found her completely exhausted. Frocks and recreation—these the *motifs* of the two young ladies' pilgrimage. Both of them needed the latter, for Mrs. Chaplin had been ill, and Miss Sweet was almost worn out by the arduous labor of her two new productions, "The

Hushed Hour" and "The Unpardonable Sin." Also (whisper) Mrs. Chaplin wished to buy some very tiny garments . . . . . in anticipation . . . . .

D. W. GRIFFITH has always been associated with California, in the minds of his world-around audiences. There's no especial reason why this should be so—but it is. As a matter of fact, Griffith learned his business in New York, and perfected in Hollywood only what he had practiced on Fourteenth street. And on pretty good authority it is whispered that he is coming back to New York, not only to inaugurate a Broadway theater's line of his successes, but to make his production headquar-

ters. This, too, has a deeper-than-the-surface significance. Now that the war is over more than one firm is looking longingly at the convenient banks of the Hudson or the billowy reaches of Long Island, and by midsummer a number of big studios may again be in eastern operation. Mr. Griffith's plans for eastern production of his own pictures are still embryonic, but his designs for a repertory revival of his successes are somewhat more advanced. A New York theater will probably be devoted to these for a considerable time, and he will go back as far as "The Sands of Dee," and "The Avenging Conscience," and go down the line through "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," and "Hearts of the World."



"Aunt Mary or Aunt Ollie?" is the burning question behind the pensive eyes of little Mary Piekford Rupp, wee daughter of Lottie. For a long time Aunt Mary was undisputed queen of Mary II's small heart; now Aunt Olive Thomas-Piekford seems to have stepped in. What's a poor baby to do, anyway?

THANHOUSER has joined the Biograph, Edison, Kalem, and Fine Arts as a landmark of the "pioneer days" of pictures. One of the oldest film corporations in America, the New Rochelle company, founded by Edwin Thanouser, was recently dissolved. Thanouser produced one of the first serials, "The Million Dollar Mystery," featuring the late Florence LaBadie, one of the best-loved actresses who ever appeared on the screen; Marguerite Snow and James Cruze—now a director for Lasky. Among the commuters to the old studio were Gladys Hulette, Frederick Warde, Sidney Bracy, Muriel Ostriche and Gladys Leslie. The latter, now a Vitagraph star, started at Thanouser. And you recall, too, the famous "Thanouser Kidlet," Helen Badgely; and the Benham children, Leland and Dorothy, whose parents, Harry Benham and Ethyle Cook-Benham, were members of the stock company. Thanouser used to go in for costume stuff; and once upon a time turned out a well-finished production of "Richelieu" with Francelia Billington; and

(Continued on page 86)





# Cretonnes, curtains, blankets

*Laundered actually like new*



**H**OW many times have you longed for filmier curtains and more colorful cretonnes without daring to buy them? You were afraid they would not launder.

But now you know your fragile curtains, your exquisite linens can be kept lovely and fresh with Lux.

Lux comes in wonderful, delicate white flakes—pure and transparent. You whisk them into the richest, sudsiest lather, that loosens all the dirt—leaves the finest fabric clean and new—not a color dimmed, not a fibre weakened in any way.

**Light and fluffy blankets**  
With Lux you can wash

your softest blankets over and over again, and still have them light and woolly.

With Lux, there is not a tiny particle of solid soap to stick to the soft woolen and injure it. Not a bit of rubbing to mat and shrink it.

Use Lux on your finest blankets, your richest cretonnes! Tumble your daintiest things—embroidered pillow-slips, doilies—even lamp shades—into the Lux suds. See how easily you can keep your loveliest things like new.

*Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.*

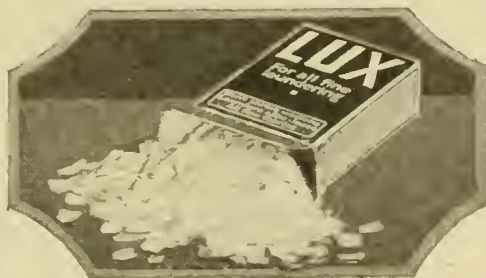
Get Lux from your grocer, druggist or department store.—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

# LUX

THERE ARE NO SUBSTITUTES

### To Wash Blankets

Whisk Lux to a lather in hot water, 2 tablespoonfuls to a gallon. Add cold water till lukewarm. *Do not rub.* Squeeze the suds through. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters, dissolving a little Lux in the last. Use a loose wringer; never twist. Dry in the shade.



### Silk and colored curtains

Whisk Lux to a lather in hot water, a tablespoonful to a gallon. Add cold water till lukewarm. Wash quickly. *Do not rub.* Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Dry in the shade.

For white curtains, not silk—Soak an hour in cold water. Wash in hot suds. Rinse in 3 hot waters. Dry in the sun.



"The psychology of charm lies in being true to Nature—or Sex, if you will have it that way. What new repellent than an effeminate man? 'A hairy woman,' you say? Probably so! For I can conjure no ruder shock to silent admiration of seeming exquisiteness than a fleeting glimpse of under-arm, or suggestion of tousled captivity 'neath a sheer silk stocking."

From "The Sketches of a Don Quixote"



# Now — a new way to remove hair!

AND WITHOUT SLIGHTEST DANGER  
TO THE SKIN OR COMPLEXION!

THERE is a new way to remove hair. A *scientifically correct*, superior toilet preparation; dainty, exquisite, harmless; that meets the most exacting requirements of women of refinement.

This remarkable new preparation is called NEET. And it leaves the many old methods, against which there has always been so strong a prejudice, definitely without place.

That's because in the discovery of NEET, science finally solved the problem of removing hair without irritation—without injury!

#### WHAT NEET IS

NEET is an antiseptic cream-lotion that not only removes hair, but, in the same operation, bleaches the skin to perfect whiteness! It is ready for service, without mixing or musing!

Apply the same as a cold cream. Let stand a few minutes, and then rinse off with

clear water. That's all! The hair will be gone—rinsed away. And the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white!

Different in formula, action and effect from any other preparation of similar function, NEET is warranted to neither irritate the skin nor injure the complexion, no matter how frequently used! Doctors are adopting it in hospital practice to remove hair from patients about to be operated on.

#### BEGIN USING NEET TODAY

If you are still employing old methods, NEET—cooling, soothing and dainty—will come as a delightful contrast. The most welcome accessory ever reaching your vanity table!

Use it freely, and without hesitancy, on the face, the underarm, the forearm—wherever needed—and you will be delighted with its thoroughness and with the feeling of absolute cleanliness it leaves. Which says nothing of the fact that, with NEET as your ally, you may now wear even the sheerest of stockings without a single misgiving!

#### WHERE TO OBTAIN NEET

NEET is on sale at toilet goods counters in nearly all department and drug stores in the United States. Or, by mail, postpaid. Two sizes: 50 cents, or three times the quantity for \$1.00.

#### Special

If you cannot obtain NEET at your dealer's, clip the coupon below and mail it in with 50 cents for the small size—or \$1.00 for the large—and receive your supply by return post, in unmarked wrapper.



HANNIBAL PHARMACAL COMPANY  
St. Louis, U. S. A.

# Neet

The Non-irritant Depilatory

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615 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

For the enclosed <sup>50c</sup>  
\$1.00 send NEET to

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STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_



# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

**FLORRIE, DALLAS.**—I have always eschewed young ladies who have stage aspirations, an admiration for the mere, sheer matinee idol, and who love "life." Taking typewriting lessons to please the folks is just a polite way of saying that you are learning to be a stenog., isn't it? I haven't any private archives, but PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has a "morgue," such as newspapers have. I believe you may reach Kathleen Clifford at the Hotel Algonquin, New York. She made some pictures for Balboa, some time ago. I think Miss Clifford is doing a single—in real life and in vaudeville. Do you think, really, that I am a genius? I wish I could think that.

**RALPH Q., NEW ORLEANS.**—I don't know of any film company that needs a Spanish translator. But I can tell you how to reach Miss Anita Loos. Write to her at the Paramount offices, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York. It was Julian Johnson who called Miss Loos "the soubrette of satire." Who is the lovely lady whose picture adorns the post-card?

**LAURETTA, BUFFALO.**—You have those birthplaces mixed. One may be born in Brooklyn, but not in Niagara Falls. One only honeymoons in Niagara Falls. Can't tell you why it is that when one writes to some actress for a picture one never receives it, while one's friend across the street does. With all the keen competition in photograph-collecting, I should say one would no longer be friends. Besides the actress probably thinks one picture for each street is enough. Douglas MacLean has a contract to play leading-men for Thomas H. Ince.

**SPIZERINKTUM, K. C.**—Good morrow; how is it by you? Yes, it surely was nice of President Wilson to take his wife along with him on a business trip. Some of my friends' wives are wishing their husbands would follow his example. You wish to know why so many of the actors and actresses have birthdays in April. Well, it may be because so many of them were born in that month. Still raving about Wallie, I see. He's fond of dogs and Los Angeles is fond of him and he never went to Yale and yes, he has the dearest way of snarling up his mouth when he's mad. Good lord, child, how many pictures do you want of him? Charles Ray is married. Elliott Dexter is married to Marie Doro.

**M. B. R., "SIXTEEN."**—Another maiden in the blush business. Welcome, little stranger. You think I'm tall, rather good-looking, black hair (in a "pomp") with wonderful teeth? If I were all of this and more, Mildred, how could I prove it to you? Chicago, as you justly observe, is such a long, long way from Lawrence, Mass. Jack Pickford's first "First National" is "In Wrong." Marguerite De La Motte, loaned by the Douglas Fairbanks company for this one picture, is Jack's new leading lady. Dorothy Gish, Sunset Studios, Hollywood; Anita Stewart, Lois Weber studios, Hollywood; Eugene O'Brien, Hotel Royalton, New York; June Caprice and Creighton Hale, Albert Capellani studios, Fort Lee, N. J. (formerly the Solax.) I've delivered your message to Miss Evans. She didn't say a word to me.

**CLARE, DALLAS.**—I like the cunning caption to your letter: "Is this the proper way to address you? I have never written to a man before." You elucidate: "I am a very Young Thing, and I would like to know, oh, so much why Mary Pickford doesn't kiss her leading man. She evades the expected embrace in every fade-away until I could scream." There, there—only it isn't "fade-away," but "fade-out." You don't believe we are seventy-seven; but we may be a woman. Both hypotheses are just so. I suspect the reason Mary doesn't kiss her leading man is because she is just shrewd enough a show-woman to know it intrigues you and others of your feathered tribe. Beg pardon—meaning that feathered hats are being worn this season.

**H. D., PHILA., PA.**—Bill Hart has a sister; she is not an actress. I read your scenario immediately, since you requested it "as I have other irons in the fire." Having read it, I advise you to put it with the other irons. Surely—come again.

**JEANNETTE, N. Y.**—The East and environs are very curious-to-know this month. Sometimes it's the Australians who just can't contain their curiosity; again the mid-westerners are the most inquisitive people in the world. Your Corona, I can tell at a glance, needs oiling. Why, I had one so perfectly trained it would eat out of my hand. That was Myrtle Stedman in "The Hollow of Her Hand." I'm going to look up the question of the young M. D. named Robert—

who used to play with Ruth Stonehouse. I'll let you know later. You recall Bert Lytell, Mrs. Evelyn Vaughn-Lytell, and Mahlon Hamilton as members of a stock organization in Albany.

**I. B., SEATTLE, WASH.**—So you don't know what you would ever do without us. Well, what did you do before we began to conduct the Column? There is, indeed, a Myrtle Lind. You may see her, if you're lucky, in Mr. Mack Sennett's comedies. She has played, at different stages of her career, in amateur productions and Keystone films, appearing variously as water-witch, athletic girl, maid, manicurist, and a reason why Charles Murray, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, and other comedians aren't in drama. You have twenty autographed photographs, and a letter from Mary Pickford and Louise Glaum, and what do I think? I think you have nothing else to live for.

**THELMA C., EVERETT, WASH.**—Some are born great, some achieve greatness—and some just grate upon you. I hasten to say you are not among the latter. I thank you so much for using that plain white paper. I am haunted by the fear that I may some day be color blind. Mary Pickford was in "A Dawn of Tomorrow" and "A Girl of Yesterday." David Powell with her in the former; brother Jack had a part in the other. Louise Huff and House Peters in "The Lonesome Chap." Miss Huff has been quite ill with the 'flu; she is resting at present. Her latest appearance is in the Loos-Emerson production "When the Boys Come Home." If we said Sessue Haya-kawa was born in Japan it was true; and we reiterate it.

**DOLORES, MILWAUKEE.**—Like Sapho in St. Louis, or Cleopatra in Keokuk. That's a mistake about Anita Stewart going to occupy any throne but a movie one. There are two Anita Stewarts, you see; one a society girl, who married into a Portuguese royal family, who it seems now has a chance of hearing herself addressed as your Majesty. The other is our Anita of the films, who says she'd much rather have her own job; queen-ing doesn't appeal to her; it's too uncertain. A clever press-agent of course utilized the synonymy of names for a good story. Mabel Normand isn't married. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters, but not of Elsie Ferguson. I don't see any resemblance. Pearl White in "The Lightning Raider."



(Continued)

DAVE D. F., LEADER, SASK.—You wish to know if a person that is comically inclined, would have an opportunity of getting a position with my company, as your age is twenty-five, your weight 195 pounds, you are single, and your friends advise you that with a little training you would make a good comic actor. I only wish, Dave, that I had a company of my own; if I had I assure you I should make myself leading man, comic actor, and everything. Think twice before you hand in your resignation to your present employer; everybody I know is hanging onto his own job, just at present.

M. E. B., BATTLE CREEK.—There's a reason. A lady I know—very *nouveau riche*—is recently returned from France. She told me the most stirring thing she remembered was the French pheasants singing the Mayonnaise. Charles Ray and Enid Bennett, Ince; Corinne Griffith, Vitagraph (eastern); Mae Marsh, Goldwyn; Billie Burke, Famous Players; Vivian Martin, Lasky. I think Fannie Ward must be on her way to England now. Her daughter was recently widowed. I hear that Miss Ward's contract with Pathe will not be renewed.

CLARICE DAVIS, SPRINGFIELD.—The only shoe-clerk I was ever interested in told me a woman came in and said she wanted a pair of shoes for her little boy. "Yes," said the clerk; "—French kid?" "Of course not," said the lady indignantly, "my own son, born in Boston." The Edison isn't active in the production field. Mary Fuller has not appeared for a long time, although she has

denied a report of her permanent retirement. Stuart Holmes? I saw him, the other day, in "A Romance of the Air." He played a villain; of course in this case, a German spy. Send your "Why-do-they-do-it's" to that department of this Magazine

TONY'S PAL, ABERDEEN, S. D.—Hobart Henley, now a Goldwyn director, directed "Parentage." That reminds me; an exhibitor said he had booked "Percentage" as he heard it was a fine picture. Your Antonio is not married but a late rumor says he is engaged to a "charming eastern girl." What about it, Senor Moreno? His latest serial was "The Iron Test," with Carol Holloway. As Mr. Moreno is with Vitagraph now, he won't be playing with Pearl White again. Francis Bushman's middle name is "Xavier." We love to say that—*Xavier*. Don't know what the "S" in William S. Hart stands for. Thanks; write soon again.

E. D. C., NORFOLK.—Since you hate to start letters, don't. Just begin anywhere you choose. I love to give satisfaction; don't thank me. Just for fun you'd like to know if Mary Pickford is dead? Well, she isn't; but she was pretty ill for a while, with influenza. Owen Moore is acting again, for Goldwyn. Brother Tom is working at the same studio; and little Alice Mary Moore and her grandmother are with him. Helene Chadwick was reported engaged to a lieutenant; but it isn't true. She is making short-reel pictures for Pathe. Write to her care Pathe studio. She was born in Chadwick, N. Y.

RUTH ROLAND ADMIRER, EVANSVILLE.—Ruth has a new bungalow in Los Angeles that she's trying to find a name for. If you can concoct a cute one, send it in; and if Ruth thinks so too, she'll send you an oil painting of herself. Write to her 901 Manhattan Place, L. A. Mes-srs. Larkin and Chesebro were, the last I heard, serialing for Pathe. That Phantom Rider in "Hands Up!" is a mystery. Pathe puts a double row of ?????? and refuses to divulge the actor's name.

S. B., SHEPHERDSTOWN, W. VA.—Yes, the ex-Kaiser had an enormous income. He got a salary for being the Emperor of Germany and another for being the King of Prussia. In addition he possessed many palaces and estates, and he knew how to turn them to account. His private income is still enough to keep him in hair tonics. Just the same I'd rather be a long-haired Answer Man, living on hope but with lots of well wishers. Hassard Short, whose work you enjoy, is a well-known "heavy" in the legitimate. His latest picture work, I believe, is with Norma Talmadge in "Nancy Lee," not yet released. He is also appearing with Fay Bainter in "East is West," a spoken drama.

JAMES, DETROIT.—Don't leave school, my boy. Keep up your studies; fifteen is a bit too young to carry out any picture ambitions. Besides I can't advise you how to become a motion picture actor; it's agin' the rules and I wouldn't tell you if I could. Back to the old homestead: *home, James!*

(Continued on page 115)

## "Movy-Dols"

*Announcing a series of famous stars of the screen presented in paper-doll form.*

BEGINNING with the next, the June, issue, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will contain a beautiful page of "Movy-Dol" cut-out figures—paper-doll size likenesses, in colors, of motion picture favorites. This forthcoming PHOTOPLAY feature will have an irresistible appeal to every child in America. "Movy-Dols" will become a playroom favorite in thousands of homes.

These paper-dolls were painted by a well known artist and are reproduced by offset process, in dainty pastel coloring on heavy paper.

The first subject is Mary Pickford and besides a color likeness of Mary herself, will include several changes of costumes, modelled after some of Mary's best known screen characterizations. All of the subjects of this series are the best known screen favorites, popular because of their constructive appeal to children.

*Be sure and get the first—order your copy of June Photoplay at once from your nearest newsdealer.*







# Two little houses that stood side by side

**T**WO little houses stood side by side, in a suburb outside New York. And in each one of them a man and woman worked, and loved and dreamed their dreams of the future.

In the fifteen years that have gone by the two little houses have grown a bit grey and shabby. The man and woman who lived in one of them have moved on and up; they dwell in a spacious home, and his name is spoken with the names of men who are influential and accustomed to big things.

But in the other little house the other man and woman still dwell, and they too have grown a little greyer with the passing years; but the love has not gone out of the woman's eyes. Still she waits, and still she trusts, firm in the belief that some day her husband must win.

### **The tragedy of the man who lacks some one thing**

Down town, where they know her husband, they have given up all idea that he will ever win one of the big prizes in business. "A good fellow," they say, "honest and hard-working; but there's something lacking in him."

So they have let him work away the years of promise; until now he has come to the years when men no longer expect success.

He is one of the tragedies of the business world; and in that world there are no sadder words than these: "There's something lacking in him." Thousands of men who might have repaired the lack, if they had begun early enough, are condemned to small positions for life, because of it.

If you really care about your future, you will sit down with a pencil today and analyze your assets. Just what is it that you lack to make yourself a really all-round man—fit for the positions that demand familiarity with more than one department of business?

### **Analyze your assets. What do you lack?**

Is it a knowledge of business fundamentals you lack?

"Your Modern Business Course and Service gives a coherent presentation of the entire subject of business. It gives one a prospectus and an appreciation of essentials, as well as much knowledge regarding right and wrong methods of procedure," says *W. H. Ingersoll, Marketing Manager of the famous Ingersoll Watch Company.*

Is it executive ability you lack?

"It is the most concise, instructive and clearly presented form of education that has been presented for the benefit of executives," says *Chas. E. Murnan, Vice-President United Drug Company.*

Is it knowledge of accountancy and business finance you lack? Or of the principles of organization? Or of advertising and selling? Or of credits? Or of factory organization? Or of sales management?

Whatever the weak link in your chain of success may be, the tools for strengthening it are here, at your command.

### **The Alexander Hamilton Institute can help you**

The business of the Alexander Hamilton Institute is to take men who know only one department of business and round them out; to take men who have reached their limit, and give them the

sort of training that transcends ordinary limits, because the demand for men who have it always exceeds the supply.

75,000 men have enrolled with the Institute. There is one of these men in your own vicinity; ask him, if you choose, what the Modern Business Course and Service has meant in his progress.

### **Take the first forward step by sending for this book**

**I**F this advertisement reaches you, in your little house, with your wife and children about you; if you are a man in your twenties, thirties, or forties, thinking earnestly of the future, then the first step forward is easy. The Institute has published a 112-page book entitled "Forging Ahead in Business." It is not a cheap book! It is not for the mere curiosity seeker; but to those who really seek to make the most of themselves it is free for the asking.

It has proved the first key to the door of opportunity for 75,000 men. If you belong with them, in the army of forward looking, growing men, send for your copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" now. Fill in coupon and mail.

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Business Address.....

Business Position.....



## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 80)

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Robert Willson,  
Montoursville,  
Penn.

A

# Mellin's Food

## Boy

Mellin's Food, prepared with milk, is a complete food for an infant. By simply varying the proportions in its preparation, it can be adapted to children of all ages.

Write today for our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food

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Boston, Mass.

## Faces Made Young

The secret of a youthful face will be sent to any woman who has any kind of a facial disfigurement caused by age. Every woman who has a single facial defect should know about these remarkable

### Beauty Exercises

which remove wrinkles, crow's feet, fill up hollows, give roundness to scrawny necks, clear up sallow skins and restore the charm of girlhood beauty. No creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators or other artificial means.

### Results Guaranteed

Write for this Free Book which tells just what to do to make your complexion smooth and beautiful. Write today.

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Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrating, Pencil Crayon Portraits and Fashions. By Mail or Local Classes. Write for terms and list of successful students. Associated Art Studios, 124 Plattin Bldg., New York

"Carmen" with Marguerite Snow and Bill Garwood; and Rider Haggard's "She"—but then that's harking back pretty far, isn't it?

AFTER due consideration Bill Hart decided that the cause of Art would not sustain any great setback if he withdrew from the "Big Five," thereby reducing it to the "Big Four." The ostensible reason for his withdrawal was that he did not care to tie himself up by the three-year agreement signed by Miss Pickford and Messrs. Chaplin, Griffith and Fairbanks, but those who profess to know the workings of the Two-Gun Man's innermost mind asseverate that his chief reason for not going through with the others was his loathness to part with any of the fortune which he has amassed during the last eighteen months. It had been agreed that each of the stars was to finance his own pictures. Hart has done well with his Arcraft contract and it is said that his two years on that program will net him something like \$500,000, less a considerable income tax.

MARY PICKFORD has transferred the scene of her activities to the Brunton studio, which is now headquarters for a dozen or so independent producing companies. She is working on her second First National picture under the direction of Syd Franklin. Mr. Brunton built a separate building for Mary and her company. Jack Pickford and his wife Olive Thomas with their respective companies are also inmates of the Brunton plant.

THE well-known motion picture attorney, William Gibbs McAdoo, was recently entertained by Douglas Fairbanks at a home talent wild west show given at the latter's home in Southern California. Doug rode a bucking broncho and Mr. McAdoo refused to discuss politics.

MARSHALL NEILAN has taken unto himself a new star. It's Anita Stewart. Director "Mickey" began work on "In Old Kentucky." Miss Stewart's next vehicle, before completing "Daddy Longlegs" with Mary Pickford. His assistant, Al Green, took the company to New Orleans to film the

famous racing scenes that made the play so popular on the stage.

JOE SCHENCK, husband of Norma Talmadge and a financial power in film, is a half owner of the current Broadway success "The Unknown Purple." He got it as a reward for trying to cure a film director of the stage habit. The latter was Roland West, who had made some photo plays for Mr. Schenck, but all the time he was thinking about the stage play upon which he was putting all his leisure moments. The financier thought that the easiest way to cure his director and bring him back to the studio was to give him a chance to produce his play, so he loaned him a considerable amount of money. West disappeared and a few weeks later one of the Shubert brothers called Mr. Schenck on the telephone and asked for the first chance on his new play. Of course, Schenck had forgotten all about West's venture, and it required some sleuthing on his part to learn that this was what Shubert was referring to. He also learned that West had "cut him in" on a half interest. The "cure" worked all right, but West won't have to direct any pictures for a long time if he is careful with his earnings.



To the fanettes who didn't know Nigel Barrie was married, this picture, snapped in Los Angeles, will come as something of a surprise, but surely a pleasant one. We wish we could tell you Mrs. Barrie's *nee* name, but we haven't it; anyway, she isn't a professional. Barrie, upon his discharge from the Royal Air Force, in which he was a first lieutenant, was at once engaged to play opposite Alma Rubens in her first independent starring vehicle, "Diane of the Green Van." Barrie was a leading man for Marguerite Clark in the "Bab" stories, and for Clara Kimball Young, before he went off to war.

Cross duty in France. Miss Moore was the only sister of the famous Moore boys, Tom, Owen, Matt and Joe, the youngest of whom was with his regiment in France when his sister was stricken. The death of Miss Moore came as a severe blow to her mother, who lives in Los Angeles. Pneumonia was the cause.

NAT C. GOODWIN, one of the most popular comedians on the American stage, died in New York January 31 from a breakdown in health which followed the removal of his right eye some time before. Mr. Goodwin, touring in his play "Why Marry?" mistook a powerful liniment for an eye wash and so injured his eye that an operation was necessary. Goodwin was only fifty-nine years old.

(Continued on page 88)



# POMPEIAN

## BEAUTY POWDER



### You, too, Can Have Beauty Instantly!

Men cluster around her. And why not, for who can deny the witchery of a beautiful complexion? A white skin, lustrous and soft as satin, with the rich color glowing in the cheeks.

First a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream. Work this softening, vanishing cream well into the skin, so that the powder will not stick in spots. Now the Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, with its pearly touch and captivating perfume. Then a bit of Pompeian BLOOM on the cheeks. This touch of color adds the bloom of youthful beauty and makes your eyes seem darker and more lustrous. Presto! What a change in a few moments.

**Pompeian DAY Cream (Vanishing).** Keeps the skin smooth and velvety. Removes face shine. Has an exquisite perfume. All druggists, 50c.

**Pompeian BEAUTY Powder.** Adds a lovely clearness to the skin. Stays on unusually long. Pure and harmless.

Shades: white, brunette, and flesh. All druggists, 50c.

**Pompeian BLOOM.** A rouge that is imperceptible when properly applied. With vanity mirror and French puff; in three shades: light, dark and medium (the popular shade). All druggists, 50c.



#### Liberty Girl Art Panel and Three Samples

will be sent for a dime. A beautiful, patriotic panel, 28 inches by 7 inches, finished in colors. With the samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please clip the coupon now.

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Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for a Liberty Girl Art Panel and three samples.

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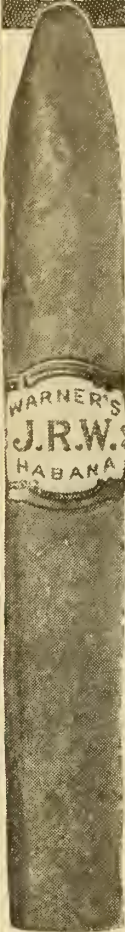
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Flesh shade sent unless white or brunette requested



## My J. R. W. Cigar Goes Direct From Me To You



That's why I am able to offer you the value I do at the low price I do. You are paying for straight tobacco value — nothing else.

There are no intermediate profits. All needless expense has been eliminated. I have no salesmen's salaries to pay. No store up-keep expense. No dealer's profits. J. R. W.'s go straight from the factory to you.

And besides J. R. W. cigars are always fresh. No standing for weeks on shelves or in show cases until they lose their fresh taste and delightful aroma.

### A Special Leaf

The leaf I use in my J. R. W. cigar is selected for me from the choicest crop in the Vuelta district of Cuba. I discovered it there many years ago. I immediately recognized that it had the most delightful flavor of any cigar I had ever smoked, and had some sent to me for my personal use.

My friends asked me to get some for them. They told their friends. In a short time the fame of my cigar spread over a large circle.

I realized the possibilities of this cigar. I began to import the tobacco in larger quantities. At the end of the first year I had sold over 90,000 cigars. Today, I sell over 2,000,000 annually.

### My Special Offer

Don't trust my taste. I know that tastes for cigars differ. So here is what I want you to do.

Send me 10¢ to partially cover the expense of packing, revenue and postage together with your name on your business card or letterhead, and I will send you these cigars to try.

Smoke five with me FREE. If you like them send me \$3.10 for the full box of 50, or \$6.00 for 100. If you don't, the cigars have been "on me" and have cost you nothing. Write today.

**J. Rogers Warner**  
270 Lockwood Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 86)

dition." The Corbett serial is being made at Universal and is known as "The Midnight Man." Corbett is one of the few celebrities acquired by film interests chiefly for the value of his name who has made good as a film player from the start.

**KATE CORBALEY**, the Los Angeles authoress who won the first prize in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S scenario contest two years ago, is rapidly winning her way to the top of the list of independent writers for the screen. She recently sold plays to Frank Keenan and William Farnum.

**JOHN EMERSON** and Anita Loos must have found time hanging heavily on their hands, with nothing to do but write and direct their productions for Paramount. Anyway, they are now working on a play for A. H. Woods, the eminent producer of such farces as "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath," "Up in Mabel's Room" (starring Hazel Dawn), and "Betty in Bed," in which Mae Murray, niece of the films, is to appear. The plot of the new play is farcical in character, of course, and will have its presentation sometime in the late spring.

**CHARLES MURRAY**, we told you in these pages last month, was going back to the stage, in a vaudeville act. Charles Murray has signed a contract with Famous Players-Lasky for his exclusive services for the films. Which is correct? Both. There are two Charles Murrays.

**THE** three Barrymores — Ethel, Jack, and Lionel — will appear together for the first time on any stage or screen, in a photographic revival of Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson," for Famous Players-Lasky. John will enact his original role of "Peter"; Lionel will do the uncle, with Ethel holding up the feminine honors of the piece. This collection of temperament under one studio roof would be appalling—if it weren't that it's all in the family, so to say. Do you remember that brother Lionel directed Ethel in a Metro production when both were affiliated with that company? And isn't it amusin' how much we enjoy calling the members of the theatrical "first family" by their first names?

**AN** announcement which may be more intriguing to the exhibitors than to the general or "fan" public is the agreement of Peerless, World, and United to join and produce features which will be released through 1,300 theaters. United will produce at the Peerless studios at Fort Lee. Some of the productions will feature the star, others the story or the "all-star cast." The names of all the stars have not yet been given out, so we cannot tell you their favorite tooth powder.

**ALBERT CAPPELLANI** has long contended that a director's best work may be done only when he is his own business boss. Accordingly "Cap" has formed his own company, to make pictures along his own lines, featuring June Caprice, late of Fox, and Creighton Hale, the magnetic Irishman. Cappellani directed those Nazimova pictures, "Eye for Eye," "Out of the Fog," and "The Red Lantern," for Metro, achieving remarkable artistic results, but dipping too deeply into the company's coffers to make a financial hit with the stockholders. For "The Red Lantern" he used up 100,000 feet of film. When Metro expostulated, Cappellani withdrew; and now it's "Cappellani, Inc."



The latest arrival in the cinema colony is Suzanne Vidor, who, if she had been born a day sooner, would have been a Christmas gift to her parents, King and Florence Vidor. Since December 26 Suzanne has been her mother's chief consideration to the exclusion of all plans for a reappearance on the screen, so we can't tell you when Florence will be acting again, or where, except that the odds are in favor of Lasky's, where, in DeMille's "Then I'll Come Back to You," Miss Vidor scored. Suzanne's dad is a director well known on the Coast.

**GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER**, "Get Rich-Quick Wallingford's" papa, is now a scenario editor at Vitagraph. He not only calls himself that; he does the work. He has his own office and reports daily at the Brooklyn studios, where he scratches the smooth mahogany of his new desk and wears out the oriental rugs chasing ideas up and down the editorial sanctum.

**YOU'RE** going to see "Skinny" of "The Days of Real Sport," and his friends of the home-town, and the other human characters of "When a Feller Needs a Friend," live on the screen. Claire Briggs, the cartoonist, has formed a film company and work is already under way on the first of a series of one-reel comedies, the Thanhouser studios at New Rochelle having been leased for the period of production. These pictures will not be animated drawings, but life sketches enacted by child performers.

(Concluded on page 90)





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# Plays and Players

(Concluded)



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ALL the tragedy of devastated France, for Frances Marion, is symbolized by a little shoe she found one night in a dug-out over there. A tender little thing, that had belonged to some mother's baby before the Germans came. "I felt it as deeply as I ever felt anything in my life. I said to myself, 'Here's where I write my masterpiece.' And I went back to the hospital and wrote the best comedy of my career! It was the reaction. I couldn't write a war story." Miss Marion brought back with her from the war zone six reels of film shot on the battle-fields of France, the comedy, and an engagement ring. She is to marry Chaplain Fred Thomson. Famous Players-Lasky has Miss Marion under contract for her exclusive scenario services.

THEDA BARA is said to be planning a return to the stage. Her contract with Mr. Fox expires early this summer and Mr. Fox is understood to be not averse to Miss Bara's designs on the realm of the footlights. The acknowledged depreciation in the famous vampire's photodramatic efforts of late is alleged to be due to the f. v.'s insistence on directing her director. J. Gordon Edwards, who directed most of the Bara successes and a few of the others, finally jumped the job and is now directing William Farnum.

FAY TINCHER, she of the black and white stripes and spit curls of the once famous Griffith studio comedies, is with us again but minus the stripes and curls. She is Al Christie's new star and the veteran comedy producer is directing her personally. Miss Tinchler's vehicles will be two reels much similar to those that made her famous in the old days. Previous to joining the Christie forces, Miss Tinchler played a vamp role at Universal City in "The Fire Flingers."

TEXAS GUINAN—the Bill Hart *a la femme*—is working now at the old Charlie Chaplin studios in Los Angeles. Cliff Smith—a director of renown who knows every turn in a Western tale, having piloted Hart himself and Roy Stewart of Triangle through the two-gun repertoire, has Miss Guinan under his expert tutelage.

IT is safe to say that no stage success has been sold to so many different companies, to be enacted by so many stars, as "Peg o' My Heart." All this with the original manuscript reposing in Mr. J. Hartley Manners' mahogany-desk, safe from marauding producers. However, this time rumor is routed, with fact looming large in the news that Adolph Zukor has bought the film rights for a Paramount star, possibly Marguerite Clark, although, in the event that Famous signs Mary Miles Minter, the production may go to her. And "Peter Pan," the theatrical gold apple, has also been secured by the enterprising A. Z. It is not generally known, perhaps, that J. M. Barrie was offered a certified check for \$100,000 merely as advance payment on his play if he would permit it to be picturized. Heretofore Barrie has steadfastly refused. It is not known, either, just what monetary inducement caused him to change his mind.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY chose as a fitting vehicle for Captain Robert Warwick's return to the screen "Secret Service," the good old melodrama which served William Gillette so well. Hugh Ford will direct; and Tom—lately Lieutenant Forman is a member of the cast. Warwick, you remember, did the somewhat unusual thing of gathering glory for himself offscreen, as an attaché of General Pershing's staff.

GEORGE LOGAN TUCKER, who has the distinction of having made the only effective Mae Marsh-Goldwyn, "The Cinderella Man," and having shown up the "Virtuous Wives" of New York's near-smart set for Anita Stewart, is another director who has succeeded in casting off managerial shackles and is to produce independently. His brand will be the "Mayflower Specials" and every assurance is given that they will be puritanical in name only. Tucker closed a deal with Adolph Zukor—my. Zukor has been busy this month—by which Paramount will release the Tucker pictures as "specials." Something more: why won't Mrs. Tucker, who is the charming Elizabeth Risdon in the theater, have a part in the new concern?

WHAT'S H. O. Davis going to do now—besides releasing, as an independent feature, the picture he supervised for Triangle, "A Servant in the House"? Davis has been a practical Bolshevik in his business—which is that of general-managing amusement enterprises—from the San Diego exposition to Universal City. At U he turned things upside down. After the revolution he went to Triangle, where he was vice-president and general manager. Trouble arose at the Culver City plant; Davis left; Triangle later disbanded. Then Davis started action to recover \$83,000 back salary. They compromised with Davis surrendering 100,000 shares and his interest in the corporation in exchange for the exclusive rights to "A Servant in the House."

HAVE you heard about the new Roscoe Arbuckle contract? He has signed with Paramount for the next three years, and the money involved is said to be \$3,000,000. We can't call him "Fatty" any more.

AN application for passports recently revealed the fact that Billie Rhodes, erstwhile comedienne and now a dramatic star-with-her-own-company, and William ("Smiling Bill") Parsons, have been married some months. They plan to go to Europe to make pictures. Whether or not they will do a double act on the screen remains to be seen.

IRENE CASTLE will make a film version of "The Firing Line," a novel by Robert W. Chambers, for Famous Players-Lasky. As soon as Mrs. Castle landed on this side, Adolph Zukor put his contract up to her, and she decided to be a Paramount star for a series of pictures rather than a vaudeville star, or a star-with-her-own-company. Incidentally all those rumors about Irene's engagement to a certain young musical comedy actor in London who used to be a certain young actor in motion pictures for Vitagraph over here, are absolutely without foundation. Both Irene and her mother say so.

THE membership in the Jack Holt family has increased to four. This is including Mrs. Holt and Jack, who recently became the proud father—February 5, to be exact—of a baby boy. Little Imogene Holt is now aged seven.

THE War Division of Films of the Bureau of Public Information has suspended its activities. Its propaganda work for the Allies done, there is no further need for its continuance; and Charles S. Hart, head of the division, announces that the film bureaus in France, England, Italy, and the United States have been closed. The American Red Cross Bureau of Films, however, will continue indefinitely its exploitation of films to be used in reconstruction work.





Corinne Griffith

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(149)



# The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 53)

country. Alaska may seem a well-worn land on the typewriters, but love is an even older subject. The masters can always get something out of love and Alaska. Alice Andrews and Bob Barclay, members of a burlesque troupe going into the gold country, are stranded for the winter, and out of the moil and turmoil of the icy frontier there springs a romance between Alice and Dan McGill, a grizzled prospector of forty-odd years. But Alice tires of Dan, even as Dan's love for her deepens into a supreme affection. When Barclay, now a follower of any illicit chance, meets up with her again, she falls—and McGill leaves them together. He leads a hermit's existence until he makes a great gold-strike. Drawn to the mob as a moth to the flame, Barclay of course brings McGill's wife, Alice, with him, and all three meet in the sudden metropolis of McGill's making. Then comes the branding—and the conclusion. Let us offer psalms of praise to an author who boldly makes his leading male no cherry-cheeked hero, but a middle-aged man, well weathered by storms of life which have given him experience without robbing him of his power. Russell Simpson, whom you will recall in "The Barrier," plays McGill—indeed a superb performance. Kay Laurell, long one of the leading beauties in Mr. Ziegfeld's bouquet, makes her picture debut in a varied and arduous dramatic role. She will do well under the lamps. Bob McKim plays the more conventional character, Barclay. The credit for the success of this picture must be split three ways. Beach and Simpson sharing with Reginald Barker, who has splendidly directed the play.

PAID IN FULL—Paramount

Eugene Walter's story of the lazy Harlem flat clerk who thought the world owed him a living, and the wife who did everything to save him from his own folly—this story has become an American classic, for its application is just as keen in New Orleans as New York. I is very pleasing to observe that when it comes to the projectors it appears in a manner worthy the original drama, both as to narrative and development, and, as well, as far as the cast is concerned. Pauline Frederick is ideally situated as Emma Brooks. She reminds one very much of Lillian Albertson, who created the part more than ten years ago. Bob Cain, playing her shiftless husband Joe, approaches Brooks in a different way than did his unforgettable stage predecessor, Tully Marshall, but he is splendidly effective in the photoplay. Frank Losee is very good—although he could have made a little more of the saturnine humor of the part—as that growling dog of kindly heart, Cap'n Williams. Wyndham Standing plays Jimsy. Emile Chautard directed.

THE LITTLE WHITE SAVAGE

—Universal

There are more ways than one to skin a cat, and more ways than two or three to tell a story. Paul Powell, who did some splendid work in the old Triangle days, has here made his best picture since the days when Griffith, Ince and Sennett "put in together," as they say in the south. The Savage is Minnie Lee (played by Carmel Myers) a somewhat dubitably "wild" girl in the sideshow of a little circus. Big Bill Dyer plays Larkey, a circus man of verdant imagination, and the whole story is Larkey's ready and admittedly amazing tale of the wild girl's antecedents, discovery and capture, related with sidesteps, breaks and blunders, but with refreshingly easy imagination, to a couple of curious customers in front of the tent. There is no continuity, in the accepted

sense of the world. I'm not going to tell you Larkey's fervent patchwork yarn, but I am going to tell you to see this piece of film if it comes to your neighborhood. Its breezy bold difference makes it worth while. What Paul Powell and scenariorist Waldemar Young have done here is the sort of adventure that starts screen progress.

EAST LYNNE—Sennett-Paramount

I hasten to give the rest of the main title—"With Variations." A healthy and basically true burlesque, such as this, is doing a lot more to make the country safe for democrats and the new republican congress than a procession of weary and orthodox romances with clutch finishes. Here are all of the old props of sensation in use between '85 and '05: the murdering buzz-saw, the persecuting snow-storm, the pursuing railway-train, the typhoon on the canvas ocean—and, as a touch of modernity, a submarine with stage fright. The exquisite Marie Prevost is the persecutee, with Charles Lynn as the persecutor. And Ben Turpin the hero, whose heart is true though his eyes are not. The carpenter of this mock-melo is the whimsical Eddie Cline, who has shown many a good directoral notion before.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

—Vitagraph

The world would seem upside-down to Charles Klein, if he could come back from his great coffin, the Lusitania. His most successful play, named above, was a famously popular roar at plutocracy. Nowadays plutocrat and commoner are holding hands together against bolshevism. However—"The Lion and the Mouse" is interesting, despite its out of date theme, as Vitagraph's best production in many months. Of all the Shirley Rossmores, and they have been many, I know of none more delightfully fitted for the role than Alice Joyce, who has just enough force and individuality, combined with supine girlishness, to make the demure and crafty Shirley real. Anders Randolph, too, is as good a John Burkett Ryder as Edmund Breeze—and that's saying a lot. Conrad Nagel is sufficient as Jefferson Ryder, without being conspicuous. The play is well produced, and evinces a care and sumptuousness of detail which, for many months, Vitagraph has conspicuously lacked. Tom Terriss directed, and handled his story intelligently.

ROMANCE AND ARABELLA—Select

After "Who Cares?" this story is rather thin and frothy; nevertheless, it is a human and therefore appealing trifle about a young widow and a handful of further matrimonial bets, and Constance Talmadge's depiction of the unbereaved relict is possibly the most winsome that could have been made had the producers exercised a choice among all the young she-juveniles of the trade. The play, by William Hulbert, stood upon its lines, as far as the stage was concerned. Many of these now make excellent subtitle material. Walter Edwards has studied Constance Talmadge as few directors have studied their people. Everything in his productions, from locations to properties, is in harmony with a story about a young girl, and his thoughtfulness and care have given Miss Talmadge a greater artistic and popular advance than she has ever experienced.

A TRICK OF FATE—Exhibitors Mutual

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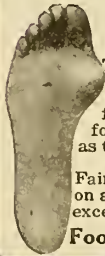
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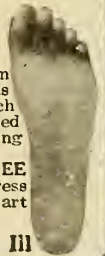
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# The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

as a Southern girl of gentle breeding and aristocratic antecedents, then as a cafe dancer of the more violent orders, whom she resembles only in features. Miss Barriscale differentiates her characters in bold strokes. The climax of her achievement comes when, by the "trick of fate" which gives the play its title, the Southern girl must for a long time impersonate the dancer. How she does, satisfying the demands of manner and appearance, yet never permitting her audience to forget who she really is, is the signal part of her achievement. Howard Hickman directed.

## THE WICKED DARLING—Universal

It's a long ways from "The Wildcat of Paris" to this screen play, and it's a drop, at that. Were it not for the extraordinarily vibrant and vital personality of Priscilla Dean, the unique and excellent detail work of the cameraman, and good character portraits by Lon Chaney and Spottiswoode Aitken, this would be the commonest and dullest of movie melos. It is unfortunate that Universal should burden so brilliant a young star, just over the horizon, with a piece which bears so little relation to real life and so much to all that buncombe and nonsense which makes a certain type of motion picture the byword and derision of intelligent people.

## FAITH—Metro

In my opinion this had a chance to be a really corking, though simple and not unusual story, and missed it by turning the wrong corner at the finish. As long as we have seen pictures we have wondered at the cork-screw expedients characters take to avoid coming straight to the point and winding the story up as sensibly as most such incidents wind up in real life. Here's a story where the hero does the simple, natural thing; tempted to steal a valuable necklace he neither steals it nor beats about the bush to allow for a four-reel possession of it. Instead, he returns it directly to the husband of the woman who owns it—his employer, a bank president. But then the story goes right into the ancient ditch; he is rewarded by being made assistant to the president, at a ten-thousand-a-year salary! Why, in fiction, must virtue be perpetually confounded with ability? Bert Lytell plays the young man—perfectly. Edwin Stevens, Rosemary Theby and Edythe Chapman contribute their abilities, also.

## TODD OF THE TIMES—Pathe

Here is a yarn, however, which turns the same corner—and takes the right road, because that road was indicated from the first. Theobald Todd, city editor of The Springfield Times, has spent the better part of his life as a subordinate because of a lack of self-assertion. With the managing editorship of the paper vacant, he should logically have the post, but won't go after it. Then the accidental breaking of a big story in which he, as the only man on the job with any "say," has to use authority and use it quick. His handling of really big news shows his calibre, and the top job is forced upon him—after which (he has been for aeons a hen-pecked husband) he goes home and becomes managing editor of his own house. The story, with a wealth of humorous and lifelike detail, is Jack Cunningham's. The acting of Theobald Todd is Frank Keenan's. Elliott Howe directed. This is one of the best features of the month.



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# The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

PEGGY DOES HER DARNDDEST  
—Metro

The topsy turvy, melodramatic comedy of an athletic girl, capitably played by Mae Allison in a story spun into five wholly entertaining though sometimes implausible reels. Apart from Mr. Baker's very adroit and intelligent direction I note particularly, here, a real advance for Miss Allison. Once she was about the sugariest young bon-bon that ever came out of the sugar barrel—now she has added action, speed, and a sort of indomitable and undeniable humor to her very good looks. This comedy will do more to re-establish her with her old following than anything she has done. It shows Mae Allison not as a pretty little trick, but as a very human female.

## WOMAN! WOMAN!—FOX

This is the sort of picture which makes stifling censorship inevitable. If we are to have slime of this sort dragged through our projectors we shall soon have our photoplays in the hands of a Russian secret police system—and with no one but ourselves to blame. William Fox is handing the complacent Evelyn Nesbit scenarios the like of which Theda Bara in her boldest days never attempted, and at a time when practically every manufacturer in the country is demonstrating, by clean and wholesome stories, that the gags, handcuffs and straight-jackets of the archaic censorship system are rankly unnecessary injustice. This filthy story of adultery and misgeneration won't bear syrop-sising here. It is simply plain infectious dirt, frosted over with mock morality at its finish. Personally, I advocate perhaps more freedom in stories of genuine human life than many other people are willing to accord—but "Woman! Woman!" is altogether too much for my stomach. It is not life, or if it is, it is a cross-section of existence that should be reserved for the police courts and works on sexual psychology. At this time it is doubly inexcusable, for it is not only an overt sneer at the average decency of the American people, but is indirectly a brazen, clangorous appeal for a merciless *okhrana* in the theatre.

## THE BELLE OF NEW YORK—Select

As long as there is melody in "Follow on!" we are not liable to forget that tuneful operetta of excellent story, produced, now—how many years ago? Well, in the screen version, directed by Julius Steger, there are no tunes to lift us on their lilt, but Eugene Walter has come to the rescue with some strong melodrama of primitive sort, and some virile subtitles. Marion Davies, certainly as beautiful as Edna May, though her appeal is of an entirely different sort, plays the principal role.

### IN BRIEF:

"Go West, Young Man" (Goldwyn)—An old story polished up and given a new uniform. Tom Moore is featured, and the piece is breezy and entertaining.

"Sis Hopkins" (Goldwyn)—Mabel Normand's tragedy of misfit scenarios still pursues her. The ideal "Sis" among all screen players, but what a dreadfully mediocre story has been woven about Rose Melville's lovable old characters! Still, you may laugh at Mabel herself.

"The Woman on the Index" (Goldwyn)—Pauline Frederick's first photoplay under these auspices is a heavy but very well done melodrama of much action, some suspense, and a perhaps too-rapid clearing-up at the finale. Willard Mack reappears on the screen, to play the villain.

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## The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

“Ravished Armenia” (Propaganda)—Colonel William N. Selig comes back as a producer, this time in the interests of oppressed Asia Minor, for it is he who made this interesting, though sometimes horribly detailed pictorial recount of a little people's long struggle for liberty. Miss Aurora Mardiganian, allegedly a survivor of this identical annual, plays a principal part.

“Maggie Pepper” (Paramount)—Ethel Clayton, well supported by a typical Lasky cast, in an entertaining version of Rose Stahl's department-store romance.

“Hell Roarin' Reform” (Fox)—Tom Mix, playing a good part in a story of straight-away Western action. Here is a Fox picture you will like.

“The Man-Hunter” (Fox)—William Farnum, convincingly directed by Frank Lloyd, in a very unconvincing story—by Frank Lloyd. Shoot a one barrelled gun after this, Mr. Lloyd. Louise Lovely is a most admirable heroine.

“The Scarlet Shadow” (Universal)—Mae Murray, in a somewhat ordinary mystery well cast and well directed by Robert Leonard. Miss Murray has learned, at last, a proper make-up for her mouth.

“Breed of Men” (Arctcraft)—Bill Hart. The story varies its locations by taking in actual Chicago, but it never rises above mediocrity.

“The Girl Problem” (Vitagraph)—Ever hear of a literary model—same as an artist's model, only different? Corinne Griffith is one in this picture.

“The Pirate Millionaire” (Universal)—A most unusual picture, with Monroe Salisbury in an appealing and finely played part. As Salisbury plays a twentieth-century reincarnation of Jean Lafitte, the famous New Orleans buccaneer—in a powerful, dashing, imaginative way—one wonders why this dully unimaginative main title?

“The Long Lane's Turning” (Robertson-Cole)—A poor story, partially redeemed by the acting personality of Henry Walthall.

“Come Again Smith” (Pathe)—Good light entertainment, featuring J. Warren Kerrigan.

“Common Clay” (Pathe)—A well-told screen version of the stage play, albeit with some very radical departures from the spoken version. Fannie Ward is the star.

“Johnny-on-the-Spot” (Metro)—Melodrama and farce-comedy, quite uninspired, but flavored with the breezy personality of Hale Hamilton.

“As the Sun Went Down” (Metro)—A Western melodrama overcrowded with incident, and anon trespassing on probability. Nevertheless interesting, finely cast, and well directed, with Edith Storey in the stellar role.

“The Girl Dodger” (Ince-Paramount)—Charlie Ray, in his inimitable boob character, but the story suffers from plot uncertainties. In one place it is a literal dramatization of the legend of that gentleman who wandered into the ball-room without his trousers. Comic subtitle cards and exquisite little Doris Lee are other features.

“Mrs. Wiggs” (Paramount)—Marguerite Clark, in an excellent and passably humorous screen version of the well-known story and play.

“Hard-Boiled” (Ince-Paramount)—Dorothy Dalton, as a musical comedy person stranded in a small town, and her many subsequent adventures.

ERIC CAMPBELL, famous heavy-weight who was Charlie Chaplin's foil in all the little comedian's comedies before he met his death in an automobile accident has a successor—Thomas A. Wood, who tips the scales at 500 pounds. Wood's weight at birth was 17 pounds. Besides weighing more than his entire family put together, Thomas is said to be a good actor.

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# From the Skin Out

(Continued from page 35)

were made entirely of feathers, and the wardrobe department followed this information, the feathers were dyed and pasted by hand on the enormous patterns cut. The armour worn by Farrar as Jeanne d'Arc was wrought from German silver by the best silversmith obtainable and was authentic in every detail.

However, the largest part of the work is in connection with up-to-date—and advance—dressing.

As soon as a script is ready for production a copy is sent to the head of the wardrobe department, who studies it carefully for several days. She attempts first to visualize the character and then to work out clothes that such a character would choose. (This is not bunk, either, for beautiful gowns have been discarded by several designers because they were out of character.) Then she consults with the director, the star if there is one, and the art director. After that she blocks out her costumes, selects the materials from her stock, buys what she has not on hand, arranges fittings to suit the players who are probably working on another picture and are hard to get, and selects the garments to be worn by extra people. (A star never wears a garment twice, but it is brushed up and held over for extras.)

The wardrobe department at Lasky's is perhaps the largest and best equipped on the coast. Mrs. A. B. Hoffman, the designer and modiste, makes at least one and often two trips a year to New York, exactly as the buyer for a smart shop might do. While she is there, she visits the theatres, goes to the smart hotels, tea-rooms and cafes, accepts social invitations and in this manner takes a look at everything that has to do with concealing or revealing the human form divine. She does her buying and returns with hats, gowns, suits, furs, wraps, shoes, stockings, underwear and material of all kinds—to say nothing of ideas.

Screen history repeats the fact that the camera does not lie. It cannot be tricked into conveying the impression that cheese-cloth is georgette or that cotton-back satin is the real article. Materials register with a faithfulness that has caused more than one motion picture magnate to tear out his few remaining locks upon viewing itemized bills for lace at \$62 a yard, such as Dorothy Phillip's negligees sometimes call for.

No mere man can understand the importance to the feminine mind of the hang of a skirt. There is something about a badly hung skirt that has much the same effect as an overripe lobster. But a man will come away from a picture declaring that it's too bad Miss Blatz's ankles are so big. Now Miss Blatz's ankles may be of the caliber that entitles her to a place in the front row of the Follies, but a skirt that hikes up in the front and has a tail behind, or that droops dejectedly at the sides will make Annette Kellerman's nether extremities look like they belonged on a grand piano.

Poor materials cannot be made to photograph with any swing, and this fact has been discovered by long experiments with cheap substitutes in the effort to reduce the cost of production. Things that are supposed to be good must be good—be it velvet, pussy willow taffeta, chiffon, tricolet or charmeuse. And don't kid the camera.

This of course is not true in comedy where the motto is "She's all right but she's all wrong." The eccentric touch is the necessary thing. Strangely enough it takes an artist to get at this paradox and Mrs. Violet Schroeder, who dresses the laughs for Mack Sennett, is a fashionable Chicago designer. Her specialty used to



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## From the Skin Out

(Continued)

be evening gowns, but conservation has driven her to bathing suits, of which she designed three hundred and fifty, all different, in the past year. She makes these on the girls themselves, and has turned out as many as sixteen in an hour on a hurry call.

The old adage about seeing double which I daresay will soon be as passe as "the horseless carriage" doesn't apply to the Sennett wardrobe department. They see triple instead. Every costume manufactured is not only duplicated but triplicated. Accidents are too, too frequent and the tragedy of finding that there are seventeen scenes yet to do and Adolph is permanently minus the seat of his pants must be avoided.

The serial melodrama is rated a dead loss by the costuming department. Leaping from freight car to freight car and gentle antics of that kind is sure hard on clothes and the scraps left are fit only for the company goat.

Financially the situation in comedy is unusual. Cheapness in ordinary things is decidedly recommended, and the costume allowance is necessarily small, since a picture must actually be dressed three times. But things needed are priceless. A hat that is a laugh by itself will bring more from Sennett than Geraldine Farrar pays for her pearl headdresses.

The system of having the wardrobe head okeh all performers before they appear on the set is becoming more and more prevalent. Often the designer goes to the stage and works with the company, straightening the girls' gowns, showing them how to handle trains, fans and scarfs, suggesting to the star ways of getting an artistic effect, and overseeing changes. Competent maids are employed to dress the extra girls and these maids work under the heads of the department. In the same manner, a man has charge of extra men, to see that they don't get the things on hind side before. There is either a hair dressing department or the wardrobe mistress suggests the best style of coiffure and adds the finishing touches if necessary.

Hairdressing always comes under this department, and someone in the staff can tell you how the female of the species manages her locks, be she Zulu, Hindoo or chicken. Mabel Normand, who has just completed a screen version of Sis Hopkins, settled a heated argument with the research and scenario departments in this fashion. Some said the braids should go down, some said one should go down and one up. But the wardrobe head discovered that they both went up. In the case of pictures taken from plays, where the costuming is traditional, pictures of the originals are usually available.

Cecil deMille, whose pictures are famed for their authenticity and attention to detail, has refused to shoot a picture because a girl, sitting at a table with only her "upper half" visible, had on the wrong kind of shoes. She must be as carefully dressed in that respect as though she were posing as a shoe model.

In one of her latest vehicles, Dorothy Phillips was supplied with an exquisite little frock of coral batiste. When she donned it and appeared on the set, the director and designer agreed that it was slightly too low in front to be in character, and did not convey the impression of girlish reserve necessary. Mrs. Duncan, the wardrobe mistress, took the gown hastily to the workroom, while the company waited, and found that the only piece of material she had on hand which would do was a shade of bright blue.

Dorothy put it on and all but wept. The

director swore (internally) and scenes dragged unbelievably. That night Mrs. Duncan sent for coral batiste and changed the yoke. But the scenes taken with the blue yoke photographed exactly the same as those taken in the white. But patterns, brocades and embroideries show up beautifully.

There are instances where the whole plot of a story may depend upon costuming. No better example of this could be found than in the DeMille masterpiece "Old Wives For New." Miss Sylvia Ashton as Sophie, the old wife, surely proved beyond a reasonable doubt that clothes can expose the state of a lady's manners and morals. Mrs. Hoffman considers this her greatest triumph and declares that on the exact impression made upon an audience by Sophie's kimono rests the convincingness of the whole plot. To compare Miss Ashton in this masterpiece of hideousness with her effect later in fashionable attire is to fathom the reason for some husband's absorption in the morning paper and their wide awake attention at dinner.

"What is the hardest picture you've ever costumed?" I asked Mrs. Duncan, head of Universal's wardrobe department.

"The Little White Savage," she answered, after a moment's consideration. In that story some followers of Sir Walter Raleigh were supposed to be shipwrecked on a small island. A hundred years later their descendants are still there. Naturally their clothes have all worn out and they are forced to make a sort of cloth, woven from seaweed, and to make it into rude garments by sewing it with thong. Wraps were made from skins and sandals from bark. Research showed us that knitting was almost unknown at this time, Queen Elizabeth herself possessing only one pair of knitted stockings, which had been presented to her as a great luxury by the Spanish ambassador.

"We had to make complete outfits for this whole village full of people. I used the heaviest, coarsest burlap I could buy to give the correct impression. Every garment was sewed by hand with coarse yarn thread. The hats, shoes and stockings were made after the shape and fashion of that period, but of these rough materials. It was a hard job, but it gave a wonderfully correct impression of what it was supposed to be."

"And what is the most difficult thing you ever had to get?"

She laughed. "It may seem strange to you, but present day overseas stuff is very hard to get and tricky in the way of being exactly right. We try never to make a mistake, and there is only one way to be sure of that stuff—to get it from people who have been there."

"We had a ballroom set up, a thing that cost us a lot of money, and the story called for twenty-five American army officers' uniforms—the present service stuff. We didn't have any. We couldn't rent any from the costumers in town. No other studio had any to lend us. The picture was to be shot that night and at 3 o'clock I faced the proposition of spending something like \$500 for those uniforms, with boots and accessories.

"Then the director had a brilliant inspiration. He went down town, visited the popular gathering places, mentioned the name of Mary MacLaren, the star, explained our predicament and got twenty-five uniforms—with the officers inside. They thought it a great lark and were much better, of course, than any costumed extras could have been."

The Universal wardrobe, which is valued at \$50,000, has probably adorned the shoul-



# From the Skin Out

(Continued)

ders of more mobs than any other set of costumes in the world. Two hundred and fifty is a bad day and six hundred is the largest average.

I must admit that they seem unreasonably proud of their new innigator, a small and necessarily select building just outside the big wardrobe building. Here every piece of apparel is placed for a night's session with the formaldehyde before returning to its place on the seemingly endless racks with the 27,000 other garments. Everything washable is sent to the laundry and every so often the heavy things go to the cleaners, with the result that cleaning bills are quite a consideration.

But Monte, a bright-eyed old chap with no faith at all in human nature has gone them one better. He led me secretly to his own sanctum, where he fits out the extra men, and displayed with pride a large sprayer, of the kind used by fruit growers and garden enthusiasts. Monte has discovered a brand new use for it. After the extra men are dressed he takes them out, orders them to throw back their coats and then gives them a shot with the spray.

"Can't never tell," he declared, "ain't so bad now. But a while back all them birds was I. W. W.'s and I been told never taking a bath is the chief plank in their platform."

Speaking of men, the majority of men stars and leads have their own wardrobes, but the wardrobe mistress keeps a keen and kindly eye upon them, with the constant desire to make them look more like the men they play and less like movie actors. Extreme styles for men are becoming strictly taboo, except perhaps in the case of Wallie Reid who, I am informed, likes loud stuff and declares he can "get by with it, anyway."

With the stars who supply their own clothes, and this is most notable perhaps with the stars of the Goldwyn company, the majority follow one plan, that of having one of the fashionable Fifth Avenue designers handle their entire outfits. Pauline Frederick, who gets her gowns in this way, estimates that it costs her \$75,000 a year to dress for pictures alone. The gowns in each of her modern stories cost on an average of \$3,000 a year and she does eight pictures. Often one fur wrap will cost as much as that and with shoes, stockings, hats, fans, waists, underwear, negligees, hair adornments and an occasional piece of new jewelry, the total approaches the president's salary.

In studios where stars are dressed by the company, quite a supply of jewelry is kept on hand. When some piece is required to which attention is drawn or on which the plot of the story hinges in any way, it can be rented from a jewelry store. But the rent is so exorbitant that most concerns prefer to own a few good pieces and some excellent imitations. A few stars have jewels of their own that they wear, and of course these far surpass any others that can be secured—particularly in the cases of Fannie Ward, Olive Thomas and Geraldine Farrar. Furs also are often rented, since styles change so frequently that it is difficult to keep the correct supply on hand. Universal paid \$200 a day rent for a sable coat for Miss Phillips recently. But that sort of rent is being done away with as much as possible by larger investments in the things themselves.

That the public and critics are becoming more fussy about little matters of this kind is evidenced by the criticism launched at Miss Farrar in her latest work "The Hell Cat." A modern story, staged in Wyoming, the heroine a girl born and reared in that last refuge of Westernism, Miss Farrar

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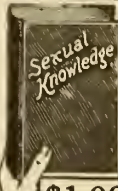
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# From the Skin Out

(Continued)

appeared throughout in two costumes suggesting a combination of Spanish grandeur and Southern hospitality. Certainly she looked charming. Certainly the costumes were exquisite. Also they were about as appropriate as a large baked ham at a Yon Kippur feast.

But the lady defended herself by declaring that she would look dreadful and ridiculous in the conventional Western costume. Therefore she made this girl, of Spanish-Irish ancestry, an unusual character study and dressed her as such.

She also took duplicates of her costumes to Wyoming with her in case of accident.

Shades of a golden past hover about the magnificent wardrobe department of the Goldwyn studio, left there by the Triangle Film Corporation and containing many of the first Griffith and Ince costumes. Here I found the complete stage wardrobe of that beloved actress, Clara Morris. The Triangle bought this wonderful equipment from the Morris estate for \$15,000. It contained many hundreds of dresses which had been worn by this famous artist in her repertoire.

From the magnificent materials contained in these gowns, materials which it would be impossible to purchase now for any price, Peggy Hamilton, the famous Triangle designer, made most of the gown worn by Alma Rubens, Gloria Swanson, Belle Bennett, Pauline Stark and in some instances, Olive Thomas. The sweeping trains were sufficient in many cases for whole dresses, and the bodices were either altered or used as they were.

The history of one screen beauty's dress career will show what can be done by a clever designer. It may also illustrate the reason that more and more studios are turning their costuming over to some clever, educated woman who understands clothes.

This star, then very far indeed from stellar honors, came to the designer at her studio one day. She was rather hopeless. Discouragement had brought tears to her eyes and the corners of her mouth drooped wistfully.

"I want to get out of comedy," she said. "I want to do real drama. But my clothes are all wrong. Now I've got a chance to do this part and somehow, I just know I can't make it look right. What shall I do?"

The designer looked at her. She was an extremely clever modiste, the kind that looks at a piece of pink georgette in a store window and sees Mary Pickford already gowned for a garden party.

Now she saw before her a girl of unusual personality, much talent and a kind of physical charm. But from her shoes that were too ultra to her hat that was too small, she breathed lack of distinction, something out of line, something missing. Even her underclothes were wrong, adding to the carelessness of her general effect.

The designer figured, studied—finally stripped her to the skin. She began to build and when she had finished she took the little actress to the mirror. The girl took one look at herself and burst into tears.

By skin-tight under-draperies, the designer had cut down a rather square look and brought out the beautiful shoulder line, the full, voluptuous bust and the surprising daintiness of ankles and limbs. By an unbroken, slanting line from high waist to long train she had heightened her several inches and relieved a suggestion of heaviness. And by a distinguished daring simplicity of effect, she had brought into play the rare features of the girl's face and figure.

She had brains, that girl, and she saw what had been done for her. She fol-

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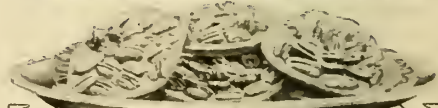
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# From the Skin Out

(Concluded)

lowed that line and today she is known as the hardest star in pictures to costume, but the most wonderful clothes model on the screen—Gloria Swanson.

Oh yes—vamps are higher in front and lower in back. Also, I understand there is a very determined movement to do away with any vulgarity in their costuming. Clever women know that it is much more interesting to leave something to the imagination—or future reference. I don't believe even Cleopatra put all her eggs in one basket, in spite of Theda Bara's recent libel of the famous character.

But don't forget that movie costuming today begins at the very skin. And as to that, they tell me there is nothing so difficult as proper presentation of the improper—"the fewer the harder."

# Do Married Men Make the Best Husbands?

(Continued from page 78)

are under ten thousand a year. About fifty of the number are vulgarly rich. This, of course, is a delicate, not to say a distressful subject. The remainder are not compelled to let their wives take in washing. They squeeze through life, much as do other successful men, using their scissors less often on cuffs than on coupons, keeping abreast of the mode in motor cars, and occasionally picking up a young yacht at a bargain. Country houses like those of Rupert Hughes, and Winchell Smith, and Montague Glass, and Rida Johnson Young, and Augustus Thomas, are not bought, or maintained, by robbing baby's bank. The producers who have made fortunes out of film should be last to deny the conviction carried by photography, first to agree with Bartley Campbell that "the camera does not lie," and so they, and you, may be interested in some of the accompanying illustrations.

Outside of my original group, there are many yarn-spinners who do not make ten thousand a year—or anything like that amount. After reading "The Author Gets His," and other literature of the kind, you will be inclined to ask why not. With scenarios at a thousand dollars? The reason is that these do not get a thousand dollars. That thousand is a top price, for the top men, which is why we are considering it only in relation to them. It isn't the top price, as we shall see presently, but a pretty high figure, pretty nearly standard for the chosen few, and offered only to writers of reputation. One of the explanations of bad pictures is that it isn't offered too frequently, and the producer who has to decide between a good story at that sum, and one not so good at a fourth of it, is rather likely to compromise with his artistic conscience. Two or three wise companies, like the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, prefer the best that comes to them, at any terms within their range of vision, but Miss Jordan's thousand-dollar fly didn't skim the water for minnows.

We have seen that to the trout it wasn't irresistibly tempting. "For a strong dramatic plot," such as the Goldwyn people want," an authority confides to me, "the following American authors could secure \$10,000 or more for the first serial rights alone: Winston Churchill, Robert W. Chambers, Rupert Hughes, Booth Tarkington, Gertrude Atherton, Owen Johnson, Rex Beach, Basil King, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Louis Joseph Vance, Henry Kitchell Webster, Margaret Deland, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Samuel Merwin, Governor Morris, Edith Wharton, Harry Leon Wilson, and Leroy Scott. This is only a partial list, set down as the names come to me; there are others. The playwrights you can add as easily."

"First serial rights" are the right to publish serially in a magazine. When they have been disposed of, the author still controls second and even third serial rights—that is, for publication in newspapers—some foreign rights, book rights, dramatic rights, and motion picture rights, which last *actually bring more*, when the material has been used in these various ways, than could have been got when it was new and shining. On the other hand, a narrative, put into scenario form and sold, is finished. As many hundreds of plays as have been turned into photoplays. I have heard of only one photoplay—"The Cheat"—announced for the regular stage. And that never got farther than the announcement. Perhaps this fact is more significant artistically than financially. It may indicate that photoplay sto-

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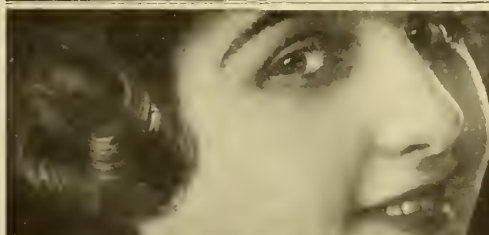
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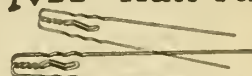
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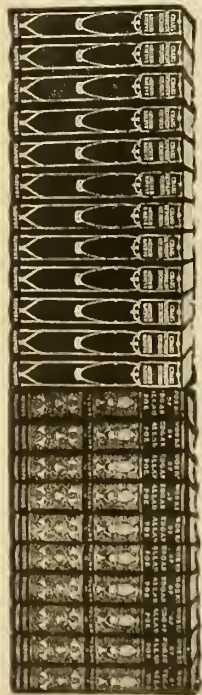
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# Do Married Men Make the Best Husbands?

(Continued)

ries are not of the standard required by patrons of the spoken drama.

The established terms for spoken drama are an advance royalty of a thousand dollars—an advance, mind you, mere evidence of good faith, equal to payment in full for the same plot as a motion picture—with five per cent of the first \$4,000 taken in at the box office, seven and one-half per cent of the next \$2,000, and ten per cent of all gross receipts in excess of \$6,000. A successful piece, therefore, though presented by only one company and in only one country, should earn royalties of \$750 a week, or, in two seasons, a tidy lump of about \$45,000. With the motion picture rights still in hand. To compile a list of plays that have done better than this for their inventors, and that would have brought a thousand dollars, or very little more, if those inventors had listened to the siren-song of the screen-producers, would be an easy way of filling my allotted space. In the tone, and almost in the words of a dozen other correspondents, but with more specific examples, Willard Mack inquires: "Why should we give you the best we have in us for a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars when the same story can be used for a play? You prate about your business instinct, how wise you are, and how much money you have made in so many years. The plot that made Lou Tellegen's 'Blind Youth' was offered you—several of you—for a thousand dollars, and turned down, and, since its production, we have refused thirty-five hundred for the picture rights. In what particular value would you say this had grown? Do you think, when Rex Beach wrote 'The Silver Horde,' he could not have sold it as a picture first? Of course he could—for two thousand dollars, maybe, perhaps, with luck, but did he? No more than any other author will sell for the screen what he considers good, and valuable, and what movie patrons might find good, and movie producers valuable? Beach used this idea for a novel; made fifty thousand dollars, and then fifty more with the picture! What would Lasky or Metro or any of the others have given me for 'Tiger Rose'? Twenty-five hundred at the outside. What will David Belasco and I earn with it now? What makes the idea worth money? The advertising? Yes, if motion picture values are all in promise and nothing in performance; if a used car, that has traveled about the streets with a sign on it, is better than a car fresh from the shop!"

The price, for magazine rights alone, which my correspondents receive for short stories ranges from twelve to seventeen hundred and fifty dollars. And it must be remembered that a short story is not a scenario, any more than a rail is a railway. A scenario is a novel or a play. It contains, not one incident, or two, or three, but twenty, or thirty, or fifty. "Nothing," says Rex Beach, "is a greater test of invention, or more quickly depletes a stock of ideas." Take, for example, Samuel Merwin's six-thousand-word "Aladdin on Simpson Street," printed in a recent number of *The Cosmopolitan*. The whole plot of this short story, for which Mr. Merwin was paid at least \$1,500, is that Henry Calverly, socially ostracized because of his supposed connection with a scandal, writes some sketches that win him the favor of Cicely Hamlin, the most-courted girl in Sunbury. How far would that go in a motion picture? The average director would dispose of it with a caption. To fill one reel, Mr. Merwin would have had to put Cicely in trousers, and devise a way to bring her into Calverly's rooms at midnight!

The movie answer to all this, of course—the spoon above their hook—is the reiterated assertion that what they want is only a "brief outline." That was the insistence of my friend of the sixty letters, that was the isle of safety upon which Miss Jordan stood before the Authors' League, and in her reply to Mr. Scott's reply to her circular the Editorial Director said: "Mine was an invitation to submit, not a novel or finished piece of work, but a plot which might seem better suited to pictures than to a book. For such a plot, suited to our use, and outlined in 2,000 words, we offered \$1,000." This might be important if it were true, but every author who "ever tried his hand at a moving picture plot" knows it isn't. The Editorial Director's demand is for detail. In that original "invitation," Miss Jordan laid stress upon "developing its consecutive interest, its most important situations, and its climax." The game, therefore, is not literary hopscotch. In a letter longer than this article, and much brighter, Mr. Mack mentions discovering that "it was infinitely easier to make a character walk in the door and announce that he had just returned from Europe, than to show him living at the Ritz in London, giving everything but his watch to the waiters, buying a cab to take him to the station, his subsequent arrival at Liverpool, the incidents of his voyage, and his ultimate landing at New York. I had more scope—but also I had more work!"

Mr. Pollock's observations will be continued in the June issue.

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# The Better Photoplay League of America

(Continued from page 58)

salacious film, the numerous "states rights propositions." But the men who are in the game to stay, who are investing their lives, their interests, and the reputations of their families in the motion picture industry, these are the men who are dignifying this legitimate business by making and exhibiting pictures that are clean and worth-while. The other great factor in the improvement of the output is the force of public opinion—of the sane minds of wholesome Americans.

There are at present only a few producers making objectionable films. Mr. Quigley rightly calls these "the riff-raff which is merely an incident to the vastness of the business." The point is that everyone who is healthy, sane, and growing wants to see decent pictures, and that exhibitors who are healthy, sane, and growing want to show decent pictures. Ignorance is the only reason or excuse for a desire to see the wrong kind of picture,—and as for the exhibitor who fosters ignorance by showing this kind of picture, his day is doomed. He has failed to decipher the hand-writing on the wall, and his five-cent Babylon is destined to fall about his ears.

Real people, whether patrons or producers, want cheerful, worth-while photoplays. All that is needed is a more thorough understanding between dealer and consumer. This understanding is most easily arrived at by means of a personal interview or a series of them. In many localities, this is being arranged by the branches of The Better Photoplay League of America. Exhibitors and patrons meet, find out each other's viewpoints, and unite their efforts and interests in behalf of better films. Such a mutual understanding has a beneficial effect, not only on the business of the theatre, but on the entire community.

The Dearborn Theatre in Chicago is one instance of a community which has made its motion picture theatre in its own likeness. The neighborhood is old and exclusive, and consists in large part of families who have lived in that Lake Shore Drive vicinity for many years. The Cuneo brothers, who also live in the neighborhood, own the theatre. It has never run objectionable pictures. Occasionally, there is an edited copy of a "pink permit," a picture to which only adults are admitted. H. E. McDorman, the present manager, is a true showman. He is determined to give the people what they want, and at the Dearborn they want the best.

\* \* \*

Barney Balaban, of Balaban and Katz, is an idealist. Not long ago, he noticed that a certain much-heralded film which had been refused a New York hearing was included in the coming program for his West Side Theatre, the Central Park. He cancelled it, and booked in its stead "Little Women." He might have added to his usual clientele by showing the sensational feature, but he said, "I do not care to run pictures which offend the thinking class. I was satisfied to see some people stay away from 'Little Women.'"

Mr. Balaban calls attention to the wonderful strides that have been taken by the industry as a direct result of the production of better films.

"The class of pictures made by Paramount," says this exhibitor, "attracted the people who have made it possible to build the magnificent motion picture theatres we have today. And these houses in their turn, with their handsome presentations, their sanitary and artistic appointments, and their beautiful music, are daily compelling an improvement in the output of the entire industry. Without the Paramount pictures, there would have been no chance for the



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invent a practical hand vibrator that would be in every way absolutely satisfactory?

Now that problem has vanished—we solved it—science has at last made one of the greatest discoveries in years—invented a wonderful device for home use as unquestionably effective as the intricate, cumbersome and costly high-power machine. This remarkable new scientific invention,

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the **Wireless Vibrator**—is absolutely different in every way from all other devices. It is **GUARANTEED** to effect all the amazing results made possible by this extraordinary method in cases of Mental and Physical Depression, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Extreme Nervousness, Acute and Chronic Neuralgia and Indigestion. Still—the **Vitapulser** weighs less than a pound, is compact, can not get out of order, requires no electric wire connections—can be used anywhere—and costs scarcely one-half as much as the old-fashioned machines!

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## The Better Photoplay League of America

(Concluded)

Goldwyn type of picture. Adolph Zukor has done wonders for the industry, and as for Mr. Goldwyn, although for certain reasons I am not running his pictures at present, I hope he makes a million dollars a week."

"Improvement in one direction means improvement all along the line," says Samuel Katz. "A producer now asks himself: 'Can I sell this picture, after it is made, to the big fellows, or only to the small ones?' And the big fellows do not want it unless it is clean and worth-while. No exhibitor of the better class can afford to keep out the right kind of patronage. On the other hand, they will buy every 'Mickey' they can get, and ask for more.

"At the Riviera and at the Central Park, we edit every picture we show, and I think it is necessary for each exhibitor to edit his films according to his clientele. For those who overstep the mark, every state in the Union has enough police protection to regulate its own censorship problem."

\* \* \*

George Porter, who manages the Lyric and Grand Theatres in Blue Island, Illinois, for Fitzpatrick McElroy Company, Inc., has some practical ideas connected with the running of small town theatres. His comments have value because under his management the Blue Island theatres have greatly improved the class of pictures shown,—in fact, as was pointed out in last month's issue of PHOTOPLAY, the people of Blue Island consider that their picture problem is solved.

"In a small town," says Mr. Porter, "the neighborhood is or can be responsible for the class of pictures shown. The exhibitor is absolutely dependent on the neighborhood, and that is where a movement such as The Better Photoplay League can be of immense value. In the downtown district of a city, the exhibitor can choose his type of pictures to suit himself. The clientele is there, ready to be amused."

"Personally, I believe films should be edited for different localities. But I do not believe that censors should be reformers. Reviewers should be ordinary people, capable of judging everyday films for everyday persons. The trouble with the reformers is that they lose sight of the human equation."

Much has been done for the Blue Island people by J. E. Lemon, superintendent of the high school. Mr. Lemon will not admit that he has done anything of note, but the fact remains that he has used motion pictures in conjunction with his school work ever since it became possible to obtain a projection machine for a school. He shows instructional films to three night schools a week, in his citizenship classes for young foreigners, and he includes motion pictures in the entertainment given at his Community Nights at the high school. These social gatherings are not only for the children, but for the grown-ups as well. Mr. Lemon is a sort of big brother to the whole community.

No one, in fact, has a keener sense of the value of the better class of photoplay than educators. They have the nation's young people in charge all day. The parents have charge of them only at odd fractions of the day. Teachers are often in a position to note bad effects resulting from the wrong kind of "movie," which may escape the detection of parents until real mishap brings the matter to the attention of the whole neighborhood.

With the better exhibitors and the better schoolmen on the side of the better film, America's motion picture problem is two-thirds won.

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In stormy weather the Light House guides the laboring ship safely into port.

# DEANS COUGH MENTHOLATED DROPS

protect you against the after effects of stormy winds and icy spray. They not only stop the heavy, rasping cough but prevent small colds from growing into big ones. They relieve sore, tender throats and clear the head. Taste good—are good for the whole family—from the baby up. Get them—from coast to coast.

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# Lending Enchantment to Distance

(Continued from page 44)

Here was my chance.

"You're wrong. I'll bet our weather up here is as nice today as yours down there. We've got sunshine and little birds hopping round and everything."

"How nice!"

Three dollars, and I hadn't bought a cent's worth of interview yet.

"What are you going to do this spring? stage play or more pictures?"

"Well, I'm going to do some more pictures—"

"And no play?"

"Not just at present. I'm going to come to New York in a new play about the first of October, but I can't give you any definite news on that yet."

"Going to England, or Europe, this year?" (Almost everybody will say "yes" to that one.)

"No. There is so much to do in Europe, and so many people in the way, it seems to me. I don't want to go to Europe until I have a definite thing in mind, or until I can actually do some good over there. Crowds and crowds of visitors, everywhere! I shudder when I think of it. It reminds me of a mob around an accident. I do hope to go to England, though, a year from this Spring. So you see I shall make pictures here, and I hope to have a successful play, too, in America in the seasons that's coming."

"You sure you aren't slacking on art to be a patriot in the household?"

"No! No! Please tell PHOTOPLAY's readers how important it is for a woman who has ever had a career to keep right on loving her work even though she's married. And by a career I don't mean, necessarily and exclusively, a celebrated career. I mean a woman who has done any useful thing well. And by useful thing I mean any service that has helped the world to be a nicer place to live in in any way. It might be baking an apple pie, it might be watching a business—just as well as it might be amusing an audience. It seems to me that we're in a time where everybody who can do anything—man or woman—is needed in his or her particular line."

Suddenly another voice sounded in the telephone; a voice very much like Billie Burke's; a small edition of Billie Burke's.

"I hear somebody butting into our tete-a-tete," ventured the Chicago listener. "Do I guess right?"

"You do—if you guess Patricia. My small daughter is calling me to lunch—no, I'm not hungry, but she is. She lunches at least eight times a day, and my attendance on her numerous meals is mainly a matter of form, not eating."

"Has Patricia ever been interviewed—to speak of something which might be a change from the pleasures of her small table?"

"Not yet, and I doubt if you could get her away from her bread and jam just now by telling her that President Wilson wished to converse with her. But I'll say this—she's quite capable of expressing her opinion on any subject. She has—oh, ever so many more positive opinions than her mother!"

"And will she be an actress, too?"

"I'm sure I don't know what she'll be. I'm not one of those mothers who say 'None of my career for my child!' I think that's just silly. Inevitably a child indicates, if it doesn't determine, its own career. I want to help my little girl to the work she can and ought to do in the world, that's all. Just now—and always—she is entranced with music. I hope some day it will be a big factor in her life. If she wishes to become a musician I shall help her in every

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**N**O AMOUNT of love will ever atone for the crime you will commit, if you make some pure, trusting young girl your wife when you are UNFIT to assume the duties and responsibilities of a husband and a father. Her whole future life, her body and soul, will be in YOUR keeping; no one will be able to help her if YOU prove faithless to her trust in you. Don't put the matter aside, you can't get away from it; you can't make any girl happy, if you are weak, impotent, sickly; grumpy with dyspepsia or biliousness, poisoned by constipation, or suffering from any other devastating ailment. Stop and think, right now, for LIFE sake, if not for your own. What CAN her marriage to you bring her, but lifelong regret and sorrow, if you are only an apology for a man, with your muscles flabby, your blood like water and your brain woozy as a result of your condition.

## She Thinks You Are a Man

She trusts, admires and loves what she THINKS you are—a real MAN, mentally, morally and physically, whom she can respect as well as love. She believes you to be a man who can look any other man in the eye and hold your own with him; who is able to protect her under any circumstances; who can make his way in the world and give her the comforts she has a right to expect from her husband; and finally who will ultimately make her the mother of healthy, happy children, a blessing to you both. Think of the kind of children you will make her the mother of if you are one of the great UNFIT! Think of the weak, ailing, rickety, defective boys and girls such men bring into the world—pitiable, little creatures, with no chance in life. Bring respectability to the father who begets them, don't close your eyes to these things. They are Facts; facts thoroughly understood by every breeder of dogs, cattle and horses; facts recognized by the legislators of several states, who would make it a LEGAL as well as a MORAL crime to marry when unfit.

## Make Yourself 100 Per Cent Fit

Put your past behind you. What if you have led a gay life and sowed a big crop of wild oats? Start NOW to root them out. What if you have burned the candle at both ends and feel now like a human wreck, with your strength of body and mind dissipated and your vitality ebbing away? All the more reason why you should begin now, TODAY, to stop that steady loss, build up your strength again, regain your lost vitality and make a manly, red-blooded man of yourself. It's the ONLY thing to do—the only way to have any more happiness in life—the only way to keep from slipping down into the scrap heap of the hopelessly down-and-out and you can do it, if you go about it the right way.

## Strongfortism Will Show You How

No matter what your work or business or occupation, you can build yourself up in my way without interfering with it in the least. I'll help you strengthen your heart, lungs, stomach, and every other vital organ; I'll help you free yourself from d. spleen, biliousness, constipation, catarrh or other chronic ailments; I'll help you steady your nerves and clear your brain and send the rich, red blood of life and vital energy coursing through your arteries again, so that you will be THE man your wife believes and expects you to be. I haven't any patented dope or bottled physic to sell you. I haven't any iron-bound, muscle-fatiguing, tiresome routine of exercises or straight-laced, ascetic living to recommend. I am a Builder Up of Men, and I build them up in Nature's way—the way that was successful in making me the strongest man in the world; the way that is succeeding with my pupils, thousands of them in every country of the civilized world.

## Don't Be Discouraged

Never mind how low down you have fallen; I don't care a rap what your present condition is or what brought you to it—I know I can improve you 100 per cent in a few short months, if am doing it every day for men who had given up all hope; bringing back their health and strength; making them respected members of society again; filling them with life, and ambition, pep and ginger, and enabling them to make a success in the world. I can do for you what I have done and am doing for others, and I WILL DO IT, if you will mark NOW, on the coupon below, the trouble or troubles that are affecting you, or the points you are most interested in, and mail it to me today.

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| ...Headache   | ...Rheumatisms     | ...Poor Circulation |
| ...Thinness   | ...Constipation    | ...Skin Disorders   |
| ...Rupture    | ...Biliousness     | ...Despondency      |
| ...Lumbago    | ...Torpid Liver    | ...Round Shoulders  |
| ...Neritis    | ...Indigestion     | ...Lung Troubles    |
| ...Neuralgia  | ...Nervousness     | ...Incurable Slight |
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STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

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**Lash-Brow-Ine** is a pure, delicately scented cream, guaranteed to be absolutely harmless. It has been tested and approved by the best chemists and beauty specialists of America. Thousands of women, in society, as well as stars of the stage and screen, have been delighted with the results obtained by its use, **why not you?**

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# Lending Enchantment to Distance

(Concluded)

way—but she must realize that it means work, not trifling play.

“And you can tell me nothing of your stage plans?”

“Not just yet. Except that next season I hope to do some real work—bigger, better work than I have ever done—on the stage. And I shall devote the summer to pictures. This butterfly existence is very charming, and I needed the rest—but how glad I’ll be to see the Cooper-Hewitts and the open arcs again, and to hear my director call ‘Camera!’”

“Well . . . good luck to all your hopes, and Patricia’s.”

“Thank you—and what can we say that isn’t good-bye? I hate good-bye!”

“We might try an absolutely original expression—So Long!”

“All right—so long!”

“So long!”

Click . . . . . click.

And Palm Beach was once more in Florida, while Chicago had suddenly returned to Cook county, Illinois.

As to biography, one can write as much or as little as he pleases. This young woman has had a very busy and varied career, and her activities of a decade rival many another’s enterprises of a lifetime.

But first of all, I think you should know that Mrs. Ziegfeld was christened not Billie, But Ethel. Ethel Burke was born in Washington August 7, 1886. Her father, the late William E. Burke, was a well-known actor of that day. He was known only as “Billie” Burke, and thus, when his daughter came to follow his career, she affectionately decided to keep her father’s name alive.

Miss Burke was educated in France, and toured through Austria, Germany and Russia. She was engaged at the London Pavillion, subsequently appeared in pantomime in Glasgow and Sheffield, and made her first appearance on the regular stage at the Prince of Wales’ Theatre, London, on May 9, 1903. Her first essays were parts in musical comedy. Her great venture on the dramatic stage began at New York’s Empire theatre Aug. 31, 1907, when she played Beatrice Dupre in John Drew’s production, “My Wife.” Her debut as a star was made just a year later, when, also in New York, she played Jacqueline in “Love Watches.”

“Gloria’s Romance,” a serial marked her entrance into films.

She was last seen on the stage in Henry Miller’s revival of “A Marriage of Convenience.”

# A Cross in a Garden

(Concluded from page 50)

and ‘so dear’ because they let their husbands walk on them and call them anything they pleased. That is not my idea of a good woman. The woman that can’t flare up and resent an insult, who doesn’t demand respect and proper treatment from her husband—from all men—knows of some reason in her heart why she isn’t entitled to it. The woman who encourages jealousy in her husband is wrong, too. During courting days, jealousy is a compliment, but after marriage it is an insult.

“But happy marriages are founded on mutual compromises and understandings, supported by high aims and a great, great deal of love.

“It is the women with big hearts and hot tempers—like Maggie Pepper—I played her, you know—that are worth while. And I adored my last picture, ‘Private Pettigrew’s Girl.’ She was big enough to know real love when she saw it. There are so many imitations, sometimes it is hard to tell.”

**MADAME YORSKA**  
—the Celebrated  
French Actress Says:  
“There are no words  
to tell of my delight of  
*Sandell’s*  
**Koheul Powder**  
It is absolutely as good,  
as the original Egyptian  
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beautifying qualities,  
imparts *irresistible*  
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El-Rado removes hair from the face, neck, underarms or limbs in the same simple way that water removes dirt by washing it off. Easily applied with a piece of absorbent cotton. It is entirely harmless, and does not stimulate or coarsen later hair growth.

Users of powdered hair removers and blades will find an occasional use of El-Rado liquid is good for the skin.

Ask for “El-Rado” hair remover at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 60c and \$1.00. Money-back guarantee.

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# Wild Honey

(Continued from page 41)

But the broad-brimmed "Fedora" that he usually wore was not on the hook where it belonged. Even at that moment Jim had a speculative thought as to where he had left it as he replaced it by another and was led down the road by the self-appointed posse.

The moments that followed seemed like some feverish nightmare. He was conscious of the huge tree under which they stopped, of a coarse thong about his neck and of the jeering voice of Dick Hadding raised on a mocking burlesque of prayer. But above it all the face and voice of Honey rose like some beautiful false mirage. Was it only another mirage that made him believe he saw her, tearing down the road on Gypsy, shouting to them to "Stop!" "My mind is reeling," he said to himself and tried to pray.

But the vision of his brain grew nearer and nearer and the vision had hands that cut the rope away from his neck and a voice that was upbraiding the bewildered cowboy. "You fools," the voice was calling. "It's the real murderer who has led you to commit this crime. There he stands there, urging you to hang an innocent man."

The throng seemed to turn as one man toward Dick Hadding who had grown white as death and had almost fallen from his saddle. Suddenly, however, he leaned forward as if to spur his horse into action but the mob was too quick for him. They leaped forward and tore him from the saddle and then the world went back before Jim's eyes. In his next moment of consciousness, he was standing alone under the tree with Honey weeping hysterically in his arms.

Between sobs and little moans of relief, he drew the story from her—of how she had met "Lefty Lonzo," the town drunkard, who had told her of the murder which had awakened him from his sleep behind the hotel bar. "They framed it up so that the blame must fall on you," she sobbed. "Dick Hadding and that snake Maurice—they found your hat in the chapel and put it into his dead hand. Lefty was so drunk and it was so hard to get the story from him and I nearly went mad with fear that I would be too late."

Further details were smothered against Jim's coat as he gathered her into his arms. And, by sunset time, after thanking Lefty for his timely intervention, the two were walking together down the long, long trail that led to the parsonage, and, finally, back East.

As the old minister finished his story, he sat for a moment gazing silently into the fire which had changed from flames to embers. He looked up to meet the expectant eyes of the two lovers fastened upon him.

"That is the story," he said simply. "But after that," Letty said almost in a whisper. "Were they happy afterwards?"

In answer the Rev. Holbrook rose and stepped to the hall. "Dear," he called, "come in here, wont you. I want you to meet these young people."

There was a murmur of assent from another room, a rustle of skirts and the fragile figure of the minister's wife stood in the doorway. Under her snow-white hair, her deep brown eyes had all the merriment of girlhood.

"You've been telling that story, again, Jim," she accused him, blushing rose-pink. "When Jim gets started on his autobiography he's like a serial novel only with no continued-in-our-nexts. The fire's almost out and the lamps burned low and anyway it's time for tea."

The Rev. Holbrooks ignored her chaffing. "Dearly beloved brethren," he said turning to the lovers. "Permit me to introduce Mrs. James Holbrook, sometimes known as 'Wild Honey'!"

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## Wild Honey

(Concluded)

Several hours later, the youth and girl left the parsonage and found their way down the path to the road beyond. The minister and his wife stood watching them tenderly from the doorstep but the pair were too wrapped in their own thoughts to see them. Only at the gate they turned back to look at the house which seemed to beam on them like a benign and friendly face. Once, as a shutter flapped, it seemed to wink at them

## What Makes a Gas Engine Go?

(Concluded from page 46)

strong on engineering, Leventhal could appreciate fully the value of explaining a complicated process by means of combining with ordinary motion pictures a diagram of operations that the ordinary camera could not catch in consecutive and continuous outline on the screen.

One of these animated drawings made for exhibition in theaters showed the marvelous and intricate mechanical processes by which the adding machine performs all the arithmetical computations the bookkeeper's brain has had to do in the past, only much faster and without the possibility of error. When an adding machine man chanced to see this picture in his pet theater he requested that the film be shown to an audience of adding machine salesmen in the home office at Detroit. In that audience were veterans who had been selling machines for fifteen years and who were not ashamed to confess that they had never really understood how the machine worked until they saw the process explained in the animated drawings. Now, they said, they felt that they knew all about it and that the knowledge would enable them to sell more machines than they ever sold before.

This kind of talk made the chief executives so angry that they ordered a lot of positive prints of the film so they could show them to everyone everywhere who had anything to do with the making or marketing of their product.

Other manufacturing problems in process of being elucidated in animated drawings include the making of steel, of electric appliances, telephones, of dyes and of clothing. These films explain in a way that can be comprehended by the dullest workmen in highly specialized factories the operation of the complicated machines on a single part of which they may perform a single operation. That knowledge helps them to do better work; and by stimulating their interest enables them to do more of it.

Animated drawings are of especial value in apprentice schools which are maintained by so many great manufacturing concerns and by a number of the larger railroad systems. In fact, the animated drawings are already playing an important part in various parts of the educational field. A half reel explaining the operation of the gasoline motor is in wide use training chauffeurs and mechanics. Universities and colleges are using films explaining the nebular hypothesis, the formation of coal, the cause and action of volcanoes and of cyclones. Technological schools are using films that explain the construction of the Panama Canal, of Hell Gate Bridge, of the New York subways, and of the tubes under the Hudson and the East River, and other famous engineering undertakings.

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**For Boys and Girls Also**



## American Movies in Japan

(Concluded from page 68)

to a higher level. With Japan's quick adoption of Occidental ways and customs, certain poignant social evils have arisen, among them the tendency among Japanese women to practise birth control. It was the "Where Are My Children" film, with its cutting analysis of the question, that led them to stop, look and listen,—and think,—with the result that the vice has been greatly reduced. So says the educator.

"We are greatly afraid lest our native producers fall into loose methods. Our theater in Japan is intensely commercial, more so than an outsider would think," he declared. "The government, quick to realize what is good for its people, will not permit the influx of any such trash as whiteslave plays. Nor will it allow native production of them. My mission here deals largely with that question,—what to produce."

The viewpoint of an Oriental, gleaned from what he has seen on the silversheet, is an interesting one. The plays of greatest prevalence in Japan, says the film censor, are

those made by Vitagraph, Lubin, Laiky and Triangle, with a sprinkling of Ince and a very few Universals. And the great, reigning Japanese favorites are Fatty Arbuckle, on account of the extremity depicted in his releases, Douglas Fairbanks, Clara Knuball Young, Mary MacLaren and Mary Pickford. Strange to say, Sessue Hayakawa, a Japanese, has made but little impression on the Japanese. He is seldom seen in the Orient, and not too well liked.

His work as censor has been particularly difficult, Dr. Numata adds. At first he had to fight against the high officials, who tried to crush his views. But his case was taken up by the Japanese press, and at length he won out. For instance, when "Where Are My Children" was to be shown in Tokyo governmental heads wished certain portions expurgated. Dr. Numata, after a careful viewing, did not agree with them. The run-off was held back for some time, although in the end the film was shown uncut.

## Directors I Have Known

(Continued from page 29)

artistically as well as morally. Studio conditions have been changed some 150 per cent for the better since he and a few like him took up this work.

I don't think I have ever come in contact with a more extraordinary mind than Hugh Ford's. It works with electric speed; it crackles and sparks like a dynamo. I have heard him take hold of a script that was like a badly collapsed suet pudding, flopping all over the place and in fifteen minutes reconstruct the whole thing, pointing out not only where it was wrong and why but what should be done to give it a semblance of human intelligence, so that all the writer had to do was to remember what he had heard, go home and follow instructions. That is what I call a real, dramatically constructive mind. It is also one of the most versatile minds in the world.

One of the characteristics he is famous for as a director is the frantic speed with which he works. When he was directing me upon one occasion we shot twenty-two scenes in an hour. We made the entire picture in eight working days. It may be economical and profitable for the company but it is exhausting for the actors. I believe it is his boast that one day in Florida he shot no less than eighty scenes! And, on top of that, shipped his company back to New York on the midnight train. I can tell you that when one has worked a day with Hugh Ford one knows that one has been doing a day's work. Rehearse? Fudge! "See here, Polly, you know what to do: you come in, walk to the table, take your gloves off, see the letter, look horrified and grab the telephone. All right! Let's take it: camera!"

Now Mr. Vignola's method is the exact opposite of Mr. Ford's. He is of the school that believes in an abundance of rehearsing. Every step, every minute gesture he wants repeated over and over again. He will try seventeen different ways of picking up an opera cloak and forty-nine variety of poses for a woman who stands at the fireplace watching for her lover to come through the door.

Quite the mildest-mannered, most amiable and placid of directors is Emile Chautard. Never ruffled even by the most block-headed of the people he sometimes has to contend with—and I must admit

that even actors occasionally give provocation for profanity—never excited, never in the slightest doubt as to what he wants, he always gets the best out of everybody. Of course he always contrives to get actors who know their business. Himself an actor of the soundest French school, a veteran of the Comedie Francaise, he has the craft of the drama and the art of acting at his finger-tips and he knows the camera thoroughly. I saw him on one occasion working with a rather temperamental young actress who happened to be tired and nervous and heaved a hair brush at his head, missing him, fortunately, with a foot or two to spare. Instead of flying off in a rage, as most directors would have done, he was not even offended. He understood perfectly that it was a gesture caused by a nervous spasm, walked over to her with his sweetest smile, patted her on the shoulder in his own affectionate, paternal manner and had her calmed down and ready to work in two minutes. With almost any other director this incident would have put an end to the day's work and with one or two excitable youths I know to the week's work.

Mr. Jose, on the other hand, while in no wise belonging to the "temperamental" class, is not of the kind at whom one could safely hurl hair brushes. Not that I have ever tried or wanted to try. I don't happen to be "temperamental" myself. Besides, I'm a very poor shot. Mr. Jose is an exceedingly able and human person, of keen intelligence and, like many others of keen intelligence, possessed of very little patience with stupidity. The actor who gives him the results he wants has no trouble with Mr. Jose. But woe betide the wight who thinks he—or she—knows it all.

One of the most satisfying directors I have ever worked with is Hobart Henley, who has just finished directing "The Woman on the Index," the first picture I made for Goldwyn. Incidentally he is the youngest, if I am not mistaken, of them all. He belongs to the school that never bite the scenery and never raises his voice to the actors—except for dramatic effect when it is necessary to produce excitement and quick action in a mob scene. Like all competent directors, he realizes when actors are skilled in their craft and does



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## Directors I Have Known

(Concluded)

not try to conduct a kindergarten nor waste time teaching people what they learned years ago. The art of directing is the art of getting out of people the best that is in them. That is the secret of all successful producers. The opinionated man who wants everything done in an arbitrary fashion by everybody, regardless of whether it is suited to their style or personality, is always the second-rate.

The second-rate, or perhaps I should say the fifth-rate director is responsible for more damage than any other factor in pictures: more even than the most stupid of managers. The public often wonders why some of the most brilliant and celebrated men and women on the "legitimate" stage have been failures on the screen. In some cases this is due to the accidental factor over which nobody had any control, that their features and coloring did not reproduce well through the camera, that, in technical jargon, they did not photograph well. But I believe that in the majority of cases it was due to stupid direction.

You see this is what happened. In the early days of the cinema it was a gold mine for men who had never amounted to a hill of beans on the stage. Most of them were \$30 a week actors—and I don't mean to talk disparagingly of \$30 a week actors because I was one myself once. But the people I am thinking of would never have been anything more, would never have been worth any more. Others were property boys and prompters. They succeeded in pictures through sheer lack of competition.

You can readily imagine that when a man who was property boy to John Drew, let us say, finds himself directing Mr. Drew in a picture, he will fall all over himself trying to assert the difference between their relations then and now. Please remember that I am citing a purely imaginary but typical case. He will undertake to teach Mr. Drew how to act. He will smile patronizingly and say: "Well of course that's all right for the theatre, Mr. Drew, but you are acting for the camera now and you don't understand the mysteries of the camera. Now let me show you etc etc."

The biggest joke in pictures is this solemn pretense that the craft is one of the sacred mysteries. It is mostly a matter of sheer common sense. Anybody who can act well on the stage—provided he photographs well—can act just as well for the screen. The differences are chiefly technicalities such as make-up which anybody with two cents' worth of brains to shake together can learn in a month—or a week. As soon as one has seen oneself on the screen and realized the peculiarities of one's features or coloring one quickly acquires the knack of concealing unbecoming regularities and heightening the effect of those that are not unbecoming. For the rest, the difference is mostly one of the superior economy of gesture that is essential before the camera. And even that is not so much a difference as a valuable lesson that one learns from the film. When a person who has been acting in pictures for a while returns to the stage the first improvement that the critics observe is that he or she has acquired more restraint and has learned how to produce effects with less effort.

And it was not until directors of the calibre of the men I have mentioned took up the craft of the screen that this was realized. The proof of this is that the most successful men and women in pictures today—with very, very few exceptions—are people who were popular in the legitimate theatre before they ever went into the cinema.

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## The Real Bandit

(Concluded from page 62)

met 'the lady at the dugout,' who had been deserted by a drunken husband, and she and her little boy were starving.

"It was twelve miles to the nearest house, she told us, and Frank and I had ridden for almost three days without a stop, but we went that night and bought food for her and her little boy. She told us the sad story of her life, and how a banker in a Texas town had cheated her out of some land.

"That was enough. We got into our saddles and started for Texas. On the way we picked up the gang, and we made for the town, several hundred miles away.

"That robbery was slightly more elaborate than the others I told you about, but say—any director living would turn up his nose at it and say it lacked 'punch.' Frank took care of the cashier, and I had a few words with the president, a nasty old hypocrite, and I told him not to argue with me because I didn't like him anyway and was apt to let my finger slip on the trigger. He didn't argue. We got bundles of paper money which were lighter and easier to carry than gold, and we were almost out of the bank before the marshal tired at us through the door. Then we made for the horses, and the whole town was in an uproar, but no one knew just who the bandits were. A man passed me at a run, waving his gun and yelling to me to 'get under cover,' that there were 'robbers in town!'

"Then your picture doesn't exploit out-lawry?" I asked.

"Exploit it?" he echoed. "Not much; there's where it differs again from the general run of 'western' pictures. There wasn't any glamour in the life; there was much that was bad, much that was indifferent, and some that was good; but there wasn't any romance about it—it was hard, sordid, and tragic. We weren't bad clear through like the bandits you see on the screen, we'd have given our last cent to a hungry woman or child, and we never robbed the poor. When we had divided this money, we sent a share of it to the lady of the dugout so that she could go back home—but she never knew where it came from."

Al Jennings is fitted better, perhaps, than anyone else, to tell the new story of the old west, for he and his "gang" kept the southwest in constant terror for three years until the law put an end to their marauding. His subsequent imprisonment, pardon, and "beating back" to the pale of society are common knowledge, as well as his conversion and career as an evangelist. It was in this latter role that he received a taste of his—former—medicine. He was on a street car that was held up by two unmasked men, and he was relieved of his watch and purse. The next night, while lecturing, he saw in the audience one of the men who had robbed him.

"I see in this audience," he said, "a man who has committed a robbery. I know where he is sitting, I could turn him over to justice if I so desired; I want to say to that man that there isn't money enough in California to make me betray him—but!" he thundered on, "I want to tell that man that he's at the wrong game! I know, I've been through it all; and I say to him that there is a punishment worse than prison bars; a remorse of such searing agony that eternity itself cannot wipe it out!"

The next day he received a package and a note. The former contained his watch, and the purse, with the contents intact. The note read, "Dear Al. Professional courtesy demands that I return your things. You win, I go strate from now on. But my god al, you sure picked on me in your sermon; it was worse than ten years in Sing Sing!"

"And did he reform?" I wanted to know.

"Well," said Jennings, "that depends on the point of view. He's a lawyer now."



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# The Wicked Darling

(Concluded from page 67)

sought to wring from her the information. In the meantime Kent received a parcel from Adele Hoyt, containing the pearls and a brief note, reading:

"They were returned by a young woman much to be admired. They were rightfully yours and I trust their return will not be unwelcome.

Sincerely yours,  
Adele Hoyt."

So the girl was really trying to be square after all? Perhaps she was not worthy of his unkind attitude. Her environment might be wholly at fault. He would find her again.

But this was not an easy task. First he went to the room but was told she had moved out. Then he went to the restaurant where one of the other waitresses received him coldly.

"Why come here? Go look in the gutter where you sent her!"

Stung by the words, Kent started slowly for the door. The girl called out after him.

"She had a room over Fadem's pawnshop," she said, grudgingly.

Straight to Fadem's pawnshop he went—to attempt to make amends for what he had done. He was beginning to see that he had misjudged her entirely. She had been soar-

ing up to his social level until he had himself sent her back to the depths.

As he put his hand on the doorknob of her room he heard scuffling inside. He opened the door and saw Connors struggling with Mary. Mary's face lighted up as she saw the man she loved enter the fight. He pounced on Connors. Mary screamed and ran out for help. She went downstairs to come back in a few seconds with the friendly barkeeper, to whom she explained everything.

Fadem had come in with a knife. His arm was raised, the dagger about to plunge into Kent's back when the barkeeper shouted.

"The gal ain't got the pearls, Fadem," he growled, insistently. "That's straight. Let her go. She's on the square!"

And while the barkeeper drew the badly-whipped gunman out, followed by the protesting Fadem, Mary clung weakly in the arms of Kent.

"Mary," he said, "you are wonderful!"

And so it was that Kent finally came to take Mary Stevens out of the gutter, where she did not belong at all. In order that she should be completely out of the gutter and with the money gained from the pearls, a the iniquity that it represented, he bought, farm out in the hills,—and a home.

## "Dear Dorothy"

(Continued from page 72)

them so much myself and I don't have very many and I wish you would use this book rack because it is from me and I like to think that I know you and you know me when I see your pictures."

The ring of truth and sincerity is the first thing that inspires a reply. In this case the book racks, which by the way were silent evidence of much painstaking labor, were given space in Miss Gish's own home, and a mail that left two or three days later carried back a parcel post package that contained books. There are times in the life of every star when she is glad she has been able to bring sunshine into some one's life. Here was one case in which it was evident.

Presents come from foreign countries with as much regularity as they do locally. The Japanese people are the stoutest of all fans. The Japanese stamp is the most common of all foreign postage reaching the studios. The following letter is typical of the seriousness in which the Japanese admirer writes:

"Madame Dorothy Gish:

I am pleased very much by your fanny picture which was seen by me yesterday. I am compelled to remain twice throughout the exhibition in order that I must first explain to my friend the things that you are stated to remark which is not in the Japanese language, and one more time for myself that I am to exactly enjoy this situation without embarrassing interruption. Within a short time you shall receive from me a small emblem of the esteemed gratitude for being pleased by you."

The "small emblem" was a dainty silk kimono.

The following brief, but to the point message, written in the cramped and much belabored hand of a small boy, was pocket worn and much thumbed. It came from a small town in Massachusetts:

"Dear Dorothy:

I am nine years old. I have saw three of your pictures. Do you like chicken gizards? I do. My father runs a store. Will you answer this letter?"

The proposal of marriage is another regular arrival. It comes about once in each hundred letters. Miss Gish was somewhat reticent about giving out any samples in this regard, but she finally agreed to the following, which is not far different from the usual:

"— Dorothy:

You may be surprised to have someone you have never met address you like that but I am crazy about you and some day I am going to make you mine. I live in the country and have a good chance of having the place left to me and I am coming to New York to see you whenever I get a chance. You are the soul of heaven for me and there will never be anybody who can take your place in my heart as you have done. I have never said anything to anyone around here about being in love with you. I would not do that with anybody without their consent. But when I am through high school which will probably be next year and if I don't go to war, which I probably will, I am coming to see you. I am sending you a ring which you can wear for me but maybe the size will be too big or too small and if it is you can send me the ring back and tear a piece of paper big enough to go around your engagement finger and I will send you another one but send this one back."

These letters are never answered. Some idea of the source from which the letters arrive may be gained by the following table, drawn from the totals of the thousand letters referred to above.

Source	Letters	No.	Cities
Cities below 10,000.....	387	131	
Between 10,000 & 25,000.....	238	42	
Between 25,000 & 100,000.....	216	29	
Cities over 100,000.....	138	13	
Foreign countries.....	21	7	
	1,000	222	

The character of the letters received, with regard to numbers, forms another interesting table. Many of the letters are classified under two or three heads according to the



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51 size three times the quantity of 50c size. SEND FOR JAR TODAY. Remit in coin, money order, or U. S. stamps, and we will send Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR," and the Hermo Booklet, "Guide to Beauty," prepaid, under plain cover, at once. Use it five days and if not entirely satisfactory, return what is left, and we will REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL. Once you use Hermo "HAIR-LUSTR" you will never be without it. SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY.

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# "Dear Dorothy"

(Concluded)

subject matter. The thousand letters are classified in the box on page 72.

So, in spite of the fact that a quarter of a million dollars is being spent annually in correspondence between star and fan, it is not likely that any measures of curtailment will be inaugurated. And from the present outlook, Minnie Wilkins, of Poughkeepsie, will have the real signature of her favorite, will be informed when that favorite is married, will receive the sympathy of the same favorite during her time of trials and tribulations, and the picture of the favorite will adorn the walls of Minnie Wilkins' home.

# "Clean Pictures!"

Every Manufacturer's Pledge

(Continued from page 47)

and talent. They use appeals to morbidity as a final effort to gain the footing they fail to win by inferior effort along respectable lines. They represent a minor element among producers and distributors which censorship encourages by recognition. This recognition works a hardship on decent producing and distributing interests by focussing public attention on objectionable attractions through censor board efforts for publicity in newspapers. As an exhibitor organization First National is striving for elimination of the necessity of censorship by placing every difficulty possible in the paths of producers of immoral subjects to the screens of theatres which its members can influence apart from those they own. All of our theatres are devoted to clean pictures only."

R. A. Rowland, President of Metro, believes: "There is no more reason for censorship on motion pictures than there is for censorship of the press. The newspapers aim to be clean in their news sheets, and if any one newspaper attempted to get away with unclean news it would soon be stopped by the public or the police. This same principle applies to motion pictures. Every reputable manufacturer is earnest in his desire to make clean pictures. The Metro company is already on record that it will not countenance anything but the cleanest pictures possible, and as evidence of this I submit that the Pennsylvania censor board, which is one of the strictest in the United States, has not turned a Metro picture down in the last three years. The police and the public would soon stop any fly-by-night producer who attempted to make unclean pictures. Plans are now being laid by the national association which includes all reputable film manufacturers to prevent any unscrupulous producer offering any unclean subject on the market."

And from that famous champion of liberty in art, David Wark Griffith: "Unless theatres, both legitimate and vaudeville; unless newspapers, churches, public lectures and books are also censored, it is both futile and unjust to attempt to censor motion pictures. When you can buy a complete history of the tragedies of any great city in a newspaper for a penny it is absurd to pretend to protect the public by forbidding the representation of crime on the screen. Had modern censors existed in past ages and followed out their present theories to a logical conclusion we would have no Homer's Iliad, no Bible, and none of the beautiful dramas given us as the grandest heritage of the human race—the plays of Shakespeare. The right of free speech has cost untold agonies and rivers of blood. It is not to be thrown away. It is unthinkable that in a city the size of Chicago, one or two men shall tell two or three million what they shall see

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Massage is one of the greatest *natural* aids to better health and better appearance ever discovered. But it has heretofore been an expensive luxury. Thousands of men pay \$10 or more for a massage at the barber shop. Beauty specialists charge \$1 and up for face or scalp massage.

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to secure a satin skin: Apply Satin skin cream, then Satin skin powder.

(Ask your druggist for free samples.)



# "Clean Pictures!"

Every Manufacturer's Pledge

(Continued)

After all, pictures have a very effective censorship in the persons of pa and ma, who will soon regulate any producer who offends the deccencies."

And this from Carl Laemmle, President of the Universal Film Corporation: "Universal is pledged for clean pictures, and against censorship. Censorship by little cliques is unfair because it has been demonstrated that the cliques themselves do not agree on what is censorable. The things that a clique in one locality will eliminate, the cliques in another will pass. This results in endless confusion. Censorship by politicians is vicious because it not only leads directly along the road toward dishonesty, but threatens to plunge the screen into politics, an evil which the industry has thus far managed to avoid. The only real, true, practical censorship is the censorship of public opinion, and I mean by this the public which pays real money to see pictures. We found long ago that the public wants clean pictures and even if there were no other reason on earth for giving them clean pictures that is what we intend to give them because we have found by experience that that is what they want."

J. Stuart Blackton vows: "I am and always have been unequivocally in favor of absolutely clean pictures. My standard is fixed by whether or not I would be willing to have my young daughters see my productions. This does not mean complete emasculation of the situations inevitably interwoven throughout all dramas of human life but it means that the utmost care be exercised in choosing themes in which the keynote is decency and morality. I am and always have been against legal censorship of motion pictures on the ground that it is class legislation and therefore unconstitutional. There are laws and statutes in every state to punish the exhibition of indecent pictures."

William L. Sherrill, President of the Frohman Amusement Corporation, wires: "The Frohman Amusement Corporation is opposed to censorship on principle, just as it is unequivocally for the manufacture of clean—and nothing but clean—pictures on principle. Our every production has been an adaptation of some successful novel or stage success, in which I think we have proved our desire to offer the public nothing but clean, wholesome material which bears the stamp of general approval."

And from Ricord Gradwell, President of the World Film Corporation: "World pictures stand on their last three years' record as proof that censorship is not needed and that World is itself a strict censor in every way. We pledge ourselves to make as we have made under this administration nothing but clean pictures. We realize the responsibility in handling entertainment that strikes close to the family tie, and need no governmental control in questions of decency."

From Samuel Goldwyn, head of the producing organization bearing his name: "Goldwyn pictures have always been made and will always be made with an eye to cleanliness and healthfulness. They are stimulants of public morality. The picture of ours that lapsed or offended the moral rules of any community could be promptly dealt with under the police laws that safeguard the welfare of that particular community. Motion pictures in general have done more to improve the morals of American cities than any other factor in the past ten years. Public opinion and the application of the ordinary existing safeguards are sufficient to drive any unclean producers out of the business. The present scattered agitations for censorship are not founded on sanity or logic and again represent attempts of minorities to impose their will upon majorities."



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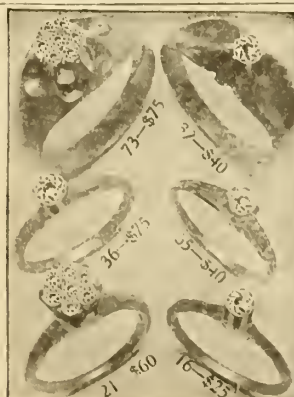
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# "Clean Pictures!"

Every Manufacturer's Pledge

(Continued)

Albert E. Smith, President of The Vitagraph Company of America, expresses himself as follows: "In its twenty-two years of existence Vitagraph has always stood for clean pictures. We have not waited for reformers or censors to tell us what was right or wrong. In the future as in the past Vitagraph will devote itself to producing stories that are wholesome and educational as well as entertaining."

Lewis J. Selznick, President of Select Pictures, proffers: "I have two reasons for making clean pictures: first, because I do not care to make any photoplay which I could not show, first of all, to the members of my family; second, because any other policy on the screen is business suicide in this or any other country. I pledge myself to make clean pictures just as naturally as I would pledge myself not to drink Prussic acid, leap into a blast furnace or throw myself in front of a railroad train."

## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 84)

**BLANCHE, SILVERTON, COLO.**—Just like a C Gardner Sullivan scenario. "The sun rose over the purple rim of the desert," etc. Carlyle Blackwell's wife was Ruth Hartman, sister of Greta-Ahrbin-Gretchen-Hartman-Hale. The Blackwells have been divorced some time. Two children, I believe. Alice Brady isn't engaged; at least she hasn't confided in me. Constance Talmadge is nineteen; Madge Evans, just nine years younger. Roscoe Arbuckle is thirty-two. They say the money involved in his new contract with Adolph Zukor is \$1,000,000 a year or something like that. It doesn't bother me. Wouldn't I be just crazy to meet all the actors and actresses in pictures? I should say I would.

**A GIRL'S CLUB**—That reminds me of Joseph Kilgour, who was villaining Viola Dana in a Metro underworld picture. "Just what do you call yourself, Mr. Kilgour?" kidded Viola. "I? I'm a roue. I'm 'vamping' you." "Then if you're the roue," returned Miss Dana, "I must be the roulette." (Quick, Watson; my umbrella.) Theda Bara does "Salome." George Walsh is with Fox; he is in California now, I think. He is married, you know, to Seena Owen; and they have a little girl. George will send you his picture. You want a story about him. Glad you like PHOTOPLAY and sorry that I can't send you my autographed picture for the club rooms. However, I'll write you a letter and you can frame that.

**"QUERIST, MANKATO, MINN.**—That's a new kind of soul-perfume, or something, isn't it? By the way—Norma Talmadge is famous now. She has had a perfume named after her; also a face powder and toilet water. If it interests you—the perfume will sell for one dollar and fifty cents an ounce or five ounce bottles at seven-fifty. (This is a free advertisement.) William Davidson was Uncle Mike and Jack MacGowan was the nephew in Viola Dana's "The Gold Cure." Bertram Grassby was the male vamp with Dot Gish in "Battling Jane." Ed Burns with Gladys Leslie in "The Soap Girl." By the way, Ralph Ince is again with Vitagraph, directing Miss Leslie's new pictures, "Miss Dulcie from Dixie," and "A Stitch in Time." Curtis Cooksey and Crauford Kent acted with Ethel Clayton in "The Woman Beneath." Others elsewhere. Thanks.

# How You Can Learn to Write

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By the Author of Old Frank, the Story of Jack, Sandy's Golf Dog, and Other Stories

BY ONE WHO HAS ARRIVED

(Name and Address on Request)

**N**EARLY everyone, I think, would like to write for publication. We all know that writing is the freest and finest kind of work in the world. You do it at odd times and hours—when or where you will.

Your time is your own, and the remuneration is big. Also, the prestige that most authors enjoy is enviable, to say the least.

It is strange, then, that such a comparatively few of those who would and could write—actually write.

Some few, probably, never could learn. But by far the majority simply lack two things: *Confidence* and *Training*.

It is surprising how many people have shown me stories that they have written—stories that have never been seen by anyone but themselves—people whom one might never know had ever made any effort to record their thoughts and impressions on paper.

These persons would one and all dearly love to see their brain-children given record in print. But they lack proper knowledge of how to go about it.

You can't *just write*. You must know what to write and how to write it. You must serve an apprenticeship—just as does any other artist.

Every one of the old French Masters of the Short-Story did this! Not one of them *just wrote*.

Even after you have written a salable story, you must know where and how to sell it. Manuscripts are marketed on the same principles that govern the marketing of any other commodity of merit.

### Training Is Vital

Training is absolutely necessary for anyone who would write successfully.

Styles change in stories as well as in shoes or hats. And that's just one of the things you must know.

Your latent ability must be developed.

You may have heard that "Writers are born—not made." Bosh! Of course, you've got to be born first. But after you're born you've got to be *made*.

Every writer has to be made. And that brings up the question of *HOW*

For my part, I believe the best plan is to follow a prescribed course of instruction augmented by the constant, consistent and constructive suggestions of a competent critic.

I have personally made it a point to investigate several such courses and methods of criticism.

One of these, in my opinion, stands out pre-eminently for the amateur writer and I unqualifiedly recommend it.

I refer to the course offered by the Hoosier Institute of Fort Wayne, Ind. Take my advice and investigate this course for yourself. The attached coupon will bring you full information without charge or obligation.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practices     | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning              |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating       | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER             | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Pub. Accountant   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping      | <input type="checkbox"/> TRAFFIC MANAGER         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN or ENGR       | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER        | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer            | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman             | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects  |
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## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

**J. L. Mc L., SAULT ST. MARIE.**—So you think I'm a dear old man. I'm not saying a word—but when you come up to Chi—Your taste for good cigars won't help you. I don't smoke—cigars. Perhaps if you wrote Alice Brady and told her she was beautiful she would send you a best likeness of herself—perhaps.

**THE MYSTIC ROSE.**—Back again? I missed you. There are many who write to me using green ink but none spill it so gracefully as you. Still for Pearl White, I see. I read your poem to Nazimova and it's all right except that Nazimova doesn't rhyme with "Petrova." You pronounce it Naz-im-ova. I don't laugh at you for worshipping idols so long as you realize you're doing it. Constance Talmadge, Morosco Studios, Los Angeles. Norma Talmadge, Select, New York. I don't know just where Miss Talmadge will be working when she joins First National. Pearl White is thirty years old; she weighs 130 pounds and is five feet and three inches tall. Miss White is rather reticent, always, about herself; she says she is a silent star on the screen and she intends to carry that out in private life. "But," she adds, "I love my public and would give my life to please them." Anyway, she's risked it a good many times.

**MRS. J. JACKSON, JERSEY CITY.**—I can tell you why Milton Sills is not Clara Kimball Young's leading man at the present time. It is because—ssh!—Milton is playing opposite Viola Dana in Metro's "Diana Ardway." Another new Dana-Metro is "Satan, Junior." Mr. Sills is, I believe, married. I am so generous, I would share your last penny with you.

**M. T. W., BRISTOLL, MASS.**—General Pershing is a great orator—although his speech at the tomb of Lafayette consisted of only four words—"Lafayette, we are here." You got it mixed with "Lafayette, We Come." That's a picture. Harry Morey is still with Vitagraph; one of his recent releases was "Silent Strength." Alice Joyce is starring alone; she appeared lately in "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Third Degree." Earle Williams is very much alive. He is living in California, with his wife. Mr. Williams was a little bit shy about revealing his engagement and acknowledging his marriage, but evidently someone convinced him it wouldn't injure his popularity so he fessed up. Lois Weber is Mrs. Phillips Smalley. The Smalleys directed "The Price of a Good Time" but didn't act in it. Mildred Harris and Kenneth Harlan were the featured players. Conway Tearle is Norma Talmadge's leading man. Jack Mulhall is with Lasky. He's married, and the father of a little boy. Juanita Hansen is Bill Hart's leading woman in "The Poppy Girl's Husband."

**HENRY, MILWAUKEE.**—I can enjoy my evening at the movies if I don't have to stand in line to begin with; if there isn't another girl in the box-office instead of the pretty girl who always smiles at me;—if the heroine hasn't a double chin, and the overture isn't "Poet and Peasant." Conrad Nagel? Lambs Club, New York.

**M. D. L. K., COLLINGSWOOD, N. J.**—Alice Brady is William A.'s only daughter. Alice is working on her new Select pictures now. She is also appearing on the stage in "Forever After." I don't think she will go abroad; passport difficulties made many of the prospective Atlantic voyagers change their minds. Pauline Frederick will return to the stage next season. We do not answer questions pertaining to religion.



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## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

**JANE NOVAK ADMIRER, QUTBEC.**—The saddest word of tongue or pen—comes from your truthful Answer Mad. *she's married* I heard that Miss Novak was to have her very own company. I simply can't keep track of all these new companies and rumors of 'em. June Caprice, Capellani studios. We don't give home addresses, as a rule. Faire Binney isn't married, that I know of. Dorothy Gish in "Boots." The principal players in "Little Women" were: Jo, Dorothy Bernard; Meg, Isabel Lamon; Beth, Lillian Hall; Amy, Florence Flinn; Laurie, Conrad Nagel; John Brooke, Henry Hull.

**DIXIE JAZZ, NEW ORLEANS.**—I think I'd choose, of all the popular songs, "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," although I have heard a doughboy paraphrase it, "I'm Always Scratching Cooties." Speaking, etc., a U. S. private wrote home to his wife that he'd picked up a few French cooties and she thought he said cuties—(I really should provide automatic sprinklers for a wheeze like this). Geraldine is Mrs. Lou Tellegen. Her hobby? I believe it's her husband; but I can tell you her pet aversion: it's a clock. She can't stand 'em. Won't even wear a wrist watch. I suppose Jerry is even more unpunctual than most women; but I don't care how many appointments she breaks just so she doesn't break her contract. Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.

**R. E. WHITE, WEST NEWTON, MASS.**—Bessie Barriscale is Mrs. Howard Hickman in private life. Yes, she gets her share of "fan" mail; but she says since the influenza epidemic she has had a distressing drop in proposals. While she used to get two a week anyway, she's only had three since 1910 was ushered in. Marguerite Clark (Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams), Famous Players studio, New York; Dorothy Gish, Sunset studios, Hollywood; Pauline Frederick, Goldwyn, Culver City; Mary Pickford, Brunton studios, Los Angeles, for the present.

**DOROTHY, BROOKLINE.**—Read up and, counting yours, you'll find three of my favorite feminine names. Mary is a little bit old-fashioned and so's Betty but I like them. I'm so glad you feel as though you really know me. I can't send you my picture but you may send me yours. Seeing as how this is your first year's subscription to PHOTOPLAY, I'll browbeat the Editor into having an interview with Ralph Kellard. He seems to be coming right along. Thanks.

**EDDIE L., PHILA.**—If I give you a good answer you'll give me the address of your sister in Chicago, who you say is a combination of Annette Kellerman, Mary Pickford, Mary Thurman, and Lina Cavalieri, and recently divorced. But it so happens that most of your questions are unanswerable. Why are nine-tenths of the pictures punk? They aren't. Why don't they make a picture with Doug Fairbanks, George Walsh, and Charles Ray? There isn't that much money in the world. How do I live on \$9 a week? That, my friend, is none of your business, to put it politely. But here's one I can answer: Zeena Keefe lately appeared in "The Challenge Accepted." Olga Petrova is in vaudeville now.

**N. S., VERNON, N. C.**—Charles Ray's latest to be released is "The Girl Dodger." There's something about Charles in this issue, I believe. He's married. That was Jane Novak opposite Ray in "The Claws of the Hun." Jane has a baby—a little girl, it is. She's a very sweet and feminine sort of person, I hear—Jane. She is Mrs. Frank Newburgh, in private life. That's all right; write any time.

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# Questions and Answers

(Continued)

A. M., CHICAGO.—Yes, Theda Bara has played on the stage. She was a member of a company at an east-side theatre in New York. Her real name is Theodosia Goodman—that is, it used to be; she has changed the family name, in court, to Bara. She was the vampire in "A Fool There Was" on the screen. Bill Hart was the bad man in "The Squaw Man" on the stage. He also supported Madame Modjeska. Fanny Ward is forty-four. Elsie Ferguson is in her early thirties.

K. K., WINGHAM, N. S. W.—I am very frank with you; I have to be; it's my way. I believe in calling a ford a ford. I am quite sure that if you write to Mr. Jack Mulhall at the Lasky studios, Hollywood, California, and tell him how much you like his hair, he will send you his picture. Don't tell him you admire his work; it makes an actor awfully mad to hear that. I believe I have told someone else in this issue that he is married. Have no record of a picture by that name; perhaps it is a British release. Besides, don't they often change the names of our pictures over there? Margery Wilson whom you like, has her own company now. Please don't believe that rumor. Thanks for saying that. Regards to Dad.

T. T. T., A. M.—Have I retired? I don't know; what time is it? No, I am still very much on the job, even though your vivid-hued paper almost knocked me out for the day. It's a sort of—salmon-pink, isn't it? You asked me what I did when I received it. My dear, I can't even tell you what I said. Pearl White still with Pathe. J. Warren Kerrigan, Hampton studios. L. A. Jack is thirty now. Yes, that's an apt comparison of Miss White to a dazzling white pearl, but methinks I have heard it somewhere before. Here's part of your pome to me: "Answer Man! Answer Man! Here's to you. I wish I could see you as well as write to you. And perhaps some day I will hear someone say, there goes the Answer Man." I should call this di-verse libre. (With apologies.)

LUCILETTE, SOMEWHERE IN BROOKLYN.—Yes, I like you. You say you know all you care to about the plays and players. If all my correspondents were like you I'd be out of a job. So you went to the Vitagraph studio and pretended to apply for a job as an extra and they accepted you and you never reported for work. You are the most unusual young woman I have ever met. Call me "old dear" if you like. Please call again.

ADDIE MAE, BESSEMER, ALA.—By the Great Dipper, you girls will make a linguist of me yet! I tried to learn Spanish to please one lady and not content with that you want me to learn French so we can correspond in that language. Anita Stewart questions I have answered under another contributor. Except that she hasn't any children. She has a younger brother, George, of whom she is very fond. Vivian Martin is still with Lasky. She is Mrs. Jefferson in private life. She started out with World, which was called "Peerless" then. She was one of the "Peter Pans" on the stage. Vivian is somewhere in the twenties; she's an oldtimer in stage experience only.

LEO, ROUND LAKE, N. Y.—A letter addressed to Victor Sutherland, care this magazine, will be forwarded. Sutherland was born in Paducah, Ky., in 1880. Began his stage career with the Morgan Stock Company. His screen appearances have been "The Dancer and the King," an old Victor; Fox's "Daredevil Kate," with Virginia Pearson; and the Edgar Lewis productions, "The Sign Invisible" and "The Bar Sinister," and Rex Beach's "The Barrier."

HILLIN F. SULLIVAN.—Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck in real life. Some of you haven't retentive memories or else you have deceived me when you say you read this department faithfully every single month. She has never been married before. Sister Constance has been engaged several times—if we are to believe old lady Rumor. It isn't true, Miss Constance always says. In "Romance and Arabella" Constance says in a subtitle: "Everything that is can." Or should it be, perhaps: "Everything is that can"?

BETTIE, ALBANY.—Death death! I almost spelled it with a y. What would you have done to me? Thanks for liking my wonderful art. And here I was pegging along never even dreaming that I was anything but a nine-dollar-a-week writer of gags—that's why they call 'em gags; they read one of mine. I think Ann Little is to play, or is playing, opposite Wallie Reid again. If you like I'll speak to Mr. Zukor about it; or would you rather I'd see Mr. Lasky? Anything I can do— You know Ann had a part in "The Squaw Man" and Wallie kept right on making his Lasky pictures so they couldn't play together. Paramount has purchased Captain Peter B. Kyne's "The Valley of the Giants" for Reid; and Kay Laurel will act with him in this. I think House Peters is back on the stage. Many felicitations.

GRACE B., DETROIT.—I can't find any fault with you. You gave me both your first and second names and your street number; wrote only on one side of the paper; numbered your questions, and said please. Here you are, Grace. Baby Marie Osborn is eight; Master Francis Carpenter of "Jack the Giant-Killer" prominence is the same age. Little Virginia Lee Corbin, our coming Clark-Pickford, is a year younger. Miss Corbin now has her own little company. Quite a responsibility for such a young lady. Virginia's mother is her manager. Read her story in PHOTOPLAY for April.

EDITH, HONOLULU.—You want me to tell you the addresses of the actor and actress without informing me what actor and actress you mean. As I can't give you the name of every actor and actress I'll have to pass. Please write again and be more explicit and I'll be glad to help you out.

LUCILLE C., VINTON, VA.—Naomi Childers, who was the "Vitagraph Grecian Girl," is with Metro right now. She was with Ethel Barrymore in "The Divorcee" and appeared opposite the late Harold Lockwood in his last film, "Shadows of Suspicion." Now with Bert Lytell in "The Blind Man's Eye." Married, Naomi? I think so. Ethel Clayton answers elsewhere.

A. S., KINGSTON, JAMAICA.—Got around to your letter as soon as possible. I'm always glad to hear from you and you're not an outsider as you seem to think. I don't want you folks to think I don't appreciate your kindly interest in me; I do. I may get sarcastic at times but you wouldn't like me if I didn't. Mary Miles Minter, American studios, Santa Barbara, Cal. Will'e Reid, Lasky, Hollywood. Yes, PHOTOPLAY will forward your letters to the players. So Kingston liked "Missing" and Sylvia Breamer? I think Robert Gordon, the young Britisher in this Blackton picture, will go with Zane Grey's new company now that he has been discharged from Uncle Sam's service. Zane Grey is an American author of punchful Western tales; and those of his books which have been pictured have been screen successes; so he was encouraged to form his own company. I'll appreciate that gift from Jamaica.

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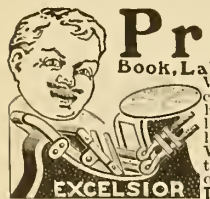
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## Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

"LONESOME" MARIE, SINGAPORE.—Why, my dear girl, I'd no intention of offending you. But—although I can't for the life of me remember what it was—I take it all back, every word. I take off my hat to the Scars and Stripes, every time. "Romeo and Juliet," with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Xavier Bushman, was released by Metro some time ago. I don't know when it will be shown in Singapore. Ask your theatre manager. Let's write a song about Singapore; sounds every bit as good as Hindustan.

M. H. S., TORONTO.—You note Cal York's comment on the war films which neglect to picture Canada's part in the struggle. "The Heart of Humanity," a Universal picture with Dorothy Phillips, is Canadian in locale and sentiment. I agree with you that Mr. York's comment was correct. There has been little, if any, production activity in your country. Blanche Sweet doesn't give her age but she's in the mid-twenties. Yes, she was a dancer once. Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron, late of Uncle Sam's aviation service. You haven't bored me; I am never bored.

MARY W., NEW YORK CITY.—We haven't neglected Ethel Clayton. There's a story in this issue about the lady that you're going to like. Undoubtedly it is the only interview ever written that really reveals her personality. She is very nice in "Maggie Pepper." And then you ask me what's the difference between a man-o'-war and a tug-o'-war. Well, I think the tug-o'-war must be the little boat that precedes the—oh, what's the use?

BETTY H., OTTAWA.—"Where there's a bill there's a pay," as they are saying now in Germany. Jack Pickford received his discharge from the navy; he is working again in pictures, this time heading his own company for First National. He is to do three pictures for this circuit. Yes, he's married to Olive Thomas. You should keep a date-book and a list of marriages and save us the trouble of repeating. Billie Burke is married to Florenz Ziegfeld, the wizard of the girl-and-music entertainment known as the Follies. Some of his principal players are Ann Pennington, Marilynn Miller, Allyn King, Lillian Lorraine, and Mildred Richardson. Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, Bert Williams hold up the comedy end. Of these, Pennington, Lorraine, and Rogers have appeared on the screen. Rogers has a long-time contract with Goldwyn. "Laughing Bill Hyde" his first. While on the Ziegfeld anthology—Olive Thomas, Kay Laurel, and Rubye deRemer, all in the pictures now, are ex-Follies stars.

JEAN, CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—I don't blame you for having your doubts as to whether I am a lady or a gentleman. Some of the things that will creep into my Columns prove I'm no gentleman. But please don't accuse me of being a woman. Jack Mower is Margarita Fischer's leading man; he was born in Honolulu. Kenneth Harlan is back from France and again a member of the Hollywood film colony. He has not yet announced his new affiliation.

BILL HART FAN, NEW YORK.—You have guessed it; I was peeved because you called me Lollypop. I didn't like it then; I don't like it now. I shouldn't be surprised if I never got used to it. However, it is my business if not my pleasure to answer your questions, no matter what you call me. That picture is too old; I can't find the cast for it. Victor Moore was "Chimmie Fadden" in the Lasky series. I saw him some time ago here in a musical comedy, "See You Later."

A. E. R., ONTARIO.—You can read people's characters, can you? I should think you'd be a most uncomfortable sort of person to have around the house. At that you'd have a hard time reading mine. I'm deep—oh very. Floyd Buckley was the *Hooded Terror* in "The House of Hate."

HORACE, GREENVILLE.—I should say I will be so kind and condescending, so gracious and unbending, as to tell you Anita Stewart's age. Twenty-three. She is working right now under Marshall Neilan's direction in "In Old Kentucky." She's married; she's been married for some time; and I have told you folks so over and over. Never mind; it's too late to cry.

MAY JANE, CLEVELAND.—How fancy! Of course you may and I'll tell you that Bert Lytell is married, though I hate to do it. I am so calloused, so hard, that it means nothing to disappoint three hundred girls a week and disillusion three hundred more. With you, May Jane, it is different. Mrs. Lytell was Evelyn Vaughn; and she used to play in stock with Bert. I saw Bert's brother Wilfred in "Business Before Pleasure." He was on the screen with Ethel Barrymore in "Our Mrs. McChesney."

KELLEY POOLE, ROCKVILLE CENTER.—So you missed Alfred Cheney Johnston's studio mandolin in the art section in the March number. I have noticed that all those girls have their eyes uplifted—but not to heaven, K. P., not to heaven. More than likely to some six-foot-six doughboy who has just received his hon. dis., and is making his re-appearance in cits. That was Cleo Madison, who came back as the vamp in "The Romance of Tarzan." I remember her in that old Universal. "The Black Orchid." You suggest calling a picture audience "visience." "And isn't there," you'd like to know, "any way of protecting oneself against the alleged pianist who plays 'Ace's Death' whenever the heroine cries for a new hat, or husband, or something?" Please write again very soon.

A PORT ALICE FAN.—You say Knox Price is a six year old boy who was a street speaker for the Red Cross. You people have the most touching faith in me; expect me to know everything, everybody. It's really you who keep me informed. If "Cecile, Cottage Grove, Ore." is interested in the boy I'll send her the snap-shot of him that you sent me. Thanx.

LEITA.—"P. S.: I can make wonderful lemon cream pies!" Leita, I can't tell you how awfully glad we were to hear from you. But, you know, the proof of the lemon cream pie is in the meringue. I don't know what company is working in Toronto at the present time. Sessue Hayakawa is married to Tsuru Aoki, who often plays opposite him, as in "Bonds of Honor." Address him care Haworth Pictures Corporation, Los Angeles.

TEDDY BEAR, BRYN MAWR.—That California conference shared interest with the Peace Conference. W. G. McAdoo is going to advise the Big Four—Pickford, Chaplin, Griffith, and Fairbanks. Hart dropped out. Bill isn't married or engaged to be married. He said in a recent letter to me that he wasn't married, nor a millionaire, and he doesn't intend to retire yet awhile. Tallulah Bankhead? We had a story about her in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY: "The Bantam from Alabama." Eugene O'Brien isn't married. I am sorry to tell you that it is really true about Harold Lockwood's death. Owen Moore is acting again, for Rex Beach-Goldwyn.



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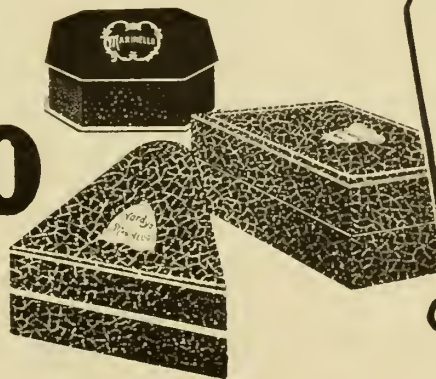
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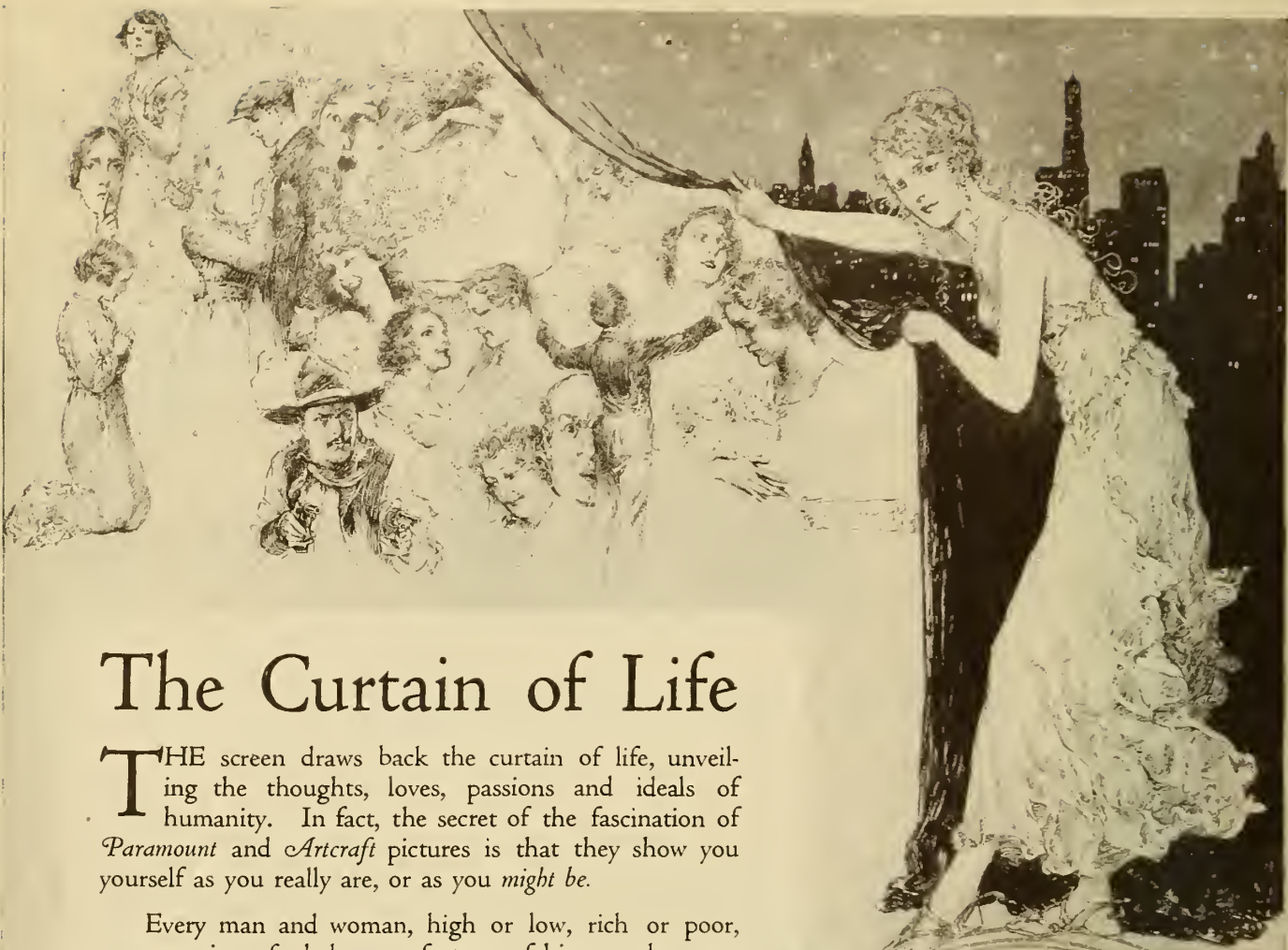
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VOL. XV

No. 6

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For the Summer:—

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE during the months of mountain and shore, sunshine and thunderstorms, will continue to lead the field in its promulgation of new ideas, its discussions of the ever-widening sphere of motion picture influence, its presentation of the continually increasing number of interesting and commanding personalities.

Motion picture manufacture has now reached a stage in which it has completed, and closed, its first chapter of history. Though an infant art in point of years, it has recollections, and several of its reigning masters were also its pioneers, so that they have reminiscences.

The absorbing narratives of Thomas H. Ince, Frank E. Woods and others have provided delightful pages for this publication, and we are glad to announce that Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, the controlling influence of Vitagraph during its beginning years, is to be our next harvester of rich memories and rare old pictures. If Biograph was the cradle of the movies, Vitagraph was certainly the kindergarten; from the Brooklyn studio—while Griffith was making his reputation, but before his name was generally known—came the first really big photo-dramas. In them appeared many of today's greatest stars, enacting splendid stories under directors who now have worldwide reputation. Commodore Blackton's article will be published at an early date, and, we confidently predict, will be a potent integral chapter in the permanent motion picture record.

The motion picture as an international influence will be considered from several angles, by several authorities.

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Fashions, criticisms of the new plays, the broadening work of The Better Photoplay League of America, news of film people and activities, and the comments of artistic and intelligent observers on the side lines will continue, as will every department of this magazine, under the direction of trained department heads.

## Photoplay Screen Supplement

No new release in picture history has met with a more gratifying reception, all over the country, than has PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S own "Screen Supplement"—its transfer of actual, intimate magazine material to moving film.

The three previous Supplements are enjoying an extended and presumably permanent run through all parts of the United States, but as these lines reach you Supplement number four will just have been released. It includes:

Many interesting views of the actual work at the Brunton studios, in Los Angeles, where many of the leading stars make their pictures; Robert Brunton, Frank Keenan, Sessue Hayakawa, and many others.

Roy Sanford, title expert, "shooting" the typography you see on the screen.

A view of the studio's "English street," with its substantially constructed sets.

Its English Garden.

James J. Corbett, celebrated boxer and almost equally celebrated actor, arriving at Universal City to begin his motion picture work, together with a number of scenes of Mr. Corbett's first highly inexperienced day on the lot.

A fascinating visit with little Ben Alexander, the wee boy brought to celebrity by D. W. Griffith.

Bessie Barriscale, and Howard Hickman, her director-husband.

The Christie studio, and the amusing tale of its complete disruption of Hollywood's messenger service.

Finally, a charming trip to the Hollywood home of Viola Dana, her sister Shirley Mason, and their mother. In this bungalow, "Heartsease," you will be a genuine guest of one of the most interesting and artistically productive families in all moviedom, and we'll vow that you emerge feeling as though your personal acquaintance with Viola, and Shirley, and the place they live in, were life-long.

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When Men Destroy.....Fox  
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The Turn of the Road.....Brentwood  
The Hand Invisible.....World  
When a Girl Loves.....Universal  
The Forfeit.....Hodkinson  
The World to Live In.....Select  
Children of Banishment.....Select  
Experimental Marriage.....Select  
Smiles.....Fox  
The Railroader.....Triangle  
Never Say Quit.....Fox



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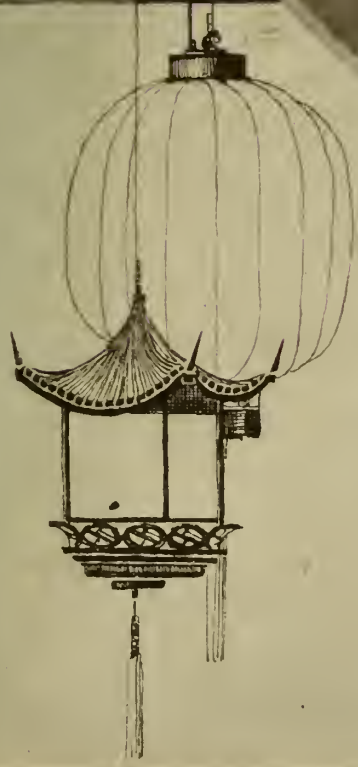
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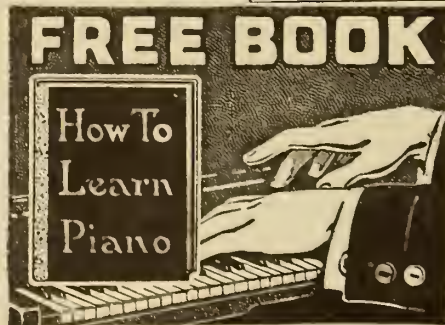
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# Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

- AMERICAN FILM MFG. CO., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).
- ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 516 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).
- BLACKTON PRODUCTIONS, INC., 25 W. 45th St., New York City (s); 423 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
- ROBERT BRUNTON STUDIOS, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
- CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, La Brea and De Longpre Aves., Hollywood, Calif.
- CHRISTIE FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.
- FAIRBANKS PICTURES CORP., 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
- FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).
- FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).
- THE FROHMAN AMUSEMENT CORP., William L. Sherrill, president and general manager, 310 Times Building, New York City.
- GOLDWYN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Culver City, Cal.
- THOMAS INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
- LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).
- METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.
- EXHIBITORS-MUTUAL DISTRIBUTING CORP., 1600 Broadway, New York City.
- PATHE EXCHANGE, IND., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., Glendale, Cal. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
- ROTHACKER FILM MFG. CO., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).
- SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City (s); Hollywood, Cal.
- SELIG POLYSCOPE CO., Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); Edendale, Cal.
- SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
- UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coysteville, N. J. (s).
- VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal. (s).
- WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y. (s).
- WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).



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"No, -- no. It is naught. Only a snowslide, far  
in the mountains."

"Mother -- I see bright bayonets gleaming!"  
"Nay -- 'tis but a salmon, leaping in the pool!"

"Mother -- I hear bugles! The clash of arms, the  
tread of feet! I hear my name -- they're coming!  
Can't you hear their voices? My brothers, dead  
among the poppies -- calling me!"

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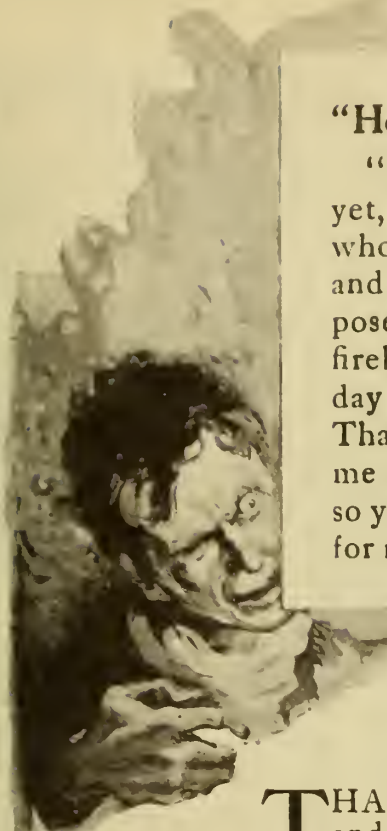
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Alfred Cheney Johnston

*JANE COWL'S* most recent endeavor on the stage was "The Crowded Hour," a war drama which throve despite peace conferences. "The Spreading Tawn," for Goldwyn, remains the outstanding performance of her screen career.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

*CORINNE GRIFFITH, in a story in PHOToplay, was complaining about the cold up here; but it looks now as though the southern rose had become completely acclimated. Lately, for Vitagraph, in "The Girl Problem."*





Alfred Cheney Johnston

*THIS* profile belongs to the only Young American Actor who is equally at home in Tolstoi or Augustus Thomas. "Jack" is doing "Peter Ibbetson" for Famous, assisted by sister Ethel and brother Lionel Barrymore.





Alfred Cheney Johnston

*JEAN PAIGE* is one of our best-behaved little ingenues. She is, usually, the young lady in humble circumstances who loved Harry Morey all the time—for Vitagraph. Her screen career has been short but eventful.





*BILLIE BURKE, costumed as the heroine of "A Marriage of Convenience," the Dumas comedy. Billie has been true to the shadow-stage for two years now; her last legitimate appearance occurred in 1917.*





Alfred Cheney Johnston

**I**F somebody has to do "Little Lord Fauntleroy" in pictures, let it be Mae Murray. Vaudeville or an A. H. Woods farce? These are conflicting rumors about Mae. Her last Universal is "The Scarlet Shadow."





Alfred Cheney Johnston

**G**EORGE FITZMAURICE, the Irish-American maestro, has provided Pathe with such photoplays as "The Naulahka" and "Sylvia of the Secret Service," proving that thrills may be silk-lined and still make money for the firm.





*WHO would believe that, not so long ago, Alice Joyce was doing westerns for Kalem? Miss Joyce, who seems to have a decided preference for Charles Klein in the drama, is working now in "The Third Degree."*



THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

# PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XVI

JUNE, 1919

No. 1



## Adventure—the Immortal

**A** GREAT physiologist says that mankind has but two fundamental instincts: Self-preservation and Reproduction. He should add a third, the immortal instinct of Adventure.

Without this attribute humanity would have spawned and fed and died age without end in the place of its origin, possibly the warm basin of the Euphrates.

Adventure is the most God-like of these instincts, though man's first Adventure was misadventure—the faux-pas of the succulent Jonathan in the orchard of Eden.

The breath of Adventure blew the chromatic sails of Tyre over the horizons of the Mediterranean. High Adventure of the soul made Greece; the stern Adventure of ambition, Rome. War and commerce were the first great quests, but when the dust of the fallen house of Caesar had settled over medieval Europe, Adventure—the chameleon—took on a new hue. The world was awakened, and doubled, by the grand Adventure of discovery. Anon the chameleon glowed with the first radiances of science, and after that came the Adventures of invention and business, until today the multivarious Adventures of our forefathers seem to have found everything, systematized everything.

Yet the lust of peril and the wine of fight linger in Everyman like his vermiform appendix. How shall he satisfy them, now that we believe we have banished war?

Herein is an as yet unrecognized but stupendous service of the Motion Picture. Its scene is universal. Its substance is action. Its virility is primordial. It is Everyman's great synthetic Adventure, the miracle of an age which may make for limitless spiritual expansion, but whose crowded complex forbids him pristine physical Adventure of his own.



Marcia Mason, one of the three extra girls at Lasky's who, out of thousands of aspirants, have become established in "stock," which means their pay check is regular.



# What Every Girl

In the last year thousands have striven and a million have yearned for motion picture success. Yet not the twinkle of one new star has been seen. This story likely explains it. Perhaps it also tells what you—young lady—have been wondering.

covered in the film firmament in the past twelve months—not one aspiring becurled or marcelled beauty has fought or cajoled her way into the spotlight's beam. Yet thousands have striven.

Truly the trail of film stardom is a long one and it is white with the bleached bones (almost said hair) of blasted hopes.

The stars of today, for the most part, have been recruited from the stage, or have worked their way up through the

**M**UCH has been written in

recent years about the relative chances of attaining film success. It has been a popular subject with some 23,456,112 young women (according to the U. S. Census Bureau) residing within the boundaries of this nation who are properly qualified,—as to age,—for a screen career.

Much will be written in the future on the same fascinating subject, no doubt; but each subsequent writer if he has any regard for the verities, will be increasingly discouraging to the aspiring feminine youth of the land.

Of course not all of the 23,456,112 properly-qualified-as-to-age young women yearn to see themselves as they see their favorite stars—probably not more than 23,456,000 aspire to gaze on their shadowed counterparts. It's nothing to be ashamed of; in fact it is a very laudable ambition. In passing we might credit the screen with administering a knockout to the old fashioned temptation of pre-film days. The girl of today, as compared with her sister of preceding generations, has it "on" the latter from relish to roquefort, as it were, when it comes to having something for which to wish and dream and work. It is a golden lighted road to fame and fortune that had a dim counterpart yesterday in the way to stage success.

As indicated in the foregoing the desire for screen fame is not only laudable but it has been a source of beneficent advantage to the girlhood of the nation. Obviously, therefore, it would be in the same degree injurious to our best interests to discourage that ambition.

So the writer disclaims any intention of bringing sorrow to these millions of potential film stars in endeavoring to set forth existing conditions. Every one of them has a chance to be a Mary Pickford or a Norma Talmadge, or a Theda Bara, if their aspirations take that direction, but—

How many new faces have you seen on the screen during the last year?

Not many, were there? And those could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Yet there were millions who aspired and thousands who actually tried.

By new faces, of course I do not refer to the girls who play "atmosphere" or bits that are just barely visible to the naked eye. Yet even in these humble places the new face is a rarity.

As to new stars not one new twinkle has been dis-



Many of the society "extras" posing in New York and Los Angeles studios lookout for the sort of young woman who can walk through a drawing



# Wants to Know

By

ALFRED A. COHN

various strata of studio drudgery. There are those too who, just glided into stardom through the easily swung door of the early days of filmdom—just pretty girls to begin with, who developed as the business grew from store-show to the million dollar theater.

But even the number of this latter class has dwindled steadily. The fittest, only, have survived.

There are scores—perhaps thousands of possible stars who may never have an opportunity of exhibiting their beauty or talent. Geographically, screendom's limitations are even more restricted than the stage's. The girl in Salt Lake or Louisville or Pittsburgh who had histrionic ability found an



Ruth Clifford graduated from the "extra bench" at Universal City.



outlet in the local stock companies—and still does for that matter; though the aspirant of the smaller town is deprived now of the opportunities provided by the one-week-stand-repertoire company. The screen

has completely ousted the old "rep" show.

The girl who would be a film star must either go to New York or to Los Angeles; the latter preferably as something like 85 per cent of the world's "visible" supply of celluloid is prepared in that city and its environs.

Then what chance has she when she gets there?

If she is one in a million or two, she may attain stardom—in a year or two.

But the girl who is just "pretty"—you know the kind whose friends tell her "My dear, you should be in the movies"—why she has about as much chance of "getting by" as Ole Hanson, the mayor of Seattle, has of being elected chief of the I. W. W.

The girl without experience who has been led to believe that stardom may be reached overnight is doomed to certain disappointment.

The producer of today not only cannot afford to experiment where stars are concerned, *he cannot even experiment in the assignment of small parts.*

On each round of the ladder to screen fame is stamped the word "experience."

There was a time when stars were made overnight, when favoritism figured largely but those were the days when only youthful, ingenuous beauty was demanded. Acting ability was not required, or even recognized. But of those stars, only they survived who had that rare gift designated as screen charm or personality, combined with adaptability and inherent talent.

Today, the first step forward of the aspirant is to "get by" the employment or casting director.

That gentleman knows all the symptoms. He looks at the applicant and he tells immediately whom she aspires to succeed. She invariably apes, in some manner, her film favorite—the Mary Pickford curls, Blanche Sweet's charming disarray of coiffure or the Theda Bara ear loops. They are as quickly dismissed as catalogued. The quickest passport out of a casting director's sanctum is a bunch of Pickford curls. The producer of today doesn't want another Pickford—he knows *it ain't*. Besides there couldn't be another one made because all the material required in making the existing and only Mary—the story material—has been exhausted. That is why Mary herself is now paying \$40,000 for stories.

are young women of means and breeding. Producers are always on the room without spilling the statuary or doing a keystone over a bookcase.





Says Mack Sennett, father of the pretty-girl-comedy: "There are girls, not specially beautiful, whom you could not lose in a crowd. There are other girls, apparently perfect in beauty, who seem to melt into insignificance."

The girl who would attract the attention of the employment czar must be unusually beautiful or a striking type—not just physically, but intelligently beautiful. She must have that same indefinable something that people call personality, or character. And she must know how to wear clothes because the employment man is more eager to get young women who can dress than he is to get stars. Anyhow he isn't on the lookout even for potential stars.

There really is a demand for girls who can, as one employment director put it, "look like ladies." They are always on the lookout for "class" in feminine apparel. By "class" he does not mean flashy or up-to-the-minute-in-style appearance—it's more a matter of carriage and the look of breeding—the sort of young woman who looks as though she could walk through a drawing-room without spilling the statuary or doing a Keystone fall over a bookcase.

It is a matter of record that most of the young women who are employed because of this "class" quality are of the class which are not "acting" when they play the lady. Many of the "atmospheres" in New York and Los Angeles are young women of means who "work" in the studios "just to be doing something." But for the sake of argument suppose they *were* dependent upon their studio work for their livelihood!

The pay for atmosphere varies. In ordinary "mob stuff" the pay is usually \$3 per day. For this grade of employment there are no especial requirements. The next step is the "dress" or "society stuff" mentioned in the preceding paragraph. This pays \$5 per day where the studio provides the gowns and \$7.50 where the young woman furnishes her own wardrobe. Some studios prefer to supply the dresses.

The average employment of the extra girl is something like three days a week. Figure that out at \$3, \$5 or \$7.50 and you can see the average earning of the girl who starts out on the road to fame via the celluloid route.

Despite the thousands who apply for admittance into the magic realm of the make-believes, few are selected even to play "atmosphere." The casting director in one of the largest Los Angeles studios told me that so far as his records had it there were only about sixty young women in Southern California who were available for "society stuff." He warned me also that if such a statement were published there would be

a mad dash to California of girls who just "thought" they knew how to wear clothes with a resultant call for more funds by the Y. W. C. A. to ship them back home.

Countless others will write to the various studios setting forth their accomplishments and perhaps enclosing their photographs. It may be of interest to this class to learn that casting directors never hire anyone as the result of a letter or a photographer's work or art. The still photograph, to him means little. Moving pictures cannot be retouched for the removal of blemishes or defects.

Nowadays the producer never comes into contact with the inexperienced applicant having shifted that burden to his casting director so that the latter having made a study of his studio's needs and the material to supply them is perhaps the best authority on the subject of the outside girl's chance to enter.

"It isn't so hard to get the chance if the girl has some quality of beauty or type which immediately en-



Photo by Witzel

lists the attention of the employment man," says L. M. Goodstadt, casting director at the Lasky studio; "it's far more difficult to remain in. But the girl who leaves home to 'break into' motion pictures without any experience whatever has a hard row to hoe. I have watched hundreds, perhaps thousands of them, come and go and the best advice I can offer is for the pretty aspirant to *stay home unless she has enough money to provide for her wants for at least a year.*"

Of the thousands of girls who have entered the portals of the Lasky studio as extra girls during the five years of its existence and have been given a chance, only three of them have graduated to "stock" which word is synonymous with a weekly pay check. They are Marcia Manon who played so splendidly the character role in "Stella Maris" with Mary Pickford, Edna Mae Cooper and Julia Faye.

However, the Lasky studio is known as the most conservative of all the Coast film emporiums in taking a chance with new material.

Another girl who started in at Lasky's as "atmosphere" is Irene Rich who in less than a year became Dustin Farnum's leading lady at another studio. But she is a notable exception as is Katherine MacDonald whose natural beauty and inherent talent enabled her to skip all the usual preliminaries and jump into the limelight as a principal. She becomes a full-fledged

Julia Faye is another of the three extra girls who entered the portals of the Lasky studio as an extra.



star in Hugh Ford's production of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" recently completed at the Lasky studio. Miss MacDonald had the advantage however of some stage experience. It may be added incidentally that she is Mary MacLaren's elder sister. Another new face in important roles is that of Doris Lee who has been playing opposite Charles Ray in Ince pictures. Doris got her first chance as an extra girl less than two years ago doubling for Mary Pickford in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Of the Universal stars Priscilla Dean and Ruth Clifford graduated from the extra benches at Universal City and Carmel Myers began as an extra girl at Griffith's studio. One could go back farther and enumerate many of the stars who began as bits of atmosphere but this article is dealing only with recent times in filmdom annals.

Not a few girls have entered the ranks of dramatic stars and leads via the comedy route. Screen comedy must have youth and beauty to offset its Ben Turpins and Mack Swains. Comedy does not demand intelligence or brains of its feminine beginners, yet the girl who smiles her way through the sacred portals of the fun canneries must have that same filmable quality herein-mentioned before she can rise above the \$25 weekly pay check.

When asked about his views on the pretty girl question and what qualities she must possess to be successful, Mack Sennett, that connoisseur of feminine beauty said to the writer:

"The truth is, no one can tell with exactitude what it is in a girl's face that places her in the category of screen beauties.

Priscilla Dean began at Universal as an extra.



Photo by Witzel

"There are a few general rules, but they are about as general and as vague as the rules for the kind of man that makes a great writer.

"For instance, they say that a girl cannot screen well unless she has even well formed teeth; that wrinkles down the sides of her lips from the outer rim of the nostrils are fatal; that large animated eyes are essential; that a face should be round and soft of contour, etc.

"As a matter of fact, these rules mean very little. They mean just as little as any rule one could make as to what constitutes beauty off the screen.



Girls who believe screen success can be aided by an ability to dance will be interested to learn that whenever dancers are desired, experienced stage artists are available. The pupils of Ruth St. Denis' school have appeared in scores of productions and scores of musical companies have been used in pictures dealing with the stage.

"As a general thing a horse with three legs isn't likely to win many derbies; but the possession of four legs doesn't imply that they are derby winners either.

"There are certain defects that a girl must not have; but the lack of these defects is no sign that she has that mysterious something else that makes for personality on the screen.

"There are girls, not specially beautiful, whom you could not lose in a crowd; they would stand out from any number. There are other girls, seemingly perfect in beauty, who seem to melt into insignificance. What they lack cannot be put into words."

Yet it has been said that inasmuch as screen comedy has to do largely with bathing or athletic suits of smallish dimensions, the demand for beauty in the laugh foundries is largely a matter of form.

There is a large class of girls scattered throughout our forty-eight states and the District of Columbia as well as places not contiguous to us, who believe that the way into the movies would be easier for them because they are good dancers or riders or something else that calls for exceptional ability. It would interest them to learn that whenever dancers are desired experienced stage artists are available for picture purposes. The pupils of Ruth St. Denis' school have appeared in scores of productions and the choruses of musical comedy shows have been utilized for pictures dealing with the stage.

Perhaps no individual is in closer touch with the situation as affecting the girl aspirant to movie honors than Miss Edna Harris, Y. W. C. A. secretary in charge of the Hollywood Girls' Studio Club, one of the most novel organizations in the country where star and extra girl mingle on even footing, and the refuge of the struggling aspirant who has learned her fate at about the same time that her available funds have been exhausted.

"If the movie-struck girl could foresee just a bit of the hard road to success as a film player, she would hesitate a long time before leaving home," says Miss Harris, who is a graduate of Northwestern University and an experienced social service worker.

"Girls have come to Los Angeles with just enough money to make the trip. They are usually the most difficult to convince that they are not fitted for the screen and inevitably we must obtain positions for them in other lines or get them back to their homes. The employment directors of the various studios are splendid and are always willing to help us with the girls who are badly in need of work but they are in a highly organized business and not a philanthropic work. It is a hard game even for the girl who comes prepared for a long and arduous artistic siege."







Tea is served in a corner of the spacious veranda at the Studio Club. You may be able to identify some of these girls in your catalogue of screen personalities. Reading from left to right, seated: Virginia Lee Corbin, Master Ben Alexander, Violet Schramm, Peggy Haġar, Edna Harris (pouring) Carmel Myers, and Lila Lee. Back row: Karla Schramm, Nell Newman, Magda Lane, Katherine Hally, Chase Herendeen, Lucita Squier, Margery Daw, Helen Jerome Eddy, Cela Gale, and Clare Greenwood.

Below—a cosy corner in the Club library, with a divertissement a la ukelele by Carmel Myers. Accompanying is “Connie” Talmadge in a sort of sublimated sophtucker of the latest tune from jazz boulevard; while Margaret Loomis—lately a South Sea Island belle for Sessue Hayakawa—looks on and taps her toe in time. At the right—the end of a perfectly glorious afternoon. Ask any one of the girls—left to right: Nell Newman, Blanche Seeley, Helen Eddy, Violet Schramm, Chase Herendeen, Lucita Squier, Julanna Johnston (horizontally inclined) Madge Lane, Cela Gale, Harriet Rosenthal, Clare Greenwood, Edna Harris. Miss Harris is the Studio Club “mother.”





# After Office Hours in Hollywood

**P**OOOR tired little extra girl, at the end of a hard day at some film factory where you registered emotion upon emotion, or atmosphere after atmosphere—scrubbing the make-up from your rounded cheeks, smoothing drooping lashes, perking up your pretty mouth—and hustling out to the Studio Club—

To a big white house on Carlos Avenue in Hollywood—it looks as though it belongs to a film star or some other millionaire; to friendly greetings with the girls you know on the screen and off. Perhaps the very starette for whose ball-room scene you supplied atmosphere that afternoon, will pour tea for you. Constance Talmadge, or Carmel Myers or Lila Lee. You'll forget your troubles and be ready for another day of "trying to land something worth while."

That's what the Girl's Studio Club is for. It's an organization born of the Y. W. C. A., fostered by women of standing in the film colony such as Lois Weber, Mrs. William C. DeMille, and Mrs. Jesse Lasky. Every Sunday some screen celebrity is hostess. Between times, dances, amateur theatricals, and drama study clubs.

Below—Margery Daw, Doug's leading lovens on the screen, at the phonograph. Helen Jerome Eddy—back on the Universal lot after entertaining "the boys" at the California camps for "duration"—looks as if she'd just dropped in. The insert is a long shot of the Studio Club.



Photographs  
by Stagg



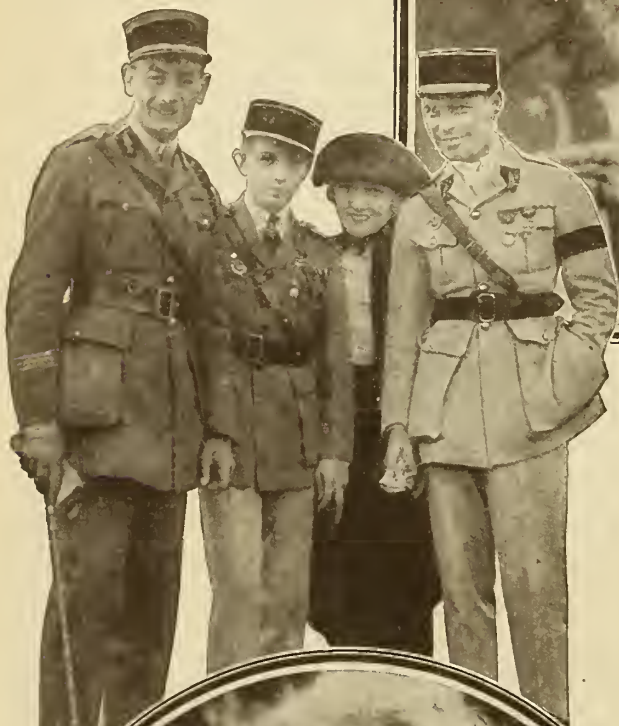


"I SHOULD like an American for a husband, an Englishman for a lover, a Frenchman for a playmate, a Belgian for a friend and an Italian for a soulmate."

Having uttered which polygamous statement, Edna Purviance dropped her pretty head back against a cushion and turned her serene gaze, that is at once very wise and very simple, upon me.

No doubt many families overseas, belonging to Allied officers who have spent leave in Los Angeles, are under the impression that said city is a beautiful spot composed of sunshine and cloverleaf cocktails and designed purely as a setting for a girl with sapphire eyes, ashen hair and a gift of silence.

Professionally, Edna Purviance continues to be the in-



## "My Heroes!"

When you think of all the soldiers Edna Purviance attracted to California, it's a wonder we won the war.

spiration of Charlie Chaplin's screen affections, just as she has been for the past four years. She must work at the Chaplin studio sometimes, for one sees her beguiling Charlie in such recent vicissitudes as "Shoulder Arms" and "A Dog's Life."

But the evidence all goes to show that such occupation is strictly a sideline. Edna's real business in life appears to be playing "guide, philosopher and friend" to that portion of the Allied armies which has not been actively engaged in finishing up the Hun.

There are a great many beautiful women in Los Angeles.

You gather the idea that Edna Purviance was a Russian duchess whom the Bolsheviki had declared its intention of kidnaping, as she rarely moves without a full military escort. In the group over circle, at Miss Purviance's right is a nineteen-year-old French aviator with seventeen Hun planes to his credit.

We admit it. But the heroes of the battlefields, frivolling between drives, have nevertheless flocked en masse to Edna's dainty patent leather toe. The fact is, that if you want to look at that screen star, other than in the latest Chaplin release, you'll have to buck through a first line trench manned by officers, that looks like a small corner of Chateau Thierry. And a stranger might gather the idea that Miss Purviance was a Russian duchess whom the Bolsheviki had declared its intention of kidnaping,





"An Englishman," says Edna, "is so surprising. Sometimes he's so cross you aren't sure he mayn't throw the tea things at you. Then suddenly he says the most divine things. . . . Here — at the right — he seems to be saying the most divine thing: most divinely. Above—Edna and her complete tea division.

By ADELA  
ROGERS  
ST-JOHN



Pictures above  
and below by  
Stagg

the world, whom she had to shove on a train herself to keep him from overstaying his leave, to a venerable Italian general hung with medals, Edna has played fairy godmother to our heroic visitors.

"I adore them all," said Miss Purviance with a sweep of her hand. "It's quite impossible to tell which is the nicest. And I'm afraid they've spoiled me for ordinary mortals, so I dare say I shall remain an old maid.

"You see, there is an attraction about a uniform. A lot of marriages that were getting pretty pale-gray took on a new tint of scarlet the first time hubby came up from Plattsburg in his uniform. Wives, that had become hardened to collars that didn't fit, comfortable shoes and much needed haircuts, took a good look at their hero, had a permanent wave and washed up the crepe de chine nightie.

"There is something about a uniform. I feel it myself."

"What?" I asked, watching the pretty white teeth and childish red lips close daintily over a cigarette.

She considered that a moment, sifting the ashes from the polished nail of her little finger.

"People have been trying for years to determine the psychology of a uniform," she said at last. "I've had a lot of experience with them, and I've de-

since she is rarely allowed to move without a full military escort.

The word "salon" has become practically obsolete. The average citizen thinks you have merely carelessly mislaid an O. And yet, in the cool, green depths of the Alexandria tearoom—that Peacock Alley of our western screen mecca where the softness of shaded lights is quite outshone by twinkling stars—Edna Purviance has become a Madame Recamier "for heroes only." In fact, the old line about "if you're looking for the major, just get a boy to page her" would probably bring results. From the youngest French Ace in



cided that their chief charm is in the sense of protection they give a woman. It somehow emphasizes that masculine dominance, that 'never mind, little girl, I'll take care of you' that is still ace of trumps with femininity—1919 A. D. or B. C., it doesn't matter. Then, it has a glamour of romance about it. Men and their clothes are—no matter how nice they may be—not apt to have much romance about them any more. But a uniform puts them back in a class where they rank right along with the matinee idol—they might do almost anything, and that is so satisfactory in a man. And, doggone it, they do *look* nicer."

"What is the dominant characteristic in the heroes you've known?" I prodded.

"Just two things stand out in all of them. They have learned the value of such happiness as is at hand—to take it and squeeze the last drop from it. They have become so accustomed to regarding the shortness of life, the brief hours that may remain, that they want every bit of love, laughter, excitement, pleasure, tenderness, that they can lay their hands on. The chance for it may be gone so soon."

The serene eyes closed a moment. Then: "The other is

shyness—reserve. I have talked for hours to men who made history, and yet I know less of the war than girls who spent their time reading the articles in magazines. They simply will *not* talk about it. It has taken me days to worm a story out of one of them—bit by bit, coaxing and teasing every step of the way. They stop at just the most thrilling point, so that you want to choke them, and begin to talk about pictures or pay extravagant compliments, or tell some silly thing about the sand they used to get in their tea in place of sugar. And when I literally dragged the ending out of them, they grinned and said, 'Well, I had a bit of luck, you know, slipped a couple of bursts into the two Boches that were on my tail and then went home.'"

We went back to the composite harem she had chosen for herself and I remarked, "I'm a little surprised at your choice. Why an Englishman for a lover?"

The clear skin showed a faint blush. "Oh, because they are so—surprising. Boredom is the one fatal thing to a love affair and nobody could be bored with an Englishman. He's too *mean*." She giggled. "Nothing pleases a woman so much

(Continued on page 116)



## Yes, Frumenti, the World Seems to be Getting Better!—By Leigh Metcalfe

**T**HIS picture, demonstrating the future futility of deletion, is going to make a lot of censors awfully mad. This is a scene from a thrilling (?) underworld melodrama, whose fangs have been yanked out by the World's Greatest Amendment. It reveals clearly just what effect the country-wide saharazation is going to have on the production of motion pictures.

The picture shows a most dramatic moment of "The Dust on the Bar-room Floor," in which Testy Tom, the boss doormat thief of the underworld, renounces his old life and tells his bewildered pals that he's negotiating with his tinner for a bright and shining halo. The subtitle, explaining this inspiring sentiment, follows:

"I'm through wit' dis life! It's gettin' to show its effect on my constitution. Every time I pass a soda fountain me nerves get to tremblin'. Chocolate sody, peppermint joss pipes and cubebs cigarettes will get yu' in de end.

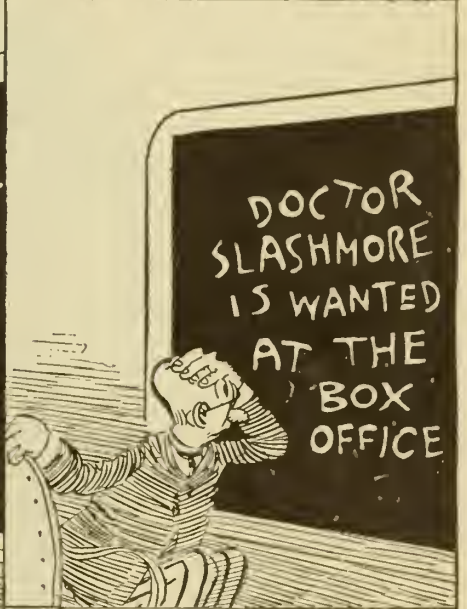
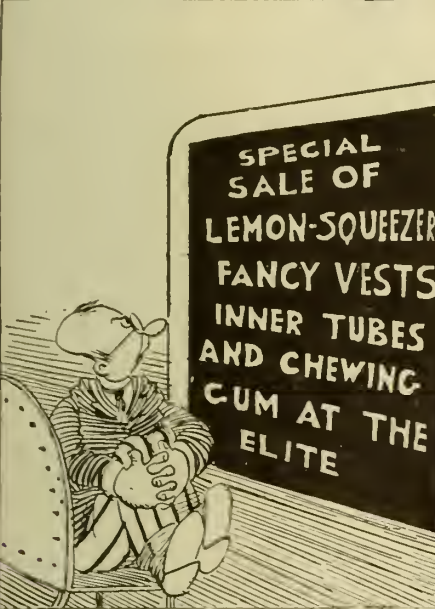
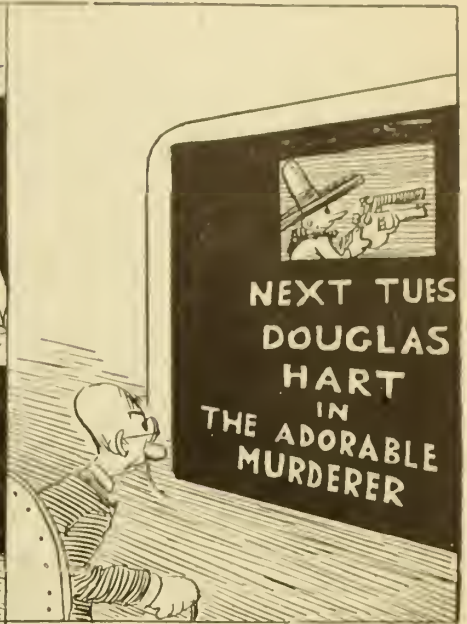
"Only last week, our old pal, Underworld Tom, went to a phosphate fiends' grave. Fer a long time I been in on yer tea parties, but I know when I got enough. Go on wit' yer frappe souses if you wanta. Guzzle in gingerpop until yu' see pink elephants done up in baby ribbon. Play checkers until de devil gets yu' and knock your wind daffy wit' cubebs.

"But count me out. I'm through!"



# Who Invented the Theatre Slide, Anyway?

By R. L. GOLDBERG





# The Red Lantern

Telling of Mahlee, the half-caste Eurasian girl, and her futile love for one of her father's people.

By

BETTY SHANNON

THE spring with its raptures of cherry bloom and singing birds brought none of its happiness to Mahlee, the Eurasian girl. Day after day she sat in the somber abode of her grandmother in the shadow of the great wall of the forbidden city of Peking, waiting for death to release the old woman from her remorse.

They were many — Madame Ling's remorse.

Long ago she had sold the honor of her daughter for seventy taels to a "European mandarin." The lithsome, untamed Mahlee with the eyes half closed like those of the Buddha, the half caste Mahlee with the blood of the East and the West in her veins, was there to mock her for that sin.

Madame Ling felt her soul scourged with a great fear of punishment that must surely await her. She had taken the money the "European mandarin" had left for his daughter and bought for her selfish self some coveted treasures. And as death neared she reflected upon the greatest sacrilege of them all—she had defied the gods and left the girl's feet unbound, even as the foreign father had commanded. The old woman's mind grew distorted with forebodings. One day in her fevered fear she came upon a plan for atonement for her sins.

"You shall cut off your feet," she whispered hoarsely to Mahlee from her death bier made of bricks.

The girl threw back her glossy head and laughed. But as she laughed, she looked into her grandmother's face. The shrewd, unscrupulous features were harsh.

"The gods will richly reward you for so filial a duty," the woman added piously, as though she had resigned herself to some great personal discomfort for the good of her granddaughter's soul. "and I shall die in peace."

There is no way known to a Chinese girl but to obey her elders. But as the meaning of the old woman's words sank into Mahlee's mind, the blood of her father surged up in rebellion.





Mahlee called to him not to enter but he paid no heed. With the agility of a cat she sprang to the door to hold it shut, but Sam Wang was already partly within.

Was she not an Eurasian, a half-caste, an object of scorn and an outcast among both her mother's and her father's people? As her father's daughter was she not anyway half-devil in the eyes of all Chinese? Was she bound to obey this woman, who, to satisfy her greed for gold, had heaped her grandchild with wrong from before her birth?

She answered nothing, but went to the teakwood cabinet and drew forth a little vial and emptied it into a bowl.

"Drink, granddame," she said sweetly, holding the dish to the withered lips. "It is wine to bring you sleep."

The old woman smiled, and in the smile was a timid gleam of love.

It was the light the girl had hungered for through all her barren life. She flung the bowl of poison from her and sank in broken sobbing on her granddame's breast.

In the early morning, she wrapped the woman in her burial robes, and drew from the chest a rusty blade in a lacquer sheath.

"Watch, granddame," she said, "I shall do as you wish."

A fine line of red mingled with the rust of the blade as Mahlee drew it across her ankles. Her lips grew white and the room whirled about her. She closed her eyes. But as she cut more deeply into the tender flesh, her grandmother arose from her bed, seized the knife and threw it far away, then fell in death over Mahlee's fainting form.

An hour later the

deaf-mute, Yah-Bah, from the Ark of the Covenant Mission, saw through the open door what had occurred. He bound up the feet of the still unconscious girl with the lumen of his shirt, and bore her tenderly on his back to the mission.

It was four years later, and again spring, when Dr. Sam Wang, and then Blanche Sackville, came to disturb the simple happiness of Mahlee's life at the Ark of the Covenant Mission.

She had been adopted by some of the missionaries soon after the Yah-Bah had brought her there on his back.

Love and kindness had changed her from a shy, resentful outcast into a slender, eager creature of passionate devotion, of tender impulsiveness and of vivid, half-oriental beauty.

Andrew Handel, the only young unmarried one of the missionaries, had helped her development with the impersonal delight of a gardener nurturing some rare and responsive plant. He had taught her to sing and play and read his language.

Her one wish, as she grew older, was to please him with her goodness, and to make her face sweet like that of the Byzantine madonna he had given her.

But with the arrival of Dr. Sam Wang a grave uneasiness entered Mahlee's heart. He had just returned from the study of medicine in America to serve as a medical missionary in the Ark of the Covenant which had known him as a mischief-making boy. There was a mocking in his voice that made her mistrust him. His outward suavity seemed more to cloak some arrogant spirit of evil than the humble soul of a servant of the Christian god. Too, Dr. Wang was likewise an Eurasian.

The Byzantine Madonna with its peaceful face gave Mahlee little comfort now. The physician recalled that which she had forgotten in her life of freedom and equality with the workers in the mission—the dreadful days in the shadow of the city wall. He took a malicious delight in sneering at her. A great hatred sprang up in her heart for her mother's blood in her, for the despised race to which she had been unjustly consigned. Her whole being cried out to belong naturally, wholly, to her unknown father's people. For her father's people were Andrew Handel's people, and she knew, now, that she loved him.

The workers in the little mission were disturbed because Andrew Handel was overdue back from a preaching trip through the heart of the country that was fomenting in hatred against all foreigners.

Mahlee especially was troubled. Dr. Wang found her, the morning after his arrival, standing anxiously at the window. She avoided his familiar touch.

"Why should you be so proud?" he leered unkindly. "Who was your father that you feel so much above me?"

Mahlee looked at Sam Wang with loathing.

"My father was a European mandarin and I have cast my lot with his people," she said. She went to the organ, but the tune she played was in the wierd minor key of the Chinese.

Andrew Handel stumbled in a moment later, and stopped surprised at the sight of Sam Wang and at the sound of Mahlee's wild playing.

"Andrew!" Mahlee cried in a voice trembling with gladness. It was the first time she used his Christian name.

The pale, travel-worn young man stretched out his arms. Then his whole being perceptibly recoiled, and he turned dispassionately to welcome Dr. Wang.

As his friends had feared, Andrew had narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Boxers. He was injured and ill.

To Mahlee was given the task of nursing him back to health. Her happiness at being near him transfigured her. Her heart sang as she kept a relentless vigil. And Handel—as the days wore on—though he did not guess Mahlee's secret, gave himself up more and more to the enjoyment of her presence and her quaint loveliness.

One early evening they were left alone in the court of lilacs. As Andrew, still weak, slept in his chair, Mahlee unpinned her raven braids and entwined her hair with cherry blossoms.

"He shall love me when he sees me," she hoped in her childish way.

The pale moon was silvering the garden when Andrew opened his eyes and called for his nurse. He rose to pace the garden, leaning on her arm. Her fragrant nearness, the night's enchantment, sent his blood whirling through his veins





## The Red Lantern

and made him forget his caution. He took her hand, but as he lifted the slender fingers to his lips, the moonlight, sifting through the willows, revealed their yellowness.

He dropped the hand unknissed. As it fell lifeless to Mahlee's side, the missionaries returned bringing a fair-haired, blue-eyed English girl, Blanche Sackville, the daughter of Sir Philippe Sackville, one time a member of the British legation in Peking and back for a visit to his old haunts, who had come to stay for a while.

As they climbed the steps to the verandah, the shadows of Mahlee and Blanche Sackville fell side by side on the paneling. They were as closely alike as though the girls were sisters.

Dr. Wang was entirely satisfied that Blanche Sackville had come. It suited his purposes perfectly that Mahlee should be hurt, then resentful against the white girl to whom Andrew Handel was immediately drawn by bonds of heritage. He hoped to fan a hatred in her breast that would spread from one girl to all other foreigners. Then he would accomplish what he had determined to do with her when first he saw her.

He kept sly watch of her. It was a propitious moment that he revealed his true self to her. Andrew Handel's preference for Blanche had sent Mahlee into a frenzy of helpless rebellion, in which she had frightened them both by chanting the wild, mad stories of her fighting Chinese ancestors to the accompaniment of a ghastly whisper on the organ.

"See, he scorns you. They all scorn you," said Sam Wang. "They are a scourge to our land. I hate them. The Boxers are uniting to drive them out. I am already known to the authorities as the Illustrious Patriot. You shall become a nurse in my dispensary in East Bell Street and teach the ignorant women to feel as we do. You shall become rich."

Mahlee flung his proposal from her, but the voice in which she repeated, "I have cast my lot with my father's people," did not carry the conviction that it had before.

Days followed in which the soul of Mahlee was tortured almost beyond endurance. A peculiar loyalty forbade her from divulging Sam Wang's nefarious activities. But in a flare of pious devotion, after Andrew Handel had made her blissfully happy by praising her goodness and consecration, she decided to warn Sam Wang that he must either leave the mission or sever his connections with the Boxers.

She was let into Andrew Handel's study, in the little house that he and Sam Wang shared. As she waited, fully determined to

**N**ARRATED, by permission, from the Metro production presented by Richard A. Rowland and Maxwell Karger. Adapted by June Mathis and Albert Capellani from the novel by Edith Wherry, published by Bodley Head. Directed by Albert Capellani under the personal supervision of Maxwell Karger, with this cast:

*Mahlee, an Eurasian...* Mme. Nazimova  
*Blanche Sackville* ..... Mme. Nazimova  
*Sir Phillip Sackville* ..... Frank Currier  
*Sam Wang* ..... Noah Beery  
*The Dowager Empress of China* .....  
 ..... Yukio Ao Yamo  
*Gen. Jung-Lu* ..... Edward J. Connelly  
*Andrew Handel* ..... Darrell Foss

expose the half-caste physician if he did not promise to do as she asked, her eyes fell on a scrap of paper.

"Beloved Blanche," she read in Andrew's hand, "Yesterday when you gave me your white hand to kiss—"

Slowly Mahlee lifted her own hand—the hand that Andrew had dropped in the moonlight.

When Sam Wang came he found her fiercely willing, the daughter of some ancient Tartar king.

At the Ha-Ta Gate, on the Night of the Feast of the Lanterns, a magician stood performing tricks and urging the excited crowd.

"They are Christian devils who anger the gods so that the rain clouds no longer visit the land. Why should the foreigners poison our wells?" he shrieked, in his fanaticism.

"Sha-shao!" (Kill!) shouted the crowd.

At a dramatic moment he hurled back his tunic and revealed the red sash of the Boxers about his waist.

"To-night you will see the Goddess of the Red Lantern, the greatest divinity of our Holy League," he cried.

At the words a band of dancing forms bearing lanterns swept around the Ha-Ta Great Street. In the center, borne on an open palanquin lighted by a huge red lantern, clad in a heavy robe of embroidered gold cloth, with a jeweled head piece set with a sheath of peacock feathers of wondrous hues, was a rigid figure with a sword in its hands.

The crowd hushed, then burst into a shout of ecstasy as the palanquin was lifted to the magician's platform. It hushed again, as the goddess received oaths of allegiance from those who wished to become leaders in the League. But when the figure came to life, and swore to drive all the hated foreigners into the sea, or die by her own hand, the frenzy of the mob knew no bounds.

The palanquin of the Goddess of the Red Lantern stood in the court of the little East Bell Street dispensary an hour later, after the demonstration on the Great Street.

Mahlee, the goddess, was within. She had shed the heavy crown with its sheath of peacock feathers and the outer robe of gold, and was garbed in the scant under-costume of jeweled silk, like that of some oriental dancer, with her lithe young form and her bare limbs bound in ropes of glittering beads. She was dazzling, beautiful—and trembling.

She was no longer the stern idol of the hour before. She was only a little Eurasian maid, and she was afraid.

Even now Sam Wang was at the door. She heard his hand on the paneling.

She called to him not to enter. He paid no heed. With the agility of a cat she sprang to the door to hold it shut, but Sam Wang was already partly within.

As Mahlee cut more deeply into the tender flesh, her grandmother arose from her bed, seized the knife and threw it far away.





He was still in the gorgeous garments of the magician of the Ha-Ta Gate. His smile was sleek and well satisfied as he forced his way into the room.

"Good night, Sam Wang. Go," she said when Dr. Wang had removed his heavy bonnet with the false que and his cuter robe. "I am no longer afraid." But her actions belied her words.

"You can never go back to the mission now," he said triumphantly. "Hereafter your home is with me."

A sob of terror rose in Mahlee's throat, but she controlled herself and listened with a smile as Sam Wang poured out his passion in a burst of oratory.

"Bravo, Dr. Wang," she cried in English when he was done. The physician's whole attitude changed.

He flung open the door to an inner chamber and ordered her within. She refused to go. He lifted his gold headpiece. She heard the false que whistle in the air as he directed a blow at her.

But the blow never descended. For the next moment Dr. Sam Wang was lying unconscious on the floor, and Mahlee was being carried, cold with horror, by two strange men in the palanquin of the Goddess of the Red Lantern through the

they sometimes worried about where she had gone. She thought of Andrew Handel, and she knew that even yet she loved him.

One day she could stand to be cut off from what was going on in the world no longer. She ordered a sedan to take her out in the city. As she approached the Ha-Ta Gate she heard a great clamor. Through the gate rode Sam Wang on a black mule, followed by the Boxer army.

Directly opposite Mahlee, Sam Wang stopped. He did not see her, but she could hear his words to a companion, "Now for some fun at our dear Ark

Dr. Wang was entirely satisfied that Blanche Sackville had come. It suited his purposes that Andrew Handel was drawn by bonds of heritage.



deserted streets.

The following morning she was brought into the presence of Jung Lu, General in Chief of the Manchu Imperial Army, who had seen her at the Feast of the Lanterns and had desired her for his own.

Fear had left her. She was every inch a goddess. Jung Lu was fascinated by her beauty, and by the quickness of her mind. Her self possession called to his mind the Chinese War Maid of history who had led the armies to great victory in an age long past, the War Maid who was the Dowager Empress' favorite heroine.

Jung Lu was even more a shrewd and selfish diplomat than he was a connoisseur of beauty. It occurred to him, in this critical time, that he might win the undying gratitude of the Empress to himself by presenting Mahlee to her as a reincarnation of the War Maid, come back to lead to success the Boxer arms.

The inactive life in Jung Lu's palace waiting for the great day when she should be presented to the Empress began to pall on Mahlee. Waiting meant time to think, and her thoughts would not conform to her role as the Boxer Goddess. She wondered how the missionaries were faring. She hoped

of the Covenant." She forgot her sworn allegiance to Sam Wang's cause, she forgot that she was to be the reincarnation of the Chinese War Maiden. She knew that Andrew Handel was in danger.

She directed her men to carry her to the mission by the shortest way. They ran through the streets, but when she arrived the buildings were deserted.

A few days later the Goddess of the Boxers stood in state before the Dowager Empress, the Emperor and the council of the nation and proclaimed that the imperial army should wage "War to the Knife" against the barbarians who were ravishing their land, against the whole world.

And again, in the royal throne room, she was decked in the regalia of the Chinese War Maid by the Empress's own hand.

When she returned to the palace which was now her own, she learned that Huang-Ma, an old woman whom she had helped among the refugees, was dying and asking for her.

Huang-Ma was in the last agonies of death when Mahlee approached her bed.

"Your father—he—Sir—Phil—ippe Sackville," she whispered. And then she was dead.

The Eurasian girl was dumb. Sir Philippe Sackville her father—the white father who could lift her from the bondage of her mother's race, the father for whom she had so longed!

Even now the Boxers' cannons were firing on the British Legation, which was only poorly defended, where her father—

(Continued on page 113)





Perhaps the Japanese can teach us some new things about wrestling but Uncle George is herewith showing Hayakawa the "American knock-out blow."

## "Uncle George"

He is a pioneer of pioneers and has directed enough film players to make a players' directory complete.

By K. OWEN

whispers and now he can't be heard for more than a dozen blocks from the studio, so they have scrapped the old name and replaced it with the more familiar "Uncle George."

The "Uncle" would indicate age but there's nothing particularly aged about George except his experience. He started in the film business so long ago that he has forgotten the year but he is sure it was around 1907 because that's when they started using real actors.

"I'll never forget my first day as a screen artist," said Uncle George when he was finally coaxed into a reminiscent mood. "It was with Kalem back at Coytesville, N. J. We went out and shot scenes all day and when we got back, learned that the cameraman had forgotten to take the cap from the lens. The director was Frank Marion who gave Kalem it's 'M' and the cameraman who pulled the boner was the late Sam Long, who provided the 'L' that helped make 'Kalem.' Others in the company that day were Joe Santley, Sidney Olcott and Bob Vignola."

**I**F a census were taken of all the screen actors who have cavorted before the cyclopean audience under the tutelage of George Melford, one would have almost a complete directory of motion picture players. For George is a pioneer of pioneers.

Years ago they used to call him "Whispering George" because in action he could be heard within a radius of three miles barring intervention by mountain range or competition by boiler factories. But time softens even



For eight years Melford acted and directed for Kalem, coming to California with the first bunch of players sent to the Coast by that company. Way, way back in the early days, he was featured with Alice Joyce, and he can prove it by appropriate documents and Miss Joyce herself. However, there is nothing remarkable about it as George was an actor on the stage before he was induced to act before an ugly looking one-eyed box. Graduating from the actorial ranks, Mr. Melford became a director and as such officiated with Kalem for five years. Some of the present celebrities who heeded his whispers in those days were Carlyle Blackwell, Ruth Roland, Billie Rhodes, Cleo Ridgely, Marin Sais and others.

When Cecil deMille and Jesse Lasky came out of the East

to start the Lasky company in a Hollywood garage with a bankroll that one of the big stars of today wouldn't accept for a week's salary, George Melford was one of the first two directors engaged. He has been with Lasky continuously and holds the record for consistent, continuous work and for "breaking in" more stars than any other director.

He has directed Fannie Ward, Wallace Reid, Mae Murray, Hayakawa, Vivian Martin, Lila Lee, Billie Burke, and Ethel Clayton. "Private Pettigrew's Girl," with the last-named star, he considers his magnum opus.

"Uncle George" has that love of the outdoors characteristic of virile directors and his favorite recreation is trap shooting. He is one of the best scattergun shots on the Coast.

## "There's Nothing to It!" Says Edith

**Y**OU know the story of the would-be little star—the girl who struggles to succeed, despite heart-ache, parental opposition, disappointments, and disillusionments.

PHOTOPLAY has many times related the tale of her trials; but just to prove that we have not made it our life work to discourage the screen-struck ones, we'll tell you about Edith Day. Ask her about her success—she'll tell you, "There's nothing to it."

Edith never had to struggle to succeed. Her parents never opposed her going on the stage. Instead a kind fate smoothed the way for her and now she finds herself, at twenty-two, a star of the stage and a new twinkler in the screen sky.

Edith, a Minneapolis girl, was dancing at a dansant when Al Jolson saw her. Jolson immediately engaged her for his show, "Dancing Around." Edith was a hit, and—that's all there is to it.

Three years on the stage, supporting Anna Held, Mitzi, Carter DeHaven, and in "Going Up." Then Edith came to the screen,

first appearing with Lillian Walker in "A Grain of Dust;" later starring in "A Romance of the Air." Now she's signed to do five new photoplays.

Here's Edith as an aviatrix, the role in which she made her two biggest successes, "Going Up" on the stage, and "A Romance of the Air," on the screen, a scene of which is shown here. Hiding behind the first man at the left is her co-star, Lieut. Bert Hall, American ace.





# Grand Crossing Impressions



Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

ALMA RUBENS  
Came Up to See PHOTOPLAY.  
The Brown Elevator Boy  
Stared at her,  
And Stared.  
Every once in a While  
Some Celeb.  
Comes to See Us; and then  
Sam Surely Does  
Enjoy his Work.  
He Even Puts Fancy Touches  
To the Lowly Task  
Of Opening the  
Elevator Door; he  
Does it with a Flourish.  
His One Regret Is



Carpenter

Alma

That Charlie Chaplin  
Has Never Come; but then  
Syd, Charlie's Brother,  
Was Up Here Once, and  
That was the  
Next Thing to it.  
The Only Thing  
That Holds Sam  
To his Present Job  
When he Really  
Wants to be a Boot-black,  
Is the Hope  
Of Seeing Charlie,  
Face to Face,  
Some day.  
Alma Surprised Me.  
That is—  
Those Furs.  
I Suppose I  
Ought to Speculate  
On Miss Rubens the Real  
Not Being Just  
What you'd Expect  
From Watching her Work—  
That those Wistful Eyes  
Hold a Satirical  
Glimmer, and—  
But I was All Wrapped Up  
In those Sables.  
And while she was Telling Me

What Fun it was  
Having one's Very Own Company—  
I was Counting the Tails.  
Besides she had  
A Wide-brimmed Black Hat—  
With a Network Design—  
New—  
You See she'd Just Been East,  
For the First Time,  
And was Going Home  
With Seven Hats—  
One for Each Day  
In the Week—  
And Another for Mother.  
She Offered  
To Take Me Up  
And Show them to Me. So  
We Left, and  
Went Over to  
Her Hotel; and  
I Saw those Hats—  
You'll See them  
In Her Next Picture—  
She Promised to Wear  
The Large One.  
Anyway, when  
I Got Back  
To the Office, I  
Had to Ask  
The Elevator Boy  
What Pictures Alma  
Was Going to Do Next.  
"Why," said Sam,  
"She's just Finished  
'Diane of the Green Van' and  
She'll Do 'Destiny'  
Next. Then  
She'll go Back to New York  
To Work. And she Said  
She Wanted to Go  
On the Stage."

It was My Busy Day.  
A Voice over the Wire:  
"This is  
Sylvia Breamer; and  
Can you Come Right Over  
To the Congress  
And Talk to Me  
Between Trains?"  
Well, I Wanted  
To See Sylvia,  
Because She's One,

Of the Few Actresses  
Who doesn't Think—  
While she's Taking a Part  
To Please J. Stuart Blackton—  
That she Really Ought  
To be Having Her Own Company.  
It was Tea Time  
In Peacock Alley;

I'd Know Sylvia,  
But she wouldn't Know Me.  
But she Finally  
Answered the Page.  
She Lives in New York and  
Had Just Done her Spring Shopping—  
For a Vacation  
In 'Frisco, with  
Mrs. John Lynch—  
She's  
The Wife of the  
Scenario Writer.  
Sylvia Adores—  
She Said So—  
America—  
And California;



Hartsok

Sylvia

Pictures,  
And Texas Guinan;  
And the Fans,  
And Everybody.  
You Can't Help  
Liking her.  
If I Ever Come to  
New York to See her,  
She'll Show Me  
Her Wardrobe—  
With all the Clothes  
She's Ever Worn in Pictures.  
In the Spring  
The Female of the Species  
Begins to Speculate  
On Painting the Lily—  
And I'm Wondering  
About the Race Suicide  
In the Seal Family—for  
Sylvia's Cape.





Mr. Josephson at his desk in Culver City.

# A New Write Hope

At Photoplay Magazine's request Ince's latest scenario wizard—the fellow who wrote Charles Ray's recent hits—recounts his own absorbing story of hard luck, grim pluck, and final triumph.

By JULIEN JOSEPHSON

I WAS born in a little southern Oregon town, the exact date being a detail which you must pardon the sensitive author for not wishing to reveal, but it was something less than a century ago. The three men still alive who remember the important natal event unite in declaring that it was further impressed on their joint and several memories by the peculiar circumstances that the old clock in the tower of the Odd Fellows Hall, after a silence of seven years and a half, struck thirteen times. However, as I am not superstitious, I pass this weird happening without comment.

My early life was largely spent behind the counter of a small-town general merchandise store—where everything was sold, from a box of hairpins to a bale of hay, and where the destinies of the nation were settled around the big barrel stove by the local plug-cut marksmen. Here I witnessed some of the worst arguments and the best marksmanship of my career. For a number of years, I held down the job of rough-and-ready salesman—thereby gaining an intimate and sympathetic understanding of these simple small-town and country folk, with their eccentricities, their odd views, and their native honesty, shrewdness and goodness of heart. From this source I gleaned a wealth of material that was afterward to be invaluable as story and picture atmosphere; but I didn't glean any other kind of wealth, I might add.

Deciding that I wanted a college education, I attended Stanford University; took all the useless and ornamental courses, and graduated by the skin of my teeth—possessed of a confused mess of half-baked erudition. Back to the little old home town I betook myself, bent on showing 'em how to run a mercantile establishment according to big-time methods. With my Greek, Latin and other ancient and deceased culture, and with a streak of impractical energy about a yard wide in my make-up, I ran the business according to the best classical authors and went broke like a gentleman—emerging from the financial wreckage with twenty-one dollars in real money in my pocket and a balance of 33 cents in the bank. (Note—I never drew out the 33 cents.)

Kindly but misguided friends poured into my discouraged and therefore ready ear the honeyed suggestion that I enter politics. They induced me to run for justice of the peace; assuring me that my training, education, and calm, judicial mind fitted me admirably for the exalted post. I ran like a lame snail with bunions on one foot and a ball-and-chain on the other, and went down to utter defeat. Even at this remote date, I shudder to think that I might have been elected!

Finding nothing to do in the old home town and preferring to starve in some other place, I betook me to San Francisco. Here I took a fall out of about every kind of human endeavor per-



permitted by the common law and the statutes. I coached students in Greek and Latin, and when this played out, I became a special policeman; then I whiled away some weeks in the strenuous vocation of inserting woman's size 6-EE feet into size 4½-AA shoes. (To this experience I owe the almost superhuman strength of the thumb and forefinger of both hands.) I have sold everything from a diamond ring to a correspondence course on How to Become a Great Violinist Without Losing a Day from Your Regular Work. I have toyed with a pick and shovel in the interest of better roads; I have written stories for magazines—that is, intended for magazines.

And it was this wild idea that maybe I could learn to write photoplay stories that led me, somewhat less than two years ago, to do a deed of wanton rashness. At that time, upon a fateful day, I decided to escape from the bee-hive of retail barter where I had been incarcerated for some months. Though appreciating that my sudden departure would be a crippling blow to the institution, and though warned by several of my fellow slaves that the last man who quit his job here came tottering back in the final stages of starvation, I boldly, though regretfully, informed the manager of his impending misfortune. Startled for a moment into a human being, he offered me a raise of \$5 a month, but I merely poured forth my profound thanks and remained firm in my decision to retire from the commercial world.

I sold my typewriter and my overcoat; deposited my watch and chain as security for all I could get on it from a skeptical and unfeeling Israelite; negotiated small loans wherever I could, took the boat trip because it was cheaper, and arrived in Los Angeles with some \$12.65 in my pocket and eager hopefulness in my heart. I went to several studios, but was informed that they were full-up on writers. Between the cafeterias and the carfare, my operating capital dwindled steadily—while the good ship JOB failed utterly to appear on the horizon.

Finally, acting on purely a hunch—and this being the last trip I could take until I replenished my finances by some lucrative form of menial labor—I went out to the Culver City Studio of the New York Motion Picture Company, whose presiding genius at that time was Thos. H. Ince and whose galaxy of writers included such magic names as C. Gardner Sullivan, "Jack" Hawks, and John Lynch. As I entered the waiting room, delicately known as the "bull-pen," I stated my business to the efficient, curt individual at the counter, and was cheered and surprised to find that he was human—the first one of the species I had yet found in this particular position. He took my card and my message to Mr. Ince.

At that time I did not know how busy a man Mr. Ince was or how appropriate the term "waiting-room" sometimes is. Well, I waited—from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon. Mr. Ince was engaged in important conferences and, naturally, had no time for the unknown species of insect that crouched in the outer office, awaiting recognition by the chair. About half past four the great Ince himself emerged from his office. He was attired for the motor, and the common, "Home, James!" was written large upon his determined countenance.

Knowing that this was my last chance, I timidly yet determinedly grasped the great film potentate by the lapel of his motor coat, and like the Ancient Mariner I held him with my "glittering eye"—also by the coat. After deciding that I wasn't going to assassinate him or tell him how to make a million dollars by putting an electrically heated earmuff on the market at \$3.05 a pair, he gave me one of his quick once-overs. Without waiting for him to ask me to unhand him and state my business, I did both.

He listened as I bravely narrated my story.

I told him that I had come all the way from San Francisco—and that I was going to bust into the photoplay-writing game if I had to resort to sabotage and Bolshevism. The great man smiled—whether pityingly or indulgently I was never quite able to decide. Then he said—"Write a story for any of my stars. When it is finished, bring it to me and I will read it. If it is good, I will buy it—and give you a month's try-out on the staff besides."

Those were sweet yet fearsome words. I mumbled my thanks—but he was gone before I recovered coherence or entire sanity. I turned on my heel—or maybe it was the sole of my foot—and hurried out.

There isn't a great deal more to tell. I borrowed a typewriter; persuaded a trustful landlady to trust me for a couple of weeks' provender, and agreed to spade up the garden, clean out the back yard, wipe the dishes and shingle the front lawn until such time as I could compensate her for my board and lodging with coin.

I settled down to work on that story—and Lord, how I did work! I put into it my heart, soul—and everything else I could part with and still breathe. For two solid weeks I dreamed and slaved over it; writing and re-writing; testing and re-testing; building and intensifying; contriving effective bits of business; working out good lines for sub-titles; trying to make the whole strong, well-knit, and throbbing with the red blood of reality. When I had done my darndest, I took the story to Mr. Ince. He said he would read it—and let me know.

For a week I waited, anxiously and hopefully; my landlady also waited anxiously—and dubiously. If the story was rejected, I knew that a long career of spading, dish-washing, and general housework awaited me in settlement of my unpaid obligation. But at last my landlady called me to the telephone and stood near while I took the message. It was from Mr. Ince's secretary and it said—"Mr. Ince will see you at 3 o'clock." On the strength of this heartening news, I borrowed half a dollar from my admirable landlady, boarded a train for Culver City, and after a considerable and very anxious wait, was inducted into the sanctum.

The interview was brief but resultful. Mr. Ince first informed me that while my story was probably not the greatest piece of screen literature ever written, it was possibly, on the other hand, not the worst. He explained that, in the skillful hands of his staff writers, it could be mauled into usable shape; and that he would therefore buy it. He named a liberal price, which I hastily accepted. He then advised me that he would give me a month's try-out on the staff and that if I delivered the merchandise, the position would be a permanent one.

My office was a dressing room at the extreme end of the lot—and here I had plenty of privacy to ponder on the immensity of space and the scarcity of ideas. However, I worked hard, hard, hard. I wrote, and re-wrote, and then destroyed and wrote again. I infested the sets where pictures were being "shot" and gained an idea of the work of the director and the camera man. I harkened attentively to the words of advice vouchsafed me by the seasoned craftsmen of the department—and I tried to profit thereby.

That was nearly two years ago—and as I have just signed another two years' contract with the Thomas H. Ince organization, I feel that my work has been, in a modest degree at least, successful and satisfactory. I came to Mr. Ince, unknown, broke, and without even a shred of literary reputation or a straw of personal "pull" to get me a hearing. I made good by working hard, earnestly, conscientiously—just as anybody else can do if he brings to the task enthusiasm, determination, and hard, hard work.



EDITOR'S NOTE: Julien Josephson was a really tragic failure—for he had tried. He couldn't realize a penny on his hard-won education. Many a loafer did better than he in business. He drifted to Culver City a year ago with his illusions shattered, his pipe of dreams out. Without any particular hopes, he began to put his small-town observations into scenario form—just to make a living. And suddenly he discovered that great writing is simply telling the truth about life. Resigned to failure, he was amazed to find himself one of the writing hits of the year! Ince gave him a superb contract, and now he makes more money in a month than most corporation lawyers. Among his successful pieces for Charles Ray are "The Hired Man," "Playing the Game," "String Beans," "Greased Lightning," and "Hayfoot, Strawfoot."



# "Matinee Idol— H—ll!"

Bill Stowell's gentle rejoinder to a reporter's programming of him.



Bill Stowell keeps his hair clipped close, never sports cane or spats, throws away all scented notes unopened—only to have some p. a. call him a "matinee idol."

and permitted the splendid words of the Bard to roll over his tongue, this devotion to art couldn't begin to compensate for eatless days. So, Bill went into pictures.

He went in under the Selig banner in 1909. Claims the distinction—if it be such—of appearing in the first multiple-reel feature ever produced. "The Landing of Christopher Columbus" was the title. It was a three-reeler, a real feature in those days; and Bill admits doubling, or rather quadrupling, in several parts. Among them Bill remembers playing Queen Isabella's jewels and the hard-boiled egg that Christopher broke to demonstrate that the world was round.

He played in a good many of these Selig animal jungle pictures, too. One of his Selig pictures was "The Gentleman Burglar." In 1915 he went with American. In "The Overcoat," with Rhea Mitchell, an underworld story, Bill played a crook. His talents as a gunman were so much commented upon that Carl Laemmle of Universal sent for Stowell and offered him a contract.

He's been with Universal ever since. For the most part he has played opposite U's popular celluloid symphony, Dorothy Phillips. "Hell Morgan's Girl," the picture that brought Miss Phillips to her present fame, had Stowell in its dominant male role. "Pay Me" and "The Mortgaged Wife," two melodramas, were Phillips vehicles with Stowell. They took a turn at Ibsen, too, in "A Doll's House." "The Talk of the Town"—you remember them in that. Bill is featured in "The Heart of Humanity," Allen Holubar's new picture.

Under Lois Weber's direction, Stowell played with Mildred Harris-Chaplin in "When a Girl Loves."

Universal has starred him, by himself, in such productions as "Fighting Mad" and others; but the final decision is in favor of his featured appearances with Miss Phillips.

**H**ERE I go and blow in four bits a week (fifty cents in California currency) to keep my hair clipped close, toss all violet-scented pink-papered posies into the nearest waste-basket, never sport a cane or spats—and some fresh bird who has blossomed from a \$10 a week cub-reporter into a \$50 a week director of exploitation (I saw one of their cards once) goes and writes me up as a matinee idol. 'Matinee idol,' h—ll!"

Designating Bill Stowell as a matinee idol has the same effect as introducing a gentleman-cow to an incarnadined pennant. And you can't blame Bill. He's a veritable guy if there ever was one. Moreover, what he says is true; and whenever any reporter or press-agent calls him a matinee idol or debonair hero, he's in, immediately, for a Stowell upper-cut or wallop in the solar-plexus.

Bill was born in Boston, of the perennial impoverished but scrupulous ancestry of which every famous man boasts, but he brought great sorrow on the heads of said parents by becoming an actor; and to add to the heinousness of the offense, he started off in Shakespeare.

Bill was a typical trouper of the early days, which may account for his athletic build, inasmuch as track-walking has been highly recommended as a valuable form of calisthenics. Bill became a one-night stander and although he donned sock and buskin each night



With Dorothy Phillips as the star, Bill Stowell is featured in Allen Holubar's war photodrama, "The Heart of Humanity."





Hold your breath! Via the chute, enter Haughty Hattie and Truthful Tom.

The Flea reports the hero and shero are captured. "Ah-h!" ahs the Villyun.

Truthful Tom looks for a way to escape, while telling Hattie to be brave.

The Villyun, hissing, pushes button number 314, which releases—

—a steel shaft from the wall, giving Tom and Hattie a gillette of a shave.

O-ho! The plot darkens! Enter the slave, searching for her deceiver!



Haughty Hattie, the frail little heroine, who passively jumps off cliffs, dangles from trestles and catches bullets in her hat.



Truthful Tom, a lover with a poetic soul and an iron fist. Peculiarly immune to injury or death and always gets the girl in the last episode.



The Villyun, sleek, slick and slithery. Possesses an insane grudge against Truthful Tom. Invents weirder death machines than even Wilkie Collins.

# The Modern

Drawings by  
ERVINE METZL

The thrills we used to get out  
furnished to Little Johnny

**H**IST! Likewise—hark! Hold your breath; hang on to the arms of your theatre seat and forget there is a "title reader" behind you.

You are a serial fan—one of the millions on millions of them, and you are centering your breathless interest upon a scene in the forty-eleventh episode of "The Python's Revenge." Haughty Hattie is the heroine. The Villyun who up to the present moment has been one of those trite, "old stuff," coffee-poisoning villyuns, has suddenly developed into a genius in deviltry. He is about to pull a new one. Truthful Tom, the hero, and Haughty Hattie the shero, as "Wid" says, have been captured by The Python and have been sent down a chute to his pet annihilation department. The Python, it might be mentioned, is not a reptile, except in his habits.

Down the chute swiftly slide Haughty Hattie and Tom. Above, The Python leers and twists his mouth into a sardonic smile. He speaks swiftly to "The Flea," his assistant in diabolical effort. Assistant Villyuns are also generally named after a carnivorous beast, a reptile, or as in this instance, an insect. The Python remarks subtly to The Flea, "Behold, O Flea, the vengeance of The Python on those who oppose his will."

Watch yourself, O Fan, for here is a clever ending for any hero and heroine. Down in the cell, below, Hattie and Tom, a bit disheveled from their fall, sit up and look about for a means of escape.

Zutt! clang!

A steel shaft, its end sharpened to a needle point, has darted across the cell like a serpent and imbedded itself in a socket on the opposite side. If the two prisoners had been in its path they would have been spitted like roasting squabs in front of one of those Rosetteries. Hero and Shero are aghast. Their blood is sherbet! They are likewise puzzled, for they don't get the idea.

Now we flash to a closeup of The Python and his admirable helper. The Python turns to a panel in the wall with perhaps a hundred push buttons arranged in neat rows. He pushes one of the buttons and then we flash back to the torture cell beneath. Just behind the two occupants, another serpent's tongue flits across the room so close to them that it ruffles the hair on their heads. Now they are between two bars. However, there is plenty of room left. But keep that three-quarter closeup on them, Mr. Director. Have them look about the room and note that its walls are honeycombed with sockets and very obviously each one containing one of those darting steels awaiting release by its plotting master above at the push buttons.

Now hero and shero will register in a long closeup, terrible fear. They get the idea! Up above register devilish satisfaction on the saturnine countenance of the Python and intense admiration upon the seamed visage of The Flea. What a Boss this! Such a neat way to kill off a hero and heroine. Some Villain! He hopes they will work in another serial together.

Now some more action. Will that fool behind you ever stop reading the titles aloud? The Python in rapid succession pushes a dozen buttons. Down below the boy and girl leap, and struggle, and twist, as bar after bar streaks across the cell and clangs into its opposite socket.

Keep this up a bit and soon we have a situation. Hattie and Tom have finally been cornered into a small space at the bottom of the cell. All of the remainder of the room has been filled by the steel bars which have just missed the pair. You will have the idea by this time but a title will flash along to help you out. The Python speaks it to his victims. "The last bar never misses," he hisses, and reaches for the fatal button.

Now you breathe quickly and almost close your eyes. You don't want to see





SEE THE  
**FORTY-THIRD**  
 EPISODE  
 OF  
**"WHOSE NOSE?"**  
 HERE NEXT  
**THURSDAY**

She enters the Villyun's home, thirstier than July first for vengeance.

And elbows him aside, rushes to button number 135 which action—

— releases a trap door in the cell that plunges the prisoners into darkness!

The Villyun, enraged, throttles the slave, who dies laughing, however.

Over the hills at daybreak go Tom and Hattie. But don't be too elated—

Next week the villyun is close on their heels again. Aren't serials wonderful?

# Dime Novel

of Dick Merriwell are now in the motion picture serial.

By  
 FRANK V. BRUNER

that bar impale the two leading characters in this serial. But do not worry. The scenario writer who evolved this scene months ago on his worn corona is not going to allow his two principals to perish here in the forty-eleventh episode. This is a fifty episode serial and the Villyun isn't half through chasing them. The Python reaches for the button. The Flea gazes at his master with love and admiration in his eyes and the pair below cringe and resign themselves to death.

What's this? Another room; another character. Who is she? Oh, yes, the slave girl kept a prisoner by the Python for ransom! How she hates that monster! Will she foil his little double murder plot? She will that! She too pushes a button and presto change, down through the trap, the button released, fall hero and shero to safety.

Baffled rage distorts The Python's smile into a terrible frown. The Flea shows surprise and loss of admiration. He wants his Boss to kill off those two. Now flash back to the two. They scramble to their feet and run madly through the cellar to a door and a waiting machine. In the machine, release the brake and off at a terrific pace! After them in another racer, Python and Flea! For just as the scenario man spoiled The Python's murder scheme, he is now going to ruin the escape of the two leads.

His is a game of give and take; he must allow the hero and heroine to triumph for two hundred feet of film and then give the Villyun his due measure of negative.

It's The Serial Game!

This episode actually taken from a popular serial, is a splendid demonstration of The Serial Game. Action, action and yet more action! Situations if they come along, yes, but never worked out! If a serial writer has to kill off a character he slays him and leaves him lying dead. The undertaker who follows a serial scenario writer should become a millionaire. In a feature you would see the body discovered, the police called in, a long investigation, and perhaps a trial of the murderer. In a serial that character is simply forgotten, wiped out of the picture. The action has to go on at its breathless pace and there is no time for grief or police investigations over a dead one.

A famous serial writer said recently that serials consisted of action without psychology. It might be stated more simply by calling them action without padding. Something is always happening in a serial. Often the direct motive is lacking for this action but serial audiences do not mind. They are not analytical. They want conflict and the serial producers feed it to them in reel lengths.

There are some picture fans who will dish up for you all the old arguments about serials. They will tell you that they are silly, ridiculous, illogical, make a fool out of an audience, and stretch the imagination way beyond its proper degree of elasticity. They want to see good features with one thousand feet out of the allotted five thousand devoted to closeups of the star smiling, or crying, or admiring a rose. Then they sneak over to Third Avenue or Main Street and sit enthralled through an episode of the latest serial.

It's something in the blood that will not down. It's the same thing that made you as a boy devour those Frank Merriwell and Nick Carter stories.

Serials are *The Modern Dime Novels!* They supply the demand that was once filled by those blood curdling thrillers. But with the decided advantage that on the screen you can actually see those wonderful adventures. Melodrama! Of course, it's melodrama. So are all our successful plays and novels. The more impossible the play or novel, the greater its audiences or sales.

All the world loves to see wonderful, ideal men and women going through

(Continued on page 118)



"The Papers"—the inevitable portfolio concealing burning love notes, a lost will, or in frequent cases, the plans of an ill-fated glue factory.



Hang Hi, a low chinaman, indispensable in serials of the mystic sort. He usually throws Hattie into a trance to make her reveal important secrets.



The black mask, terrifying and mysterious. Most in vogue during the previous, or guess-who reign of screen terror. The laughing expression is a ruse.



# She Found a Play—and Played It

Photographed by White, New York City,  
exclusively for Photoplay Magazine



Other movie actresses, in their permanent studio dressing-rooms, have nothing on A. B. in residential qualities. She moved into this cozy home of make-up last autumn—and may be there next autumn.



# Forever After

**A**LICE BRADY'S celebration of the 225th performance of "Forever After," at The Playhouse, on March 8th, focuses attention on the fact that for probably the first time in the history of the American theatre a young actress, in her first rendition as a star, is playing a solid season on Broadway. At the same time, she is continuing her motion picture work! Between these two lights of fame, one is apt to forget that Miss Brady is also a prima-donna, and a few years ago was a leading soprano in the all-star revival of the comic operas of Gilbert & Sullivan. Her dramatic debut was made on this very stage—that of The Playhouse—when her father, William A. Brady, produced "Little Women." His daughter played Meg. Following that, she appeared in "The Family Cupboard," and "Sinners." Then came three years on the screen. Miss Brady says she will continue to be both a picture player and an actress in the so-called "legitimate."

Below, the camera's eye peers through the wings onto The Playhouse stage during an actual performance of "Forever After." At the right, Miss Brady consults her switch-board friend, the electrician.

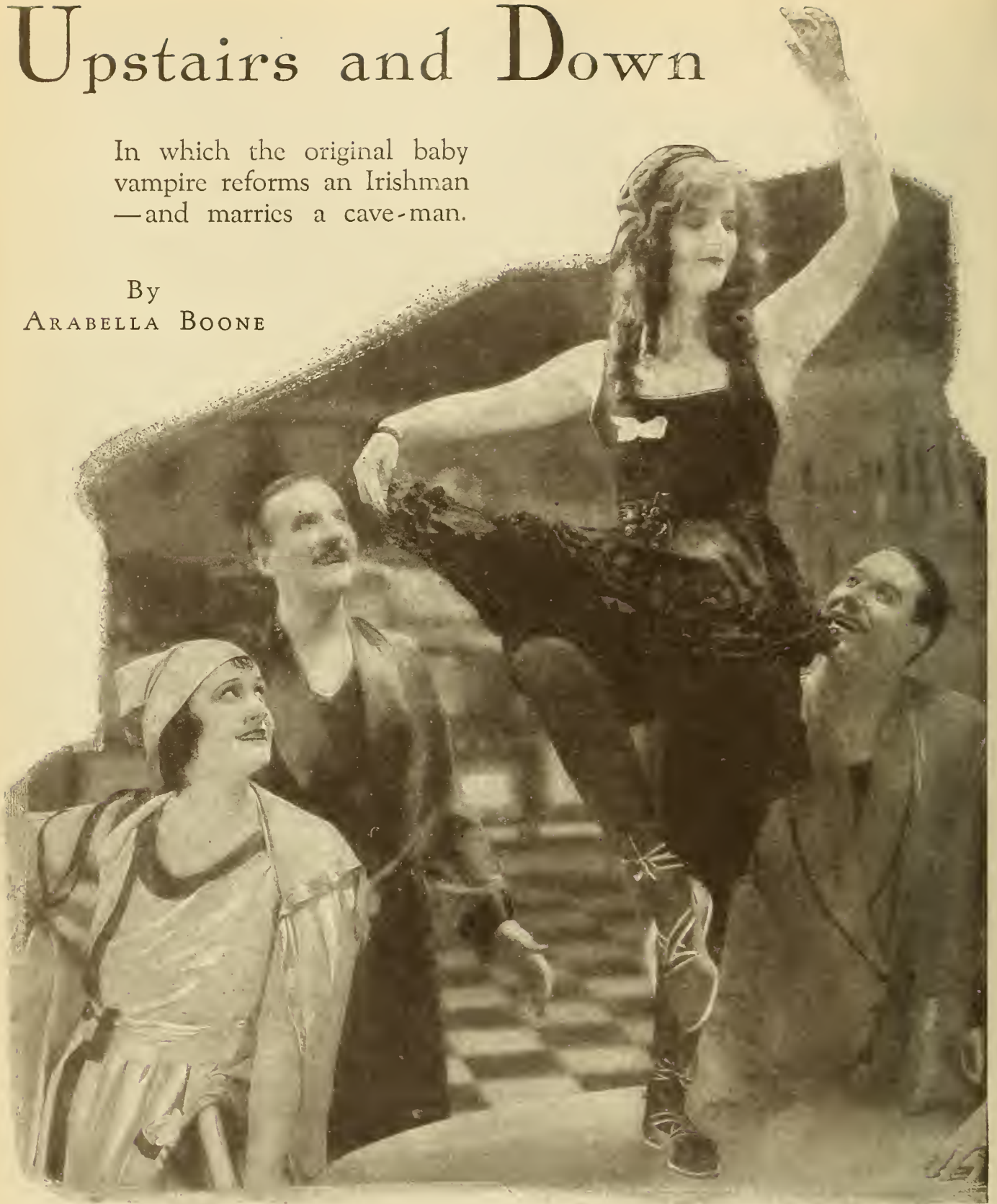




# Upstairs and Down

In which the original baby vampire reforms an Irishman —and marries a cave-man.

By  
ARABELLA BOONE



**B**Y all ordinary judgments Elise Hunt, still in black and white in celebration of a sometime marital bereavement, should have been the feminine highlight of the Ives smart house party at Iveshurst on Long Island. But all ordinary judgments must always yield to extraordinary persons like Alice Chesterton, who was extraordinarily young, extraordinarily pretty and at least extraordinarily daring.

"It is positively no longer safe for a respectable widow to associate with debutantes," Elise confided with acid merriment in her tones, as she dropped into a porch seat beside

Robert Van Courtland, who, by the bye, had just managed to escape a jealous wife long enough to come to the Ives party.

And Elise Hunt was not alone in her observations. Even the most sophisticated of Nancy Ives' guests had been shown some new and rapid steps by Alice Chesterton's vigorous and aggressive flirtation with Captain Terry O'Keefe.

Alice was only nineteen, but she had been born with all the wily wisdom of all the daughters of Eve, and the young Irish soldier and polo player had succumbed to her barrage of coquetry, naturally, inevitably. It was true that he had



come to America to buy horses for the British government, but here at Iveshurst on Long Island had developed a pursuit far more engrossing than the affairs of nations and the wars of men. Alice went into her campaign with a hesse that would have shamed the most seasoned of grass or college widows.

Of course, Captain Terry O'Keefe did not get all of the attention. That would have been poor technique. Even the dullest guest at the party had taken note of Alice's ardor in meeting the playful advances of Tony Ives, the host. Still no one ever took Tony's little excursions into love-making very seriously.

However, while Alice might possibly have been forgiven all else, her fellow guests could not but take cognizance of her insulting neglect of her fiance, Tom Cary. Now while Tom may have been awkward and perchance lacking in social prowess, anyone would have admitted that his fortune was large enough to atone for many many personal shortcomings.

Elise Hunt and Robert Van Courtland were in silent communion and contemplation of this situation as they lounged on the shaded summer porch that stupid afternoon after the day's stupid mid-week luncheon. Nancy Ives, bustling with the responsibilities of the hostess, and obviously vibrating to a new source of disturbance, came upon them, breathless. It should not be surprising that Alice Chesterton was the cause of her excitement.

There were goings-on that night in the very moral kitchen which caused the butler to remark to the parlor-maid: "I'm thankful I'm no gentleman." Alice, the baby vampire, was the ring-leader.



"She isn't at the Wickes," Mrs. Ives gasped. "The three children are down with scarlet fever and Mattie Wickes wrote Alice several days ago not to come! Now what—!"

Alice had left Iveshurst the afternoon before saying that she was to pay a short visit to Mattie Wickes in New York. Probably all would have gone quietly on, had not a telegram arrived after her departure announcing that Betty Chesterton, Alice's sister, would arrive to join the Ives party that very afternoon. Nancy Ives had in haste phoned the Wickes to tell Alice—and then the discovery. Where was Alice?

"Oh, dear! Girls are so deep." Nancy was at the point of tears in her vexation.

Elise Hunt with her widows wisdom brought comfort by a suggestion. "Suppose we keep still and let Alice do her own fibbing when she comes back."

Which same Alice did with disgraceful and consummate ease and elegance when she drifted out on the porch to join the women later in the afternoon.

Soon after, Tony Ives, who had also spent the night in town, arrived with more damning information. He had seen Alice Chesterton, with his own eyes, having supper with Terry O'Keefe on the Amsterdam Roof the previous evening.

He confided the news to Van Courtland and Tom Cary first. It was a facer for them all. They had known the reputation of the adorable Terry for playing with the ladies, but they had not thought him rotter enough to make a clandestine appointment with a girl, almost yet a child, and who was a guest under the same roof.

They had underestimated Alice, however—and they had underestimated Terry, as well, though with less credit to him.

"It's a poor compliment we're payin' her, I'm thinkin', to be talkin' her over between us," said the big Irishman, when they had confronted him for an explanation. "Sure she came to no harm, and it's for shame ye should be doubtin' her."

"I'd no idea Miss Alice was comin' to town," he continued. "I went up on business of me own. She telephoned me to the club. We went to the Beaux Arts for dinner, to see the 'Follies,' had dinner on the Amsterdam roof, danced a bit—and I left her back at the Ritz by one o'clock."

Whatever Terry O'Keefe's tactics might be with women—and his fame as a lovmaker was international—he never lied to his own sex.

Nancy Ives was alone on the porch when Betty Chesterton arrived. She had just discouraged her husband in one of his frequent attempts at making love. Every one knew that Tony would be a good stay at home husband if Nancy gave him half a chance.

The two young women embraced fondly before Nancy saw that Betty's dress was torn and her hat awry. The runabout had been ditched on the way from the station. The accident, trivial as it was, was soon to be a significant and useful suggestion to Betty later. We shall see.

When Betty's bags had been disposed of, Nancy sat her down in a comfortable wicker for a heart-to-heart chat.

"Now what?" demanded the arriving guest. "You said you needed me? A man, eh?"

"And such a man!" Nancy answered with enthusiasm, "the most dangerous and fascinating man I know. He has been flirting with an infant who has been getting herself horribly talked about. He's sure to fall in love with you. Betty, you're the naughtiest nice person I know."

Betty planned well.

When Terry O'Keefe first laid eyes on Betty Chesterton, he felt his heart jump more violently than it had ever jumped before in its active career. She was lying under the ditched roadster. Her dress was torn, and her skirts were fetchingly disarranged about her trim ankles. Her face had been powdered into becoming pallor. Her hair was tumbled in fascinating confusion.

By the time Terry had carried her limp form and laid it tenderly on the bench beside the fountain on the porch, by the aid of Craig, the chauffeur, who—for Betty's ten dollars in advance—had fetched him from the polo field, Terry O'Keefe felt himself more intrigued than ever before in his life.

"I remember," said Betty faintly, after the proper stirrings and flutterings of heavily fringed lids, "—that dreadful accident—am I broken anywhere?"

Terry must help her sit up. He must hold her vanity case while she brushed the fragrant masses of her hair into his face and fastened them on her head. Then she must know his name, though she would not tell him her own.

A man of even much less susceptibility than Terry would have been moved by the intimacy of the situation.

When Betty left him to find her hostess, his heart had set sail on a sea of entirely new emotion,—which was exactly what Nancy Ives and Betty had meant it to do when they planned the romantic adventure. It had not gone sufficiently far, however, to be out of hearing distance of the call of habit.

Dusk had come, when Betty Chesterton passed the door after a chat with Nancy. The porch light snapped on at



the very moment. She paused to look out, and as she looked she saw her little sister, Alice, slip out of the arms of the very young man who had a few minutes before uttered sweet nothings into her own ear, and run down the steps to the beach.

"It's a good thing I came when I did," said Betty, stepping out into the light.

"She's only a child," defended Terry O'Keefe.

"But she's my little sister. I'm Betty Chesterton," replied Betty Chesterton as

Tom Cary discovered that Terry was right when he said, "Don't beg anything of a woman. Be a man—she won't laugh at you then."



Terry sank down on a bench.

The fascinating game of "Waste," devised by Sprang, the Methodist butler, to furnish his domain downstairs with Christian amusement, and at the same time to keep himself informed of what was going on upstairs without too much effort to himself, was interrupted a few nights later by the bell.

The servants had just finished piecing together—at five cents the piece—several torn up notes of spicy flavor that had passed between some of their mistress's friends.

"Our guests being out of novelties," reported Sprang with sarcasm, "have decided on a moonlight bathing party and ice-cream supper which they themselves will get. They will be gowned in their bathing suits. We mustn't let their loose ways contaminate our sound principles."

There were goings-on that night in the very moral kitchen ruled by Butler Sprang which caused Craig to say to Nelly, the parlor maid, whom he was courting: "I'm thankful I'm no gentleman."

Terry O'Keefe's actions the past few days had not been ardent enough to suit Alice Chesterton. She missed the sly rendezvous and the stolen kisses that had made his love making so fascinating. He seemed to be avoiding her.

It was annoying that he did not notice she had remained in the kitchen alone after the others had gone out to watch Tony race Nancy for a kiss.

After she called him, instead of rushing madly back and seizing her in his arms, he looked cautiously about and said they must be careful.

"You didn't use to be careful," she said reproachfully. She was very pretty in her graceful blue bathing suit, with her blonde curls about her shoulders. She knew that she was especially pretty when she looked reproachful. "Don't you

want to kiss me? I love you when you're always stealing. You don't seem like the same man you were."

"We can't be flirtin' forever, ye little imp," Terry answered coldly. "I'm much too old for ye."

"I meant every word I said and every kiss too," she answered in alarm at his indifference. "Terry, if you stop loving me I shall die."

When Tony came back from winning his race to get Alice for a swim on his back, she sat, piqued to utter silence, in a heap on the floor. She had not succeeded in making Terry O'Keefe kiss her, and he had advised her to marry Tom Cary and be sensible.

At Alice's invitation, Tony reached down and lifted her from the floor to carry her to the beach. He was still holding her in his arms when Terry O'Keefe found an excuse to escape. A moment later Nelly the maid and Craig the chauffeur, made a scandalized appearance at the servants' dining room off the kitchen—!

Alice's nearness, the beauty of the night, seemed to madden Tony.

"I love Nancy and I always shall," he said fiercely, "but tonight I can think only of you, of that adorable little body of yours, and I want to hold you and kiss you."

Though Alice had goaded him on in the hopes of annoying Terry, she was really frightened at Tony's tenseness.

"Let go," she whimpered. "I love Terry."

"And Tom loves you," answered Ives, releasing her. "What a mess. I'm sick of the way we live. Alice, brace up and stop playing with fire. Marry Terry and have youngsters and be decent. I'd rather have a kid of my own than anything I know."

If it had been to any one else but her sister Betty—the one person she owed unselfish devotion—to whom Terry O'Keefe had transferred his affections,

Alice Chesterton could not have stooped to the method she did to keep him.

Common decency should not have permitted it, as it was.

But then, as Elsie Hunt would have said, "a debutante is a debutante, and who can reckon the path of a baby vampire scorned."

"Betty," said Alice when stamping and storming and pleading did not change the older girl's intentions to marry Terry O'Keefe, "Betty"—softly and insinuatingly, and looking around to see that no one was near—"I didn't go back to the Ritz that night I ran off to town. I—went—with—Terry. He *must* marry me now."

If Alice Chesterton had expected much attention and satisfaction out of her engagement to Terry O'Keefe, she was disappointed.

Terry had made no protestations of an affection that was not present when he consented to marry Alice at the demand of Betty.

"Alice could not have said such an awful thing if it had not been true," Betty had declared. And that was final. No argument of Terry's had any avail.

"Sure I love you and you only, and I'll do anything you say," he gave in at last. "Only I'm sorry you don't believe me."

He found himself somewhat flattered at the idea that any woman could love him well enough to lie and cheat and be willing to risk her reputation for his sake,—as Alice seemed to do.

"Ye want me enough to risk hell's fire for me? Well, then, if I'm worth a lie like that, told just for the love o' me, I'm thinkin' it's for mesel' to pay. Dam it, Alice, ye can have me," he decided.

But where as a care free lover Terry had once been the life of the party, now, engaged, he was hopelessly silent and morose.



Upstairs and Down

**N**ARRATED, by permission, from the photoplay; which was adapted from the stage success by Frederick Hatton and Fanny Locke Hatton. Directed for the screen by Charles Giblyn and produced by Myron Selznick with this cast:

Alice Chesterton..... Olive Thomas  
 Capt. Terence O'Keefe... Robert Ellis  
 Betty..... Rosemary Theby  
 Tom Cary..... David Butler  
 Sprang..... Andrew Robson

Where he had kissed and flirted and flattered and adored, he chided Alice and gave her advice as to her conduct.

One evening when she reminded him that he had taught her how to kiss—that before she had met him she had never kissed back—and offered to show him how, he pushed her away wearily.

"We've got to forget the philanderin'," he said. "I want ye to make a woman out of yersel'. Ye couldn't do better than to copy yer sister," he hesitated,—"She's the sort of a woman a man would be proud to call his wife and the mother of his children. This stealin' kisses and whisperin' love talk don't mean anything. I've just waked up to the fact that life's no joke."

And Alice Chesterton had waked up to the fact that an engagement to the catch of three continents might not only be no joke, but even more or less of a bore.

Tom Cary approached Terry that evening after his conversation with Alice.

"She'll marry ye yet. Women change their minds wi' their frocks," was the Irishman's pleasant greeting.

Tom started into the house, then changed his mind.

"I say, Terry," he said, coming back, "what is it about me that always makes me lose out with a girl? Women always laugh at me when I make love to them."

"Laugh at ye? Why don't ye laugh back at them?" grinned O'Keefe. "Use force. Hurt 'em a little. Don't beg anything of a woman. Shake her—kiss her—beat her—laugh at her—be a man—they won't laugh at you then."

Tom Cary found that he had learned his lesson well when he encountered his erstwhile Alice later.

It had been an evening of unburdenings and Alice felt much relieved and ready for new adventures. Elsie Hunt and Nancy Ives had commented on Betty's apparent unhappiness. The three young women and Alice were together on the porch.

"I'm tired of lying. I'll tell you why she is unhappy," offered Alice, while Betty begged them not to let her go on.

"I thought I loved Terry and that he was growing tired of me," she had said, "so I told Betty that I'd been a wicked girl and he must marry me. Of course it wasn't true. I said it because I wanted him to marry me. But now he's reformed and he bores me."

"It was awful of me, Betty," she had felt constrained to add, "but you know I'm only a child."

Alone with Tom, Alice felt inclined to

unburden still farther.

Terry bored her to death—he had begun to try to make her over, even before they weren't yet married—Heaven knew if she had wanted to marry a stupidly respectable person she might as well have married Tom—she was so miserable she could cry—no one cared—

In the midst of her self commiseration she was approached with an entirely new sensation, an unexpected, and though somewhat annoying, not an entirely unpleasant one.

Tom Cary was laughing at her.

Next he seized her unexpectedly in his arms.

"Oh you big ox!"

"I don't believe you've got an ounce of feeling in you."

"Don't laugh at me."

"I'll hit you."

Suddenly "the big ox" seized her and crushed her to his breast.

When she tried to struggle loose, he bent back her head and kissed her passionately on the lips and eyes and throat.

"You're rough," Alice gasped when she could find the breath.

"I hate you."

"Then we'll begin all over again, for I'm going to hold you here until you love me," said Cary, shaking her wrists. "You've tormented me for the last time. I've got you just where I want you, and you're going to die of suffocation right in my arms."

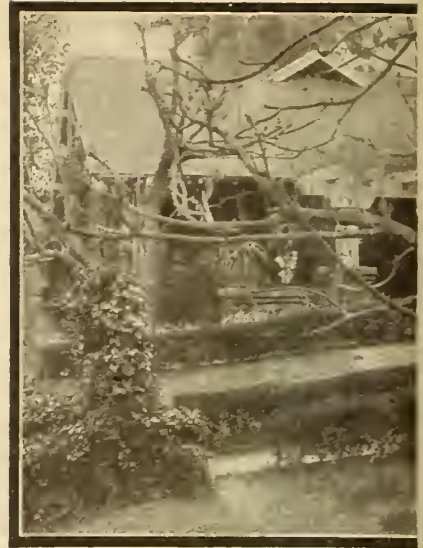
"Oh, Tom, why didn't you do that long ago?" she cried, as she gave a slow gasp of surrender. A soft hand stole up to the tanned cheek of the

(Continued on page 115)



Alice was only nineteen—but she had been born with all the wily wisdom of all the daughters of Eve; and the young Irishman succumbed . . . inevitably.





## Dwellers in

Hollywood home  
Shirley Mason,

Stagg

Ready for a ride, or for a rumpus with "Puff," Viola's dangerous piffle-hound. This canine is a menace because his principal diet is silk stockings, and he has an appetite which is positively insatiable.



Nearly every motion picture star has, or had, a mother, but very few mothers have two star daughters. Mrs. Flugrath—at the left—is not only the mother of stellar Viola and Shirley, but of Edna Flugrath, a picture actress now in London.





# “Heartsease”

of Viola Dana,  
and their mother.

Photography

It isn't generally known that the youthful Shirley has a husband, but here he is—and how'd you like to be in his present surroundings? At Edison he directed, as Bernard Durning, but he's only “Bernie” here.



It is said that they are tearing up wine-grapes in California to plant ukelele bushes. At the right you will find three home-grown specimens of this moaning fruit: seedless, succulent, and—because produced without irrigation—slightly stringy.



# He Nev

Arbuckle isn't a  
hard days of pro  
a right to enjoy

By ALFRED



Roscoe and  
la Normand  
in "Fatty and  
Mabel Adrift."

**I**NTerviewing a famous comedian is usually a difficult assignment—for all concerned. One approaches the task with a foot, as it were, on the funny pedal. The objective realizes it and is correspondingly ill at ease because it is traditional that the comedian, off the job, is about the most unfunny personage in existence. Not that he is lacking in wit or the ingredients of interesting conversation, but, just because he is expected to, he won't commeed worth a cent outside working hours. Conversely, he turns the topic of conversation to such intricate and unmirthful topics as psychological phenomena, rare surgical operations or the merits of spaghetti a la Tetrizzini.

In which the comedian differs from his brother of the dramatic side of the screen. The player of the more serious roles as a rule finds the greatest conversational interest in subjects relating to himself and his art—usually himself. The comedian is invariably modest—perhaps because he has a highly developed sense of humor. At any rate he would as soon think of discussing the wart on the interviewer's nose as talking about himself. Making people laugh is serious, wearing labor, and the laughmaker wants to forget his workshop when he leaves it, difficult as it is to do so.

Roscoe Arbuckle is a very human, if famous, personage. He never talks shop outside the studio and, strange as it may seem, he does not even insist that he is funnier than Charlie Chaplin. He is unique also in that he does not claim that he is responsible for Charlie's success although he loaned Charlie his first pair of oversize trousers.

Also, interviewing a famous personality is even more than ordinarily difficult if you "knew him when"—and the writer in this instance prizes a friendship that dates back a dozen years. And he regards it as indicative of the high worth of the object of this yarn that the now famous "Fatty" Arbuckle is just as easy to talk to as he was in the days when he did funny falls in front of a more or less dazzling "beauty" chorus of eight—count them—eight, in the undessicated mining camps of Arizona. He was not quite twenty-one then, possessed a rich baritone voice, and a vast capacity for absorbing the slings and arrows and kicks of an outraged Irish comedian. Quite *some* boy!

I went out to see him on Sunday. I found about him an air of general solemnity that would have done credit to a Puritan Meeting House. Arbuckle doesn't laugh on the Sabbath. Not because he's a Puritan, but because laughter is his business six days a week, and he rests up by being serious on the seventh.

"Well, what do you want me to say?" was his salutation when he learned that it was not merely a friendly call. He preferred to reminisce about the lovely fistic fetes in Brewery Gulch



The most amazing mess of relationships in current comedy, him is his father. After the elder Arbuckle, Roscoe's standing beside his father,



# er Laughs on Sunday

Puritan, but after six professional humor he has himself on the seventh.

A. COHN

ulated in football, baseball and avoirdupois; Carusoed in certain theaters with the aid of lantern slides showing what the noise was supposed to be all about; learned to dance and fall gracefully and got a job doing the same in more or less musical comedy. You know the rest. Fill it in with some nice things about art and the future of the industry and call it an interview."

"But this isn't that kind of an interview. A palpitating public is breathlessly awaiting your views on the science of making funny films." The interviewer was insistent. The interviewee nervously wiped his brow and signalled his manager, Lou Anger, for aid. The aid was not forthcoming.

"Well, they'll have to keep on palpitating—and everything; it's a tough enough proposition trying to make Mr. and Mrs. Public laugh without trying to tell him why or how. Besides, they don't care any-

thing about the preliminaries or the mechanics of it (Business of convincing the interviewee that anything he would say on the subject would enlist the respectful attention of comedy devotees.)

"Well, it's a hard life. In the first place the existence of the comedian-producer is a  
(Continued on page 111)

His latest —  
"In Love"



At the left, one who needs no naming here; standing next nephew and fellow comedian, Al. St. John, who is the husband of Roscoe's sister.



# The

A story of  
respectability

By

"Now forget it, Alice! Be a good little kid and leave all that to me. I'll marry you when the time is right. Just now I have weightier things on my mind."

He started slowly down the gang-plank, the girl clinging to his arms. Pretty, and with a certain charm that had assured her success in vaudeville, she was a pitiable type in this rugged atmosphere. Her lip trembled as she pleaded.

"I doubt that you ever intended marrying me, Bob. You MUST keep your promise now—or—I'll leave you!"

Bob released the tension of his face enough to sneer. "You wouldn't quit me if you wanted to—up here," significantly. Then he added, "I'm going up the river with the mail carrier soon and if you'll cut this talk about marriage, I'll take you along."

A trace of her spirit that was already beaten by the great white silence, came over the girl. She stiffened and, eyes flashing, she stopped dead in the snow.

"No!" she said decisively.

Barclay turned in amazement. Then he registered indifference, feeling confident that the girl would never actually rebel. "Go to hell, then!" he muttered and, whirling about, he trod on down the gang plank.

Alice stood dazedly watching him melt among the people on the dock.

The husky he-camp of Ophir was preparing for the long shut in. The winter was already forbidding any effort at taking out gold with its chill breath clasping it close in an embrace that would only loosen with Spring.

In front of Hopper's store, adjacent to the white-rimmed Yukon stream, turbulent and growing angrier ever moment, stood a group of the old-timers and sourdoughs of the village, staring in a sort of rakish sentiment out on the tightening Yukon. Suddenly their eyes focused on a speck of a black figure far up on the breast of the water. One of them, a grizzled old veteran, ejaculated—

"All the old-timers have come out; now why do you reckon that damn fool is tryin' to shoot the ice this late?"

Way upstream this figure was poised in his boat, skillfully turning it against the threatening rocks and the disastrous rapids, easily, miraculously, keeping it righted. As he drew rapidly downstream, toward the direction of the store and its fascinated occupants, the daredevil added finesse to his achievement by raising an arm in flippant greeting.

"The damn fool!" came from a dozen throats. "I wouldn't give a pound of grub for his life," muttered another. "He'll never make it—he'll never make it down here!"

Yet, he did make it—and a few minutes later the group surrounded him as he started unloading his boat.

"Dan McGill!" They breathed, recognizing the newcomer. Dan McGill it was—an old-timer and sourdough, finishing a



After the ceremony Dan stood looking into Alice's face and said fervently:  
"It seems almost wicked for a man to be as happy as I am!"

**B**OB BARCLAY came to the Klondike for gold. Alice Andrews came—with Barclay. She came for that utterly curious reason that makes a woman remain loyal to a husband serving a term in the penitentiary, or to a lover returned from war minus his arms and legs.

Hers was a violent affection and trust, for it made her follow Barclay vast distances from the part of the world she had been born in and had learned to subsist on.

In the wake of the gold rush, they came into Ophir on a Yukon steamer, and as it plowed sluggishly through the crackling waters of the freezing river, the girl became vaguely oppressed at the great silence—the crushing contrast to her tinsel-world back in the States.

Naturally, in her terror of Nature, she turned to Bob Barclay, standing against the rail. But Barclay was in no responsive mood. He was beginning to realize the struggle he faced—a struggle with men more fitted for it than he. Grimly studying the texture of the country about him, he tightened his muscles and sought to assure himself he was a man among real men. Meanwhile, Alice tugged on his sleeve.

"Why put it off any longer, Bob?" she asked, pleadingly. "We can be married here." She craved the assurance of a man legally bound to her—a companion who would stand by her in this amazing, terrifying northland.

But Bob was annoyed.



# Brand

struggles for gold, love and in a land that is ever classic.

LEIGH METCALFE

hazardous night and day run ahead of the ice. Taking it all as a part of the game he was playing, this man had made his five hundred mile journey, risking death a hundred times, and now taking safe arrival as a matter of course, suavely greeting his old friends.

"There aint enough grub at Dawson for the women and children," he explained tersely, "so I pulled out."

The group surrounding him studied him admiringly. Hopper, the storekeeper, suddenly seized with an idea, pounded McGill on the back. "There's grub enough here for the winter," he said, "and if there's gold here, you're just the man to find it for us."

To this the crowd gave approbation. McGill took the flattery easily, turning away, followed by Hopper up the road through the town.

Thus McGill came past Alice Andrews at the gang plank—standing forlorn—the little theatre flower that she was—forsaken in the unfriendly, the terrifying, northland, deserted by the one friend she leaned to. McGill, inveterate bachelor, a man of iron, had never come in contact with women. Hence, as he passed Alice and saw a face of exquisite beauty commingling with the appeal of helplessness, his great heart expanded. He stood for a moment gazing at her in awe. The wonder woman! A being so finely fibered, so angelic to his mind that she was as far from him as the stars. He stopped and nearing the skipper of the boat, heaved a deep sigh.

"She is beautiful, aint she Cap?"

The captain nodded, contemptuously. "Sure—all actors is beautiful!" And McGill passed slowly on.

A while later, leading his dog-team straight to the recorder's office to file some papers, Alice approached, and seeing the dogs, knelt down in a moment of affection, and fell to her knees, her arms about the leader of the dogs. McGill came out a few minutes later. He stood silent over her as she sobbed into the coarse coat of the friendly dog. Dan's heart swelled.

"What's the matter, little woman?" he asked hesitatingly. "Kin I help—lonesome?" He was as embarrassed as Alice was startled. She arose at his voice and stared into his face. Then:

"I—I'm just—frightened!" She stood straight now and impulsively clutched at his coat sleeve. "I—I'm scared of this awful place. This silence—I'd go mad if I were left alone here!"

Although McGill couldn't comprehend anyone being frightened in the great Klondike, he could appreciate

the appeal of this goddess from civilization. Thereafter through her lonely days he was her friend and guardian. McGill lived in a state of chronic awe during the next few weeks. A child of the gutter suddenly bedecked in a wreath of roses could have been no more glorified than was McGill by the presence of the girl from civilization. To him she was an angel. To the other men of Ophir—well—during the next few weeks those who had learned the girl's source from the skipper of the Yukon boat whispered ominously.

"Someone ought to tell McGill she's Barclay's girl," said Hopper. Another, less skeptical said: "Well—I've seen good women made bad by marriage and—bad ones made good the same way."

However, Dan McGill did marry Alice. She took this hard man of the north not out of sheer affection but as tying to some perfectly reliable protection among terrible and rugged strangers.

After the ceremony Dan stood in his cabin with his wife at his side, staring into her eyes. He said: "It seems almost wicked for a man to be as happy as I am."

It wasn't long until the prospectors realized that Ophir was doomed—that there was no gold. This realization came in mid-winter, and struck the men full force. All except Dan McGill. With Alice in his home, no lack of gold could upset his sublime situation; he was irrevocably happy.

Until Bob Barclay came back from up the Yukon. Driven by malicious fate, with the woman-hunger of the north strong within him, Barclay came back to Ophir, searching for his woman.



What made it harder was the realization that her strange affection for this man was surging over her once more.



He came at the wrong, or right time. Alice, depressed by the monotony, found her mind, schooled to the excitement of metropolitan life, breaking under the silence. McGill was old—fearfully old, she decided. He had nothing she craved.

And thus when Barclay returned and found Alice in McGill's shack, he immediately wanted possession of the girl. When he learned she was married he grew vindictive. What made it narker was the realization with the girl that her old-time affection for this man—undeserving as he might be—was surging over her once more.

When McGill came back to the hut he just missed Barclay whom Alice had rushed away. But, as the days passed, he sensed that all was not as it should be in the cottage, that Barclay's presence was too insistent and underhanded. He was suspicious of the way of this actor and told Alice so.

"But I'm lonesome," pleaded Alice. "He is an old friend.

After which McGill agreed to permit Barclay to see her occasionally. "I know you couldn't do anything wrong," he said tenderly. "You aint that kind. If you want Barclay around I won't object."

Later friends of McGill's told him. "I think you oughta know, Dan," said Harper, "that your wife used to be Barclay's girl. I was told by the skipper of the boat that brought 'em."

Stunned, McGill went back to the cabin, in the face of a



### The Brand

**N**ARRATED, by permission, from the novel (Harper & Bros., Publishers) by Rex Beach as adapted by Mr. Beach for Goldwyn, directed by Reginald Barker with this cast:

*Alice Andrews*.....Kay Laurell  
*Dan McGill*.....Russell Simpson  
*Bob Barclay*.....Robert McKim  
*Hopper*.....Robert Kunkel  
*The Child*.....Mary Jane Irving

driving storm that was gaining in fury each moment. He entered his door just in time to receive confirmation of a suspicion that he had found it almost impossible to even entertain. Alice was in Barclay's arms. Barclay, seeing McGill in the doorway, started to pull his gun.

"Don't pull that gun, Barclay," muttered McGill. Then, turning to the wide-eyed girl, he said, in tenderness. "Don't be a-scared, Alice. I couldn't hurt YOU."

Meanwhile Alice was talking. "I—I took you to spite him," she said pointing to Barclay. "I tried to love you but I can't. Take it out on me if you want to—but don't hurt him."

Slowly McGill lifted his eyes. "I'm beginnin' to understand," he said. "I'm beginnin' to see your side of things. But there's not room enough for all three of us. You've got to go—both of you!"

Barclay looked about, out through the window where the storm was beating the trees down

in its fury. "Go?" he stammered. "Go where—in this storm?"

"To Hell!" roared McGill. "That's where you're bound!"

Later, Barclay and the girl were picked up in the storm by Cockran, a trader from down river, and his Indian driver. While they loaded them onto their sleds McGill had already left his place and, absently fighting the blizzard, turned into Hopper's store. He beat the two Cockran's sleds there by some minutes and to his friends about the stove dejectedly explained what had happened. When the door burst open and the two disgraced ones fell to the floor, exhausted, guided by Cockran, McGill arose with an oath. He made for Barclay but Alice weakly interrupted.

"Don't, Dan," she pleaded. "We'll go tomorrow!" Then, as she saw no relentment in his face, she added: "I'll go alone if you want me to—but he'll die out there if you send him away."

McGill studied her curiously. "It's always him, ain't it? Well—you can have him—and you can stay, both of you!"

He went out into the storm again—fighting off the protests of his friends that going into the storm was "sure death."

\* \* \* \* \*

Two years of profitless drifting from one camp to another had brought Alice hazardously near to the destination McGill had promised them. Now she hovered over a crib where a baby lay sleeping. At the table in the rude kitchen sat Barclay, snarling for his breakfast. To the protest that she had no money to buy food with, he retorted:

"Well—you've still got your looks. Why don't you get into a dance hall and hustle? I'm not going to support you and that kid any longer!"

While, deep in the wall of the Yukon river was hidden a lost valley, whose snows were ever unbroken by the footfall of the trail breakers. Back in the white recesses of this snow and silence, lived Dan McGill, living like a wounded animal that had crept away to die. The awful, white velvet brooding quiet of an arctic winter plays queer pranks with a man's mind—particularly if that mind be already obsessed with bitterness.

McGill had been digging for gold for two years now—digging with a sense of the futility of amassing gold, but keen in the fanatical realization that physical occupation can often serve as a vent for unrelieved anger. He wanted to kill the memories of the bitterest, sweetest epoch of his life.

But all he did was to find gold. The memories persisted—even when, after two years of striking, he found a vein of coarse gold in Lost Valley.

"Gold! Gold!" he shrieked to the echoing silences.



"You ain't fit to kill!" muttered McGill. "So I'm puttin' my brand on you!"



"Gold. Another Klondike! But by God I'll let the secret die with me!"

Back in his cabin in a delirium of excitement, he sensed what his revelation to the world would mean, and a panorama of the Klondike rush came before his eyes. He intended to keep this secret—did Dan McGill, but it was too great for any human being to retain.

Some hours later a man entered a camp ten miles from Lost Valley and pouring some specimens on the table in the store, revealed his strike. "Call me John Daniels," he said. "I have just found the richest strike of the Yukon!"

In the years that followed a brand new mining camp, built at the John Daniels strike, sprang up and the silent Lost Valley awoke to the raucous shouts of the gold seekers. A lusty, blistering camp of six months growth, already ages old in its uncouth sins, that men named Arcadia and which boasted a mystery all its own. Arcadia boomed but its maker—John Daniels—lived alone up in Lost Valley. But gradually the pride of the creation overcame his craving for isolation. He finally succumbed to the lure to visit the boom town of Arcadia.

Thus—one morning he stood in the heart of the town and his chest swelled with pride—the pride of a creator upon observing something good that he had made.

Not all good, however. For there was a canker, festering on the edge of the town, its houses huddling together, seeking the brazen strength and defiance in one another's close company. Inspecting the camp, McGill came across this canker,

and fiercely resenting with fatherly pride this phase of the camp, he hated it with a loathing that his hatred for all women made ten-fold stronger.

Deep in his loathing, McGill nearly stumbled over a figure of a little girl playing with a dog in the snow near one of the doorways of this place. Shocked at finding this parcel of purity amidst the insidious atmosphere of the neighborhood, McGill stared deep into the child's eyes. Unafraid, the little girl's eyes were staring frankly, trustingly, into his own. A queer change came over the man. Then suddenly he was down on the ground and enfolding the little girl in his great arms. A woman passing stopped, and McGill queried her as to the child's home. But the baby was stretching her arms out to McGill!

"Now what does she want?" he asked.

"Why—she wants a kiss. Don't you, dearie?"

And to McGill's fresh amazement, the child nodded.

"God'll mighty!" ejaculated McGill, fervently, and then the child reached out her arms and they went around the man's shoulder.

Later, the proprietor of the dance hall, surprised at the visit of the man who made the camp, was escorting Dan McGill



"Don't take her away just yet, Dan! Give me just a few minutes more with my baby!"

through the place, showing him over with a pride and interest, hoping to make the distinguished John Daniels feel at home and comfortable. The whole room knew who he was, by gossip, though none of them had ever met him.

After he had gone upstairs to the balcony, escorted by the hospitable proprietor, a man down at the tables adjacent to the dance floor leaned over to a woman in a low necked black "evening dress," and leering into her face, said:

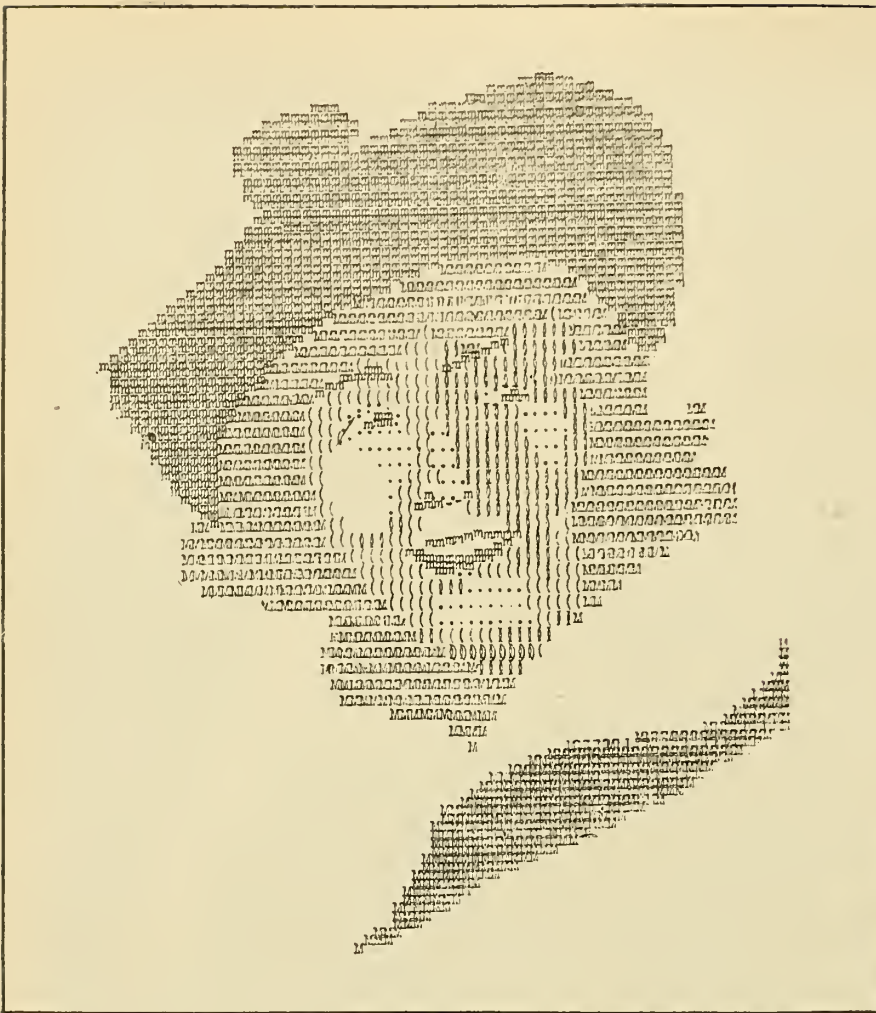
"I've got a live one for you, Alice. That mysterious John Daniels is upstairs. Get up there and make him buy something for you!"

Alice revealed futile objection in every muscle of her face. Though subjective as she was to the whim of this parasite, she fought with every particle of virtue she still possessed against the life he demanded of her. He had her by the arm now and was torturing her into acquiescence. Finally, cowed, she arose and went off. Barclay followed her, snarling, up to the stairs. He watched her slowly ascend to the balcony.

Looking on the crowd below, was McGill, mildly interested. He did not hear Alice enter behind him. She stood there a moment,

(Continued on page 114)

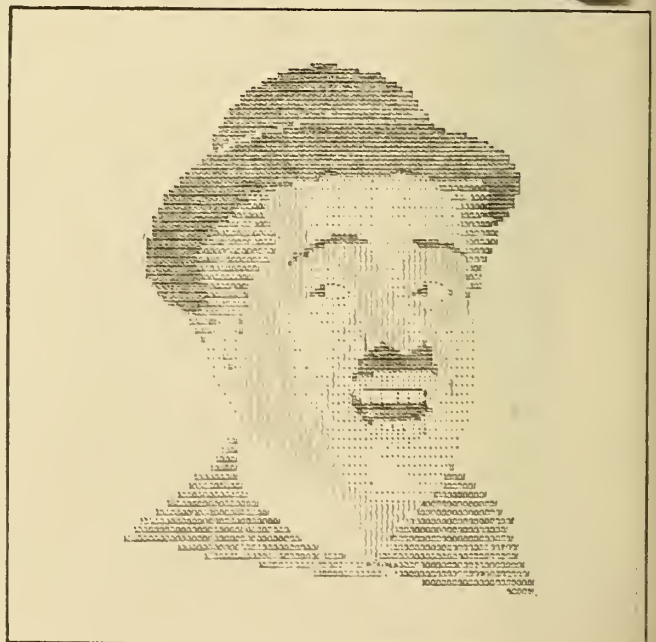
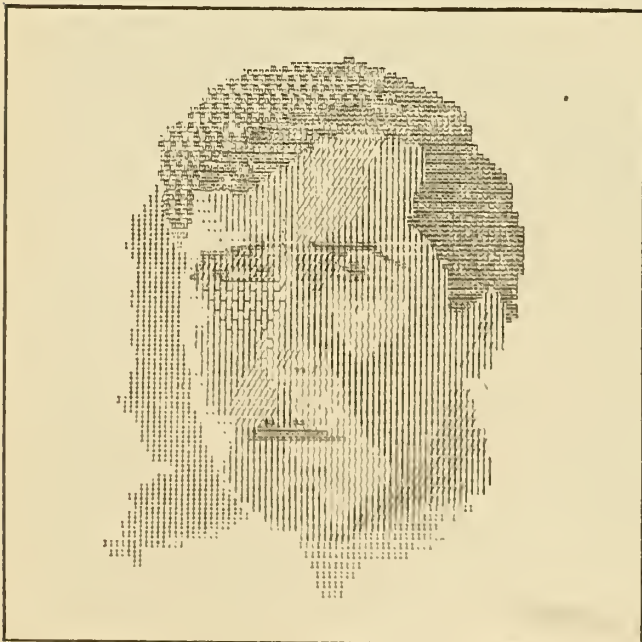




SOME editorial department office boys employ their time in stealing baseball tickets from the sporting editor, others in bumming cigarettes from the star reporter, but Kenneth Taylor, of the Los Angeles Times, exercises the clock by drawing pictures on his typewriter. Not word-pictures such as the poets create, but letter-perfect portraits of the movie stars. The big one at the left, of Dorothy Gish, was "drawn" in half an hour. The other two—Bill Hart on the outside and Chaplin at his left—occupied just forty minutes, pay-roll time, of Kenneth's working hours. He draws a pencil outline first, indicating highlights and backgrounds, then places the sheet in his machine and fills in at remarkable speed. His favorite letters are W, M and X. Kenneth is 16 years old, in Los Angeles high school, and intends to become a writer.



## Try This Over on Your Remingwood





# C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

**The Only Way** For three years Photoplay Magazine has been preaching against overproduction as the primary cause of picture mediocrity. No man, with the energy of Napoleon coupled with the genius of Sardou, can make fifty-two artistic productions in a year.

At the recent banquet tendered William A. Brady by the national association of picture manufacturers Samuel Goldwyn sprung the Goldwyn platform for 1919-20 and saw it received with evident tremendous interest. Here it is: "Fewer pictures, better pictures, longer runs."

Probably there is not a manufacturer who doubts that is the answer to the cry for finer photoplays.

Mr. Goldwyn has asked them to watch him. And they will. So will we. So will the public. It is the only way.



**Sheep and Goals.** The trade papers, and the art columns of foreign journals, are nowadays filled with the traveling record

of the American movie-man—producer, exploiter, director, star.

There are goats with the sheep, collectively speaking, everywhere and in all trades.

Two or three of the American film geny recently entertained in France, courteously received in Italy and banqueted in England are industrious citizens who made more money on this side of the water by promoting corporations than they did—subsequently—by having those corporations make pictures.

Frankly, now—did these smart boys cross the Atlantic to engage in the solemn artistic endeavors they allege, or did they go over to sell the old stock under a new stamp in a new field?



**The Post and Censors.** In The Saturday Evening Post, which aims to be representative of the average American thought, we find this illuminating summary of censorship:—

"The censor is the last lonely sick remnant of the New England parlor we now have in modern life. His mind naturally turns to New England parlors and the cold cellars of truth. I do not deny that a typical censor's mind may possibly be alive, that it may be living in a vague, creepy way, but not with anything hearty or real, like sunshine and dirt. The mind of a censor, if it could be taken out and pictured to

look as it really is, would be like a potato in a cellar—pale, stringy potato eyes, stringing vaguely out and trailing away God knows where in the dark."



**Fords Rush In—**—where Packards fear to tread. This goes for the film business as well as for a traffic jam.

Henry, of Detroit, seems to us about the busiest personal propagandist the vertical platform has yet produced. In the Ford Weekly you may see the rich eating soup, the farmer in the wheat-shooting season, the Chinaman submarining his rice or the Turk weeping over the Armenians—but whoever you see, wherever you go, however you get there, you are always going to feel the astral presence of Henry. The Ford name is on every subtitle-card, of course, and after a while you are unconsciously overcome by the omniscience of the flivver. The ghost of the darned thing penetrates the palaces of the late Grand Dukes, walks up Fifth avenue with you, peeks at you around the aged corner of Cheops, carts you willy-nilly into every American industry.

Originally, we believe, the Ford weekly was a proposition for gratuitous distribution. Of course Mr. Ford could afford to be generous to the American people, but to obtain more complete and thorough dissemination the enterprising document has been taken in hand by a reputable releasing concern which does aim

to charge just enough to make it appreciated.

What the Peace Ship failed to do

the Weekly may more surely and more insidiously accomplish.

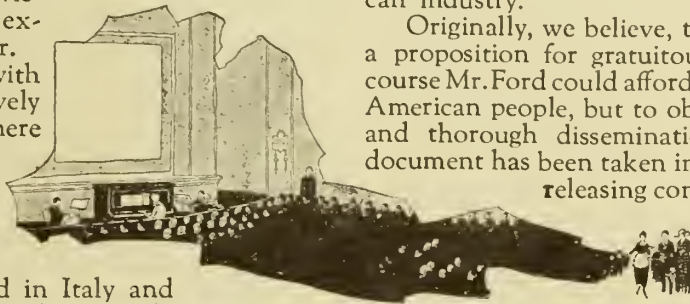


**That Long Programme.** Once again, the kicks on the long programme, which is now the general vogue.

"Why," writes an irate and restless moviegoer, "must I sit through a cracked old hand-colored scenic, the news-reel I saw night before last, and some horrible five-reel melodrama—when all I came in for was a laugh with Arbuckle?"

The programme is, in a way, as dismaying as the war-time ruling which said you had to buy a clothes-basket of assorted foddors to get a pound of flour.

But it is in demand by the large majority, and the distressed minority, a very real and very distressed minority, must put up with it. Photoplay Magazine sees no way out except by the time-card and the scheduled programme, as it has said before. But even that method has certain business disadvantages to the exhibitor.





*Wanted: a* Vachel Lindsay, whose book  
 "Mellower." on the Moving Picture is called  
 by The New York Times "an  
 ideagenous volcano in eruption," recently ad-  
 dressed the students of Columbia University. He  
 told them, among other interesting things, that  
 the great demand of today is for scenario im-  
 provement, and that the mightiest advance  
 possible would be through at least one institu-  
 tion of endowed production. To bring his idea  
 plainly before the minds of his hearers he told  
 them that he meant an endowed institution  
 like the Metropolitan or Chicago opera com-  
 panies. "These endowed arts," he said, "have  
 an influence on commercial art. They mellow  
 it, and raise its standard. Good music is pro-  
 duced commercially because of the endowed  
 orchestras which have prepared the way for it.  
 The phonograph business depends to a large  
 extent upon the pre-influence of privately sup-  
 ported grand opera. There is no 'mellower' in  
 the moving picture business. At least one  
 moving picture institution endowed as is Amer-  
 ican grand opera, or as the state theatres of  
 Europe have been from time immemorial, would  
 realize the artistic dignity wholly possible to  
 photoplays and indirectly influence the com-  
 mercial productions toward a higher standard."

Mr. Lindsay ironically suggests that such  
 endowment come from "a repentant motion  
 picture millionaire." Nevertheless, he is not at  
 all pessimistic in his review of things as they  
 are. He believes that the motion picture of  
 today, "is as good as anything which tries to  
 reach the whole 100,000,000 people of America."  
 He says, in comparison: "The total product of  
 the magazines is not a bit better than the total  
 product of motion pictures."

The best thing about Mr. Lindsay is the  
 common-sense combined with his idealism.

*The Correspond-* The Japanese may be our  
*ing Oriental.* equal in medicine and mer-  
 chandising and diplomacy,  
 but he is certainly our superior as a letter writer.

As a mail addresser of the stars he takes the  
 cake right away from Kansas, plucks the palm  
 from Florida and removes the bacon from  
 Georgia—or Cook county. The postage-stamp  
 business in Tokio seems, at this distance, to  
 derive its principle support from Togo's devo-  
 tion to Tessie, the cinema queen. A heavy  
 mail from the Orient has come to be the swift  
 and sure test of a well-peddled star's popularity.  
 The adolescent girl, in the States, furnishes the  
 principal cause of the California postman's  
 lumbago, but the Japanese young man is fairly  
 breaking that postman's back. Togo's letters  
 are as naive as himself. They are respectfully  
 curious, artlessly persistent. He always wants  
 a photograph or three or four.

*The Ambisextrous* Vampire, in the movie  
*Vampire.* Webster's, has always  
 meant a languishing lady

of neither morals nor occupation, unless you  
 call the ruining business an occupation.

However, the change that has swept the  
 face of the world seems to have switched the  
 vampire's sex. Mr. Cody, and others, are  
 invading Theda Bara's business. The little  
 wives are falling as once fell the little husbands.  
 Women are wearing overalls and men are  
 learning the love-trade. If Mr. Fox thinks of  
 it, perhaps we shall see a moustached Salome  
 make demands upon a suffragette Herod for  
 the head of some coy Jane hiding in a well.

At any rate, the male vampire is shifty on his  
 feet, and on his feet most of the time. At least,  
 he works without furniture. His sister in trade,  
 with her divans and couches, was rapidly  
 depriving a tired world of all the products  
 of Grand Rapids.

*Goodbye—* In a day when the only real  
*Five and Ten!* sensation is stability, it is not  
 surprising that a pair of our

oldest film friends have kissed us good-bye—  
 probably for good—without our even noticing  
 the kiss. We refer to the once well-known  
 nickel and dime. Though these microscopic  
 coins are now approaching numismatic curios,  
 there was a not-distant time when they repre-  
 sented the standards of average admission to  
 first and second-run films. They have as much  
 chance of coming back as the Czar of ruddy  
 Russia. The immensely increased cost of pro-  
 ductions, the varied programmes presented by  
 all classes of exhibitors and demanded by all  
 classes of audiences, the transition from unsafe  
 and insanitary shacks to respectably ornate  
 theatres, the comparatively small demands of  
 the government tax, and the restless demand  
 for new photoplays almost every day in the  
 week have caused their banishment forever.

*The Lawyer and* The law is a business, not  
*the Judges.* the dispensation of justice.

How lightly our contem-  
 porary legislators hold the ponderous task of  
 official censorship may be seen in what they are  
 willing to pay their proposed celluloid judges—  
 in comparison with the stated fee of a single or-  
 ganization's sole attorney.

The great State of New York is considering,  
 via the toga-glad gentlemen at Albany, two  
 censorship bills: one proposes to pay a single  
 film commissioner an annual salary of \$7,500.  
 The other would create a triumvirate, with three  
 salaries of \$4,000:

Yet the "Big Four" retained Mr. McAdoo  
 at \$200,000 a year—and came near paying him  
 a quarter of a million. In other words, a barris-  
 ter is fifty times as important as a member of  
 the screen supreme court!





know that all of them—with the remote exception of the second—are all wrong. Jackie Saunders—Mrs. E. D. Horkheimer in private life—has the best little reason in the world for being away so long; and if you look down at the right-hand corner of the page at the portrait of Jackie and Jacqueline Junior you won't find it in your heart to rebuke the sunkist star for leaving the screen flat.

The second Jacqueline made her first appearance on an evening in late summer, in Southern California, 1917. Jackie had wanted a little girl; and she found the progress of this second edition of herself so fascinating, she couldn't make up her mind to turn her over to a nurse, even after the tiny tot began to lisp her first words and evince an inclination to explore the garden on her parents' place in Hollywood. But now that she's growing up Jackie wants to go back to work. She returns in "Jackie the Hoyden."

Jacqueline the Second—a miniature of the original with the same crinkly gold hair and blue eyes—as yet hasn't expressed herself as to her future; but her mother says if she shows any inclination for the screen, she'll help her along. "But," added Jackie, "it's up to her. Far better a good cook than a bad actress."

Above, a new portrait of—oh, well—Jackie. But below—Mrs. Elwood D. Horkheimer and small daughter, Jacqueline Junior.



## A Missing Madonna

Jackie Saunders has been playing a new and becoming role—that of Mother.

**W**HERE'S Jacqueline?

Or, more properly, where was that small star called Jackie Saunders, all those months?

The surmises have been many and varied. "Perhaps," suggested one fan, "she's in France." "Married and retired," said others. "Or maybe touring the world with her own company," was a third premise, "it's being done now." "Died of the influenza in Philadelphia," said a press dispatch. "Resting in Honolulu," said another.

We'd turn you loose and let you take your choice if we didn't





Mr. Ramsay — though he doesn't say so, the culprit responsible for all the plots he tells about.

To be unknown is not to be. Fame will get you money. Money will get you fame. Fame consists in being well known—favorably if possible—but well known anyway.

With most people marked success brings fame. With others marked fame brings success. John D. Rockefeller's money brings him fame. Charles Chaplin's fame brings him money.

Nearly everybody has a little fame and uses it in his business, be he doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief. Barbers, cooks and dressmakers

prosper as they are famous. But to two classes of professionals fame is the one vital necessity, the substance and the breath of life; they are politicians and actors. They have to have fame because they are selling personality to the public. We don't care so much for politicians so we will talk about actors.

Permit me to state that you never heard of an unknown actor. An actor has just got to be famous. Otherwise he can not eat. But how do they get that way? We shall see.

Long ago Peg Woffington found it was profitable to employ persons to write pieces for the paper lauding her performances or telling what had happened to her. Ever since then there has been a profession of publicity concerned with making and keeping actors well known.

It is sufficient for some actors to be known only in London, for others to bask in the local fame of Broadway, or for yet others to be famous in Oakland "stock." However, since the films take the actor everywhere he has to be known everywhere and hence we have that strange creature, the motion picture press agent. Let us consider some of his doings and goings on.

If Charles Chaplin had awakened on April 1, 1917, in Kansas City, Chicago or Boston he would have found a headline on the first page of the morning paper saying:

#### CHAPLIN TO WED LOCAL SOCIETY GIRL

Also if Mr. Chaplin had been taking his morning grapefruit in El Paso, Montreal, Seattle or Atlanta or any one of about twenty other American cities he would have read the same surprising tidings. In fact, within a week about three hundred newspapers announced Mr. Chaplin's reported engagement to the well known mysterious "local girl." Charlie was engaged all over the United States that week. If he'd married them all it would have taken a week of his salary to buy them all a change of hairpins.

As a matter of fact Mr. Chaplin was in none of those cities and he didn't have grapefruit for breakfast and he was not engaged to any "local girl." Otherwise the story was correct.

How did he get that way?

Glancing carelessly over the map we find the city of Chicago. In it was the "home office" of the picture corporation concerned in the distribution of Mr. Chaplin's pictures to the theatres. Consulting the calendar we also find that a new Chaplin comedy, the first in several months, was due for release on or about April 1, 1917. The marked calendar was on the press agent's desk in that office in Chicago.

About the middle of March a circular letter went out to the district offices of that picture concern instructing the managers in every one of the sixty-eight branch cities in effect as follows:

# How Do They

## Art may bring you Fame—when Celebrity, a substitute which agent, may bring you bread, but—

By TERRY

"On the night before April 1 next you will arrange to have Mr. Charles Chaplin paged in every important hotel, cafe and club in your city. Leave word at the telephone desk to have him call you and leave your residence phone number. Then go home and await results.

"If it should happen that any newspaper reporter should call asking questions you will be very reluctant to talk. You may admit that your home office has asked you to try to get in touch with Mr. Chaplin in your city—which is correct.

"If you are asked why Mr. Chaplin is in your city you must say you do not know and haven't reached him yet. If pressed for more definite information it will be proper for you to admit that a rumor—entirely confidential—has reached you, to the effect that it has been said that Mr. Chaplin might be engaged to a certain unnamed girl in your city.

"If pushed for something more definite about the mysterious girl in the case you should mention hazily something about the most fashionable residence section of your city—as for example upper Fifth in New York, Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, West Farnum Street in Omaha, Crocus Hill in St. Paul, Lindell Boulevard in St. Louis, etc.

"If asked why you are trying to get in touch with Chaplin please say that you are requested to ask him to call this office on the long distance phone. If Mr. Chaplin is in your city we certainly want to hear from him. That is entirely correct.

"Finally follow instructions implicitly and nothing more. Do not venture any opinions. Let others do all the deducing they like. You are not to do any at all.

"Also instruct your road salesmen in your territory to do this through the week in each town they visit.

"Also bear in mind prints on Mr. Chaplin's new comedy are now being shipped to you for release April 1, next."

This performance took place as ordered, first, in every city containing a branch office of the picture concern; second, through the week in several hundred lesser towns.

The result was a crop of newspaper clippings in the Chicago office and a crop of excited indignation in the Chaplin studios in Hollywood. It seems that Mr. Chaplin had not been taken into confidence in the matter, and that he had made some fluent answers to what seemed to him very insane questions.

The morning of April 1 the reporters and correspondents for the news associations in Los Angeles were out in Hollywood for a clue to solve the mystery of the "Charlie Chaplin engagement," reported simultaneously from all over the United States and part of Canada. Their spokesman said:



Peg Woffington dictating to the newspapers the first story of the theft of the missing diamonds. Today every good reporter has recorded it at least once.



# ey Get That Way?

you're too old to enjoy it. But can be conjured up by a presser and a limousine right now.

RAMSAYE

"We are from the papers—and we have reports from sixty-six cities you are to be married in each of those cities to a society girl—one to each city, I mean. Reports from other towns are arriving every hour and I suppose by now you are engaged in about a hundred towns.

"We desire—er—we want to know what about it?"

"Bunk," said Mr. Chaplin.

"But some of them have interviews with you," urged the spokesman.

"Bunk," said Mr. Chaplin. "Let me issue a statement. I am here. I have been here for a long time. I positively am not in Kansas City, Boston, Seattle, Portland, Wilkes-Barre, New York, Yonkers, Montreal, Far Rockaway, Atlanta or Wahoo, Nebr. I am also very busy. Good day."

The army of reporters and correspondents retired in perfect order and that day the newspapers which had announced Mr. Chaplin's engagement announced his unengagement in various terms of evasion, suggesting that in view of the fact that he had not been out of Los Angeles for a month, there might possibly have been something of a slight misunderstanding. All of which was more clippings for the scrapbook on the desk in Chicago—and of course considerably more attention for the new Chaplin picture released at that time, which meant more money for the folks who had the film to rent.

Please take note that in no instance was an untruth uttered by or at the instance of the press agent.

That any unscrupulous reporter in pursuit of good copy should have made a lot of deductions and manufactured a story is certainly not to be debited on the publicity man.

It was but natural that he should have, however, found opportunity to send out a "follow story" concerning the remarkable wave of delusion sweeping the newspapers of the country on the subject of Chaplin's reported engagement. The follow story got, of course, the usual attention, and resulted in a profound investigation by an eastern psychic research society.

Of such things is fame made and by such is the publicity plant kept in flower.

And while we are on the subject of Chaplin, we might explain away the mystery of the lost pay checks. There was a time when some people, particularly newspaper people, thought that Mr. Chaplin's \$670,000 salary was a myth, hoax, fabrication, delusion and press agent invention. It was very necessary for

plain commercial reasons that Mr Chaplin's salary be taken in earnest. It was a large serious fact for the corporation that had it to pay. The motion picture public had to be convinced so that it would see value in the Chaplin product and pay for it.

"Push the button for the publicity department." In case of trouble or unusual perplexity of any kind that is the formula for action in a motion picture concern.

New York was decided upon for the focus of action. New York is a good place to start anything, but more especially a news story. A New York date line on a news item works on the average news editor like the milliner's Paris label works on the average woman in quest of a hat.

One nice Sunday morning an innocent want ad appeared in all of the New York papers. It read:

LOST—Checks totalling \$250,000, of value only to lawful owner, somewhere in the vicinity of Washington Square. Will finder please call Spring 4801 X.

Now to thoroughly appreciate this it is necessary to understand that every newspaper has an "early reader," a young man with a green eye shade and an appetite for hand-made cigarettes, who gets to the office hours before the reporters arrive, to search for assignment material for the day's work. He combs the papers even down to the births and deaths, the marriage licenses and the want ads, looking for a suggestion for a live story. Now since Sunday is a quiet

day for news, with saloons running on low gear, courts and public offices shut down and business houses closed, the Monday morning paper is the press agent's great opportunity. Sunday the "early reader" gentleman is especially alert.

Hence that quiet little want ad seeking the return of a quarter of a million dollars worth of checks was sown in fertile soil. It got a circulation of several millions in the Sunday papers, but it was written for just ten hawk-eyed young men with the green eye shades.

They found it.

Then the reporters tried the phone at Spring 4801 X and got exceedingly little satisfaction and no story. The big idea was to have them call in person. They did, mostly one at a time, all afternoon.

The address was in a rather tumbledown studio building in Washington Square. The apartment was very Squaresque in its appointments—fireplace, a mixture of Russian copper, futuristic painting, archaic furniture and Japanese pottery, plenty of manuscript, sketches, cigarette smoke and coffee and abandon.

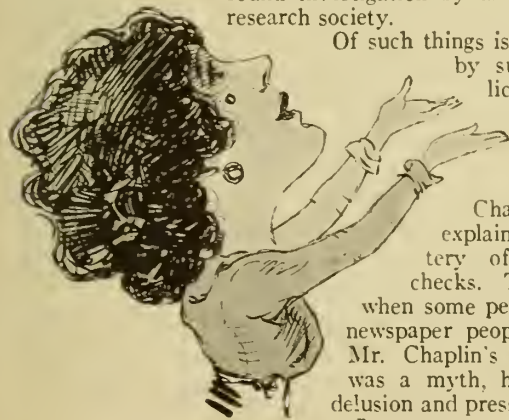
A Jap boy answered the bell and the reporter sleuth found himself confronted interrogatively by a young man in velveteen jacket and carpet slippers, evidently annoyed at interruption.

It was more than apparent to any reporter that it was not probable that checks to the tune of a quarter of a million were being lost out

Decorations by  
R. F. James



Although a squad of reporters, honestly believed so, Chaplin didn't have grapefruit for breakfast and was not engaged to any "local girl."





of this establishment. It smelled of mysterious possibility.

Mr. Velveteens did not seem inclined to talk.

"Yes, it was true that the checks were missing from the place they were put—

"No, no details about how they were lost—

"Because it might get somebody in bad, it might hurt the credit of the corporation concerned, it was rather a mess and the less said the better."

Of course the story finally leaked out through the chinks in the conversation, with the reporter adroitly leading. It was sad indeed that Johnny the office boy, who was taking the checks from the office uptown to an office downtown for safe-keeping, should have dropped them while on another errand for Mr. Velveteens.

"You see the checks had been taken uptown to have them photographed for the records, they were only of record value anyway, being salary checks naturally they had been cashed."

Salary checks—a quarter of a million dollars—it sounded more and more interesting!

"Whose salary checks?"

"I'd rather not go into that."

"What did they look like?"

After some wheedling and argument Mr. Velveteens yielded enough to let the reporter look at a photograph of the checks. The reporter pounced on them.

"Why, they're drawn payable to Charlie Chaplin!"

"Yes, so they are," answered Velveteens, calmly, coldly, indifferently, acidly. "That's his salary for the last few weeks." It was said with extreme casualness, as though everyone in the world knew it and nobody cared.

The gentleman from the paper went out with the photograph absentmindedly folded into the newspaper he carried and was permitted to get away with it.

Repeat this operation several times and you have a complete account of the afternoon at that Washington Square studio. The results in the papers the following morning were charmingly illustrated with pictures and cartoons of Mr. Chaplin and reproductions of his pay checks. From New York the story and pictures went across the country and came back to reap a second crop of attention in the Sunday supplements. Several hundred photographs of the checks had to be made to meet the demand.

The checks fortunately were found in time to go on display in a Times Square show window and travel about the country for various exhibitions. The result was that the public was willing to pay higher admission prices to see Mr. Chaplin's comedies and the theatres were willing to pay higher rentals for the films.

Mr. Chaplin is famous as the highest paid artist in the world. You can begin to see how he got that way.

Having discoursed on Mr. Chaplin for quite a spell it seems impossible to think of anything but big money, so now we will turn back the pages of picture history, hitherto unwritten, to some inside facts on "The Million Dollar Mystery." That was a great serial in motion pictures, one of the first and most successful made. It got its successful launching through a big news "plant" thoughtfully conceived in a Chicago office and executed by a sincere press agent in New Rochelle. That was ever and ever so long ago.

One day when things were quiet in a news way, the police of New York and New Rochelle were asked to assist in a search for "Florence Grey," young, beautiful and the daughter of a Western mining magnate. She was as missing as Charlie Ross. There were many romantic details. A veiled and weeping aunt and other members of the cast were in evidence, being interviewed by detectives and reporters. A large reward was offered. The search became nation-wide. Pictures of the missing heroine were printed everywhere. It seemed that an estate of a million dollars was involved and somehow a modest guid-

ing voice of a young man posing as a "friend of the family" caused the case to be labeled by the newspapers as "The Million Dollar Mystery."

The mystery raged over the country in the newspapers for several weeks. It had just reached its crest when an advertising agency in Chicago turned loose a national campaign in the papers and on the billboards announcing the great serial picture—

#### THE MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

Featuring Florence LaBadie  
in the role of Florence Grey

Beginning next week at leading theatres everywhere.

The billboards and ads were illustrated by big pictures of Miss LaBadie, and it was to be noted that the pictures were identical with those that a short time before had been decorating the news columns under the name of Florence Grey.

Some of the newspapers and news associations got justly peevish about the matter and some sharp remarks were made to the picture company and its advertising agents. However it was clearly shown that the young "friend of the family" at New Rochelle must have been to blame and he seemed to have gone somewhere for a long vacation about the time the investigating began.

Of course the press agent yarn does not absolutely have to be pure fiction. Once in a while the truth is almost as good. Once in a while an idea seems good enough to get space in the papers in a big way without subterfuge. There was the campaign for a 15 cent coin, for example. A certain inventive press agent decided it was about time to get some widespread national attention for Helen Holmes, the heroine of railroad thrillers.

Therefore it was gravely announced in proper plain faced publicity copy sent to the newspapers everywhere that the motion picture interests wanted a fifteen cent piece coined so that the then popular admission price of fifteen cents could be paid in one piece of money, which every showman knows is the ideal way to get admissions. The lines at the box office move faster, also there is a certain psychology in the idea that one piece of money seems less than two pieces of money and therefore is easier to part with.

The newspapers took kindly to the idea and got so interested in the fact that the way was nicely paved for the kindly reception and publication of a suggested design for the coin, distributed in photographic form bearing the classic features of Helen Holmes, especially photographed in profile for the purpose. A thousand or so of these photographs were sent out and the picture appeared a matter of eight hundred times in the newspapers.

To help the thing along expressions from big merchandisers of 15 cent articles and big retail chiefs everywhere were gathered and sent out by the press agent in support of the notion. It flourished for some months and died peacefully.

However, some months after, and long after the coin could have been of any use, a congressman in a certain very little state in the east got excited about the subject and introduced a bill in congress calling for the coinage of a 15 cent piece. Nothing further has been heard from it.

It is probably true that publicity never created a success, but it has often cut the trail and blazed the way for success. I have in mind a certain rather popular male star. I ought to use his real name, since he is so haughty with publicity persons these days, but we will call him Mr. X.

The handsome Mr. X was playing important character roles in the pictures and occasionally was leading man opposite several big stars.

Mr. X. felt that he was being held down by the producers  
(Continued on page 123)

The million dollar mystery mystified a million of people long before it came to the screen. Blame the press agents for that.





A Review  
of the New Pictures

# The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By  
JULIAN JOHNSON

**T**HE scenario department of Paramount-Artcraft, in the sunny blonde building on Fifth avenue which those picture enterprises consider Grand Headquarters, has just moved to new rooms. In its spaciousness and quiet, in its sense of comfort and reposeful thought instead of mere literary grind, that department suggests a library rather than the tumultuous script mill of a film factory. Probably the great number of books perfects that impression. There they are, stack upon stack, shelf upon shelf. All the fiction of the hour, a mountain-range of fable and fancy whose foothills make you get down on your knees, and whose peaks make you get the step-ladder. In these rooms, it seems as though the Zukor organizations were endeavoring to isolate the fiction—drama as well as narrative—of the nation.

It not only seems so. *It is the truth.*

Mr. Zukor has no wish to surrender his hard-earned place in the very front of the procession. Once upon a time he had all the stars, or so many of them that those outside his fold were a very distinct minority. First National, the Big Four and some other causes recently accounted for a number of the biggest.

If you take away a resourceful man's principal mainstay he will immediately turn about and find another. When the stars began to scatter, the Zukor organization immediately began its corner on material. Principally, I imagine, under the leadership of its manager of production, H. Whitman Bennett. Mr. Bennett is an extraordinary film individual, in that he had rather sign one authorial contract than see his picture in all the trade-papers. He signs many such contracts, but I have yet to see his tintype break out in halftone. Everything that is published is read, almost before its date of publication, in his literary stock exchange. Everything that seems a screen possibility, either immediately or in the future, is bought if it can be bought. To this accumulating and reserving force must be added the story power of the Hearst organization, which has recently combined forces with Paramount-Artcraft.

But, you say, it is as impossible to corner all the great stories as it would be to collar every genius. Quite true, but it takes a lot of stories to run the picture business, and not a lot of stories in the long run, but a lot of stories all the time. And if you wish to know how many good stories—picture stories—appear every thirty days, in books and periodicals, go to your friendliest news-stand and run over its goods.

I'm not saying that this Zukor move, which must mean an enormous expenditure, is a throttling of other manufacturers' activities, but it must be bound to have a certain effect on all manufacturers' activities. Just what that will be, no one can foresee. Perhaps it will be a vast stimulus to original writing.



Since she played "The Poor Little Rich Girl" on a New York stage, Viola Dana has done nothing as good as "Satan Junior."

Heaven knows original writing needs it! Creation is at such a low ebb now that not long ago an accredited scenario expert advised all would-be photoplaywrights to type no photoplays at all; instead, to write stories, sell them, and then to bring only the published material to the attention of movie managers. Bitter pill as that is for the film idealist, we must admit that that advice had a hard kernel of common sense. However, the omnivorous Zukor market seeks good originals as well as clever things in print.

Simultaneously comes another tying-up of materials, showing that the supply trains of the producing rank and file are being ambushed both right and left.

The second latest move comes from the stage. The theatrical managers, or at least the younger men among them, plan to invade the films themselves next year. I am not the possessor of official information, but I believe A. H. Woods has some very definite plans in this direction. So has Morris Gest. It is possible that Cohan & Harris have also, despite King George's recent observation to me that the stage and the movies are utterly different trades, and have little to teach each other. At any rate, the hand-out of plays for picture material has suffered an abrupt setback, and certainly the good screen money in dramatic manuscripts is not going to be thrown away.

Less than six months ago the star held the center of the Kliege-lit stage. Now, for the first time, that coveted position is held by the scenario.





If you wonder whether Bill Hart is a real actor or a cow-man hero, the answer is written in "The Poppy Girl's Husband."



Madge Kennedy gives a really artful performance in a mild fantasy, "Daughter of Mine."



John Barrymore's acting glorifies "The Test of Honor" as Caruso's voice might glorify a popular song.

**WE** are agreed that screen permanence can only come by considering the best plays as enduring things, and reviving them as often as possible.

At the same time only harm can come to the screen by perpetuating a flood of such miserable revivals as the early Sennett pictures are undergoing, or such debaucheries as the plays of William S. Hart, and others, have suffered in the past.

This is not written to condemn certain excellent old Chaplins, again on the market, nor a few of the Sennett comedies which have been put forth with commendable care. At the same time the cheaper theatres are filled with absolute and disgusting trash, wretchedly printed, ignorantly titled, stupidly re-cut. If these things are the measure of immortality, page the shade of Dr. Osler!

**SOME** surprises this month—surprises which denote healthy progress. Observe:

The flashing forth of Viola Dana as an inimitable comedienne—

William S. Hart, in a great piece of simon-pure characterization—

The return of Rupert Julian, in a splendid photoplay—

Ditto, George Beban—

Monroe Salisbury, in the powerful "Light of Victory"—

John Barrymore, in his first serious screen essay—

Dorothy Dalton and "Extravagance," star as well as play remarkable—

Griffith's discoveries in Clarine Seymour and Carol Dempster—

William Russell's strong come-back—

Madge Kennedy's artful performance in the very mild "Daughter of Mine"—

Now let's examine the record in detail.

#### SATAN JUNIOR—Metro

Viola Dana has done nothing as good as this since she emerged from babyhood to play "The Poor Little Rich Girl" on a New York stage. What in the hands of almost any other young woman would have been an inconsistent trifle has been moulded by the altogether magnetic Viola into an hour of consistent laughter. Gone is the brooding little sad-eyed thing of the regular Dana photoplay. Gone is the meekness. The gentleness went too. So did the unsophistication. In their place appears a silk-stockinged whirlwind, a total of adolescent and healthy girl, a suave practical joker, a cunning and altogether modern small master of men. Lest the observer thoughtlessly infer that Miss Dana's husband and constant director, the late John Collins, has been responsible for concealing one of the most irresistible comedy talents the screen has known let us set down the fact that "Satan Junior" was prepared in its scenario form by Mr. Collins just before the brief illness that caused his death. It was perhaps the realest tragedy of his last days that he could not guide his wife's small feet as they tripped along the bright, light path he had prepared for them. The novel from which "Satan Junior" grew was Van Zo Post's "Diana Ardway," in which that tempestuous young one fastens her gaze and determination upon Paul Worden, a playwright in the first years of maturity, and vamps him to the altar with a ferocity that even the Foxy Theda never knew. Diana is a rebellious child, put into perfectly frantic tantrums of temper by the amused Worden's attempts to regard her not as a young person, but as a runaway baby who should be spanked, given a stick of candy, and trundled home. The fervor with which Diana wrecked his house when Worden stated this credo knocked all notions of innate Danaesque gentleness out of my mind forever. If the picture hadn't been well framed this miniature cyclone would have kicked it right out of the screen. Fanciful and inconsistent the author's imagining may have been, but as it's played it has everything that a rapid and fantastic comedy should have—a whirl of action, delightful direction, fine setting, faultless acting. It is rosy with the lure of sex in a natural and honestly human way. Milton Sills, as Worden, is better than at any time since he became a shadow player. Herbert Blache was the conductor, and his tempi and readings are above reproach.

#### THE POPPY GIRL'S HUSBAND—Hart-Ince

I'll say it took nerve to put out these five reels of grim life. From start to finish, not one concession to what the commercial manager terms popular taste. Not one reminiscence



of the romantic Wild West which has piled up Bill Hart's fame and fortune. This is a "Boston Blackie" story in which Blackie is a very minor figure. It is "Hairpin Harry," a housebreaker who has taken college degrees at it—and then a long sentence—who looms upon the stained canvas. Harry's rock of ages is his wife, whose hair is no yellower than her heart. The picture opens upon Harry "in solitary," put there for slugging a fellow-con who told him that his wife was no longer waiting. And, on parole, with a close-clipped poll ludicrously unfamiliar to people who for years have seen that same head shaping a Stetson, Harry goes back to town—to hell, rather, for he has to stand on the side lines and witness his ex-wife's legalized liaison with the very copper who put him away. The story keeps on running true. Veritable bull that he is, Big Mike McCafferty waits for the tip from the Poppy Girl, no more his than Harry's, to begin a "frame" which shall once more put Hairpin out of the way. The real romance, tender, pathetic, is of the kind that made O. Henry's name enduring. Just one individual likes, and saves, the convict: his little boy, whom he meets "playing Indian," lonesome as himself, in the park. The forlorn little fellow, neglected in his mother's lazy passion for the man-hunter, snatches his father from a hideous revenge, and together they go away to a quiet valley in the crags of the great divide to start life all over again—just a couple of little fellers together. This piece goes into my library of enduring recollections. It has no silly rewards and sillier punishments. Things go on as they were, save for the blessed discovery of father and son by each other. If anyone ever wonders whether Bill Hart is a real actor or a cowman hero the answer is written here. Juanita Hansen is a perfect poppy girl, Walter Long—long a soldier—gets back under the lamps with a sympathetic picture of Boston Blackie, and Georgie Stone will make you cry and laugh as Donald, the lonely little boy. The locations are real 'Frisco, like the story. The scenario, by C. Gardner Sullivan, will remind you of the things that overworked writer used to do.

#### THE TEST OF HONOR—Arctcraft

Perhaps you've wondered, along with the rest of us, why that superbly serious actor, John Barrymore, has never tried anything but the thin stuff of films. Here is a thick one—murky and bitter as unrefined molasses. It is derived from the Openheim novel, "The Malefactor," and it would seem that that was a better title than the windy platitude tacked on the story as its handle for the celluloids. The performers who count are three: Mr. Barrymore, the conspiring Marcia Manon, and one of those two animated bon-bons, the Binneys—the title says she's Constance, but I'm sure she's Faire. Mr. Barrymore plays a young Long Island gentleman of estates and ruminative disposition, ensnared in the physical wiles of Miss Manon. Inconsiderately interrupted by a husband, Mr. Barrymore and that husband fight, the latter is knocked out by his own weak heart, and the wicked Manon saves herself and damns Mr. Barrymore by swearing that her dying spouse was fighting to protect her honor. Sing-singed for manslaughter, Mr. Barrymore at length emerges hating the world more furiously than did Edmond Dantes. But Bon-Bon Binney has let down her dresses and has grown to marriageable age meanwhile, so presently the gray, grim death's-head comes to life again in the heart of a virgin whose faith is unshakable. The piece is very ordinary melodrama, but Mr. Barrymore's performance is magnificent. He reminds me, here, of Caruso glorifying a song out of tin-pan alley.

#### THE FIREFLINGERS—Universal

Well, it's good to realize that Rupert Julian hasn't forgotten how to overact in his year's absence from the screen. Julian always did lay it on thick, and somehow, you don't resent it, from him. You rather expect it. So here he goes again, dually the rich brute Richard Orwell and the gentle outcast Richard Hatton, an ex-con trying to go straight. Miraculous resemblances, you realize, aren't all worked out when they can be put into a story like this. Orwell, the drunken head of a great printing concern, is a maniacal abuser of his wife, who, in her kitchen, feeds Hatton and his pal when they go to Orwell's house to ask for pay which he refuses to give them for work honestly performed. It is necessary to remember that these dissimilar similarities are bearded, and that Orwell is always  
(Continued on page 119)



In "Extravagance" Dorothy Dalton, doing the best work of her career, is giving a living, vital performance of an American woman.



Spottiswoode Aitken and little Ben Alexander are human despite the artificialities of "White Heather."



Thurston Hall and Priscilla Dean in Miss Dean's latest series of entertaining misdeeds, "The Exquisite Thief."





At the left is the likeness of Aleta Dore as she appears in her extraordinary dance in the New York musical comedy, "Good Morning Judge!"

*Photography  
by Sarony*



At the right—Aleta and her big sister in the library of Marguerite's home. Marguerite seems to hold the attitude of a teacher and that's probably correct; she has taught Aleta a great many things—mostly about happiness.



# Aleta's Fairy Godmother- Sister

Simply Aleta—  
think she looks  
like Marguerite!

The story of Marguerite Clark's pretty little adopted sister reads like a tale by Andersen or Grimm—or, in point of happiness, by Maeterlinck.

**I**N a certain New York theatre, is a play entitled "Good Morning Judge." In this play is a dance executed by a girl named Aleta Doré!

Aleta is the adopted sister of Marguerite Clark.

But we are getting ahead of the story. The story begins with stale bread and a candy Easter egg.

Suppose someone told you a story of a very little girl who was very, very pretty and very, very poor and who lived in a garret with her father until he died and who then was left all alone.

And then, suppose when she was most lonely and discouraged, out of a dark sky—showering happiness with every glance from her eyes—came a beautiful princess who kissed and comforted her and brought her into her own wonderful home to live always.

Wouldn't you think that the person who told you all this had just been to the movies and that she was reciting the first reel of the picture she saw? And wouldn't you just feel that in the next several reels the little girl would grow up and fall in love with some noble architect only to be separated by a designing villain? And that the last reel would see all of their troubles cleared up? And the fairy princess—no longer important to the little girl's life—would sadly turn away as the wedding bells rang out?

Of course you would. But it isn't so in this case. For this isn't a picture story. It's very, very true.

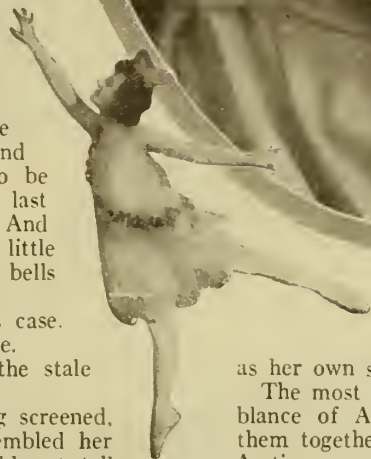
That brings us back to the candy egg and the stale bread.

While "The Prince and the Pauper" was being screened, Marguerite Clark used a little double who resembled her so much that even the most devoted fans could not tell the difference in the pictures. All that Marguerite knew about her was that her name was Aleta and that she was a very quiet and a very talented little double.

And then one day—Marguerite stumbled over the little girl who was sitting demurely in a corner of the studio eating lunch. It was the queerest lunch imaginable; a candy Easter egg, much the worse for wear, and a piece of stale bread.

A few tactful questions brought out the fact that she was eating this not because she was inclined to be freakish or temperamental but because there had been nothing else in the house to bring for lunch.

Marguerite Clark, the size of whose heart must not be judged by her stature, gulped several times, blinked her eyes and ran away. She went to sister Cora and told her the amazing truth. Miss Cora investigated and discovered that the little girl had come to the studio to seek employment, being utterly alone in the world since her father had died and that



the child was being crushed under the strain of poverty and loneliness.

So Marguerite, without even being prompted by the remembrances of the many such roles she had played in pictures, adopted Aleta

as her own sister.

The most striking thing about it was the acute resemblance of Aleta to her benefactress. Those who see them together remark over this fact.

As time passed Aleta studied and played in Marguerite's home, growing happier and consequently prettier every day until finally she learned to dance so well that she was given a real engagement in a Broadway musical comedy.

And nowadays the three of them can be found together up in Marguerite's huge, sunny apartment which overlooks Central Park—the doubles looking very much alike and Miss Cora looking like them both but taller and with soft gray hair instead of golden brown.

"It is like beginning my career all over again to watch Aleta," said Marguerite. "I am re-living all of the ambitions that thrilled me when I started my own career."

"I feel as though I had Marguerite back at fourteen," said Cora. Then to Aleta: "Throw your shoulders back, honey, and don't fidget." Aleta didn't say a word, just looked lovingly at her two fairy godmother sisters, like a pensive, Fra Angelico cherub. Perhaps she was thinking about that candy Easter egg—who knows?



# Designing Stage Settings For Screen Spectacles

**A** SPECIAL stage setting for every good picture?

This plan has been proposed to several of the biggest producers in Los Angeles and has met with wholehearted endorsement.

It originated in the mind of Edwin H. Flagg, who although young in years is old in the art of painting scenery for the stage.

Flagg has carried out his idea recently in several Los Angeles theaters. Whenever a producer has a special play that he desires to give special treatment, he sends for Flagg. Flagg visits the studio during the taking of the play and thereafter designs a stage set that essays to carry out the general effect of the play locale.

When the play receives its premiere in one of the big Los Angeles picture houses, its effectiveness is enhanced by a beautiful and appropriate stage setting. Very often a prologue is supplemented.

D. W. Griffith and others have long been interested in Flagg's idea. Flagg's artists painted the walls of Babylon in the original production of "Intolerance."



## A "Quake-Proof" Operator's Cage

**W**HEN an earthquake set southern California to dancing not so long ago. \$250,000 worth of buildings in Hemet and San Jacinto were shaken down.

The most unusual feature of the wreckage in San Jacinto was in connection with the motion picture theatre there—a frame structure, veneered with concrete blocks and brick. The theatre was empty, fortunately, as the earthquake occurred on a Sunday afternoon. The shock gave the building a twist and when the shaking motion reversed itself the whole front of the theatre fell out, leaving the structure wide open, with the operator's cage hanging intact.





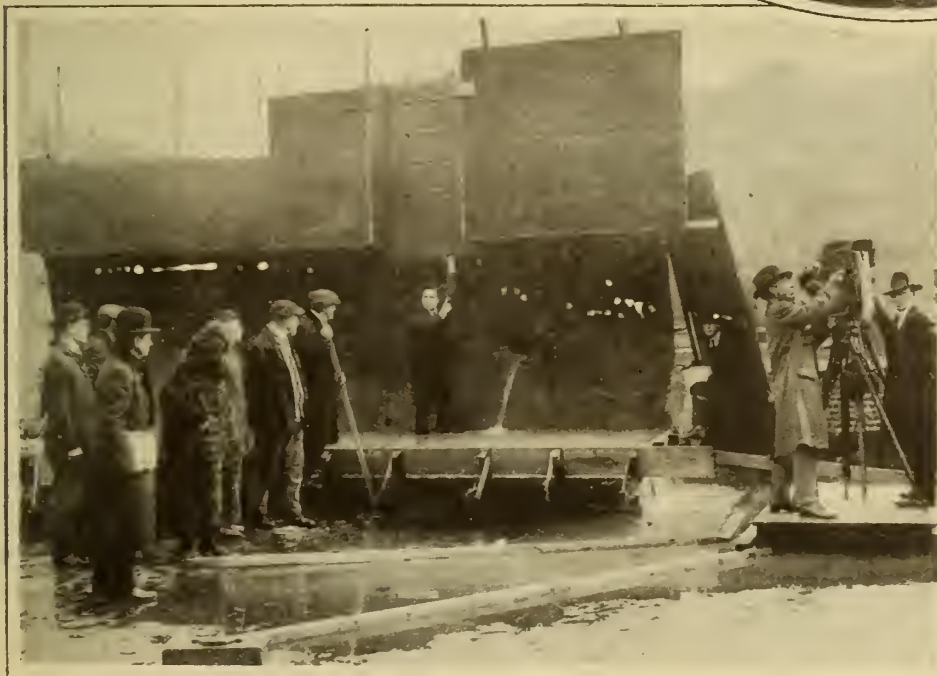
## "Doug's Alley"

AT the left is shown the line of offices that are host to the forces making Douglas Fairbanks pictures. Twelve entrances make up this long porch, and beginning with the door at the furthest left, the offices are occupied by: John Fairbanks, general manager; Robert Fairbanks, production manager; Albert Parker and Joseph Henaberry, directors, Hugh McCurg, Glenn McWilliams and Charles Warrington, cameramen. In the last office works Bennie Ziedman, publicity manager.

## Charlie Chaplin Describes "A Dog's Life" To Helen Keller

ADDDING one more taunt to the medley of jibes hurled against those unbelievers who declare Chaplin is no histrionic artist, let us mention the recent dramatic feat he achieved when he described the entire story of "A Dog's Life" to Helen Keller, the illustrious blind mute, herself at work on a motion picture production.

As Miss Keller can neither hear nor see, Chaplin's task was not an easy one, but by means of "vibrations"—tapping with the feet and hands, the golden buffoon succeeded in making her understand the gist of the story and the spirit of the humor.



## Filming a Sewer on a Roof

THE picture at the left illustrates the unique feat of photographing the interior of a sewer from the top of a building. It was taken during the making of "The Great Gamble," a forthcoming Pathe Serial. Mr. Hutchinson is the gentleman about to climb the steel rungs of the ladder leading to the manhole above. Director Joseph A. Golden, script in hand, is standing at extreme left and the lady in the fur coat is Miss Anne Luther. Note that the water spilling from the tank freezes the moment it strikes the roof of the studio.



# Herods of the Movies

By

ARTHUR STRINGER

Are the intellectual Tetrarchs of the Twentieth Century striving to murder in infancy a mighty rival of Tomorrow?

**T**HE more truly philosophic you are, I take it, the less you dole out praise or blame, and the deeper you delve for causes and reasons.

When, accordingly, some twenty-five of America's most prosperous fiction-writers combine in public condemnation of the movies, you are not unnaturally a little curious, as an impersonal observer of human phenomena, to know why the toilers in one art are so anxious to see a sister art take the count, and a sister art still in its tenderest young teens.

The author, as a rule, is not a reactionary. But any artist, immersed in his laboriously acquired technical dexterities, is averse to organic disturbance. A purely self-protective instinct prompts him to dislike anything that threatens his established methods, methods for which time has brought reverence and to which tradition has brought authority. But any art, no matter how intellectualized, is disturbingly dependent on the mechanical processes involved in its execution, and survives in a fixed form only so long as these processes are not supplanted by better ones.

The most accomplished master of the clavichord, for instance, promptly went down before the invention of the piano-forte, and the introduction of the stage-curtain just as promptly altered the format of the modern drama. Then along came photography. And man, the ever inventive, having achieved the miracle of sun-writing, has found it possible to supersede the old and laborious method of conveying an idea or telling a story. It took a good many centuries, it is true, to perfect that older art of relating things by means of the units of an alphabet combined into picture-suggesting groups—and it is only in so far as you are able to think fundamentally, to reach down to the biologic basis of things, that you will realize how involved and unwieldy a process of mental expression man's slowly acquired gift of speech and language has remained. But by projecting upon a stretched cotton sheet images of himself in action, and in relation to his fellows and his backgrounds, a new and much more direct language has been brought into existence. It is a language, indeed, which even duplicates in its methods the processes of the human mind, since thought itself is a stream of "pictures," with concentrated attention typified by the "close-up" and memory represented by the "cut-back." And it is this new language, scarcely out of its baby lisp, that the fiction-writers of to-day are berating.

If, as they protest, they despise the motion-picture, they do so very much as the hand-laborer of yesterday despised the spinning-jenny and the self-binder. It is contempt not

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—Ever since it gave space to Mr. Pollock's expression, "The Author's Strike," and its parallel arraignment, "The Prussian Autocracy," PHOTOPLAY has been under a mingled barrage of bouquets and brickbats. The heaviest of the latter is a solemn resolution of condemnation by The Author's League. The most exotic and fragrant of the former is the magnificently spirited tribute to America's one individual art-form printed below. In Mr. Stringer the Motion Picture has found a superb analyst and brilliant acclamer. Only Hugo Munsterberg and Vachel Lindsay have regarded it with vision so prophetic and faith so exalted. Mr. Stringer is one of the best-known novelists, short-story writers and dramatists in the field of contemporary letters. To most of you he needs no introduction. The gun he carries—in the center picture—is probably loaded for some stubborn author.)



## Mr. Stringer Says:

**M**AN has brought a new and much more direct language into existence—a language, indeed, which even duplicates the processes of the human mind, since thought itself is a stream of pictures. It is this new language, scarcely out of its baby-lisp, that the fiction-writers of today are berating.

"It has suffered too much from its intellectual navies draining a fecund new republic to sustain some decrepit old monarchy. The hope of the movie lies in creating and training and recognizing its own workers, in establishing and jealously guarding its own technique, and in exploiting its own possibilities of loveliness and power."

untouched with fear, for in the movies this same fiction-writer beholds machinery conquering his old fields and mechanics putting the stamp of the obsolete on his old methods. The same upheaval came to the parchment embroiderer and the quill-driver with the invention of printing, just as it must have come still earlier with the evolution of written speech, and still earlier again with the first crude sign-language scratched with a walrus-tooth on a shell-face, and even before that with the organization of throat-grunts and brutish calls into some accepted form of speech.

For, as I have already said, the motion-picture is more than a new art; it is a new language, a new method of expressing thought and communicating emotion. It is an amplified sign-language, the picture-talk of primitive man vitalized by movement and magnified to splendor. It is life itself, singled out and set in a frame. And as life it is deficient, as it stands, in just two things. One is color. And the other is sound.

Since it feeds the mind through the eye, and not through the ear, we have fallen into the habit of speaking of it as the silent drama, and we have hybridized its methods by imposing upon it the emotionalizing accompaniment of music and the elucidating sign-post of the sub-title, over-scrolling the picture itself with printed text precisely as the mediæval painters once over-scored their paintings with verbal explanations. But the motion-picture is not silent drama. It is not drama, in the first place, any more than it is animated sculpture, and we can call it silent only as we confuse it with drama, wherein, of course, the actors have the power of speech. But this new, this novel, this revolutionary art which has been tossed into the world speaks, not in words, but in action and scenic impression. It is quite vocal enough, only we haven't yet taken the trouble to acquaint ourselves with its amazingly impressive alphabet. In other words, we have deferred fixing on settled values for its different counters of expression.

(Continued on page 117)





Some Better Film newspapers. Watch for news of The Better Photoplay League of America in these papers. Others will be announced later.

"I AM heartily in sympathy with the aims of The Better Photoplay League. The Oregonian has ever frowned upon photoplay salaciousness and the implication of such advertisements as 'No children under 16 admitted.'"

James H. Cassell, Photoplay Editor, The Oregonian, Portland, Oregon.

"I WOULD like very much to have you put our papers on the mailing list, sending your copy to the following editors:

Victor Morgan, The Press, Cleveland, O.  
 M. L. Felber, The Press, Akron, O.  
 E. E. Cook, The Citizen, Columbus, O.  
 N. D. Cochran, The News-Bee, Toledo, O.  
 F. W. Rostock, The Post, Cincinnati, O.  
 W. E. Battenfield, The News, Des Moines, Ia.  
 G. B. Parker, The News, Oklahoma City, Okla."

Earle E. Martin, editor-in-chief, The Scripps-McRae League of Newspapers, Cleveland, O.

# The Better Photoplay League of America

Minneapolis mayor advocates screen-fight against bolshevism—the Film Club of Boston joins League—new branches in Brooklyn, St. Paul and other centers.

By JANET PRIEST

**T**HE screen, its people and its patrons can aid in averting the sweep of discontent and misrule which the wavers of the red flag are trying to bring about, believes J. E. Meyers, mayor of Minneapolis.

"Now is the time," says Mayor Meyers, "for photoplays showing the wonderful opportunities open to Americans. Producers and screen writers ought to bend all their efforts toward preventing the spread of labor troubles and race and class riots which a lawless and mistaken element is attempting to foster. I refer to those elements, both foreign and American, who are laboring to destroy American ideals.

"Many of our most prominent and respected citizens have literally come up from nothing, in this land of unparalleled chance for individual development. Nowhere else in the world are such opportunities open to those who are willing to work. The screen can do a noble service in driving that fact home to the millions, and photoplays which show real-life romances of this sort can do much toward quelling the unrest now being engendered by the unwise and the unscrupulous."

Mayor Meyers has a constructive mind. In making this statement in an interview with the executive secretary of The Better Photoplay League of America, he was not advocating

the mutilation of pictures already in existence, but rather the addition of a valuable idea, in order to make people realize the benefits of American citizenship.

Any picture which advocates lawlessness is not a "better film," and should not have the support or sanction of Americans. "Any picture," says Mayor Meyers, "which belittles crime and lawlessness is certainly an immoral picture, be that crime whatsoever it may."

"Beware of bolsheviki," is the gist of the mayor's remarks. "There will be no business," he says, "if the businesses are destroyed."

At the present time, the motion picture industry itself is facing embarrassment and serious injury by a persistent attempt to saddle the nation with censorship. Unfortunately, the desire to rend and shatter they know not what has taken hold, not only upon the so-called lower classes of society, but upon those whose time hangs heavy on their hands; who, without enough interests of their own, are trying to regulate the lives and amusements of others. These are the high-brow bolsheviki, who want to foist censorship upon the nation, state by state, with themselves, perhaps, appointed as the censors.

Gerald Stanley Lee, writing in the Saturday Evening Post,





"ANY play that leads the mind to lawlessness and an indifference to our institutions will counteract upon the business, as well as injure the moral standing of the community. . . . Any picture that belittles crime and lawlessness is certainly an immoral picture, be that crime whatsoever it may be."

*J. B. Meyers*  
Mayor.

says, "The censor spirit is a German spirit, the spirit we have been fighting the world to put down. . . . Censors do not know which they are more afraid of—the truth or the people; but they fairly lie down and cry when they see anybody having the nerve to try putting the people and the truth together." That is as true in regard to motion picture censorship as it is in regard to any other kind.

The spirit responsible for the burning of the Salem "witches" is still alive. It is the spirit of some demanding jurisdiction over the lives and thoughts of others. Members of a commission recently appointed in one city to look into the subject of motion picture censorship and hear arguments pro and con, arose and argued heatedly for censorship, forgetting the object for which they had been called together. They claimed to be seeking for light,—yet whenever a light shone in upon them, they deliberately pulled down the blinds.

The censor-minded persons do not realize, perhaps, where they are driving a patient people. With autocrats of brows low and high attempting in various ways to rob citizens of their rights and privileges, small wonder if there should presently result an embarkation in a new Mayflower, its destination a new land of promise.

AN evidence that state censorship is not efficacious was the recent attempt in the city of Cleveland to have a local board re-censor films already passed by the paid state censors. In addition to the occupation of censor may we now expect the occupation of re-censor? Then might follow the re-re-censor, unless producers and exhibitors first lost all patience and refused to make or show any more pictures. If high-brow bolsheviks have their way the motion picture, the people's garden of delight, will gradually be choked to death by the weeds of censorship.

"I don't want censorship," says Mayor Meyers of Minneapolis. "I'm not looking for trouble. I have confidence in the motion picture exhibitors, for they have shown a desire to co-operate." The mayor has four aides whose identity is unknown—people in whose judgment he has confidence. When he receives a complaint in regard to a motion picture he sends them to investigate. If they say changes are necessary, he calls the exhibitor into consultation, and the changes are made. If the aides disagree, he goes to look into the situation himself.

"The mayor is fair-minded," says Clyde H. Hitchcock, manager of the Princess Theatre. "And he could be extremely autocratic if he wanted to. Under the law he can revoke the license of any theatre and can reinstate any theatre whose license the city council may have revoked." Representatives of the Minneapolis Film Board of Trade, The Theatrical Protective League and the Motion Picture Exhibitors' Corporation of the Northwest are glad to co-operate with him.

Mayor Meyers is receiving the suggestions issued by The Better Photoplay League of America, and will continue to do so as long as he cares to have them. He believes the constructive way to be the better way, in pictures as in other

things. "I am more than pleased," he says, that your League, as I understand it, stands for the same principles." Building rather than tearing down; guidance rather than ruthless destruction; democracy rather than rule by autocrats,—surely this is the better way.

Caryl B. Storrs, dramatic critic of the Minneapolis Tribune, writes, "Here's success to The Better Photoplay League, and all best wishes for the accomplishment of its crusade against undesirable movies." Harry Wakefield, managing editor of the same newspaper, says, "You can't standardize art to suit the censors. The public always clears up its own problems in the long run." Minnesota has rejected state censorship. May other states with the same problem have equal clearness of vision!

Last month the greatest manufacturers in the industry pledged themselves through the pages of PHOTOPLAY to the making of clean pictures. This was the formulation in words of the policy they were already following, in the production of films creditable to the entire industry.

Blair McElroy, of the Chicago firm of Fitzpatrick, McElroy, Inc., who represent the Ford Educational Weekly, and own and operate twenty-two picture theatres, says, "All the great advances in the screen industry have been made by means of pictures that were clean. Fifty-two weeks in the year are the stairs a theater manager has to climb. He can't afford to have one week in which the parents say, 'We'd better not take the kiddies this time.' Baby buggies are always a welcome sight in the lobbies of our theatres, and we pay the children's war-tax ourselves. There's one picture maker especially to whom I take off my hat,—that's Dick Rowland of Metro. You never get a picture from him that father, mother and the children can't see."

Better films—not the denatured or the mutilated drama—is the slogan of The Better Photoplay League.

THE Film Club of Boston, one of the most important organizations in the United States interested in the screen art, has become officially affiliated with The Better Photoplay League of America. The Film Club is planning a series of morning matinees for children, as an extension to its work since becoming identified with the League. Mrs. J. Wentworth Brackett is president of both the Film Club and of the new Branch League; Mrs. Frank J. Howard is first vice-president; Dr. Carrie I. Bence second vice-president; Dr. G. Maude Hough and Miss Mabel M. Brewerton recording secretaries; Miss Elizabeth A. Downs, treasurer; Mrs. Walter A. Hartstone, auditor; and the ten original League members are Alfred Black, Mrs. Marcellus Ayer, Miss Mabel M. Anderson, Mrs. Harry F. Campbell, Mrs. Marie D. Faelten, Miss Mabel Golden, John H. Gutterston, Mrs. W. C. Pike, Mrs. Edwin A. Shuman and Miss Bonnie Starratt.

The Film Club of Boston has among its members, both regular and honorary, some of the most prominent persons in the screen industry, such as David Wark Griffith, Samuel Rothapfel, Miss Anita Stewart, Miss Rose Coghlan, Thomas Ince and J. Stuart Blackton. The object of the club is to interest people in the best films, to help (Continued on page 124)



Mrs. J. Wentworth Brackett, president of the new Branch League, the Film Club of Boston, working constructively for worth-while films. Mrs. Brackett is an organizer of ability.



Mrs. E. C. Burgess, chairman of the Brooklyn Branch; also president of the Cameo Branch of the International Sunshine Society, and a prominent welfare worker.



When you hear Mitchell Lewis talk of the sort of life he cares about, you imagine the world isn't half large enough for him to wander in.

By ADELA  
ROGERS ST. JOHN



Apeda

# Trapping a Vagabond

**T**HAT man can't be an actor! Some flash of telegraphy wires an impression to your brain every time you meet a man for the first time. The above was my first flash in regard to Mitchell Lewis.

Now, I'm not in any way depreciating actors. With the rest of my sex, I have offered a bit of incense at the shrine of the matinee idol, and even shed a tear or two over some particularly fascinating male stage beauty's misfortune in not knowing me. But one must admit that there are some things forever and unfailingly connected with actors—savoir faire, polish, a special brand of handsomeness, a certain way of wearing clothes.

Not one of the earmarks did Mitchell Lewis evidence. Instead he brought with him somehow a breath of pines, a glint of wide sea spaces at dawn, a sound of silver wind in bending grasses.

As he sat on the mahogany rocker in my den, the man whose 'Polon in "The Barrier" remains one of the classic performances of the screen, beloved and unforgettable, he looked much too big for the chair and very much too big for his clothes. In fact, though they were very nice clothes, he seemed bursting from them, like a marine officer in civilian attire. He might have been an explorer, a builder of bridges, an adventurer, but an actor—never!

Yet he is an actor, and a most excellent one, having to his credit some well known stage successes as well as the creation of more French Canadian and half breed types than any man in the pictures. His performance with Madame Nazimova in her last Broadway hit, "Ception Shoals," proved a delight, even to the capricious star.

He didn't say he didn't like being interviewed,



"The French-Canadian is the last of the old-time adventurers left to us," says Mitchell Lewis—"a romanticist, one who loves the game of life for the game's sake. A brave man, of big heart—a fighter." Above, Mr. Lewis in such a character—'Polon Doret, in his best-known play, "The Barrier." Below—Lewis—"an explorer, a builder of bridges, an adventurer—but an actor?—never!"





Above—on location in the Yosemite Valley for "Children of Banishment," with Bessie Eyton—former Selig star.

but I gathered the fact almost immediately. He sat rather on the edge of his chair and regarded me with suspicion, as any regular he-man has a right to regard a perfectly strange female who comes to pry into his thoughts.

Conversationally, having exhausted the war and the weather, we were deadlocked. I daresay we should have remained deadlocked, since he plainly regarded me as untrustworthy, if it hadn't been for Jim. Now Jim is a bulldog—a large, ferocious looking animal, with a friendly disposition and a tendency to shed white hairs that makes him unpopular with callers. In this instance, he was a life-saver. Mr. Lewis approved of Jim, and discovering that Jim approved of me, he took that as sufficient guaranty of my good faith.

"Show me a man that doesn't like dogs," he remarked, in the mellow voice of a man used to speaking against the roar of breakers and the splash of rain, "and I'll show you a man who isn't fit to associate with 'em." Jim, agreeing with this sentiment, settled himself beneath the big, roughly caressing hand and the rest of the talk was punctuated with slaps, growls and tail waggings.

"Anyway, the customs of men are so dam' silly, eh?" he demanded, his black eyes in the ruddy tan of his skin, sparkling with fun. "Man has the whole beautiful world to live in and he coups himself up in a dirty little piece of it and puts brick walls around it. He becomes so absorbed in trying to own a few square feet, or miles, of it for his own with a fence around it that he forgets to take the joy of earth that belongs to all mankind.

Below—In "The Code of the Yukon" Mitchell Lewis gave us another of his French Canadian characterizations.



"He has the sky to sleep under, the earth to sleep upon, and he crawls into a hole and pulls covers up over his head to keep out the sweet night air. The world was made for him—even the Bible tells us that—and he refuses the gift, and is afraid of most of it, of the sea, the snow, the mountains, the desert.

"The man who lives outdoors—in the great alone, knows things that the man of shut-in places can't possibly know. I tell you there is no peace like that learned from the stars, no joy like the joy of dawn, no rest like the swing of the ocean. The man who has lived all his life in his own little village—even if that village happens to be the biggest town on the map—has missed the meaning of life. Tomorrow, he should take the trail, the long trail to the ways beyond. It is long, but it is full of songs and silences, that fill your heart and brain and make you feel big—big."

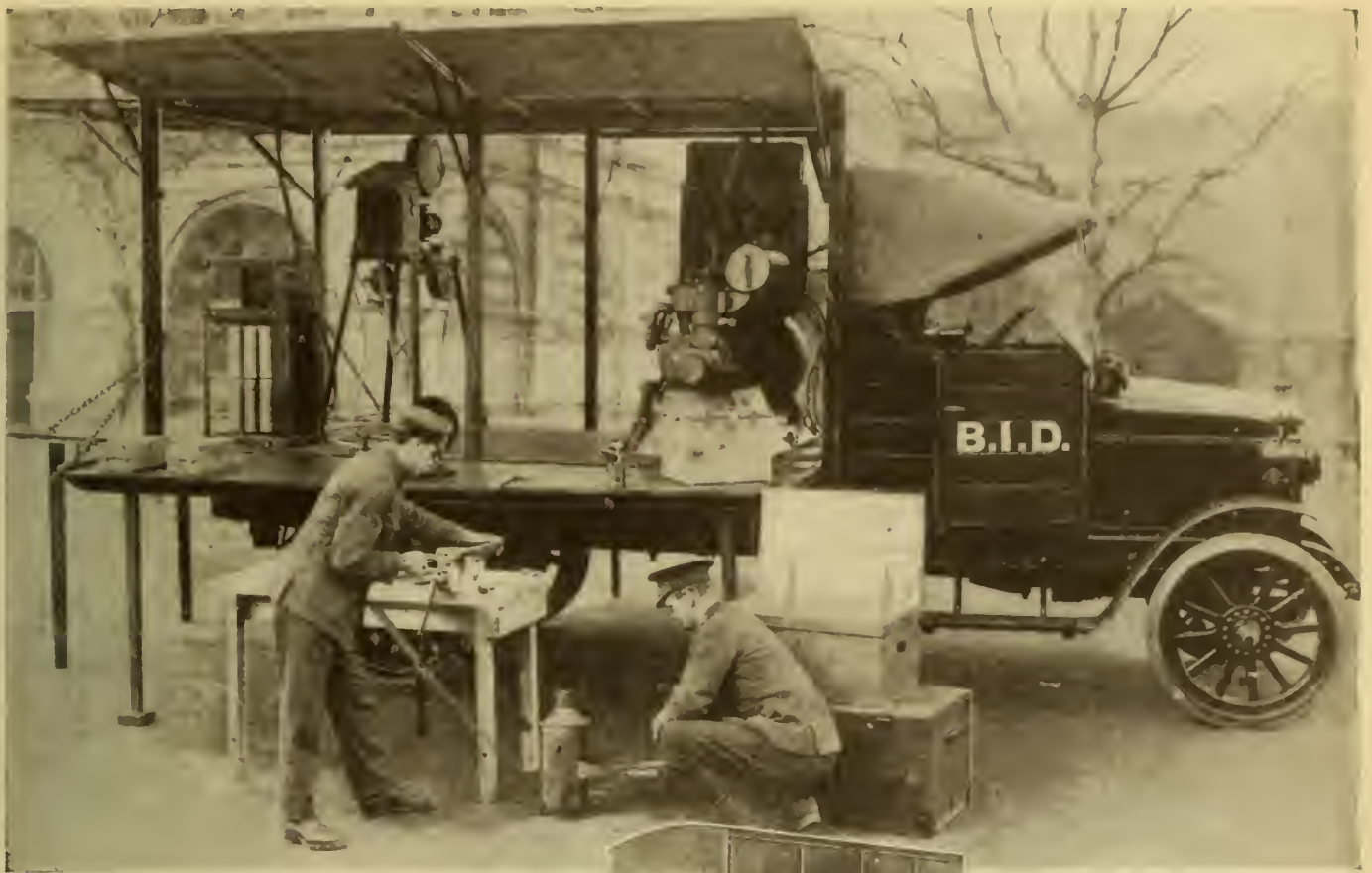
We came, inevitably, to 'Poleon and the French-Canadian, which type Lewis has made distinctly his own. He has studied the French Canuck thoroughly, and he loves him.

"He is the type of man that most men and all women love," he said slowly, thoughtfully, "and it seems to me he is the last of the old time adven-

turers left to us. He is a romanticist, one who loves the game for the game's sake. He thinks little of life, less of death and much of living. He is a brave man of big heart and ready wit, reckless and sometimes wicked, but never mean or small. He loves little children.

"He is very lovable," he pointed out quietly, "and much misunderstood. I hope to do that much in my acting—to bring the real French-Canadian to the front. I shall feel I have paid a debt to—my friends."





In addition to being a mobile moving picture outfit the equipment included in this unique body a regular repair shop. This illustration shows English soldiers in charge of the truck making roadside repairs.



With its sides closed for over-land touring this outfit resembles a moving van. Note the moving picture projector in the opened truck above. Hammocks are provided inside and afford members of the crew an opportunity to camp at any chosen point.

## Educational Films "R. F. D."

In the near future rural America will likely be taught from the wall of a motion picture auto truck.

**T**HE two pictures above illustrate an interesting institution used a great deal in rural England, for educational purposes. It is a mobile moving picture outfit, which, during the war, toured England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales exploiting, by the screen, war propaganda tending to counteract pacifist sentiment. Its success was undoubted, in reaching the masses living far from the influences of metropolitan centers.

England used a group of ten of these mobile trucks and it is reported that there are more under construction. This conveyance has been liberally discussed in educational centers of this country and will very likely come into use in the near future—particularly in connection with the exploitation of the hundreds of reels of instructive film now forming a part of the educational energies of the various extension universities.

**C**HILD-LIFE is to be thoroughly depicted through motion pictures, according to the plan of the Texas Congress of Mothers. This organization, active for some time, as early as 1917 realized the usefulness of the screen in the dissemination

of child-raising information. With this in mind a chairman of motion pictures was appointed. As a result a Motion Picture Child Welfare Exhibit was established, now being shown throughout the state.

Immediate arrangements were made to visit the larger cities in the state with a view of seeking the co-operation of health departments, humane societies, federated charity organizations, parent teacher associations, welfare boards, play park supervisors, county and city hospitals, and all organizations interested in the welfare of the child. The result of these efforts is that the Texas Congress of Mothers has now established a Motion Picture Child-Welfare Exhibit consisting at present of approximately five thousand feet of Child-Welfare activities in Texas.

The first reel treats of pre-natal care, infant hygiene, obstetrical work, preparation, modification and distribution of milk from Infant Welfare and Milk Stations; "Weighing and Measuring" children in schools and clinics (this in accordance with Government outlined plans).

The second reel treats of the kindergarten age, day nurse-



ries for American and foreign children, work of humane societies, federated charities, work of parent-teacher associations in establishing lunch rooms and cooking classes for young mothers.

The third reel takes up the child at school age, picturing the recreational work in public schools, city play parks, nature study classes, the "back to school drive."

The third reel also shows the splendid work in the rural schools in Harris County, the means of transporting children for miles around to the various schools in the district. It shows the work in some of the Houston schools in the teaching of the deaf to speak, and the teaching of the sub-normal child.

The fourth reel treats of the Health Conferences held by the University of Texas, their Inter-scholastic League work in rural schools.

The fifth reel treats of the college life of the girl in Texas'

great College of Industrial Arts, where the girls are prepared for future home-makers and mothers. This takes up the department of home economics, nature study, and the kindergarten work as taught in the college.

This Motion Picture Exhibit was first shown at the State Child Welfare Conference held in Wichita Falls in November last, and is now being circulated over the state, subject to the call of Parent-Teacher Associations, Civic organizations and all interested in the welfare of the child, there being no cost attached to the usage of the exhibit other than transportation charges to and from destination, and damage to film.

Additions will be made to the exhibit from time to time as suitable material can be secured, it being the intention of the committee to depict child-life in a way which is most convincing to the general public—through the movies.

(Continued on page 125)

#### ASK THIS DEPARTMENT

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theatres.
2. To find for you the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures.

Address: Educational Department  
**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, CHICAGO**  
 (Send stamped, self-addressed envelope)

A snapshot of Corporal J. Stuart Blackton, Jr. and his father, posed the day the soldier arrived from France.



## Chaplin Holds the Rhine!

By CORPORAL

J. STUART BLACKTON, JR.

**T**HE only American who performed the amazing feat of marching into every German point of occupation simultaneously after the armistice was declared was Private Charlie Chaplin, Hollywood regiment, Merriment Division.

It was my impression that the buoyancy of the American soldier even during the dark days of the war was in a large part due to the diverting influence of the motion picture.

Through the Y. M. C. A. the motion picture entered the war with the first shipment of soldiers overseas, and it followed them through drill days, fighting days, and did not forsake them at the blast of the armistice whistle but went right along with the army of occupation into Germany.

The Y. M. C. A. commandeered all of the large halls in the occupied German cities and towns, and even as this is written the boys are watching Charlie Chaplin from seats as comfortable as those provided in theatres back home.

The shows were not all held in actual theatres, however, during the war. At La Chalade, a little town in the Argonne, the scene of some of the bloodiest fighting of the war, I found a subterranean theatre in which shows were conducted nightly. At Fleville, three days before the armistice was signed, I witnessed a show where operator and audience were compelled to don gas masks. During a performance at Grande Pre a shell knocked off a corner of the building but the show went on.





The only thing that protects the sensitive nail root is the 1/2 inch of cuticle

Don't do this! It makes the cuticle ragged

Remove the dead skin gently, safely this way

# The wrong and the right way to care for your cuticle

## Learn to keep it smooth without ruinous cutting

WHEN you use knife or scissors on your cuticle, you cut into the living skin. If you look through a magnifying glass, you will see that this is so—that you have made tiny, jagged cuts in the flesh itself. The skin in its effort to heal these ugly little places, grows up quickly, unevenly, and forms thick, rough, ragged cuticle.

### How to keep your cuticle smooth

You can keep your cuticle so thin, smooth, even, that it gives especial beauty to your hand.

Wrap a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it into the Cutex bottle and work the stick around the base of the

nail, gently pushing back the dead cuticle. Wash the hands in warm, soapy water, pressing back the cuticle edge when drying your hands. In this way you keep your cuticle in perfect condition with no breaking or cutting of the skin.

Thousands of women have learned that Cutex makes haugnails and rough, heavy cuticle a thing of the past.

To keep your hands well groomed all the time

With less time than you spend each week brushing your teeth, you can keep your nails conspicuously attractive. Once or twice a week give them a quick Cutex manicure. You will enjoy seeing your hands *always* looking perfectly groomed, lovely.

At any drug or department store you can get Cutex. The Cuticle Remover comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.



Cutex Powder Polish in this improved ivory-like tube, 35c

## A complete trial manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon today with 21c, and we will send you the complete Midget Manicure Set shown below. This will give you at least six Cutex manicures.

Address Northam Warren, Dept. 706, 114 W. 17th St., New York City. If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 706, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

MAIL COUPON With 21c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN  
Dept. 706, 114 W. 17th St., N. Y. C.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

Send 21c for this complete Manicure Set







This picture was taken of June just after she seized the idea of contributing to the world's food supply. Hence the smile.

## "I'm a Rotten Gardener!"

SOME press agent will doubtless lose his job because that confession leaked out. One of film publicity's best bets is the oft-used information that Miss So-and-so is a successful gardener. But June Elvidge tried all spring to grow something eatable in her yard out in Westchester, N. Y. and the only item that bloomed despite her care and attention was weeds.



You and we know why the water isn't running through the hose. If June would only run her eye along the hose—





## Don't "borrow or steal" because your prettiest things are soiled!

"FOR goodness sake, Barbara! How did you do it?" asked the girls. "*I have trueforesight,*" replied Barbara solemnly. "If my very prettiest blouse or collar or camisole happens to be soiled when I get a bid to go somewhere, I toss it into a bowlful of delicate Lux suds and make it fresh again in half a minute."

Lux is as delicate as the things it launders. It comes in white, transparent flakes that dissolve instantly in hot water and whip up into the purest cleansing lather.

Anything that water won't injure, you can trust to the rich Lux suds.

Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

### USE LUX FOR THESE

Lace Collars  
Washable Satin  
Collars and Cuffs  
Organdy Collars and Cuffs  
Sweaters  
Silk Underwear  
Silk Stockings  
Washable Gloves  
Washable Satin  
Skirts and Petticoats  
Georgette Blouses  
Crepe de Chine  
Blouses  
Corsets  
Spats

### TO WASH SILK BLOUSES

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Squeeze the suds through your blouse—do not rub. Rinse three times in clear, lukewarm water. Dry in the shade. When nearly dry, press with a warm iron—never a hot one. Georgette crêpe blouses should be gently pulled into shape as they dry and also should be shaped as they are ironed.



*There is nothing for fine laundering like Lux*



# Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**THIS** is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



## It's Greek to Us.

**I**N Norma Talmadge's "The Forbidden City"—two notes of Chinese character were shown. That was all right but when they were seen to be flashed on upside down—that was too much for a person born in China! Also who ever heard of a Chinese worshipping Buddha? *Some* mistake!

A CHINESE-BORN AMERICAN, East Orange, N. J.

## Perhaps He Could Still Smell

**I**N "The Honor System," Miriam Cooper brings some flowers to Milton Sills who has been blinded during his term of imprisonment. *Fancy bringing flowers to a blind man!* It must be interesting indeed to listen to a bunch of flowers.

In the same picture, Milton manages to send a wireless to Japan. The receiving station there is in a beautiful little bamboo cottage. Looks very nice and pretty, but let me tell you that the wireless station even in Japan is in an ordinary brick and mortar building and not in a nice pretty little bamboo tea-house.

K. O. JR.,  
Christiana, Norway.

## That Would Be Inhuman!

**I**N "Hands Up" with Ruth Roland our hero and his cowpunchers dress like '48 and Ruth, like 1918. Why the mixture of 1848 and 1918? Every time Ruth gets into trouble which is often, our hero is right there

with a dozen cowpunchers who are always at the ranch house. If they are supposed to be cowpunchers why dont they punch cows now and then?

W. B. ELM, Portland, Ore.

## Get a New Doctor!

**I**N "Ashes of Love," the faithless wife is dying of pneumonia, while the unsuspecting and doting husband stands by the bedside with the doctor, praying that something can be done. Yet she is wearing a flimsy, lacy night gown, and the covers are held below her armpits, leaving chest, shoulders, and arms exposed.

MAE RUSSELL, Los Angeles.

## Bessie Wore Large Shoes

**I**N "A Trick of Fate" Bessie Barriscale, walking in the park, removes her slipper. A large hole in the sole is shown, while the heel, one of those high affairs, and which was plainly visible, showed no wear at all. She then calmly folds and refolds part of a newspaper until she has at least twenty thicknesses of paper, uses it as an innersole and slips her foot in just as easy, seemingly with no effort at all.

E. R. MASON, Joliet, Ill.

## A Horse Before His Time

**I**N "Eye for Eye" I noticed among the numerous handsome steeds one that was bob-tailed. Was this the fashion among the Bedouins?

K. A. STUELKE, Cape May, N. J.

## A Three Dollar Bill

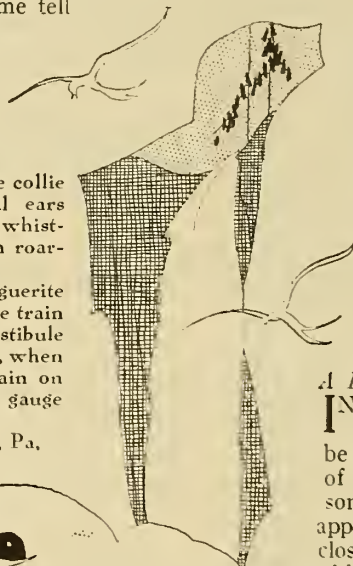
**I**N "The Dub," Wallace Reid, goes riding in a taxi. At the end of the ride the register shows that two dollars and ten cents must come out of his pocket. He hands the chauffeur a bill (only *one* bill) and receives silver change.

M. L. LINDEN, New Rochelle, N. Y.

## A Stowaway De Luxe

**I**N "The Man Hunter," William Farnum became a stowaway on the ship which carried the villain. Discovered, he was put to work polishing the rails, it looked like; and finally encountered the villain in the ship's salon! I've crossed several times and I didn't know they permitted the workmen to mingle with the first-class passengers.

BETTY EVANS, Chicago, Ill.



## Woodman—Spare That Tree!

**I**N "The Heart of Humanity" one of the widow's sons is shown cutting a tree, using the dull side of the axe.

F. E. L., Dallas.

## A Lover and Father

**I**N "The Spreading Evil," a young man is sitting at his desk, on which can be seen a good-sized framed photograph of his father. When the latter pays his son a visit, he picks up the photograph, apparently happy at his son's devotion. A close-up is then shown of the picture, which reveals itself to be that of the boy's sweetheart. Yet, in following scenes taken in the same office, one can plainly notice the father's picture on the desk.

L. STEIN, Corona, L. I.

## Falsifying False Faces

**H**AVING just seen Henry Walthall in "False Faces" I would like to ask:

Since when do they carry life preservers on the boat deck and not in the cabin?

Since when does an officer go into the crow's nest, and if he does see a sub, why not use the phone to the bridge instead of the megaphone?

Why does a ship of that size run with lights blazing in the war zone and portholes uncovered?

Why does the submarine come straight up to pick up Lone Wolf? They always come up under headway by use of the horizontal rudders.

What kind of submarine uses a large wooden wheel to steer with?

How does the helmsman steer without compass or binnacle? How does—but that's enough for now.

A. W. O. L., Boston.





# POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER



## “LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT”

**H**ER beauty instantly captivates him. His glances linger at first delightedly, then lovingly, upon the dainty texture of her skin.

Nearly every woman can find the secret of “Instant Beauty” in the “Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette.” First a touch of Fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream. Work this softening, vanishing cream well into the skin, so that the powder will not stick in spots. Now the Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, with its pearly touch and captivating perfume. Then a bit of Pompeian BLOOM on the cheeks. This touch of color adds the bloom of youthful beauty and makes your eyes seem darker and more lustrous. Presto! What a change in a few moments.

*“Don’t envy beauty—use Pompeian and have it”*

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, Pompeian DAY Cream or Pompeian BLOOM may be used separately or together. Sold by your druggist at 50c for each article. Guaranteed to give satisfaction (or money refunded) by the makers of the well-known Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream and Pompeian HAIR Massage.

### SPECIAL HALF-BOX AND PANEL OFFER (Positively only one to a family)

To one person only in a family we will send a special box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (containing exactly one-half regular 50c package), a Liberty Girl

Att Panel and samples of DAY Cream and BLOOM for only two dimes. Many interesting beauty experiments can be made with the samples.



POMPEIAN CO., 2131 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Enclosed find two dimes. Send me your One-half Box Powder and 1919 Panel offer. No member of my family has accepted this offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City.....State.....

Flesh shade sent unless white or brunette requested

THE POMPEIAN MANUFACTURING CO.

2131 Superior Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.





When Earl W. Hammons started out to take his audiences around the world with his reels of film, he had never been farther north than Van Cortlandt park. Five years ago he showed Rainey's "Arctic Hunt." Today he is general manager and guiding spirit of The Educational Films Corporation, a world-wide influence where screen instruction is combined with entertainment.



## Putting Sugar on the Pill

Perhaps Hammons began to sweeten education to get a nature-fake off his conscience.

**F**IVE years ago a New York man got a lone print of Rainey's "Arctic Hunt." He hoped to send it out with a well-informed lecturer of snappy manner and slick address, and make some money. But fate separated his forces—that is to say, his picture and his talker. His first booking was of the hurry-up sort, via the telephone on Saturday afternoon, and the spicler was not to be found.

But the embryo manager still had his ingenuity, though he had lost his words and music. He turned to his partner—they were young business men in the high wilderness of downtown Gotham.

"You take it up, Earl," he said; "you know all about this stuff."

"Like Germany I do! My farthest north has been Van Cortlandt park!"

"At least," returned the first speaker, as a concluding argu-

ment, "you're a darned sight better liar than I am. Don't let's argue—beat it!"

He did.

And thus Earl W. Hammons, general manager and guiding spirit of The Educational Films Corporation, now a world-wide influence where screen instruction is combined with entertainment, tumbled head first into the picture business—of which, up to that moment, he knew absolutely nothing.

"That booking," said Mr. Hammons in smiling reminiscence at a luncheon in The Claridge, recently, "was at Briarcliffe Manor, before a club audience of men and women who were globetrotters, explorers, hunters and mountain-climbers. I felt my heart sinking and my face turning green. To accommodate my partner in his cursed little side-venture I had made myself a fool and a liar before a gathering any one of whom could have given a better discourse (Continued on page 93)



# MOVY-DOLS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will picture each month a Movie Star with character make-ups just as they appear in real life

MARY PICKFORD

No. 1

and some of her most popular Photoplay characters.

First cut out the page so you can handle it conveniently. Then cut out figures carefully on outlines, with scissors. Use sharp knife point to cut along dotted lines. Letters indicate which figures may be used together.

DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY PERCY REEVES



CUT FROM WRIST TO END OF SECOND FINGER SO SHE CAN HOLD KITTEN

FOLD BACK

AS "THE LASS OF KILLEAN"



MARYCHARLIGRIFIDOU



FOLD BACK

AS

"THE LITTLE PRINCESS"



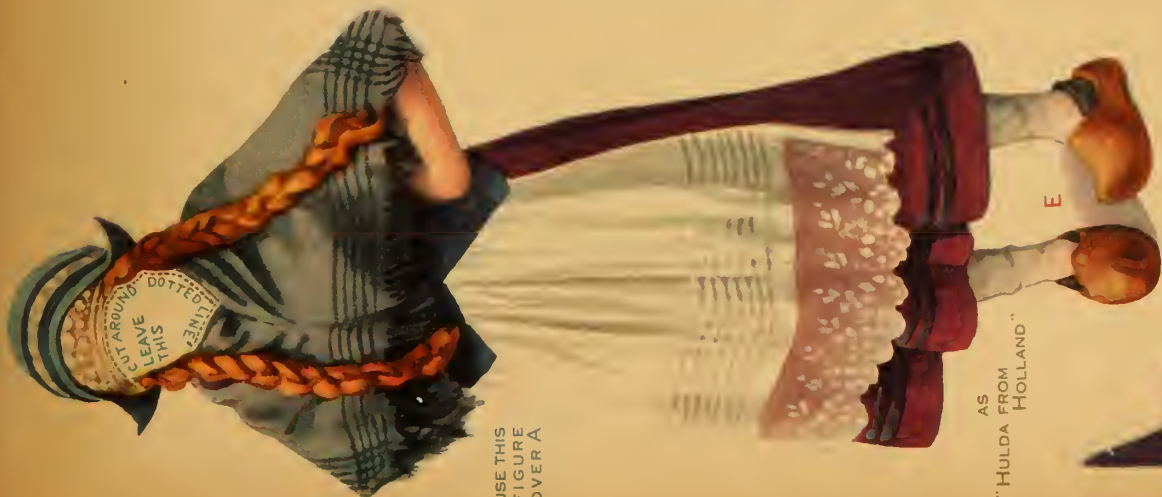
FOLD BACK

FOLD BACK

MARY PICKFORD.

HERSELF

MARY PICKFORD. HERSELF



USE THIS FIGURE OVER A

AS "HULDA FROM HOLLAND"





Photo by courtesy Milford Theatre, Chicago

## AT LAST!

# *A Gate to the Magic Land Behind the Screen*

**Y**OU'VE always thought of the screen as a vacant sheet of two dimensions, with nothing behind it but a brick wall, or mere emptiness. A mirror for the reflection of splendid personalities who never could possibly have any real existence for the vast majority of their audiences.

The speaking stage always held one advantage; you saw real people. Besides which, you knew they were *there*, and that there was a *real* area behind the steel curtain which divided the wings from the auditorium. Possibly, too, you might go behind the scenes and see these magic mimic people as they really were.

The biggest news of the motion picture year is that *a gate to the mysterious country behind the screen has been found*. You don't need a friend in the box-office to intro-

duce you, now, to the famous folk of the movies. You will go home with them—you will meet their friends—you will see their houses—you will know their little fads and foibles and ways as if you had been a friend and neighbor for the term of all your life.

Has your theatre acquired this Magic Gate? If it hasn't, and if it doesn't in the immediate future, it must be very largely your fault.

The gate is

## *Photoplay Magazine Screen Supplement*

The movie-goer, child or grown-up, who fails to see this series, just beginning, is missing the most fascinating pictures ever made. Everything in them is *real*—from a view of Mary Miles Minter telling a joke to her director, to Geraldine Farrar in her magnificent New York home, looking over her new gowns.

The Screen Supplement possesses the same spirit as Photoplay Magazine, its parent. It shows you "the stars as they are" as faithfully as your own invasion of their real lives could possibly do. And it presents these revelations as interestingly and as brightly as the editors of Photoplay Magazine can make them.

*If your neighborhood theatre manager does not show the Screen Supplement, make him promise to do so. Don't miss these fascinating pictures.*

Distributed by The EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION OF AMERICA, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City



upon Mr. Rainey's scenes. Nevertheless, there could be no backing out. I ran the film through once to pick my nature-faker's path, located the fire exit in case of emergency, opened the doors to the club members, and told the operator to shoot.

"I dwelt upon the humanities, rather than upon natural history. Instead of discursing upon the habits of the fur-bearing seal I selected an ingratiating Eskimo who looked like Roscoe Arbuckle—and told how, a few minutes after this film had been taken, he met a horrible death while heroically rescuing the whole party from an ice-doe. I singled out the saddest member of the party and planted on his helpless person all the funny adventures I could recall from Joe Miller. When we got to a title I told the same facts again in seven ways. Where I had to get geologic I went back beyond any age in the text-books—to the Munchausen age, it must have been.

"My serious thoughts on the subject of educational pictures all came afterwards, witty speeches occur to one the morning after the banquet. I began to think what a really big, fine topic I had helplessly travestied—what a great field was open, and wholly unexplored, in motion pictures which could teach people things, and show them the world.

"So I quit my endeavors in the financial district, and went into films in a serious way.

"The term 'educational films' left a bad taste in the mouth, then. All my friends told me I was crazy to start in something that regular motion picture men had made a failure of.

"But I felt confident that the real meaning in educational film had never been discovered; that instead of being enlightened, people had only been bored.

"Why grind away for fifty feet on a single close-up, or some immovable object? Why not jump away after a five-foot flash?

There was really no reason you could not educate a man—if you kept him thinking you were merely entertaining him.

"For instance: you would have a hard time getting a laboring man, after his dinner, equipped with text-books and a possible encyclopedia or two to learn the habits and habitat of the Bengal tiger. But take that man away from his work, away from the same room that he sees night after night when he returns from the factory—take him to India with you, introduce him to the people, let him have a laugh on them and a good time with them, let him penetrate the jungle as you penetrate it, move swiftly always, speak a plain language in your titles and answer only his unworded questions in them—then that man will find education a diversion and a pleasure.

"The Government found the possibilities of film education in war practically unlimited. In teaching a rookie the manual of arms it is much easier to show him in film form just what is wanted than to put it in tactical words and stiff drawings.

"The heads of numerous large industries are awaking to the fact that a greater volume of business can be produced and more scientific methods devised in their factories by showing their employees, in an entertaining manner on the screen, the correlative value of each man's work.

"It is silly to say that the film will supplant the text-book in the schools. The film will, and is, going hand-in-hand with the text-books, showing things that words cannot visualize. Film will soon be an indispensable instructor, as much of a demonstrator and expounder as the teacher or the professor, in every school in the world.

"Instructive film has one handicap over the book that the book never will overcome. A text-book is always a pill. The text-film is the sugar-coating on the pill."

**D**ON'T Pity  
The Poor  
Working Girl.  
You Know her,  
In the Movies—  
The Gentle Gazelle  
With a Prop Hat  
And Silk Stockings.  
An Amiable Suffragette  
Of the  
Department-Store-Subway.  
She's Lost in the Lingerie  
She has to Sell.  
It's  
All Marked Down  
From \$1.98, and this  
Baby-Bolshevik  
Should be Occupying  
The Verilatest  
In Silk Sweet-Nothings.  
Her Name is Clisma, and  
How one Does Pity Her—  
Almost as Much  
As she Pities herself.  
So Does  
The Young Man  
Who Waits on the Corner.  
This Young Man  
Is an Artist a la Carte.  
He has Office-hours  
From Nine till Six—  
Every Other Month.  
He has a Mustache—  
He Must Have a Mustache.  
And on the Corner  
Near his Waiting Fiat.  
He Lingers, to  
Catch a Glimpse of Clisma  
In the Cataclysmic Ourush  
Of the Department-Store-Subway.  
Clisma sees him Suddenly  
For the First Time—  
After Staring Steadfastly Beyond Him  
For Two Weeks.  
And Goes Home,  
And Thumbs through *Vogue*,  
And Cries.  
Within Clis is a Yearning



He offers her the band of gold.

## Pity Not the P. W. G.!

By DELIGHT EVANS

For Better Things—  
For Boudoir Caps,  
And a Chaise Longue,  
And a Statuette  
Of Mercury or deMilo  
On a Marble-topped Table  
In a *Studio* Drawing-room.  
As for the Chaise longue—  
Clisma wouldn't know  
What to do with one  
If she had it.  
She Thought Maybe  
It was Something  
One Wore Around one's Neck.  
On a Chain.  
And Clis May Not Know  
Much About Art.  
But she Does Know  
What she Likes  
And her Father  
Won't Dress for Dinner.

Her Mother  
Will Wear an Apron  
Around the House,  
And her Sister Persists  
In Framing  
Harrison Fisher Girls  
For their Joint Boudoir.  
She Simply Cannot  
Endure this Life  
Any Longer.  
She Leaves.  
It's Tea for Two  
In the Young  
Man's Mansion—  
Sure Enough  
there's Mercury—  
And One Sip of  
Orange-Pekoe—  
(The Chicago Board  
of Censors  
Liked the Rest of this  
Reel So Well  
They Decided  
To Cut it Out and Keep It)  
The Next we See of Clis  
Is in a Very Close-Up.  
She was Mistaken

About the Chaise Longue,  
And She's About Decided  
To Return to the Old Home.  
It Culminates—  
If you Stay to See it Through—  
In Clis Going Back to the Old Job;  
And the Man Waiting for her—  
He'd Left the Old Life  
Since she Left him—  
And Offering her  
The Little Reassuring  
Band of Gold. Oh-so-Happy—  
And Doesn't Clis look Cunning  
In her Orange Blossoms  
Tripping to the Tune  
Of Mendelssohn's Medley?

Don't Pity  
The Poor Working Girl.  
Heaven Helps those  
Who Help themselves.



# Yes!-hair can be removed without injury to the skin or complexion

Explaining a New Method That  
Makes the "Unavoidable" Growth  
of Hair Unpardonable!



**T**HERE is a new way to remove hair. A *scientifically correct*, superior toilet preparation; dainty, exquisite, harmless; that meets the most exacting requirements of women of refinement.

This remarkable new preparation is called NEET. And it leaves many old methods, against which there has always been so strong a prejudice, definitely without place.

*That's because in the discovery of NEET, Science finally solved the problem of removing hair without irritation--without injury!*

#### WHAT NEET IS

NEET is an *antiseptic cream-lotion* that not only removes hair, but, in the same operation, bleaches the skin to perfect whiteness! It is ready for service, without mixing or musing!

Apply the same as a cold cream. Let stand a few minutes, and then rinse off with clear water. That's all! The hair will be gone--rinsed away. *And the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white!*

Different in formula, action and effect from any other preparation of similar function, *NEET* is warranted to neither irritate the skin nor injure the complexion, no matter *how frequently used!* Doctors are adopting it in hospital practice to remove hair from patients about to be operated on.

#### BEGIN USING NEET TODAY

If you are still employing old methods, NEET--cooling, soothing and dainty--will come as a delightful contrast. The most welcome accessory ever reaching your vanity table!

Use it freely, and without hesitancy, on the face, the underarm, the forearm--wherever needed--and you will be delighted with its *thoroughness* and with the feeling of absolute cleanliness it leaves. Which says nothing of the fact that, with NEET as your ally, you may now wear even the sheepest of stockings without a single misgiving!

#### WHERE TO OBTAIN NEET

NEET is on sale at toilet goods counters in nearly all Department, and Drug Stores in the United States. Or, by mail, postpaid. Two sizes: 50 cents, or three times the quantity for \$1.

#### Special

If you cannot obtain NEET at your dealer's, clip the coupon below and mail it in with 50 cents for the small size--or \$1.00 for the large--and receive your supply by return post, in unmarked wrapper.

#### MAIL THIS COUPON

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For the enclosed <sup>50c</sup>  
<sup>\$1.00</sup> send NEET to

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CITY ..... STATE .....

# Neet

*The Non-irritant Depilatory*

HANNIBAL PHARMACAL COMPANY,  
St. Louis, U. S. A.





# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

**LUCY OF NEW SWEDEN.**—Salisbury? Pronounce it any way you want—we can't hear you. Monroe is making pictures right along for Universal, at U. City, in California. It's not far from Los Angeles; why, do you want to go out there and watch Monroe work? If you like Monroe well enough to ask where he is working you will probably like to know sooner or later whether or not he is married. He says he isn't.

**HIGH-FLYER, BARRON FIELD.**—If I come down you'll take me up, eh? I'm not old-fashioned, though you do call me, patronizingly, "dear old fellow." You question my veracity; in one issue I say I "picked a wicked uke at college" and two months later I asserverate "I never went to college." Inasmuch as I can't have obtained much of a degree in that short time the supposition is that if I ever had attended colleg I didn't study law. Very good. I don't know—or if I do I'm not telling. But I think you're right in your supposition. See?

**JAMES A., PA.**—You'd like to know if an education is necessary to become connected with motion picture work. Well, Jim, it all depends on what you want to be. If an actor, not much, just enough to be able to spell "Sincerely" correctly in autographing your photographs. But if you want to direct, you must have a working knowledge of the Thesaurus. Really the only person who seems to need no education is the scenario writer. Look at the sub-titles of some pictures and you will see that spelling, grammar, and geography mean nothing in the writer's eight-hour-day at the old Underwood. This doesn't go for all, of course. And there may be a chance for you: some of the real writers—such as Julian Josephson used to be a shoe salesman, John Lynch used to be a theatre manager, while C. Gardner Sullivan was a newspaper man and John Emerson an actor once. So there's hope for you, James.

**BROWNIE, N. Y. C.**—But do you still like me, anyway? Poor kind of devotion that doesn't survive an occasional infelicity. No, I couldn't object to your khaki stationary—not even conscientiously. And you'll see those pictures and stories in future issues, from time to time. Sometimes stories we have planned are crowded out by new ones; we don't always have room for all the good

things so we hold 'em over until the next month.

**PAULINE, MILWAUKEE.**—D. W. Griffith had two famous visitors out at his Hollywood studio when he commenced work on a new picture. Bayard Veiller who wrote



Griffith studios. Gladys Leslie, eastern Vitagraph; Viola Dana, May Allison, Metro, Hollywood; Anita Stewart, Lois Weber studios, Hollywood; Enid Bennett, Ince, Culver City, Cal.; Gloria Swanson, Lasky; June Caprice, Albert Capellani company; William S. Hart, Hart studios, Hollywood. Ella Hall was with Lasky last; she is married to Emory Johnson and she is pretty busy just now taking care of the latest member of the family. It's a boy. The Johnsons are at present living in Santa Barbara. Pearl White isn't married.

**H. C., ENID, OKLA.**—The mighty are falling pretty fast nowadays. A former bolshevik leader is now a tailor. We don't dare keep our heads in the clouds all the time; somebody is apt to trip us. Douglas Fairbanks? Hollywood, California. will reach him. Doris Lee is the fluffly young woman with Charles Ray; write to her at the Thomas H. Ince studios, Culver City, California. Lillian Gish is twenty-three.

**MRS. J. P. R., SOUTH PARIS.**—So this is South Paris! Can't understand why you have never received photographs from Tom Meighan and Billie Burke if you enclosed twenty-five cents to cover postage; but perhaps they were pretty busy at the time and you will hear from them eventually. Thanks for the clipping; but what has that to do with the case?

**B. D. V. R., KNOXVILLE.**—I could mix those letters up so you wouldn't know 'em, but I won't. I am relieved to learn that I am the most adorable man on earth excepting Mr. Harrison Ford. Personally I deny the exception. You say you're a nurse and that you and I are alike in that I have patience and you have—oh, really, my dear! William Russell was married to Charlotte Burton. Neither is married now. You look a little like Gloria Swanson. Beverly Virginia; but I can't send you mine in exchange because I never had the nerve to sit for a photograph. Don't know why it is. "I'm glad you asked me, I'm glad you asked me," is a famous "line" from the Follies of 1918, pulled by Savoy and Brennan. Some one I know has known S. and B. (sounds like a tooth-powder) for years and doesn't know yet whether the S. stands for Sarah or Sam. Female impersonator, you know. I have been accused of practicing this deception on some of my readers but it is not so.

"Within the Law," "The Thirteenth Chair," and other stage thrillers, and Irvin S. Cobb, whose chief claim to fame is his line about the non-privacy of gold-fish—took turns at the crank for the first scenes. One christened the film with the other acting as godfather. "Now," said Mr. Cobb, to Mr. Griffith, "make a wish for this next Griffith classic." "I wish," said Mr. Griffith—"I wish it was finished." (Add Famous Sayings of Famous Men.) Lillian Gish, care

## The Essential

By DOROTHY DEJAGER

ONE wrote her sonnets;  
swore her face  
Was lovelier than April's  
dawn.  
And though to this poetic  
soul  
She undeniably was  
drawn  
She married him who  
worried when  
She didn't have her rub-  
bers on.



(Continued)

ANITA, WAYNE, PA.—If an actress shows a tendency to really act, she is immediately made the head of her own company and that usually cures her. You chide me for my extreme sarcasm, assuring me that they can't help it. Neither can I. William Faversham is not working in pictures; he merely made one photoplay for Famous Players-Lasky, a picturization of "The Silver King," from the old melodrama. Barbara Castleton is with him in this. Now he is on the stage. He is married to Julie Opp, and has two—I believe it is two small sons. Very well known on the stage? Very.

MARGARET, INT. FALLS, MINN.—I don't know what "Int." stands for—or rather Int. Falls means. "Int." means, to me, "Collector of Internal Revenue." I just signed along the dotted line. No, you're right; I don't make that much; it's a private income I have; a wealthy aunt whom I've never seen—in New England—died and left me something. Not much, you understand, but something. What kind of pictures do you desire, Margaret? Seems to me those in our art section not to mention those scattered about the book, would satisfy the most fastidious. Jack Warren Kerrigan, Hampton studios, L. A.; Bryant Washburn, Lasky, Hollywood; Clara Kimball Young, Brunton, L. A.; William Farnum, Fox, Los Angeles; Kenneth Harlan, Los Angeles Athletic Club.

PEGGY C. G., BALTIMORE.—I was just out to lunch and went by a motion picture theatre that had a sign: "Theda Bara as Advertised in Love with Fatty Arbuckle." I want to know! As to the Tom Moore thing: he was married to Alice Joyce, and was Mabel Normand's leading man for Goldwyn only. (Sounds like a problem play.) I like Tom's smile. And Bill Hart has denied that engagement and his retirement many, many times. My thanks to Mother.

ALMA B., CINCINNATI.—Many thanks for the Thrift Stamp. I gave it to a small relative of mine who is fond of the green glue on 'em. Nothing like encouraging saving habits in the young. There isn't any serial called "The Hooded Terror,"—he's a mysterious character in Pathe's chapter thriller featuring Pearl White. Here's a list of all the actors appearing in it: Antonio Moreno—whom I think resembles Stuart Holmes not at all—J. H. Gilmour, Paul Clerget, Peggy Shaynor, and J. Webb Dillon. "Cheating Cheaters," recently produced by Clara Kimball Young, had never been done on the screen before. The stage play was only produced two seasons ago. Marjorie Rambeau was in it.

W. A. P., NEW YORK.—That's all right—you can kid me about living in Chicago, Illinois. The old town may be rough but at least it's finished. Otherwise, we agree perfectly. There will be, I believe, an interview with Henry B. Warner in an early issue of the Greatest Magazine as all my correspondents have called it this month—or perhaps it would be more correct to say an interview with little Joan Warner. I didn't see H. B. on the stage in "Sleeping Partners" as he left the company before it played Chicago. I saw him, however, when he was here and also his wife, Mrs. Warner, who is charming. H. B. wears spats and speaks with an accent but all in all he's a regular toff. (I hope that's English for regular guy.) His first picture for Robert-

son-Cole is called "The Man Who Turned White." I don't know why.

JUST BILLIE, 10.—That may mean the year and then again the years. From the snapshot you sent me, Billie, I should say that you lied about your age; that you're really only sixteen. I'd like to see you in the movies and will gladly pay my two-bits-and-tax to catch even a glimpse of you as atmosphere in a flimm. Please pose for



### STARDOM'S HEIGHT

**T**O raise the Jester to a thing sublime,  
To leave where other memories come  
and fleet  
A star-dust imprint on the sands of Time  
For "bootless" emulation—Chaplin's "feat."

Oh, sacred misfits, great twin "soles" of  
mirth,  
In painful pacings o'er the silversheet  
The giddy height to stardom from this earth  
Ye scaled and found it measured—just two  
feet!

E. Codd, London, England

another and let it be smiling. Yes, I've heard the parody on that song and I think as a rule parodies are better than the songs themselves.

BUNNY, DAVENPORT.—My wife will never see your letter, Bunny. I may give foolish answers, sometimes, but I assure you they are not an index into my character, and I seldom perpetrate a foolish deed. Let my wife see your letter? Why, I couldn't—for I haven't a wife. I think Monroe Salisbury isn't married; however, on second thought, I believe—well anyway, his latest fillum is "The Light of Victory." For myself, I don't care for flowery titles; but I know the producers are always recommending their own fillums so titled, so I don't count.

J. D. C., CHICAGO.—There was a safe cracked in a picture house the other evening? Why, that's nothing new; I've seen it done hundreds of times. Mabel Normand—in a swim-suit—adorned our August, 1918, cover to the satisfaction of all concerned. Have you seen her in "Sis Hopkins"? Haven't any record of Johnny Sheehan who used to play in "Beauty" Comedies with John Stepping and Carol Holloway. Who knows about Johnny?

IRISH COLEEN, WASHINGTON, D. C.—You girls make me tired. You are the seventh today who has promised me some homemade fudge and all along I am existing on Hershey's chocolate. (ADV). We Answer Men must live and if you don't come through with some fudge—well, these may be the last questions I'll ever answer for you—and if you do come through these may be the last questions I'll ever answer for anybody). You say you simply won't be an old maid—you'll go in the movies first. Think of that! Charles Ray, care Ince, Culver City, Cal. Eugene O'Brien is with Famous Players-Lasky but he does so much coast-to-coast traveling, you'd better write him at the Hotel Royalton, New York. Harry Carey, Universal City. Hardly think Carey will send you one of his little dogs; still, stranger things have happened. Some actors even send their autographed photographs.

MRS. M. A. N., CHICAGO.—You want me to be truthful. Very well—I don't know of any studio that will undertake to teach anybody to be an actress and to write and market scenarios. The studios are all located in the East or West—most of them are in Hollywood, California. Essanay, the only Chicago studio, now open, has not had any real production activity for a long time except when the Sidney Drews rented it in February, 1919. Selig is through. Rothacker's is a commercial plant. Sorry.

CARL WALTON, BAZINE, KANSAS.—We like to get letters from Bazine. Next to Guelph, Ontario, Bazine, Kansas, is our favorite nom de town. Bebe Daniels? I don't blame you. You may see her in any of the Harold Lloyd comedies, for Pathe-Rolin—she's always The Girl, you know, opposite Harold—and some say in real life as well as on the screen she will always be his leading lady. "Going, Going, Gone!" is the brisk title of a new Lloyd film. Another is called "Ask Father." Mary Thurman is now with Lasky. Write to her there. Thanks very much.

FANNETTE.—I don't, either, sound like a fat man. I don't know just how a fat man is supposed to sound but when you continue—"One of those smart-aleck young fat men of about forty more or less mostly more" it begins to dawn that you are trying to insult me. Be careful; don't trifle with me or I won't answer your questions. And it would be a sweet revenge if I could decline to tell you that Dick Barthelme will very likely send you his photograph if you write him care Griffith studios, Hollywood. Lately in "Boots" with Dorothy Gish; also "The Hope Chest." For D. W. Griffith in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." Oh, yes, he's young and beautiful if you fancy that style of beauty. However, as you girls can't obtain my autographed photographs I suppose you must console yourselves with pictures of Dick, et al. Yes, he was in "War Brides." His mother, Caroline Harris, an actress, taught Nazimova the English language. I wish she'd give some of our budding emotionalists lessons. Toodleoo.

PRISCILLA.—In Name Only. You bet I was smart at school? There are no takers—you win. Gloria Swanson has been married—and divorced. David Powell is married. Billie Burke is in her early thirties and Constance Talmadge in her early twenties. My stenographer is doing her spring shocking, so I am pounding this out by myself.

(Continued on page 126)





**Ann Little**

and "Wally" Reid

In "The Roaring Road"

It looks as if "Wully" was wanted on the phone. Somebody is always taking the joy out of life. But the "party" will probably have to wait as Ann doesn't seem disposed to relinquish her grasp at this time.

Paramount Picture

Miss Ann Little is another famous star of the screen stage who states that she "prefers" Ingram's Milkweed Cream.



# Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Famous beauties of stage and screen as well as of society regard Ingram's Milkweed Cream as indispensable to the beauty of their complexion. We have on file hundreds of voluntary letters that testify to their regard for it. The difference between Ingram's Milkweed Cream and many so-called "face creams" is its therapeutic property. It is easy to find a cream that softens and cleanses the skin but only Ingram's Milkweed Cream does this and in addition tones up the tissues and keeps them in good condition. Ask your druggist for a jar today.

Buy it in either 50c or \$1.00 Size

There is Beauty in Every Jar



(152)

## Ingram's Velveola Souveraine

FACE POWDER

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY  
Established 1885

Windsor, Canada  
102 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.  
Australasian Agents, T. W. Cotton, Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, Australia

## Ingram's Rouge

"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not adsorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

Coupon

FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.

102 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

I enclose a dime in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Milkweed Cream, Rouge, Face Powder, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Ingram's Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

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How Jack Sherrill, a fighting juvenile, discovered that being the producer's son isn't at all like being

# The Candy Man's Child



Jack Sherrill and Alma Hanton, in "The Profiteer."

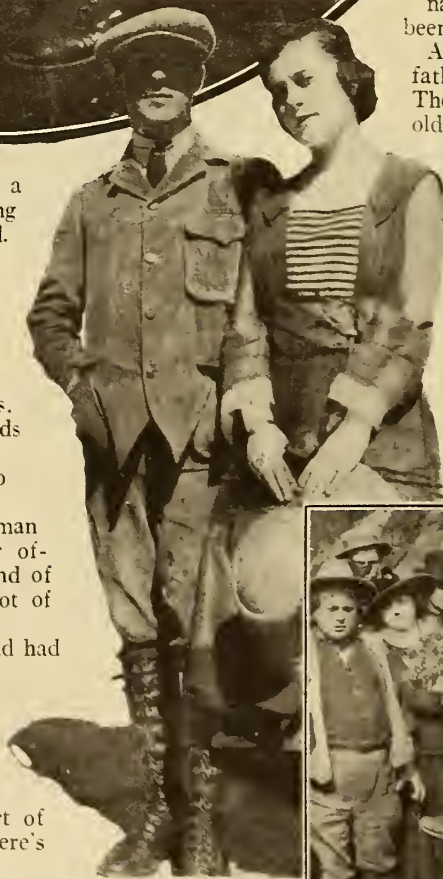
**W**HEN you were a kid—if you were a *real* kid—the quintessence of young royalty was the candy man's child. You rather pitied the banker's little boy. He had the name but not the game. His papa had piles of gold in his vaults, but you couldn't eat gold or have any fun playing with it, after all. The great thrill was standing before the confectioner's window and fancying yourself heir-apparent to literal buckets of chocolates, whole lumber yards of peanut-bar, cords and cords of black-jack, forests of snow-white cocoanut. Real juvenile royalty today lies in being born into a photoplay producer's family.

William L. Sherrill, president of the Frohman Amusement Corporation, was an American army officer during the Spanish War. He was in command of transport facilities at Havana, and he carried a lot of military grimness home to his family.

His boy Jack—when he passed his mid-teens and had done two years' grinding at college—quite naturally decided that he would be a movie hero. It was all in the family, anyway.

"No son of mine"—snapped his father in a truly court-martial manner—"is going to be a cow eyed matinee idol! If you want to be an actor you'll have to play human beings—any sort of human being the director casts you for. If there's a fight in your part you'll fight like Bill Farnum or I'll fire you myself. If you play a hero you'll have to play him like a man—not like a simp."

You can see the result of that talk, today, in Jack Sherrill's performance in "Once to Every Man." He is a real boy, and a lovable one, all the way—but a boy with intestines. He has two or



At the left, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Sherrill.

three fights, and those fights are fought with a ferocious disregard of lip and nose and eye and tooth that would give the red ghost of Jack London one of his old primordial thrills.

The young fellow is now on the Coast as juvenile lead in Texas Guinan's company, but the past year has been a busy one indeed for him.

As we have indicated, he accepted his father's advice to take things seriously. There was a pretty little eighteen-year-old Canadian girl whom he took so seriously that she became his wife, at Tampa, on Dec. 7th, 1917. Now Miss Dorothy Loraine Sherrill takes her papa and mamma just as seriously—though she probably wouldn't if she knew they were just a couple of kids.

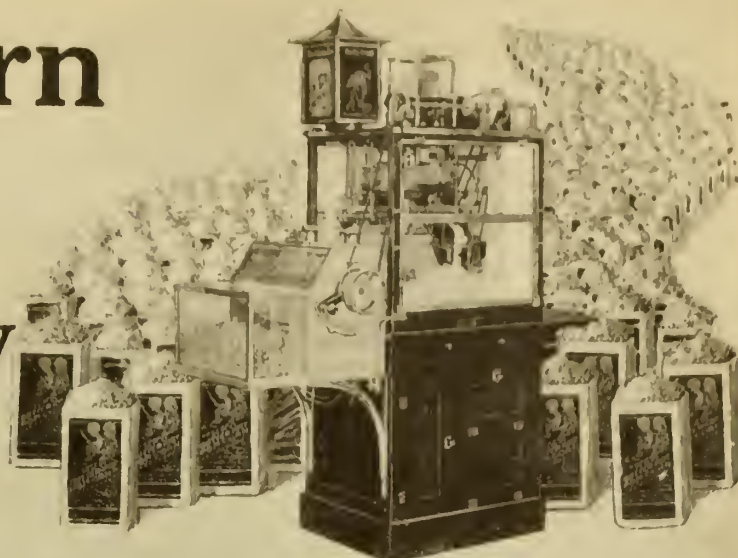
But then, Jack Sherrill's not so young. He'll be twenty-one in May.



At the right, a rough lumberjack is making a contortionist out of the young man—one of the Homeric fights in "Once to Every Man."



**Stores Earn  
\$600 to  
\$3120 Yearly  
From a Little  
Waste Space**



**The Greatest Payer  
That a Store or Theatre Can Have**

Do you realize that America is on the threshold of her greatest business era? Every day we are getting letters from Druggists, Confectioners, Grocers, Bakers, Department and Variety Stores and Film Exhibitors who want the Butter-Kist Pop Corn Machine to attract and expand the enormous retail trade set loose by the ending of war.

What are you doing to seize this life-time opportunity? Will you start right now by sending for our much-discussed Butter-Kist book and see the sales records and photographic proof of the hundreds of stores and theatres earning from \$60 to \$250 clear profit per month, AND MORE, from a little waste floor space 26 by 32 inches?

**Pays 4 Ways—Look!**

- 1—Motion makes people stop and look.
- 2—Coaxing fragrance makes them buy.
- 3—Toasty flavor brings trade for blocks.
- 4—Stimulates all store sales or theatre attendance.

**Took in \$10,000**  
"Have had our machine over 3 years and have taken in more than \$10,000 on pop corn and peanuts."  
—Bloomington, Ill., population 26,850.

**Bought Him a Car**  
"Profits derived from Butter-Kist machine first 12 months paid for machine and bought me a \$1,200 automobile besides."  
—Electra, Texas, population 640.

**Paid For Itself**  
"Paid for machine out of profits in less than a year."  
—Mt. Pleasant, Ia., population 3,874.

**Increased Other Sales 97%**  
"Made 49,015 sales of Butter-Kist pop corn and peanuts first year and it increased my sale of magazines 97 per cent."  
—Evansville, Ind., population 76,078.

**BUTTER-KIST Pop Corn Machine**

**PAY FROM YOUR PROFITS**

Our Easy Payment Plan gives every buyer a chance to pay right out of his Butter-Kist sales as thousands have done.

Don't think you have to be located in a busy center to make this machine pay. The beauty of the Butter-Kist is the way it draws trade to you. Many a business that never succeeded with-

out this machine has been put on its feet. An average of only 85 nickel bags a day means about \$1,000 a year profit.

Everybody loves pop corn and Butter-Kist ranks in highest favor because of Butter-Kist's exclusive toasty flavor, made under our patent process.

**Valuable** This coupon has started many a business man on the road to new profits.

Each read an advertisement like this and had the good horse-sense to know that it doesn't cost anything but a postage stamp to investigate.

If this machine pays big profits in towns of 300 and 400 population as well as in the largest cities, then no man in business can afford to ignore it. Mail the coupon now for full facts and amazing success records.

**HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.**  
146 Van Buren Street Indianapolis, Indiana

**For PROOFS, PHOTOS and PRICES**

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.,  
146 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Without obligation, send me your free Butter-Kist book — "America's New Industry" — with photos, sales records, and estimate of how much I can make with your machine.

Name .....

Business .....

Address .....



# Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK

**S**TUDIO wiseacres figure that Roscoe Arbuckle will make more money this year than Charlie Chaplin. The contract that Roscoe signed with Adolph Zukor calls for the delivery of twenty-two two-reel and two five-reel comedies during a period of three years at a total figure of \$3,000,000.

It is the biggest personal contract yet consummated in the film business. Arbuckle will get \$125,000 per negative, the same amount which Chaplin gets from First National, but the obese comedian has it all over the slender English lad when it comes to turning 'em out speedily.

**J A M E S** YOUNG, veteran director of photoplays and erstwhile husband of Clara Kimball Young and before that husband of Rida Johnson Young, noted playwright, has decided upon Clara Whipple as No. 3, according to published announcements. Miss Whipple played in a number of World pictures but recently has devoted her time to writing photoplays. Jimmie will still be three points behind Lew Cody in the filmplayers' matrimonial handicap.

**MARJORIE RAMBEAU** was very quietly wedded to Hugh Dillman McCaughy, her leading man, in New York during the month of March, providing an interesting episode in one of the serial romances of the theatre. The bride was formerly the wife of Charles W. McLaughlin—Willard Mack. They were divorced in 1917, and Mack married Pauline Frederick. Miss Rambeau embarked on a career of personal successes, includ-

ing "Eyes of Youth"—and became so popular in Manhattan that her mere vehicles ceased to count with her following. In her latest play, "The Fortune Teller," which was not a marked success and will perhaps have been withdrawn before this is read, Hugh Dillman—as he is known on the stage—enacts the lead-

comedies; she used to be Bill Desmond's leading woman for Triangle, and more recently has been his private secretary. The first Mrs. Desmond, Gertrude Lamson, sister of Nance O'Neil, died a little over a year ago; and Desmond said he would never marry again. But the friendship of his little blonde leading lady

meant a lot to him, and it wasn't long before his Irish heart succumbed to Mary. The Desmonds took a short honeymoon trip to New York; but by this time Bill is back on the lot making more pictures for Hampton.

**A**NOTHER marriage of interest is that of Beth Scully Fairbanks to James Evans, Jr., which took place March 12. Mrs. Fairbanks obtained her final decree of divorce from Douglas Fairbanks some time ago; the court awarded her the custody of her eight-year-old son, Douglas, Jr. Evans is a broker of Pittsburgh.

**W**ILL Lubin come back? There's a report that "Pop," who is now in Los Angeles, expects to re-enter the film business. If so the old Lubin Liberty Bell will be hauled from its resting

place, dusted, and made to ring again. It was all of four years ago that Lubin meant something in moving pictures. Lubin gave us Arthur Johnson's shadow, and Lottie Briscoe's; first found Ethel Clayton and Joseph Kaufman, Ormi Hawley, Earle Metcalfe, Louise—and Justina Huff; how many more can you name? However, Siegmund Lubin may, after all, reconsider. His hard-won savings could be easily lost, in the present-day competition. (Continued on page 102)



Four little Marshes all in a row—and the sweet-faced lady—if you can see behind the veil—holding the littlest girl, is Mrs. Mae Gish, mother of Lillian and Dorothy. The Marsh and Gish girls have been friends ever since their Biograph days. The occasion, here—the filming of race-track scenes in Laurel Canyon, California, for one of Miss Marsh's last pictures made in the West. The two kiddies belong to Mae's sister, Mrs. George O. Berthelon, at the extreme left.

ing opposite role. After one performance of the play, the star and her leading man added another act: they stepped over to the New York municipal building and became man and wife.

**A**NOTHER romance: one which culminated in Mary McIvor becoming Mrs. William Desmond. They were married, in Los Angeles, the latter part of March. Mary has been seen, of late, opposite "Smiling Bill" Parsons in his



# What you hesitate to tell your dearest friend

*A heart-to-heart talk about a physiological fact  
every woman should understand*

**I**GNORANCE that permits avoidable injury to ourselves and others is wrong. Such ignorance should be dispelled by frankness, though the telling of the facts may be difficult and unpleasant.

There is a certain physiological fact that even close friends have permitted to mar their companionship because of ignorance and a false sense of modesty.

You have known women ambitious socially and women aspiring for success in the business world who have fallen short of their hopes because of it.

We believe the time has come to do away with the false modesty that has made it possible for this thing to live so long, and by a simple and frank discussion, eliminate forever the social harm it does.

*A little thing —  
but it makes such  
a difference*

Many a woman who says, "No, I am never annoyed by perspiration," does not know the facts—does not realize how much greater her charm would be if she were entirely free from both its odor and moisture.

We all know that our body is covered with innumerable perspiration glands. We also know that those under the arms are usually more active than others.

But we do not consider that, although in most places perspiration evaporates quickly, under the arms it does not. Here the curve of the arm prevents rapid evaporation. So, even though we may be aware of no

*Many women write  
about their own  
experiences:*

**From a club woman**

*"I'd like to say how glad I am that women everywhere are beginning to wake up on this subject. . . . I feel the importance of it so keenly because only a short time ago I myself was shocked to find that, for years, I had been living under this disadvantage. I wish that some one had told me long ago. . . ."*

**From a business woman**

*"I was very much surprised and chagrined when I found out that, through ignorance of simple physiological facts, I had done myself great injury. . . . The impression I have made on my friends and many new acquaintances is going to be hard to correct. But I know now that I can do it!"*



moisture, an odor formed from the chemicals of the body is usually there.

It is a physiological fact that persons troubled by perspiration odor are themselves often unaware of it. It is also true that few persons are not subject to this odor, at least at times.

So tricky an enemy is perspiration, that, under stress of exercise or sudden excitement, it may, unknown to us, become an annoyance to others. Even though guarded against by daily baths, fresh linens and much talcum powder, it is likely to make its presence known at the most inconvenient moments.

*How fastidious women are  
meeting the situation*

Fastidious women everywhere are meeting this trying situation with methods that are simple and direct.

They have learned that it cannot be neglected any more than any other essential of a woman's toilet.

They are giving it the regular attention that they give to their hair, or teeth or hands. And for this purpose they are using Odorono, a toilet water specially prepared to correct both perspiration odor and moisture.

Antiseptic in its nature, perfectly harmless, Odorono is itself entirely without odor.

Its regular use does the very thing that women are demanding—it gives absolute assurance of a daintiness that is unmarred by even the slightest taint of unpleasant odor or moisture. It really corrects the cause.

*So absolutely sure when made  
a regular habit*

Any woman can dismiss any thought about annoyance from perspiration if she uses Odorono just two or three times a week. At night pat it on the underarms with a bit of cloth or absorbent cotton. Don't rub in. Allow it to dry and then dust on a little talcum.

The underarms will remain dry and odorless! Daily baths do not lessen its effect. You'll know that with this constant, systematic treatment you'll be absolutely dainty in any circumstances.

*If you are troubled in any unusual way  
or have had any difficulty in finding relief,  
let us help you solve your problem. We  
shall be so glad to do so. Address Ruth  
Miller, The Odorono Co., 512 Blair Ave.,  
Cincinnati, Ohio.*

At all toilet counters in the U. S. and Canada, 60c and \$1.00. Trial size, 30c. By mail postpaid if your dealer hasn't it.

*Address mail orders or requests as follows:*

For Canada to The Arthur Sales Co., 61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto, Ont.

For France to The Odorono Co., 38 Avenue de L'Opera, Paris.

For Switzerland to The Agence Americaine, 6 Rue Du Rhone, Geneva.

For U. S. A. to The Odorono Co., 512 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.



# —how can I succeed as a scenario writer?

No need to tell you about the famine in photoplays—the top prices (\$100 to \$1000) producers are paying for acceptable plots—and how eager they are to encourage Palmer-trained writers. "That's all right in its way," you say, "but what I want to know is this: How will the Palmer Plan help me? What has it done for others like me?"



VERNON HOAGLAND

A natural question—and an ample answer! The Palmer Plan is really helping men and women to put their "movie" ideas into actual, cashable form—as witness these typical examples:

From an obscure clerical position to Assistant Managing Editor of one of the largest film companies at a salary beyond his dreams—this is what Vernon Hoagland has accomplished through the Palmer Plan. He says: "Words cannot express my gratitude at

the benefits I have received through the Palmer Photoplay Institute. It offers the greatest possible assistance to the struggling scenario writer."



KATE CORBALEY

Then—there's Mrs. Kate Corbaley, another of our members, who averages more than \$200 monthly through the sale of photoplay plots. Mrs. Corbaley is the woman who won the \$1000 scenario prize offered by *Photoplay Magazine*. She is a busy housewife, with four children to look after, and yet she manages to turn her spare time "movie" ideas into money. So, why can't you?



MAURICE SALZMAN

And here's still another instance—but we'll let Maurice Salzman tell the story in his own words: "Shortly after enrolling as a student of your institution I wrote a story and continuity that met with approval. This story was immediately produced. The reception given the finished film was sufficient to assure me that your Plan of photoplay instruction—together with your Personal Advisory Service—will produce the desired result."

Remember—no scenario institution in the country is equipped to give you the *first hand* instruction, the personal "coaching" you get through our Personal Advisory Service Bureau. For this Department is under the personal direction of Frederick Palmer—a recognized master of photoplay construction—the man who in 9 months wrote 52 scenarios for "Universal." And all this, mind you, is *only one* of the practical advantages brought home to you by the

## Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing

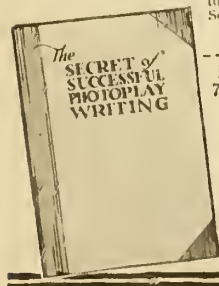
—the *only* plan of photoplay instruction that has received the indorsement and recognition of the motion picture industry. The Palmer Plan is NOT a mere book that gives you a few "hints" on photoplay writing and then leaves you in the lurch; nor is it a "scenario school" nor a tedious correspondence course. It is a definite, clean-cut plan that shows you how to develop your "movie" plots into actual, usable photoplay material.

Today—send for your copy of our new illustrated booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Explains the Palmer Plan in detail—tells about our iron-clad, money-back Guarantee—shows the benefits of our Personal Advisory Service and Manuscript Sales Department—shows how you, too, can learn to turn your "movie" ideas into money. Send for your copy today—it's *free!*

Mail the coupon NOW!

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Please send me, without obligation, your new booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also, Special Supplement containing autographed letters from the leading producers, stars, directors, etc.

Name.....  
St. and No.....  
City and State.....



## Plays and Players

(Continued from page 100)

THERE'S to be a grand opera composed from a screen version of a story. It is "The Rose Bush of a Thousand Years," nicknamed "Revelation" for Nazimova's purposes upon the silver-sheet. Grand opera interests in New York saw the picture, and were impressed, it is said, with the music-drama possibilities. Work is going forward on the composition, which will be called "Revelation," or "Joline," after the principal character. So, at last, the motion picture idea has invaded the screamies, as some irreverent person called them—I think it was Douglas Fairbanks.

FOUR divorce suits of more than ordinary interest are pending in the picture colony. Katherine MacDonald acquired a film company and decided to dispense with a husband. She filed a suit against Malcolm Strauss, her artist-husband, in Los Angeles, in March. Strauss, by the way, has organized a film company of his own. About the same time Alan Forrest instituted divorce proceedings against Ann Little, whom he married in 1917, and with whom he lived one month. They separated—then the courts after a long silence. Teddy Sampson wishes to be excused from her matrimonial alliance with Ford Sterling, the erstwhile Keystone comedian, and has taken steps to convince the court at Reno. The Sterlings have been estranged for some time. Rubye DeRemer, the blonde Follies beauty who transferred her activities to the films, has started a suit in the Denver divorce court against her husband, Allan Thurman DeRemer, of Denver, on the charge of non-support. Mrs. DeRemer left Denver three years ago to take up a stage career in New York. The DeRemer suit reveals the fact that Rubye's second name is Katherine and that her maiden name was Burkhardt.

I N the Hollywood film colony someone is always giving a party, and the list of all those who enjoyed the good time reads like a "Who's Who" of motion pictures. But

this was the event of the season. Such famous names as Pickford, Reid, Washburn, Carter De Haven, Ince, and Beban were represented. One of the features was the breaking of a string of pearls and distributing of the pearls among the guests—the pearls being the gift of Mary Pickford. This unique entertainment, the hostess' idea of hospitality, more than compensated for the absence of dancing, champagne, and small talk. It was all baby talk; and the occasion was the third birthday of Mary Pickford Rupp, Lottie's little girl, and Mary's niece, at the Pickford home in Hollywood. Among those present? The sons and daughters of celebrities: Bryant Washburn, Jr.; Bill Reid; Julie Cruze; Dick and Tom Ince; Marjorie and Carter De Haven, Jr.; Irving Cummings and George Beban. Jrs.



Owen Moore, at work again after many, many months of toil on golf locations only. He's not working right here—just making trouble for himself by scratching a match on one of Samuel Goldfishwyn's immaculate white urns at Culver City.

REMEMBER Agnes—informally known as "Brownie" Vernon? She shared honors with the Franklyn Farnum smile in those Universal comedies last year. Brownie has been gone for a good many months; and we learned lately that she has been spending her vacation in the mountains and at the seaside, recuperating from an illness. Now she is feeling fit again and to prove it has hired out as Tom Mix's leading woman in one of his rough-and-tumble westerns.

MARY Pickford's second First National picture now in course of production is an adaptation of the book "Burkes' Army," by Julie Lipman. Kenneth Harlan, who recently came back from a little jaunt to France as a guest of Uncle Sam, will be seen in the opposite role. After this, Miss Pickford must make another photoplay to complete the First National contract before she can start

in on her own hook under the McAdoo plan. As a matter of fact, Fairbanks is the only one of the big stars who can begin work at once under that system as D. W. Griffith is under contract to make three productions for First National and Chaplin must make five more for the same concern before he can join the others.



# Plays and Players

(Continued)

THE row over the services of Charley Ray seems to have subsided, Ray having decided to remain with Thomas H. Ince who developed him into one of filmdom's leading stars.

ETHEL CLAYTON has returned to New York for a few months' rest. She worked so rapidly during the brief period she was at the Lasky studio that her pictures are several months ahead of their release dates. She hopes to make a trip to the Orient before resuming work.

FILM fans who have followed the brief but interesting career of Zasu Pitts, the young comedienne, will soon have an opportunity of seeing her on the screen as a star. The vehicle is "Better Times" and with Miss Pitts will be seen David Butler, the "Baby" of Griffith's "The Greatest Thing in Life." King Vidor directed the production for the Brentwood Company.

RALPH KELLARD, a deft young man in upholding the tradition for serial heroes, through his association with the Pathe thrillers, is now in Miami, Florida, where he is lending his competent presence to uplifting the film drama—dramma, this time, for B. A. Rolfe. The six-reel picture in which he makes his re-appearance will be termed "a special."

THE film business has a brand-new mystery on its hands. Not a serial, this time, nor a new combine; but—Stella Gray. Did you, by any chance, see a Metro picture called "That's Good," featuring the ebullient Mr. Hale Hamilton? Then you saw Stella Gray, for she was Mr. Hamilton's leading *jemme*. Are you a patron of the two-a-day, in towns where they show the ne plus ultra of this sort of entertainment? Then—did Stella Gray recall to you a young woman headlined named Grace LaRue, prominent for her wonderful delivery of ballads, her cold indifference to the applause of the multitudes, but mainly for her amazing walk? If your perceptive powers told you that Stella and Grace were one and the same, and your cool reason contradicted, don't blame yourself. Miss LaRue, wishing to make her film debut under an assumed name, chose Stella Gray.

EVIDENTLY emboldened by the success of James J. "Kid" Corbett in the cinema, little Jess Willard thought he'd try it. The fighter—proudly phrased as "the champion heavyweight of the world"—has signed with a Chicago concern to appear in a "special" picture which will be made on Willard's ranch at Lawrence, Kansas.

"SMILING BILL" PARSONS who, when not trying to be funny before a camera is a film magnate, recently lost a suit for \$5,000. The other party was Scott Sidney, a director, who alleged that Billy owed him that amount for producing "Tarzan of the Apes."

NAT SPITZER, well known comedy producer, fired Billy West some time ago and hired Harry Mann to imitate Billy imitating Charlie Chaplin. Then Billy was engaged by Vitagraph where he is directing himself imitating the inimitable Charlie. But Spitzer avows that he will prevent him from releasing his pictures as "Billy West" comedies as he, Spitzer, has the sole right to the use of that name. "Billy West's" right name is Roy Weisberg.

OUR chocolate-coated cave-man, Lewis J. Cody, is in New York right now. Cody's father died, in March, and the east-



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We watched for his great white head in the crowds—we hung on his every word—we smiled, ready to laugh at his least word. But now he is gone—yes, he's the familiar friend—but he has joined the immortals. More than Whitman—than Longfellow, than Poe or Hawthorne or Irving—he stands for America—with the great of the earth—the Homer of this land—a prince of men—a king among dreamers—a child among children.

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Photo, 6-19

## Plays and Players

(Continued)

ward trip was made for the purpose of winding up some family affairs. Before he left the coast he had completed two pictures for Maurice Tourneur. One of them, "Romany Rye" and the other "Marcene," in which Cody was the only man in the cast, the other members being vampires *a la femme*. "As artistic as he is delightful," is Lew's apt reference to Monsieur Tourneur.

THOMAS H. INCE is planning a great "come back" as a directing producer. He has not given his personal attention to the megaphone since he made "Civilization" more than three years ago but the new contract he recently made with Adolph Zukor provides for a series of personally-directed productions.

CLARINE SEYMOUR, the tiny film beauty who made her photoplay debut opposite Toto the clown, was recently awarded damages amounting to \$1,325 by a Los Angeles court. The Rolin Film Company was the defendant. Miss Seymour alleged that she was discharged because she refused to do such "stunts" as turning hand-springs and walking bare-foot on a pebbly beach. Getting "canned" wasn't such a hardship either as the dark-eyed Clarine attracted the attention of D. W. Griffith and will be seen in several of his productions.

THE good old mask is with us again. For a while there, no serial was a success without one. Now it's been patched up and pressed into service for "The Masked Rider," a chapter thriller at present in process of production in Texas, with Ruth Stonehouse, Paul Panzer, and Harry Myers involved. What do you think about Paul Panzer coming back? Remember him as the original villain in "The Perils of Pauline?" Once a serialer, always, etc.

F. B. WARREN, long associated with the Goldwyn company in an executive capacity, has left to join the W. W. Hodkinson organization as vice president.

HENRY "PATHE" LEHRMAN, once guiding genius of the Sunshine Comedies, a William Fox subsidiary, is under indictment at Los Angeles, following an inquiry into the mysterious disappearance of a comedy negative. A can of sand was shipped East labeled as negative and Lehr-

man is alleged by the Fox company to know the whereabouts of the film. Both sides promise to tell what they know when the trial comes up and there should be interesting revelations.

LIEUT. BERT HALL is a brave man. Having participated in "A Romance of the Air" for the films, the American ace thought he would have a little romance of his own. So he married Miss Helen M. Jordan of Kansas City, in Cleveland, where he was appearing and lecturing in conjunction with the aviation picture. It is something like Hall's fourth or fifth matrimonial venture. He is, you recall, one of the two survivors of the Lafayette Escadrille.

IF we were running a film-beauty contest, I wonder how many of you would pick Juanita Hansen as the beautifullest blonde of them all? Juanita is very much in demand among the west-coast companies for her services and of late has supported Bill Hart in "The Poppy Girl's Husband," Anita Stewart in "A Midnight Romance," and Tom Mix in "The Romance of Cow Hollow."

Than which latter we have seldom heard a more fetching title.

THERE'S a new juvenile on the cinema horizon. That is to say, he is new at it right now, though having once upon a time officiated as such. He's Marshall Neilan and he will be seen on the screen with Mary Pickford in "Daddy Longlegs." Neilan is the director also and his decision to play the part was the result of his inability to find a juvenile who "looked the part." The scenes in which he appeared were directed by Sydney Franklin, Mary's new director. Neilan, by the way, expects to enter the ranks of independent producers upon the conclusion of "In Old Kentucky" with



Campbell photograph

One of the first published photographs of "Bill" Carrigan, with his mother, who is known on the stage and screen as Mabel Taliaferro. Bill—sixteen months—seems to take a whimsical pleasure in pretending that he doesn't know he's being photographed. His father is Thomas J. Carrigan, now doing a film version of "Checkers," for Fox, lately in Uncle Sam's service on the seas.

Anita Stewart. Several of the big concerns have been dickered for Mickey's services.

"FRIEND AL—Well, Al, a bird is here taking my pitcher for the Kinograms or something, and I am embarrassed to death you might say, and especially on acct. of it being a moving pitcher and it's hard for me to move, so it looks as if I was in for a tough P. M."

Ring Lardner, the creator of "Jack Keefe," whose letters to "Friend Al" you have read in the Saturday Evening Post, wrote another when a cameraman turned the crank on him for a weekly, in Chicago recently.



# Plays and Players

(Continued)

IT may have been the inherited temperament of an ancestral tribal chief of the Congo that struck Rastus, a middle aged gentle-appearing colored man, engaged to play the role of a butler at the Luce studio in support of Enid Bennett. His emolument was five per diem and at first he appeared as satisfied therewith as director Fred Niblo. But one day Rastus saw himself on the screen in the projection room while the previous day's "stuff" was being run off. The next day there was a butler shy on the Niblo set. A search for Rastus; and finally they found him, at home. He declined to go to the studio until an auto was sent for and his pay raised to ten per. As they were in the middle of the picture Niblo ground his teeth and let Rastus get away with it. Rastus is now out of work. If there is a studio black-list, that niggah is on it.

INFLUENZA hit Australia hard. Throughout the whole country, theaters, shops and hotels have been closed up tight for four months, by Government order. Not only was the Australian public affected, to say nothing of the exhibitors, but the American exporters who supplied the Kangaroo country with film have lost from \$25,000 to \$30,000 a week during the shut-down. Australia depends upon our producers entirely for their screen material; and the film companies have reaped large profits from the Australian fans.

IT must be a comfortable feeling for a star to know that the producers of his pictures are going to present them, too. The exhibitors who formed the First National circuit now handle a chain of more than 200 first-run houses, and are affiliated with 600 additional theatres. Let's see—who are the First Nationalites? Chaplin; Pickford; Talmadge (as soon as her Select contract expires); Jack Pickford; D. W. Griffith, Anita Stewart—and others to be announced, says F. N.

SOME time ago Lois Weber fell and broke her arm. It was badly set and caused the directress a lot of trouble as she persisted in working anyway. She kept her agreement to direct Anita Stewart's picture to follow "Virtuous Wives," and then had an operation to reset her arm. Right now she is vacationing somewhere; and probably thinking over two offers—one, according to rumor, from Famous Players-Lasky, the other from First National.

ARE you a professional designer and painter who wishes to become proficient in scenic design and mural decoration? If you are, you may obtain instruction along this line at the New York Evening School of Industrial Art, 204 East 42nd Street, New York City, where the Board of Education has inaugurated free classes for advanced students. Apply for admission on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings to George K. Gombarts, Principal.

MYRTLE STEDMAN, who has been away quite long enough, will be seen hereafter in two productions a month for a new company which calls itself the "Gray Seal." Why gray?

THE city council of Vernon, California, has ruled that no motion picture company may take pictures within its corporate limits. Inasmuch as the town has been chiefly supported by film people, who come from Los Angeles to visit Vernon's cafes and attend Vernon's prize-fights, the ungrateful edict has roused the ire of the whole colony of cinemese.



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# Plays and Players

(Continued)

**F**OLLOWING the lead of Tournour, Caplanni, and other producers, Frank Lloyd has formed his own company, severing his connections with William Fox to strike out for himself. Lloyd made Bill Farnum's best pictures for the Fox concern, including "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Les Miserables."

**F**ROM the coast comes the report that Louise Glaum is shortly to marry again. Miss Glaum recently obtained her final decree of divorce from Harry Edwards, who later married Gladys Brockwell. J. Parker Reid, Miss Glaum's manager, is the lucky man who may lead the peacock lady to the altar.

**C**HARLES CHAPLIN has gone in for airplane navigation. The comedian has long held the opinion that the "plane has reached the stage of commercial profit; and, with William Wrigley, Jr., the chewing-gum magnate, is going to promote an airplane line service between Los Angeles and Catalina Island. Wrigley owns most of the famous island resort. The contract awaits only Chaplin's signature. Syd Chaplin is said to be going over the ground in Los Angeles and in Catalina for possible landing sites.

**M**OVING pictures would have an awful lot to answer for if all the newspaper reports were true. It seems that every time any fraud wishes to identify himself with an enterprise he says to the judge, "I am a motion picture actor—" or director, or, as in this case, the husband of a popular star. "L. L. Sullivan" seems to have set the small city of Greeley, Colorado, on its ear when he announced that he wished to look over the apple orchards there with the intention of purchasing and settling thereon with his wife, Mae Marsh, the Goldwyn star. Mr. Sullivan further explained that he was a photographer for Paramount-Arcraft, and that he had "shot" the scenes for Douglas Fairbanks' picture, "He Comes Up Smiling." He got his name in all the papers; and a

reader of PHOTOPLAY, who had heard that Miss Marsh's husband was Louis Lee Arms, sent in a clipping in which Mr. Sullivan is quoted: "I spent four arduous years winning my wife and I expect her to leave the picture-game when her Goldwyn contract expires and come to live with me on my apple-orchard." We have not heard of any further developments in the ambitious career of L. L. Sullivan. Miss Marsh is married to Louis Lee Arms, a former New York newspaper man.

**R**OBERT GORDON, the slim blonde hero of "Missing," is back in harness—and civies. He has the leading part, opposite Bessie Love, in "A Yankee Princess," for Vitagraph. Wheeler Oakman, too, is back from war; he is in a new Viola Dana picture. Oakman was one of the first actors to enlist; he left quietly and he returned even more quietly—it was necessary to put a news-hound on his trail to learn his whereabouts.

**I**N five weeks of his initial engagement as a film actor, James J. Corbett, former world's champion boxer, did more fighting than he did during his entire career in the roped arena, according to his own story. Whenever interest in the serial lags for a foot or two Director Jimmie Horne introduces another fight so the former champion must needs keep himself in what the sport writers designate as "the pink of condition." The Corbett serial is being made at Universal and is known as "The Midnight Man." Corbett is one of the few celebrities acquired by film interests chiefly for the value of his name who made good as a film player from the start.

**I**N addition to his coup in signing Texas Guinan for a series of two-reel westerns, William L. Sherrill has obtained Mack Swain's signature to a contract calling for the services of the rotund comedian in no less than twenty-six comedies a year. Swain was the "Ambrose" of Sennett slap-stick.



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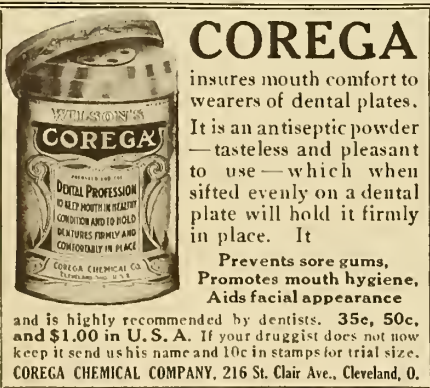
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Readers of Photoplay will recognize the centerpiece of this panel as Mildred Lee, the Kansas City girl who won honors in Photoplay's Beauty and Brains contest nearly three years ago. She is now leading lady in the Lyons-Moran comedies but is no longer Mildred Lee. Because her surname was the same as Mr. Moran's given name it was changed to Moore.



# Plays and Players

(Continued)

AN application for passports recently revealed the fact that Billie Rhodes, erstwhile comedienne and now a dramatic star with-her-own-company, and William ("Smiling Bill") Parsons, have been married some months. They plan to go to Europe to make pictures. Whether or not they will do a double act on the screen remains to be seen.

WE have heard of motion picture actors wrecking homes; but we never took much stock in it before. However, a matinee idol is indeed to blame for breaking up the domestic bliss of the Finns, John, an iron-moulder, and Mary, his wife, who reside at 417 West Fifty-third Street, New York. Had it been a girl, Mrs. Mary Finn, a movie fan, would have named her Mary Pickford Finn. But when a baby boy was born to bless their home, Mrs. Finn was puzzled—for the moment. The situation was a difficult one, both Mr. and Mrs. Finn admitted; and finally Mrs. Finn decided to think it over. That day arrived. After the christening dinner, Mrs. Finn said to the guests: "John and I had planned to name it 'Mary Pickford.' But it's a boy. So we'll call it Francis—'Francis X. Bushman Finn.'" "Francis X. Bushman Finn!" came a cry that was more like a groan. And John Finn, seizing a platter of roast beef from the festive board, smashed it over Mrs. Finn's head. Mrs. Finn is not one to permit anyone to question her good judgment. She broke a wine bottle—several—in retaliation; and the merry argument continued until the police arrived. It is believed the Finns have finally decided to name their offspring "John Finn, Junior," than which there is no better Irish name.

INTERNATIONAL will release its output through Famous Players-Lasky. This means a combine of the William Randolph Hearst and Adolph Zukor interests, providing for the distribution by Famous of nine International productions a year. The brand, Cosmopolitan Productions, derived from the well-known Hearst publication of the same name; the pictures, filmizations of the product of the Hearst writers, including Robert Chambers, Jack London, Elinor Glyn, Cosmo Hamilton, E. Phillips Oppenheim et al. "The Dark Star," by Chambers, is the first release, directed by Allan Dwan; enacted, principally by Marion Davies. Frances Marion, who gave up her job as script writer for Mary Pickford to march into Germany with the American Army of Occupation and incidentally to do some motion picture work for the government, is now the highest salaried photoplaywright in the industry, drawing a salary of \$1,000 per week for adapting to the screen the stories by the Hearst novelists.

THE court may take a hand in the budding future of Henry B. Warner in the movies. According to latest reports, Warner will have to do one of two things: return to the cast of "Sleeping Partners," the John D. Williams comedy which was having a successful New York run when Warner left the cast to go west and make pictures; or he will have to discontinue his film work for Robertson-Cole. When Warner received the offer for a year's work in the films, he gave two weeks' notice to the producer, packed up, and left. Williams, discovering a remonstrance to be useless, took his case to court, claiming that he had a contract with the actor which called for his services "for the run" of the play. The court found that the clause "for the run" meant so long as the production was profitable to the producer. Warner's first picture, "A Man Who Turned White," is already under way.



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IT ISN'T SAFE TO WAIT

# Do Married Men Make the Best Husbands?

Should story writers write the best screen stories? The conclusion of Mr. Pollock's second article on Motion Picture Authorship.

By CHANNING POLLOCK

(THE first installment of this number in the Pollock series was published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for May. Rather than abbreviate it—it was too lengthy for complete publication in one issue—we divided it, and here conclude it, in full. Mr. Pollock's third article will appear in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for July—The Editor.)

EVERY author of my acquaintance regards his task as practically done when he has mapped out his plot—that is, written his scenario. "The dialogue," says Augustus Thomas, "is child's play." A man can write almost as many novels or dramatic pieces as he can think out, or get to the movie-manuscript stage, and that hardly would be in excess of five or six a year. The number of words is no more important than the question of how many steps one takes to walk a mile. Sardou said the plot of any good play could be set down upon the back of a visiting-card. His own "A Scrap of Paper" he summarized in fifty-nine words, but the gist of the whole comedy was there, and certainly was not worth less because it had been briefly outlined. John Luther Long's story of "Madame Butterfly" is considerably shorter than the average movie scenario, yet it made a successful book, a successful play, a successful opera, and a successful picture, earning, altogether, about a hundred times the thousand dollars that, because of the number of words it contained, would have seemed to the film producers fit and adequate remuneration.

The difficulty appears to be that these film producers are capable of comprehending only manual labor. They understand setting down words because that is physical. Sixteen years ago, when I was his press agent, William A. Brady found me dictating a newspaper story about Grace George. "Do you dictate your stuff?" he exclaimed. "Gee, that's easy!" . . . By this logic, of course, the literary laborer most worthy of his hire works with an improvised fountain pen or a buck-jumping typewriter!

The outside idea of the author and his job, obtaining among old-line theatrical managers almost as generally as among motion picture producers, is a notion fanciful and grotesque. Writing is a thing requiring no especial qualification or training; anyone can do it who has time, and one person about as well as another. The author is a necessary evil, generally negligible, moon-struck, mentally delinquent, quite incapable of doing what he has done, sometimes long-haired, usually ill-dressed, always impractical and rebellious, to be humored or bullied—according to his standing—lulled and lied-to, and who, as someone said of George Sand, "gives literature as a cow gives milk." He produces masterpieces by getting very drunk, waking in the night, seized with an inspiration, and scribbling madly upon the bed-sheet. Creation is a matter of drudgery, of so-many-hours-a-day and no rain-checks, of system and perseverance and a time-clock would make the author as unromantic—and as unvictimized—as artists without "faucy easels and velvet coats." All business men, I suppose, have this innate contempt of intellectual labor as something easy and charlatanic. That is why doctors and authors are the last to be paid.

Naturally, this misconception—strong in the class that predominates among picture producers—precludes any reverence for finished work as a matter of pride, as inviolate, a thing sacred from inept and vandal touch. From the quotations in my first article you will have deduced that, among most authors, mercenary considerations are second to the dread of mutilation. As I have said before, it is not pleasant or profitable to lose your reputation through bad work you didn't do. Praxiteles altered by the village stone-cutter or Titian touched-up by the town sign-painter would be no more ridiculous than Augustus Thomas dramatized, or O. Henry filled-in, or Rudyard Kipling given form and suspense interest by the "high-priced experts"—mostly hacks and penny-a-liners—who have failed to do the trick themselves. What is the advantage of having parts made by skilled mechanics if your car is to be assembled by a novice? If you wish to learn what happens when this happens, and why the certainty of its happening

keeps the best writers out of the movies, go back and read my twenty-five authors! Read my article, "Don't Blame the Author," in *The Pictorial Review*! Then, if you still doubt the man-handling; if you want to know why the best writers, when they do try, don't get results in film; if you want to assure yourself that books and plays rewritten aren't as worth-while as original work—that nothing converted is as fit and good as that which is used for what it was intended—read your favorite novel, or witness your favorite drama, and afterward see it on the screen! You will understand why Mr. Mack says no author willingly comes out of a motion picture theater, after looking at one of his stories, "unless he wears a mask!"

This habitual vandalism is as conscienceless and egomaniacal as it is unintelligent and lacking in a sense of humor. They told Hofman how to sit at the piano! They would alter Barrie, and have reshaped Pinero, as boldly and remorselessly as any shopworn yarn lifted from Breezy Stories or The Detective Story Magazine! Thomas Dixon, creator of *and partner* in "The Birth of a Nation," went into picture production partly that "my views might be respected and my works reach the screen in recognizable form." That, of course, couldn't be expected by a mere author! Plays and even novels are reconstructed, but, if not by the authors, at least with their help and concurrence. A clause requiring this is a part of every contract—*outside the movies!* "Do you imagine," inquires Mr. Mack, "that David Belasco ever cut out a line of 'Tiger Rose,' or made a change in a situation, without consulting me?" Yet Mr. Belasco is a playwright himself, and a famous craftsman, while "the average scenario editor hasn't intelligence enough to oil my typewriter!" . . . If I am a surgeon, and your wife's sister, or mother, has a diagnosis which unmistakably reads that an operation is necessary, and you are not quite sure of my ability to perform that operation, whom do you call in to assist me? Some interne from a Post-Graduate Hospital? Some chap riding all day on the back of an ambulance? No! You pick a man of greater reputation and achievement than mine—known to know more!

The come-back to these articles, of course, will be that the screen doesn't want my "best authors"—my Athertons and Tarkingtons and Hughes. Well . . . if so . . . that's a confession, not a defence! "The industry is getting on splendidly without them." To which I reply that it isn't getting on splendidly, and it isn't getting on without them. It is coaxing and cajoling, and, so far, pretty generally in vain, because it doesn't speak our language! "The men who write stories, novels, plays, can't write for the film. Picture stuff is a different kind of stuff." It isn't a different kind—merely a different quality! Miss Jordan, in her first letter, spoke of "a strong dramatic plot which would be better in pictures than in a novel." There ain't no such animal! You might as well speak of a ton of unformed steel that would be better in a bridge than in a building. Good steel is equally good in any structure. The steel that isn't used for the best structures isn't the best steel—that's all! The picture people admit this when they take plots that have been used in novels, and plays, to make their highest-grade features. As Mr. Scott replied, "a strong dramatic plot" is "material for a novel, or else it is just the usual motion picture junk!"

When Miss Jordan, and her conferees, ask for material that has been set aside as unsuitable for employment in first-class fiction, they are asking for "seconds," and counting upon getting first-class fiction at second-hand. And, whatever the camouflage, they are doing this only because they won't bid against publishers, only to them, for bricks from wrecked houses. No wonder one after another of my correspondents referred to "by-products!" Every experienced consumer knows that you get the best only by paying for the best. The rarest thing in the world is a bargain. There are magazines that offer one cent a word for copy, and magazines that offer twenty-five cents a word, but their literature is not of the same quality. Do the pictures want to class with The Ginger Pot and Snappy Stories, or with The Cosmopolitan and the Century? They can't reach the higher standards by employing cent-a-word authors, or by lifting their material from cent-a-word magazines. How long could the Cosmopolitan or the Century maintain its standards without recognized authors—without

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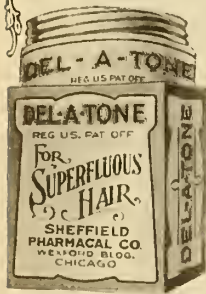
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## Do Married Men Make the Best Husbands?

(Continued)

any of the authors mentioned in these articles? How long could the book publishers do it, or the theaters? Even in film land—now—the best pictures are made by the companies that pay writers the best prices. No other features attain the average of Paramount, which frequently gives \$3,500 for a scenario, and has produced original work by Charles Kenyon, George Middleton, Daniel Carson Goodman, George Jean Nathan, and Reginald Wright Kamm.

On its face, the claim that these men and their kind, can't provide the best buyable material for the screen, is absurd. "If we can write for the stage," says Mr. Mack, "we can write for the screen. . . . The very stars you are paying five thousand dollars a week are made with good plays and good parts." But the first lesson learned by the author of "Tiger Rose," and by every other author who ever peddled scenarios, is to *write down*. Like Mark Swan, he found "that they bought only the worst, the most obvious and commonplace, of my products." Why? Look over the arbiters! Do you think graduated furriers and jewellers and cloth-spongers and dry-goods-dealers from Oshkosh are the best judges of dramatic literature? Is it likely that the critic who bids a subordinate "get into communication with that man Dickens," knows where to go or what he's got when he gets it? Or is it more likely that his taste in fiction will continue to be the taste of the furrier and jeweller and cloth-sponger and dry-goods-dealer? "You'll charge me with having written rotten stuff for the movies," says Mr. Mack. "All right! I charge you with accepting it!"

We are forgetting, perhaps, that the best authors don't approach the movies in the proper spirit—that they "have no real interest in this job." Well, in the words of the authority responsible for our quotation, why in Kansas City should they have? Under the conditions? "A photoplay's something they expect to toss off in half a day." Isn't that what the picture men are insisting upon, as an excuse for low prices, when they talk about "brief outlines," "not a finished piece of work," and plots "which do not appeal to you for book use"? "We're compelled to employ a staff of high-priced experts to go over your work! What do you care?" We do care; that's the trouble! "Dabbling!" Yes, and, with Mr. Mack, we admit we cannot do good work "with a half-heart." But how can we go at the thing wholeheartedly while you arbitrarily alter our stories and set up your own standards as final? When we hear men in reverence—John Luther Long, author of "Madame Butterfly" and "A Prince of Illusion"—told they will be paid what they ask *if, and when* their product satisfies the cloth-spongers and dry-goods-dealers? When we suspect that royalties, in the rare instances when they are agreed upon, are paid upon doctored accounts, and have consulted detectives with regard to important companies credited with maintaining an elaborate system for the theft of submitted ideas?

"You won't learn the business." Learn . . . writing . . . *from whom?* Our magazine stuff we submit to a jury of our peers—to educated and cultured men of literary training. Our plays we read to David Belasco, or George Colan, or Winchell Smith, or Henry Miller. "and they tell you, with some authority, what is wrong. Not so your scenario editor. He tells you 'this is not picture stuff,' and you ponder, and you worry, and your ego is hurt, and what you consider your good judgment is warped. Then he buys the story you thought least of. . . and suddenly you see the light. *That* story is stupid, bromidic, obvious." Anyway, what is there to learn? What fundamental differences between a photostory and any other kind of a story, or a photoplay and any other kind of a play? What variances of technique that an ordinarily intelligent man, with some talent for writing, and some training, couldn't master in a month? Thomas Dixon, with much experience, says "in a week." Rex Beach, with more, confesses that a famous director told him "a scenario I'd prepared after two hours' study of the method was the best he'd ever seen. This job, like every other writing job, is a matter of literary skill, and narrative and dramatic instinct, and that is just what the hacks haven't got, and can't acquire. Mutual understanding is essential, and you or I certainly understand their photoplays better than they understand our plays." "We may not know your game as you know it," adds Mr. Mack, "but it's *you*, game that's wrong! You buy a play, but you make a picture!"

However, if the technique of the studio were a technique requiring years for its mastery, is there a better way to get masters than by encouraging those fundamentally fitted to acquire mastery? Publishers and theatrical managers have no difficulty inducing writers to learn story-building, and dramatic construction, or in securing their sustained and interested co-operation, through long and trying revision and rehearsal. But then publishers and managers are quick to see and seek the promising tyro; to

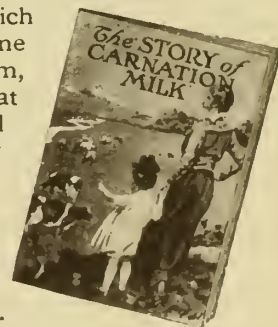


## "How do you like my cookies, Norman?" asks Constance

*Yes, gentle reader, it is none other than Constance Talmadge, and she made the cookies with her kitchenette stand-by, Carnation Milk*

WHEN you gaze upon the popular Constance Talmadge, the Select Pictures Corporation's ever-so-popular star, being wooed by the hero, thwarted by the villain, and otherwise cheered and harassed reel-by-reel, little would you think that in her hours of ease she whirls in and cooks things better'n mother used to make. But it's true. And when it comes to cookies! Or gingerbread! Um-m-m! She takes her Carnation cook book in hand and takes a can of Carnation from her little pantry shelf and then and there she becomes the wiz. of the kitchenette.

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# Do Married Men Make the Best Husbands?

(Concluded)

compensate, encourage, and arrange competent collaboration for him, and to assure him a reward worth striving for in the future. "Why should we pay while you learn?" For the same reason you pay for eggs when you want to hatch chickens! Ideas are worth money—even in the shell! "Does anybody else pay apprentices?" Yes, when they bring materials! Elmer Reizenstein was a junior in a lawyer's office, and his first manuscript pretty crude, but it became "On Trial," and its author a regular visitor at the bank. Avery Hopwood, just out of college, the living image of Johnny Bostonbeans, took the makings of a play to Wagenhals & Kemper. They hitched him up with an experienced dramatist, gave him his half the standard royalties, and produced "Clothes." Three years later he landed Wagenhals & Kemper about half a million with "Seven Days." Do you think Hopwood would have studied and struggled on the promise that "if you perfect yourself, and make a success, we'll pay a thousand dollars each for your plays?" Would he have put his best into a "Nobody's Widow," or stuck through weeks of rehearsing a "Fair and Warmer" that was to reward him with almost one day's salary of its star?

No author worth while will work on these terms, and the fact that an author does it *proves* he isn't worth while. *If he were he wouldn't have to!* "By their works ye shall know them!" The fiction-factories of the film men have been a fatuous and unqualified failure. Apart from the maceration and mutilation of stuff already published or produced, they haven't provided enough material to keep the game going—not one-fifth of that used—and the quality of what they have provided merely has put the dime

novel and the cheap melodrama out of business, without affecting the \$1.50 book or the \$2 play. In a field they have made their own, without competition from outside, these illiterati haven't developed a single *real* reputation! Not a single Winston Churchill or Edward Sheldon! They haven't brought forth a single story of genuine and enduring value!

"We should worry!"  
 "You should!"  
 Your stories are bad, and everybody knows it! The public knows it, and asks why, and the experts in story-telling know it, and have told you why!

They are bad because your authorship is incompetent and your system a failure! They are bad because you are hiding for cast-off ideas, by-products, used material! Because you are producing the second-best of first-raters, or the first-best of second-raters, or second-hand stuff picked from anywhere and filled-in by third-raters!

The result proves the condition, and the condition makes inevitable the result!  
 You have let loose a flood of fiction cheap, tawdry, violent, superficial, elementary, commonplace, hackneyed, unliterary, undramatic, without semblance to life or character or human experience!

This isn't the judgment of the disgruntled and the malcontent! It's an accepted fact, a subject of general comment, the weak point in your imposing edifice, a state of affairs that has got past interesting only writer and producer!

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Stagg Ben Alexander has made your acquaintance with at least a dozen sets of parents in the last year, beginning with his Franco-American father and mother in "Hearts of the World." None of these, however, were real. Here is a first glimpse of his genuine, indisputable and very own dad, N. B. Alexander, of Marlborough Gardens, Hollywood. N. B. is the boy playing the horse.



# He Never Laughs on Sunday

(Concluded from page 59)

life of doubt. He never knows anything for sure. The director of dramatic pictures knows when he has made a good photoplay because good drama has a universal appeal. The comedy director, however, has no standard of weights and measures to guide him because what will make one person laugh may bore another, and completely pass over the head of the third. Of course there are the usual sure-fire gags that can be resorted to in a pinch, the chase, or the exaggerated mechanical tricks, but no miner ever dug farther or deeper for the elusive gold than does the comedy maker delve into real life for the little things that will evoke laughter.

"I endeavor to cater to the masses as well as the classes, not forgetting the kids. Children like the purely physical comedy—the fall and the knock down, and the more exaggerated the action, the more they laugh. The average person watching a comedy on the screen does not want to be compelled to think—to figure out a piece of business—so that there is always a little hesitancy in dealing with satire and the little subtleties that are enjoyed by clever people.

"An illustration of satire that didn't 'get over' with the masses is furnished by the scene in 'Moonshine' of the elaborately furnished underground retreat of the moonshiners. The travesty was carried a little too far. Take again the scene of the moonshiners donning evening clothes for dinner. It 'went' great with those who are familiar with social customs and slipped completely over the heads of those who were not. Yet the kids invariably 'got' it for they immediately sensed the incongruity of the rough-neck mountaineers putting on 'soup and fish.'

"But as a piece of business it scored a failure on the whole because it required thought to grasp the satire; somehow it was out of rhythm.

"Every 'gag' in a production is as carefully analyzed after it has been released as it is during the course of production. An entire five-reel dramatic photoplay may depend entirely on one situation and still be a success. A two-reel comedy to be successful must have a dozen laugh producing situations or 'gags' and must never lag for a moment.

"The same plot can be done over and over again in the so-called features but the comedy without new gags is a failure. That's why most comedy directors, after a while in the business, go around talking to themselves instead of giving out interviews. It's a hard life."

It is not generally known that Roscoe Arbuckle is one of the first—perhaps the first—stage player on the Coast to "break into the pictures." It was eleven years ago, nearly, when the late Francis Boggs brought the first motion picture company to Los Angeles. Arbuckle was playing in a little theater devoted to tabloid musical comedies when a friend who had just started a picture theater induced him to call on Boggs with the result that he was engaged, during his spare time, at \$5 a day to act in single reel productions. He worked in three of them, then forsook the camera stage until Mack Sennett induced him to join him at Keystone. That was five years ago this spring. It may be a hard life but since then Roscoe has lost no weight and he has boosted his salary up into the six figure class. It might have been much worse.

## The Cut-Up

SOME theatrical joker has announced a farewell tour of Uncle Tom's Cabin—[Judge.]



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 by. There I'll be waiting for you waiting where the flames are  
 glow - ing, To tell you I a - dore you  
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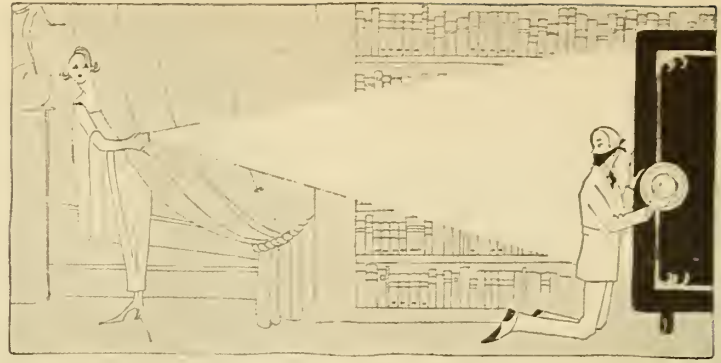
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 The Lavender Lady  
 With white-white Forehead  
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 (You've Got to Take her Word for it.)  
 She May Be  
 A Baby-Vamp,  
 But you Just Can't blame her—  
 She's So Exuberant.  
 They Wrote That Original  
 "I Just Can't Make my Eyes Behave"  
 For Anna Held; but  
 The Saint-with-a-Past  
 Is Carrying On.  
 You Usually See her  
 Behind a Counter  
 Dispensing Mary-garden.  
 The fannyhurst Floorwalker  
 With the Wicked Mustache  
 Pursued her; you See,  
 He Knows her Past.  
 The Poor Saint  
 Simply has to Give Up her Job.  
 She Goes Home—  
 She Hasn't Even  
 Enough to Stop  
 At an Arm-Chair Foodery—  
 To her Little Hall-bedroom,  
 And is About  
 To Twist the Gas-jet, when  
 The Young Man Across the Hall  
 Rescues Her.  
 (He's Writing a Book, you Know—  
 On the Masses, or Something.  
 He Pushes a Slick Pen,  
 And he has  
 A Family Name,  
 A Soft Collar, and  
 A Perpetual Surprised Expression—  
 It's His Eye-brows.)  
 However—  
 He Doesn't Act Surprised.  
 He Picks her Up.  
 And Carries her  
 Into his Room.  
 And Acts Through it All  
 As if he Rescued  
 Substantial Young Saints  
 Every Day in the Week.  
 Well,  
 He's Used to it;  
 He does it in Every Other Picture.  
 Even When  
 She Opens  
 Those Aureate Eyes,  
 And Pushes Back the Hair  
 From her white-white Forehead—  
 Even then  
 He is quite at Ease.

And Begins to Chat  
 About the Influence of Tolstoi  
 On Russian Literature.  
 He Pities her; and Thinks  
 Of the Girl-he-was-going-to-Marry  
 Before the Uplift Bug Bit him.  
 And Reflects Bitterly  
 That he Wishes  
 He Could Help  
 All the Poor Struggling Saints  
 To be Happier.  
 He Talks to her Gently.  
 And then He Decides  
 To Take her Home,  
 To His Mother,  
 As an Experiment.  
 He Believes in her, and  
 Believes in her; even When  
 The Floor-walker Confronts her,  
 And the Family Tiara  
 Disappears Mysteriously  
 One Rainy Night, and Suspicion Points  
 To the Gal.  
 But Wait a Minute—  
 Remember the Scene  
 Where she, Wakened,  
 Hears a Noise in the Library,  
 And Claps  
 Her Pearl-Handled Revolver.  
 And Steals Down-stairs,  
 And Discovers the Floorwalker  
 At the Safe.  
 And with No Thought of Self,  
 Rouses the Family.  
 Points to the F. W.  
 And Promptly Faints?  
 The Willun  
 Tells on her, but  
 She Doesn't Care; and Neither  
 Does Our Hero.  
 Even Mama  
 Relents, and Claps  
 Our Saint-with-a-Past  
 To her Spangled Bosom.  
 Then the Saint  
 Tells *Him*  
 That she Hasn't, Really,  
 Any Particular Past  
 To Speak Of,  
 And that Anyway,  
 She's Tried Awfully Hard  
 To Live it Down.  
 She Looks the Part  
 In her Last Close-Up—  
 But Listen:  
 Every Time  
 You see this Lady  
 Who Plays the Saints-with-a-Past,  
 Don't You Have to Think  
 Of her Three Children, at Home?



## The Red Lantern

(Concluded from page 41)

her half-sister—the man that she loved were hiding. Even now they might be meeting their deaths. And she would be the cause. Had she not drawn her sword in the council of the nation and proclaimed, "War to the Knife"?

A council meeting was held that day in the royal throne room, and the Boxer Goddess solemnly advised the sending of a messenger with a flag of truce to the opposing army.

A short time later, the trumpet of truce was heard above the fighting before the British Legation, and the figure of a Chinese boy, with a handkerchief partly concealing his face, waving a white flag, advanced through the soldiery.

Inside the building the boy sought for Blanche Sackville and her father, Sir Philippe. He found the English girl standing apart. He removed the handkerchief from his face, and Blanche saw that the boy was Mahlee.

Sir Philippe Sackville, standing in the lobby, winced when his daughter spoke Mahlee's name and told him of the girl's desire to speak to them together. Then he threw his arm about Blanche's shoulder, as if seeking protection, and approached the boyish figure waiting for them.

The soul of Mahlee leaped up into her eyes as she looked upon her father's face. Her body quivered in the exquisiteness of her anticipation.

But the man avoided her gaze. "My daughter has told me your story," said Sir Philippe lamely and unceasingly. "I shall be glad to help you in any way that you can be helped."

"Yes," responded Mahlee eagerly. "My father is a European Mandarin. If he will but say I am his daughter, I can belong to him and his people. Then I shall be happy," her voice took on a pleading look as he averted his eyes. "And I shall forget the terrible Boxer cause."

"My poor girl," said Sir Philippe regretfully, drawing Blanche closer to him and turning away, "I cannot help you."

In the street the Chinese boy met Sam Wang on his black mule. The illustrious Patriot beckoned him to come.

"My lover, my sweet husband," called out Mahlee with bursts of hysterical laughter, "of course I will go with you—with whom else should I go?"

Sam Wang lifted her to his saddle.

Fierce fighting followed the brief truce, but the Boxer Army soon fell before the onslaught of the opposing forces, and the throne of China was empty.

The day after the flight of the royal family, Andrew Handel received a letter beseeching his help for the unhappy slave girls and concubines left behind in the Imperial Palace. It was signed with a golden seal marked "Goddess."

Though he was still ill from his ancient injuries, he went to the place. Some unknown cause impelled him to search out the throne room where the destinies of the empire had been weighed for many centuries.

In the great carved throne sat a lone figure, rigid in the heavy gold garments of the Goddess of War.

Andrew Handel approached and knelt at the still, cold feet of Mahlee, the Eurasian girl who had loved him.

Beside her he found a little cup. It was emptied of its draft—"the wine that brings sweet sleep."

**MEDICAL OFFICER:** "You have read all the letters on the card with both eyes. I now cover up your right eye, when the small letters entirely disappear."

Voice from the Rear: "For my next trick I shall require a top-hat."



© B & B 1917

# Wives of Doctors

## Don't Have Corns

### Doctors All Know Blue-jay

It is made by a surgical dressing house whose products doctors use.

Doctors' wives use Blue-jay when a corn appears. And they end it at once and forever.

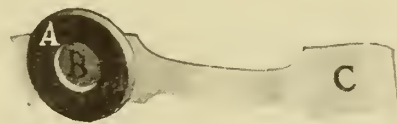
Millions of others now use the same method. In a moment they apply a Blue-jay plaster. The wrapping makes it snug and comfortable, and they forget the corn.

In 48 hours they remove the Blue-jay and the corn is ended. Only a few of the toughest corns need a second application.

The pain is stopped instantly. The corn is ended—and completely—in two days.

Blue-jay has done that for millions of corns. Your corns are not different. It will do it for your corns.

If you have corns and don't prove this you do yourself an injustice.



### How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

### Corns Are Out-of-Date

In the old days corns were common. Nearly everybody had them.

People pared them, padded them, coddled them and kept them.

Nowadays, most people never suffer corns. Yet tight, dainty shoes are more common than ever.

Consider that fact. The reason lies in this scientific Blue-jay.

One user told another, until millions now employ it.

### Quit Old Methods

Paring is unsafe and temporary. Padding is unsightly. Old, harsh, mussy treatments have been discredited. These are scientific days.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. Learn that the pain does end. Learn that the corn does disappear.

Learn that these results come in an easy, gentle way.

When you do, your corn troubles are over—all of them, forever.

Try it tonight.

**B & B Blue-jay**  
The Scientific Corn Ender

**Stops Pain Instantly**

**Ends Corns Completely**

**25 Cents—At Druggists**

**BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto**

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

[987]





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All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 60, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

**The Brand**

(Concluded from page 63)

repulsion in every expression. But finally she forced a cheery smile and said aloud: "Hello, dearie!" McGill turned slowly. Puzzlement turned to supreme astonishment. He wheeled about and rising, stared closely into her face. Alice was bewildered. Recognition slowly burned into her brain however as she saw deep into his eyes, and through the beard and all she soon recognized her husband. She fell back, even as he did. "You—Oh, my God!" she moaned. Then, after a moment: "You—they—they said you were John Daniels. I—I thought you were dead!"

Silence. McGill was still staring, with eyes no longer wide with astonishment, but mere slits as venom and rage poured from them.

Alice moved back toward the door. Then McGill sprang after her. Grabbing her by the arm he thundered: "Is Barclay here?"

She nodded dumbly, terrified by his rage. "So—he brought you to this, eh?" indicating, with one sweep of the arm, the dance hall, its women and its men—more, its iniquity. Alice bowed her head in mortification. "I tried to leave him—but he's too strong. He won't let me run straight."

Another question prodded to the surface of the enraged man's brain. It reached his tongue thickly:

"Did you get a divorce?"

The girl shook her head. "Let him alone, Dan. He's bad—dangerous! He's done his best to make me bad, too!"

For a moment McGill had become gentle; the girl was clinging to his arm and she looked tremendously like the appealing girl he had met three years before. But with thinking again of Barclay his face went stern. "You can't stay in Arcadia, either of you. I got out of Ophir but this is my town!"

Stricken with terror, she caught him by the sleeve again. "Don't send me away with him. Help me to go alone. I must—I must!"

McGill studied her closely. "Why should I help you?" he asked soberly.

Grasping the wisp of tolerance, the girl answered eagerly. "There's a reason. Come with me a moment. It's only a step!"

She led him out the rear stairs and onto the street, down the street and into a house. She took him through a dark hall and into a room. She lit a lamp and drew McGill to a corner where a crib sat. In the crib, sublimely peaceful, fragrant and wholesome, was a little face—the same face, McGill noted, as that he had seen in the afternoon. He drew back.

"What's that little—that little, snowflake doing here in this hell hole?" he demanded.

Alice, exalted for a moment by the maternal thrill of possession, answered proudly. "She's mine—my baby. We have no other home. Now you see why I must leave Barclay and all this." She leaned closer to McGill and whispered. "She will soon be old enough to understand. That's why I've got to get away from Barclay."

McGill shook his head. Alice became frantic, hysterical. "Then—you'll have to take

her. You're rich, Dan. Take her away where she can grow up—right!"

McGill drew back in amazement. "Take Barclay's baby? Great God!"

Alice broke in desperately. "But—she's not his. She's yours, Dan—she's yours!"

McGill uttered a great cry. It came from deep in his heart. He opened his arms and knelt at the crib. He lifted the child out and crushed her close to him while Alice clung to him with hungry eyes.

"My baby," muttered McGill over and over. "You can't have her. You must keep away. Don't touch her. You ain't fit!"

Stung by this last, the mother wilted, and faded into the gray shadow of the wall. Then:

"Take her—Dan. That shall be my punishment."

Suddenly seized with an inspiration, McGill set the child down and ran out onto the street. Back to the dance hall.

He searched the hall for the face of Bob Barclay. When he found him, Barclay recognized him and drew his gun, but oblivious to its fire, McGill rushed straight and safe at him. They clinched. Over the floor they fought. McGill grabbed the gun and throttling Barclay with one hand, drew him over to the table, bent him back until the back of his head was pinned against its boards and then clutched the gun anew.

McGill did not draw it to shoot. He held it in a reverse position so the sight of the gun on the end of the barrel was poised over Barclay's forehead.

"You ain't fit to kill," muttered McGill. "So I'm goin' to put my brand on you."

Then, with a cold, slow joy in his face, McGill drew the sight of the gunbarrel across Barclay's forehead and up the bridge of his nose. Then as Barclay shrieked, he straightened up, threw the gun from him and said:

"Now, go and carry my mark with you!"

Then he picked Barclay up bodily and threw him across the room. The crowd closed in on the man.

McGill went back to Alice—a great load off his mind—and a radiance in his heart. The evil influence was about obliterated from his life—his and Alice's. Barclay would never again draw Alice through the mud of his iniquitous career.

He found the girl barring the door. Agony was in her eyes. "Don't take her away just yet, Dan—give me just a few minutes more with her!"

Dan, compassion finding its vent in a quizzical half-smile, laid his arm on her shoulder. Tears were streaming down his cheeks. He entered the room, she following.

"We'll go now, Alice, if you're ready," he said quietly, simply.

The girl stared at him, afraid to believe the obvious. "You—you don't want me Dan—after all I've done!"

McGill, now with the baby in his arms nodded. "I've always wanted you, dear."

Choking, Alice answered: "Not yet, Dan—not until you know I'm not all bad, only weak."

McGill took her free hand in his and said: "You'll have to come for *she* needs you!"

**The Lure of the Land**

ON an American transport two days out from New York:—  
First Sambo, who is really enjoying the sea, to his dark companion, who has gone below: "Come on up! We're passing a ship!"  
Voice from below: "I don't want to see no ship. You jes' call me when we're passing a tree!"



# Up Stairs and Down

(Concluded from page 35)

brutish young man. "No man ever shook me before. Tom—I love you."

"What do you say to our getting married—eloping?" Tom was Johnny on the spot. "We'll drive in to town tonight. You can stay with my sister and I'll go to the club. Tomorrow morning we'll get a license and be married."

"Elope! Tom, you're a darling! I do wonder that I never appreciated you before," gurgled Alice. "I'm thrilled to the bone."

Tom and Alice might have found eloping difficult if Louis, Terry O'Keefe's man, had not overheard their plans.

"Ze beeg ox, Cary, he plan elopement wiz Mees Alice," the Frenchman confided to his master. "You grieve?"

"Grieve," answered O'Keefe, gasping Louis' arm, "if it's only true! You know well enough it's a load off my heart that was crushin' the life out o' me. We've got to help 'em along."

Wilson, Cary's chauffeur, was not at the garage. O'Keefe sent Louis to hunt up Craig and have him in readiness so there could be no hitch before Alice Chesterton had a chance to change her mind.

As soon as Terry O'Keefe saw the tail light of Tom Cary's machine fading away down the road, he sent the servants to summon Nancy and Tony Ives, and the other guests at their house party, to the porch.

Betty was the first one to arrive. When she saw Terry there alone, she started back again.

"Betty—Betty darlin'," called Terry, "have you been keepin' out of my way on purpose?"

"I've been trying to act like a sister to you, Terry," she replied.

"And have you succeeded?"

"No, Terry, so it's goodbye—I don't feel I can stay here any longer."

The others were there now, and were asking why Terry had sent for them. Nancy and Tony Ives were arm in arm and it was plain that they had reached an adjustment of their domestic difficulties.

"I want Louis here first, for fear none of you will believe me," he laughed. "Louis"—as Le Tour arrived—"tell everybody our secret."

"Mees Alice Chesterton she has eloped wiz Monsieur Cary," he announced.

"And I want to introduce to you," said Terry O'Keefe in the next breath, putting his arm about Betty, "—Mrs. Terence O'Keefe."

# Indeed Impressive

A soldier who had fought in the war with conspicuous valor obtained after his return home a situation in the service of a lady in the south of Ireland. One day his mistress was talking to him about his military career, and asked him: "In all your experience of the war, what struck you as the most wonderful of all?" "Well, ma'am," he said, "what struck me most was all the bullets that missed me."—[Outlook.]

# A Veteran

"YOU know," said the lady whose motor car had run down a man, "you must have been walking very carelessly. I am a very careful driver. I have been driving a car for seven years." "Lady, you've got nothing on me. I've been walking for fifty-four years."—[Judge.]

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# My Heroes

(Continued from page 36)

as to think that a man doesn't want to love her but can't help it. Englishmen—and of course I also mean those wonderful Canadians—are like that.

"An Englishman always acts as though he thoroughly disapproved of one, and women would rather be disapproved of than respected. He is always ungracious about everything you want to do, and yet he will go to any amount of inconvenience to do it for you. Sometimes he's so cross that you aren't sure he mayn't throw the tea things at you. Then suddenly he will say the most divine things—and say them divinely. You grow quite discouraged before his cool self-satisfaction and then he paralyzes you with the most magnificent love-making in the world. There is an element of suspense about an Englishman and he always conveys to you the impression that you are forbidden fruit—and a smart woman would rather be a quince hanging on the highest branch than a peach on a limb that is easy to reach.

"I knew an English officer who'd been at the front four years. He always treated me as though I were a rather backward child. One day when he was eating a ham bun—he had a passion for ham buns—he said, 'You are the only woman I have ever known that had sense enough to keep still when a man wants to think.' Afterwards he—"

The blush came in scarlet earnest. I began to have a clue. Edna Purviance has the gift of listening. She is a marvelous audience—and what more could any man ask? Also, coming from the trenches to a tea table across from her must be like stepping from the heart of a Kansas cyclone into a monastery garden. She may not be the cleverest girl in the world, nor the most beautiful, but the quietness, the simplicity, the unassuming willingness to please, will go a lot farther toward obliterating the roar of guns, the scent of blood, and the strain of killing than more brains and greater beauty.

"The Frenchman makes the most adorable playfellow. He is game for anything. He understands how to play. He knows that a woman wants to be amused, and he amuses her. He has such delicacy of feeling, such a comprehension of the picturesque. He can laugh at your jokes, take up a mood or kiss your hand fervently without losing step.

"I never knew but one Belgian well." Her voice dropped and the soft little smile died. "He was the very kindest man I ever knew. He had to walk slowly because of his leg, but he had such a splendid figure, small waist and broad shoulders. He looked almost kingly in his uniform. But for all his kindness, his heart was filled with a great suspicion of all the world. His wife was in Bel-

gium when the Germans marched through. She died. He told me about that once. I was glad, because it seemed to ease his load a little to tell of it. Being a fairy godmother is not all lightness, you see.

"The Italians are fascinating, but they are created for the 'grande passion,' not for passing fancies. They take a woman at her own valuation. Woman is either a toy or an idol, unless you love her. The 'higher love' is all right in one's soulful moments, but it is difficult to keep it up for long.

"Americans are a combination. An American understands the business of being a husband. American mothers train their sons to be husbands, and it's a great help to American women. Any woman can hold a man if she will. If she will take time to study the brute, learn the very processes of his thoughts, analyze his weaknesses and estimate his strength, she can cope with a situation, be it a chorus girl or punctured tire. But if the man becomes too exacting, the effort to hold him ceases to be worth while. If he does not make her happy, she will not endeavor to keep him. She will shrug her shoulders and say, 'I don't care whether you like it or not. I hope there is some other woman. I need a rest.'

"But American men rarely if ever become too exacting. They are eager for home, for happiness, for a clean, sweet love. Therefore a wife can nearly always make her marriage a success with a decently average amount of effort."

Suddenly she set down her teacup and leaned toward me across the little wicker table. Her voice held a new note and on her face was a strangely radiant expression that I do not believe it could have worn a year ago.

"Oh, it's very well to laugh and joke and tell riddles with them. That's what they want, for they are men, but they are heroes as well. They stood the gaff. They are proven. If a song, a smile, yes, even a kiss, brought them back to a world where normal happiness seemed again possible, who were we to deny it? Why, there isn't one of them I couldn't picture on the sloping deck of the *Tuscania*, in the evening light, singing 'Where do we go from here, boys?'

"Of course I love them. Any woman who says she doesn't or wouldn't must be a poor fish. In every one of them that had been long over there I found a great craving for lights, music, wine, a woman to listen to their tales. They had kept their 'rendezvous with death.' They wanted other rendezvous. Perhaps I was just a peg on which to hang their thoughts, their dreams, their rediscovered joys. But—everyone has to do her bit!"



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of Photoplay Magazine published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1919.

State of Illinois }  
County of Cook, } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edwin M. Colvin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, James R. Quirk, Chicago, Illinois. Editor, Julian Johnson, Chicago, Illinois. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, James R. Quirk, Chicago, Illinois. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; J. Hockins, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbert Shallenberger, Waterloo, Iowa. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation by whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, held stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mail or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Edwin M. COLVIN,  
President.

Subscribed and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1919.  
[SEAL] KATHRYN DOUGHERTY,  
(My commission expires June 17, 1920.)



# Herods of the Movies

(Continued from page 78)

We have vacillatingly put off honoring it with a technique of its own, with that give and take between artist and audience essential to all art, in which so much of the human response hinges on making the spectator an unconscious co-worker with the creator himself and able to triumph in the end achieved because he himself has done something towards reaching that end. This give and take we have readily enough recognized in the older arts, where a sculptor cannot carve an eye-lash, or a painter on a flat canvas cannot know formal relief, or a playwright cannot show a drawing-room without one of its walls knocked out. We accept those limitations and glory in the illusions whereby they are overcome. But this marvellous new art of sun-writing has been the Orphant-Annie of the older arts. We have tried to tog it out in the buskin of the drama and lace it up in the slightly shoddy shoes of the written-story. In doing so, we have mongrelized its technique, insinuating into it the mechanics of the stage and imposing upon it the clumsily spelled out textual legends of the story-writer—which, after all, is a good deal like sticking real chicken-feathers in the tail of an oil-painting of a golden eagle.

Yet all the while, if we only knew it, the motion-picture is in itself an electric-quick shorthand for the expression of idea and emotion. It suffers, in fact, from the defect of its virtues, for its power of expression is still over-engineered and hard to control; too rapid for the human intellect, not yet sure of its counters, to accept and understand. It has wings, and we who are used to limping along on words, have not yet learned to keep up with it.

This has resulted in several things. One has been a tendency to retard its flight, to keep it down to earth by a deliberate democratization of its manner and aims. This means a commercial product perhaps quantitatively impressive but artistically insignificant. It means the repetition of tested results, the resort to types worn thread-bare through over-use, unparticipating audiences, and the absence of those human responses which keep warm the life-blood of any art. And in the stampede for financial success it has meant on one side a rather light-handed appropriation of un-shepherded ideas and maverick plots, and, on the other side, a rather feverish milking of stage and literature for temporary sustenance. For to stage and printed story its manipulators have gone for their raw material, failing to see that it was material not suited to the stomach of the silver-sheet, which has become disturbingly carnivorous, and in swallowing the accumulations of fictional industry tends to emulate the tiger which in eating antelope really eats glorified grass. For the irony of this predatory tendency lies in the fact that the fiction-writer or novelist has brought nothing of moment to the moving-picture. He has not even thrown himself into a receptive attitude towards its altogether novel media of expression. But at the same time that he has sneered at its defects of youthfulness—forgetting the long years it took to iron the wrinkles out of his own trade—he has stood ready enough to gather up the accidental manna which rained down from the money-bags of its slightly bewildered managers. Nor can he, so long as he remains a fiction-writer or a dramatist, bring it anything of intrinsic value, since the technique in which he is trained leaves him as calamitously ill-suited to this new art which he refuses to comprehend as a stone-mason is unsuited to the building of a dirigible. He may claim, of course, that since it



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## Herods of the Movies

(Concluded)

came into being through mechanical invention it is doomed to pass away through mechanical invention, that at any hour some newer inventive genius may bring it Voice, for instance, and at one stroke render obsolete a slowly-acquired and intricate technique in which it would be ill-judgment to over-interest himself. But whether he is right or wrong in that, the motion-picture, I think, will do well to rid itself of his blundering hand, together with other intruders from other arts, who have happened along while the haying was good. It has suffered too much from its unassimilated alien enemies, its intellectual navvies draining a fecund new republic to sustain some decrepit old monarchy. The hope of the movie lies in creating and training and recognizing its own workers, in establishing and jealously guarding its own technique, and in exploiting its own possibilities of loveliness and power. And it must, in some way, train its audiences as it has already trained its directors and camera-men, to make possible the human response which art cannot live without, to keep in touch with actuality, and to avoid being professionalized into a too democratic tawdriness. We hear on all sides that the motion-picture as an art is still in its infancy. Yet already, in a few instances, it has achieved grandeur; quite often we have seen it attaining to the most persuasive of pictorial beauty; and not infrequently, with all its faults, it can now place before us a story of human destiny as engrossing and satisfying as anything presented by contemporaneous drama. And in English drama, it is perhaps worth remembering, the grandfather of Shakespeare's “Hamlet” was nothing more nor less than the Punch and Judy show.

## The Dime Novel

(Concluded from page 49)

wonderful, ideal adventures. The man who sits in his office from nine to five dictating letters, invariably pines to be riding a spirited horse out West in the sixties or seventies and dodging redskins on the warpath. He cannot do this but he can live over those things with the aid of the serial.

That's why many producers continue to specialize in serials and realize millions a year from this form of screen entertainment. That's why Pearl White, Ruth Roland and Marie Walcamp have a following, extending from Oshkosh to Timbuctoo that surpasses with an overwhelming plurality, the vogue of any of Filmdom's feature stars.

There is no country nor population that does not clamor for serials. In India for instance, Pearl White is the most popular of all the film stars and serials are about the only form of cinema product that the natives will flock to see, Souchet Singh, the Editor of The Twentieth Century, India's leading motion picture magazine printed in Bombay and circulating all through this strange country, says:

“Serials are mainly the crude struggle between right and wrong as exemplified by the leading characters,” said Mr. Singh, “and my countrymen easily grasp their idea and follow the serials with the greatest zest.”

That the serial is here to stay and is steadfastly increasing its field of admirers and patrons may be realized from the fact that Pathe recently announced that its serial plans for the next two years would be the most comprehensive and exhaustive in the history of the house.



# The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 73)

just going to shave. In a noisy reaction between the three men the drunkard falls clumsily, and, his brain-envelope meeting the andirons on the way down, he is done in for good. In the first logical fear of the rope Hutton shaves, dons Olwell's clothes, puts his own tattered bifurcations upon the dead man—lo, he is Richard Olwell! The love story is very good. Conscience drives the tramp printer to confess, and finally insist that he is not the publisher, but the only one who at length comprehends this is Olwell's wife, who discovers that she loves the gentleman who lives in her husband's house and name. The proprieties, here, are cleverly handled and can't annoy the realists nor offend the timid. As I have indicated, the handsome Mr. Julian gives this story just the plus touch that does it the most good. His accentuations of the dramatic situations increase the tensely of the piece, somehow. Jane Novak is splendid as the wife, and the cast is remarkable in that it contains two leading women—Fay Tincher and Fritzie Ridgeway—in minor roles. The latter only plays a maid. This is a very, very good photoplay.

## A MIDNIGHT ROMANCE— First National

There is a lot more of Anita Stewart here than in "Virtuous Wives." I am not referring altogether to the one-piece bathing suit; the girl dominates this play, just as she certainly didn't dominate the other. The substance of the story is slight, even trite, but the handling, the setting, the acting are all irreproachable. As a princess whose ship has been wrecked by a torpedo, Miss Stewart plays a young woman who finds in this disaster the ancient opportunity to cast off her golden chains of formality and be human and incognito. A maid's job is part of the pretense, but her love for a young man worth his weight in platinum—she meets him on the beach at night—isn't pretense at all. Some melodrama, nipped by the wise directress just before it got too movieish, spices the rather anemic plot and corks up the revelations until the proper moment. The piece has a geographic interest, too, for most of it is staged in the Alexandria hotel, Los Angeles, a public edifice which is the real forum of western filmdom. Jack Hoyt plays opposite Miss Stewart. Lois Weber directed.

## THE BETTER 'OLE—World, Distributor

There are several reasons why I am glad to see "The Better 'Ole" getting a general American welcome. For one thing, it is first-hand information on the pathos and humor of the first black months of war, such as could not possibly be possessed by any man not intimately concerned with it, as was the cartoonist-captain, Bruce Bairnsfather. It is novel, and different. And last but far from least, it is a look through another man's camera. No matter how perfect our own productions are, we'll fall into a rut of some kind unless we have a chance to make foreign comparisons, even though such comparisons seem heavily in our favor. Three actors whom we do not know at all and may never see again play, respectively, Old Bill, Bert and Alf: Charles Rock, Arthur Cleve, and Hugh E. Wright. As fillers of the lines and shadows of Mr. Bairnsfather's drawings, they are a combination of sadness and uproar. They are human. The story is only a conventional little melo; the depictions, incidents and subtitles are highly unconventional. The piece shows the army of a real democracy, "grouching" at pomp and military ceremony—plain duffers anxious to finish up their job of war and get home again. And alas for the sensibilities of the arid—these lads cer-



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# The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

hero will probably be shocked into the thought that he has gone loco—when they see this sordid but powerful fiction. But I think that the people who don't check their brains with their overcoats are going to feel that they have been wrong in dismissing him as a mere matinee idol. Betty Compson is conspicuous in his support.

## EXTRAVAGANCE—Ince

Years ago I called the then debutante Dorothy Dalton "the beautiful blaze." She has been blazing right along since then, but oftentimes to small purpose. I have never seen her in so good a photoplay as the one named above, and I have never seen her do such good work. She is giving, here, a living, vital performance of an American woman. She plays the wife of a business man who aims to be big business—and isn't. That makes little difference to her. She must have the gauds of the finest, though it drives her husband to bars or death. The parable is worked out via the ancient dream route, which only proves again that the substance justifies any artifice. Helen Douglas' (Miss Dalton) remorse, her wracking agony of mind and soul, her tense repression, are sombre colors in a portrait that, spoken, would have sincerely decorated any stage, and would have honored any American actress. I am not particularly a Dalton fan. Too many times I have found her flamboyant, shallow and conceited in her representations, but my critical hat is off to this one. The girl's spiritual force for the once matches her bold type of good looks. Credit also John Lynch for a fine story, and R. Cecil Smith for the best scenario he ever made. Charles Clary, out of villany for the moment, is poignantly winning as the husband. It seems good to see the elegant Barney Sherry back in the Ince fold. Victor Schertzinger directed a production made in faultless good taste.

## THE GIRL WHO STAYED AT HOME

—Griffith

This, I am told, was to be Mr. Griffith's contribution to Uncle Sam: an enlistment picture. As it stands—probably with variations—it is corking entertainment built by the genius-touches of the master upon a very, very frail fabric of story. And it hasn't a Gish from cover to cover. Contrariwise, D. W. puts forward with his hypnotic hands a brace of young damsels who bid fair to be delights as long as they remain magic warm mirrors for the reflection of his endless humanities. There is Miss Clarine Seymour, here depicting Miss Cutie Beautiful (no especially hard effort thinking that name up, evidently), a cabaret seduction who wins a hard struggle to be true to Jim Grey, slacker son of a shipbuilder who is drafted and turns hero in spite of himself. Poor little Cutie's small-time troubles and big-time temptations, her jazzing feet and streaming eyes as she sits knitting, a comic kewpie of despair before a ragging phonograph, are minor fractions of life such as only Griffith would think of. The slender Carol Dempster departs upon a larger canvas in a more stately way. She is a French girl to whom war comes home. There are touches in this play obviously simon-pure artistry for those who are in the know. For instance, how are audiences generally to understand that the local exemption board was a real one, or that the district board was real, too, and that the handsome gray-haired man at its head was none other than the Hon. Joseph Scott, one of California's best-known attorneys? The other figures of possible exemption—Crowder, Newton Baker, et al., are of course more generally recognizable. Bobbie Harron rather

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## Would You Be One of Those

who were doomed to go through life alone, without the joys and happiness that go hand in hand with a loving wife and strong, healthy children? Would the fact that you have neglected your body, ignored the fundamental principles of health and right living, and failed to make the most of Nature's supreme gift, doom you to a life of single wretchedness and unhappiness?

Our first duty is to posterity. We are not put here by an all-wise Providence merely to live out our lives and then go out, like a snuffed candle. We are entrusted with the sacred duty of perpetuating the species, a duty which is as sacred and immutable as anything might be.

LIKE BEGETS LIKE is a saying handed down from time immemorial, and no truer maxim has ever fallen from the lips of man. A thin, scraggy, under-developed body, soaked and saturated with poisons which are denied their proper outlet because of functional inefficiency cannot hope to produce strong, healthy children. A man who is torn and wrecked by physical ailments, organic disorders and excesses of all kinds, will some day be treated to the spectacle of his children in a like condition. On the other hand, the strong, healthy, virile man, with a body and constitution that is a replica of Nature's own design, and who jealously safeguards that body and that health, and takes the proper measures to gain and keep them, will some day reveal to the sight of offspring that are but a duplicate of himself—a picture of joyous, bubbling, care-free health and strength.

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# The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

comically cartoons himself, and Richard Barthelmess and George Fawcett give good characteristic performances. As I said, the story is entirely negligible. I wonder how Mr. Griffith forgot that those boys in their own little "lost battalion" would scarcely have time to shave, or why he put a translation of a wounded German's cry "Wasser! Wasser!" upon the screen?

Plot, counterplot and English nobility, with Earle Williams as principal actor. James Young directed, which is in itself a recommendation.

"When Men Desire" (Fox)—Theda Bara. The title epitomizes the story very nicely. Another frank invitation to the censors to sit in the game.

"It's a Bear" (Triangle)—Comedian Taylor Holmes, pleasant enough and active enough, but hindered by an anemic narrative.

"A Man and His Money" (Goldwyn)—The characteristically careless rich young man of the movies, masquerading in Tom Moore. Production and acting much better than the legend.

"Vicky Van" (Paramount)—Cute name, isn't it? The story couldn't be called cute, but it has Ethel Clayton for principal exponent, and is good program entertainment.

"You Never Saw Such a Girl" (Paramount)—The adventures of a determined little country girl. It will set no creeks on fire, but it is rather better than anything Vivian Martin has had recently.

"Three Men and a Girl" (Paramount)—The jolly adventure of a chicken who hated men, and sought consolation in the company of three men who hated women. Of course it's fatal to one of the men, Marguerite Clark.

"Puppy Love" (Paramount)—Another celuloïd edition of the alluringly adolescent Lila Lee.

"Good Gracious Annabelle" (Paramount)—On the stage this play won by the brilliance of its lines. But frankly, on the screen it puzzles. Billie Burke is good, gracious and Annabelle.

"Johnny Get Your Gun" (Paramount)—Edmund Lawrence's play for Lewis Bannison, recently a stage popularity, makes the best vehicle Fred Stone has yet found in the cinema.

"The Marriage Price" (Arcraft)—Elsie Ferguson, acting splendidly and surrounded by splendid actors, in a dreadfully slow, tiresome story.

"The Turn of the Road" (Brentwood)—I wish I had more space to give to this last-minute observation. If you have an opportunity, see it. It is by no means a perfect photoplay, but it has some real ideas. Helen Eddy is the best of the interpreters.

"The Hand Invisible" (World)—Only a melo, but it has strong situations—and Montagu Love.

"When a Girl Loves" (Universal)—A Lois Weber story, with Mildred Harris and William Stowell.

"The Forfeit" (Hodkinson)—This marks the return of House Peters as an active participant in current silversheet enterprises. Narratively, it is a rather tangled and perplexing Western.

"The World to Live In" (Select)—A sort of salamander anecdote, featuring Alice Brady.

"Children of Banishment" (Select)—Mitchell Lewis, now a hero of lumber camps and snow. But the scenario isn't as logical, somehow, as was Francis William Sullivan's novel.

"Experimental Marriage" (Select)—A high-speed farce—real merriment and some suspense. Constance Talmadge is the head damsel.

"Smiles" (Fox)—One of the Keystone romances of the Lee kids. It greatly amused the audience I sat with.

"The Railroader" (Triangle)—George Fawcett, in a screen version of a recent novel by Albert Payson Terhune.

"Never Say Quit" (Fox)—I am not one of George Walsh's admirers, but those who do approve of his acrobatic smiles and smiling acrobatics will find this series of non-chalant adventures quite to their taste.

## DAUGHTER OF MINE—Goldwyn

The redeeming part of this weak story is its flow of fancy, coupled with the really artful, finished performance of Madge Kennedy. Miss Kennedy has something which no one has brought screenward since the zenith of Mabel Normand—an art of laugh-making which is none the less genuine because it is concealed. In other words, her scenes bear the stamp of finish. They don't appear to be improvisations between a visit behind the lights and a tearing rush back to the dressing-rooms to change a costume. They seem to have been studied out, to the last little degree. Result, Miss Kennedy is creating an ability to pictorially characterize possessed by few women. Laid in and from the great East Side of New York City, this piece taps a mighty reservoir of humanity that, wonderful to relate, has long evaded all photoplay writers and all but a few of the magazine folk. When, as an ambitious novelist, the wide-eyed Madge begins to read her silly little story to the over-material publisher, the story becomes all art-director Ballin's. Mon Dieu, what an apartment that princess contrived for herself! Did you ever see so many bearskin rugs to fall over? What meals were served in that fictional palace! What unearthly beings peopled it! I want to loudly applaud the Goldwyn stand for fancy, for imagination as well as mere furnished fact.

## IN BRIEF

"Poor Boob" (Paramount)—Bryant Washburn, amusingly playing a young man of good intentions, few brains and a lot of ancestors. Miss Mary Thurman, the Sennett Babylonienne, makes her debut as a character actress—a crepe occasion for lovers of contour.

"The Amazing Wife" (Universal)—A rather wild romance, and a bit sordid. Well done by Mary MacLaren and others, but not up to Universal's recent standard.

"A Fight for Love" (Universal)—Fights, stunts and the fragrance of the North woods, with the pleasing personality of Harry Carey.

"The Probation Wife" (Select)—Norma Talmadge, acting as sincerely as usual, in a play not as good as usual. However, it's fair entertainment.

"That's Good" (Metro)—Hale Hamilton, in a characteristically breezy conception. The musical comedienne, Grace LaRue, debuts as his principal support under the name of "Stella Gray."

"Fighting Destiny" (Vitagraph)—A he-man mystery, rough but vigorous and suspenseful, with Harry Morey and Betty Blythe.

"Blind Man's Eyes" (Metro)—Bert Lytell, in a screening of a popular recent fiction by Edwin Balmer and William McHarg.

"Boots" (Paramount)—If Dorothy Gish were really condemned to be a slavey in a boarding-house what would she do? She might do the generally exciting things she does in this photoplay. Who knows?

"The Red Glove" (Universal)—Marie Walcamp, in a regulation serial directed by J. P. MacGowan in a way that reminds us of his old "Hazards of Helen."

"The Carter Case" (Oliver Films)—Episodes in the career of Craig Kennedy, with Herbert Rawlinson disguised as that chemical Sherlock.

"A Gentleman of Quality" (Vitagraph)—



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# How Do They Get That Way?

(Concluded from page 70)

and directors and that he ought to be starred on his own account. He had that thirst for the electric light signs of Broadway. He wanted people to whisper his name as he majestically swung through the hotel lobbies. He confided his ambitions to a publicity person and arrangements began forthwith.

Mr. X. moved to a downtown hotel and was much seen about. He was paged frequently in all the places around Times Square that everyone might see him and associate his name with his handsome face as he followed the page boy to the telephone booth.

One morning the telephone rang for him in vain. When the management broke into the room they found a vast disorder and called the police. The police found interesting and romantic letters, which same go to the papers early that afternoon. Incidentally there were many photographs of Mr. X. left about, autographed with sentiments calculated to make good reading. The quest was on.

A nosy reporter found a steamship sailing schedule, one of the coastwise lines, with a certain vessel, the Puritan I think, marked. A clue! Forthwith wire to the Fall River correspondent of the newspaper! He met the boat.

Yes, Mr. X. was on the passenger list. He has come aboard late in a conspicuous hurry, just as the vessel was casting off. The first officer of the ship and the reporter went to the stateroom. It was locked and the key was on the inside. Raps. No answer.

When they opened the stateroom it was empty save for a suitcase. The porthole was open. The suitcase yielded more clues and more mystery, also more copy for the papers.

Most all that summer the missing Mr. X. mystery claimed occasional attention. Then in the fall he came back from the seclusion of the little town of Orient, L. I., and went into vaudeville at a nice figure, following that with a picture engagement as a full blown star. He made good on his opportunity and has been too busy to disappear since.

"How was the stateroom left locked from the inside and what became of the actor?"

Simple indeed. A slender young man in a big overcoat that covered a swimming suit was the chap who went aboard the ship that night. He carried the actor's bag and handed the actor's stateroom check to the purser as he hurried by the companionway. The rest was easy. He locked the room, threw the overcoat out the porthole into the bay and then squirmed through himself with a high dive into the dark of New York bay. He got away unnoticed and a nice warm limousine was waiting when he clambered up the sea wall at Battery Place. The whole stunt cost less than \$500 and Mr. X. considers that cigarette money now.

## Don't Wait

I AM a Realist.  
 My mother came from Russia,  
 And my father sells pencils  
 On the city streets.  
 I have just written a photoplay  
 In which the heroine dies  
 Of whooping cough,  
 The hero is stabbed in the back  
 And everyone else  
 Goes to the poorhouse!  
 Superb mirrorgraphy!  
 A throbbing dramatic composition  
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 Wait here for me  
 While I go out to sell it.  
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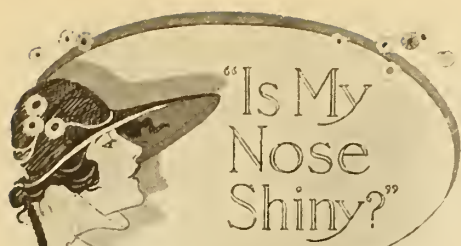
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# The Better Photoplay League of America

(Concluded from page 80)



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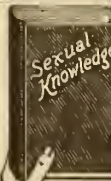
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Table of contents and commendations on request

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higher standard of pictures, and to promote their wider use for social and educational purposes. All these objects are in direct sympathy with those for which The Better Photoplay League of America stands. The club extends hospitality to visiting stars, some of those who have been thus entertained being Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Viola Dana, Clara Kimball Young, Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, Rose Tapley and Mabel Trunelle.

The Brooklyn Branch of The Better Photoplay League of America has been organized, with Mrs. E. C. Burgess in the office of chairman. Mrs. M. H. Murray is vice-chairman. Other original members are Mrs. A. Burt, Mrs. R. C. Talbot-Perkins, Mrs. M. F. Hobby, Mrs. May Barrett, Mrs. H. Vickers, Mrs. E. Watts, Miss S. G. Fisher and Miss Edna Burgess, with many more members waiting to be taken into the organization. The Brooklyn Branch plans some genuine constructive work in behalf of better films.

St. Paul people of prominence and standing have identified themselves with the League. L. L. Everly, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, says, "You are doing a fine and a wonderful thing in furthering the cause of better films. This is indeed a forward-stepping movement. It is especially important when one considers that 84% of a child's education comes through the eye. The benefit—or the harm—that he may receive by means of the screen is incalculable. Educators realize the value of such a movement as this." George H. Reif, Superintendent of Schools of Ramsey County, in which St. Paul is located, is a better film enthusiast. He has recently added to the motion picture equipment by means of which he supplements the work of the county schools. In his regular newsletter to the parents and teachers of his communities he has made the generous statement that this improvement was justified by the fact of The Better Photoplay League's existence and activities. However, such a progressive man as Mr. Reif needs no stimulus from without.

Miss Julie C. Gauthier, Instructor of Art in the St. Paul High Schools, and author of the official guidebook on the Minnesota State Capitol, also endorses the work of the League. She has joined the St. Paul Branch, together with those already mentioned, the list also including Miss Mary A. Dillon of the St. Paul Daily News, Miss B. M. V. Benton, a booker of educational films, Theo L. Hays, manager of the New Garrick and New Liberty Theatres, and many others of standing. Miss Benton, who spoke against censorship when the bill was introduced in the Minnesota state legislature, said, "No one needs to remain in ignorance of the motion picture industry and its people so long as PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is published."

Says Mr. Hays, "The League that you are promoting seems to me to be conceived along intelligent and progressive lines. There is no question in my mind but that the principle of correcting existing evils of bad and inane pictures through creating a demand for clean and deserving films is correct and deserving of encouragement and support." Mr. Hays caters to the children by giving Saturday morning matinees whenever a photoplay of special appeal or value to them appears at his theatres. The children were delighted with a recent showing of "Little Women."

Progressive men and women of Duluth are vitally interested in better films. The Woman's Council has a Better Film Committee, to which both men and women belong. Fred Ward, superintendent of the county work farm, former chairman of the draft board and present organizer of the replacement committee, is its president.

Mr. Ward believes in co-operation rather than dictation. He says, "I don't believe in arbitrarily telling the picture people how to run their affairs. Our business is to safeguard the children, and to do that we need their aid."

Mr. Ward's committee has succeeded in obtaining better film conditions in Duluth, and expects to accomplish more in the future. The League's executive secretary recently addressed the executive board of the Woman's Council and consulted with Mr. Ward, with the result that Duluth's Better Film committee will receive all helps issued by The Better Photoplay League. Mayor Magney, ex-Mayor Prince, Mrs. H. B. Granis, president of the Council, Mrs. C. E. Spring, Mrs. H. A. Dancer, and Mrs. M. Hirschfield are among those who have been unselfish workers in the interests of good film conditions.

J. R. Batchelor, head of the recreational work of the City of Duluth, gives a motion picture show every night in the week, at Duluth's various community and social centers, and also on Sunday, in the Sunday School room of a church. Pictures are used by Mr. Batchelor in the welfare and Americanization work of Duluth and vicinity, and as this is the center of a large foreign-born population, his efforts are of the utmost importance. Mr. Batchelor fully realizes the value of visual education.

A new Branch League has been begun at Riverside, on the outskirts of Duluth, among the families of the great ship-building yards of the McDougall-Duluth company. The welfare work of this community of three thousand people is conducted by Mrs. Albert S. Ames, a young woman of tact and ability, who is also chairman of the Riverside Branch of Duluth's Twentieth Century Club. Each Tuesday night is "movie night" for the people of Riverside. Mrs. Ames and her co-workers have sponsored the "better film" idea there, using the aids of The Better Photoplay League, and pictures of attractiveness and value are shown these workers and their families. Mrs. S. R. Holden, president of the Duluth Center of the Drama League, is keenly in sympathy with the aims of The League, and expects it to accomplish much good. Mrs. Holden is a woman who knows practical values in obtaining community betterment.

Falls City, Nebraska, has a full-fledged Branch League, with Mrs. Jule Ruegge as president and Mrs. Charles G. Humphrey as secretary. Mrs. Ruegge is a well-known Western clubwoman, and Mrs. Humphrey has been field secretary for the Nebraska Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, and also a worker for the Red Cross. Other members of the new Branch include Mrs. Maurice McHugh, Mrs. Leonard Mann, Miss Grace Hays, Mrs. Adelaide Bode, Mrs. Phoebe Gantt, Miss Deborah Mower, Mrs. Gus Elam, Mrs. E. W. Simpson and Mrs. W. S. Steadman. These women are also members of the Community Welfare Club. The Falls City Branch League expects to co-operate with all the other local civic organizations for film betterment.

A Branch League is also being formed at Webster Grove, Mo., among members of the local chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, under the leadership of Mrs. S. Louise Marsh. Branch Leagues are also forming at White Bear, Minn., Battle Creek, Mich., and many other cities and towns throughout the country.

The work of The Better Photoplay League has only begun!

Organize a branch league! Write today to The Better Photoplay League of America, 350 N. Clark St., Chicago.



# Educational Films R. F. D.

(Concluded from page 84)

The exhibit has been shown at a majority of theatres in Austin, Texas, during the 1910 legislature, together with a number of slides prepared by the motion picture committee, for the state departments of education, labor and health, and also the state library, these slides relating to certain measures which are pending before the legislature.

For information regarding the exhibit communicate with the Chairman of Motion Pictures, 5010 Abbott Ave., Dallas, Texas.

\* \* \*

At the meeting of the National Educational Association in Pittsburgh, Orrin G. Cocks, secretary of the National Committee for Better Films, told a group of prominent educators that the owner of the motion picture theater is becoming a greater power in the social welfare of his community than the educators themselves.

\* \* \*

The Red Cross Institute for the Blind is completing a motion picture designed to show to teachers the most efficient way of instructing the blind along vocational channels. This film is to be reviewed and approved by the Society of Mechanical Engineers in order that the film will give the most helpful ways of teaching the blind soldiers.

\* \* \*

The gospel of "100 per cent Americanism" is to be the subject of thousands of feet of film, which, in the form of a drive, is to visualize for foreigners in this country the message of the Bureau of Naturalization. One series will show the history of the United States from the landing of Columbus to the present time. And this will include travelogue pictures to show the natural beauties of the country as well as the modern farming and industrial methods.

Nineteen hundred schools in this country have already expressed their eagerness to cooperate with the Department of Labor in this propagandic campaign. The films will be distributed from twenty-eight centers and will reach practically every community that has alien inhabitants.

\* \* \*

The Sunday school of the Central Baptist church at Knoxville, Tenn., has made a radical departure from the usual member-getting campaign by installing a motion picture projection machine. This machine is to show pictured stories from the Bible, supplemented with films of an educational nature, such as nature studies, travelogues and current events. These exhibitions are free to those who have attended Sunday school the previous Sunday, at which time they were qualified for admission by the presentation of tickets.

## Searching for the Reverie

THEY tell this story on a director on the Coast, and give it as an authentic bit of studio news. The scenario called for a "reverie," and the director, being a bit short on the size of his vocabulary, and also being unwilling to admit he was unfamiliar with Webster's dictionary, herded his company all together and set out to make the "reverie" scene.

He landed camera, leading woman, "villain" and hero in the bottom of Topango Canyon, where he proceeded to get to work. "Here," said our director friend, "is a good reverie."—Louella Parsons, *Morning Telegraph*.

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# Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 96)

**LORENE, BLUE ISLAND.**—If I tell this one it is only because I have a bit of the blarney in me, too. It seems a fighting Irishman got wounded; he was unconscious when they carried him to the dressing station in a devastated French village. The doctor said, "He's a pretty bad case. He'll need cheering up. When he comes to tell him he's in Ireland." Pat, regaining consciousness, gazed about the ruined village—a shell-shot church on the left of him, a torn house at the right. "Where am I?" he said. "You're in Ireland, Pat." "Well," sez Pat, "and how long have yez had Home Rule?" Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck; Eugene O'Brien isn't married. Harry Morey has a wife. The widow of Harold Lockwood is not, I believe, a professional.

**MY LITTLE FRIEND DOLLIE FROM WISCONSIN.**—Producers can give us all the pictorial blah they care to; but thank goodness we are not press-agents; we don't have to like it. Your drawings are very cute indeed. I'm glad you admire dark men, the darker the better. Because I am very dark. I shall never allow myself to become gray. I don't believe in it. Sorry your Soldier Friend is jealous of your devotion to the movies. Do you suppose he would be jealous of me? Do you think perhaps you'd better not write to me any more?

**MRS. GEORGE, CHICAGO.**—You are a real benefactor: passing on your Magazines to those who cannot afford to buy them. I am sure you will never be disappointed in PHOTOPLAY, because everyone concerned in its make-up is working hard to give you what you want. You want large pictures of Elliott Dexter and Tom Moore? You shall have them. Are you, by the way, interested in our Better Photoplay League? Write again, please.

**THELMA, PHOENIX.**—Thelma, I don't know any beautiful girls in Phoenix; you see, I don't know any girls in Phoenix. I've never been. But, I am sure, if you won a beauty contest there, there must be beautiful girls in Phoenix. Now I hope as how you feel better. Priscilla Dean, Universal City, California; Bert Lytell, Metro, Hollywood. Others answered before. Theda Bara is pondering an adventure into the two-a-day. Theda prob'ly figures that the fans who enjoyed her on the screen for two bits will flock to see her as is for twice and three times that admittance price. Maybe. The old Harold Lockwood pictures will very likely be reissued by Metro. You wish that I continue to sling sarcasm and radiate rare wit for many a year to come? I hope you get your wish. My, how I love to eat.

**PEGGY, FRESNO.**—Please always write to me while you're waiting for the kettle to boil. Only you should sign yourself Polly. A man usually is a bit suspicious when the young lady assures him that she adores to wash dishes, loves children, and thinks darning socks is great fun. It's propaganda of a sort. Never mind; I like the old-fashioned girl. Someone said Mr. Hoover would not approve of my passion for lemon-cream pie. I once paid a doctor to tell me the same thing. Dustin Farnum is forty-five. I can hear your gasp from Fresno. Yes, he is married. Mary Pickford is working now on "Burkes' Army." John Bowers and Jere Austin were the hero and the other man respectively in "Day Dreams," that sweet-little pastoral that I slept through. Miss Kennedy has a sense of humor; why won't they let her exemplify it?

**P. J., SEATTLE.**—David Powell, "the military heart-burglar," was the fascinating, you say, Englishman in India with Mary in "Less than the Dust." Julia Dean has done nothing on the screen for a long time. George Buckus was Clara Kimball Young's father in "Shirley Kaye." They must be showing old pictures out your way.

**DOROTHY H. M., W. A.**—"The Eternal City," done by Famous Players, marked Pauline Frederick's shadow-stage debut. Thomas Holding opposite. Beatrice Burnham was the very dark, very pretty *Doria Cabrillo* in Paramount's "Jack and Jill."

**ETHEL B. S., OAKLAND.**—I liked your letter. You want Mary Pickford to act in "Old Dad," another magazine-published story; Marguerite Clark to play "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and Mary Miles Minter to do "Romeo and Juliet." Mary Fuller will be coming back soon. Marshall Neilan decided, I suppose, that he was a better director than actor—and perhaps that directing was more remunerative. I should like to see him again, too. Conway Tearle is in "Virtuous Wives," with Anita Stewart.

**KITTENS, COATESVILLE.**—I don't know that scenario called "The Lost Hope." As far as I'm concerned, however, it may be true. Jean Sothern is in vaudeville, or she was, the last I heard. I believe she is married. Read elsewhere for Fairbanks. Cleo Madison is contemplating a return to the screen, I hear; she was last seen in the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes." Wally Reid and Herbert Rawlinson are very much alive.

**JACK CANUCK, PALO ALTO.**—So you're from the Canadian woods—"Alberta, the greatest country on God's green foot-stool." And you don't like California—"don't ever see any snow or hear any thunder. And the blankety-blank trees blossom in December!" But consider the cinema, old dear. Have you never seen your favorite movie actor on the streets of Los Angeles? Something about Bill lately; suppose you saw it?

**VIVIANNE, DULUTH.**—He's married; about thirty-three, I think. American. Your other questions are all answered for other contributors. Lieutenant Earle Metcalfe is back after a year's service in France. He was with Lubin, you remember. Ormi Hawley, with whom he used to play, is Caruso's leading woman in "Prince Cosimo."

**MISS SNOWFLAKE.**—You may write to me whenever you get that lonesome feeling. Clara Williams in "Carmen of the Klondike." Pearl White's new serial is "The Lightning Raider." We don't give home addresses when we have the studio address; write to Pearl at Pathe's. Florence La Badie is dead; I don't know where you could obtain pictures of her. Dorothy Phillips, Universal; Sylvia Breamer, Blackton; Doris Kenyon, DeLuxe; Olive Thomas, Selznick; Catherine Calvert, Famous Players-Lasky; Shirley Mason, Ann Little, Lasky; Bessie Love, Vitagraph; Juanita Hansen, Universal; D. W. Griffith, Sunset studios, Hollywood.

**ROSE THORN, ARDMORE.**—In all our career as an Answer Man, we have never enjoyed such thoroughly quaint questions as yours. They are: "Is Mary Pickford's hair naturally curly?" and "Are Max Sennett's eyes really as crossed as they look?" To the first, yes. To the second, if you mean Ben Turpin, the comedian who acts for the Sennett Paramount company,—yes indeed.





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# Questions and Answers (Continued)

**ELSIE, WELLINGTON, N. Z.**—You are right, Elsie; the first century is the most difficult. Everything closed in New Zealand for two months and you couldn't get your PHOTOPLAY? Darn the Spanish influenza. Olive Thomas is starring for Myron Selznick; her first new picture is "Upstairs and Down," from the Hattons' stage success.

**A. C. L., RIVER FALLS, WIS.**—So you like our (he) art section. The pictures this month are particularly easy to look at. Bet there won't be anyone saying they read Q's and A's first. Alice Joyce is Mrs. Tom Moore; she has a little daughter, Alice Mary. The Moores are not divorced, but separated. Miss Joyce is twenty-nine; she was once a Gramercy Park hello-girl; then an artist's model, finally coming to the silversheet with Kalem. She's with Vitagraph now. Agnes Ayres and Florence Deshon were the girls in O. Henry's "One Thousand Dollars." Some of the Fox stars are: Theda Bara, Tom Mix, George Walsh, Gladys Brockwell. Miss Bara, by the time this is read, will probably have formed some new affiliation, as her Fox contract has expired and it is thought she will not renew it.

**BUFFALO PENELOPE.**—We get a good many letters from your city. You have a roadster, a pony, a bridle horse, a parrot, eight gold fish, three canaries, one Angora, two Boston Bull pups, a hance in the aviation, a college education, and a ukulele. Alas, I have none of these except the goldfish, and only two of those. Clara Kimball Young was married to James Young, the director; they are divorced. Kay Laurel was married to Winfield Sheehan, general manager for Fox. Monroe Salisbury was born somewhere in New York. Others answered elsewhere, from time to time. Please don't forget to write again.

**C. F., EPSOM, AUCKLAND, N. Z.**—You say it is hard to understand the passion some of my correspondents seem to have for finding out the ages of various actresses: "I should have thought," you continue, "the camera did that pretty effectually." You are cynical without being saturnine and I like that. On the contrary—I believe with you that clothes play a very important part in any film drama; but I don't believe any actor should be merely an animated clothes-horse. Thank you for saying my humor is never obvious. It's obvious you are half Irish.

**J. W. S., MORGANTOWN.**—I don't know the regulation length of skirts, I'm sure. The shoe manufacturers insist that long skirts are unsightly, but the dressmakers have an entirely different opinion. I am pacific rather than specific when it comes to questions such as this. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew are making pictures for Paramount in Chicago right now, while filling an engagement in the Windy City with their "Keep Her Smiling" show. "Romance and Rings" is their first Paramount. "Once a Mason" is another. Read Julian Johnson's story, "Cohan and the Movies," in February PHOTOPLAY; and you'll find out why George M has not made any more pictures. Cohan is married. Mabel Normand is working for Goldwyn. "The Great Love" was made in California.

**VIDA LEE W., WINFIELD.**—It's a little late to ask if they are married. They have been separated over a year now. Billie Burke in "The Make-Believe Wife." Texas Guinan did "The Gun Woman" for Triangle. Dorothy Gish in a picturization of "The Hope Chest." Dick Barthelmess with her in this; like him?



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# Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

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GLENN, DENVER.—We cannot send you a picture of Elmo Lincoln as "Tarzan of the Apes" because we don't send out pictures. You may write to Mr. Lincoln care of the National Film Corporation in Los Angeles. H. B. Warner, Robertson-Cole company. There is a little Joan Warner—she's about six months old now. By the way, Texas Guinan, an old friend of Mrs. Warner (Rita Stanwood)—in sending a wire of congratulation wrote—thinking it was a boy—"My best to the future President of the United States." Mrs. Warner replied: "If universal suffrage goes into effect, then maybe Joan will be President."

M. H., PEORIA.—Irene Fenwick isn't in pictures at present. Dustin Farnum is his real name. He's Bill's brother. Wanda Hawley is Mrs. J. Burton Hawley—nee Pettit. Elliott Dexter is Mr. Marie Doro; Herbert Rawlinson married to Roberta Arnold, now on the stage in New York; while it's Edith Roberts' real name unless she's changed it recently—and she promised once to notify us if she contemplated taking unto herself a husband. Alice Brady isn't married and she's "considered quite pretty" and if you look like her it's nothing to get real mad about, I assure you. Olga Petrova may have been married three times but I only know that she is now the wife of a Dr. Stuart, an Indianapolis physician. Theda isn't married, or dead, or under a new contract. Will let you know.

LILA HARVEY, TORONTO.—What a pretty name. Are you a blonde with deep blue eyes? You see I read about one once and I never did get over it. Ruth Roland, George Chesbro, and George Larkin were all Pathe serialists last. Ruth is working on a new one now; her vaudeville tour was of short duration, as she much prefers the pictures. She has not yet named her bungalow. "Happy Home" has been suggested but there are twenty "Happy Homes" in the film colony. (I never thought there were so many.) Send the usual twenty-five cents. You're welcome. And I hope, from the bottom of my heart, that you are a blonde. Let me know, won't you?

REETA H., GUELPH.—You start off, "Dear Friend of the People." What do you think this is, a political banquet? I suppose you meant it for a bouquet, anyway. I don't skate, I'm afraid. That is I'm afraid I don't skate. If you sent Walkie Reid one dollar for a photograph you surely should hear from him, as he usually sends them gratis. That's irony. Or rather—extravagance—with apologies to Dorothy Dalton. Write to him again—care Lasky's, Hollywood. Ethel Clayton is with the same company now; there was a story about her last month which told you all you wanted to know. Johnny Hines is with World, Fort Lee, N. J. I'll tell you, Reeta, many of the players send photographs gladly, but you can't expect them to answer letters too. However, maybe Johnny will.

SUSAN AND SUE, HOUSTON.—I transposed your names to make it euphonious. It seems we must be euphonious; all the motion picture magazines are doing it. Yes, you're right—if it weren't for some of these news-weeklies several kings and queens would be out of a job. Why, Charles Ray is very much on the job. He is making releases regularly for Paramount under Tom Ince's direction. A late one is "Hayfoot Strawfoot," from the pen of Julian Josephson who Julian Johnson calls "the new write hope." Charles is married.

SHIRLEY, TORONTO.—You're the first Shirley I ever met, excepting the lady in "The Lion and the Mouse." Yes; what used to be naughty is now merely "piquant." That word may be applied with equal ease to an A. H. Woods farce or a new ingenue. I like Lew Cody; he's our very best male vampire. No, I am so sorry, but I have never spoken to Lew Cody. And he has never spoken to me. But sometimes, girls, sometimes in those close-ups on the screen—it looks as if he is really about to speak to us—you know? Cody was born in Waterville, Maine, in 1885—the same year as F. X. B., 'pon my word! He was educated in Canada—McGill University, at Montreal. He began his screen career with the New York Motion Picture Corporation. Married to Dorothy Dalton, once. Now with Maurice Tourneur's company. Harron is still with Griffith. Not married.

VIRGINIA, ROLLA, Mo.—What perfectly fascinating names some of these towns have! Rolla supersedes Guelph, now, in my esteem. Please write to me every month. One can concoct such perfectly charming wheezes on Rolla. If you say you are sweet sixteen you needn't add you are crazy about Wallie Reid; Reid is the leading cause of heart disease among most of the young ladies of my acquaintance. Never mind; don't hesitate about writing to Wallie on account of his wife, Dorothy Davenport. She helps him with his correspondence and so far a fan letter hasn't broken up their happy home. Mary Miles Minter isn't a dream, but a very delightful reality. She isn't married to Alan Forrest—she isn't married to anyone no matter what you heard because she's pretty young and besides she has enough to do to keep herself in new limousines and fur capes without supporting a husband. Rumors are she will go with the Zukor organization. Alan Forrest is suing Ann Little for divorce. Marguerite Clark is Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams; Marguerite is to make a film of "Come Out of the Kitchen." Shirley Mason, Mrs. Bernard Durning. Shirley is playing opposite Robert Warwick in "Secret Service" at present.

AUGUSTA, CLARKSBURG.—You say you need my picture to complete your rogue's gallery. My photographs are among the luxuries not the necessities of life and so far I have existed without one. So you want a story on Billie Rhodes, who reminds you of a college campus and feminine flippery. Billie will undoubtedly be pleased. She's married to Smiling Bill Parsons and I believe they are abroad now, or in Bermuda, I'm not sure which. Cullen Landis has played opposite Billie in almost everything; from her two-reel comedies to her five-reel comedy-dramas for her own company. Cullen is in his twenties somewhere. I'm not sure whether or not he is married. Write to him care National Film Corporation, Los Angeles, Cal. Address Barthelme at the Griffith studios in Hollywood, and it will reach him, surely. There is an Ashton Dearholt who was with American and last with Universal. He is married to Helene Rosson, also a former Flying A player. Dick Rosson is Helene's brother; he was with Lila Lee in "The Secret Garden."

A. E. F., ISLO, MINN.—Please don't say I am snappy. It reminds me of a turtle. You aren't the only one who is puzzled at the varying ages of some actresses—eighteen two years ago and sixteen now. It often happens. Don't desert me—I am true to all of you.



Questions and Answers

(Continued)

FRANK G., HALIFAX.—Don't say, "I wish I were young again"; you'll get me started. Here it was a nice day and all and I was settled for an afternoon of wit and wisdom when you spoil everything by a recollection of the gravy that mother used to make. I've been eating at the Automat for a long time now and saved enough money to buy myself a new suit and was just enjoying the prospects of picking out a nifty pin stripe when you remind me that my indignation is ruined—and now—my disposition. I'm homesick. I say—your poem was too high-brow for me. You'll enjoy "Hearts of the World." Dorothy Gish is in it. By the way, the Little Disturber tells this one: she was lunching with Dick Barthelmess, her present—and, it looks like, permanent leading man—on the screen of course—and Dick remarked that he'd bought a car. "What is it, a Chandler or a Cadillac?" asked Dorothy, who is by way of being a connoisseur of cars. "Neither," returned Barthelmess ruefully—"it's a conspiracy." Not bad, for a leading man.

G. R. Y., '10, ALLIANCE, O.—So you're from Cal. No. I should never have guessed it. You think it's funny when somebody who has never been inside a studio in his life pulls something like this: "Say, you know, they don't use real houses and things in the movies. No! Why, they just make 'em out of scenery in those big places where they take the pictures." Yes, I have been through a studio or two and I know one thing: I'm going to invent something for the players to do while waiting around between scenes. It gets on my nerves. Here's the cast of "A Doll's House" (Artcraft): *Nora*, Elsie Ferguson; *Helmer*, H. E. Herbert; *Krogstad*, Alex K. Shannon; *Mrs. Linden*, Ethel Grey Terry; *Dr. Rank*, Warren Cook; *Helmer Children*: Ivy Ward and Tulla Belle; *Krongstad Children*: Douglas Redmond and Charles Crompton. Universal also made a production of the Ibsen play, with Dorothy Phillips and William Stowell in the leading roles of *Nora* and *Thorvald*. And here, "The Lightning Raider" in the name part, Pearl White; *Thomas Norton*, Henry Gsell; *Wu Fang*, Warner Oland; *Hop Sing*, Frank Redman; *The Wasp*, William Burt. Henry Gsell is now Henry G. Sell, because of pronunciation difficulties. Ah—come again.

VIRGINIA S., NEW YORK.—If I don't answer your letter I'll see you in Chicago, will I? Well, Virginia, that isn't the reason you're getting a speedy reply. I like you fine. We don't give personal addresses, my dear; if we did the players would be swamped—not only with letters—but with applicants for jobs as maids, cooks, scenario writers, and husbands. But you may address Alice Brady, care Select, New York, and Mary Pickford, care the Brunton studios in L. A., and it will reach them. P. S.: If you aspire to write 'em, pronounce it see-nar-io. But if you really write 'em—it's sh-narr-ee-o.

JOAN OF ARC, N. Y. C.—No, no, the envelope doesn't matter. Of course with blue stationery a yellow envelope isn't exactly *comme il faut*, still— Yes, I do like Jane and Katherine Lee—the little dears! Virginia Lee Corbin is only six—that is, her biography says she was born in 1913. Francis X. Bushman first saw the light in 1885—January 10 is the exact date, if you want to send him a card. Theda Bara is not dead; at least, we have every reason to believe that she isn't. You are a French girl and what am I? And I know what curiosity is, don't I? Yes.



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(Continued)



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MILDRED, LONDON, ONT.—The "exclamatory musical comedies" were "Oh Boy!" and "Oh Lady, Lady!" Albert Capellani is picturizing "Oh Boy!" By the way, by rights the next one should be "Oh You Kid!"—according to Jack Lait. Ralph Graves isn't in the new Tourneur productions that I know of; he was in "Sporting Life" with the Binneys. Milton Sills has a contract with Goldwyn, I believe, but he was loaned to Metro to play with Viola Dana in "Diana Ardway." "Satan Junior" is another new Dana. The Bushmans made only one picture for Vitagraph, I think; it has not yet been released. Thanks.

I. S. L., MEDFORD, MASS.—Saxon Kling who was in "The Indestructible Wife" with Alice Brady has not done any more picture work that I have a record of. He was understudy to Conrad Nagel in the leading role, opposite Miss Brady, in the stage play "Forever After" when Nagel was in the navy last summer. I don't know just what he is doing now but will inform you. Valkyrien was married to Baron DeWitz, but recently obtained a divorce. Mildred Harris-Chaplin is only eighteen. I think Lenora Hughes is not married. She was in the musical comedy, "See You Later" last. She dances.

GENEVA THURMAN.—Oh Geneva! Are you any relation to Mary? Please say that you are. You say I'm liable to arrest if I don't quit saying that actor is married when he denies it. I hope so; I get so tired of it all, sometimes. No; Theda Bara is not dead. Ann Little comes back with Wally in "Alias Mike Moran." Every thirteen, fourteen, fifteen and sixteen-year-old in the—commonly called—United States wants to be a movie actress. Why don't you be different, Geneva?

FORGET-ME-NOT, SANTOS.—Believe me Zantippe I won't. Of course, the pay is the thing. Well rather, as Gertrude Stein would repeat. Do you know Gertrude Stein. the free-versiste? No? I wish I didn't; I've never been the same since. I strive and strive, and still I cannot understand her. Good lord, child—I suppose you mean it kindly—but please don't invent anything to "make the mail go quicker." It comes in fast enough now. Ethel and Marguerite Clayton are not even remotely related. Jean Sothern in "The Two Orphans." You and your chum want to correspond with a North American young lady or gentleman, preferably a resident of New York and a lover of music. I'll supply your addresses upon request. Thanks, very much.

MARY, TEXAS.—You couldn't have made a better New Year's resolution than to write to me. I'm glad you didn't break it; although as a rule I am in favor of making them and then breaking 'em. What will there be to resolve about next year, anyway? Nazimova is, I think, in her early thirties. Married to Charles Bryant. Art is ageless and imperishable—in the photodrama. Harry Morey, Vitagraph, Brooklyn; Ethel Barrymore, Paramount-Artcraft, New York.

BETTY A. GLOUCESTER.—I don't think Englishmen are so polite, at that. I don't notice any M. P.'s getting up to give their seats to the ladies. So you wish the Magazine were issued twice a month? Anticipation is the better half of realization; I think you enjoy it more this way. Marion Leonard has been off the screen for a long time now. She was a favorite in the good old days. I think she is married.

G. D. P., MT. OLIVE, PA.—Geraldine Farrar—who so far as I know is our only non-inflammable prima-donna film-star—has sent letters and pictures to many of her admirers because they have written in and told us about it. Gerry was born in Melrose, Mass. Mrs. Lou-Tellegen in private life. Goldwyn studios, Culver City, will reach her all summer. Paramount will send you Lila Lee's picture if you enclose a quarter—485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

J. D., EPSIE, MONTANA.—If that isn't Rosemary Theby's real name she has never informed me. I am of the opinion that it is. Julian Eltinge isn't dead. He is in vaudeville. Eltinge makes pictures from time to time. You say you like to see black silk stockings in the movies. Well—

DORIS, PITTSBURGH.—You say Montaigne hasn't got much on me. My dear Doris, Montaigne hasn't got anything on me—he's dead. "Captain Kidd, Jr." Mary's final Artcraft, is being announced for release now. Robert Gordon is home from war; he is playing opposite Bessie Love in "The Yankee Princess," for Vitagraph. It's his real name, I believe. Antrim Short was *Peter* with Constance Talmadge in "Romance and Arabella." He's just a kid, really. Remember an old Universal—two years old—called "The Flirt"? Marie Walcamp was featured; it was from Booth Tarkington's novel of the same name; and Short was the kid brother. I've always remembered him in that. Harrison Ford was *Jim*, in the Talmadge film. You're perfectly welcome, Doris.

CALLIE, PLAINVIEW.—Is that a nickname for cauliflower? And I don't like cauliflower. Alice Brady may be addressed care Select Pictures Corporation, New York, or The Playhouse. She is on the stage in "Forever After" in her father's theatre. Gladys Hulette isn't doing picture work now; she was in vaudeville the last I heard.

P. V., NEW YORK.—But, my dear girl, you've got to do "bits" before you can hope for better things, you know. You must serve an apprenticeship in any trade; the theatrical is a whole lot like any other profession if you girls would only believe it. Winifred Allen? She married an aviator, and hasn't been on the screen for some time. She was with Lasky for a while—with Lou Tellegen in "The Long Trail" and with Jack Pickford in "Seventeen." For Triangle, under Allan Dwan's direction, she was featured in "The Man Who Made Good" with Jack Devereaux—who married John Drew's daughter Louise if you care to go into it—and in "From Two to Six," with the ever-popular perennial Earle Foxe. So there.

A. B., HONEY GROVE.—So you are a musician. I think I shall take up music; it is such a good thing for the hair. Yes, Paderewski proved that a great musician may be a man of practical purpose as well. He has sacrificed everything for Poland. Isn't it nice to see one great man who really looks the part? Griffith will retain Lillian Gish and Robert Harron in his new agreement with the United Artists. In "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," he has two new players—Carol Dempster, a dancer, and Clarine Seymour, who used to be a comedienne at Rolin's. Little Ben Alexander in "Hearts of the World." He's an American boy. Lately in "The Turn of the Road," for Brentwood, and "The White Heather," for Tourneur. Others elsewhere.

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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

**JOAN C. K., JAMAICA.**—You say Jamaica is an ideal place for a rest cure. Come to think of it I'm badly in need of a rest and you say you fancy Americans and haven't seen any tourists since the war began and you are very fond of the Answer Department. How much is the boat fare to Jamaica? I am sure Dorothy Gish will send you her photograph; she will autograph it personally, too. There was a story about Dorothy's fan mail in last month's issue—the May of PHOTOPLAY. Dorothy is very good natured about answering her mail. Lillian, too, takes care of her own correspondence. Griffith studios, Hollywood, Cal. Pearl White will send you a picture; care Pathe studios, Jersey City, N. J.

**BOBBY BUMPS, PITTSBURGH.**—So your class gave a play—"Hamlet"—and you were Hamlet. And you wish I'd been there to see you as the melancholy Dane. When will you play a return engagement? Monte Blue is your favorite; he's coming along fine now. Have you seen him opposite Miss Clayton in "Private Pettigrew's Girl?" J. Parks Jones usually has a good part in every other Lasky picture you see. He was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, twenty-seven years ago; went to school in Ohio and later moved to California. Jones was a newspaperman before he became a film actor—he was on the Los Angeles Times and Examiner. He's always been with Lasky, I believe. His height is five feet ten inches; he weighs 145 pounds. He likes to swim, and play the piano; and you may address him at Lasky's. And I think he has been married. Bertram Grassby is twenty-nine; he is an Englishman who was educated in the United States. He's been with Fox, Universal, and lately, Griffith. He will send you his picture; I would, if I were Bertram. That's all.

**C. G. T., ST. PAUL.**—I'm not worrying about the problem of civil law in Guatemala; I'm reading a continued story in the Saturday Evening Post and I can think of nothing else. Many of the players are pleased to send their admirers such proofs of their gratitude as autographed photographs; some of them demand twenty-five cents in payment; others nothing. Mary Pickford, the Gish girls, Geraldine Farrar, Bill Hart, are a few who will send theirs. I'm going to do a little research work on that other question and will let you know later, if it's all right with you?

**RUTHIE, INDIANAPOLIS.**—You address me "My dear-dear." It sounds to me very much like a sex-best-seller. Don't do it any more. Yes, Charles Ray is married but the Answer Man is not. Let this be our hopeful thought for today. You tell me I've broken your heart and then you add—"I heard it crack when you told me Wallie Reid has a wife." Norma Talmadge's latest release is "The Probation Wife." Thanks awfully for reading over all my old answers. Greater love hath no correspondent. Nothing is so stale as yesterday's scandal. However, I deal in facts; so— I don't know of a "Wallace Reid Club," but there must be one. There is a Francis X. Bushman Club; won't that serve? F. X. B. is raising Great Danes on his estate—"Bushmanor," Riderwood, Maryland. You say you'll grow old gracefully and name your cat Wally and dream of what might have been. (What might you have been reading?) Usually when they are taking a close-up the star is on the set—sometimes they take it at the end of the scene and the other actors don't count. They have to register emotion on order.

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